Symphony of... delay

**Summary**

When Izuku is four, everyone is worried because his quirk has yet to manifest. It does so at the very unexpected time... Not that the quirk itself is what anyone would expect. Normally, quirks of the children resemble their parents’. Well, not in this case. And with this quirk... to say that Izuku is disappointed would be an understatement. He’s determined to find a way to use it though. When he actually does find out how to use it, that leaves him with just one problem and that is...
Just what the heck is wrong with that damned cast speed?!?

Notes

Hi! This is my first work and it may not be the best, I'd really appreciate it if you could point out the mistakes I make in the comments so that I can fix it in future chapters/works. Hope you enjoy!

(Also, could anyone PLEASE tell me how to change my avatar? >.< I can't find the option to do it)
Prelude to hope

When Izuku’s quirk fails to manifest at the age of four, his mother is really worried. She takes him to see a doctor, but the man can’t say anything for sure. He reassures her that her son is probably just a late bloomer. Inko really hopes that’s the case. It’s weird that he hasn’t shown any signs of having a quirk like her or Hisashi. If he’s quirkless, well… she knows how cruel kids can be. And not only kids. She wouldn’t want her son to experience that just because of something he has no control over. All that’s left is to hope that the quirk does come.

When Izuku is five, his quirk has yet to show any signs of existing. He’s frustrated by this. Kacchan has already shunned him aside, deeming him hopeless and useless. Not like he can say anything about it. There’s quite a high chance that he’s either quirkless or that his quirk is really passive. Either way, it makes him useless in Kacchan’s eyes. He tries to remain positive, he really does. He still admires heroes and even has a notebook dedicated to analyzing them and their abilities. He wants to be a hero too. And so, even if it’s a really slim chance, he still clings to it tightly, to the fact that his quirk can still manifest, to the fact that everything may be overturned and he won’t be a hopeless, useless ‘pebble’ to Kacchan anymore. At least there are still some people in class that talk to him. Although, he’s pretty sure that the moment he’s confirmed to be 100% quirkless, they’ll stop bothering. He hates thinking like that, but at the same time, he knows it to be true. With a sigh he takes out his notebook dedicated to heroes. Tomorrow, his class is going on a school trip and because of that he can wake up a little later than normally. He’s glad since it means he can stay up and keep drawing and writing for a little longer.

The trip is quite worthwhile. It’s a live piano recital and the performer is really skilled. Izuku is intrigued with the way she quickly moves her hands, barely even looking at them. The melody itself is rather lively and really pretty. It brings an image of a flowery meadow to his mind. When the performance ends, their class is allowed to go on stage to listen to a talk about music. It’s that pianist who tells them all about it. But Izuku isn’t listening. He normally would be, but he just can’t. It’s like he’s in a daze. He’s unable to tear his eyes away from the music sheets seated neatly on the piano. The symbols are mesmerising to him. He just wants to… reach out… and… touch them…

“Izuku, pay attention!” His teacher says quietly but sharply.

But Izuku can’t do that. Not when these symbols seem to capture him entirely. It’s like they’re brimming with the same life and brightness as the music he’s heard. He extends his hand.

“Izuku!” His teacher tries to stop him.

Too late. His fingers brush against the smooth paper. It’s just a ghost of a touch but it’s enough. He feels a spark of electricity the moment he touches it. A shiver runs through him in response to the weird energy coursing just beneath his skin. It all lasts just a second before the music sheet starts shining. No, it’s not the paper itself, it’s just the symbols on the stave. They gleam and illuminate with green light. Izuku hears a few gasps of surprise behind him. The shining layer of light on the music notes suddenly separates from the paper. It stops a few centimetres in front of it and hovers there. It keeps moving, waving and bouncing cheerily. Something behind the paper lights up. The second set of hovering notes joins the first soon after. It all happens really quickly, just a few seconds. Suddenly, the first note lights up. There’s a sound. Other symbols start to gleam and then go back to normal as the wave of light moves. Every note produces a sound. It has a certain rhythm and melody to it. Izuku listens intently. It’s the melody that lady has been playing. As the wave of light moves, the first light notes dissolve into gentle rays of light. As the song ends and the last symbol falls apart, there’s a little bit of glitter left behind by it. Like green, sparkly snowflakes, it falls down
slowly. It doesn’t reach the floor, instead it starts ascending again. It flies towards Izuku, circles around him before disappearing in his left hand. The room would be dead silent if it wasn’t for the pianist clapping her hands and saying ‘good job’, probably assuming he wanted to show off his quirk. Izuku looks at his hand. The back of his hand is adorned with an elegant symbol. It’s like a flower, petals just underneath his middle finger, stem-like lines starting from the same point and going downwards, curling at the ends. A single heart-like symbol between the two curls.

Izuku gapes wordlessly as his teacher cheers and comes up to him to congratulate him on getting his quirk. He can hear Kacchan grunt something about it being a lame quirk, but he couldn’t care less. Finally, he FINALLY GOT HIS QUIRK! Izuku has to stop himself from jumping happily. At least he isn’t quirkless! And his quirk can be activated and it’s so pretty! And it’s… it’s… not useful for heroes, he realises. It stops the wave of happiness. He can recreate music from music sheets, how is going to be a hero with that? He smiles and answer people when they speak to him. He’s anxious though. He knows he’ll be a hero, and nothing can stop him. But what he can do when he has a quirk like that. ‘Useless’. Kacchan’s words ring in his head loudly. It may be pretty, but it’s not useful… He shakes his head. It’s not a matter of whether or not it’s useless. He’s going to be a hero! He’ll just need to work harder than others to achieve that! And who knows, maybe he’ll find a use for that quirk? Now that he thinks about it, it could be good for publicity. He could play some music while on patrols or something. It’s nothing concrete for now but he just knows it’ll work out when he finally becomes a hero! When, not if. Just ‘when’…
**Chapter Summary**

Izuku learns, trains and explores his quirk. Even if most things are probably still hidden from him for now, it's still a big step forward in his path of becoming a hero.

**Chapter Notes**

See the end of the chapter for notes

Izuku starts training shortly after he discovers his quirk. That is to say, he trains his quirk, not his body. He’s fairly active normally so it has to suffice for now: he can’t really handle intense training he’d have to endure in order to really improve physically. And that leaves him with trying to train his quirk. It’s been a few days since he’s started. That pianist from the school trip, Ms Hanayoru as she’d introduced herself, offered to help him with his quirk after his teacher told her that it’d just manifested. She and Izuku’s mother contacted through the teacher. Of course, Inko Midoriya accepted the help. Now that Izuku thinks about it, his mom was positively thrilled to hear he discovered his quirk. On the other hand, that’s a pretty normal reaction. After all, they finally have a proof that he isn’t quirkless. He can’t wait to show his quirk to his father! Earlier that day, Izuku, along with his mom, decided to name his quirk only after dad returns. Even if it takes a long time for him to come back... But... that’s not really important now, is it? The boy shakes his head and tries to concentrate on practising again.

It’s one of the exercises Ms Hanayoru often gives him as ‘homework’. He tries to focus on the music sheet and activate his quirk. Nothing happens. He sighs. In those few days, he’s already discovered that his quirk doesn’t work when he has no idea what melody is written on the papers. That’s why Ms Hanayoru tries to help him learn more about music. If he knows how each symbol is supposed to sound, it should theoretically be possible for him to use his quirk on pieces he hasn’t heard before. ‘Theoretically’ being the key word. He looks at his notebook for help. He’s noted down some things he’d been taught so maybe he’ll find something to help him decipher those symbols. Finally, he finds the page he’s looking for. There is a neatly-made stave there, with some notes on it. Below it is a drawing of piano keys. Each has one symbol written on it. They correspond to the sounds they’re supposed to make. He remembers the sounds from when Ms Hanayoru was playing the piano. He takes his time looking between the drawing, the stave and the music sheet.

When he’s finally ready, he tries to imagine what this piece would sound like. He takes a deep breath and tries to activate his quirk. What he sees though, leaves him gaping with his mouth open. Instead of the usual, green, hologram-like notes hovering above the paper, he sees a more jumbled formation. The notes are all crooked, some remained on the music sheet, some took the usual spot and others flew right through the paper ending up behind it. Light intensifies and the melody begins to play. They’re... probably the right sounds. The rhythm, pace and volume are all over the place though. He winces when one sound ends up being WAY too loud. When the melody ends, the notes don’t dissipate into rays of light like every time before. They stay there for a moment, and then they suddenly shatter. Izuku yelps surprised, his eyes widen even more when one of the glass-shard-like
objects hits him. It’s small but it had considerable speed and it’s really sharp. It penetrates his skin and he feels blood trickling down from that spot. He rushes to the bathroom to get some elastoplasts (that’s band-aid for Americans, apparently) and clean the scratch with water. When he gets there, he tries to remove the fragment, but before he can even touch it, it shatters again, basically mincing into dust. He stops to stare at it for a second and then he continues to take care of the wound. It’s small, but if it got infected it could become quite troublesome. After he takes care of it, he takes out his ‘Self Study’ notebook and notes down what has just happened.

So, before that he’s thought that those light-notes are hologram-like and can’t be interacted with. Like some special visual effect or something. But if he can touch them… What if he can do other things than just making them play music? If they’re physical objects then they probably could be useful in some way… could he just activate a really long sequence of notes and fight using their physical form? No, with the way they are, they’d probably break like glass. Also, fighting with something like that would be pretty impractical. He should just get a decent weapon instead. Maybe a sword or something.

“Izuku, are you alright? I heard some loud noise…”

Now that he really thinks about it, the effects and aspects of the notes changed when he thought about them differently. Maybe that’s the key? The fact that they only appear when he knows how they’re supposed to sound like, and change shape when he only thought about sounds and not their pace or volume…

“Izuku, are you alright?”

Maybe… maybe he doesn’t need the music sheets at all. If he just knows the song and how the notes look like, maybe he can summon them without any papers? He has to test that. But wait, what would be a practical application for that?

“Izuku” He finally registers his mother’s worried voice “Are you alright? You’re mumbling again”

“O-oh! Yes mom, I’m okay!” He smiles, feeling just a bit guilty for making his mom worry “I’ve just discovered something interesting about my quirk and wanted to test some things out…”

“Oh, alright then, I’ll leave you to it” She says, yet she sounds like she’d rather stay. She’s still clearly worried, but she leaves him alone.
He picks up the discarded music sheet and tries to activate his quirk again. ‘Tries’ is a good word, a pretty accurate one considering that the moment he attempts to do it, he feels a sharp sting of pain in both his head and the place where the shard cut him. With a sigh he sets the papers down again. No sense trying again for now. If he’s overused it, it’d be foolish to push it any more. He stretches for a moment to get rid of the weird feeling of stagnation in his muscles. Then he takes one of his ‘Hero Analysis for the future’ notebooks and heads down. He’s going to watch the news and write about heroes for now. It’s much better than doing nothing. If he didn’t even try to do something, hone his observation skills, his quirk capabilities, would he be any better than the type of person Kacchan says he is? Worthless, useless, trashy ‘Deku’. He shakes his head. He can’t think like that. If he lets it get to him, he just may become useless. He slaps his cheeks to knock some of the negativity out and resumes his activities.

The next day at school he ends up sitting alone. He doesn’t really mind, he just takes out his notebook and finishes colouring the pro hero Selkie’s sidekick - Sirius. She’s young and has just recently joined pro hero’s team as his intern (she’s still in high school, although it’s her last year, once she graduates she just may stay as his sidekick). As he adds the finishing touches, he nods to himself in approval. It’s one of his better drawings. Probably because her uniform is quite easy to draw compared to most pro heroes but still… he put a lot of work into this. Too bad mom is the only one he can show it to. His teacher wouldn’t be interested, he’s always busy when he has lessons with Ms Hanayoru and he’d get ridiculed again if he showed this to Kacchan… He can’t really show it to any friends from class either. Mostly because he has none right now. Even people who had been talking to him until recently stopped doing this after his quirk manifested, not exactly because of his quirk, but because of Kacchan.

When his quirk first showed itself, most of his classmates swarmed around him, talking to him excitedly. Kacchan got quite pissed because of that and started mocking Izuku’s quirk. Some of the students laughed along with him, some, along with the teacher and Ms Hanayoru, tried to stop it. In the end Kacchan managed to behave himself until they came back. After that though, along with two other boys who follow him, Kacchan bullied every single person who tried to become Izuku’s friend. He made threats, he beat some guys up and eventually, everyone gave up on trying. Even now Izuku is quite disgusted with how it turned out, but oh well, what’d he expected. They weren’t real friend in the first place. He doesn’t think any less of Kacchan because of this though. Kacchan is so strong and smart… he’s always been the centre of attention. It’s only natural he’d be angry if someone as useless as Izuku stole the spotlight. Izuku shakes his head again. He has to stop thinking like that. He’ll never be a good hero if he doesn’t gain some self confidence.

After they’re allowed to go home, he hurries to catch the train to where Ms Hanayoru lives. He’s quite eager to show her what he discovered last night. Still, he can’t help the longing glance towards the playground. Before all that happened, he’d play there with Kacchan and his friends. Before he’d helped Kacchan under that bridge, before Kacchan started pushing him away. Before they started beating him at every chance they got… when he was alone or standing up for someone else. He shakes his head again to get rid of these stupid thoughts. He has to focus on what’s ahead of him! He has to organize everything he wants to show to Ms Hanayoru before he arrives there. It’d be problematic if he didn’t since she hates wasting time.
Their lesson goes like every other up until in the middle of explaining something to him, Ms Hanayoru suddenly stops and it looks more or less like a human equivalent of computer lagging. Izuku waits until she stops being like that. He sits there uncomfortably, trying not to freak out.

“Midoriya, could we try something?” She finally asks, voice full of thought.

He nods and she gestures for him to come closer. He’s then given instruction to play something on the piano. Her piano, the one she loves so much. Izuku silently freaks out, fearing he’ll do something that’ll damage it. But he tries playing a simple melody. It’s ‘Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star’, and he does it very slowly. He just plays it, nothing really happens.

“Okay… now if you’d just please do it once more, while your quirk is activated on the same music sheet. Play along with your quirk” She requests.

He does so, even if it requires a lot of concentration. It’s really not easy and he gets so absorbed in playing, he almost misses what his quirk does. The light-notes are bluish-milky-purple this time. The symbol on his left hand starts shining the same kind of light. Instead of disappearing or shattering, the notes slowly descend towards the piano keys, as if sinking in the air. They leave a stardust-like trail in the air as they move. It doesn’t last for long, but it’s really pretty. He watches, while also focusing on playing, as the notes stop just above the keys and melt, creating light puddles. The puddles connect with each other, all of them creating a hologram-like rectangular shape. When the last note falls and he stops playing, it flashes with brighter light, almost blinding him, and then as the light fades, rearrange its shape. It’s still a rectangle, but now it’s longer, hovering above ALL of the keys. There’s a design on it. A piano keys, he realises. Reluctantly, he places his hands on the light shape. As he’d expected, it makes the exact same sound as the piano below it. Well, maybe not exactly the same. Somehow, it’s clearer, more vivid and it has some depth to it that wasn’t there before. He shoots a cursory glance over his shoulder. Ms Hanayoru seems really focused on the light-piano his quirk created. She gestures for him to play.

He complies and starts hitting the keys to create the ‘Twinkle Twinkle Little Star’ ‘s melody. The piano is the same colour as the notes it was created from. As he plays it, the air around him shines and staves with notes on it are created. The same colour as before, and the same symbols as the ones on the music sheet. With how there are long distances between them though, the staves get really long. Also, it doesn’t just hover above the piano like he’d expected it to. Nope, these notes connected with stave actively move around. Their movement is smooth, with just a bit of curves along the way and maybe just a little lazily slow. He notices that the stave starts to circle Ms Hanayoru. She observes it curiously. At some point, the notes dissolve into light rays and glitter like something. Or dust like. It’s hard to tell from the corner of his eye. He’s aware though, that once it reaches Ms Hanayoru, she sways for a second before falling. There is a loud thud and startled, Izuku hits the wrong key. All of the remaining notes and lines shatter instantly, hitting the boy with some sharp shards and scratching him. That… that actually hurts. He has no time to think about it though. He sits next to Ms Hanayoru and checks her breathing. She’s alive… thank goodness. And she seems mostly okay. If anything, she looks like she’s sleeping. Wait, he knows that his quirk is affected by the way he views things and by what he knows to some extent… he’s always thought of this piece as
a lullaby of sorts. Did… did his quirk just match his perception of the music with some sleeping effect? Can he produce other effects this way? Will the notes break every time he makes a mistake? Can he get instruments other than piano? There are so many questions floating in his head right now, but for now he has to take Ms Hanayoru to a couch or something. He does just that and waits for her to wake up. When she does, he apologizes, excuses himself and goes home. He’ll have to intensify his training for now on. And maybe… if this has other effects… He can really become a great hero with his quirk!

Chapter End Notes

Some things for guys reading the end notes.

-Izuku's teacher's name (the pianist) is Hanayoru which consists of Hana (flower) and Yoru (Night)

-part of this chapter's title, namely 'for the piano' is meant to sound like 'fortepiano'

-Inko here is worried for Izuku because she's actually aware that Bakugou bullies him 'a little' and thought that maybe it's taking a toll on him

That's all, Kha's out! see ya guys in the next chapter :D
Serenade to beginnings

Chapter Summary

Filler, filler, exploring and... what's this?

“Hanayoru sensei? How did you know my quirk would react if I played something and used it at the same time?” Izuku asks his teacher the next time they meet.

“I didn’t” She answers with a lopsided smile “I always do things that seem interesting though. And that seemed like such a thing. To be honest I was wondering if your quirk’s ‘piano’ would be in sync with the normal one when you played”

“Oh” Is all he can say to that. He’d been wracking his brain all night trying to figure out how she thought of doing it that way. The truth is… a bit disappointing if he has to be honest.

On his tenth birthday, his father comes home. Izuku is really happy because of this. It’s not like he knows his father all too well, since the man is almost always away from home, but it just means it’s a perfect opportunity to really get to know him face-to-face, not just from the letters. They talk about Izuku’s school life (although when his dad tries bringing up the topic of friends he’s gently and very subtly kicked under the table by mom), his music lessons (which now include violin, flute and guzheng aside from piano) and the latest heroes. They also discuss father’s work, although it’s all vague. The only thing he talks about in detail is how beautiful the scenery is overseas. Izuku wishes he could see it.... Since he’s written about his interest in music in the letters, Izuku gets some records as a gift from his dad. They’re all about the native music of different countries dad has been to.

“Oh, right” Izuku says “Dad, can I show you something?” He asks with a bright smile.

“Sure” His dad answers, also with a smile.

It’s different then Izuku’s and Inko’s. Not as blindingly bright and wide. It’s a little awkward yet gentle. Izuku really likes this smile. And also, now he can finally show off his quirk! He summons his piano, he doesn’t even have to use his quirk on notes beforehand, he can just create the instrument on the spot. It’s golden right now – the colour of the last piece he’s played. He looks at his hand to see if the piano is fully ready. The mark transformed a little: the flower is more open,
there are little leaves above it and along the curly stems, there are more wavy lines now, there are also dots and circles below the flower and along the curves, another, smaller heart joined the first one, placing itself below it. It’s something he’s discovered by using his quirk – even if he’s missed it the first time he summoned the piano, it’s always changing to be like this. He takes a deep breath to ready himself.

He gently pushes the keys, playing a soft, happy, yet calm melody. He throws in a lot of embellishments, just the way Ms Hanayoru has taught him to. They give the piece a certain tint of grace and depth. The light effects it produces are different than the ones he’s first seen while playing this piano. The notes are simple yet elegant, without any stave or lines to bind them, just soaring freely through the air, like gleeful birds. They shine a gentle, golden light, filling the room with warm colour, not unlike the Sun or campfires. Soon enough, there are lots of these gliding and glinting around the room. They don’t dissolve or shatter. It’s more like they flicker in and out of existence, breaking off little, cubic crystals each time they do this. The crystals themselves look kind of like fireflies. They swirl and swim through the air, elegantly and lazily, always following the melody. Izuku smiles when they reach everyone in the room, colliding with skin and leaving little, glowing spots that vanish after about a second. He’s succeeded. This ‘happy’ melody has always lifted his spirits up, and the notes it creates have the same effect. They make whoever they touch feel happiness. As he finishes the piece, all of the notes vanish slowly. He turns off his piano and looks at his father. The man is smiling happily.

“That was awesome, son!” Dad says and laughs heartily, patting Izuku’s head. The latter reciprocates the smile.

“Hey dad, how do you think we should name it?” Seeing the confusion in man’s eye, Izuku feels the need to clarify “My quirk… how should we name my quirk”

“Well…” His father stops for a second “How about… let’s see… ‘Sound waves’?”

“Well…” Well, Izuku can’t exactly say that it’s lame and unfitting to his dad’s face can he? Oh well, he’ll just change it later if he comes up with something better.

When Izuku is eleven he finds a piece that can heal when he plays it. Pachelbel – Canon in D. How does he know it can heal? Because it’s healed him when he used it. He’s been covered in bruises, burns and scratches for years now. Some from when he messes up playing while using his quirk, but most are from Kacchan and his friends. He smiles. It’s a relief to just… not feel pain with every movement. Even if he’s gotten used to it by now, it’s still pretty annoying to train or even walk with all these scratches. He pulls out his notebook to enter that information in it. To be honest he’ll soon need a second one. His first ‘Self study’ cahier is almost full with information about his quirk. From
the fact that he can activate it on music sheets, through the information about the instruments he can summon (for now it’s the four that he’s learning how to play) to the effects he can get with different pieces.

He finds the section with music effects and writes down all he can about this new healing power. He’ll have to check if it can heal other people or just himself. He makes a note of it, just in case he forgets. Satisfied, he closes the notebook and this time, he summons a flute. He has to see whether or not it’ll have the same effect with a different instrument. He’s more focused and really, really careful this time, because he can’t really play flute as skillfully as he does with piano. He plays a few notes from the piece. They’re really similar: clear, vivid, greenish-blue and gleaming. The way they fly around is similar to how a feather would be carried by the gentle wind. The only difference between flute and piano is that while he was playing piano, they also left behind a trace of glittery dust that disappeared after a second. It could be the fact that he’s better at playing the piano.

When Izuku is thirteen, he goes to another city for a concert, with Ms Hanayoru. She’s going to be performing in an orchestra, playing the violin – the other instrument she knows how to play and enjoys. She thought that it’d be a good experience for him to see the performance. Ms Haizono and Mr Luanshi, his flute and guzheng teachers respectively, are also going to go on stage today. He’s never really felt as close to them as he feels to Ms Hanayoru. Probably because she actively takes interest in him, and helps him develop his quirk while the other two are only ever caring about his skills with the instruments they’re teaching him about.

He watches attentively as everyone in the orchestra takes their place. He’s never seen so many different instruments in one place before. He stares at different flutes, clarinets, violins, cellos, some other instruments he recognizes and a lot of those he doesn’t recognize. Then, they start playing. The sheer diversity of sounds here is amazing. What’s even more impressive is that they don’t clash with each other, rather they compensate for where the others lack, be it depth, melodiousness or timbre. They work together like a well oiled machine. The effect is glamorous, amazing in ways he’s never heard before. He’s completely absorbed in the music, mesmerized by the way the sounds seem to play with one another, changing and sliding through different volumes and melodies. For a moment violin takes the lead, then a pair of flute with clarinet takes charge. Other instruments become more visible… or rather ‘hearable’ through different parts of the piece, snatching away audience’s attention and keeping the melody fluid. When it’s all over, the silence is almost deafening to Izuku. Just after that moment though, the sound of applause rings through the building. Izuku stands up and claps his hands too. He isn’t the only one standing.

When the musicians gather their things and audience leaves the hall, Izuku heads towards the place where he’s supposed to meet up with Ms Hanayoru. It’s in front of the building, right next to an alley of fountains. His mind is still blown at how amazing the concert was. Every single person there was far more skilled with their instrument than Izuku is with any of his. Not to mention that he can only summon one at the time. He sits at the nearest bench and closes his eyes, concentrating. He may not be able to play as well as they did, but it’s all the more reason to practice when he can. And waiting here is such an opportunity. He summons the violin, watching as flower on his hand becomes crescent moon, the stems turning to curvy lines and a star taking the heart’s place. Some more dots,
circles and four-arm-stars also appear in different spots of the symbol. The violin shines with brilliant aquamarine. He readies himself and plays. As he does, the golden light overcomes earlier colour, painting hologram violin in a much more elegant glitter. Like a silky gold. He plays his ‘happiness piece’ and notes soar around him like fireflies. He closes his eyes, letting the music wash over him.

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“Hey kid, sorry to keep you waiting” Ms Hanayoru’s voice bring him back into focus as he stops playing.

He only nods, a little dazed from using his quirk – Music Boost as he’s finally decided to name it - for so long. He couldn’t not do it though. Not when a crowd gathered around him and kept asking for more. And so, the whole time he kept playing soothing, happy and calming melodies. He lets his violin disappear as he stands up to follow Ms Hanayoru after she gestures him to do so. They walk for a little while before he realises they’re going in the opposite direction to where they should be heading.

“Uhm, Ms Hanayoru?” He gets her attention “I think we’re going the wrong way”

“Nonsense, we’re just taking a little detour” She says confidently “We’re going to the city centre to get some ice cream. Nothing can beat a large scoop of ice cream after some hard work~! And that one cafe in the centre has the best flavours”

She hums, apparently really happy with the perspective of eating ice cream. Izuku just follows her. They order some ice cream – she chooses lavender and rose flavoured one, Izuku takes apple one – and find a bench to sit on. The boy has already sent a message to his mom, saying that they’ll be a little late so she won’t be worried. It’s a really beautiful day. Clear blue skies, birds chirping, people laughing, children playing games, street musicians singing and playing their instruments. It’s lively yet peaceful, hard to imagine this city sees villains’ attacks daily. But then again, which city doesn’t?

They sit there for a while, enjoying the sun and ice cream (although Izuku isn’t entirely sure how enjoyable the flower-flavoured ones his teacher has are). Then, they just stand up from the bench and start walking. Train station shouldn’t be far from here. They walk slowly, leisurely enjoying the scenery. When they walks by some street artist, Ms Hanayoru begins a lecture on how playing on the street is different than playing on a concert. They stop for a moment while she does that, explaining different factors that make both of these things a completely different, separate experience. He listens attentively as she goes on about the level of noise from the ‘audience’, the fact that street performers rarely know whether anyone is really listening and if they’ll receive anything for their efforts and some other things he doesn’t really understand. He still nods in agreement though.
They resume their walks towards the station. Today has been a really great day. He’s heard some interesting music, saw the place of the hero vs villain fight he’s heard about online before and he has some new ideas he can try once he gets home. Who knows, maybe he’ll get some new effects from his quirk? If he does, then he’ll be another step closer to becoming a hero… A scream rings out. It’s sudden, guttural and throws everyone into panic.
There are loud crashes and thuds, screams of panic, screeches filled with pain and everyone is running. Izuku hates it, he really, really does. He’s observed as heroes and villains fight before, but it was more controlled than that. He doesn’t know where everyone is going. He doesn’t know what’s happening. There are so many people trying to escape that he and Ms Hanayoru can’t push through. What’s happening to frighten people this much? Maybe he can help a little…

He summons his piano, but before he can use it to play something with a calming effect, Ms Hanayoru pushes him aside, stumbling right with him by the way, and they both slam into the wall. And for the first time in his entire life – he’s glad he just slammed into a wall. The villain who apparently started all of this has just charged into the biggest crowd. He attacked right in the place where Izuku and his teacher had been standing. If it wasn’t for Ms Hanayoru’s reflexes, he’d be crushed by now. Unfortunately, some citizens didn’t have that much luck. Those who managed not to get squashed still try to run away from the villain, some coming back to where they’ve just been running away from. Ms Hanayoru takes Izuku’s arm and drags him away from the villain. The boy tries his best to follow her but he’s still shocked. The whole scenery turned from colourful to red and grey in just a few seconds.

Red and grey – blood and dust. And where are the heroes? Someone should be on the patrol. Someone, anyone. He hears more screams of terror and pain. Don’t look back, don’t look, just don’t look, keep running… keep running… don’t look back. The villain charges in another direction again, thankfully not towards them. Where are the heroes…? Izuku looks at the villain. He’s a big, tall man, towering above others with his mountain of muscles. He’s fast and pretty strong… and most importantly – distracted. Now, Izuku is scared. Really, really scared. But his need to help others is stronger. He’s a healer for god’s sake. Or at least he can heal people. And that’s something at least.

He wrings himself out of Ms Hanayoru’s grasp and runs in the opposite direction to her – towards the injured people. She yells for him to come back, and even attempts to go after him but she gets swarmed by panicked people. He continues his stride towards the injured civilians. He really hopes that the sounds of the massacre going on are enough to drown out the noise his quirk will make. If he’s heard and the villain goes after him – he’s dead. He’s had enough fights with Kacchan to know exactly how weak he is in direct combat (for now anyways). He doesn’t have any ‘battle’ music yet and the few moves that could actually help him win a fight take a really long time to start working. He’d be dead before they activate. And he can’t use his instruments as weapons nor shield – that idea has been busted the moment Kacchan shattered his holographic piano with one punch, like it was
nothing. Crouching low and making himself as hard to notice as possible, he summons his piano – the instrument he’s most comfortable with.

He takes a deep breath to calm his nerves and starts playing. Stress won’t help anyone right now – he knows his quirk is influenced by the way he thinks and he’d rather not test what fear would do. He starts playing, thankful for the noise from all around and yet scared of where it comes from, as people try to run away and as the villain demolishes the buildings and hurts everyone he sees. There are screams and loud breaking sounds and cries of agony all around. Izuku wants to run away too. But he still plays. Greenish-blue light appears. He prays that the villain doesn’t notice. After about ten seconds, injuries are starting to heal. The people are silent, most likely fearing that the villain may return. Some people panic and run away as soon as they’re able to. Others try to pick up the remaining injured to carry them away. They throw a few muffled ‘thank you’ Izuku’s way, but he doesn’t notice, too preoccupied with healing. He’s able to help them for about five minutes before everything goes to hell once more.

“Oh~? And what is that? So sparkly. It just makes me want to crush it even more...” Villain’s voice booms and Izuku, utterly terrified lets his piano fade as he starts to run away from the voice.

“Ha! Running away only makes me want to chase you even more, you know?” The man says and Izuku feels something slam into him and he’s thrown him to the ground “Now, show me your blood!”

Something hits Izuku on the back. A series of brutal punches. It hurts but he doesn’t intend to die here. He can’t die here. Not when he has to go back to his mom... not when he has yet to become a hero. His vision swims, creating a kaleidoscope of red and grey. Something warm and sticky trails down his mouth and he coughs. With sheer will, he summons his guzheng. He can’t really play neither flute nor violin right now, piano could do, but he’s discovered that guzheng activates the effects more quickly. Even if it’s risky since he can’t play all that well... he’ll still take that chance.

“Oh~? Sparkly boy wants to fight?” The villain says and stops his attack for a second “Huh... Looks interesting, what’s it gonna do, blind me?”

Taking advantage of the fact that villain is interested and doesn’t keep punching him for the moment, Izuku starts playing. It’s the last, desperate effort he can make. If the villain is interested enough, he just may get away with it... Just... a little... longer... His vision swims again... focus... focus Izuku! He tries his best to stay conscious enough as villain laughs in amusement. Shiny notes travel painfully slowly towards the villain. Just a little longer... Just a little more. Their elegance and beautifulness is forgotten, right now they have to be useful.

“What the-“ the villain says, amused “Are you playing a children’s song? Not exactly how I’d want to die if I were you but okay...”
Just a little more… if he can keep conscious for three more seconds… Something hits him on the back again. The notes all shatter as he hits the wrong string. He wants to curse or yell or both preferably, but no sound escapes his mouth. Tears, suppressed until now, start rolling down his cheeks, mingling with blood and dust smeared on his face. That’s it, huh?

“Sorry, kid. I get bored quite easily. And I’ve come here to kill so… I think our playtime is over” The villain snickers “Please don’t suppress screams as you die~”

He feels mind-numbing pain as the villain presses his foot on Izuku’s back. He screams, yet everything feels muffled to him. It’s starting to go dark. He’s going to die… he’s dying. Regret and sorrow wash over him. He’s never managed to be a hero, even if he’s healed some people they’re still not safe. And most importantly, he’s going to die without saying goodbye to mom one last time… He wonders whether his father is going to come home so that mom won’t be alone. He hopes so. The pain dissipates slowly. Everything is still muffled around him. He wonders why dying has to be so damn long. If he’d just died instantly he wouldn’t have to lay there, knowing death is coming and regretting his choices… Right before he left he’s has an argument with mom. She wanted him to keep away from Kacchan and he snapped. That wasn’t exactly the last interaction he’d want to have with her… He just hopes she doesn’t blame herself. It’s not her fault, nothing is ever her fault, it’s always his…

He waits for death as the villain massacres him. Suddenly though, it stops. Not the weird muffledness and faraway pain. It’s the villains weight that disappears. He barely turns his head to see what’s happened. He also realises that he can’t hear anything… oh. It’s that weird muffledness, isn’t it? He can see two people standing between him and the villain. He doesn’t see who they are, his vision is far too blurry for it. His thoughts are all jumbled but one of them makes it through the confused mess in his head: hum the melody and use your quirk. Humming should still register as music… shouldn’t it. If he just can… heal himself a little. He tries to hum the one healing piece he knows. It’s really hard when he barely hears himself. It’s enough though. The notes it creates are semi-transparent and look really washed out, but they’re here. Once they touch him, he feels his body twitch. He stops humming.

He can’t get up or really do anything right now, but at least he doesn’t feel half dead anymore. He can’t move, except from turning a little to see what’s going on. The sounds are starting to come to him now.

“-…do this!” One of the people says. A hero he realises looking at their costume.

“You won’t let me? Now that’s really interesting!” The villain laughs sadistically “I guess we’ll see whose intent can be carried out, huh?”
Water strikes the villain, but it doesn’t do much. The pair of pro heroes soon have to keep frantically dodging just to not get hit. There’s no way for them to go on the offensive now. Izuku observes them helplessly. Their water quirks can’t do much right now. Wait… water quirks… those costumes and helmets, red and white with a bit of yellow, where has he seen them before. It suddenly clicks. They’re Water Hose. A pair of pro heroes. They’re said to be relatives of Mandalay from Wild, Wild Pussycats. And they’re… more into rescue work than fighting. Izuku feels his fear spike up. Looking and how the fight is going, they have no way of winning. If only he could do something, anything to help them… The villain grazes one of them, the woman and is immediately assaulted with water by the other man.

“Oh man~. I haven’t had that good of an exercise in a long while” The monster says, cackling “Hey~! Why don’t we exchange names or something? It’s hard for the killing to be fun if no one is resisting and I haven’t had so much fun in a while!”

“Shut up!” The man snaps “You’re killing them for fun, you monster! How dare you… how dare you do this…”

Both heroes attack the villain again. He simply smirks smugly and dodges. He retaliates by punching both of the heroes. They both get up, although their posture is a bit shaky by now.

“Wow~! You just keep calling me monster. I have a name you know? It’s Muscular, use it” He says and charges again “Although, it doesn’t really matter since you’ll die soon enough”

The woman manages to dodge but her husband isn’t as lucky. He gets hit and knocked back a few meters. They’re going to lose… Izuku is aware of this. And when they do, he’s going to start killing people for fun again. With whatever’s left of his strength, the boy summons his piano. He plays, and keeps it up, completely ignoring the headache he’s experiencing. He focuses so that his notes only empower the Water Hose. He plays the music that’s supposed to give them a speed and energy boost. He prays for it to work. It does work, and even though the fight is still pretty one sided, it looks like the heroes are doing slightly better now. They can at least land some hits on the villain. It doesn’t do much though.

“Ahh, this noise is starting to irritate me” And without another preamble, Muscular jumps towards Izuku, aiming to kill him.

Izuku lets his piano disappear and closes his eyes, expecting death. When he instead hears the woman’s groan of pain and a loud cracking sound, he opens his eyes again. One of the heroes is lying on the ground behind Izuku. Motionless, lifeless, not injured – dead. He stares in shock. She must have jumped between him and Muscular to protect him. She took the blow and now she’s dead. Izuku hears a wail of anger and when he snaps his head in that direction, he sees the other hero use a piece of rubble that’s been lying around to attack the villain. The latter is hit in the eye, and going by
the scream of pain from Muscular – it’s working. There’s blood, and he steps back just a bit, until the he’s out of heroes reach for a second before charging again. There’s a rock stuck where his left eye should be. It doesn’t stop him from coming after the hero with everything he’s got. Not even faster than before, he punches the hero, quickly grips his neck and snaps it. It makes a disgusting sound.

Izuku stares at the scene wide-eyed. This… this shouldn’t have happened… no…. Muscular breaths heavily for a moment before laughing.

“Ha~! Looks like I was right yet again. It’s so hard not to break any promises though!” The villain says mostly to himself smiling sadistically at bodies everywhere around him.

Izuku freezes, he hopes the villain ignores him. And indeed, Muscular walks away, while holding his left eye, still strangely cheery and seemingly satisfied. It sends shivers up Izuku’s spine. But… the danger is over. At least he’s still alive. Not many people left here can say the same. He wants to cry though. Weren’t heroes supposed to always win? And if there are villains like that one, who can even kill trained heroes, then who will stop them? He looks at the corpses of the Water Hose. He wants to puke, it’s a gruesome sight. But more than anything, he wants to just cry till he feels better. He feels utterly exhausted. He drifts off into sleep. Oh, that’s right… didn’t Water Hose… have a kid…? Poor kid…
Izuku feels like he’s floating. It’s not a normal type of floating, like lying on the water or sea-diving, it’s more disturbing. And at the same time, it gives him a sense of peace. It’s like he’s somewhere in the middle of the void. He can’t see anything, he can’t feel anything, he can’t hear anything. He’s just floating in nothingness. Is this what death feels like? Has he died? He doesn’t remember, why doesn’t he remember? He feels like he doesn’t want to remember. But he has to… otherwise… otherwise… what otherwise? What’s he missing? Why does he have to remember? The void is so gentle and soothing, yet why does he feel like he should finally remember and get out of here? GO back to the pain, and the crying, and… and…

A flash in his mind. Oh, that’s why he has to go back… Mom… if he doesn’t go back, she’ll be worried and she’ll blame herself. And Kacchan. How could he possibly leave Kacchan? He may be difficult at times but he’s such a wonderful, smart and strong person and… and maybe Izuku’s presence is just bothering him. No, he can’t think like that. He has to snap out of this somehow… somehow… he has to go back to his mom and tell her he’s okay… and he has to write a letter to his dad… How can he just stay here when he hasn’t even said goodbye to them? He gathers his resolve to leave this place. That poses just one problem though. The void is all encompassing and devoid of anything, how can he leave it?

Inko’s supply patience is quickly getting exhausted. As soon as she got the call from the hospital and the next one from shaky sounding Ms Hanayoru, she excused herself from her job and raced towards the nearest train station. Waiting for the train to arrive is a hellish experience. She keeps pacing back and forth, worrying endlessly. What if the injuries have some permanent effect on his body? What if he dies or doesn’t wake up? She doesn’t want to think what she’d do then. Izuku is her whole world, along with Hisashi. But Hisashi is safe and sound for now. And Izuku is in the hospital. She keeps imagining worst case scenerios. She gets some weird stares from strangers. She doesn’t care. What do they know of the pain of not knowing whether or not their child is okay… Tears stream down her face… no, she has to keep herself together, for Izuku. She takes a deep breath and keeps waiting for the train.

She doesn’t know how much time passes before one arrives. It feels like far too long for her though.
And at the same time, it feels all too short. She has to get there as quickly as possible but… if Izuku won’t wake up then she’s just… getting closer to knowing that with every step she takes. NO, she shakes her head. Don’t think like that. He will wake up. And then they’ll laugh and smile and be a happy family like always. Like always…

Train stops at her destination and she gets off of it. She runs towards the hospital. With every second she gets more desperate and anxious. She out of breath long before she reaches the building but she still keeps going at fast pace. She can’t afford to rest when she doesn’t know how Izuku is. She’s determined to be there when he wakes up. To comfort him, say that everything is alright and hug him. And probably cry with relief along with him too. They’ve both been crybabies since forever. The only thing preventing a fond smile from appearing on her lips is the dread she still feels. She comes up to the information desk.

“Good morning” She forces herself to say despite the fact she’d rather just ask for directions and go “I’m Midoriya Inko, mother of Midoriya Izuku. He’s in this hospital after the villain attack… how is he? How can I get to him?” The second half loses the mask of calm manners and gains an edge of desperation. She doesn’t really care though. As long as she can go and see Izuku.

“Good morning” the receptionist answers, unfazed by Inko’s panic. Midoriya low-key wants to strangle her for being so slow and uncaring. The woman at the desk checks some papers, really slowly before continuing “I don’t know what state he’s in but he’s still getting treated by doctors. Please sit in the waiting area next to room 103”

Inko thanks her and walks towards the waiting room, shoulders sagged. If he’s still getting treated, despite the fact so much time passed then it’s probably serious. She feels tears falling down from her eyes again. No, she can’t cry yet. She needs to be strong, to be there for her son when he wakes up. As she arrives at the waiting area, she spots a familiar figure. Ms Hanayoru is covered in dust, grime, dirt, and just a little bit of blood splattered on one of her legs. It’s her own blood going by the bandage on the very same leg. Her hair is a tangled mess. But the worst thing is her face. Blank and pale and dirty and haunted. There are a few clean lines in the dirt on her cheeks. Her eyes are red and swelled. She’s been crying, presumably for a very long time. Her lips are dry and also swelled. She doesn’t have her beloved violin case with her, even though she normally should.

Inko walks towards the other woman, still trying to hold back her own tears and quietly sits next to her. Ms Hanayoru doesn’t seem to notice, still staring off into space. Inko sits there in silence, wringing with her fingers nervously and waiting for doctors to come and tell her what state Izuku is in.

Finally, a nurse exits the room 103. Both Inko and Ms Hanayoru stand up and jump towards her. Izuku’s teacher seems surprised seeing Inko, but she focuses on the nurse the next moment.
“Izuku, how is Izuku?” “Is Midoriya alright?” they both ask at the same time.

“Please calm down” The nurse says startled. She’s obviously overwhelmed by their questions and Inko would feel sympathetic towards her if only she wasn’t so frantic “I’m assuming you’re talking about that young boy who got admitted some time ago. He’s… a little unwell but he should be waking up soon. Please continue waiting here”

The nurse gives them a little bow and walks away. Ms Hanayoru’s shoulders sag again and she steps back to sink into the chair. She wraps her arms around herself and Inko can hear a muffled sniffle.

“It’s all my fault…” the woman says “I-I shouldn’t- I shouldn’t have brought him there. We could’ve just gone home and- and get ice cream in another area… Oh god, what have I done” She starts sobbing.

“Shh, shh” Inko moves to comfort the woman “It wasn’t your fault, you couldn’t have known… shh, shh, it’s alright, it’s alright”

She continued to rub circles on the woman’s back as they sat in silence.

Izuku wakes up, blinking groggily at the bright light. The middle part of his body is aching, from back all the way to the front. Oh, that’s right, Muscular stomped on him, didn’t he? And since Izuku has no more adrenaline coursing through his body… well, let’s say the pain has become really hard to stand. He notices someone standing over the bed he’s lying in. He turns his head towards that person. Oh, it’s a doctor. The man is writing something while look at some machine. Izuku follows his line of sight. Machine displays heart rate and some other things, but he can’t see clearly from the position he’s in. He redirects his gaze back to the doctor. He waits as the man finishes noting something, and when he’s sure he won’t disturb him he calls out.

“H-hello?” He says hesitantly. The doctor flinched, almost jumping in surprise.

“Oh, you’re awake” Relief flashes through the man’s face “Could you describe how are you feeling?”

“Oh, you’re awake” Relief flashes through the man’s face “Could you describe how are you feeling?”

“Uhm, as fine as possible I guess? I feel a bit of pain but that’s it” Izuku says matter-of-factly. It’s the truth though. It could be much worse. It would be much worse if not for his quick heal.
“Uhm” The doctor nods and writes something down “On a scale of 1 to 10, how would you describe the level of pain?”

“Egh-” Izuku stops to think about it. It’s not that bad but it’s a far cry from a simple cut either. He’ll go for the middle “4 or 5? I think?”

“Alright” The man adds more notes “Try to rest a little. Although…” He taps his chin thoughtfully “Are you up to accepting visitors?”

“Visitors?” he repeats and something clicks “Mom! Is my mom there?”

“I’ll let her in then” The man says and walks out the room.

Inko is finally allowed to see her son. Finally! They’ve been sitting there with Ms Hanayoru, crying and comforting each other until their tears ran dry. Unfortunately, when the other woman is trying to follow her into the room, doctor stops her and says that it’s better if only Inko comes in for now. He’s been saying something about Izuku being exhausted and possibly still a little shocked with the experience but Inku isn’t paying that much attention to it. Her mind is already with Izuku. Though, it’s probably always been with him. She shoots an apologetic look towards Ms Hanayoru and comes into the room.

Her heart clenches when she sees Izuku on a hospital bed. He looks worn out, a bit dirty and he’s weirdly unmoving. Correct that, he does attempt to move but in the instant he tries, pain flashes on his face. She sees it, even if he tries to mask it. Nevertheless, he’s breathing, alive and mostly fine. And that’s all she’s ever wanted. She runs up to the bed and hugs him, arms circling around his neck, careful not to cause him any pain. His composure cracks at that and he starts laughing and crying at the same time. She’s crying too. With tears of relief.

“Never scare me like this again…” She finally whispers, holding him close. He laughs softly in response.

“Don’t worry mom, I’m alright!” If it wasn’t for the fact that she knows her son, she wouldn’t be able to tell that it’s not complete truth.
But she doesn’t point that out. Just like she hasn’t all these years when he’s been coming home with burns from Katsuki’s quirk. They sit there and chat, going back to the light-hearted atmosphere often present at the meal time at home. At some point, a police officer comes in to take Izuku’s testimony regarding what’s happened. She’s mortified when he tells them that he’s gone back to heal civilians. Her reckless, selfless and kind-hearted boy. She holds his hand and stops herself from crying when he tells them about the Water Hose. She’s strong for him when he melts and cries after the policeman leaves. It clenches at her heart. He’s always admired heroes so much… Almost thought them to be invincible. To have a pair of heroes die right before his eyes must’ve been awful. She hugs him and comforts him the best she can.

At some point, Ms Hanayoru is finally let in and joins their conversation. She berates Izuku for going off on his own, accepts his apologies and then apologizes herself for bringing him there in the first place, to which he denies that it’s her fault and asks her to stop apologizing. It’s a heart-warming scene and Inko finds herself smiling fondly. They spend the rest of the visiting hours together, after Izuku asks them to stay, despite his tiredness. When they’re finally asked to leave by the nurse, he looks positively drained. They bid their goodbyes and leave, although Inko still feels a little worried.

Right after they leave the room, She hears piano playing softly. She stops. That sound can only mean that Izuku activated his quirk, but why would he…? She suddenly recognizes the melody and has to bite down a chuckle. Of course, it’s his ‘healing’ piece.

…

…

Izuku is discharged the next morning.

Chapter End Notes

Next time at Symphony of delay: angst returns!

Also, it's the only chapter for today. See ya all tomorrow! :D
Requiem for heroic drive

Chapter Summary

Izuku has his doubts but also has people who'd reassure him that it's alright. Also, guess who's there? :D

Chapter Notes

This chapter may not be as fluffy as I'd want it to be, since some things just NEED to happen ;v But, originally it was supposed to be much more angsty, before I changed my mind and decided to load all the angst to the future fic I'm planning, and leaving this one to be more light-hearted (more doesn't mean completely) So yeah, enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The day after he’s discharged is Sunday. Since he doesn’t have to go to school, he takes his time resting. He watches the news, surfs the net for hero news and updates his notebooks. He can’t suppress the dark and swarming feeling inside his chest though. He’s analyzed Water Hose’s fight with Muscular over and over again, thinking about every possible scenario. Could he have done something to prevent them from dying? Was it his fault that they died? If he just laid there without doing anything, would they have survived? All that analyzing and every shrewd of logic constructed in his head tells him: no, it wouldn’t have changed anything. Water Hose were hardly combat-oriented heroes. And Muscular is a powerful villain. Even higher ranked combat heroes would have a problem dealing with him. Even when he knows all that… logic can never stop the feelings, can it.

Even if he knows there’s nothing he could do, he still feels remorse, he can’t help getting overwhelmed with guilt. Well… guilt and something much uglier and darker. He can’t really name that emotion, but the closest one to it would be cold, harsh hatred.

Thankfully, Kacchan is at least a bit merciful. He’s told his lackeys to back off from Izuku for the week. The boy himself hasn’t approached him either. Izuku really appreciates that. It’d make him feel warm, the thought that Kacchan actually cares about him to some degree. It would, if he wasn’t feeling too out of it to take much notice of that fact. It’s really weird… feeling like that. He knows that it’s only because of what’s coming on Saturday but still… He can’t help but be out of it.
When the weekend finally comes, Izuku heads to the florist’s. He buys a bouquet of beautiful flowers and heads out towards his destination – the cemetery. Today a funeral for Water Hose is taking place. Of course, he wasn’t invited so he won’t intrude and most likely remind all of the people there that he’s the reason he died. But he’ll still pay last respect by leaving flowers at their grave and praying for them. It’s a little gesture, and won’t make up for their death in the slightest but it’s important to him. Because he cares. Even if that grave is going to be looked after by their family members he’ll still leave flowers and candles. And he’ll continue praying for them. They’ve saved his life and in exchange lost theirs.

He braces himself and enters the cemetery. The funeral is almost over. He’ll have to wait for just a bit. He sees that aside from Wild, Wild Pussycats, and the deceased’s relatives, there are also some other pro heroes. All Might is there, wiping the tears away, Thirteen is openly crying, Ingenium and Edgeshot both look like they’re holding back tears. The only people able to keep their composure are Endeavour and one of the teenagers by his side. The boy’s hair colour is split in half- one side red, the other white. That duo looks more like they’re here out of obligation more than because they actually mourn the dead but Izuku decides to not trust that impression. Maybe they’re just that used to keeping their emotions in check? Who knows.

Izuku waits till the funeral ends and, after a little while, people gathered there start to leave. When most of them are gone, leaving just the Pussycats, a child (probably Water Hose’s) and Endeavour along with the two teenagers, Izuku sits on a nearby bench to give them some more time. He notices that the fire hero says something to the rest and they all start to leave. When the little child’s eyes lock on Izuku though, the boy sprints forward, anger evident in his eyes.

“What’re you doing here?!” He seethes with anger, hissing through his teeth “Why would you come here?!? You’re the reason they died! YOU… You’re why… you’re why mamma and dad won’t come back…” The child starts sobbing halfway through

Izuku doesn’t say anything, just lowers his head with a muttered apology. He can feel tears in his own eyes but he doesn’t allow himself to cry. That one time, he won’t cry. He doesn’t have the right to. Not in front of this child, in front of people who actually knew Water Hose personally. He notices that Mandalay runs towards them, leaving the rest of the group behind as they all stop.

“Kouta!” She shouts “You can’t say things like that! It wasn’t-“ She seems to have to get herself together before continuing “It wasn’t his fault. It was the villain’s”

She then proceeds to hug the boy, tears streaming down her cheeks. He tells Kouta to go back to the family as she stays behind for a moment.

“Please-“ She says but sobs wreck her for a moment before she can continue “Please don’t blame yourself. They did what every hero would”
“I’m sorry” Is all Izuku can say.

“Hey, I’ve just told you not to blame yourself, kitten. Bad things happen in this profession, it’s in the job description” She smiles weakly “Just… don’t blame yourself, okay? Because they would be sad if you did. Being protected is nothing to feel guilty about… Even if it did come down to this”

She then excuses herself to join the group. When they walk away, only Endevour and the two teens staying, though not close to the grave, Izuku gets up and walks towards where his saviours lie. He puts down the flowers and starts to pray.

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Shouto’s father forced him and Fuyumi to come here. Even though neither of them knew the people this funeral is for. All the time, he just can’t find that same type of sadness and loss everyone around him expresses. Because even if he can relate, he didn’t know the Water Hose. And all Endevour has said about them before is that they were weaklings who needed to team up even for the simplest tasks. Shouto himself disagrees with that opinion but he just nodded at the time, not wanting to anger that man even more.

The worst thing is, Endevour doesn’t even care. Not only because like Shouto, he didn’t know these people too well, but because he sincerely doesn’t care about them in the slightest. It’s weird how normal it feels. Because that man has never shown sympathy, not even towards his own family. He’s just come there because he has a social obligation to do so after being appointed to lead the investigation to arrest the villain who’s done this.

And now not the funeral has ended, Endevour lags behind the other participants because he doesn’t want to interact more than necessary. He thinks it to be ‘keeping up a useless facade’ as he’s phrased it. And so, Shouto observes as the lone green haired teen who’s been yelled at by the deceased’s son walks up to the grave and puts flowers down, then he starts to pray. There are honest tears glimmering on his cheeks. He looks so sad and broken… Now, Shouto wouldn’t normally even care enough to notice something like that, but now that he’s noticed he can feel sympathy for the boy.

“Shouto?” His sister nudges him, gesturing to Endevour who’s started walking away already.

“I’ll stay for a little longer” He simply says.
Fuyumi’s eyes go wide for a second, but she nods and follows Endevour, with sadness in her every movement. Shouto sighs. She’s been trying to fill in the gap left after mom… was forced to leave… but he sometimes wished she wouldn’t try shouldering this burden. It’s making her even more worried when she tries and she’s also much more unhappy. He forces the thoughts out of his mind. He has to focus and see if he can help. Because he recognizes that pain in the mysterious boy’s gaze. It’s similar to how he’s felt in the past. To how he’s still feeling. Although, there is one difference. He’s become jaded. The pain in the boy’s eyes is still fresh.

He walks up to the grave again. Silent, with blank face. He stands a little to the side from where the boy is – he wouldn’t want to invade something so personal. He doesn’t have anything against watching though. So he sees as tears fall to the ground in a silent cry. He observes the boy, slightly captured by the way he looks. Ethereal, with pale skin and gaze full of sparkling emeralds, soft and bouncy curls painted in brilliant green, and yet he’s so familiar and earthly, tear-stained cheeks and reddened eyes. Dark bags under his eyes. It’s mesmerizing to look at, those two contrasts displayed in serene harmony, a look so fleeting it could be compared to a shooting star. And it’s just as beautiful as one.

Wait… what is he even thinking?!? Shouto shakes his head a little to get rid of the annoying thoughts. All the exhaustion from today’s training must’ve caught up to him if he’re thinking like that… He has to focus. He knows that even if he spaced out, his face is still as blank and unreadable as ever, something he’s quite proud of, so even if someone has been watching, they wouldn’t notice anything out of place. He turns to the boy, to check if he’s finished and whether he needs someone to comfort him. Shouto had needed someone that time. And yet no one bothered. Not even Fuyumi. Focus, he tells himself again.

The boy is looking up at the sky, he’s stopped praying by now. The tears are still there, even if they don’t flow down in a stream anymore. But it’s not what catches Shouto’s attention. It’s the look on his face. It just screams ‘determination’. The boy turns his gaze to the grave again. There’s resolve in his eyes. It’s different as Shouto’s resolve. Not as icy. Not as hatred-filled. It’s a sort of determination that burns brightly, shining in every action. He sometimes wonders how can other people express so much without words while he’s as cold and blank as a stone… No use thinking like that. He walks up to the boy and stands next to him. The boy turns around to look at him, eyes going wide.

Izuku’s mind has just done the human equivalent of a computer crash. Isn’t… isn’t the person in front of him the same boy that was with Endevour earlier. Where is Endevour? Why is this boy alone? Why has he approached him? Does he also intend to either tell him that it’s his fault or tell him the total opposite? Just… what the hell???

“So” The boy says at long last, and Izuku’s mind stops crashing “Did you know them?”
“I-“ Izuku desperately wants to find the words “I-. They’ve saved me. I was the one… the one they’ve saved as they died”

“I see” The boy says and Izuku can’t read anything from neither his expression nor his voice “Earlier, you’ve looked like you’ve found some resolve… I just hope it’s not something as foolish as going after the villain”

“Wha-what?!? No! I-I just…” Izuku sputters again, trying to find the words “It’s nothing like that…”

“Then, wait is it?” The boy asks still as unreadable as ever “…Would you mind telling me about it?”

“I-it may be stupid…” Izuku starts speaking more or less clearly again “But I just want to help, make sure that people don’t have to die again, just because some psycho is enjoying killing” He furrows his brow “I want to keep people from dying, not just civilians, but heroes too… So I’ll work hard. To become a hero that can support others. To fight alongside them and help when I can…” There is no response to that “Man, I’ve told you it may be stupid…” He tries to somehow save the situation with a smile.

“It’s not stupid…” The other boy finally says “It’s not stupid so don’t you dare say it is. It’s a good dream” It’s hard to tell if he’s lying or telling the truth since neither his face nor tone of voice changed through the whole exchange.

“Right…”

“…”

“…”

“You know…” The other boy starts speaking again “To become a hero, you’d first have to get accepted into the course. You’d need training to do that…”

“I know… I will train as hard as I can” Izuku flashes one of his smiles, even though he knows it’s not as bright or sincere as his usual ones.
“…” The boy stares at him, almost coldly “As I’ve been saying” He continues from where Izuku cut him off, and oh my god, Izuku has just realised he’s cut him off, oh god, oh god “You’d need training to do that. Not just pure physical training to gain strength, but also something for fighting…” He trails off “If you’d like… I’d be willing to help you” Izuku keeps staring at him blankly, mouth hanging open. The boy’s eyes shine with mirth “I’m Shouto, by the way”

“O-oh! That’s right, I haven’t even introduced myself-!” Before Izuku can start muttering in panic he catches the prompting gaze directed at him “I-I’m Midoriya Izuku. Nice to meet you!”

The boy only nods. After that they exchange numbers and agree to meet up sometime later. Izuku just can’t believe his luck. Shouto has agreed to help him train! He looked so confident in what he was doing too, so he must have some skills! And there is just something magnetising about him too… Though Izuku can’t put his finger on what it is.

Chapter End Notes

There will be no second chapter today, due to lack of time. See you guys tomorrow!
Lasciare suonare

Chapter Summary

Basically training and bonding 😊

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

A message arrives on Izuku’s phone. He checks it and smiles as he sees who’s it from.

**Shouto: I’m free right now, would you want to train?**

He frowns for a second. It’s already late and sun is close to setting. But… it’s not like it’d be the first time he loses some sleep. He’ll just have to find an excuse to give his mom… Not like he wants to keep secrets from her, but if he tells her that he’s training she’ll probably think he wants revenge. And it’ll only make her more persistent in trying to get him to attend a therapy. Normally, he’d be grateful and take part in it dutifully, but not this time. His schedule is just too crammed with other things.

He has 2 lessons a week for each of the four instruments he has, he has to practice his quirk, he has to find more and more songs to use and he can’t really give up on analyzing hero fights. It’ll be a useful skill in the future, one that may help him be a better hero. And besides, aside from his extracurricular activities, he also has to keep up with studying. He shakes his head. Right now he has to focus on answering.

**Izuku: Sure! Where are we meeting up? 😊**

**Shouto: I was hoping you’d have some suggestions.**

**Izuku: How about Dagobah beach? In 5 min?**

**Shouto: I’m on my way.**

**Izuku: See you there :)**

Izuku changes into his training clothes, puts his phone in his pocket and heads out. Before he leaves the house though, he tells his mom that he’s going for a walk and may come back late. His mom agrees, even though she looks worried. He smiles at her and leaves. He heads for Dagobah beach.
Izuku: See you there :)

Shouto keeps looking at the last message for a little while. He’s really exhausted and a little bruised from training with Endeavor but at least now he has time. His father is already asleep, due to exhaustion from staying up late last night, so he doesn’t really have to worry all that much about bumping into him, as long as he’s quiet. He puts on his shoes and a hoodie, and then he opens one of the windows in his room. It’s safer to exit through here.

As he’s standing on the windowsill, he’s all too aware that it’s one of the craziest and stupidest things he’s done. He steps outside, hanging on the window. Once he’s sure his grip is strong enough to hold him, he takes one of his hands away from the windowsill to close the window to his room. Once he’s done, he starts climbing down. It’s quite difficult but he manages to get down without making too much noise.

He sprints through the lawn, hops over the fence separating his house from the road, and goes down the said road. His pace is quick despite the discomfort he feels at every movement. He doesn’t know why but he feels like he should help that boy – Midoriya- as much as he can. No, that’s not right… He knows why. It’s because they’re so similar. With resolve and determination to obtain their goals. Even if Midoriya’s objective is a little different, Shouto can still feel a certain level of kinship.

Also, Midoriya said that he wants to become a hero. And he most likely will. Because people with eyes like his rarely give up until they obtain their goals. It may be a useful connection in the future. When they’re both pro heroes. Or even before that, if they both get into Yuuei. Now that he thinks about it, he needs to ask Midoriya about his quirks. It might be good to know. He walks lost in his thoughts until he’s hit with night breeze coming from the sea. The sunset is really beautiful there. Breathtaking. Sky is painted in vibrant colours, the clouds light up with gold, pink and orange, sunshine bounces off the curvy waves, making them gleam, while the underlying darkness of the deeper parts contrasts to all of it. The only thing sullying that image is a rather large heap of trash.

He starts walking down the stairs, wondering why Izuku chose this specific place instead of some cleaner beach. Well, at least it looks like there is some space down there. It should make for a decent sparring field. When he’s about halfway down, a shout comes from behind.

“Shouto!” The person says. He turns and sees Izuku, who is slightly out of breath.

He keeps his face blank as he nods in greeting, but inside he feels a little conflicted. Was this really such a good idea? He’s forced to squash all his worries when he looks into Midoriya’s eyes though. They’re brimming with passion and determination. He also looks genuinely happy to see him. When was the last time someone looked at him like that?
When they reach the empty space down the stairs, just left to the heaps of trash, Shouto asks him to show him his quirk. Izuku sends him a sidelong glance. He’s already noticed that Shouto has some bruises that weren’t there when they first met. Also the fact that he looks exhausted. Despite it all, he’s come here to help. It fills Izuku’s heart with happiness. He didn’t have anyone aside from his parents who’d do that for him. And Shouto is practically a stranger. To do that for someone he barely knows… it takes a lot of kindness.

Izuku wants to return this favour somehow. Besides, he’d really want to see this boy smile. He’s sure it’d look beautifully. Concentrating, he summons his piano. He starts playing a melody. He’s basically going to use heal to get rid of those bruises blooming on Shouto’s skin. It’s the least he can do. Light shines, notes fly, elegant and warm, filled with grace and otherworldly gleam. Shouto’s eyes go wide as they reach him and the bruises heal. He looks at the places the notes sank in with disbelief.

Izuku lets a warm smile pull at his lips, halfway through the piece, he changes the melody. Since his healing is quite good, only a few notes are needed to take care of one person’s injuries. So now, he can focus on making Shouto smile. He plays the ‘happiness’ piece and gold more brilliant than the sun itself fills the air. Shouto looks at the sight awestruck. Still, by the time Izuku finishes playing, he’s still not smiling. His eyes look a little happy, but his face remains a mask. It’s such a pity…

“So…” Shouto says in a measured tone “You’re a healer?”

To be honest, Shouto is both genuinely surprised and a little impressed. You don’t see healing quirks that often. And even less healers want to become heroes. Not to mention that Midoriya’s quirk not only healed him physically but also brought his mood up. Even if he’s still exhausted, it hasn’t worsened at all. A combo like that is really rare and valuable.

Only about 5% of the population has healing quirks. Not counting the mental-healing ones, it leaves only 3%. Less than 1% would have both the mental and physical healing effects. He’d make a great support hero, and a really helpful sidekick. It’s remarkable. Yet, why is that he’s shifting uncomfortably from one foot to the other. He looks like he wants to say something. Shouto waits for a bit, while Midoriya opens and closes his mouth, as if attempting to speak. Shouto sighs.

“We don’t have that much time, you know?” He finally says “If you want to say something, then say it. We should start training soon”

“O-oh! Right!” Midoriya jumps a little at his words but composes himself “I-I just… that’s not really it!” He finally stammers. Shouto tilts his head in confusion “Well, I mean, I can heal so it generally makes me a healer I guess… But it’s not really all there is to it! I mean, I can get other effects too! Like, making someone fall asleep or, I don’t know, making plants grow (the first piece he’s ever...
touched, the one that activated his quirk at all). It’s really just… It’ll be useful in a fight once I find and perfect more pieces! Please don’t give up on it now since it’s only mildly useful…”

“Slow down” Shouto brings his hand up to stop the stream of words escaping Midoriya’s mouth. “I’m not giving up on it. In fact, healing is rather useful for support heroes. Also, you’ve said it has other effects, right? I’ll want to hear more about it once we have some more time. For now we should start training without using quirks. You’ll need some hand to hand combat too, no matter what type of hero you want to be”

“R-right!”

After that, they warm up, and then Shouto explains some hand to hand combat techniques to Midoriya. The other boy is naturally good at observing and analyzing so it’s going quite smoothly. The only real problem is his lack of musculature. He’ll need more strength to pass the exams. If he’s going for Yueei that is. And since he’s discovered such a rare gem, Shouto refuses to let it go to waste. He’ll convince him to go for U.A. no matter how much nagging it takes.

Izuku quickly realises how hardcore the training is going to be. But, no matter how tough it is, he’s not going to give up. It’s a perfect chance to go after his dreams after all! Moreover, even after Shouto has noticed his quirk’s problem in the fights, he still hasn’t made fun of him. He’s never ridiculed his dream either. He even encourages him to aim for U.A! To be honest, it’s quite refreshing.

Sure, he’s always had support from his parents. But it just… wasn’t exactly the kind of support he needed. His mom always smiles gently when he mentions heroes, and yet she constantly pushes him to pursue a career in music industry. His father is pretty similar, wanting to keep him safe, doing a riskless job. Izuku appreciates their concern, and he really doesn’t want to worry them, but he wants to become a hero!

Well, at least he’s convinced his mom to not send him to a therapy. Now he can fully concentrate on training. Shouto teaches him a lot of things. From how to fight, to how to train properly. They also train his quirk. Due to Shouto’s schedule being… what it is, they mostly meet up in the late evening or at night. It messes with his sleeping schedule a little but it’s totally worth it. The only problem – to each and every one of their training sessions, Shouto comes with new bruises. It’s… concerning. But Izuku heals him every single time.

Shouto gains more and more respect for Midoriya as they continue to train. Even without much stamina, he keeps up with sheer determination. And he keeps going without slowing down to the point of collapse. It’s truly frightening. The lengths he’s willing to go to when he doesn’t have to…
And he doesn’t even ask any questions, when Shouto comes to him time and time again, asking for healing. Well, he doesn’t ask any questions until today…

“Shouto, about those bruises…” He says when Shouto comes to him beaten up especially badly. Mostly because Endeavor let out his anger on him. Reason? He’s lost track of Muscular, the criminal he’s been assigned to investigate and capture.

“I don’t want to talk about it” Shouto says simply, in a tone that discourages prying.

“Okay… That’s totally fine…” Midoriya says, looking him in the eye “But I want you to know that if you need to talk, I’ll always be here to listen, okay? So if you feel like it… I’ll just listen… and help if I can” He trails off “OH! But I won’t do anything that you doesn’t want me to so… just don’t be worried about it, okay? But you have to promise me you’ll come to me when you’re hurt so I can treat you. And I don’t mean coming like you’re now, before training. Even if you don’t feel like training with me sometimes, I’ll still heal you. So, don’t forget to come, okay?”

“Oh! But… I know how it is. To just want people to stop asking. Because it’s far better to just sometimes endure the pain instead of having to explain it… I know that it feels like it sometimes. That’s why I won’t ask questions you’re uncomfortable answering” He shoots him the brightest smile.

Midoriya… he’s really similar to him, huh? In some aspects at least. Shouto could never smile like that. Or have that look in his eyes. He sometimes envies the bright boy. Just… sometimes.

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“Hey Shouto” Izuku gets the boy’s attention during a break in one of their trainings “I’ve never asked before but… what’s your quirk? If you… have one” He finishes quite awkwardly.

“Oh” Shouto blinks at him slowly, with that deadpan expression of his “It’s called half-cold half-hot. I can basically control fire with my left side, and control ice with my right side. Though, I won’t use flames in battle… I’ll never use them like that…”

“Do you… want to talk about this or…?” Izuku asks awkwardly.
“No” Is all the answer he gets.

“Okay…” Well this is awkward.

After that they continue with their training like normally.

By the time Izuku is 14, he already has a firm grip on the basics of hand to hand combat, although it’s still a bit rough, and he’s in better physical shape. At some point he’s told his mom about Shouto, the training they’re doing and the fact that he aims for Yueei. His mom looks a little worried but she says that she’s going to support him as long as it makes him happy.

Also, he and Shouto figured some things out about his quirk. As he’s suspected before, guzheng activates quicker and is well… faster in general. Piano creates the strongest effects out of all the instruments at his disposal. Flute has the longest range and the notes produced by it can hit practically anything in his line of sight, no matter the distance (or at least he still hasn’t discovered the distance limit). The violin has the longest lasting effects. While other instruments produce notes that last about 3 minutes on their own before disappearing (without being used), violin’s can stay up to 10 minutes. Also, while other ones have immediate effects that work once, violin notes aside from working immediately leave a lasting effect. He still needs to experiment with it a little, but he’s noticed that after hitting the mark, healing notes from violin leave a gleaming spot shaped like a star that lasts about 2 minutes and slowly regenerates the person they’re on. He’s also learnt a lot of new pieces with different effects. He can’t wait to test them all out!

Chapter End Notes

Don’t have time to write more chapters for today!

During the weekend you’ll get more, sorry for the inconvenience! >.<

See you guys tomorrow!
Long accent training

Chapter Summary

Shouto looks through Izuku's notebook, they train, and Kacchan is actually not as bad as some might think, he's just wrong.

Chapter Notes

Hint: click at highlighted parts, they're the links

OH GOD, it took way longer than I'd thought it would to put this chapter together

Choosing the music has been a really hard thing to do, but I hope it fits ;v
If you have suggestions for changes, please feel free to leave suggestions in the comments.

Also, thank you guys so much for all the wonderful and encouraging comments you've left! ^_^ I really appreciate them :D

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Hey Shouto, I’ve finally finished rearranging my notes!” Midoriya calls out as he runs up to him.

They’ve finally managed to meet up during the day, thanks to Endeavor’s work. By Shouto’s estimates, the man will be on patrol until at least 5. They have two hours… It’s kind of nice to be able to meet up during the day. Even if it’s for training.

“Let me see” He says and takes the notebook from Midoriya’s extended hands.

The boy smiles at him brightly, and just a bit shyly, waiting for him to read the notes. Shouto opens the notebook, and he’s impressed by how neat the writing this time is. He’s read Midoriya’s notebooks before (at least some of them) and he knows how messy they can get. On the first four pages, there is information about his instruments (see the previous chapter for details). He’s already known all of it so he pays it no mind. What he’s interested in is written on the next pages. The skills Midoriya can use.

Of course, he should know most of them. But… there are just too many for him to keep track on when he’s not really using them all that often. The two he uses the most, at least in Shouto’s presence, are healing and that one emotion-based skill. He blinks when he realises that Midoriya
sorted his skills into categories. Well, it makes sense for him to do that, but it just seems like something time consuming. He reads the first section.

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**HEALING:**

- *heal* (instant) 2
- *regeneration* (amplifying skill) 0
- *energy regeneration* 5

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“Hey, Midoriya” the boy starts as Shouto calls out to him “What are these numbers?”

“Oh” Midoriya says, shifting from one foot to the other nervously “It’s how many seconds it takes for my quirk to take effect…”

“Shouldn’t guzheng have a different time though? Didn’t it work faster or something?” Shouto asks, tilting his head.

“Well, yeah… The time I’ve written down is the standardized one for the other three instruments…”

Shouto only hums in acknowledgement and goes back to reading. The healing section is looking quite good, what else is there?

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**Buffs:**

- *speed* 3
- *strength* 7

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Wait, that’s it? He only has two buffs so far? Well, it’s still quite impressive, but he’ll have to expand this aspect of his quirk if he wants to become a hero. Shouto turns the page. Maybe there will be more useful skills here?
Dots&Debuffs:

- **Slow-down** 2
- **stun** 5
- **Quirk-eraser** 6

Okay, these are fairly powerful. That’s good. Well, as good as it can be, considering that if these only work against humans, they won’t be helpful in the U.A entrance exam. ‘If’ they don’t work. And ‘if’ the exam remains the same as last year and year before that. He looks through the next page.

Attacks:

- **Energy burst** (author’s note: music suggested by SeetherOO) 11
- **Slash** 10
- **Thrust** 8

This could be good, but he’s going to hold his judgement until he sees it for himself. He flips the page. Looks like it’s the last one.

Environmental & others:

- **plant growth** 4
- **fire** 6
- **ice** 3
- **water** 3
- **darkness** 4
- **sleep** 5
- emotion-based skills 5 (subcategories so far: happiness, sadness, fear)

Huh, it looks like these could be really useful. His quirk has become really versatile this last year, since he’s expanded his repertoire. That much should be enough for now. Maybe they should focus more on physical strength and hand to hand fighting skills for now? That way Midoriya will have more stamina to put to use. On the other hand, at some point he’ll have to make sure that Midoriya is comfortable with using his quirk during a fight. What to focus on for now… He’ll have to mull it over.
Midoriya plays nervously with the hem of his shirt. He’s given his notebook to Shouto, but now what? The other boy is taking a long time looking at it. What if he thinks it’s a pitiful progress? What if it’s not enough? What if he deems that he’s wasted that past year by helping Izuku? Izuku shakes his head. Stop thinking like this, even if that’s the case, he just have to work even harder!

He glances at Shouto again. The boy looks like he’s deep in thought. Well, he can risk looking at him a bit more openly, can’t he? It’s not like it’s something bad… And Shouto is truly a sight to behold. He looks like he’s split perfectly in half. His left eye is chilling like ice, in the colour of celestial blue, surrounded by royal red. Some may say that this scar makes him look worse but… it’s a part of Shouto. Something as normal on him as the fiery strands of red, and the icy blues. Maybe it’s because of that contrast, but his left side looks a bit intense. On the other hand, his right side is like an icy wasteland. Locks of hair in snowy whites above a greyish eye. Beautiful and mild. The total opposite of his left. He also has a rather impressive physique… WAIT A SECOND.

Izuku quickly averts his sight, realizing that not only has he been staring at Shouto, he’s been basically ogling at him in amazement. Oh my god, how could he be so rude?!? He keeps smacking himself mentally and thanking heavens Shouto didn’t notice, at the same time. He’s pretty close to working himself up into a panic when he notices that Shout has finished thinking… whatever the hell he’s been thinking about. He can basically hear his mom lecturing him, since he’s basically used a curse word, even if it’s in his head, but really, he’s quite not calm enough to care, thank you very much.

Shouto gives him back the notebook and Izuku takes it. He waits there, eyeing the other boy anxiously. What will he say about the notes? Will he be disappointed? Or will it be enough?

“I think your quirk is developed enough for now. Let’s focus more on physical training” Shouto says, walking to their usual training spot “Put that notebook somewhere and come here. We have a lot to do”

“Sure” Izuku smiles brightly and follows the other boy.

“Hey Shouto, could we… try something?” Midoriya asks him during a break in training.

“What is it?” He asks curiously.

“Well, you’ve seen that I have one melody that’s ice related, right?” He asks awkwardly. Shouto nods “Well uhm, I’ve been thinking. Could it work together with your quirk? I mean, they’re both
ice and it should probably be able to do something while your quirk is activated. And like, I’ve wanted to test that, but if that’s not okay with you than that’s totally fine and I won’t ask again! But if you do agree then… well…”

“Midoriya” Shouto stops the boy “You’re mumbling again”

“Oh my god, I’m so sorry!” Midoriya says apologetically, gesticulating wildly with his arms.

“It’s a good question though. Mind if we try it out right now?” Shouto says.

“L-let’s do that” Midoriya answers with a bright smile.

Shouto takes his place in the middle of the clearing and waits for Midoriya to get ready. When the other boy nods at him, signalling they can start, Shouto activates his quirk. He only tries to lower the temperature around them a bit. He hears music behind him. White and blue notes fill the air. They’re glistening like a clear water. Gleaming like ice in full sky. As they disappear and dissipate into snowflakes, temperature lowers once again. Some of them reach Shouto and sink into his right side. He suddenly feels… powered up. If that makes sense. As if now there is energy coursing through his veins on his right side. And maybe, just maybe, that might be the case.

“Shouto, go at full power!” Midoriya says loudly, still playing the piano.

And so he does. He aims for the sea. He expects a big glacier, per normal, but he gets much more than that. The glacier appears, but it’s MUCH bigger. It covers the sea, almost as far as the eye can see. There is snow around them, on the sand. And the temperature is much lower than normally when he uses his power. He has to keep himself from falling to the ground, shivering. It’s actually so cold he has to use his fire side. It’s much worse than overexerting his quirk.

He hears a thud, and turns to see that Midoriya has collapsed, shivering. He runs up to him and lets his flames warm him up. Despite that, the boy is still shivering. He’s too cold to be warmed up so quickly, huh. He picks Midoriya up and takes him to a more sunny spot. Maybe it’ll help. As he sets him down, the boy keeps griping his left arm for a few seconds, before he stops shivering and lets go.

“That-“ He says hesitantly “That was powerful. We’ll have to be more careful from now on but… I think it’s worth training”
“Agreed” Shouto nods curtly.

This was powerful, and if he can get that sort of boost for his ice powers… it may be easier to achieve his goal. And reject his father completely. Both his power and his idea of being strong by not relying on anyone but yourself. Perfect.

The entrance exams to U.A. are only ten months away when this happens. The teacher announces that not only Kacchan but also Izuku aim for that school. And Izuku really wish he hadn’t done that. Kacchan is seething with anger. Well, looks like the peace that existed for the past year is about to end. At least now Izuku knows something about fighting. Maybe he can defend himself at the very least.

Kacchan corners Izuku after school. He grips Izuku’s shoulder and shakes him violently. The boy briefly considers standing up to Kacchan. He decides against him though. It’d only aggravate the situation. And besides, even if Izuku can stand up to him, he doesn’t really want to hurt the other boy. He could never hurt him. Not him. Not ever.

“So, you’re still thinking you can become a hero, huh, Deku?” Kacchan slams him into the wall
“You’re such an idiot, you know?!? How could a useless, meek trash like you even get there. Just give up, fucktard. Two heroes are already dead because of you, are you trying to drag the rest down with you?”

After that, Izuku forces him mind to shut off everything from outside. He doesn’t register Kacchan yelling at him anymore. It’s… easier like that. He can feel Kacchan’s explosions, burning him and tearing his flesh a bit. He can feel blood trickling down his arm and sides. And the punches and kickin that doesn’t seem to stop. But it’s all muffled. At least a bit. After some time he’s left there. He gets up, heals himself and gets going. He only walks numbly, not really registering the world around him.

Katsuki looks at bloodied Deku. He feels a bile rise up his throat but he keeps his face scrunched into a scowl. Fuck. He only lets himself fall apart once he’s walked out of there and into the school’s bathroom, where no one will see him.

He really fucking didn’t want to do that. To hurt the fucking Deku like that again. Fuck! He’s never wanted for things to be this way. But he’s always known. That Deku is going to try to become a hero no matter what. And he’s had to stop that fucking idiot.

Before he got his quirk, Deku was still going on and on about being a hero. Katsuki knew that the boy will most likely be quirkless, so he tried shunning him aside to discourage him. Because he’d
just get himself killed. Like an idiot he is. When his quirk came, Katsuki has to admit that he was a bit salty about all the attention the damned nerd had received. But he’d been mostly worried. Because those stupid extras encouraged Deku. And he’d fall for those two faced weakling’s flattery. And he’d get himself hurt by trying to be a hero with a quirk that wasn’t made for fighting.

So, once more, Katsuki had to do something about it. When that incident happened, he’d thought it’d be the end of it. That Deku would give up. And it’d finally be over. They wouldn’t come back to being friends but the damned nerd would be okay. He would be safe. But of course, fucking Deku just had to choose to apply for Yueei. Cause why the fuck not?!?

And so, Katsuki had to play the villain once more, praying to god it’ll be enough to discourage Deku and keep him out of danger. To keep him from getting killed or sacrificing himself. Katsuki throws up into the nearest sink. It doesn’t matter. Even if what he’s done disgusts him to this extent, he’d do it again. If it means keeping that idiot alive…

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Izuku feels numb and bitter. Why is Kacchan doing this to him? Why? Why? WHY?

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No, it’s no use thinking about it. He has to get back on track with his training. And he has to go back to his normal self. He doesn’t want to worry mom nor Shouto. They both have enough to deal with as it is. It’s time to start the last part of his training. A goal he appointed for himself. To clean the Dagobah beach. It’ll help him build the musculature he’s lacking. Well, he’s still in a good shape, but he needs a bit more strength and stamina. And that training can give him both. Instead of going straight home, he turns and heads for the beach. Best to start as quickly as he can. It may also help him deal with his emotions.

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That day, a certain Sludge doesn’t try to take a hostage. He doesn’t meet the green haired boy, and he manages to escape All Might. At the long last, things are starting to fall into place for him…

Chapter End Notes

Sorry it got posted so late, I’ve just underestimated the amount of time it takes to find the songs that fit at least a little xD

See you guys next chapter!
Chapter Summary

A bonus page with drawings that appear on Izuku's left hand while he uses instruments

The four instruments:
And the symbol he wears everyday, when his quirk is not activated:
Hopeful melisma

Chapter Summary

Plot moves forward, things happen and U.A. is here everybody! :D

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the mess with the draft chapters yesterday. I've tried adding some pics as a bonus but well... I kind of messed up a couple of time and I didn't realize it got posted as drafts. If you want to see the pics, they're the chapter 9.

See you guys soon!

“You’re late Sludgey~!” A white haired woman chirps with fake enthusiasm.

“Sorry about that” Sludge knows better than to say anything that woman wouldn’t want to hear. A client is boss as they say.

“So, do you have the information I’ve requested?” She asks.

“Yes, yes, it’s all here” Sludge takes out a memory key he’s grabbed from home after his little run in with All Might.

The woman snatches it and immediately plugs it into the laptop she has. She chuckles and takes out some money.

“Well done~! It’s exactly what I’ve needed. Here you go” She hands him the money “Although… I think it’d be best for everyone if you didn’t try to steal in broad daylight. It’s just way too risky!” She huffs.

“I understand” He says in an even manner, no matter how much he wants to just tell that woman off.

She gestures for him to leave and he does so. Once again, Dusty Ash is left grinning all by herself.
Isn’t it just a perfect resolution to all of it? With the information on this memory key, they can finally move their plans forward. Her grin turns mischievous.

“Let me get this straight” The Zookeeper – a small, white-haired woman – says “You want us to work together on this?”

“Yup, that’s it!” Dusty Ash grins at the frowning woman “It’d be a much more realistic goal if we worked together, you know? And besides, since we have the same goal, what good will going on our own do?”

Zookeeper’s eyes zero in on her. They won’t find any insecurity though. Dusty Ash is too much of a professional for that. After all, even if the leader of their group is someone else, it’s her job to deal with people outside their team. Her grin only widens as others scrutinize her.

“So” Curator finally says “How do we split? Even if our initial goal is the same, in the end we’re in it for different reasons”

“Yeah, it’d be beary bad if we mess up once we go after individual goals. Beary, beary bad” Bearhead can’t help but make bear puns.

“I swear to god, tone down the puns or I’ll hit you” Curator says.

“Hmm, hmm~! May I have your attention for a second?” Dusty Ash hums as she turns her laptop around.

“That’s-“ Zookeeper says once she looks at it, but she’s cut off.

“That’s our key to infiltrating that place” Curator finishes.

“So, you’re going to do it with or without our help, huh? Is that it?” Zookeeper asks.

“Of course, but it’d be in our mutual interest to work together” Dusty Ash gestures as she talks “It’d be less of a pain, you know?”
“It may be good for us to participate, don’t you think?” Curator asks Zookeeper “I mean, we’ll only benefit from going and there is only a slight chance we’ll get caught”

“Very well. We, the Wild Villains, will help you with this operation” Zookeeper finally says.

“Great!” Dusty Ash smiles “Hey, hey, what about you, Ember?”

“May as well” The masked villain says, disinterested “Not like I have anything better to do”

“Let’s talk about details, shall we?” Volcano, Dusty Ash’s boss, finally joins the discussion. This. This is going to be very interesting. And maybe Dusty Ash will be able to attain her own goal along the way? She can’t help but grin once again.

Shouto lies on his futon, staring at the ceiling. Normally, he’d be training with Midoriya right about now, but they’ve decided to move their meetings to early mornings, so that instead of a jog, Shouto will train with the other boy. It’s a good decision, since not only will the trainings stop imposing on their sleeping schedules, but also he can actually leave the home normally, without having to climb out the window.

Shouto turns, trying not to wince at the movement. He certainly didn’t expect to miss going to sleep without injuries that much. It’s okay though. It’s been a norm for him for a long time, and even if he could sleep normally the past year, he can still deal with that.

Besides, the pain isn’t the only thing keeping him awake. He still hasn’t figured out how he should feel about using his fire to warm Midoriya up. It technically wasn’t in a fight, and it was basically nullifying the effects of his ice. He’s been prepared to do that already.

On the other hand… he’s helped Midoriya. By using his flames. He can’t quite believe that this man’s quirk could even be used for something good. No, these flames are only good for hurting. He’s experienced that first hand. It’s stupid to think they could do anything else.

…

…

But still… he doesn’t regret using them to help Midoriya. And he’d probably do it again. God, thinking isn’t helping at all. If he doesn’t fall asleep, he’ll be half-dead the next morning. He stands up, walks up to his desk and takes earphones from it. Maybe some music might help.
Yagi Toshinori is enjoying his daily morning run along the coast of Dagobah beach. It’s a peaceful route. People tend to avoid it since there are heaps of trash lying around here. Recently, some heaps are getting smaller, but it’s still really messy. He jogs, letting the fresh breeze envelop him. It’s a nice day. Not a single cloud can be seen up above. He silently prays that the rest of the city is as peaceful as that.

He runs for quite some time, enjoying the ocean. He abruptly stops when he hears a loud yelp. He starts running in the direction he’s heard it from, hoping to god that person is alright. He stops once more when he sees what’s happened. There are two boys standing in the clearing amongst the trash. Well, standing is the wrong word. One of the boys, the green haired one, is on the ground, with one hand twisted behind his back. The other, who has red-white hair split right in the middle, is pressing the former to the ground and twisting his hand. Toshinori squints. Where has he seen that boy before?

Well, it doesn’t matter for now. If this is a fight, he has to break it up. Just when he’s about to step in, the latter boy speaks up.

“Do you give up?” He asks.

“…I give up” The other boy answers and is promptly released.

Toshinori can only blink when the green haired boy starts laughing.

“Man! I didn’t expect that…” He says, taking in a deep breath “You’re certainly not going easy on me, are you?”

“Has there ever been a time when I’ve gone easy on you?” The other boy answers with a question, deadpan.

“Well, true…” The green haired boy says as he stands up “Another round?”

Toshinori observes them for a moment before turning away and continuing his morning run in that direction. They’re not using their quirks so it should be okay to leave them be.
Days pass by, turning into weeks, turning into months. Not much is changing. Maybe except the state Dagobah beach is in. Thanks to Midoriya’s attempts to clean it, it looks much better now. He’s about halfway done cleaning it when Shouto comes up with an idea. He’ll have to look into it later but... it’d be good to tell Midoriya at least a little a bit.

“Hey Midoriya” he gets the boys attention as they’re taking a break “I wanted to give you something once you finish cleaning the beach. Would it be okay?”

“H-huh?!? A gift…? For me?” Midoriya is clearly frustrated “You don’t have to, Shouto!”

“True. But I want to” Shouto deadpans “So, would it be okay?”

“I-I, uhm, yes. Yes, I’d like that” Midoriya smiles one of his brightest smiles.

Shouto acknowledges it with a nod. He’ll have to read some more about what he’s going to get him. But if he’s thinking the right way about it… Then his little ‘gift’ just may help Midoriya pass the exams.

Izuku heaves a sigh when he finally puts the last piece of trash into the dumpster. It’s late night and his mom is probably getting worried by now, but it was totally worth it. He looks back to admire the view. Dagobah beach is really beautiful when it’s clean.

He takes a photo and sends it to Shouto before heading home. He takes a shower and goes straight to bed. He doesn’t fall asleep though. They exchange some texts with Shouto. Then he sets his alarm and decides to finally sleep. He can’t wait for tomorrow…

Shouto waits at the beach for Midoriya. It really is beautiful when it’s clean. He clutches the gift anxiously. It’s not like him to be nervous but he’s never been able to make friends in class, so he has no experience with choosing gifts. He just hopes that going for functionality was the right choice. And that he wasn’t mistaken about the way Midoriya’s quirk works.

Speaking of Midoriya, he catches sight of his wild, green hair. The boy waves at him cheerily and Shouto greets him with a curt nod. Midoriya runs up to him with one of his bright smiles plastered on his face. When he’s close enough, Shouto speaks up.

“Here” he says, passing him the gift “It’s for you…”
“Thanks!” Midoriya’s smile widens, if that’s even possible, and he accepts the gift “That’s… Shouto, thank you!”

Shouto only nods. Midoriya is looking at the harmonica he’s given him as if it’s the most precious thing he’s ever seen. It’s weird. But endearing. And it leaves Shouto with a feeling of accomplishment. He wants to smile too. To reciprocate that bright and warm smile Midoriya gives him. But somehow, he can’t no matter how much he wants to.

The day of the entrance exams finally comes. Izuku is really, really nervous. He knows he’s as ready as he’ll ever be, but he can’t help but question if this is really enough. Everyone taking this exam has trained, some probably all their life. There will be stronger and faster people there.

The only thing keeping him from spiralling into total anxiousness is Shouto’s calming presence. His confident and calm demeanour is somehow soothing. Izuku is really thankful that after their morning training the boy has offered to walk Izuku to U.A’s gates. Shouto himself is getting in on recommendation, although he hasn’t said from whom, so he’s taking a different exam. And he’s still found time to go with Izuku. He’s really glad to have a friend like that.

“Let’s meet at that cafe when you’re done” Shouto says, pointing at the building across the road, once they reach the gate.

“Sure!” Izuku beams at him. Now that he thinks about it. It’ll be the first time they meet up to do something else than train.

Still a little nervous, Izuku waves to the other boy and walks through the gates. It’ll be fine, he will pass this exam! He has to.

He doesn’t even take five steps before he hears a loud shout behind him.

“Move aside Deku!” A familiar voice calls out.

“Kacchan!” Izuku yelps, going rigid.

“Get out of my way” Kacchan says as he walks past him.
“M-morning. Let’s both do our best…” Izuku stammers.

Ever since that one time ten months ago, Kacchan never tormented him again. But it still didn’t help the involuntary reaction Izuku has when the boy appears. Mayve he’ll never get over it… Who knows?

Shaking off his stupor, Izuku takes a step forward… and trips. He closes his eyes, prepared for impact that never came. Instead, there is a strange feeling of weightlessness.

“…?” What’s happening “Woah!” He glances to the ground to find that he’s floating.

“Are you okay?” A girl with short, chocolate-coloured hair and rosy cheeks asks and helps him touch the ground again “Sorry for using my quirk out of the blue like that, but… Well, it’s a bad omen to trip and fall”

“U-uhm” Izuku stammers out, bemused.

“But man, this sure is nerve-wracking!” The girl says and turns to leave “Good look to both of us!” She says as she enters the building.

It takes him a second to realise that he’s just talked to a girl (not really). It’s definitely something new! And she was so nice too… Taking a deep breath he heads towards the school building. His first step towards his goal of becoming a hero. He’ll not let this chance go to waste!
“Welcome to today’s live performance!!” Present Mic shouts “Everybody say ‘HEY’!!!”

Only silence answers. Izuku looks around but other examinees look either really serious or anxious. He feels kind of bad for Present Mic now. But the hero doesn’t seem concerned in the slightest. He continues his one-man show.

“Well that’s cool, my examinee listeners!!” He says just as loudly as before “I’m here to present the guidelines of your practical!! Are you ready?!” A beat of silence “YEAHH!” Izuku silently freaks out. Or at least he’s as silent as muttering can be “This is how the test will go, my listeners! You’ll be experiencing ten-minute-long “Mock cityscape maneuvers”!!” He says without a pause “Bring along whatever you want! After this presentation, you’ll each head to your assigned testing location!!”

“…” More silence.

“O.K?!” Even more silence “Each site is filled with three kinds of faux villains. Points are awarded for defeating each according to their respective difficulty levels!! Use your quirks to disable these faux villains… and earn points! That’s your goal, listeners!!” He stops for just a second before continuing “Of course, playing the antihero and attacking other examinees is prohibited!!”

“May I ask a question?” One of the participant asks. He has dark hair and wears glasses.

“Sure!” Present Mic pipes up.

“There appear to be no fewer than four varieties of faux villain, on this handout! Such a blatant error, if it is one, is highly unbecoming for U.A., Japan’s top academy!! We’re all here today in the hopes of being molded into model heroes!!”
“And you with the curly hair!” He points at Izuku, glaring, and the boy jolts in surprise “You’ve been muttering this whole time… it’s distracting!! If this is some sort of game to you, then please leave immediately!”

“…Sorry” Izuku mutters, covering his mouth as people around him snort in amusement.

“Alright. Alright. Examinee 7111, nice catch. Thanks!” Present Mic says loudly “But the fourth faux villain variety gives you zero points! He’s more of an obstacle! Have you all played super Mario brothers?!” The old, retro game? “It’s kind of like a Thwomp! Only one at each site! A ‘gimmick’ that’ll rampage around close quarters!”

“Got it… So it’s like a stage gimmick to be avoided” The bespectacled boy says “Thank you, sir. I apologize for the interruption!”

“That’s all from me!! I’ll leave my listeners with our school motto. The great hero Napoleon Bonaparte once said… ‘True heroism consists in being superior to the ills of life’. PLUS ULTRA!! Break a leg, everyone!”

The testing site is really big. Be he doesn’t have time to worry about that. He has to prepare. He summons the violin, since its effects can last the longest, and he uses some buffs. He doesn’t let them touch him and activate, he just makes them float around, waiting for start. He also prepares some energy regeneration and all of the attack skills. There are no plants for him to use plant growth on, and he won’t risk summoning fire or ice since he doesn’t have that much experience with handling them. The rest of skills probably won’t be useful against robots so he only adds more of the ones he’s already summoned.

Once he deems it enough, he stops. He looks around. Everyone seems pretty confident. He should be too, since he’s trained so hard but… he only feels nervous. Something catches his sight. It’s that nice girl! He moves to thank her for earlier.

“This girl seems to be doing some kind of meditation” A voice rings out behind him “Why are you here? Hoping to interfere?”

He doesn’t grab Izuku, since he can’t really pass the circle Izuku’s quirk created, but he sure can interfere in other ways. There are some murmurs in the crowd, saying that they’re lucky because that
means they have one less rival. Izuku can’t really blame them for thinking like that.

“And… begin!” A voice rings out.

Other examinees seem confused but Izuku just runs towards the exam grounds, letting his speed-inducing notes finally touch him and activate. He’s trained with Shouto for far too long to not understand how important the opening move is.

“What’s wrong? The test’s started! Run! RUN!!” Present Mic’s voice resounds through the grounds “The die is cast!”

The rest of the examinees stop lagging behind. They run ahead. But Izuku has already left them behind, destroying the first one pointer that appeared and then shooting down a three pointer with energy burst – his strongest attack. He summons the hologram version of the harmonica Shouto has given him.

It’s considerably worse than other instruments. It doesn’t excel at anything nor give him any interesting effect. But it leaves his hands free. And that’s all he needs right now. He keeps hitting the robots and destroying them, all the while replenishing his notes by playing the harmonica. He’s only had enough time to learn how to play his Thrust skill, the speed boost and energy regeneration. And heal of course, since it’s a very useful skill (thank god for internet tutorials). He’ll have to make do with only those.

He has about seven points when he sees an injured participant. He activates his heal and after two seconds, he can leave. It’s not going to give him any points, but leaving someone injured would leave a bad taste in his mouth. He heals anyone he comes across as he’s destroying the robots. It’s getting more and more difficult to find them. Most are already destroyed by others.

He’s used all of the notes floating around him and has to continuously replace them to be able to attack. He’s out of breath despite making sure to recover his energy. Playing an instrument that requires him to blow for the long time is quite difficult. He finally makes a mistake. The thrust notes shatter and hit him. He’s left with bleeding injuries he has to treat. Although it only takes a few seconds to do it, they are still precious seconds he could be using to get more points.

He’s finally had enough and he switches to guzheng. His hands are occupied now but at least he can breathe, and that’s what he’s needed the most. Now that he’s not out of breath, he runs and attacks the robots with variety of skills. Some of the robots are stolen before he can graze them. It doesn’t matter. He just has to find more. He heals some more people on his way and runs further and further into the fake city.
Suddenly, there is a loud crashing sound resonating throughout the exam area. Izuku turns and he sees it. The zero pointer. Does it have to be so big?!? He quickly starts playing to summon the speed notes. They’re bluishly-transparent and break into feathers when they’re ready to be used. He’s about to run away completely when someone groans in pain behind him. He turns to see who it is and sees that nice girl from earlier.

’It’s a bad omen to trip and fall’ she’s said earlier, saving him from that exact fate, and now she’s the one who needs help. She’s stuck under some rubble. He doesn’t think, he just runs towards her. First things first, if he doesn’t stop that robot, they’re doomed. He uses guzheng since it’s the fastest instrument and does something he’d rather avoid. He calls forth the ice.

Graceful and clear notes fill the air. Instead of swirling like snowflakes, their movement is sliding like an avalanche down a glacier. Dust-like semi transparent glitter surrounds them. They’re weather-beaten and unwelcoming like snowy peaks and as ethereal as ice glistening in the full sun. The temperature around them instantly drops.

Hoping it’d be enough, he sends them towards the robot. He thinks of the glacier Shouto can use. Maybe if he can just pull it off, it’d be enough… When robot’s legs alone are encased in ice that seems like it can break at any moment he switches to flute in a moment. The flow of notes stops for a second before continuing, more subtly and lightly this time. They reach upper parts of the robot, freezing them. When all the vital parts are covered in ice, he switches to piano.

His ice isn’t as powerful as Shouto’s and can’t really destroy this robot on its own. But it can make it fragile. Now, all he has to do is slice it. He starts playing the Masquerade of Ghosts waltz. With its ¾ metre, notes collect into bars and bound by the stave, each bar thrusts forward, slashing the robot. The notes are just like the music – majestic, noble and elegant. They gleam with gold and envelop in darkest blacks. Once they hit their target, the light blooms in aristocratic roses before disappearing gently.

The robot withstands a few slashes before collapsing. Izuku immediately stops playing, letting the notes disperse gracefully and melt into golden-black flowers before resolving into thin air. He feels exhausted but there’s one more thing to do. He plays a few notes of the strength enhancing skill. They’re the same silver as steel, glistening with bits of red and encased by yellowish fog. Just a few notes is enough. He absorbs them and gets to work.

He lifts the rubble that’s fallen on the girl’s leg.

“T-thanks” She stammers out and tries to help him by making some of the pieces float.
Soon enough, they are both thoroughly exhausted. They both plop down on the ground. The girl looks like she’s about to throw up and Izuku probably doesn’t look much better. He’s about to summon his instrument again when the announcement rings out.

“It’s all over!!” Present Mic’s voice says.

Heaving a sigh, Izuku summons his piano and starts playing the healing piece. The scrapes on his hands heal up, and he sends some notes towards the girl, just in case she’s injured. He feels dizzy. Despite that, he tries to stand up. And he immediately regrets it when his vision swirls in black and fades completely. He loses consciousness.

Izuku wakes up to see a small, elderly woman in a costume. He blinks, trying to will away the fog that plagues his mind. Wait, that posture, that cane and that costume… could it be?!!

“Recovery girl!” He shout-says, getting up from the spot on the ground.

“Oh! Good you’ve come back to us. Here, have some candy” She gives him some gummies while he gapes at her.

“Oh, ugh, could I get your autograph?” He asks nervously. Recovery girl became his favourite hero over the years. Even if All Might is the first hero he’s adored, he still likes her more.

“Oh, of course” The woman smiles warmly at him and takes a page out of her notebook to sign it. She then give it to Izuku.

“Thank you so much, I’ll treasure it!” He says, holding the autograph carefully.

The woman goes to tend to some other examinees. Izuku leaves the exam grounds after changing clothes and goes to the cafe to meet up with Shouto.

Shouto sips his coffee leisurely, passing time by looking at the birds sitting atop a cherry tree. About two hours have passed, so Midoriya should be coming soon. He turns towards the door when he hears the cafe’s bell chiming. He sees a mess of green curls and characteristic gem-like emerald eyes.
He waves to Midoriya and the boy jog up to him, sitting down in a vacant chair across from Shouto. He looks… exhausted. And his hair is even messier than normally, which is quite an accomplishment. Not to mention some grime still splattered on his hands and face.

“So… how was it?” Shouto asks, continuing to sip his coffee.

“It was… okay, I guess” Midoriya says “Look, look! I’ve gotten an autograph from Recovery Girl!” He shows him a signed piece of paper.

Shouto hums in acknowledgement and continues listening to Midoriya’s story. The boy goes on and on about the exam, the pro heroes and different quirk he’s seen today. Shouto doesn’t respond aside from nodding when he deems it necessary. He listens carefully though, and even if most people would think he’s not interested, it seems like Midoriya is aware of the truth.

To be honest, he’s always been undeterred, despite Shouto’s deadpan expression and the fact he never really smiles. Even if Midoriya tried telling jokes to get him to laugh, he’s never commented about failing. He’s never been imposing. Or trying to force him to change. It’s comfortable around him. He accepted Shouto the way he is, for how he is, not for what or who he is.

Shouto listens to Midoriya as the other is gesticulating wildly. At some point they get ice cream. He notes that Midoriya got apple-flavoured one. He commits it to memory. It may come in handy later, even if he doesn’t know when.

The week passes in a flash, although it’s full of nervousness for Izuku. He still meets up with Shouto every morning and they still train. Shouto always keeps repeating that Izuku should believe in himself more. But still, there were so many participants, how could he possibly pass?

He shakes his head, willing the thoughts to go away. Even if he doesn’t pass, all he’s done won’t be for nothing. Because, it’s the time he’s spent with Shouto. And he wouldn’t give it up, even for a guaranteed spot in U.A. Shouto extended his hand to him, and believed in him when no one else would.

“It’s here! The letter!” His mom calls out, breaking him out of his stupor.

He nervously accepts the letter and rips it open. A projector falls out form it. Izuku watches it together with his mom. He got in, he can’t believe it! His mom hugs him and he can feel tears in his
eyes. He sends a message to Shouto, and the boy congratulates him, saying he’s always known he’d make it in.

It’s the first day of school and he gets there with Shouto since they’re both attending U.A. They get to the gate, and Izuku silently prays that Kacchan and that dark-haired boy are in other class than him. They go through the corridors before stopping in one of the hallways.

“Midoriya, what class are you in?” Shouto asks. Oh, that’s right, they haven’t told each other yet, have they “I’m in 1-A”

“O-oh!” Izuku stammers out “I’m actually in 1-B”

Chapter End Notes

Dun Dun Dun Dun

Haven't expected that twist, have you :P

See ya guys next chapter~!

Kha's out
“Alright, I’ll see you when the classes end then” Shouto says and begins to walk away.

“O-okay!” Midoriya calls after him.

Shouto continues walking until he finds 1-A classroom. The door is… bigger than he thought it’d be. He steps in and sees two of his classmates fighting over something. He doesn’t really care though, so he just walks to his desk and sits there. After some time their teacher comes in and tells them to change into their gym clothes and go to the ground. It’s going to be a long day…

Izuku finally finds his classroom. Silently psyching himself up, and hoping once again that neither Kacchan nor that dark haired boy from the entrance exam will be here, he enters. He’s immediately relieved to find that neither of the two are there.

He’s immediately hit with how uniquely his classmates look. He can spot someone looking kind of like a werewolf, there’s a girl with plants for her hair, someone who has bubble speech for head and a girl with two long horns and a short horse tail. Not to mention a mantis looking guy and an indescribable yellow monster-looking person.

Izuku quickly finds his desk and sits there. A girl sitting in front of him turns to greet him.

“Hello! I’m Kendo Itsuka. Who are you?” She asks energetically and amicably.

“O-oh. M-Midoriya Izuku” He smiles at her sheepishly.

“There is no need to be so nervous, you know?” Kendo says, looking just a bit taken aback.
“Right…” he answers, scratching the back of his neck in a nervous habit.

“I don’t think that’s helping, Kendo” A brown haired boy to his left says with a smile “Hi Midoriya! I’m Tsuburaba Kosei, nice to meet you” He introduces himself, extending a hand.

“Likewise…” Izuku says and hakes his hand in a greeting.

“I’m glad you’re all getting along, but we should start already!” A voice booms from the entrance and… wait, isn’t that Vlad King?!! “We’re going to do a quirk assessment today. Change into your gym clothes and meet me in front of the school”

After that, the pro hero sets a pile of uniforms on the teacher’s desk and leaves. The students start come up to the desk to get their uniforms. Izuku also gets his and goes to the bathroom to change.

After that, he comes to the place where they’re supposed to all gather. Their homeroom teacher checks if everyone is there before heading off to somewhere and gesturing for them to follow. Izuku follows him along with the rest of the class. He can hear Kendo and the girl with horns talking excitedly about the test they’re about to have. Although, the girl’s language is a bit broken. Is she a foreigner?

They arrive at a clearing among the trees. This school is enormous, to have something park-like here… Vlad King sits down on the grass and gestures for them to do the same. The whole class settles in a circle. Izuku sits between the blond haired guy and a boy who looks a little bit like a skeleton.

“So, we’re going to begin the quirk assessment now. Each of you will go to the middle, introduce yourself and tell others about their quirk, showing it off if possible” Vlad King says “We’ll go from right to left” He gestures for the first person to come.

A guy with pitch black skin takes the place in the middle.

“Hello” He says curtly “I’m Kuroiro Shihai. My quirk is called Black. It works a bit like a smoke screen. I can sense everything within the black sphere when my quirk is activated” Everything goes black for a moment before going back to normal. So, that’s his quirk…
He leaves his place. Izuku would really want to just get his notebook and write all of it down. But he’s left it in classroom. Besides, his classmates might be freaked out if he starts taking notes of them. He’ll just have to commit all of the new info to memory and write it down later.

“Kodai Yui. My quirk is called Size, it lets me change my size” The girl with shoulder-length says “I won’t show it right now, due to the fact that my clothes don’t change together with me”

“Hi everyone! I’m Kendo Itsuka! My quirk is Big Fist. Pretty self explanatory, huh?” She enlarges her hands to enormous size.

“Name’s Awase Yosetsu. My quirk is called Weld and it lets me fuse objects together. I have to touch both of them to do it though”

“I’m Shoda Nirengeki, nice to meet you all… My quirk is called Twin Impact and when it’s activated, every other punch I throw gets a boost. It’s basically a double combo…”

“Kamakiri Togaru. My quirk allows me to grow out scythe-like blades from my elbows”

“I’m Sen Kaibara, my quirk is called Gyrate and it basically enhances my physical abilities”

“Greeting everybody. My name is Shiozaki Ibara. My quirk is called Vines. They grow on my head and I can use them to fight and defend. My goal is to become a hero who can protect people and spread good across the world”

“… Bondo… Koj….iro. Ceme…dine… can spray… glue” Izuku blinks at the strange introduction.

“Hello everybody. My name is Rin Hiryu. My quirk is called Scales. I can form scales on my skin”

“Yo! I’m Tetsutetsu Tetsutetsu! My quirk is called Steel and I can turn my whole body into steel. Pretty neat, huh?”

“I’m Shishida Jurota. My quirk is called beast. It’s a rather straightforward power augmentation”
“I-I’m Komori K-Kinoko. M-my quirk is called Mu-mushroom, I-I can grow any type of mushroom as long as I know how it looks and what its eff-ffects are…”

The blond guy next to Izuku walks up to the middle.

“I’m Monoma Neito. My quirk is called Copy as it can mimic a quirk of anyone I touch. It only lasts up to five minutes. I hope we can all get along”

O-oh. It’s Izuku’s turn, isn’t it? The boy comes to the spot where Monoma just stood and takes a deep breath to calm his nerves. It’s going to be alright. Kacchan isn’t there to antagonise him… it’ll be all okay…

“Uhm, hello!” He calls out shyly “My name is M-Midoriya Izuku. My quirk, Music Boost, lets me get a variety of effects by playing music. These include healing and energy regeneration, so if any of you is injured or feel exhausted, please feel free to come to me!”

Izuku returns to his spot on the grass and plops down, relieved that his introduction has ended. Oh god, he’s only now realised he hasn’t actually shown his quirk, he wants to smack himself. The skull-like-headed boy takes his place in the middle.

“I’m Honenuki Juzo. My quirk is Softening, it can soften any material, including sand and rocks. Although I can’t heal, I can give massages, so if anyone feels exhausted, please also feel free to come to me”

“I’m Tsuburaba Kosei. My quirk is called Solid Air and it lets me solidify air to form walls and platforms. Nice to meet you all, and let’s do our best together this year!”

“My nay… name… My name is Tsunotori Pony. Quirk is Horn Canon. Pleasure to have meet you” She has an accent, though Izuku can’t quite place what kind of accent it is. She seems like a foreigner though.

“I’m Tokage Setsuna. My quirk is called Lizard Tail Cut. I can regrow my limbs, as well as shed them if I want to. It’s a little painful so I won’t show it though”

“^_^” is the emote the speech bubble displays once the boy takes the central spot. Izuku watches as it changes display “Hello!” … “I’m Fukidashi Manga” … “My quirk is called Comic”… “I can
make the things I draw come to life” … “Only for five minutes though” … “That’s all\o/”

After that’s done, they do a few quick tests. Things like throwing the ball or long jump. Izuku can only use speed and strength enhancement here, but he doesn’t come in last, so that’s something. After that, they’re allowed to go home. He waits at the gate for Shouto.

Shouto meets Midoriya by the gate. Today has been pretty tiring, so it’ll be nice to relax for some time before coming home. They agree to go to Dagobah beach, and Shouto listens to Midoriya go on and on about his classmates and their quirks. It’s quite relaxing to listen to.

They reach the beach and sit down on the sand. They stay in silence for a few moments, enjoying the light breeze and the sun. Finally, Midoriya speaks up.

“It’s become really popular spot now that it’s clean, huh?” He says smiling.

“Yes” Shouto answers, seeing some couples and families with kids play around in water and on sand.

“And how was your day?” Midoriya asks him.

“It was… pretty okay” Shouto answers, shifting to sit more comfortably “We’ve had a quirk assessment exam, and although our teacher threatened to expel the lowest ranking student, it was all a logical ruse to make us do our best”

“Wow, your teacher sounds pretty harsh” Midoriya tilts his head to look at him.

“A little” Shouto deadpans.

“And your classmates? How are they? Do they have interesting quirks?” Midoriya asks, eyes shining.

“I… I haven’t really paid much attention to most of them. There was a girl with the creation quirk though. She got on recommendation just like me. Her quirk allows her to create inanimate objects”
“That’s such a nice quirk!” Midoriya pipes up “It’s so versatile! She could create weapons and support gear as well as medical supplies and tools! It could be used in a variety of situations… I wonder if she can only create solid objects or if she can produce liquids and gases… Even if not, it’d still be really good… why can’t she create animate matter though? Is it too complicated? Would it mean she could do it with enough training and analysis?”

“Midoriya, you’re muttering again” Shouto sighs in exasperation. He’s been prepared for that but still, Midoriya will have to do something with that habit of his.

“Oh gosh, sorry” He says, covering his mouth with his hands “It’s just that this quirk is so cool! I can’t help but wonder about it…”

“There was also one other person” Shouto cuts in “He could create explosions with his hands”

“Oh…” Is all the answer he gets.

Shouto looks at Midoriya. It’s not often that the boy resigns from analyzing a quirk. Especially a flashy or interesting one. The boy doesn’t meet his eyes. Before Shouto can ask though, Midoriya shifts to lie down instead of sitting. Shouto blinks. He’ll get sand in his hair by doing that. Oh well… might as well…

Shouto lies down next to Midoriya, using his arm as a pillow so that sand doesn’t get in his hair. They just stay like that for a little while, lying in comfortable silence. Shouto still wants to ask about that strange reaction upon mentioning a certain explosive boy, but he keeps himself from doing it. Whatever it is, it looks like Midoriya doesn’t want to talk about this.

“Hey Shouto” Midoriya gets his attention.

“Yes?” Shouto asks to get the boy to continue.

“Don’t you think that cloud looks a bit like a duck?” he says, pointing at the sky.

“…Are you alright? Why are you asking such weird questions” Shouto blinks at him surprised. Midoriya turns towards him, looking just as surprised.
“Have you never done this?” He asks “I mean, looking at clouds and talking about what they look like…”

“No…”

“We are going to fix it right now!” Midoriya says with determination and moves to lie closer to him. And he’s… really close. Their shoulders are almost brushing “So, let’s try!” He says and points to a cloud “What do you think this one looks like?”

“…I don’t know. A bear?” He asks, it’s such a stupid activity…

“Yeah, I can see that” Midoriya smiles at him “And this one? Doesn’t it look a bit like a cat?”

“It does…” Shouto says even though he doesn’t see it.

“And… that one?” Midoriya points again. Oh, he’s so close so that Shouto can see more accurately what he’s pointing at.

“An angel?” Shouto tries.

“It definitely looks like a fish though!” Midoriya pipes up “See? It has a tail here… and a fin there… and here is the head!”

He points to each thing he mentions. But Shouto can’t really concentrate on looking. Not with Midoriya’s arm brushing against him with every movement. He answers each of Midoriya’s questions about clouds and their shapes, and with time he asks some of his own, and points to some clouds by his own initiative. It’s a stupid game to play but… if it keeps Midoriya so close like this… smiling like that… It’s totally worth it.

Chapter End Notes

Am I late? I feel like I'm posting a bit late ;o
Oh well, enjoy regardless!

See ya guys next chapter!
The next day, normal classes start. They learn things like maths and chemistry. It’s a really normal start of the day. During one of the breaks between lessons though, two lessons away from lunchtime in fact, Izuku sees something weird. He looks out the window and spots Shiozaki crouching on the ground right under it and doing something. Curious, he opens the window and calls out.

“Shiozaki? What are you doing?” He asks.

“Oh! It’s you Midoriya…” The girl says glancing up at him “I thought it’d be nice to have some flowers. I’ve already got the permission to plant them here”

“Flowers! That’s so thoughtful of you, Shiozaki!” He chirps and moves to sit on the windowsill for a better view.

“Not at all. I’m just doing all I can to keep the atmosphere nice” She chuckles lightly.

“Do you need some help?” He asks.

“Yes, I’d be grateful for that” She confirms nodding.

Izuku sits on the windowsill for a second, before swinging his legs outside and jumping off of it, mindful to land behind Shiozaki. Just to make sure he doesn’t crush any plants. They work in silence, interrupted only when Shiozaki asks him to plant a bulb in a different location than he’d wanted to. She really knows a lot about plants. He doesn’t even recognise most of the bulbs here. He thinks he sees some tulip ones and maybe a few hyacinths. Once they’re done, Izuku wants to play the plant growth melody, but when he asks Shiozaki if he can, she denies his request.
“If they grow now, however beautiful they may be, it’ll still disrupt their natural rhythm” She says, looking at the soil they’ve just planted the bulbs in, with love “I want them to grow slowly, due to our efforts. If they grow like that, as the God intended, wouldn’t they be that much more beautiful?” He doesn’t know what to say to that, and what to think for that matter, so he only nods.

Once the lunch rolls around, he heads to the cafeteria with Shiozaki and Kuroiro. The latter was invited by the girl and Izuku didn’t really mind it all that much. Once they get their lunches, he spots Shouto and goes over to his table, gesturing for others to follow him.

“Mind if we join you?” He asks, smiling.

“Go on” Shouto says and continues eating rice.

They take their seats – Izuku right next to Shouto, Shiozaki and Kuroiro across from them. Before they can even grab their chopsticks, Shiozaki claps her hands once.

“Let us thank the Lord for the food we’re about to eat” She says and goes silent for a moment as if praying. Shouto shoots Izuku a confused glance but shrugs and goes back to eating.

“Thanks for the food” Izuku and Kuroiro say at the same time, also clasping their hands.

They eat in comfortable silence. After that, they all go back to their respective classes. Even if only a few words were shared, Izuku still had a good time.

“Unfortunately, your combat training session with All Might had been cancelled since class 1-A has indoors training with him…” Vlad King says but is cut off before he can finish.

“Kan-sensei, what does their training have to do with ours?” Kendo inquires.

“Why is class 1-A getting the priority?” Monoma asks at the same time.

“Calm down. Monoma, no one is getting the priority here. Mr Aizawa just booked the training earlier
than I had. And Kendo, All Might is still an active hero. Number one hero at that. He has very limited time” Their homeroom teacher goes on “Your lesson with him has been moved to tomorrow. Today, I’m going to take you for outdoors combat training session. You’ll need these…” he gestures and cases with numbers on them pop out from the wall “In accordance with the ‘quirk registry’ and special request forms you filled out before being admitted… your costumes are here”

The whole class gets pretty excited at that.

“After you change, come out to Ground Gamma” Vlad King says and heads off.

Izuku smiles opening the case. The school granted his request and his costume is just as he’d wanted it to be. Well, they added some decorative, but he’s not complaining. The music notes motifs look cool, after all. He’s not so sure about the red cross on his belt though. If earlier his classmates thought him to be a healer, now everyone will assume it on sight. It may be a bit annoying.

Other than that, it’s perfect. The gloves are mismatched and it probably looks stupid but it’s pretty functional. He needs his right hand free to play more comfortably, but his left hand can be covered to avoid scrapes. That’s why he has fingerless glove on his right and a normal one on his left hand. There’s also a fingerpick on one of his fingers on right hand. It may be a little annoying while playing the flute, but it’ll be a big help with guzheng.

Another part of his costume he’s requested – a mouth-guard. It has two main functions. One is that it can act like a gas mask. And two – when he plays the harmonica, it’ll act as a sort of loudspeakers. He’s already discovered before that the louder he plays, the faster the notes get around. So the loudspeakers may help him in battle.

Another helpful thing he has, or rather things – there are pouches on his belt. As requested, they’re filled with watered-down flashbangs, smoke grenades, and tripping wire. There is also one filled entirely with seeds. He needs to use his plant growth somehow, right?

His boots have metal soles and studs. Something Shouto suggested. Metal soles will be perfect for fighting and studs may help his with climbing or walking on slippery roads. He changes into his costumes and heads to Ground Gamma. It looks kind of like the entrance exam’s site. It’s like an abandoned city.
“Kan-sensei what are we going to be doing?” Tokage asks once everyone is there.

“…” Vlad King thinks for a little bit “We’re going to have a mock battle. Statistically speaking, the villains pose more problems when they’re cooperating with each other. It’s even more troublesome when they have better synergy than heroes at the site. That’s why… today you’ll split into 4 teams composed of five members and fight each other” He looks at each and every one of them “The teams will be decided randomly, by drawing lots. Remember, cooperation is the key to success here”
“Uhm, I’m sorry, but what exactly determines victory here? Do we have to get enemy’s flag or something?” Tsuburraba asks.

“There are two ways to win” Vlad King answers “One is that your team is the only one left standing. Other is that your team has the most members once the time runs out. People are considered out of the exercise if they’re either captured, using a tape I’m about to give you, or incapable of continuing the fight.”

After that, they draw lots. Izuku finds his team pretty quickly. He’s paired with Fukidashi, Shoda, Komori and Bondo. So much for cooperation… Fukidashi is basically mute, and communicating with him can only be conducted when he’s in sight. All it takes to cut him off is for Kuroiro to activate his quirk. Bondo’s attempts at speaking aren’t the best, and they’d probably get wiped out quicker than they’d talk with him. Komori is really nervous and stutters even more than Izuku, but it’s still something. Shoda may just be the best at communicating out of all of them but he’s way too stiff and nervous.

He looks around to see what kinds of teams have formed. Kendo, Kodai, Tsunotori, Honenuki and Shishida are on one team. Monoma, Rin, Tokage, Tsuburaba and Kamakiri are the other team. The last one consists of Kuroiro, Awase, Kaibara, Shiozaki and Tetsutetsu.

He doesn’t know about his classmates’ fighting styles, nor they combat capabilities. The only thing he knows is what their quirks are. Right now, Kuroiro, Honenuki, Rin and Tsunotori are the ones he’d be most cautious of. It might also be wise to keep an eye out for Monoma. Who knows how he’ll attack?

To Izuku’s horror, the teams are split up by their homeroom teacher. They’ll have to find each other to cooperate. Oh god, this is bad, this is really, really bad. Izuku is left all alone somewhere within Ground Gamma. He uses his instruments to buff himself, and when the signal to start is given, he immediately heads off in random direction. If he keeps going that way for long enough, he’ll eventually meet someone or at least find the end of the Ground Gamma.

He doesn’t play anything as he moves. It’d betray his position to everyone around. And he wouldn’t want to face his enemies when they have an advantage in numbers. He spots Rin and immediately hides. Wait, this can be his chance! He listens intently, trying to pick up the sound of the boy’s footsteps. He’s coming in that direction. Izuku is just hiding around the corner, so he can probably jump him in a surprise attack.

He waits till the footsteps are close enough. He takes out his capture tape, and the moment Rin tries to turn the corner, he lunges forward and circles the boy’s arms in tape. Rin turns to face him in
surprise as his eyes go wide. Vlad King asks the boy to go to the waiting area over the speakers. They part ways. Now, Izuku just needs to keep going…

Suddenly, he hears something from his right and moves just in time to dodge Shishida’s attack. This is going to be hard. He puts some distance between them and summons his harmonica. Shishida lunges forward. Yep, this is going to be hard.

Yui is walking alongside Honenuki. She’s used her quirk to get a little smaller. In case a fight breaks out, she’ll be able to dodge out of the way and hide. Her speciality is hand to hand combat, but she still has to keep away from the fights. Because if she’s too close, Honenuki can’t use his quirk’s potential to its fullest.

It’s the best strategy. Honenuki’s quirk can stop their enemies for long enough for them to escape. Normally, they’d want to capture them, but not this time. According to Honenuki, they can’t waste time on others since they have to take Monoma’s team down. She normally wouldn’t trust a strategy like this, but Honenuki has known Monoma before coming to U.A. If he recognises him as the biggest threat, then she’ll trust him. For now at least.

At least now one of the Monoma’s teammates is down. Four more to go. They’ll also have to find the rest of their teammates. Kendo, Tsunotori and Shishida are all strong, so they’d be a big help.

An announcement rings out, saying that Awase is out. He’s not on Monoma’s team nor theirs so it doesn’t really matter. Yui catches sight of something. A fight. She tugs Honenuki’s sleeve and points in that direction. He only nods, to not give their position away. They both start closing in on the fighting figures. Their teammate needs help and he’ll get it.

This is bad. Really bad. Izuku is barely able to keep up with the attacks. And Shishida shows no signs of stopping or even slowing down. Izuku tries some melodies on his harmonica, but can’t finish even a single one. Each time he summons the instrument, Shishida lunges forward and breaks it.

The only thing preventing Shishida from completely defeating Izuku is the fact that the latter can dodge at a pretty fast rate. Shishida lunges forward once more and Izuku leaps back. That’s when another attack comes. Not from Shishida but from behind.

Izuku is sent crashing to the ground. He turns and recognizes Kodai and Honenuki. He has no time to recover though, because Shishida shoves him to the ground once more and gets out his capture tape. Well, that’s it.
“Now, Tsuburaba!” His thoughts are cut short when Monoma’s voice rings out.

Suddenly, his three adversaries are pushed to the ground by an invisible force. Shishida can’t capture him like that, and even if Izuku is forced to the ground together with them, it may just be his chance to escape.

“Kamakiri has been defeated. Please head to the waiting area” An announcement rings out but gets ignored.

“Go for it Tokage!” Monoma yells.

Izuku turns his head to see that Monoma joined Tuburaba in making the invisible barrier. He also notices that Kodai is making herself smaller to escape. She’s too slow though. Tokage descends from the rooftop of one of the buildings and wraps the capture tape around her.

“Kodai is out! Head to the waiting area please”

Honenuki activates his quirk and turns concrete into quicksand. Tokage isn’t really fazed by this though. Izuku has to turn his sight away as her frickin feet separate from the rest of her body. She hangs on the building, not touching the ground at all. Izuku dares to turn in her direction again. She doesn’t have shoes now, but she certainly has feet. That’s a relief.

Not for Honenuki though. He gets swiftly captured. Shishida finally manages to break the invisible wall.

“Honenuki has been defeated! Please head to the waiting area!”

Izuku doesn’t wait to see what happens. He runs away.

“Tokage is out!”

And shortly after:
“Shishida is out! Please head to the waiting area”

Well, now there is nothing to stop Monoma and Tsubaraba from going after him. He hopes he’s put enough distance between them to not get caught. Suddenly, someone grabs his arm and pulls him into the nearest alley…

Chapter End Notes

Hope the pic works this time xD

It's done based on the image of Izuku's normal costume.

See ya guys next chapter \o/

Kha's out!
“Komori!” He whisper-shouts once he sees that it was his teammate who dragged him into an alley.

“Y-yes, i-it’s me…” The girl says shyly.

“Kuroiro and Tetsutetsu are both defeated. Please head to the waiting area”

Izuku can’t help but freeze in surprise. Those two were on the same team, right? And to think there were both defeated at the same time… Well, at least they won’t have to worry about Kuroiro’s quirk once they find Fukidashi.

“Hey Komori… would you look out for enemies for a moment? I need to buff us” He says and activates his violin.

Komori nods and stands on guard at the alley’s exit. He plays the strength and speed melodies. Silver and blue notes swirl around and enhance both him and Komori. He also plays the energy boost song, this time on piano. The more energy they have the better.

“Kaibara is out! Please head to the waiting area… Shoda has been defeat!”

Okay… that means they have one less teammate. Shouldn’t be too bad. Suddenly, Komori signals for him to hide and they both duck behind some rocks and other rubble left in the alley. He hears steps getting closer and then getting further away. That was close.

“Fukidashi out! Tsuburaba out! Please head to the waiting area!”
O-oh. So now it’s only the two of them and Bondo. Still could be worse. Wait, wasn’t Tsuburaba together with Monoma? Now that’s curious… Anyways, they better get to work or they’re going to get defeated.

“Komori, your quirk allows you to grow mushrooms, right?” He asks to make sure. She nods
“Okay… I might have a plan but I need you to trust me on this”

Itsuka leaps back, barely avoiding Monoma’s attack. Tsunotori attacks the boy head on again. Monoma dodges. Itsuka doesn’t let him do anything, she attacks with her enlarged hands. She and Tsunotori keep attacking with close to no effect. He keeps using Tsubaraba’s quirk to block them whenever he can.

Not to mention he even uses Itsuka’s quirk! It’s sort of annoying to deal with, since they moves match up completely when he does that. Thank god for Tsunotori though. If it wasn’t for her they wouldn’t have managed to capture so many enemies.

Once they met, their strategy was quite simple. Tsunotori would activate her Horn Canon and Itsuka would launch her at enemies using her enlarged hands. It’s worked perfectly, taking out anyone they spotted, that is, up until now. When Tsunotori got thrown at the two boys, Monoma sidestepped, so they only got Tsuburaba. Itsuka managed to capture the knocked down boy with the tape she’s had ready.

Real challenge started when their fight with Monoma began. And it still continues. The boy just keeps dodging over and over again. He can’t go on offensive since they’re attacking him viciously, so he just stays in defensive position. And they can’t even graze him. At least for now. Monoma’s quirk has five minutes time limit, so he won’t be able to use Tsubaraba’s quirk for long. And then, they’ll have a chance to capture him. They just have to wait this out…

Ibara keeps running, occasionally making an obstacle behind her, using her vines. She’s been running for about ten minutes now. And Bondo is getting closer and closer. She prays she’ll come out of it okay.

She rounds a corner, attempting to lose him. And she abruptly stops, paling. A dead end. She hears heavy stomps behind her as Bondo appears in the alley’s exit. She uses her vines once more to create an obstacle. She has to think of how to get out of this situation.

He hears splattering sound, as Bondo, most likely, uses his quirk on her vines. His glue is really troublesome. One hit and she’d done for. The boy tears through the now-fragile obstacle. Ibara creates another one.
Suddenly, she has a flash of inspiration. She’s seen how a pro-hero Kamui Woods uses his quirk. Maybe she can copy his Lacquered Chains Prison attack. If she does it the right way, he won’t even be able to use his quirk too much or he’d also get glued.

She concentrates and uses her vines again. She has to time it right. She hears a cracking sound. Now! She uses her vines again, circling Bondo in a cage. He tries to use his quirk and tear through it. And he almost succeeds. But Ibara is faster. She adds more and more layers to the cage, successfully trapping him inside. Soon, his own glue he tries to use to weaken the vines immobilizes him even further. She heaves a sigh of relief.

Monoma’s time is almost up. He feels like cursing. He won’t be able to hold his ground against those two without Tsubaraba’s barrier.

“Bondo is immobilized and thus defeated! … … … You don’t have to move, I’ll come for you when the exercise is over” Vlad King’s voice rings out.

That… would be pretty funny if he wasn’t so focused on dodging. He feels his time run out. Well, that’ll be it for him. In a last desperate attempt to at least take out one more person before he’s captured, he takes out the tape. Tsunotori charges forward, he sidesteps and readies himself.

And suddenly, a dense, grey cloud of something envelops him. It gets Kendo and Tsunotori too. His vision sways and everything goes black. The last thing he sees is Kendo falling to the ground.

Ibara is trapped. In a way, at least. When the grey mist came, she surrounded herself with vines. She’s aware that whatever it is, she shouldn’t breathe it in. The thing is, soon the oxygen in her vine barrier will run out.

“She has to think of something quickly or she’s done for. Wait… maybe she can use her vines to take the barrier up, out of the mist’s range? That should work. She thinks she hears some music, but it may just be lack of oxygen getting to her. She extends her vines and gets to work. The music intensifies and she hears something tearing… oh… there’s light. It was her own barrier that was torn to shreds. She tries to cover her mouth and nose, and maybe rebuild the barrier but she can’t keep her consciousness. She falls to the ground.
“Shiozaki is out! The exercise has ended! Midoriya, Komori, if you could please do something about that gas, it’d be appreciated” Their teacher asks of them.

Izuku glances at Komori, who’s already gotten to work. She’s gathering all the mushrooms they’ve planted for their plan. It was a risky idea but at least it paid off. She’s asked Komori to create sleep-inducing mushrooms and then he boosted them with Plant Growth. When they released spores, he boosted them a little more with sleep melody.

It took some time to prepare, since they had to make sure the mushrooms’ cloud would cover the whole training ground. It secured their victory though. Now they have to find a way to clean up… Komori is just picking up the mushrooms and eating them. As he’s learned, she’s immune to any mushroom’s negative effects. How can he help her though?

He summons his flute and starts playing the ice melody. It should freeze the mushrooms for long enough to clear them all. Graceful, icy notes continue drifting off into alleys everywhere. He’s mindful not to let them anywhere near Komori though.

Now to destroy the mushrooms completely… Would it be okay to use one of his attacks? It may damage the ‘city’ though… Maybe he could use fire? Wait, what if they create poisonous gas when burning? He’ll have to ask Komori…

“Komori!” He gets the girl’s attention “Would it be safe to burn these mushrooms?”

“Well yes, b-but… they’re already a-all d-dead” She gestures to the alleys “C-completely frozen”

He blinks. Oh… so freezing them is enough? That’s good then. The spores are beginning to disperse too. He’ll soon be able to take off his mouth-guard without consequences. Izuku walks over to where Shiozaki is lying on the ground and picks her up. He nods to Komori and they both head off towards the room Vlad King refers to as ‘waiting area’.

Upon entering, some of the people in the room cheer, others are quieter. Some people are even asleep. Namely Rin and Tetsutetsu. He can also see Honenuki giving a massage to Awase. Looks like someone has finally taken him up on his offer. Izuku sets Shiozaki down on some of the seats placed there.

“Wait here for a second, I’ll get the rest of your classmates” Their homeroom teacher says and heads off.
“Midoriya, that was so awesome!” Tsuburaba cheers. Oh, looks like he’s managed to leave before the spores began spreading. That’s good “And Komori too! Those mushrooms were great”

“I can’t help but wonder though…” Kodai gets his attention “Didn’t you say you were a healer? How did you rip Shiozaki’s vines to shreds with your quirk?”

“Well… as I’ve said, I can get a variety of effects using my quirk…” He’s aware that everyone is listening now “I can heal, of course, but I can also fight using it!”

“Neat!” Awase says, sounding really interested.

“Speaking of healing, could I get your help with that?” Shoda gestures to a rather large bruise forming on his arm “I got hit by Tsunotori…”

“Sure, no problem” Izuku goes up to him and starts playing.

“Could I get a heal too?” Kuroiro asks.

Izuku helps them both. He’s starting to feel just a bit exhausted. Vlad King returns, carrying Tsunotori and Monoma. Bondo is behind him with Kendo in his hands… Oops, he’s totally forgotten that Bondo was even in the Ground Gamma, since he’s been immobilized. He’s glad that the spores seem to have had little to no effect on him though.

Midoriya plays some more healing music, and energy recovery one, just in case. His classmates start to wake up groggily. Someone also shakes Tetsutetsu and Rin awake. When they’re all turned towards him, Vlad King starts summing up the exercise.

“So, I think there’s no debate as to who is the winner of this exercise. Team composed Komori, Shoda, Fukidashi, Bondo and Midoriya. Congratulations” He says looking at them “Now, to name the MVP… any suggestion as to who it may be?”

“Is there even a point in asking? Obviously Midoriya or Komori!” Awase speaks up.
“Any other suggestions?” Their teacher asks “No? Well then, the MVP here is Kendo”

That exclamation is follow by a loud gasp of ‘what?!’ from everyone present.

“Can anyone tell me why that is?” Vlad King asks, unbothered by the bewildered look on his students’ faces. Honenuki raises his hand.

“Because she took out so many people?” He asks hesitantly.

“Her efficiency is certainly a part of that…” Kan-sensei says thoughtfully “But there were other factors. If it wasn’t for Monoma’s and Tsubaraba’s interference, Midoriya would’ve been caught early on” He points out “Moreover, if anyone had interfered while they were setting their plan up, they would’ve been swiftly defeated. Also, that plan only worked because everyone on the field was their enemy. If they’d used those mushrooms like that while their allies were on the field, it would’ve also knocked them out. Without knowing what exactly they were doing, it could potentially even kill somebody, if they got knocked out while, for example, putting out fires or escaping from a crumbling building”

“…” No one says anything.

“On the other hand, Kendo proposed a plan that was pretty low risk. It wouldn’t damage the buildings, as long as it was executed in a right way, and enemies wouldn’t really be able to react in time. It’s a hit and run tactic. Plans like that are usually efficient. Even if someone sidestepped their opening attack, like Monoma did, they’d quickly get assaulted by other attacks. Honestly, I would’ve named both Kendo and Tsunotori as MVPs but it’s Kendo who came up with the plan… Well done” He nods in Kendo’s direction and she thanks him with a bright smile.

And that’s how their first combat training comes to an end.

Chapter End Notes

See ya guys tomorrow \o/  

Kha's out~!
"Shouto!" Midoriya exclaims and waves, running towards him.

Shouto acknowledges it with a nod and waits till the other boy catches up to him before starting to walk again. He catches sight of two boys gesturing at Midoriya and him and whispering to each other. If they’ve come out together with Midoriya then they’re probably from his class. Annoyed, he averts his gaze and quickens his pace. He doesn’t want to be anywhere near people gossiping about him.

Midoriya hurries after him, looking just a bit baffled. Shouto leads them both to a park within the city. It’s a nice place to just sit down and relax. He comes up to one of the trees and sits on the grass, using the plant as the backrest. Midoriya does the same, settling in comfortably.

“How was your day?” The boy asks.

“It was fine… I’m just a bit tired” Shouto answers. It’s the truth “And yours?”

“It was good” Midoriya smiles at him. He looks quite exhausted too, but it doesn’t stop him from beaming brightly “We’ve had a cool exercise! We had to split up in teams and…”

Midoriya goes off, telling him of the combat training in great detail. Shouto nods when he deems it necessary and listens to the enthusiastic descriptions. Midoriya wildly gesticulates throughout the whole story.
“Oh, by the way, I’ve heard you had a class with All Might? How was it? How is he as a teacher? Is he as nice as he’s in the media? What were you doing for training? Was it similar to our exercise—” Shouto puts a hand over Midoriya’s mouth to stop the flood of words escaping it.

“He was okay, he seemed quite inexperienced when it comes to teaching, which shouldn’t be a surprise, but other than that he was like a model hero” Shouto says. He couldn’t really admit that he can’t stand being in the same room as the number one hero, can he… Although, it’s not the man’s fault.

Midoriya keeps looking at him with wide, emerald eyes. He’s frozen in place. Wait, Shouto just realises it now – he’s still keeping Midoriya’s mouth shut with his hand. He takes it away, trying not to feel too awkward. Good thing his face is always neutral, otherwise it’d be even more horrible.

“As for our exercise—” He continues “We were split into teams of two. Then teams were paired up and one team played villains, while the other played heroes. The heroes had to get to the fake bomb and touch it or capture both of the villains within a time limit. If the time had run out – it’d be a win for the villain team” He explained.

“Wow, that’s so cool!” Midoriya chirps excitedly “Who were you paired up with?”

“Well, I was with someone whose quirk I don’t really know since he was eliminated before I could see it in action. It seemed like it had something to do with his hair though, since there were purple balls on his head” He says “The other team consisted of some girl with a ghost-like quirk and a boy who could shoot electricity. We’ve won but it was a pretty hard fight” He finishes, massaging his still-throbbing arm, where the girl kicked him. Midoriya seems to have picked up on it.

“Do you need me to heal you?” He asks concerned. Shouto just nods.

Light and dancing notes surround them. Even after all these years, Shouto is still amazed by how beautiful Midoriya’s quirk is. And how mesmerizing Midoriya himself is when he’s playing any instrument. Eyes soft and shining, small and gentle smile on his lips, deep concentration and peacefulness engraved in his features.

He doesn’t get to look at him play for long though. As the light engulfs him, the bruise on his arm heals, and all the soreness in his muscle goes away. Midoriya deactivates his quirk and gets back into his previous position. He looks really exhausted.
“So… want to train today or are we going to just hang out?” Midoriya asks.

Well, it’s true that they’re usually not hanging out unless it’s for training… Still, it’s quite nice to just relax. And he can say that the other boy is really tired already. Even Shouto himself feels exhausted.

“Just hang out… I’m too tired to train right now” He says, closing his eyes and tips his head back to rest it against the tree. He hears Midoriya humming in response.

“Would you want me to use my energy recovery on you?” Midoriya asks softly.

“…” Endeavor is out investigating something in another city so he won’t be back until the day after tomorrow… And that means no training sessions for today and tomorrow “No need, I’ll just sleep when I get home”

“Oh okay” Midoriya answers.

Shouto hears some rustling and opens one eye to look at the source. Oh, it’s just Midoriya shifting his position. The boy is now hugging his knees to his chest and is resting his head on them. He looks a bit sleepy. Not that Shouto blames him.

“…We should probably both head home and rest” Shouto says amused and gets up.

“R-right!” Midoriya also stands up from his spot. They bid each other goodbye and split up.

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The next day, when Izuku is going to school with Shouto after their training, as always, they’re stopped by press. Or at least the reporters try to stop them. Shouto just regards them with a cold stare, grabs Izuku’s wrist and pulls them both through the crowd. He stops pulling only once they’re a safe distance away.

After that they head off to their respective classes. When Izuku enters the classroom though, Awase and Tsuburaba immediately jump up to him. He instinctively steps back, the motions too similar to how most of the bullies start their beatings. He soon pulls himself together though, seeing the excitement and smiles on the boys’ faces.
“Midoriya, who was that guy you were with yesterday? The one with fancy hair!” Tsuburaba asks teasingly. Wait, is he asking him about Shouto.

“Yeah! Who was he?” Awase joins him.

“Uhm-? He’s my friend. We hang out together after school” And before school. But the hour is so ungodly early he’d just worry his classmates if he mentioned it.

“But, like, isn’t he that guy from class 1-A who got in on recommendation? He totally fits with Honenuki’s description of the guy! White-red hair split down the middle and all!” Tsubaraba asks as he bounces excitedly.

“W-well, yes…” Izuku answers awkwardly.

“That’s so cool!” Awase chirps excitedly.

“Guys, quit crowding Midoriya, he starts to look really uncomfortable…” Kendo asks of them, making Izuku blush and bury his face in his elbow.

“Oh! Sorry Midoriya!” Awase says, followed by a quick ‘sorry’ from Tsuburaba.

“N-no, I-I, uhm, it’s, ehh, quite alright” He finally manages to stammer out.

“Today, we’re going to choose a class president” Kan-sensei announces during homeroom “We’ll do this through voting. After yesterday’s exercise, you should all more or less know who is right for the job” And so they vote. Izuku knows he’s not exactly the type to lead people, with his always-present awkwardness and anxiety, but he knows just the person for the job. Just then, he hesitates. He’s thought about nominating Kendo but… Shiozaki has proved to be thoughtful of others. And she seems so dependable too! Kendo is sociable and has good strategies, but he doesn’t know how well she’d fare outside of battle.

…

It’s safer to pick Shiozaki after all. He writes her name on the piece of paper and folds it.
“Let’s see…” Kan sensei says when all the votes are collected, he opens each one and writes the scores on the blackboard.

Shiozaki ends up with 3 votes, Honenuki gets two, and Kendo gathers 4. Izuku blinks owlishly, seeing that he’s got a vote despite not voting for himself. The rest of the class gets either one or zero votes.

“Now that the class president has been chosen, let’s vote for the vice president” Their homeroom teacher says.

“Ehh? Shouldn’t Shiozaki automatically become the vice?” Tokage muses aloud.

“The responsibilities of the president and the vice president are slightly different. I think it’d be good to choose both of these positions carefully” Vlad King simply answers and they vote again.

This time, Izuku votes for himself. Even if he can’t really be the president, being the vice suits him just fine. It’s more of a supporting position – he won’t have to do speeches and represent the class all that much, and he’d also get to help with distributing papers and the like. It may also help people open up to the idea of coming to him for help.

…

He’s left gaping when he gets five votes. Didn’t he have just one earlier?!? He should have only two since now he’s voting for himself. Although, now people can’t really vote for Kendo anymore, he doubts they’d just switch to him all of a sudden.

“How…” He mutters aloud.

“Well…” Honenuki says “You aren’t the most confident so the job of the class president would’ve crushed you… no offense… But you’re thoughtful and I could see you taking notes sometimes, they’re really well organised, I don’t think you’ll have problems while being the vice”

“It’s my opinion as well!” Kendo pipes up.

“I-I think so too…” Komori follows.
He can also see Shiozaki nodding. Well, at least that clears it up. He stands in front of the class and thanks them shyly while their cheer for him and the new president.

“Hey guys, I have some cookies today, would you want to try?” Midoriya asks during lunchtime, once they’re all finished with their food (those two from before are with them again, not like he minds).

“Y-yeah” The black and white boy says “Thanks”

“Thank you” The vine-girl expresses her gratitude as she takes one of the cookies.

“…Thanks” Shouto says as he takes a cookie.

He never gets to even put it into his mouth because the alarm suddenly rings. More than a little dismayed, Shouto puts the cookie in his lunchbox as they gather their things to evacuate.

“Wait” He says, putting up a hand to stop them “Everyone is already crowding the exit, we won’t go through there anytime soon”

“What do you propose?” The vine-girl asks.

“Let’s look out the window to assess the situation. If the villains are outside’ we’ll only be a liability to the pro heroes if we go there. In that case we should just stay here” He proposes “If they’re trying to get inside, we should probably find Lunch Rush since he’s the closest hero”

“I agree” The black-white boy says.

“O-okay, let’s do this” He can almost hear Midoriya trying to psyche himself up in his head.

The vine-girl only nods as they move to look out the closest window. What they see is not what they’ve expected though… It’s the press corps who are trying, quite successfully, to get onto school grounds. He feels like face-palming, which is a rarity for him. Endeavor always says that press are
the worst, and that they’re like hyenas. For once they agree on something.

“…It’s just the press” Midoriya says in both disbelief and relief.

The rest only nod as they go back to their table. Soon, the cafeteria is full again, with students having realised there is no emergency. They don’t even get to take out their things again as the bell rings.

Later, at night, when he’s packing his stuff for the next day, he finds lone chocolate chip cookie in his lunchbox. He smiles to himself. He’s totally forgotten about it up until now. He eats it slowly, savouring every bite. It’s crispy yet mellow, with bitter, rich chocolate that melts in the mouth. Who cares if it’s a little burnt in one spot? It just proves that it’s homemade. And it’s the best cookie he’s ever had.

Chapter End Notes

That's all! I hope you liked it :D

It'll probably be the last chapter for today (sorry, I spent most of the day searching for a book I've placed somewhere [still haven't found it] so I didn't have as much time today)

See you next chapter! \o/

Kha's out~! :D
Izuku sighs looking out the window. During yesterday’s basic hero training, they’ve had the 2 on 2 indoor battles, supervised by All Might. He got paired up with Fukidashi, and they were up against Kaibara and Kamakiri. Not the best combo, if he has to be honest. He can’t help but think about that fight as he waits for the break to start. He even got sent to Recovery Girl after it ended.

“Okay, so, do you maybe have any ideas Fukidashi?” Izuku asks his teammate.

“Nope \o/” Is all he gets in response.

Sighing, he pulls out the notebook he took with himself. They have about five minutes to form a strategy... Kaibara’s quirk is simple strength enhancement, but they’ll still have to look out for it. Fukidashi will need some time to prepare his quirk, so Izuku will have to go in first. To be honest, he’d need that time too, but since it’s not as important as in the other’s case, he’ll just accept the role of going in first. Kamakiri’s quirk is going to be quite troublesome and dangerous. He needs to prepare for it.

He summons his violin – better to make it last longer for now – and tells Fukidashi to prepare to use his quirk as well. He buffs them both, silver, red, yellow and blue surrounding them. Fukidashi is drawing something. He catches a glimpse of it. A sword and a shield. Not a bad idea against Kamakiri. He doesn’t know how it’ll hold up when they face Kaibara, since he doesn’t know his fighting style.

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Wait, couldn’t he try something, he’s practiced with Shouto before? After that one time when he’s enhanced Shouto’s quirk, he’s decided to research as much ice and winter-themed music as he can. He’s done this to see if he can get different ice-related effects. And to see how they’d work with Shouto’s quirk, of course.
By now, he could more or less replicate Shouto’s quirk’s low power output mode. Well, not exactly low power, but not the glacier-making level. At least it’s enough to freeze the building and, potentially, everyone in it. He just needed a bit of time.

“Time for preparation is up!” Kan-sensei announces.

“Hey, Fukidashi, can you give me a minute before going in?” He asks and Fukidashi does something similar to a nod.

Izuku changes his instrument into the piano. He plays first few notes of the melody, and the piano goes crystal blue and snowy white. The same coloured, frost laced, crystal notes start to appear. There’s a bit of a foggy cloud raising from them, kind of like when you take something cold into a warm room. Kind of like steam. The temperature around falls drastically, and Izuku has to stop himself from shivering. The notes fall close to the ground, hovering over it and moving, like a cold fog.

Frost forms on the ground, and alarmed Fukidashi moves away from the notes in alarm. The aforementioned flow gracefully yet ominously towards the building. The frost licks at the concrete walls. Izuku doesn’t let the notes activate fully just yet. He waits till he has enough and sends them forth. He smirks. Even if he doesn’t have Shouto’s speed, he still can get a similar effect.

With one last, sharper sound, notes break into a flurry of snowflakes and frost over the entire building. Ice crystals stick from the walls. He hears yelps from the inside. Izuku nods to his teammate and they head in. They pass by a very confused and shivering Kaibara on third floor. They ‘capture’ him and All Might declares him defeated. They search each floor, looking for Kamakiri or the fake bomb.

They find nothing up until the fifth floor. Once they step inside one of the rooms, Kamakiri jumps at them in a surprise attack. Fukidashi raises his shield to cover himself and Izuku leaps back, dodging. The studs on his shoes are really helpful right now. He tries to play something and fling the notes at Kamakiri but he’s interrupted, no matter which instrument he tries to summon. His enemy is just too quick. Not to mention he’s fending off Fukidashi at the same time.

Izuku glances at Fukidashi as the boy retreats for a moment, sprinting to touch the bomb. Kamakiri is onto him in the matter of seconds, forcing him to stop. Izuku tries to get advantage of the distraction, and runs for the bomb instead, as far away from the two as possible. Kamakiri notices that and picks Fukidashi up, unceremoniously throwing the poor boy at Izuku.

Izuku has no time to sidestep, and they both clash, falling to the floor. Izuku is fast on his feet though.
He rolls away and stands up in a matter of seconds. Fukidashi doesn’t have as much luck. Kamakiri manages to get him with his capture tape. Izuku feels bad for the other boy, since he didn’t even have time to activate his quirk. He doesn’t let that distract him though. He calls forth his harmonica, or at least the hologram copy of it since the real deal is sitting safely in his bag, left in class. He plays another icy melody. Spikes of ice shoot up from the floor, as sharp icicle-like notes touch it. Kamakiri dodges most spikes. The one he doesn’t manage to dodge – he cuts down with his blades. It’s not fast enough though.

Izuku has only used the ice as the distraction, and he continues the mad race to the bomb. He almost brushes it when Kamakiri reaches him, grabs him from behind and throws him in the opposite direction. For a split second, Izuku sees the shock and utter horror on the other’s face. Which is weird, considering Kamakiri is really calm and collected most of the time. The next instant Izuku knows why the other looked so horrified. Kamakiri has just flung Izuku… at the ice spikes.

Fortunately, it’s only his shoulder that gets impaled. It’s still pretty painful. Like, really, really painful. If the spike itself just impaled him, it wouldn’t be as painful. But since he was thrown at it, he first yanked his whole body to a stop on it, and then he slid down, letting it slowly go into his arm even further. It was so painful he’d just fainted.

Izuku rubs absentmindedly at the spot where the ice impaled him yesterday. Recovery Girl healed it up nicely, but it still scarred. Kamakiri apologized to him that morning, so it’s all okay though. He’ll have to be more careful when using his quirk from now on. It could’ve ended really badly. He didn’t tell Shouto though. He gets that feeling that the other boy has enough to deal with on his own, without worrying for Izuku. Besides, it’d be rude to just call off their morning training when he could still go on. And Shouto would definitely make him stop training if he knew.

The bell rings, signalling a break. The next class is going to be the basic hero training. Izuku sees Shiozaki head towards the exit.

“Are you going to check on the plants?” He asks, catching up to her.

“Yes, that’s what I intend to do” She answers with a fond smile.

“Can I help you somehow?” He offers shyly.

“Uhm, are you… well enough to do that? I mean, is your shoulder okay?” She asks worriedly.
“Yes! Recovery Girl healed it and it’s all better now!” He says with a bright smile. No need to mention it left a scar, is there.

“Alright then” She says, her expression turning relaxed again “I’m afraid some weeds could’ve grown in the span of those few days, so I’ll see if they need to be weeded out”

“But… isn’t it too little time for them to grow?” Izuku asks curiously. He doesn’t really know much about gardening.

“It may be. But I still think it’s better to check it now than notice only when they’re big enough to be problematic” She answers.

When they reach the place they planted the bulbs in, Shiozaki crouches down and checks the ground. She pats through it for a few minutes, and stands up, seemingly satisfied.

“It should be alright for now” She says.

After that, Izuku helps her get a watering can and they water the bulbs. It’s really satisfying to do that, though he doesn’t know why. Maybe he should get himself some plant? Preferably flower or something. Flowers are so nice and beautiful. Or something that grows fruits.

His thoughts are cut when the bell rings again. Oh well, time to go back to class, he wonders what they’re going to do for the basic hero training though.

“Pack your things up, we’re going on a short trip for the rest of the day” Kan-senseit says as he walks into the classroom.

“Where are we going, sir?” Tokage calls out, hand raised and eyes sparkling expectantly.

“I’ll tell you once we’re there. Until then, consider it a bit of a secret” Their teacher says “We’ll meet up with the local heroes there, so I’ll tell you all the details once they’re with us. Because I don’t feel like repeating myself”
“Who exactly are the heroes you mentioned, sir?” Midoriya asks, his fanboyishness kicking in.

“Mt. Lady and Kamui Woods” Kan-sensei says and looks just a bit more tired than normally. It could be just Izuku’s imagination though.

“Now, go change into your hero costumes. You’ll need them” He instructs and sits at his desk.

They get into the bus and take their seats. It’s the type where a large group of people can sit facing each other. Still, Izuku chooses one of the seats that are made for two people. He sits by the window and rests his head against the window. He’s too tired for hanging out with the others right now. He’s used up some of his stamina when Recovery Girl helped him heal, and then he used it again when Kodai accidentally cut herself on Shiozaki’s vines (he still hasn’t figured out how she’s managed to do that) and needed healing.

He’d normally try to stay awake, it’s basic hero training lesson after all. But since they’re in the bus and he gets the chance to nod off… he’ll take it. If only to regain some energy for exercises. He hears someone sit down next to him. He opens one eye to see who it is. Oh, it’s only Kuroiro. Izuku goes back to half-sleeping.

Someone shakes his shoulder and Izuku wakes up, flinching away from the source of shaking. He immediately relaxes when he sees that it’s only Kuroiro waking him up.

“We’re here” He says and gestures to the exit.

Izuku nods and gathers his things, following the boy. He’s immediately feeling more awake once they step out of the bus – not because of fresh air or anything but because the heroes are there. Kan-sensei walks up to Mt. Lady and Kamui Woods, and they greet each other. Izuku is internally fanboying, but he tries not to let that show too much. They’re here for basic hero training and he can’t be distracted!

“So, since we’re all here now, let me tell you about today’s trip” Kan-sensei says, bring all the attention to himself “A good hero knows that good support gear can work wonders for them, it doesn’t matter if it’s in or out of battle. They also know not to be too reliant on the support gear, since then they’d be useless without it… but that’s a point for another day. The point is, it’s important to know what you need your costumes to do, and what useful tools can you bring with yourself for the kind of work you’re doing. Support gear may show you your quirks fullest potential by supporting it, or it may become a hindrance during battle. It all depends on how careful you are when choosing it. Some of you have designed the costumes they’re wearing right now, others left it up to the school. It doesn’t matter which option you went with, I want all of you to use this trip to the
fullest to think about how you can improve and redesign your hero costume to best suit your needs and the kind of tasks you’ll undertake” He gestures to the large, modern building behind him “Welcome to Universal Supportech Japan, USJ for short. A place where many famous heroes get their costumes made. I advise you listen very carefully to what the designers will have to say to you, since it may be your only chance to learn about it. Now, leads head inside”

Chapter End Notes

Did someone say something about the USJ arc? :D Welp, here you go. It IS the USJ, technically.

Also, I'm preparing to start another fic, in the same series, so today and most likely till the weekend, there will be only one chapter a day, sorry and thank you for your understanding.

Kha's out~!
“So far so good” The Bearhead says “Though it could be bearer”

“I swear to God I’ll punch you…” Curator says, swatting half heartedly at the other’s head.

“Guys, focus please, we have to time it right!” Dusty Ash says, dragging a glass container to the vent.

“I agree, we should focus for a bit. Fun can come later” Zookeeper nods.

“Are you ready, Gast Boy?” Volcano asks, looking at the man, as the latter nods.

“Geez, could any of you help me carry the rest of these?!?” Dusty Ash asks, with puffed up cheeks as she hops off the roof to get the next container.

“…I’ll go” Curator says and follows her.

“Now we just have to wait” Volcano says and Zookeeper nods silently.

A little bit to the side, Ember is going through the plans one more time while also listening to the others’ banter. It’s true that their plan is going to work as long as they keep to it. One misstep though, and they’ll be in trouble. He can’t afford that now, so he’ll make sure to keep an eye out for unforeseen things. You never know…
he wants to ask. There is just so much to look at everywhere! Kan-sensei and the two heroes, along with a guide from USJ, lead them through the building, showing them workplaces of particular teams that handle different types of support gear. They’re lectured on how different types of gear can support heroes and what types of items can be helpful without being too much of a hindrance during battle, rescue or retreat.

Izuku is especially amazed, since one of the teams, instead of handling gear related to any particular type of quirk, makes tools that can be used by anyone. Things like specialized weapons (now he knows where Eraserhead got his capture-scarf from), electricity-disabling electrobombs, or fire extinguishers contained in little balls that can be carried easily. There were also many other gadgets and tools there, but only a few were talked about by their guide.

Finally, they arrive at the big, empty room with steel walls. Their guide stops in the middle of it, and turns to face everyone.

“This” He gestures all around “Is one of our testing rooms. Whenever a new weapon or any kind of gear is made, it’s tested here. If it has to be tested with the user’s quirk on, the heroes come here to get the adjustments done”

Izuku can hear excited whispers all around him. He can’t stop his mumbling either. Not this time. And he doesn’t even want to stop it. It’ll get drowned out in the noise either way. So, Universal Supporetech is a brand that most heroes get their costumes from. What kind of materials are used to make this room? He’s assumed the walls are made of steel before, but it can’t be it. Steel wouldn’t be good enough to survive testing done with some quirks…

“Now then!” Their guide claps his hands to get their attention “We’ll have a short break. You can eat something or just sit and talk. After that, some of our engineers will come and talk to you about the process of making a hero costume. Then, you’ll show them your quirks and discuss what you can do to improve your current costumes”

The guide leaves the room, and all the students go off to sit down somewhere. Izuku notices that some groups are forming already. Kendo, Kodai and Tetsutetsu are sitting together. He sees them like that a lot, now that he thinks about that. Monoma is sitting with Kaibara, Awase, Tsuburaba and Tsunotori. Another combo he sees a lot. Tokage and Komori are sitting in one of the corners, eating lunch. Bondo is alone, per usual. Kamakiri is standing with Shishida and Rin, chatting. Fukidashi is going between the groups randomly, probably ‘talking’ to them, though Izuku can’t tell for sure. Shoda is eating all by himself. Finally, Izuku spots the group he can go to. Shiozaki, Kuroiro and Honenuki. He already eats lunch with the two of them every day, so it shouldn’t be a problem if he joins the group.

“Hi! Can I join in?” He asks and the others nod.
They eat the lunches they’ve brought with them, and chat cheerily. Shiozaki tells them about gardening, they learn that Honenuki’s mother is a massage therapist and that he’s learnt how to do massages from her, Kuroiro talks a bit about what he thinks of the trip… all in all it’s a well spent break.

Izuku is starting to get a little sleepy again. He yawns. The break is going to end soon. He looks around. Surprisingly, Shishida and Shoda are both asleep. Well, he can’t exactly say anything to that since he’s also really exhausted. At least Shishida has someone to wake him up. Izuku makes a mental note to himself to go wake Shoda up when the break ends, since the boy is sitting all by himself.

Izuku turns back to his own group. Honenuki is scrolling through something on his phone and showing it to Shiozaki. Kuroiro rests his chin on one of his hands and can’t seem to stop yawning. It’s hard to say if he’s really sleepy or just bored though.

“Ts-Tsunotori!?” Tsuburaba suddenly whisper-yells “H-hey, Tsunotori, wake up, you can’t just sleep like that!”

Izuku looks in their direction and sees why the boy seemed so flustered. Tsunotori is nodding off on his shoulder. Tsuburaba finally seems to accept defeat and just sits there, red as a strawberry and stiff. He can hear Kendo snicker at that.

It’s kind of weird that their guide is not back yet. Or maybe it just seems like a long time to him since he’s keeping himself from falling asleep. Izuku looks around, bored. Tokage and Komori are both asleep now. He can see most of the others yawning. It’s… weird. He’d understand if just a few people were tired, like he is, but almost everyone looks sleepy. Kamakiri, Honenuki and Bondo, along with Kan-sensei and the pro heroes all look fine though.

Kuroiro and Shiozaki are leaning against each other, barely awake. Something is really weird. Izuku can feel himself going sleepy, no matter how much he fights it. He wouldn’t be THAT exhausted. No, something is definitely off. Maybe he should tell Kan-sensei?

The door leading to the room opens and here comes their guide. The man is running and looks a little nervous.
“I’m really sorry, but you’ll have to wait for a bit more. We’re experiencing technical problems in one of the labs” The man says to their teacher “Please don’t move from this room. The engineers will come here once everything is under control again”

“Is there anything we can do to help?” Kamui Woods asks.

“I’m afraid not. As I’ve said, it’s a technical problem” The man answers and turns to leave.

So, it’s a problem with one of the labs. If something leaked out, it could potentially be what’s making everyone so sleepy. The man would tell them to evacuate if it was life threatening, so it’s probably alright. If that’s it at all. Just to be sure, Izuku pulls his mouth-guard over his mouth. It’s designed to work as gas mask when it’s like that, so it should help if it’s some gas.

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“Only five more to go, then we can go in” Gast Boy reports from his spot by the vent.

“I feel like I should have asked that earlier, but what will we do if they open the windows?” Curator asks.

“They won’t” Volcano simply answers.

“Why not?” Zookeeper asks, suspicious.

“Because they can’t” Dusty Ash answers, grinning.

They don’t pry any further. Whatever method the Volcano Thieves used, as long as it’s effective, it’s okay for their allies not to ask the details. Truth is, Dusty Ash paid a hacker she knew to infiltrate the system. It wasn’t an easy job, and she knows it’s going to cost her a lot, but it’s totally worth it. Not a single soul can go in or out of that building now. And all the other vents are shut off. There is no escape…

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Okay, Izuku will speak to Kan-sensei after all. Most of the class is asleep by now, and he’s noticed that he’s faring much better since putting on his mask. Mt. Lady looks like she’s close to falling asleep. So does Kan-sensei. Kamui Woods probably too, but it’s difficult to say because of his mask. Izuku is about to stand up when he sees Fukidashi stumble while walking. The boy sways for a
second before falling to the ground.

The teacher along with pro heroes immediately run up to him. Or they would but Mt. Lady collapses, eyes going wide. She’s caught by Kamui Woods before she loses consciousness.

“…We have to get out of here!” Kamui Woods says, visibly alarmed.

Kan-sensei only nods as he picks up Fukidashi. He looks around, seeing most of the class asleep. He clenches his teeth.

“Try to wake them up. If that doesn’t work, try to carry them!” He calls and only people left standing follow his orders.

Which means, Izuku, Honenuki, Kamakiri and Bondo follow the directions. Since they’re the only ones left conscious. As Honenuki checks on Kuroiro and Shiozaki, Izuku moves to see if he can wake Kodai or Komori up. It doesn’t work, so he just tries to take them both. He places them on each of his shoulders, since he can’t think of anything else.

…

Wait, maybe his quirk may help. She sets the girls down again, gaining a worried glance from Kamakiri. He summons his piano and plays the energy recovery song. Notes sink into his classmates with their usual energetic bounce. And yet they only disappear inside them uselessly. His classmates don’t wake up or even stir in sleep.

He picks the girls up again and heads for the door. In the corner of his eye, he can glimpse Honenuki fall. He grits his teeth and moves forward. As soon as he takes Kodai and Komori out of here, he’ll come back for his other classmates.

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“I think that’s enough” Gast Boy says once he’s finished with the last glass package.

“Well done!” Dusty Ash chirps with a fake cheeriness “Let’s go in~!”

“After you” Zookeeper says.
“Of course” Dusty Ash grins and enters the vent. She can hear Zookeeper and Ember following her. It’s time to start the operation for real~!

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Kan-sensei, Izuku, Bondo and Kamakiri thread through the corridors, heading for the exit. Kamui Woods have collapsed along the way. They’ve passed a lot of scientists laying on the ground. Or engineers. It’s hard to tell. Izuku can see that Kan-sensei is starting to sway a little as well.

They better get to the exit fast. He hears some loud noise in the air duct but ignores it. They have to get to the exit… He continues walking, careful not to step on any of the collapsed people. The sight itself is making him slightly nauseous. It brings back memories. Only, there is no dust here. And no blood. He focuses on just taking step after step.

Kan sensei has tried to contact the outside. With no effect. Another reason they have to get out. If they’re able to get in touch with the police and fire fighters, they can probably get people out of there pretty quickly. And get some ambulance too. Now that he’s sure the workers of Universal Supportech don’t have any control over the situation, he doesn’t even know if he should believe this gas, or whatever made all of the people fall asleep, is not toxic… or even lethal. They have to hurry…

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After crawling through the ventilation shaft for some time, Dusty Ash is finally on the floor she’d wanted to find. She kicks the grids. They won’t fall to the ground so she applies more force. Metal finally gives in and drops to the floor. She jumps out, landing on the floor. She already has her usual mask on, so the gas isn’t a problem to her. They all have masks to protect them…

“Shall we check if everyone is knocked out and then split or just part ways now?” Zookeeper asks once they’re all in the corridor.

“I think it’s better to split up now” Volcano says “The gas will only work for so much time. Better spend it wisely”

“And what if we encounter enemy?” Ember asks.

“Then fight and yell as loudly as you can. We’re probably the only ones who can hear you anyways. The building’s outer walls are soundproof” Volcano answers.
They part their ways. Ember goes off on his own to somewhere. The Wild Villains stick together, saying that they’re going to find the equipment they’re looking for together. Volcano Thieves, on the other hand, split up. Volcano and Gast Boy are both here to find something to help them with their quirks. And possibly some breaking-in tools. But Dusty Ash has different objectives. Of course, she needs some tools from here too… just other kinds of tools. And she also needs something from one of the computers. She has a memory stick in her pocket. There’s a virus on it. If she gets it to the computer she needs, she’ll be able to get everything she wants from that computer. Grinning to herself, she runs, taking turn after turn, a path she’s memorized from the floor plans.

They’re finally at the entrance. Kan sensei tries to open it… It’s locked. He puts Fukishida down and slams into them with all his remaining strength. Izuku watches in horror as the door won’t even budge. Kamakiri tries to help with his blades. They don’t even leave a scratch. Kan sensei reaches his limit and collapses to the ground. Kamakiri and Izuku share a glance. They’re all trapped here.

Chapter End Notes

Dun Dun Dun Dun

Kha’s out~!
Dusty Ash finally reaches the room where the computer is supposed to be. Chairman of the executive committee’s office. She tries the door, but it’s locked. She takes a step back, to gain some space, and kicks the door open. The metal soles in her shoes are really great for things like that. She enters the room.

“Freeze!” A voice calls out and she sees the chairman Katsuwarui himself. He’s pointing a gun at her. What a foolish coward.

“Hey~! I didn’t expect you to not get knocked out! Who knew the guys outside of laboratories have gas masks!” She chirps falsely “Oh my! What should I do now?” She tilts her head. She’s aware of just how annoying her fake tone and wording is. And that’s why she can get exactly the effect she wants.

“Drop your weapon…” He says with narrowed eyes. Yup, he’s irritated.

She slowly extends her hand, holding a ninjato-club and drops it. The second she sees Katsuwarui’s eyes drift off to the falling object, she jumps at him. He startles, firing a gun, but she’s already a little to the side from her previous location. The bullet only grazes her side slightly. She kicks the gun out of his hand. Then, she slams him into the wall, holding his neck. She squeezes.

“Oh my! What now?” She grins at him “Shall I torture you a bit or just knock you out?”

“…Fuck… you” The man hisses.

“Woah! That’s not a nice attitude! Not at all!” She squeezes his neck tighter for a moment “You know, it makes you seem like a villain when you keep cursing like that! And that’s silly cause I am the villain here!”
“…You…Bi-“ He’s cut off when she squeezes harder for just a moment. He keeps glaring at her.

“Oh wait!” She says in mock surprise “Maybe it’s fitting after all! You, a villain. Because what else to call a corrupted man like you?”

“…”

“All those shady dealings you keep getting involved in. In fact, I’m here to get the record of some of them from your computer” She keeps talking, even though Katsuwarui looks like he’s about to faint.
“I wonder~! When all is done, will that flaming garbage of a boss cover for you? Wait, maybe not boss… it’s better to call him your client isn’t it?”

“…”

“Oh man! That face you’re making is priceless! Just priceless” She laughs, loosening her grip a bit.
“You look so terrified I almost feel bad for you! Oh gosh, this is so nice to see!” She snickers “I guess that’s what you get for helping to cover up that incident, huh? You know… the victim, that woman… she’d make a face like that too! And guess what? No one spared her or even tried to help! Not a bit! Such foolishness, thinking someone would spare you just because you’re frightened! It makes me want to laugh! But the one who makes me laugh the most is you! You know why? Because even though you helped someone who has no mercy… someone who did something as cruel as this, you still look like you beg me to spare you! It’s so ironic, don’t you think so?”

“W-what do you want?” He asks as she loosens her grip some more “If it’s money… I’ll give you. If you need powerful people to back you I can arrange this!”

“Oooh~! And here I thought you’d have something interesting to say!” She grins at him, tightening her grip again “The only thing I want… I guess it’d be revenge, huh? Please send your garbage-fire boss my best regards! Au-revoir!”

She squeezes Katsuwarui’s neck until he loses consciousness. Pathetic. If it wasn’t against her moral code to kill when someone is not a direct threat, she’d finish him off right now. She takes his gas mask off. Better not to risk him getting up too early.

…”

…”
She’ll have to be careful. The laboratories’ doors are remotely controlled so she was able to just trap all the scientist with their gas masks there. But if there are also people like Katsuwarui who keep gas masks outside of laboratories… She’ll try to keep her guard up as much as she can. Now though, she has to focus on retrieving the files from that computer.

“Kamakiri, Bondo, please take them as far away from the door as possible. I’ll try to destroy it with my quirk” Izuku says.

“Got it” Kamakiri says, as he starts to drag the people away. Bondo nods in agreement and follows his example.

Izuku takes the two girls he’s holding away as well and goes back to also take Fukidashi there. Bondo takes Kan-sensei. Once that’s done and everyone is a safe distance away, Izuku summons his piano. The more firepower, the better. He starts with energy burst, one of his strongest attacks. He keeps at it for about a minute, but there’s only a slight dent on the door. Clenching his teeth, he uses Slash. Gold and black notes cut the door, not leaving a single scrape behind. Okay, maybe thrust will help. He directs it at the dent in the door. It doesn’t really help.

What are his options right now? He can chip away at the door with energy burst until it gives in. They can all go search for another exit. They’d risk getting lost though, and that’s not something they can really afford right now. What else? He can try freezing the door to weaken it. Or treat it with fire. Or possibly… use plant growth to make roots destroy the door. He looks inside the pouch at his side. He’d need some tree to do this… He looks through the contents. He has many seeds: grass, some vine, flowers… even some mushroom parts he can grow mushrooms from. Not a single tree seed though.

Well then, that leave fire, ice, energy burst or finding other exits. They could always split up. It’d be optimal for the two others to search for the exit while he tries to destroy the door. But it could be risky too. They don’t know what’s happening. It could be dangerous to be alone. He picks one of the icy melodies and freezes the door. Fire won’t be needed for this… hopefully. He uses energy burst to try and destroy the weakened door. It still goes really slowly.

“And what do we have here?” He hears from behind “You shouldn’t try to escape, you know?”

There’s a sound of metal hitting metal and Izuku whips his head around to see Kamakiri defending with his blades against the other person’s knives. The person looks a little like a duck… or maybe a hair dryer? Something along these lines. It’d be funny in any other circumstances. But now he has to focus. Bondo is trying to glue the attacker to the ground but the man is too fast. Izuku makes a quick decision and starts playing piano. It’s better to boost Kamakiri than Bondo right now. At least he thinks so. Since his boosts will help Kamakiri more either way…
“Did you hear that?” Zookeeper asks as they pick out the gear to take.

“Yeah, it’s sounding beary ominous” Bearhead answers.

“Oh for the love of… how come not even brainwashing is enough to keep you from making bear puns” Curator grumbles.

“Cause they’re my integral part and you’d have to kill me to stop” Bearhead answers in a complete deadpan.

“Wait, when did you brainwash him and why?” Zookeeper asks blinking “Never mind, let’s focus on right now. There is someone fighting, should we help them?”

“No, from what I can tell they’re pretty far away right now” Curator says “We’re better off just sticking to the original plan”

“Understood. Let’s proceed then” Zookeeper says, resuming looking through the different items on the tables.

Ember is silent as he backs away from the door. He’s been following Dusty Ash. He’s thought she was suspicious, so he couldn’t really help it. He knew she had a slightly different aim here than the rest of Volcano Thieves since he’s overheard her talking to Volcano. But to think she’s here for revenge… And just who is the ‘garbage-fire’? It couldn’t be Volcano, he’s her boss after all. And she seems okay with him. Some other villain? A politician? Or maybe… a hero? No, that’s ridiculous.

He shakes his head as he heads down one of the corners. He’ll visit the fire-quirk gear section for a moment and then he’ll probably observe the Wild Villains. It’d be pretty stupid not to do it, with Curator’s murderous and slippery nature, it could spell disaster for them if he remains unchecked.

They’re losing a bit. Even though it’s 3 versus one. Izuku does what he can to support others but he can’t really attack. If he slips up even a bit, his attack will undoubtedly harm one of the people laying on the ground. He can’t take that risk. And so, he keeps boosting Kamakiri and Bondo. He also constantly gives them energy. He’s noticed something though. Even if the villain is attacking with...
the knives, he’s not aiming to kill them. He’s already passed up many opportunities to slash either Bondo or Kamakiri. He’s just keeping them from leaving… And trying to knock them out.

“Kamakiri, Bondo! I have a plan! Just listen to me for a second!” He yells. He won’t talk about his plan – not in front of their enemy, but he can at least give commands.

He sees both of them nod. He reaches to one of his pouches, taking a fistful of vine seeds. God, please let it work. He can’t summon harmonica without taking off his gas mask. And he can’t play other instruments without both hands… well, maybe he can play piano but it’d go very slowly. And he may mess up and cut himself up if he’s not careful. Still better than falling asleep and leaving the other two with no support though.

He plays the first notes of the plant growth melody. Green notes bounce around cheerily. He doesn’t really pay that much attention to them. He focus on the villain instead.

“Bondo, Kamakiri, run towards me! NOW!” He commands.

They follow without a word, and Izuku throws the handful of seed at the villain. He lets the quirk activate and the vines grow. Their enemy jumps back, avoiding the attack. Izuku can’t help the slight smile that appears on his face. It was no attack at all, it was a distraction for them to flee. The vines block the entire corridor, unfortunately also destroying the possibility of running past the villain, but oh well, you can’t have everything. Now what?

“Let’s run away” He says to the other two and takes the door to his right since it’s the only way they can go.

It leads to one of the workshops and Izuku briefly scans the surrounding for a way to escape. There! An air vent!

“Let’s go through that air vent! It’s our only chance to run away from that villain, and it should have a vent to the outside too, so we may be able to escape this building altogether” Izuku says quietly, moving to open the vent.

“Midoriya, we can’t run away! Our classmates are still there! Kan-sensei is there” Kamakiri says in a serious tone.
“That’s exactly why we should go” Izuku argues “If we go now, there is a higher chance they’ll get the necessary help, since we’ll call for it. I’m not sure we’ll be able to defeat that villain if we stay… and besides the main entrance is locked. Air ducts are our only way out”

“Still, we can’t just leave them there! Who knows what this villain will do” Kamakiri tries to refute. Midoriya has never seen him so emotional before.

“We can, and we will. We’ve already left majority of our classmates in the testing room. We can’t get them out of there just as much as we can’t take Kan-sensei and the others here away”

“But…” Kamakiri is still a bit hesitant.

“Listen, if we go alone, we have a chance. And it may just save them. If we stay, there is a chance we’ll get killed” Though Izuku knows it’s unlikely judging from the villain’s movements “If we’re dead or knocked out, we can’t help them. That’s the truth”

“I-I understand”

Izuku finally manages to clear the entrance to the ventilation system. He pulls himself up and crawls in. He can’t help but be anxious, no matter how much he tries to mask it. He offers a hand to Kamakiri, once he’s fully in the air duct, and the other boy takes it to pull himself up more easily. They start crawling through the vents. Bondo also goes with them. Izuku just prays it’ll work out.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you enjoyed~! ^_^

Kha’s out! :D
Chapter Summary

The USJ arc continues!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Mini fire-extinguishers. Aren’t they just perfect? Dusty Ash grins as she picks up a few anti-fire balls. It probably won’t be enough though. They’re good for putting out normal fires, and maybe some weak fire-quirks, but a strong fire-quirk is going to pose a problem. These would buy her… about 0.5 s if she’d have to guess. It’s still better than nothing though. Plus, she still has some time to look around.

What next… there probably won’t be anything that’d help her with her quirk, so it leaves non-quirk related weapons and tools. She searches the drawers and shelves. Bingo! A small gun that can shoot paralysing darts. It should be useful. There were also some infiltration tools. Probably for when heroes have to investigate or make an arrest. She’ll make good use of them. She checks the clock. She still has some time, so she’ll look around other workshops.

They keep crawling through the air ducts for what feels like eternity. They haven’t found any vent leading to the outside. At least any open one. Only dead ends and blocked paths. Izuku is starting to feel really tired. His arms ache from all the crawling he’s done. But nevertheless, he continues going through the labyrinth of the ventilation system. He just hopes they’ll find an exit soon.

“Midoriya” Kamakiri gets his attention “I think we’ve been here before…”

“H-huh?” Izuku looks around, but all of the air ducts look the same to him so he can’t really tell.

“I’ve been using my quirk to leave scratches whenever we took a turn. We’ve been here before…” Kamakiri supplies.

“O-oh” Is all Izuku can say. What now?

“We’ll just waste time going in circles if we don’t figure out some kind of plan” Kamakiri says form
somewhere behind Izuku.

“I know… but what can we do?” He asks “We can’t exactly go through the corridors since there’s a villain there. What else is there to do…”

“u...gh..” A slightly distorted voice calls from behind.

“Huh? Did you say something Bondo?” Izuku inquires since he’s not really sure.

“U…uuuuu…uuup” Bondo slurs “Go… uuup”

“Oh, that’s actually not a bad idea” Izuku says blinking “We’d have to get there first though”

“There are vents’ exits placed around the building” Kamakiri says “We can look through them and find the stairs”

“We’d still have to go through the corridor to go up though…” Izuku hesitantly points out. He doesn’t want to have a run in with the villain again. Since this time the man may not go easy on them.

“We’d only have to go up the stairs… it won’t take long” The other boy answers the unasked question “It’s a much better option than going through the air ducts blindly. Even if it’s a bit risky… it’ll have a higher chance of being a success than sticking to the plan of trying to find an exit here… Besides, those air ducts are starting to make me feel lightheaded”

“Alright” Izuku agrees “We should probably also see if there’s a way leading to the rooftop. If we can get there, there’s a decent chance we may be able to call for help. Or at least get out of here and then try calling for help…”

Though, that line about being lightheaded makes him feel a bit uncomfortable. If the gas is starting to affect Kamakiri… well, they’ll be down to just two. And that’d be a disaster. Not that their current situation is good. They have to get help, as quickly as possible.

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Shouto is starting to get mildly annoyed. The villain’s attack ended about 30 minutes before. But he still hasn’t managed to message Midoriya, because of the paramedics checking them for injuries and then police taking their testimonies. He’s currently sitting across from a detective, who introduced himself as Naomasa Tsukauchi, and answering last of his questions. The man seems to have picked up on Shouto’s irritation though.

“Is there somewhere you have to be?” Detective asks.

“No” Shouto simply answers “I just wanted to message my friend to let him know I’m okay”

“I see” The man nods once “Well, we’re finished for now, so you can let your friend know if you want. Goodbye”

Shouto bows his head and mutters a goodbye too. Once they part ways, he fishes out a phone from his pocket. He furrows his brow. Not a single message from Midoriya. And Shouto would be really late to their meeting by now. It’s… weird… He decides to phone the boy instead of messaging him, but Midoriya doesn’t pick up.

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Izuku hops up the stairs, three steps with every jump. They’ve decided to run for the closest room and go into air vents again. It’d be too risky to stay here, in the corridors with a villain running around. He finally gets off the last step and turns left. There is a workshop right there. He opens the door and goes in. Or at least he tries to.

He’s been so focused on getting in fast that he didn’t manage to stop before bumping into the person who tried to go out. Izuku immediately backs away, already in fighting stance. He can hear, more than see, that Kamakiri does the same. Izuku looks ahead to see who he’s bumped into. It’s more than one person, he realises. Well, if they’re enemies than that’s not good. There are three people giving him bewildered looks from inside the workshop. Or well, two people. The third person, a short, white-haired woman just scrutinizes them and keeps her face blank.

“…I didn’t expect children to be here…” The man with a mask that covers half his face says “Oh well, Bearhead, help me take care of them”

“Sure thing boss! I’ll be beary helpful” The ‘Bearhead’ says. He really does look like a bear. Or a mix between a bear and a werewolf.
“…” Izuku has to actually hold back laughter at the villain’s long-suffering expression “…I said… enough with the bear puns. Am I making myself clear”

“Sure, sure, whatever”

All the while, Izuku has been silently backing off. Maybe if they’re too preoccupied they won’t notice? It’s just wishful thinking though, because the woman still has her eyes on them, like a hawk. She suddenly runs past her two companion and swings her weapon, wait is that a push broom?, at the spot right next to Izuku. Kamakiri is standing there. The other boy manages to defend with his blades. Izuku jumps away and summons his piano. Bondo immediately shoots some glue at the other two. The fact that the woman attacked them, as well as the way those two talked… there is no mistaking it. They’re also villains.

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Nedzu is sitting in his office, slightly worried. He’s tried to contact Vlad King to tell him about the incident class 1-A got caught up in and ask him to return to school earlier than planned. But the hero isn’t picking up his phone no matter how many times he tries to call.

Well, he’s aware that there could be a problem with the connection inside the building. Or Vlad King could just be keeping his phone turned off, for the duration of the trip. Since it’d be a bad example if his phone rung during a lecture from one of the people working at Universal Supportech.

He can’t help but be worried though. With class 1-A attacked, he feels the urge to make sure that other students are okay. ‘League of villains’, as the attackers called themselves, were aiming to kill All Might. But, it could be that they were cooperating with someone else, someone who had something against U.A. Even though it’s unlikely, it wouldn’t hurt to check up on everyone.

He turns on one of the computers in his office. He’ll have to break into Universal Supportech’s network but… even if it’s illegal he has to make sure everyone is okay. Besides, he’ll just check the cameras to make sure. Nothing else. He finds what he’s looking for and starts writing the code. Even if their firewall and whatnot is advanced, he’s sure he’ll have no problem going through it. He keeps writing, satisfied with the results-

What’s that? Halfway through breaking in, the code begins to change. Some sort of A.I. guarding the servers? No… it has a certain style to it. Humans always leave some sort of their uniqueness in the code they write. So it has to be a person. Have they noticed he’s tried to break in? Well, either way, they’re really talented. He’ll have to actually try! It looks like he has some fun ahead of him.

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The walkie-talkie at Dusty Ash’s side suddenly comes to life. She blinks. It’s not the one she has to
contact Volcano and Gast Boy. It’s Electra’s walkie-talkie.

“Hey, Dusty, sweetheart! We have a bit of a problem!” The woman’s voice calls from the device.

“What’s up?” Dusty Ash asks, already feeling that they’re in a lot of trouble.

“Well, someone is trying to hack into the system! I don’t know how long I’m going to be able to deal with them” There are sounds of clicking in the background “Crap, they’re fast… Whatever you’re going to do, make it quick. I can give you twenty minutes at most. Ten if you’re unlucky”

“Gotcha. I’ll tell the rest. See you later~!” Dusty Ash chirps, turning off one walkie-talkie and picking up the second one “Hey, Volcano, Gast Boy, we need to leave. Like, as fast as possible”

“Why?” Volcano asks.

“The system is getting hacked. We’re doomed if we get caught” She answers.

“Ok, ok. I’m going to join you since I’m done with everything. Where are we meeting up?” Gast Boy asks.

“The vent we used before. Also, try to go around and get the other guys. I’ll search for them as well” She says and turns the walkie-talkie off.

Izuku blocks another one of the villains attacks with his hands. He’s been forced to switch from long-range support, with occasional attacks, to hand-to-hand combat ever since Bondo glued ‘Bearhead’ to the ground but got knocked out by the white-haired woman.

Without having to dodge the glue, the two villains could focus on attacking. Although, even if the woman is serious with her attacks, the masked man looks like he’s holding back for whatever reason. Does he… enjoy toying with them? He certainly hasn’t used his quirk yet. Or at least it doesn’t seem like he did. The woman has some sort of quirk-cancelling power, sort of like Eraserhead. He’s noticed it when she used it on him and his piano disappeared. Later, when she switched to fighting Kamakiri, he’s had troubles with his quirk as well.
Well, the current situation is that Izuku is fighting the masked man, and Kamakiri is taking on the other villain. Both fights are pretty… intense. Izuku knows hand-to-hand combat well enough to be able to land a few hits. But it’s weird. Even though normal people would be pretty hurt by his attacks, the man looks mostly annoyed.

His irritation seems to reach its peak when Izuku lands a kick on his chin. The man jumps forward and makes a move to kick Izuku on the head. The boy is quite perceptive though, so he’s seen it coming from the way the man moved his body. And so, he easily dodges. What he doesn’t expect, however, is to be hit by a whale tail that wasn’t even on the man’s body a second ago.

Looks like he’s made the villain use his quirk. Well, now he’s in a worse situation. That’s troubling. Izuku tries to keep analyzing his enemy’s fighting style as he dodges the incoming blows. The most radiant difference between before and now, is that now the villain keeps transforming parts of his body into a whale-like limbs. He just keeps dodging and looking closely.

Observe. Analyze. Find patterns. Find the biggest strength. Find a way to counter it. That’s how he always operates in close-ranged combat. That’s what he’s good at. Analyzing. He’s observed his enemy long enough to find some patterns by now. The man swings at him, and Izuku ducks to the side and swiftly kicks the man’s face. His foot moves in a clear arch and connects with the mask, breaking it.

“Watch out!” Kamakiri shouts as the broom hits Izuku in the face.

Ouch, this hurt. His classmate is already near him, fighting off the girl. The other villain still hasn’t moved. He’s just standing there, quietly glaring with that maniac grin splitting his face. And speaking of split faces – the half of the man’s face, the one previously covered by mask, is blue. He can also see big teeth coming out of the mouth on that side.

The villain starts laughing maniacally. There’s a bluish-violet aura radiating from him. Well… that’s not good. In fact, Izuku feels he’s just fucked up. He sees from the corner of his eye that the fight between Kamakiri and the villain stopped as they both freeze to look at the other villain. The aforementioned starts to grow rapidly, his skin bluing and his shape changing. His head becomes that of a whale, which looks both horrifying and ridiculous at the same time, and he grows out a tail once more. Well, it was nice living. Izuku stares in horror as the villain looks down on him, with rage and madness swirling in his eyes.
Chapter End Notes

Dun DUn Dun Dun!

Hope you guys enjoyed the chapter! \o/

See ya soon ^_^
Attacca fight

Chapter Summary

The USJ arc slowly comes to an end ;3

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Shouto knocks at the staff room’s door and waits. Finally, the door opens and Midnight greets him.

“Oh, Todoroki. Is there something you need?” She asks with a smile.

“I’m sorry but do you know what class is 1-B having right now?” He inquires.

“Oh, class 1-B…” She goes back into the room for a second and comes back “They’re on a trip today. Do you want me to pass some message to Kan when he comes back?”

“No, thank you” He says and briefly bows his head “Goodbye”

“Goodbye”

Midnight looks just a bit confused but she back into the room and closes the door. Shouto starts walking towards the school’s exit absentmindedly. If Midoriya knew he’d be late, he would’ve surely let him know. There is always a possibility that just like his class didn’t know they are going to USJ today, class 1-B didn’t know about the trip either. Why isn’t he answering the texts though? Midoriya always takes his cell phone with him. And he always makes sure that it’s charged.

No matter the fact that logic dictates that maybe there is just no connection where the boy is, a cold and heavy feeling still settles within Shouto. He can’t really say why, but he always worries when he doesn’t know if Midoriya is alright. It’s weird, even to him, since he knows that the boy is more than capable of taking care of himself. Yet he can’t help but feel that way. He tries calling one more time. No one picks up. He stares at the phone intensely, but the object remains irritatingly silent.

For now he’ll just wait at their meet-up spot. Midoriya has to turn up there sooner or later. At least
For a second, everyone is frozen with fear. Then, the villain roars and lunges for Izuku. In that moment, it’s like a spell broke. Everyone starts moving again. The other villain falls back and hides in the room behind the giant whale-man. Kamakiri immediately jumps forward to assist Izuku. The latter leaps back, narrowly avoiding villain’s hand. Kamakiri’s blades graze the enemy. There’s a high shriek and Kamakiri is suddenly hit with a tail.

Izuku watches as the other boy slams into the wall and tries to stand back up, a little dazed. Villain shrieks again, this time trying to BITE Izuku’s upper half off, using the frighteningly sharp teeth he’s grown while transforming. Izuku ducks, almost avoiding the attack. Sharp teeth sink into one of his shoulders. The one that got impaled with ice yesterday. He punches to get the villain off of him. It works but now he’s left with bleeding shoulder. Kamakiri attacks the villain, leaving red gashes across the latter’s legs. The whale releases a loud screech. Izuku falls to the ground, covering his ears in pain. He glances at Kamakiri and sees that it’s the same for him.

Villain snaps his head down, still wailing loudly. Suddenly, a stream of water shoots from his mouth. It’s directed at Kamakiri. Izuku tries to move to push the other boy out of the way, but he’s too slow. Water slams the boy into the ground. Kamakiri doesn’t get up this time. Izuku grits his teeth, summoning the guzheng. The attacks are still too slow to cast for now, so he just boosts himself. He’d heal Kamakiri, but there is just not enough time to do both of these things.

A giant hand falls from above, almost squashing Izuku. He dodges and runs at the villain. The fight gets quite quick from there. A swift kick to the villain’s stomach, a punch to the leg, an attempt at tripping the criminal. A slice of a large hand directed at the boy, a counter from Izuku, a tail slamming into the aforementioned. It takes seconds for that exchange to happen. Despite the hit, Izuku doesn’t falter for even a bit, he immediately kicks the villain again and leaps back, out of the other’s range. His attacks don’t seem to be doing much.

High-pressure water stream is directed at him. He rolls forward, narrowly avoiding it. It was really too close for comfort… Tail tries to slam into him again. He jumps above it, leaping onto villain’s back. The villain shrieks and tries to get him off by spinning around. Izuku holds onto the villain like his life depends on it. To be honest, it probably does at this point. Gritting his teeth, he gets one of the flash grenades from his pocket. They’re watered down, but it should at least give him an opening.

He tosses the object at the villain’s head, closing his eyes. A loud shriek. A sharp yank. Izuku falls off and the momentum slams him into one of the walls. Well, at least he got away. That’s something. He stands and summons his guzheng. He has to be fast. He sends some healing notes towards Kamakiri. Blue and green, they bounce and wave with much more urgency than normally. They seem to work though, since he sees that the boy’s breath gets even.
Good, now onto dealing with the enemy. He starts playing the melody to slow down his enemy. It vibrates with dark violets and swirling, greyish blue. The notes flow up to the whale-man, erratically bouncing up and down. There is an unsettling… something in the way they look. Maybe it’s the black fog that flashes and disappears, seemingly swallowing all light around the notes when present. The wreath of notes reach the villain, slowing him down until he moves in slow-motion.

Izuku switches to piano. He needs the best effect he can get for this. He starts playing the stun melody. Silky, lilac notes start to appear. They’re small and graceful. Having a semblance of elegance and darkness underneath their cute appearance. They’re bound by black stave, flowing prancingly towards the slowed down villain. Once they reach him, they entwine his whole body, breaking into thread and strands of spider’s web, binding the whale-man.

Some parts break when the villain moves but Izuku keeps playing, in a crazy attempt to cocoon the villain until he can’t move. It’s a desperate plan. Izuku knows that. All it takes is for the slow down to wear down earlier than expected and he’d be doomed. But it’s his only option. So he keeps at it. Even when he feels exhaustion finally catching up to him. Even as his head aches in protest. And for a moment, it seems to work.

Just then, the short woman starts running straight for him. She tries to hit him with her broom, so Izuku has to stop playing to block it with his piano. The piano does its job as a shield, but it breaks into tiny pieces right after it blocks the hit. The boy leaps back, throwing one of his stun grenades. He knows it’s all for nothing now though. The slow-down is about to run out. He tries to put as much distance between himself and the villains as he can. A loud roar resounds. Looks like his time is up… To his bemusement and terror, the villain doesn’t go for him.

Instead, the whale tries to bite Kamakiri. Like, snap him in half. Izuku screams. Just at that moment, fire shoots from the stairs’ direction. The villain is forced to back off. Izuku doesn’t even have the time to turn though. The short woman finally caught up to him, she grabs him and slams a leg into his stomach. Repeatedly. This… this hurts. He can feel a bile rising up his throat at the hits.

“What the hell is going on here?!?” An unfamiliar feminine voice calls out.

One more hit to the stomach, and then he’s hit on the back. He falls to the ground. He’s prepared for more hits but none come. There is a sound of metal clashing against wood. He looks up and sees the villain fighting with a white-haired woman in a rather… revealing costume. He tries to get up but he can’t… Looks like he’ll have to observe till he recovers some more.

Dusty Ash is currently fighting her ‘ally’. Yup, nothing quite like friendly fire. Why does it always have to come down to this when they team up with other villains? Zookeeper is regarding her impassively. Their weapons make contact once more, and the smaller woman leaps back.
“Are you just going to betray us?” Zookeeper asks.

“Nah, I’ll back down if you stop it too” Dusty Ash chirps, seeing it as her chance to end this “I’ve already known that there is no merit in fighting, so as long as you drop it, we can be on our way”

“If we let them go, they may become a problem” Zookeeper says, gesturing to the kids on the ground.

“They’re just kids! I thought I’ve already said that… but I won’t allow senseless killing” She goes into the battle stance again “Especially if you’re going after kids”

“Kids? Look at their costumes. They’re heroes in training” Zookeeper says, raising her broom “They’re dangerous and should be dealt with”

“Oh, for the love of…! They’re just teenagers. I don’t care if they’re heroes in training or whatnot. They’re still KIDS” She states sharply “Besides, our little stunt is over! Someone is hacking the system, if we don’t get out of here, like, right now, we’re doomed”

“That reason I can agree with…” Zookeeper finally lowers her weapon “But we’ll have to do something about Curator. He can’t really stop once his quirk is active”

Dusty Ash turns towards the aforementioned. Ember is currently fighting him, in an attempt to keep him from killing the other kid. It’d be good to help him… She also makes a mental note to herself to tell the boss that Ember is okay to take along on the missions. The man ran to her earlier, saying that Wild Villains are fighting with some kids. He must have good judgement, or at least better judgement than most villains she’s seen, since he decided to get help instead of going in by himself. And he never went against any of Volcano Thieves’ rules so he’s cool.

Wait, what was she...? Oh right, she has to help him get Curator under control. Wait, couldn’t Zookeeper erase quirks or something?

“Hey, Zookeeper, why don’t you erase his quirk?” Dusty Ash asks, eyeing he human-whale.

“Well… I can make it a little better, but I can’t erase his quirk completely” The woman answers
“Sorry, it’s just a bit too powerful for me to get rid of completely”

“. . . can help” A weak but determined voice calls out from the floor. Oh, that’s that green kid. Interesting.

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“How could you help?” The shorter woman – Zookeeper as the other addressed her- asks.

“I can erase his quirk…” Izuku manages to say. If teaming up with villains is what it takes to keep everyone alive, then so be it.

“Okay~! I’ll leave it to you then!” The other villain chirps. At least he thinks she’s a villain? She talked with Zookeeper as if they were on the same side so…

Never mind that for now. He pushes himself to a sitting position. His chest and stomach, along with his back, still hurt but it’s bearable for now. He summons his piano and starts playing. He ignores the pain from overusing his quirk. An eerie melody fills the air. Half-transparent, rainbow notes appear. They’re not vivid. In fact, they look washed up and translucent. Just a shadow of colour. They radiate a weak aura, weaving in the air. It looks a bit like a rainbow-coloured aurora.

Instead of keeping on the same level as they appear on, or falling to the ground, they slowly fly up. Skidding across the roof, they gather above Izuku’s target. Once there’s enough of them, Izuku lets them activate. They break down and colourful sparks start slowly falling down. He can feel warm liquid trickling down his nose. He ignores it and keeps playing. The whale roars one last time. It starts getting smaller and smaller. It loses its blue skin colour along with its shape. The fight stops.

He keeps playing to turn the remaining whale-parts back to normal. That is, tail, arms and legs. He feels some liquid in his throat and he starts coughing. He keeps playing even as the coughs wreck him. There’s a metallic flavour in his mouth as he coughs up more of the warm liquid. He doesn’t look down at it. The villain finally seems back to normal. Heaving a sigh of relief, Izuku lets himself collapse. He internally prays that what the woman said about not killing senselessly is true. Darkness swallows him. O-oh, this… this seems familiar.

Chapter End Notes

Hi \o/

I hope you guys enjoyed this chapter ^_^
See ya all soon :D
Aftermath medley

Chapter Summary

USJ arc ends

Chapter Notes

haha, sorry for posting so late. some things happened xD Sorry once again!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Nedzu is starting to get mildly irritated. He’s been trying to get through to the server for the last 10 minutes. Whoever is trying to keep him out is doing a really good job. To think someone is holding their own against his High Spec… Well, he may consider finding that person and hiring them.

Wait, what’s that? A message?

**E&% %#: Thanks for the great time. I have to go though.**

Well, that’s unexpected. The other person is backing down. He can get to the server now. Well, he’ll see the camera feed once he bids his goodbye to the other person. Abiding by the etiquette is always a good thing.

**Ned: Thank you too! It was a good match! I hope we see each other again. Bye!**

Now then, onto the cameras… This isn’t good. He sees the corridors littered with unconscious people. He’s already on his phone, trying to reach the heroes and the police. He’ll also call the ambulance. He still switches the cameras, trying to find his students. There, Class 1-B is lying on the floor unconscious. Some people are missing though. Along with all the adults. He searches the rest of the building. He finds unconscious heroes in the corridors near the entrance.

He continues looking for the missing people until he sees them. His mood gets even worse. The hallway there is slightly destroyed, but the worst here is the sight of his students on the ground. There is blood there.
“Hello?” Midoriya Inko says picking up her phone.

“Good afternoon. Are you Midoriya Inko, ma’am?” The voice asks.

“Y-yes I am, is something the matter?” Inko asks, voice laced with worry. She has a bad feeling about this.

“I’m calling from the Kamino Specialized Hospital. Your son Midoriya Izuku is here. Would it be possible for you to come?”

“Izuku?!? What has happened?!? Is he alright?” Inko asks question after question in frantic voice.

“Ma’am, please calm down. Your son’s life is not in danger and he sustained no irreversible damage” The voice says in a calm manner “I’ll ask again: would it be possible for you to come?”

“Y-yes, of course, I’m on my way” Inko says. Then, she remembers something “Oh, would it be possible for you to use my son’s phone to call one more person?”

It’s all strangely familiar. The void. This nothingness. And yet, this time there is nothing calm about it this time. He feels trapped. It’s so silent here, he hates it. He wants to be surrounded by sounds again. He wants to get rid of this strange feeling. It’s like his head is full of cotton. He tries to move but he can’t.

Resigned, he decides to just float in the nothingness for some more time. He’ll wake up sooner or later. Wait, why is he here again? He can’t really remember. They were at the school trip. Probably. At least he thinks they were? He and the rest of the class… What’s happened there? Oh right, people started falling asleep. Did he fall asleep too?

Wait, is he just sleeping normally? That’s weird. The last time he remembers being ‘here’ is after he was knocked out by Muscular. It shouldn’t just come to him in dreams like that. He tries to turn again. It’s so boring here! And then, dread washes over him. Oh no. He liked it more when it was boring.

He sucks in a deep breath when the darkness gets thinner. He’s feeling more and more scared and he
can’t say why. There is a weird scent in the ‘air’. Where has he felt that before? The darkness gets brighter. Blurred shapes start to appear. He can taste something metallic in his mouth. Why is this scene so familiar. Some dark shapes are lying on the ground.

There is… paint on the ground? At least he thinks it’s paint. He hopes it’s paint… He hears some muffled sounds. He starts walking towards them. The darkness moves together with him, revealing more dark shapes on the ground. He finally finds the source of the noise. It’s a large, shadowed figure, standing amongst other shapes, and wailing.

He gets closer. There is something unsettling about the scene. He’s really scared right now, but he can’t help moving. It’s like the scene is pulling him closer. He feels his breath getting uneven. He sees two shapes standing in front of the big shape. There is something… wrong with this. He can’t put his finger on why it’s so wrong, it just is. He gets closer and sees why it’s so unsettling.

The bigger shape looks like a giant part-human part-whale. The two other figures look human. He recognises this scene. Only, instead of Muscular, the whale-like villain is in the middle. Wait… the whale-like villain… Oh, that’s why he’s here again. Why didn’t it stay as void, like the last time though?

Suddenly, the muffleness disappears. His senses snap back with something akin to a yank. His head hurts from the whiplash. He can’t breathe. His chest hurts too… The metallic taste intensifies, the awful odour hits him with full force. He recognises the latter two as taste and smell of blood. His vision clears, he can see everything in great detail.

The whale-villain lunges towards the two figures, the Water Hose. Izuku attempts to close his eyes but he can’t. It feels like everything is in slow motion. The whale-villain closes his mouth, biting down on the Water Hose and snapping them in half. It’s so surreal… and yet he can smell the blood around him. He can taste the blood in his mouth.

He trembles. He can’t move and the villain is now slowly turning towards him. He tries to close his eyes, but he can’t. He watches in horror as the villain walks towards him. The whale-man is wailing, blood dripping from its mouth. Izuku can’t breathe… he can’t breathe…

He keeps trembling. He can feel tears forming in his eyes as he closes them. He feels the warm breath of the villain and he screams, trying to shield his head. He feels pain, he panics.

…

…

He still trembles and he feels fear but something is different. There is something constricting him and
he fights back until he realises that it’s soft and it feels like there are arms around him. One is cold and one is warm. He can smell sweat, cinnamon and mint. Still shaking, he reciprocates the hug and buries his head in Shouto’s chest.

Shouto keeps holding Midoriya in his arms, slowly rubbing circles on the boy’s back. He can feel that the boy is snuggling into him. Midoriya’s breath is still erratic but it’s not as bad as a few seconds ago. Shouto just stays like this, trying to calm the aforementioned down. It looked like quite a bad nightmare. Shouto has to stop himself from hissing when he sees the bandage on Midoriya’s arm getting soaked in blood. That doesn’t look good. The wound probably opened up because of all that moving.

He can’t really call for a nurse right now though, calming Midoriya comes first. He raises his right hand and slightly frosts the bleeding arm. There, that should help. He brings his hand even higher, to pet Midoriya’s head. Maybe that’ll help? He keeps doing that until he hears, and feels for that matter, that Midoriya’s breath is even again. He slowly puts his head on top of Midoriya’s. The boy’s mother, Mrs Midoriya, should be coming back soon.

He refrosts the bleeding arm again. He should really call the nurse… Heaving a sigh, he tries to pull back a bit. He fails since the boy is still clinging to him as if his life depends on it. He heaves a sigh and starts rubbing small circles on Midoriya’s neck.

“Midoriya, please let go. You should lie down and rest” Shouto murmurs softly “Your arm is bleeding”

“…Just… a bit more, p-please” The boy stutters out.

He still seems shaken so Shouto doesn’t object. He resumes petting the boy’s head. He glances around the room. They’re in the hospital, which is pretty obvious considering what’s happened. There are two other people there but neither has woken up yet. He hears the door open and sees Mrs Midoriya enter. The woman freezes for a second, seeing him. Shouto shrugs a bit, mouthing a ‘he needs to calm down’. She seems to get it since she doesn’t comment, she just sits in the empty chair.

Midoriya’s breath is now even. Which is good. The boy’s desperate grip is loosening a bit too. When Shouto is certain that the other is asleep, he gently pries the boy off of himself and puts him down on the bed. He stands up from the bed and glancing at Mrs Midoriya once, he leaves the room. She needs some time alone too.

“What a mess…” Naomasa remarks looking at the files in his hands.
“Yeah, it’s quite problematic, huh” Sansa says “Two villain attacks in one day…”

“The real question is whether or not they were coordinated” He murmurs “It doesn’t seem to be a coincidence, but we can’t really say there is anything tying the two either. Well, except the fact that U.A.’s students got attacked. But it doesn’t seem like the students were the target in the second attack”

“You mean for now it doesn’t seem like it” Sansa remarks “There is no camera record, the villains wiped it clean. And we still haven’t got any testimonies”

“Most students are unharmed though. Pro heroes too” Naomasa says “On the other hand, from what those researchers closed in the labs said, the villains seemed to be there after some equipment”

“Seems like it” Sansa agrees “Although… it could be just an extra benefit”

“We’ll know soon enough” Naomasa replies “When other workers wake up, we’ll ask them to look around the building and see what went missing. We might get some clue from it”

“It’s going to be a long night…” Sansa says.

Naomasa heaves a sigh and begins looking through the file again. The villains left little clues as to who they were. A long night indeed. Not to mention that unlike the Unforeseen Simulation Joint, they could actually keep this incident under the wraps thanks to the fact that there were little to none witnesses. It’ll help them a bit, but it also means they won’t be getting any anonymous tips because of the media.

Nedzu is sitting in his office, drinking tea. Today was really tough. They’ll probably have to do something to keep the students safe since they still may be attacked. The villains who came here to kill All Might knew what they were doing… If they’re not caught soon enough the situation may get even worse.

He walks over to his computer and turns it on. He’ll try to see if he can get anything on the League of Villains, online. Recruitment pages, gossip sites, anything that may contain some clue. He keeps scrolling through different sites for hours. He finds nothing. He’s known it won’t be as easy as that but it’s still a little disappointing. He’s hoped to at least find some rumours. The League brought a lot of small fry with them, there is no way no one saw anything.
Resigned, he tries to look through city’s cameras instead. The ones near the class B’s USJ had been hacked so he doesn’t bother going through them again. Instead he looks at the cameras from the time Shigaraki Tomura, or someone with a similar quirk, destroyed the front gate. He doesn’t learn anything new from that, but it’s better than nothing. He knows he has to keep himself occupied or he’ll go mad. His students got attacked and he can’t do anything to find the attackers for now. He’s furious. And he’ll do anything to find out who is responsible for the horror his students had to go through.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading, I hope you enjoyed! ^_^

Also, the new fic in the series is out. Check it out:
https://archiveofourown.org/works/15034151/chapters/34852682

Have a nice day! See ya \o/
Chapter Summary

The day after USJ (both of them)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Izuku wakes up again, this time more or less peacefully. Everything still hurts but at least it’s manageable. He tilts his head and sees his mom sitting on one of the chairs near the bed. She’s nodding off. She honestly looks more than a bit exhausted. He hears some rustling behind him and turns to look at the source of the noise. He spots Kamakiri, who is sitting with his back turned to him, and Bondo. The latter raises his hand and points at Izuku as the boy sits up.

“Hi” Izuku says with a shaky smile.

“It’s good to see you’re awake” Kamakiri answers and Bondo nods “How are you feeling?”

“…It’s a bit painful but I’m mostly okay” He says softly. It’s more than ‘a bit’ painful, but he doesn’t want them to worry “Is everyone else okay?”

“Yes, the nurse I’ve asked said that everyone else had already been sent home since they’d only been exposed to sleeping gas” Kamakiri answers “We were the only ones injured” He shakes his head bitterly “We were lucky no one died”

“Y-yeah” Midoriya nods. He knows all too well that if the villains hadn’t spared them, they’d be all dead.

“Oh by the way, what happened after we got knocked out Midoriya?” Kamakiri asks him.

Midoriya is about to answer when the doors open. The nurse who opened the door freezes, looking at them and then calls someone outside the room. Two man enter the room. One is a bit skeletal, with messy blond hair and sick-looking, sunken face. The other has a tan overcoat, a matching hat and wears a black suit underneath.
“Good morning. We’d like to ask you some questions if you’re all feeling good enough to testify”
The man in an overcoat says, a professional smile on his lips.

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Nedzu is looking through the papers in his desk. He knows he’s put that notebook somewhere there… Oh, here it is. He opens it, and flips through the pages. Finally, he finds the contact information he needs. The stylists’ company who’s helped with renovating the school. They should be able to help. Now he only needs to talk with the teachers.

And with Recovery Girl for that matter. If they’re going to build the dorms, she’ll need to be at school in the afternoons and possibly evenings too. And he knows she’ll not appreciate more of her time getting taken. This is going to be a long conversation. But as long as it keeps students safe… He’s willing to do a lot to assure they’re going to be alright.

They’ll have to find funds for it though… A lot of money is going to go into setting up the Sports Festival. They’ll most likely get everything back from selling the tickets but still, they won’t have much extra funds. Maybe they’ll get Business Course to help with that… Yes, this may just be a good idea. He’ll have to talk with the teachers about it but he thinks it’s going to get accepted.

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Naomasa listens to the testimony, noting down some details in his notebook. There are three students who are witnesses here. Only one person is talking though. The mantis like boy, to be exact. His name is Kamakiri or something like this, form what All Might has said. The other two are silent, only occasionally nodding. Thanks to his quirk, he knows that the boy hasn’t told any lies yet. Although, he’s aware that getting different points of view from different witnesses is also important. He’ll have to get their statements about it too.

“And that’s when I got hit… and I lost consciousness” The boy finishes. Still no lies.

“Thank you” Naomasa says “Is there anything else?”

“No” Not a lie “I think that from there, only Midoriya was conscious…”

“Could you please tell me what’s happened next Midoriya?” Naomasa asks patiently.

“I-I tried to fight the villain…” The boy gulps loudly “I used my quirk to enhance myself and tried to do something… anything. I threw a flash grenade at him… it worked but he slammed me into a wall…”
“Go on” Naomasa tries to reassure him with a smile.

“I was far enough after that, so I tried to heal Kamakiri… I think it worked but he didn’t wake up” The boy is playing with his fingers nervously “I tried to immobilize the villain from distance… The other villain who was hiding earlier came and attacked me…”

“…” Naomasa doesn’t say anything, he just gestures with his hand to prompt the boy to continue.

“The whale-like villain… he tried to kill Kamakiri while I was away…” The boy’s hands freeze and his frame shakes “The only reason he didn’t manage to do it… is that other villains came”

“The other villains?” Naomasa asks, trying to get some more details.

“One of them had a fire-related quirk. I didn’t see much more because he went to stop the other villain from attacking Kamakiri… And that woman who was attacking me, they called her ‘Zookeeper’, she started beating me again” The boy winces a little at the memory “She was stopped by the other villain who came. I didn’t see her quirk since she didn’t use it, but she used some ninjato to fight. They talked and agreed that it’d be best to stop the rampaging villain and then escape…”

“…” Naomasa jots the new information down. ‘Zookeeper’ huh.

“I-I couldn’t do anything to stop them from escaping… I couldn’t even get up” The tears are forming in the corners of boy’s eyes “I-I had to… since they couldn’t really do much about the villain… I-I helped them. I erased his quirk” The boy closes his eyes “I didn’t want to help them, or enable them to escape… but I was afraid that this villain would k-kill us all if no one did anything. I-I’m so sorry…!”

“Midoriya…” Kamakiri says compassionately.

“Don’t worry” All Might says, placing a hand on the boy’s shoulder “You did a great job. If it wasn’t for you, the villain might’ve killed you all”

“Toshinori is right, you didn’t do anything wrong” Naomasa says reassuringly, not even noticing he’s used All Might’s name “Please don’t worry about it. And leave catching those villains to the police”
“R-right” The boy nods shakily.

“Now then, I know I don’t have to tell you, but this is all confidential. You cannot share this information with anyone. Am I clear?” He asks and nods answer him.

After that, he leaves the room together with All Might, letting a woman who’s been asked to leave before reenter the room. All Might has a thoughtful look on his face. Naomasa can’t blame him, it’s a lot to think about. They head outside and All Might tags along with him to the station.

“So” The man says once they’re in his office “What do you think of it all?”

“There are a few weird things in those testimonies, even if no one lied” Naomasa says thoughtfully “First, that boy, Midoriya, he’s said that the villain had a fire related quirk, right?”

“Well yes. That’s not the point I thought of when you said weird but yeah” All Mights answers.

“Well, we’ve already gathered the list of missing items from USJ” He says “Nothing from the firequirk-related workshops is missing. On the other hand, small fire-extinguishers were stolen. They’re designed to take out large fires. It looks like someone is preparing to fight a fire-quirk user. Or…”

“Or?” The other man asks hesitantly.

“Or maybe the man can’t control his quirk well enough and needs the fire extinguishers just in case he can’t control it” Naomasa muses “Either way, it’s weird. We’ve also found that one of the villains broke into one of the chairmans’ offices. Mr Katsuwarui, the one this room belongs to is yet to be interrogated. The weirdest thing is… it doesn’t look like the villains took anything from his office”

“That’s certainly weird” All Might agrees.

“Not to mention all the infighting between the villains” He says with a sigh “For such an organised operation, they sure didn’t seem like members of the same group. Even their principles seem to differ. At least from what Midoriya has told us”
The other man just nods in agreement. They spend some time contemplating in silence, before Naomasa starts filling out the papers he has to complete thanks to the investigation. All Might excuses himself and leaves. Sansa joins Naomasa soon after that.

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It’s the day after the USJ attack. Classes get cancelled so Shouto doesn’t exactly have much to do. The weird thing is, even 1-B got their classes cancelled. Well, it’s good for Midoriya since he’s in a hospital but still… Speaking of Midoriya, maybe he can go to the hospital and finally get an answer as to what’s happened to the boy.

Yesterday, while he was waiting at their meet up spot, the hospital called and said that Midoriya was there. Of course, Shouto hurried up to get there. And even though he managed to calm Midoriya down after his nightmare, he still hasn’t gotten an answer as to what had happened. It was weird and left Shouto worried since Midoriya looked awfully shaken.

Well, he’ll at least see him now. He takes his bag, puts on his shoes and moves to exit the house.

“SHOUTO!” A booming voice stops him. Looks like he isn’t as free as he’d thought “Where are you going?”

“I’m visiting a friend at the hospital” He answers in deadpan “He got injured yesterday” He hopes Endeavor assumes that one of his classmates got injured in the attack.

“If you have time for such pointless socialization” The man says with disgust “Then you have time to train. Go to the training hall. We’re going to spar”

“No” He answers.

Any other day he probably would’ve just suffered through it, but after getting attacked by villains and then finding out that Midoriya is in a hospital… let’s say his mood is not the best. And he refuses to put up with Endeavor’s ‘training’ which consists of the man beating him and throwing fire at him, yelling insults and trying to get Shouto to use his flames.

“What did you say?” Endeavor says menacingly, his fire shooting up.
“I said no” Shouto repeats defiantly “I’m going to visit my friend and you have no say in this”

“That’s enough! I’m fed up with your little tantrums! If you don’t go, I’ll gladly drag you there” The man hisses through gritted teeth and extends his hand to Shouto.

He can see Fuyumi poking her head from around the corner and he gestures for her to go back to her room. Endeavor’s hand is almost on him when he sends a wave of ice his way.

“You-!” The man seethes with anger, breaking through ice.

Shouto doesn’t listen he just turns to the door, trying to exit. He can hear something behind him and catches Endeavor’s flaming fist in the corner of his eye. Fast, but still way too slow. He quickly swats at it with his right arm coated with ice. They stand there glaring at each other. Endeavor is raging with fire and Shouto is slightly moving his right hand. He uses his quirk with his right hand, a little trick he’s discovered, or maybe unlocked, after training with Midoriya. He’s discovered a lot of things about his quirk because of Midoriya’s attempts to enhance his ice with his quirk. And his ice got stronger because of that too. Way stronger.

Endeavor finally seems to have enough of waiting, he lunges forwards, fists flaming with fire. Shouto sends wave of ice towards him, at the same time using his right hand to lower the air’s temperature. The man breaks through his ice, but he’s gotten what he needed. They’re moving towards the door. He now keeps on using his right side to produce ice, while slowly backing away towards the door. The moment he’s outside, he’s already won.

The number two hero can’t really attack his own son in public, can he? Endeavor continues tearing through ice. Shouto keeps on freezing everything. He pushes his quirk to its limits and for a moment, Endeavor’s flames disappear completely and the man is encased in ice. Shouto runs towards the door, and he hears loud hissing of steam and crackling of ice behind him. He smirks a little once he’s out the door. Endeavor goes after him for a moment, blinded by rage, but Shouto just keeps sprinting until he’s safe on the pavement near his house. It’s probably going to end badly once he’s back but it’s totally worth it. Not because he’s managed to have his little win against Endeavor. Well, it’s a plus but not the main reason it’s worth it. The main reason is that maybe with a few more stunts he’ll gain that level of freedom for good. The level of freedom where he can just go out and visit his friend without worrying about Endeavor.

Chapter End Notes

wow, that took a while xD

I’ll try to add two chapters tomorrow, but today I can’t really make another one since I
don't like making rushed chapters. Sorry! >.<

I hope you liked it and see ya all tomorrow!
Let's stop worrying about what's to come and just sing!

Chapter Summary

A short break before going to school again! :D

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Shouto!” Izuku pipes up when he sees the boy enter the room “Hi! I-I, thank you for what you did before….” He finishes, kind of awkwardly.

“No problem” Shouto says in a complete deadpan and sits in a chair next to the bed “So, what happened to you?”

“I-uhm, that is…” He mutters. He couldn’t even tell his own mother, but how can he say it “You see… there was a bit of an accident on our school trip… I can’t really go into details though”

“You can’t or you won’t?” The boy questions.

“I-I can’t…” Izuku says, averting his gaze “I’m glad you’re here though!” He changes the topic with a smile “Wait” He freezes, remembering something “Aren’t you going to miss classes?”

“Both 1-A and 1-B have their classes cancelled today” Shouto answers “It’s good you don’t have to miss anything…”

“Yeah!” Izuku says cheerily “And I’ll be discharged this evening! Now that I think about it, want to hang out then?”

“I’ll… I’ll see if I can” Shouto answers.

“Great!” He’s really happy about it. He’s been kind of lonely since Kamakiri and Bondo got discharged in the morning “So, what do you want to do? Just talk, watch some movie or…?”
“A movie?” The boy questions, tilting his head “Do you have any we can watch?”

“Well, there are some on the internet! Let me just…” Izuku trails off, reaching for his phone. Halfway through the movement, a spike of pain radiates through his arm and he freezes, hissing from pain.

“Midoriya? Are you alright?” Shouto questions.

“Y-yeah, it just still hurts a bit” he says with a smile “Maybe I should try to heal myself first… I should be able to use my quirk again by now…”

He summons his piano, relieved that he doesn’t feel like his head is going to kill him. That means he can use his quirk again. He plays the healing melody, sighing a bit in relief once the pain in his shoulder disappears completely. He flashes a smile to the still worried Shouto, and finally manages to grab his phone.

“So? What’d you want to watch?” He asks and turns to Shouto.

“I don’t know… I think you should choose” The latter says awkwardly.

Izuku hums and tries to think of a good movie. It should be something more or less light, or maybe a Disney movie? It may be childish but they’re light-hearted most of the time and you don’t have to think too much while watching. He still doesn’t feel good enough to watch anything that require too much focus.

“Are you okay with watching The Lion King?” He asks. It may not be that light-hearted because of some scenes, but it’s always nice to watch.

“Sure” Shouto just shrugs “I’ve never watched it so I’m just going to trust you…”

“Wait, you’ve never seen it?!!?” Izuku looks at him with wide eyes “Oh my god, now we really have to see it!”

Determined, he searches the internet for the movie. He finally finds it and gestures for Shouto to sit
on the bed next to him.

“Midoriya… we’re in a hospital. I can’t really sit there” Shouto sighs.

“Then at least bring your chair closer! It’ll be hard to watch it together otherwise” Izuku says.

Shouto does as he’s told, shifting his chair so that it’s right next to the bed, touching it. Izuku moves to sit right next to him, their shoulders touching. Halfway through though, he can’t resist the sleepiness anymore and he put his head on Shouto’s shoulder to nod off. The latter doesn’t comment, only takes the phone from him to keep it in its previous position.

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All of the teachers are sitting in the conference room. Naomasa has just finished telling them about the investigation on the League of villains. Most heroes in the room have a look of careful contemplation on their faces. The headmaster is looking the same and usual. Vlad King seems to be engaged in this incident too, but he seems just a bit impatient. Not the Naomasa can blame him. He probably can’t wait to hear if there is anything they can do about the villains who attacked his class.

“As for the other USJ attack…” He resumes his report “We’ve managed to identify the ‘Zookeeper’ one of the students mentioned in their testimony…”

“…” Mood suddenly turns even more serious.

“She was known as Hana Aoi. She used to be a zookeeper but she went missing a few years ago. Her quirk lets her clean anything she brushes. It’s believed that she can affect other quirks too, though we don’t exactly know how…” Naomasa says and opens another folder “The next one is the ‘whale-like’ villain mentioned by a few students. The police force believe he may be the one they call ‘Curator’. If he is then he has many other offenses on his account, including murder, robberies and terrorist attacks. His goal is unknown”

“What about the villains that went against them to help the students?” Vlad King asks.

“We don’t have enough information to deduce anything for now” Naomasa says “But we were able to identify two other villains the students spotted. One is Bearhead, a vile criminal with no qualms about killing. He’s also known to be affiliated with Curator, which enforces the theory of the whale villain being the aforementioned. The other matches the description of Gast Boy, a villain affiliated with Volcano Thieves. Whether or not the other members of the group were there is unknown. That’s all”
“May I have a moment, please?” Nedzu suddenly asks “There is a project I’d like to implement to ensure our students’ safety” All eyes are directed at the headmaster “I’ve already thought about it before, but now with the attacks, I think it’s time to take action” He clicks something on his computer and a screen displays a floor plan of some building “I think it’ll be a good idea to build the dorms. Of course, it won’t be easy but if we try we should be able to make it happen around the time of the sports festival. Any objections?”

That evening, after Midoriya got discharged, they meet up at the beach. Shouto was barely able to get there, since he’d gone home after the other boy fell asleep and his father had the bright idea of doing a sparring session… but it was still worth it. He’s now sitting on sand and waiting for Midoriya. The other boy should be here soon.

…

…

“Hey, Shouto!” He hears a voice and turns towards Midoriya “Thanks for coming, what should we-oh my god, what happened?!?”

“Just the normal stuff…” He assures, knowing that Midoriya is talking about a new bruise forming across his hands. He didn’t really feel like covering it with long sleeved shirt so it’s visible “Could you… help me a bit with it?”

“Ah, yes sure, sorry” The boy stutters and calls forth his quirk.

Yagi Toshinori stops dumbfounded. He’s decided to jog for a bit to clear his mind but he certainly didn’t expect to see this. Music is playing and there is light around two figures he recognises as Todoroki Shouto, a student from class 1-A and Midoriya Izuku, a boy from 1-B. There is a hologram piano and bluish green notes around the two. Young Midoriya’s quirk. What’s the most jarring in this picture are Young Todoroki’s bruises.

Blue-violet and yellowish green marks disappear once touched by the notes. All Might gapes astonished. He didn’t know Young Midoriya could heal too. But, back to important things, where has Young Todoroki gotten those bruises. They couldn’t possibly be from the boys’ training. He’s seen them fight before and he doubts either one would harm the other to this extent even if it can be quickly healed.

“Thanks” Young Todoroki says, moving his now healed arm, probably to see if all pain has disappeared.
“No problem” Young Midoriya gives him a smile “But… I know you’re probably sick of hearing it by now, but I’ll offer once again. If you ever feel like talking about it… or I don’t know, need anything, just let me know, ok? I’m always here to listen”

“Do you really have to say it every time you heal me?” Young Todoroki huffs in amusement.

“Yes, I will. I will say it as many times as I have to. Because it’s the truth. I will listen and help you if you let me” Young Midoriya says and it warms Toshinori’s heart “…And as always, I won’t push if you don’t want me to”

“Thanks… as always” Young Todoroki answers “But just… not today. I’ll tell you but not today. I don’t even know if I’ll ever be ready but… I can’t just yet…”

“It’s okay” Young Midoriya reassures the other boy.

“And thanks for waiting until I’m ready. I really appreciate it” Young Todoroki says.

Toshinori is suddenly aware that he’s stopped in the middle of his jog and keeps looking at the two. It must look really weird. He awkwardly starts his jog again once the boys go on to talk about mundane things like the movie they’ve seen and so on. Even though he’s come here to clear his mind, now it’s even more clouded and heavy. Young Todoroki is one of his students… no, even if he wasn’t, there is something obviously wrong if it’s not the first time Young Midoriya heals the other’s bruises. And form the way they talk about it, it’s been happening a lot. He resolves to find out what’s happening.

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Aizawa is making some tea after getting home from Recovery Girl’s infirmary. It’s been an exhausting day, even if he didn’t have any classes. He’s wrapped up like a mummy and it’s definitely not helping him with making his tea. When it’s finally done, he takes his cup and sits on a couch. Valerie, his cat, hops onto the spot next to him and starts playing with some loose bandage. He observes her curiously. She’s all black, with yellow eyes. Her fur is soft and fluffy and she makes funny noises while battling the bandage.

He puts down his cup, in favour of petting the cat. She stops playing with the bandage and instead turns to lay on her back, so that he’d pet her belly. She’s always liked to be pet like this. He keeps doing it for a little while but suddenly, his cell phone rings and Valerie escapes to another room, startled by the noise. He feels like cursing but he picks up.
“Shota Aizawa here” He says exasperated.

“Oh, thank goodness. It’s me All Might, can we talk?” Oh god, and what does he want now “It’s about one of your students…”

“What happened?” His irritation is quickly crushed as worry takes its place.

“Well, it’s about Shouto Todoroki…” All Might says “I’ve just seen him on Dagobah Beach. I was just jogging and he didn’t really notice me but… He was covered in bruises. Bruises that weren’t there after USJ…”

“I’m all ears” Is all he says.

He attentively listens to what All Might says to him. In the end he agrees to look into it on his own. He doubts they will get anything out of that boy though. He’s always seemed composed and intelligent. It’s no easy task to get someone like that to talk if they don’t want to. It may be easier to get something out of Midoriya. Even if it seems like the boy knows little to nothing about who is responsible for those bruises, he should at least be able to tell them how long has this gone on for, and how often it happens. Now, Aizawa may seem like he doesn’t care, but he will not allow anyone to abuse his students. He WILL get to the bottom of this and make sure that the one responsible pays for all they've done.

Chapter End Notes

Yes, I do love slightly ironic titles xD

I hope you enjoyed! :D

Take care and see ya soon \o/
“Hey! You’re the Hero Killer aren’t you?” A feminine voice calls out “Oh my god you are. I’ve been, like, trying to find you for so long”

He turns and sees a white-haired woman in a black costume She’s grinning mischievously, waving to him with one hand. He narrows his eyes. Her eyes display cautiousness and just a bit of jadedness. So, this is all an act, huh?

“Who are you? I don’t exactly have much time” He says.

“Oh my! I don’t really want to do this either. But, I’ve heard you want to rid this world of unworthy heroes, right?” The woman says, her voice suddenly turning dark and serious at the end “Could I have a request for you? I want to help you with one hero in particular”

“I don’t accept requests” He says “I only cut down the unworthy”

“Oh my, oh my. I’m just trying to make sure you know he is unworthy” She chirps in a fakely cheery voice “He’s a human garbage, a villain pretending to be a hero. So long as trash like that is worshipped, your ideal will not come to be”

“…I’m listening” He says. She may not have anything new to say but it doesn’t hurt to make sure.

“So, like, you know the number two hero? Endeavor? You know the one. I prefer calling him Endewhore though” She goes on “Anyways…” She takes out a file from the bag she’s carrying “He’s been doing some really villainous things behind closed doors… Hah~! It’s good to finally have more proof than just photos though!” She remarks as she hands him the files.
“That’s…” He can’t find the right words as he’s looking at the file. Truly, someone like this is more of a villain than a hero. “I understand why you want me to take him on quicker than I’d normally do. It’s about that kid, huh?”

“Ding! Ding! Ding! I’m against violence in general, but like, violence against kids is just the worst!” She says and serious tone she says it in clashes directly with her choice of wording. “So what, you in?”

“I would’ve killed him sooner or later” He says. “But I’m afraid I won’t be strong enough to get him as I am now”

“Oh wow, was your conviction always that weak? So, you’re not going to do this just because you’re not ‘strong enough’. That was truly unexpected” She laughs coldly. “But, I am not unreasonable either. I have something for you!” She takes out two balls from her bag.

“My conviction is as strong as always” He assures her. “I’m just realistic. I would’ve preferred to take down as many fakes as I can before getting captured or killed”

“Right, right, whatever! Just take it!” She gives him the balls. “They’re mini fire extinguishers. I wouldn’t give them too much credit but they should give you about a second once you throw them at him. Long enough to cut, right?”

“…Yes, that should be long enough” He says, looking at the extinguishers. “That man will fall, I’ll see to it”

“That’s the spirit!” The woman pumps her fist in the air. “I’m going to leave it to you then!”

And with that, she runs off to somewhere. He eyes the balls one more time. It’s weird that she’d ask him for that, suspicious even, but he’ll take that chance. Looks like other fakes will have to wait for some time.

Zookeeper enters the hideout after a really long day. She’s been doing some investigating and trying to see if the police has anything on them. From what she’s gathered, Dusty Ash really got the camera record destroyed. It’s a good thing. She wants to go to her room and just fall asleep but she spots something in the shared area. Namely, few empty cans and some other rubbish lying on the table.
Bearhead is sitting there, doing something. She walks up to him, her weapon-broom menacingly raised.

“Oh, it’s beary nice to see you’re back Zookeeper!” Bearhead says “is there something you need honey?”

“Clean this mess up” She says, completely ignoring the puns and him calling her honey.

“Oh, bear on. I know you can’t bear this mess but I’ll clean it up once I’m done!” He says.

“Bearhead…” She says menacingly and moves her broom so that it touches the ground, upside down “The hideout. Must be. Kept. CLEAN!” She says sharply, reinforcing every pause by tapping the broom on the ground.

“Clean it NOW” She says swatting him in the face with her broom.

“Ack!” He yells in surprise “Not beary nice! Not beary nice at all!”

“Clean it!” She swats at his head again.

“Bearight, bearight!” He says, raising his hands in defeat “I will, just lemme do it”

All their bickering seems to have been loud enough to get Curator out of his room.

“Who is attacking Bearhead?!?” He asks sharply in alarm. Once he sees them though, his face regains the normal long-suffering look “…I see it’s just you two. Please keep it down a bit”

“Alright” She says.

“She started it!” Bearhead points at her accusingly and gets hit with the broom again “OW”
“Dear lord…” Curator facepalms “What did I do to deserve this…”

“Oh, bear on, Whaley! It could be much worse” Bearhead says “After all, at least you got yourself a bear! A beary beary bear”

“…No. It could not have been worse” The man says, pinching the bridge of his nose “I can’t stand those puns”

“Holy bear, they’re not so bad! They’re beary easily bearable” Bearhead goes on.

“I swear to god I’ll punch you” Curator says, deadpan and cold.

“…Is our outing to the pub still on?” Bearhead asks.

“Yes, yes it is. Now let me rest” Curator says and goes back into his room.

…

…

“Now clean it” She says once again, swatting the broom at the other man.

“That was uncalled for!” Bearhead says and begins cleaning.

Satisfied with the results, Zookeeper leaves the shared area and goes to her room. She takes her night clothing and goes to the bathroom to take a quick shower. After that, she brushes her teeth, brushes her hair, washes her face again to make sure it’s completely clean and goes back to her room. She lies down on the bed and sets her alarm clock. Finally, she can get some rest. Suddenly, music begins playing. She’s irritated but tries to ignore it. After a few minutes, she hears a door slamming shut. Loudly. Sighing she gets out of bed to see what’s happening.

Once she enters the common area, she sees Curator smothering Bearhead with a pillow, while latter flails his hands in the air. Exasperated, she turns the music off. Curator is still trying to murder Bearhead. He doesn’t look too serious about it though. She silently backs away to her own room. Looks like their pub outing is not going to happen. Whatever, at least she can finally get some sleep. She turns off the light and lies down, letting her consciousness drift away.
“I’m back!” Dusty Ash calls out, entering the hideout.

“Welcome back” Volcano says.

“Yo!” Gast Boy greets her.

“So, did you get what you wanted?” Volcano asks, still focused on the books he’s reading.

“Yeah, kinda. I doubt I’ll achieve my goal like that though” She says with a smile “I think it may take much more than that, but for now it was my best option!”

“Hey, I wanted to ask before but…” Gast Boy gets her attention “Why did you contact the Hero Killer? Wouldn’t it be easier to just take that file you have to the police or something?”

“ Heck if I do that again. The cops are corrupt” She answers with disgust “And those who aren’t still try to keep the status quo. They think, and I quote, that ‘getting the number two hero convicted would shake the very foundation of our society and should be avoided’. Neat huh? It’s much easier to sacrifice a few people than to deal with the problem. Thank you, oh Japanese police!” She says dramatically “Because protecting the citizens is so obviously not your job!”

“Wait, did you really try to get police engaged before?” Volcano asks, snorting “Looks like that didn’t work out too well”

“Do you think I’d have become a villain if it worked out?” She asks, raising an eyebrow “Hell no”

“Well then, I’m glad it didn’t really work out since it’s nice to work with you” Gast Boy says.

“Well, fuck you too for mocking my attempts” She snarls half-heartedly.

“No one here is mocking anything. I’m just saying it’s a pleasure to work with you” He says defensively “Oh, by the way, we were thinking of having a movie night. You up for this?”

“What are we watching?” She asks.
“That new Transformers movie they released this month” Surprisingly, it’s Volcano who answers
“Then some superhero movies”

“Yea, I think I’ll pass” She says “Not really my thing”

“No problem, maybe next time then” Gast Boy says.

She only nods and goes on to do what she’s come here for. She opens her laptop and sends a quick
‘thank you’ text to Electra. She’s already paid for the hacker’s services but it’s good to thank her in
normal ways too, even if it’s just a bit late. She then changes into her civilian outfit, leaving all her
villain gear there and exits their hideout. She heads home to get some sleep before going to work.
She really hopes her shift is going to end uneventfully.

The next day, after she’s done with work, she goes to the hideout again. She finds Gast Boy and
Volcano just sleeping on the couch. She takes the nearest blanket to wrap around them. Here, that
should do. She smiles fondly as she watches them sleep. She first sided with them because they
didn’t ask too many questions, and let her pursue her own goal aside from their group’s. Who knew
she’d grow fond of those two. Gast Boy could be quite childish at times, but he’s not necessarily a
bad person. Volcano is… well… Volcano. Usually serious and decisive, leaving contacting people
outside their group to her, but sometimes being just a bit silly. Like watching the superhero movies
with Gast Boy. Or making puns and throwing jokes before their latest operation. Together with
Bearhead might she add. God, the puns were the worst.

Sighing, she turns away from them and turns on her laptop. She checks for messages. There are two.
One from Electra, saying that it wasn’t a problem, and asking them to come to her if they need to do
something like that again. Another is from an informant she’s contacted after the League of Villain’s
attack. She may be a villain but she isn’t stupid. Group like that will definitely attack again. The only
question is when and how. Now, she wouldn’t have a problem with them, but they’re trying to kill
All Might, and it seems like they don’t care about what happens to innocent people who get caught
up in this. And that’s something she won’t forgive. Especially attacking those students. Well, they
technically did too, but it doesn’t really count. They didn’t expect them after all. And she knew that
Gast Boy just tried to knock them out.

Anyways, she’s getting sidetracked with her thoughts again. She opens the message. It says that the
League are making no moves for now, but that their broker, Giran, tries to find the hero killer. Wow,
for once it looks like it was a good thing to get to that villain first. Maybe now the League won’t be
able to sway him. Not that it would be easy for them before. After all, their goals are basically the
opposite. The League wants to kill All Might, and the Hero Killer respects him as the only real hero.
But if this has no way of working, why are they seeking him out? She’ll have to look into this too.
Looks like for now her work will consist of investigating, asking information brokers for any info and waiting till something happens. Yep, this is going to be quite boring…

Chapter End Notes

This time, it's villain-focused chapter \o/

I hope you enjoyed it!

Have a nice day, take care and see you tomorrow! :D
Aria of determination

Chapter Summary

Back to U.A.!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

The day after he gets discharged from hospital, Izuku wakes up even earlier than normally. He feels tired and dazed but nightmares won’t let him rest so he resolves to go for a morning run instead. The air is chilly, sun hasn’t even risen yet so it’s still dark. It’s not as dark as in the middle of the night though so it must be just before dawn. He finds himself at Dagobah beach without really meaning to go there. Maybe he’s just that used to going there day in day out that it started drawing him in. Either way, it’s as good of a place to train as any.

He warms up and then does some endurance training. By the end of it he’s completely drenched in sweat and out of breath. He doesn’t let himself rest though. He runs more laps through the sand and then some up and down the stairs. He has to build up as much stamina as he can, as fast as he can. Maybe he’ll train like that before training with Shouto every day? It’ll be tiring but it’d help him get stronger. And he needs to be stronger. It’s the second time he wasn’t able to protect someone. So he has to make sure that next time he encounters a villain, he’ll be able to beat them.

After about twenty minutes of running he gets too tired to continue. He stops for a moment, and activates his quirk. He summons the harmonica this time. He cups his hands and plays the music to summon some water. Or get water from the air. He’s not entirely sure how it works. He turns his quirk off and drinks the water. He waits until his breath is back to normal and then starts exercising again.

Once he has to take a break again, he sees that it’s already sunrise. It’s breathtaking and beautiful and completely enchanting. Dark and wild ocean of obsidian swirling beneath the lines of fiery red and gleaming gold, adorned with a single ball of majestic golden light. The still-greyish sky above makes the lit up, foamy clouds even more prominent. He stares at it for a minute, smile pulling at his lips despite the exhaustion. He takes out his phone to take a photo. It doesn’t really capture the otherworldly beauty of the scenery, but it’ll have to do for now.

He looks at the time. It’s thirty minutes before his usual training with Shouto. Wow, he’s really been here for that long, huh. Since the other boy is probably awake, he sends him the photo. Then he jogs towards home. He’ll take a shower, change his clothes and then go back to the beach to meet
Shouto watches as Midoriya runs up to him, hand risen in a greeting. When he left home, he was expecting the other boy to already be there but it looks like Midoriya went somewhere else after sending him a photo. He wants to ask about it but once he looks in the boy’s eyes, the question slips away from his mind. He has the same look in his eyes. The same one as at the funeral. This look that carries so much determination it’s almost scary.

“Hey Shouto!” Midoriya greets him “Uhm, may I ask a favour?”

“Go on…” He says, not really knowing what to make of it.

“Can we make our spars a bit more… tough? I mean, I know you’re not really holding back on me… it’s just…” Midoriya trails off, looking away with a self-deprecating smile Shouto would really like to wipe off his face “I’ve recently realised that I’m not nearly strong enough. And uhm… I don’t know what else to do except training harder. So… could we…?”

“I’ll try…” He promises “But you know I’m not that good at hand to hand combat. I mean, I know it well enough but I’m not an expert. We’re more or less on the same level by now so I don’t know if I can help you with it”

“It’s okay” Midoriya says, with a sheepish look he can’t quite place “Thanks anyways. Shall we start then?”

“Alright” He nods and gets into battle stance.

He focuses all his attention on Midoriya. The boy runs at him and without missing a bit starts the spar with a kick to Shouto’s solar plexus. Shouto dodges. Then it gets really fast. Another kick from Midoriya, swift block, an attempt to grab Shouto’s wrist, block and counterattack, Midoriya blocks, Shouto tries to hit the other’s head with a jump kick, Midoriya dodges, Shouto follows up with a jab to the ribs, Midoriya recoils but manages to drop down and sweep him of his feet. It all lasted only a few seconds. Shouto immediately starts to stand up, a sudden weight presses onto him as Midoriya tries to lock him in a chokehold. He trashes and wriggles till he can roll away. Midoriya tries to go after him so he throws some sand in the boy’s eyes. He moves to attack, not giving his opponent the chance to recover. He knees him in the stomach. Midoriya falls to the ground with a choked cry of pain. It’s only then that Shouto realises what he’s just done.
“Oh crap, sorry” He apologizes moving closer to the boy who is trying to get the sand out of his eyes.

“N-no, it’s alright” Midoriya says, still wiping at his red eyes “I asked for our sparring to be tough, didn’t I? Besides I totally deserved this” He chuckles a bit, it doesn’t hold his usual cheeriness to it though “I should’ve watched out for the sand more. It was my fault”

“…If you say so” Shouto says, still feeling a bit guilty.

“Should we try once more?” Midoriya asks.

“Alright” He answers and gets into a battle stance again.

When Izuku arrives at school, he’s a bit more tired than normally at this hour. Once he enters the classroom, he’s immediately swarmed with people.

“Wow Midoriya, I heard you’ve gone against the villains when we were knocked out!” Awase says with eyes shining with excitement.

“Are you fine enough to be at school though?” Kaibara asks him worriedly.

“We’ve already asked Kamakiri about what happened but you gotta fill us in too!” Tsuburaba says excitedly “So, how was it, how was it?!?! Fighting with the villains I mean”

“Uhm… I-“ Midoriya backs away, slightly overwhelmed.

“So, how was it?!?” Tsuburaba asks again.

“Geez guys, you’re making him uncomfortable” Kendo says from within the classroom “Back off a little”

“Oh, sorry Midoriya!” Awase and Tsuburaba apologise while Kaibara only goes back to his seat.
“N-no problem, I’m just not that good with crowds” He says sheepishly.

Izu heads to his seat and unpacks his things. His classmates still keep talking and some are crowding other people’s desk rather than staying in theirs. It’s a rather heart-warming picture. That is, until a certain boy speaks up.

“Still though, how come the attack we were caught up in got swept under the rug while 1-A is getting all the attention!” Monoma calls out “That’s clearly unfair”

“Monoma… I’m pretty sure that if they could, they would’ve kept the other USJ attack from media too” Kendo says “Besides, villains probably got some equipment from the workshops. People would panic knowing that professional gear is in the hands of criminals”

“I still think it’s unfair…” The boy replies moodily.

“Well, it’s not like I don’t get what you mean but…” Awase says “I think it’s better that way. They actually got to fight the villains. Most of us just got knocked out. And I’d hate it if people would call us pathetic because of it”

“Yea, that’d be kinda lame” Tetsutetsu agrees “But we just have to do better next time!”

“Not like anyone could do much against that sleeping gas though” Tokage points out “Even pros got knocked out”

“I-I’m actually quite okay with getting knocked out” Shoda says quietly “It was better than fighting villains outnumbered like those three were…” He doesn’t mention the names but everyone knows who he means.

“Well, it wasn’t exactly easy but…” Kamakiri shrugs “It could be worse. If they were serious they would’ve killed us, so I think we should count our blessings instead of complaining”

The conversation is cut short when Present Mic enters the class, starting their English lesson. Izuku tries to concentrate on it, but it’s hard to even stay awake. He really needs to get some rest.
When lunch break comes, Izuku is slightly struggling to keep himself awake. He doesn’t even register the worried glance shared between Shiozaki and Honenuki. He gets up to go to the cafeteria, like always, but he’s stopped by a hand on his shoulder. He turns around and sees that it’s Honenuki stopping him.

“Hey Midoriya, could you help me with something?” The boy asks.

“Oh, of course!” Izuku agrees and even manages to give the other boy a smile “What should I do…?”

“Sit down at your desk please” The boy says, and he does as instructed “I’ve actually wanted to test out a anew massage technique my mom taught me. Is it alright?”

“Y-yes. If you’re alright with testing it on me…” He says awkwardly.

“Thanks” Honenuki says softly and puts his hands on Izuku’s shoulders “Tell me if it gets uncomfortable, alright?”

“Mhm” Izuku hums, nodding.

It hurts a bit at first, but then he gets completely relaxed. As expected, Honenuki knows what he’s doing. All the tenseness leaves him and he starts getting even more sleepy. He tries to fight it, but in the end, he drifts off.

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“Todoroki, a minute if you would” Aizawa says once the lunch break starts.

“What is it, sensei?” Shouto asks in complete deadpan.

“I’d like you to come with me for a second” His teacher says and turns to leave.

Shouto obeys and follows the man into an empty room. Something tells him that he’s not going to like whatever is going to happen here. Aizawa sensei gestures towards the empty chair and they both
sit down, across from each other.

“It may be a difficult topic…” His homeroom teacher says and Shouto immediately knows that his foreboding is coming true “But one of the teachers saw you yesterday. Your arms were supposedly covered in bruises”

“They must’ve been mistaken” He answers curtly and rolls up his sleeves “I don’t have any bruises”

“I’m aware that Midoriya Izuku from 1-B healed you” Aizawa sensei says dryly and Shouto freezes involuntarily “Of course, the school is not going to punish him for it, even if it’s technically an illegal quirk use, since it was healing power and the circumstances were what they were… but I’d like to know where those bruises came from”

“I was just careless while training” Not technically a lie since it was from ‘training’.

“I’d appreciate it if you didn’t lie to me” His teacher says sharply “Those bruises supposedly covered large parts of your arms. You don’t get injuries like that from simply training. So, I’m going to be blunt. Did you get into some fight or did someone inflict those on you as some form of ‘bullying’ or other abuse?”

“…I’m not lying” He answers, feeling that frost starts to cover his right arm “I got hurt while training and asked Midoriya to heal me. That’s all”

“I see that you’re not going to tell me so easily…” His teacher says with a sigh “Well then, I’ll look into it on my own. But it would really be easier if you just told me the truth”

“I am telling the truth” Technically he is.

“Yea, yea. I’m not buying that but since I don’t have any evidence to disprove it I’ll let it go for now” Aizawa sensei says with a sigh “You can go now” He says just as the bell rings. Shouto is slightly irritated right now. He’s missed lunch break, one of those short moments in school when he can be with Midoriya and the others, because of such an annoying issue. Oh well, they’ll meet up later either way.

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“U.A.’s Sports Festival is approaching” Kan sensei says once the homeroom starts “It’s your chance to get scouted by the pros. Naturally, you’ll gain experience and popularity if you’re picked by a big-
name hero. This event happens once a year, so you have three chances. Show them what you’re made of!”

A loud cheer of ‘yeah!’ resounds through the classroom. Izuku is saying it only half-heartedly. He knows it’s a great chance but he can’t help feeling a bit anxious. He already knows he’s not nearly strong enough. Well, he has two weeks to train. Even if it’s a short amount of time, he will make the most of it. Once all classes are finished, he sees Tetsutetsu heading off to somewhere. Or rather, going in different direction than the school’s exit. Curious, he follows him.

“Tetsutetsu, where are you going?” He asks once he catches up to the boy.

“To class 1-A! We’ve got to find out more about them before the Sports Festival!” The boy answers. “Besides, they fought some villains so I really want to know more about it”

Izuku just follows him, not even reminding that he, Bondo and Kamakiri fought the villains too. There is a large crowd gathered in front of 1-A classroom. They all look angry with… uhm… what he’d describe as Kacchan being Kacchan. Before Izuku can stop him, Tetsutetsu speaks up.

“Hey! I’m from 1-B, next door!” He yells “I’ve heard you guys fought some villains. I wanted to find out more but… All I’m seeing is this arrogant bastard! You better not make fools of the hero course at this thing!!!”

Izuku wants to facepalm. Oh no, this is bad. Instead of expected explosions though, all he sees is Kacchan shoving his way through the crowd. He breathes a sigh of relief. A relief that quickly melts into nervousness once he realises that the boy is heading in his direction. He tries to move away and possibly hide in 1-B classroom until the blond passes but before he can get to the room, a voice from behind stops him.

“DEKU” Kacchan growls upon seeing him. Well, this is bad. He enjoys being alive but it’s not like he can just run away.

“O-oh, hi K-Kacchan” He stutters out. Tetsutetsu, sensing the tension places himself near Izuku, something the boy is grateful for. Kacchan ignores the other boy and walks past Izuku, shooting him an intimidating glare. Izuku relaxes once the boy is gone. He wants to heave a sigh of relief but he spots Shouto who is still looking at Kacchan’s back with open hostility. Oh, right, they’re in the same class. Did he just somehow spark conflict between classmates or has this gone on for some time now? Regardless, Shouto walks up to them and greets Tetsutetsu curtly before starting to walk away again.
“Let’s go, Midoriya” He says without really looking back. Izuku says goodbye to his classmate and follows the other boy.

Chapter End Notes

Well, at least you tried Eraserhead xD

Hope you guys enjoyed the chapter! :D

Take care and see y’all tomorrow! :D
They’re sitting under a tree in the park. Shouto is rather quiet for now, though only because he doesn’t know how to ask Midoriya about what he wants to know. Today, he’s wanted to tell the other boy about his situation but… after that talk with Eraserhead he isn’t so sure if that wouldn’t just make it harder on Midoriya if the teacher started asking him questions. Not to mention, after that little scene in front of the classroom he has some questions of his own.

That time when Midoriya said that he understands what it feels like to just want people to stop asking. How he said that it’s sometimes better to just endure the pain. He’s had to speak from experience. Now, he hasn’t seen much interactions between Midoriya and Bakugou but the way the former was tense and almost scared… it’s quite telltale.

So, he has to ask about this, but it’ll be quite hard to do. Not only would he be a hypocrite for asking that while he still hasn’t opened up about his own problem, it’d be quite hard to interrupt Midoriya right now. Mainly because the other boy is so nervous he’s just continuously flooding Shouto with chatter. Talking about school, and music, and food, it’s honestly hard to cut in on that endless blabbering. So he just nods when he feels it’s necessary and tries to gather his thoughts.

“Midoriya” He cuts in, finally gaining the courage “I’m sorry for asking, but what’s up with you and Bakugou?”

“I… I was afraid you’d ask about that” The boy looks away with something akin to fear and shame. And Shouto definitely doesn’t like that.

“Midoriya… I know you’ve always respected my boundaries…” He uses his words carefully “But… I think it’s time we both come clean. I’ll tell you about the bruises and why I never use my fire… I’m not forcing you to do the same. At least not today… I just… please, when you’re ready, tell me about it”
“Shouto…” Midoriya grabs his hand, still looking away “I-I’d like to tell you, but I’m afraid of the consequences…”

“What do you mean?” He inquires, carefully studying the boy’s expression for any clues.

“I… that is… Kacchan has a lot of potential. And I just know he’ll become a great hero” Midoriya says quietly “I don’t want his future to be ruined… or the relationship he has with his classmates… Just because of something that’s happened in the past”

“About his relationships, I don’t think you have to worry about that” Shouto replies “He’s rude enough to take care of that by himself”

“That’s… a little harsh” Midoriya says, yet he looks quite amused “Still, I really wouldn’t want to destroy anything for him”

“Midoriya, I don’t know if I’ve said this before, but I won’t do anything you don’t want me to” Shouto says with a sigh “And from your reactions and words I can more or less imagine what’s happened. Also, I don’t like how he treats you so my opinion of him is low in the first place” He squeezes Midoriya’s hand “But I’d still want to know for sure… to hear it from you. Because I think it’ll help me avoid doing anything that may make you uncomfortable”

“I-I, okay” Midoriya sighs “I’ll tell you…”

He listens to the other’s story, and although he feels disgusted with Bakugou, he makes sure that it doesn’t show on his face. By the end of it, Midoriya looks so sad and wretched that Shouto decides to cheer him up a little. He pulls him into a hug and doesn’t let go.

“So… guess it’s my turn now?” He says in complete deadpan, despite a swirl of emotions raging just beneath his mask of calmness “Have you ever heard of quirk marriage?”

The next day, Izuku keeps spacing out throughout the lessons. He doesn’t even see the worried glances some of his classmates send his way. He’s just… not really there. His little talk with Shouto yesterday shocked him quite a bit. He wants to help his friend. He wants to do something to make him feel better. He wants him to understand that his quirk is his alone, not his father’s. But when he needed to say something the most, words failed him. He wasn’t able to say a damn thing to make Shouto feel better. What kind of friend is he, unable to help, even letting Shouto cheer him up when it should be the opposite.
“Hey, Midoriya” A voice brings him out of his self-depreciating daze “…we’ve thought that maybe we could all train together for the Sports Festival. As a class… You up for it?”

“Oh, yeah sure!” He says with a smile “…wait a second, I’ll have to talk with Shouto first, since we’re meeting up after school every day”

“Great!” Honenuki says “Want to go with us to ask the teacher if we could use school’s facilities after hours?”

“Sure!” He says and follows the other boy.

They meet up with Monoma by the teacher’s lounge and Honenuki knocks on the door. Cementoss opens and looks at them quizzically.

“Yes? Is there anything you need?” The teacher asks.

“Hello sir, would it be possible for us to use one of school’s facilities after classes?” Honenuki asks.

“Well, of course. But most of them are already booked by other students since the Sports Festival is coming… Let me see which ones are left” He goes into the room and comes back “The only facility left is Gym Gamma. I’ll be happy to supervise you if you choose to use it” He says.

“Thank you sir!” Izuku says from behind and bows. The other two mimic his the gesture.

“No problem. When exactly would you want to use it?” Cementoss asks.

“Well, we were hoping to book it for the whole two weeks until the Sports Festival” Honenuki says “Right after school… if that’s doable”

“Of course” The teacher answers “Let me just write it into the schedule. Goodbye”
“Goodbye!” They say and turn to leave when Monoma abruptly freezes and frowns.

“Excuse me, sir?” He says, effectively stopping Cementoss from retreating into the teacher lounge. “I’m sorry but from this position I couldn’t help but see the schedule… Why is class 1-A using two facilities at the same time?”

“I don’t really know, I wasn’t the one they asked for that” The teacher answers “They probably just wanted to split into two groups”

“…Thank you for answering sir… goodbye” Monoma says but the frown his face. In that moment, Honenuki chimes in.

“Wait, is that allowed?” The boy asks confused “I thought everyone would want to use the facilities before events like this one. Wouldn’t letting one class take more than one such place cause other classes to be left out if they ask for the same thing?”

“It is allowed” Cementoss says “They were the first ones to ask, and since the rules are the same, no matter if the Sports Festival is approaching or not, they can claim more than one facility for training”

“Thank you for clearing that up sir” Honenuki says and bows.

They leave after that. Monoma is still looking a bit angry. Or… maybe it’s some other emotion? Izuku can’t really tell, but he knows that whatever it is, it can’t be good.

“Those jerks” The aforementioned says “I don’t care if their class separated into groups or not, hogging more than one facility just before such an important event is just them being assholes. How can school even allow that? We were lucky we even got that last one…”

“Yeah, it is kind of mean to do that” Honenuki agrees “Still, maybe they didn’t realise that? It could be that those two groups don’t even know that the other booked a facility”

“Well… I guess you’re right… but still…” Monoma says quietly “The fact that teachers even allow that is putting me off”
“I get what you mean” Honenuki agrees.

“But on the other hand, why wouldn’t they? It’s the 1-A. Apparently everyone’s favourite since they got attacked” Monoma says, rolling his eyes “It pisses me off…”

“Monoma, please calm down. I’m sure it’s not like that…” Izuku says, trying to get it under control.

“Yeah man, you’re overreacting quite a bit” Honenuki agrees with him “They were just first this time, so chill out. It’s all okay”

After they’re done, Izuku goes to meet up with Shouto. He asks him if it’d be alright to move their afterschool meetings to some later hour since class 1-B is going to train together after school. Shouto says that he’ll just come and look instead, since he doesn’t have much else to do.

“Would you be up for sparring Midoriya?” Kaibara asks him once they begin their afterschool training.

“Sure!” Izuku chirps and they go to ask Cementoss to make them an arena.

Shouto is just observing from the sidelines. Izuku sends him a quick smile and waves as they get into the arena made for them. Kaibara gets into a battle stance. So does Izuku. Kaibara’s battle stance looks different than Kamakiri’s. He can’t really describe it. They’re just different. They weights are placed differently. Kamakiri’s stance is sturdy and low. Kaibara stands lightly on his feet, well-balanced and standing tall. Izuku observes and readjusts his stance. If he’s not wrong, Kaibara looks like he’d be good at dodging and most likely kicking.

Once again, he can’t really say why he thinks that. Maybe it’s just his gut feeling. Or the way the boy places himself. Now that he thinks about it, it is a stance from which kicking would be quite easy. He notes that in the back of his mind. Awase, who is currently acting as their referee, backs away from the arena and shouts ‘start’.

They circle each other, trying to get as much information as possible before attacking. Neither can really wait till their opponent is blinded by sun, since no sunshine is shining directly onto the ring. So, no sense in waiting anymore. Izuku lunges forward, close to the ground. He reaches out with his palm, aiming for the other boy’s head. Kaibara dodges. Izuku thrusts his other hand, clenched into a fist, at the boy’s stomach. Another dodge and a kick. He blocks instead of dodging and instead uses the momentum to throw the other boy to the ground by catching his leg and pulling upwards and
towards himself. Kaibara realises what’s going on and extends his hands to stand on them. The boy kicks with his other leg, aiming upwards, at Izuku’s face. Izuku is forced to let go of the leg to dodge and Kaibara twists to land on his feet again. They start circling each other again, looking for any opening.

Izuku can feel the dryness in his mouth. This sure is exhausting. He lunges forward again, opening with a kick. Kaibara blocks. Izuku punches. Kaibara moves to dodge just as Izuku throws a follow-up punch and unfortunate timing makes Izuku punch the other boy in the throat.

“Oh my god, I’m so sorry!” He says while Kaibara is left gasping for air.

“‘s fine… an accident” The boy says once he can more or less breathe again.

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“Man~! I’m tired…” Tokage says more or less in the middle of their allotted time “I can’t go on anymore!” She plops down to the ground.

“Oh! Let me help you” Izuku says and summons his piano.

He plays the energy piece and Tokage’s eyes widen as she looks at the notes. She’s hit with some and she immediately stands up with a smile on her face and looks down at her arms.

“Man, I know you said you could help us if we’re tired or injured, but like, I never thought it’s be so neat!” She says in amazement “Thanks!”

“O-oh, no problem” He says with a sheepish smile.

“Hey Midoriya, could you help me out too?” Tsuburaba asks, while sitting on the ground “I’m completely beat!”

“Sure” He smiles and resumsmons the piano.

After that, during their training, and even between lessons, people keep asking him to energize them or even, in some cases, heal them. Though, the latter one is mostly during their basic hero training, when his classmates are not really injured badly enough to go to Recovery Girl, but still injured
enough for it to be annoying. Izuku helps anyone who asks him. Those two weeks pass quickly, filled with training, training and even more training. Shouto is even asked, during one of their class trainings, to spar with someone. All in all, it’s a well spent two weeks. Izuku still gets up really early every day to train before his sparring with Shouto. When he has more time, he even researches some tips about fighting. Once the day of the Sports Festival arrives, he’s more ready than ever.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading and I hope you liked it :D

See ya soon and have a nice day ^_^
Ballad to the past and future

Chapter Summary

Sport Festival starts \o/

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It’s the night before Sports Festival. Dusty Ash changes into her villain outfit and takes her trusty bag with her. Inside the bag, there is a tablet. She arrives at the hospital. Heaving a sigh she finds the right window and begins climbing up. Breaking into a hospital, what a way to spend a night. When she’s finally there, she takes out her picklock and, making sure that she has a stable foothold, she begins picking the lock. It’s quite hard to do with just one free hand, but she doesn’t want to risk falling.

She smirks once she hears the characteristic click. She opens the window and comes in. It’s the middle of the night so there isn’t anyone there. Sighing deeply, she takes off her mask and mouthguard. She shoves them into her bag and takes a dress out of it. She puts it on so that it covers her villain costume. There, now she’s just Konako Haizono, a completely normal woman. She finds the right door and hesitates a bit. What if Rei doesn’t want to see her?

She takes in a deep breath and braces herself. What’s the worst that can happen? Aside from Rei calling the security on her and the latter discovering she’s a villain. She shakes her head. If she doesn’t stop thinking like that, she won’t be able to do what she came here to do. She puts on a smile, warm and honest, so different than the ones she gives when she plays the villain. She knocks softly and comes in. As expected, Rei is asleep. She closes the door behind her and comes closer to the bed.

“Wake up, cupcake” She calls out softly as she shakes Rei’s shoulder “Come on, I know you don’t like waking up at weird hours but I have something for you, cupcake…”

“…Konako…?” The woman asks sleepily “…Is that you Konako?”

“Yup, it’s me” She murmurs quietly “You have to wake up, cupcake. My time here is limited…”
“Alright, alright, just stop shaking me already!” Rei says and groggily sits up “Wait… KONAKO?!!?” She seems to come to her senses and is now gaping at Dusty Ash in disbelief.

“Yup, that’s me, cupcake” Konako says and sits on the bed “How are you holding up?”

“Wait, how are you here?!? I thought he’d order the hospital not to allow visitors…” Rei is still staring at her in disbelief.

“Well… I might have or might have not snuck in” She says, smiling at Rei’ flabbergasted expression “Oh, come on cupcake! I wanted to see you and your asshole of a husband won’t stop me no matter what he does!”

“Oh… oh my god… You’re really here” Rei says and starts tearing up “I’ve missed you Konako…”

“I’ve missed you too Rei” She says and hugs the woman.

“Haha… you just called me by my name. Haven’t heard that in a while” Rei laughs through tears and reciprocates the hug.

“Nah, you must’ve heard me wrong, cupcake” Konako denies with a smile.

“No, I’ve heard it just right!” Rei says with a smile “Don’t you ‘cupcake’ me now. I’ve told you hundreds times, use my name!”

“Nah, ‘cupcake’ is stuck to you” Konako teases and gets a snort out of Rei “But if you prefer, I can always call you ‘snowflake’… you snowflake”

“That’s even worse!” The other woman pouts amused “…I’ve really missed you, you know?”

“I know… sorry for not visiting sooner” She says awkwardly and pulls away from the hug.

“Visiting? Konako you’ve just broken in the hospital in the middle of the night. If you call that visiting, then I’m starting to doubt your better judgement” Rei collapses into giggles.
“So cruel… Oh well, I just, like, wanted to tell you… that I might be able to get you out of here soon” Konako says and Rei suddenly sobers.

“Konako… I… I don’t think it’s a good idea” The woman says awkwardly “Even if it’s that man’s fault… I’m still not mentally stable. I’m afraid I might hurt someone again… just like I… just like…” She starts crying.

“Shh… shh… it’s okay, cupcake” Konako reassures her “You know it was his fault. Not yours. Never yours… And I know you won’t hurt anyone… You’ll be safe and happy once you’re away from that man, so don’t cry, alright?”

“I… thank you Konako… I don’t know if you’ll be able to do that though…” Rei says “But still… thank you for trying to cheer me up… and for coming here. Gosh, I was such an idiot not to listen to you before… all this…”

“Shh… it’s okay, cupcake. Past is just the past, alright?” She says, as reassuringly as possible. The one time Rei is talking about was Konako’s suggestion to run away together. It was when Rei’s family decided to marry her off to that man, regardless of her wishes.

“No, it’s not!” Rei says bitterly “If I had listened to you back then… I wouldn’t be here, and my poor children wouldn’t have to suffer like this…” Back then, Rei was too scared of the prospect of running away to actually do it.

“Hey, cupcake, look at me” Konako says, grabbing Rei’s hands and squeezing “It’s alright… because it’ll be alright. I’ll make sure it is, alright?”

“…You can’t Konako… But still, thank you” Rei says with a laugh “You’re the best friend I could ask for”

Konako just smiles. She doesn’t let her mask slip even though that comment made her heart clench. She’s always admired Rei. She’s always liked her… more than a friend would. She lets go of Rei’s hands and retrieves the tablet from the bag. She hands it to Rei.

“Here. Hide it from the doctors. I’ll come back for it tomorrow” She says “With this, you can watch your son at the Sports Festival”
“Sports Festival… it’s tomorrow, isn’t it?” She questions with a thoughtful look on her face “Thank you Konako… you don’t know how much this means to me”

“Anytime, cupcake… anytime” She says and gets up from the bed “Well, I have to go now! See you again cupcake!” Hopefully…

“See you!” Rei calls after her as she exits the room.

Hopefully… they’ll see each other again. Konako really hates breaking promises. But she doesn’t know if she’ll be able to hold onto that one. Inhaling sharply, she tries to calm down. She takes off the dress and puts on her mask. Then she exits the hospital, in the same manner she came in.

“Midoriya, are you ready to give the athlete’s oath?” Kan sensei asks him, and Izuku suddenly feels that he’s not as ready as he’d thought he was.

“S-sure…” A little white lie, since telling his homeroom teacher he’s not ready would be even worse.

Kan sensei nods and goes leaves 1-B’s room. Well, time to panic. Of course he just had to place first on the entrance exam. He really wishes that this one time Kacchan would take the first place. Because he’s about to panic here. He’s absolutely terrible with public speaking. Add to it the fact that class 1-A is already favoured, so if he messes up his speech, his class will be even worse off. Probably.

“Wow, Midoriya, you placed first?” Awase says with awe “That’s so awesome! How many points did you get?”

“N-ninety two…” He says awkwardly.

“How?!!?” Awase exclaims “Wait, wasn’t the second place with 70 points? What’s with that gap?!!”

“Well, Kacchan got in second, but he had only villain points… if he had the rescue points he’d be first” Izuku explains, still feeling awkward “I got 60 rescue points and 32 villain points… Mostly because I went around healing everybody”
“Wow…” Tokage exclaims “That’s our pocket healer for ya”

“Excuse me, your what?!” He asks.

“Pocket healer! You know…” She says with a bright smile “Like Mercy!”

“You had a Mercy pocket healer?!” Tsuburaba gapes at her “Man, I’m so jealous…”

“Guys… But I can do other things besides healing…” Izuku says, still a bit confused.

“Right… but remember to stick to our plan, I’m talking to all of you here” Monoma says and glares at Honenuki and Shiozaki.

“Even though it is a tactic, I do not feel the need to hold back” The aforementioned girl says “I believe we should not underestimate our enemies like that”

“We’re not underestimating anyone, it’s part of the plan!” Monoma repeats with annoyance.

“I refuse to do this though. It’s belittling towards our foes” Shiozaki answers.

Monoma apparently gives up. He sighs and turns to leave.

“We should be going, it’s about to start” The boy says and leaves the room.

They all follow after him. Halfway through, they meet some people from 1-A. Shouto is there too. Izuku immediately walks over to the boy. They greet each other and lean against the wall of the tunnel, waiting for Present Mic to call their classes. Izuku nervously floods his friend with chatter, and the other boy lets him. He’s starting to get more relaxed… Maybe he’ll be able to give that speech, if Shouto is there.

“Deku…” Kacchan’s voice growls from within the tunnel and suddenly, all of Izuku’s confidence is
“O-oh, h-hi Kacchan!” He says with a nervous smile.

Kacchan glares and walks up to him. He looks furious… per normal. Izuku tenses up even more.

“Don’t get cocky, you useless piece of shit” Kacchan snarls and extends his hand towards him.

He’s about to grab his arm, hand lit up with incoming explosion when Shouto suddenly grabs the other boy by a wrist and moves to stand in front of Izuku. Kacchan’s arm is suddenly encased in ice. He snarls and glares at Shouto with narrowed eyes.

“What the hell, Half and Half…” He hisses through gritted teeth.

“I would advise you to step back” Shouto says calmly “Your quirk lets you create explosions from sweat, right? Well, I’d say it’s quite hard to sweat when you’re covered by ice. And even if you break it now, I can go at it all day” He says menacingly “Step back”

“Tch” Kacchan clicks his tongue but retreats.

It’s then that Izuku notices that it’s not only Shouto that moved. Most of his classmates are in battle stances, glaring at Kacchan. Kendo honestly looks ready to smack him at a moment’s notice. And Monoma’s gaze is filled with so much hatred it’s quite scary. What’s the most jarring though, is that even some students from 1-A look like they’re ready to stop Kacchan if it’s needed. Everyone seem to be frozen in place, as if waiting for something. That is, until Tokage darts towards Izuku and hugs him with a wide smile.

“Yea! Leave 1-B’s pocket healer alone!” She says and tightens her grip “He’s ours!”

And it’s as if time started moving again. Some people laugh at her exclamation, other drop their battle stances, Shouto is mostly stuck between looking confused and amused. Kacchan clicks his tongue, saying ‘whatever’ and backs off even more, leaning against the wall next to some of his classmates. Izuku heaves a sigh of relief.
“Oh my god, you’re so huggable!” She says and squeezes him again, nuzzling his hair “So soft…”

“Uhm, Tokage, can you let me go?” He asks, getting more and more embarrassed.

“Nope~!” She says and continues hugging him.

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…I’m here! Sorry for being late” The nice girl he recognises from the entrance exam says as she runs up towards the crowd. That scary bespectacled boy is following her.

Tokage finally lets him go and moves to stand next to Kendo and a very confused Tsunotori. She’s starting to relax again when the nice girl notices him.

“Hey, it’s you!” She exclaims and runs up to him, the other boy right after her “I’ve never gotten the chance to thank you for what you did at the entrance exam, thanks! Oh, by the way, I’m Ochako Uraraka!”

“I’m Iida Tenya from class 1-A” The other boy says, gesticulating wildly “I’ve wanted to apologize for my rude behaviour during the exam. I’m truly sorry”

“Uhm, oh, it’s okay, and no problem Uraraka!” He answers and tries to back away a bit, feeling uncomfortable.

Thankfully, Present Mic rescues him from more awkwardness as he calls for class 1-A. Uraraka and Iida bid him goodbye and wish him good luck, as does Shouto. Shortly after, class 1-B is called and Izuku goes out there together with his classmates. Yeah… he’s going to be okay. He has his class… and Shouto. It’s going to be alright. He tries to smile as they’re walking towards the centre of the stadium.

Chapter End Notes

Gogo Tokage and Shouto! Protect the pocket healer :D
I hope you liked this chapter! Take care and have a nice day
See ya soon \o/
“Now for the athlete’s oath!!” Midnight says, snapping with her whip.

“Oooh! The first year’s ref this time is the R-rated hero Midnight!” Someone in the crowd says excitedly.

“What about the principal?” Another person asks.

“He’s always assigned to the third-year stage” Someone answers.

“R-rated? Should she really be in a high school?” A bird-headed student asks.

“Shut it!” She says snapping with her whip again “Pipe down! Your student representative is… from class 1-B, Izuku Midoriya!”

Izuku inhales deeply to calm himself and walks up to the stage. He’s still nervous, especially with all the strangers here, so he tries to keep his gaze on his classmates. Some of them are giving him encouraging smiles. So he smiles too. The brightest smile he can manage right now.

Izuku inhales deeply to calm himself and walks up to the stage. He’s still nervous, especially with all the strangers here, so he tries to keep his gaze on his classmates. Some of them are giving him encouraging smiles. So he smiles too. The brightest smile he can manage right now.

“H-hello everybody…” He says “I’m sure we’re here for different reasons and with different goals in mind… But I think, that aside from completing those goals we all should focus on something else – having fun. Sports Festival happens only once a year so, let’s make the most of it!” He pumps his fist in the air, a little awkwardly.

There are some cheers from the students, mostly from his class and a red haired kid who says that it was ‘manly’. The spectators cheer too. He awkwardly returns to his classmates, flushed red and completely flustered. Oh god, it was horrible. He hides his face in his hands… He just wants to die
right now. This was easily one of the most embarrassing thing’s he’s done. He feels someone put a hand on his shoulder and he looks up. It’s Kuroiro. The boy whispers a quite ‘good job’ and then takes his hand away. Izuku calms down at that. If his friend is saying that then it couldn’t be that bad, right?

“Now, without any delay, let’s get the first event started!!” Midnight says.

“Everything at U.A. is always without delay…” Uraraka remarks.

“Yeah, maybe if you’re in 1-A they do everything without delay…” Monoma mutters under his breath and gets jabbed in the ribs by Kendo.

“These are the qualifiers! It’s in this stage that so many are sent home crying every year!!” Midnight says loudly “And the fateful first event this year is…”

“She’s actually stalling like crazy” A black haired girl with something like earphone jacks hanging from her ears says.

“This!” Midnight finishes with a pose, pointing at a big screen. Izuku gulps.

“Last man standing?” Shiozaki murmurs “I thought these were qualifiers?”

“Last man standing…” Izuku echoes with furrowed brow.

“It’s a match between every member of all eight classes!” Midnight says “Everyone who hits the ground under the arena is automatically disqualified!”

“Wait, ‘under’?” Izuku tilts his head in confusion.

“Cementoss if you would!” Midnight gestures to the other hero and suddenly, the concrete beneath them rises up, creating platforms and bridges high above the ground level “Our school preaches freedom in all things! Hehehe… So as long as you don’t fall down, anything is game! So, let’s go! 3… 2… 1… START!”
Monoma looks around. Thanks to the platforms shifting away from each other and changing places their strategy will be just a bit harder. Well, doesn’t matter. He knows that his classmates are capable of handling themselves. He finally spots the person he needed – Tsuburaba. Unfortunately, the boy is on another platform. Well, at least Midoriya is here.

“Hey, Midoriya, can you buff us?” He asks and the boy nods, activating his quirk. Light and hologram notes envelop everyone from class 1-B who happen to be on their platform “Thanks… By the way, any idea how I might get there?” He points at Tsuburaba’s platform.

“Oh, let me create a bridge for you!” Midoriya says and starts playing again. Ice forms a path to the other platform “Thanks Midoriya!” He calls out as he runs towards the rest of his classmates.

Yui looks around in confusion. She ended up separated from the rest of her classmates. Well, she ended up separated from literally anyone. Instead of a platform, she’s standing on a gigantic arc that stretches above all the other platforms. She sighs and shrinks. Maybe if Cementoss doesn’t see her here, he won’t try to destroy the arc. And she’s fairly sure he would do it once she saw her, since she can see him collapsing some platforms back to the ground, without any warning.

It’s honestly kind of scary. Some kids look around at each other in confusion when the platform began to quickly melt down under their feet. One guy jumped to another safe place. The rest weren’t as lucky and they ended up on the ground. Yui looks around. Cementoss’ attempts to get them off aside, there are people fighting on various platforms. She can see that rude blond from earlier, the one that tried to attack Midoriya, attempting to push people off of the platform he’s standing on. Scary… Though, she’d still want to punch him. Heaving a sigh, she moves more to the centre of the arc and sits down. It’s going to be a waiting game for her.

Sen (Kaibara) blocks yet another punch from a guy with a tail from 1-A. The other boy is quiet good at hand to hand, it seems. Still, Sen is no pushover either. He keeps blocking every single attack thrown at him, while exerting as little energy as possible. Due to Cementoss’ attempt to mix up the classes, he ended up far away from Midoriya so he can’t really count on the boy for replenishing lost energy. Seeing an opening, he attacks without hesitation. The tail-guy has to leap back to avoid him. Just when he tries to attack again, the platform under their feet shakes.

The other boy seems to get the idea, so he jumps away, using his tail to propel himself. Sen activates his quirk again and makes a run for it too. Some of the students on their platform also escape, but majority of them just stays and waits for the inevitable fall. He really feels bad for people who can’t jump between the island-platforms. He finally spots the platform where some students from 1-B are. He heads there.
“Watch out!” Yosetsu (Awase) yells as someone from another class tries to get on their platform.

Tsuburaba only nods and uses his quirk to stop them. Monoma is on the other side of the platform, looking for possible threats. Komori and Bondo are also here, but they don’t do much. Bondo’s quirk is basically useless for pushing people off and Komori is… well, her mushrooms can’t do that much. Suddenly, the platform starts shaking and falling down. Yosetsu curses and he’s about to try to jump to another platform when Komori’s voice stops him.

“Everyone, please come here!” She yells and they come to her.

She places both of her hands on the collapsing platform and a mushroom starts growing there. It’s red with white dots. He looks at it with confusion, not really knowing why she’s doing that instead of going to another platform, but the mushroom just keeps on getting bigger and bigger. Bondo jumps up and glues himself to it. Komori extends one of her hands to Yosetsu and the boy takes it, jumping on the mushroom. Monoma and Tsuburaba also climb on top of it as it grows rapidly bigger. Once their platform is flat on the ground, they’re all sitted on a giant mushroom that just keeps growing.

“Is that allowed?” He hears Cementoss ask.

“They technically didn’t touch the ground so it’s a-okay!” Midnight yells with a smile.

They mushroom grows until it’s on the equal high as the other platforms. It stops growing for a second, and Yosetsu is about to ask what’s wrong when suddenly Kaibara jumps on it out of nowhere and Komori presses her hands on the mushroom again, making it grow higher.

“Sorry to keep you waiting” Is all Kaibara says.

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Shouto blinks in bemusement. There is a giant mushroom in the middle of the field. How…? Well, doesn’t really matter. He’s already pushed all of the people, sans the skull guy since he’s from Midoriya’s class, off of his platform. He and the other boy managed to make a temporary peace pact. At least until most people fall off. He looks around the platform. Most people from his class are still on the platforms. Most, because Koda and Kaminari apparently fell down at some point. They were quite unlucky, since their quirks aren’t well suited for this type of event.

Bakugou obliterated everyone on his platform and is now hopping from one place to another and pushing off the fighting people. Most of the people outside of heroic course are already eliminated.
And Business Course never even participated. Not a single person. Which is quite weird. He’s heard a rumour that the course is setting up booths outside to sell food and drinks. He hasn’t confirmed that though. Anyways… He focuses on the current situation again. There are only three students who aren’t in hero course now. They’re all on the same platform and Bakugou propels himself there.

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He’s just noticed but the blond is steadily heading towards the platform Midoriya is on. Cursing quietly, Shouto makes an ice bridge connecting to the closes platform. He starts running. He’ll have to get to Midoriya first if he wants to stop Bakugou. Because even if Midoriya is fully capable of defending himself, it’d still be bad to leave him to deal with his past bully like that.

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“Midoriya, it’s time” Kendo says, placing a hand on his shoulders “There is only 1-B and 1-A now…”

He nods and gets ready too. Some people from his class already fell down earlier. It’s just him, Rin, Kendo and Tetsutetsu on the platform right now. He can see that some people are on the giant mushroom. Other than that, he doesn’t see anyone from their class. He sighs and gets ready. Falling won’t be very pleasant but it’s a good strategy on Monoma’s part. Rin and Kendo jump down first. He stands at the edge as Tetsutetsu offers him a hand. He takes it, relieved. They’ve agreed that Tetsutetsu is going to harden and cushion both of their falls.

“What, what’s this?!? Is class 1-B falling down on their own volition?!?!” Present Mic’s voice pierces through the noise of battle.

Midoriya closes his eyes and lets Tetsutetsu drag him off the ledge. He opens them for a second and catches a glimpse of a very mortified Shouto, who is walking on an ice bridge towards the platform Izuku was at. Woops, he’s forgotten to tell him they’re going to do this… They fall rapidly, but then he hears explosions really closely and he gets blown away from Tetsutetsu.

“Like hell I’ll allow you to back down like that!” Kacchan yells as he propels himself to be right under Izuku before firing off an explosion right to the boy’s back.

“Izuku!” Kacchan screams from somewhere below him.

Izuku screams in pain as the large explosion knock him up. Kacchan uses his quirk to keep them both in the air. Except, he doesn’t hurt himself, he hurts Izuku. Explosions fired from a point blank range really hurt and the boy can feel blood trickling down his back. The pain is excruciating.
“Die! You piece of shit!” Kacchan snarls and heaves from exhaustion “Think you could become a hero, huh?!” He fires off more blasts and Izuku’s vision goes foggy from pain.

“Bakugou Katsuki! Stop or you’ll be disqualified for cruelty!” Midnight yells at Kacchan.

After some more quick explosions, he blacks out. The last things he sees is Kacchan propelling himself back up to the platform and the horror and rage on Shouto’s face as the boy shoots an ice shard in Kacchan’s direction. Then it all just turns black… That black and muffled void is back yet again, it seems. He really hates it.

Chapter End Notes

Wow Kacchan, you sure are a dick huh? Also Shouto is lowkey contemplating if he should murder Bakugou if anyone is wondering.

Thanks for reading and I hope you liked it!

Take care, have a nice day and see ya \o/
Shouto is going to kill Bakugou. He’s going to MURDER him. Unfortunately, the boy dodges the ice. Shouto snaps his attention towards the falling boy. Thankfully, someone catches Midoriya so the boy doesn’t smash into concrete on top of being injured like this. He heaves a sigh of relief before focusing on the event again. Crowd is booing Bakugou for his unheroic act and honestly? Shouto is right there with them on that. He lands on the nearest platform, and much to his satisfaction, Bakugou is already coming his way.

He readies his right side, barely shivering from cold. The moment Bakugou throws himself at Shouto, the latter encases the former in ice. Bakugou breaks the icy prison with his explosions. Shouto freezes him again. It continues like that for some time, until they’re both shivering from cold. But Shouto has much more cold-resistance. He keeps sending wave after wave of ice. Finally Bakugou gets frozen and this time, he doesn’t break out. Shouto sends some more ice to cut the icy boy from the ground and then push him over the edge.

Not quite as satisfying as murdering the boy, but this’ll have to do for now. He looks around. Only the vine girl is left from Midoriya’s class. As for 1-A… Asui, Uraraka, Tokoyami and Sero are still there. He creates another ice bridge to get closer to them. He’s going to finish this as quickly as possible and then check on Midoriya in the infirmary.

Yui is still watching the fight from her observation post. Shioza has just thrown the bird-like guy to the ground, far enough from all the other platforms for him to be unable to stop the fall. Suddenly, Shouto, attacks the frog girl. He encases her in ice and pushes her off. A good strategy, even if it’s just a bit… tough on the opponents. The boy then does the same to Shiozaki, and next the elbow-tape guy. There is only the gravity girl and Shouto down there now.

Yui gulps and starts moving to climb down. When she’s next to the giant mushroom, she jumps on it, making herself as small as possible so that the impact wouldn’t be as bad. She also rolls to lose momentum once she hits the mushroom.
“And that’s it! We have a-“ Present Mic says but cuts off “Wait, what’s that? There is still someone else there! There are two people left!”

Well, at least they noticed her. The other boy is looking around in confusion, probably trying to spot her. She sucks in a deep breath, enlarges herself and jumps onto the closest platform, making herself small again upon impact. She looks over the edge and sees that Shouto is making an ice bridge to her platform. Looks like he’s seen her. Well, this is going to be good too. She makes herself really small and waits at the end of the ice bridge. When he’s right above her, she enlarges herself rapidly, swinging with her fisted hand. She hits the boy in the throat, making him fall to one knee wheezing. She feels sorry for him but she knows she can’t waste that chance. She pushes him over the edge, as gently as possible, internally asking for forgiveness.

“And with that we have the winner of the first event!” Present Mic yells “Cheers for Yui Kodai from 1-B!”

Thankfully, once Shouto gets to the ground, Uraraka slaps him and uses her quirk. So, at least he hasn’t hit the ground with full force. He just wants to go to the infirmary and check if Midoriya is alright but he has to wait until Midnight ends the event. Finally, the teacher brings her whip up and rapidly brings it down to smack the ground.

“So, it’s finally over, let’s check the results!” She says and the board behind her shows the list of students with their ranking “The top 43 from this qualifying round will move on!!” She then snaps her gaze to Bakugou who’s just gotten out of ice with the help of some other students “Also, Katsuki Bakugou, you’re disqualified for your behaviour! We’ll discuss your punishment with other teachers at a later date” She brings her gaze up again “For those who placed lower, don’t worry! We’ve got another way for you to show your stuff! And now, a short break! We’ll continue in 30 minutes!”

Finally… Shouto sprints towards the infirmary, heart beating madly in his chest. Is Midoriya alright? Will this leave scars? How about his mental health? It’s quite obvious that he’ll be out of it after what’s happened, the only question is how bad it’ll get. He finally finds himself in front of the infirmary and knocks on the door.

“Come in!” Recovery Girl’s voice answers him.

“Good afternoon” He greets the nurse as he steps into the room “Is… Is Midoriya alright?”

“Well…” The woman’s tone turns sad and Shouto’s heart clenches “He’ll be alright but I’m afraid I
can’t allow him to participate in any more events today… He’s sleeping right now since I’ve used a lot of his stamina to heal him” She gestures towards one of the beds “You can stay with him if you want to” She says before returning to her paperwork.

He just thanks her and sits next to Midoriya’s bed. The boy looks a bit tense even if he’s sleeping. But most of all, and that is certainly weird, he seems annoyed. Or at least the way his features are make him seem that way. It’s honestly a little amusing.

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Ok, this is getting ridiculous. Izuku is stuck in the void, again, and he can’t exit it, AGAIN. If it forms into a nightmare like last time… He doesn’t really know what he’ll do but it won’t be anything good. He knows he wouldn’t be able to handle another one of those right now. Thankfully, everything around him is so muffled he doesn’t even feel pain. He’s just slightly irritated that he can’t wake up. Because he needs to wake up.

The Sports Festival is still ongoing, he has to help his classmates. Not to mention… he still hasn’t helped Shouto, not in a real sense at least. He knows he has to tell him… tell him that his left side is not unsightly, tell him that his quirk is not his father’s… He heaves a sigh of irritation. Breaking from this void is impossible for now. And it’s starting to get quite boring. He’ll probably just… float here for some time…

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To say that Itsuka is angry would be an understatement. She’s absolutely furious. And so is the rest of the class. The blond already got chewed out by his own class, and most of 1-B. The ref seems to have given him some mercy, totally undeserved mercy, as she asked him to leave the stadium and go home. Well, it’s mostly thanks to that, that the chewing out didn’t turn into people massacring the blond.

Itsuka and some other people from the class decide to check up on Midoriya. They arrive at the Recovery Girl’s room and come in after getting her permission. Midoriya is sleeping in one of the beds, and it looks like that boy Midoriya keeps hanging out with is already here. They all nod at each other in a silent greeting, not wanting to disturb the boy. Itsuka is really relieved to see that he looks… alright. Well, his skin is a bit pale but other than that he seems fine. And it’s a stark contrast to the bloodied figure she caught mere minutes ago. He’d been bleeding and he seemed deathly pale.

“There are only ten minutes until the next event” Recovery Girl reminds them.

They all turn to leave and bid goodbyes to the nurse. Before she’s out of the door though, Itsuka looks back and sees that the boy is still by Midoriya’s bed.

“Shouto…?” She asks quizzically. The boy turns his head towards her “The next event is starting
soon… aren’t you going…?

“I will go… I just need a bit more time” He answers simply.

She nods and walks out of the room.

Izuku can feel the muffleness finally disappear. He’s free of the void… He groggily opens his eyes. He’s laying on a bed… There is a white ceiling and mint-coloured walls… Oh, he’s in the infirmary, isn’t he? He turns his head and sees an empty chair. Well, almost empty. There is a blue hoodie put there. He furrows his brow. Why is there a hoodie there?

“Oh, you’re awake” Recovery Girl’s voice calls out to him and he turns to see the nurse “How are you feeling?” She asks.

“…A little tired” He answers.

“Does it still hurt?” She asks and he shakes his head “That’s good… Oh, your friend brought you a hoodie in case you were cold” She says, gesturing to the said piece of clothing.

He nods and thanks her for help. He takes the hoodie, realising that yes, he is indeed a little cold. And now that he’s actually holding it, he realises that he can recognise that hoodie. It’s the one Shouto sometimes wears… A smile spreads across his lips as he puts the hoodie on. It smells like cinnamon and mint… just like Shouto. He’s really glad that the aforementioned brought it here.

Feeling more at peace, Izuku falls asleep yet again.

All Might sighs in exasperation and disappointment. He really didn’t expect Young Bakugou to behave like that, especially attacking someone who’s already lost. He can tell that this is going to be one hell of a problem to deal with. This can go two ways… either the boy shows no remorse and gets expelled for the safety of other students… or Nedzu is going to send him to a therapy no matter what the boy does. The second option is honestly more likely. The only problem will be ensuring that Young Bakugou gets anything out of the therapy sessions though.

He runs his hand through his hair again. What a mess… and it's only the first event. Young Midoriya will be most likely unable to continue on to the second round, judging by the amount of blood Toshinori has seen when the boy was transported to Recovery Girl. Not to mention the fact that the entire class 1-B looks not only disturbed but also pretty furious. This is definitely not going to end well…
Class 1-A is looking pretty shocked and angry too. But he mostly sees disbelief on their faces. Other classes aren’t affected as much, but it looks like they’re giving the whole hero course a wide berth after what’s happened. Not like he can blame them, it was pretty violent. And most of them are only here because they have to be anyways. Although, it’s still a bit sad…

He can see that Midnight is slightly panicking beneath her mask of calmness too. Competition is all good and all, but he doesn’t envy her, being the ref that has to calm everyone down before it gets worse. And there is just no way to calm 1-B down right now. They’ve just watched one of their classmates getting brutally assaulted right in front of their eyes. And, since they’ve been through that villain attack, it may not have been the first time they’ve seen something like that. He can tell by the look on Kamakiri’s face that the scene awoke some unpleasant memories. He really does feel bad for the boy…

The next event is going to be announced in a minute. He really hopes that this one goes better than the ‘last man standing’ event. If class 1-B tries to get revenge on 1-A for what Bakugou has done… well, things might get out of hand pretty quickly. Thank god for Midnight and Cementoss being assigned here and not to second or third year stage. He watches as Midnight takes her place in the middle of the stadium. It’s about to begin…

Chapter End Notes

Hope you liked it, have a nice day and see ya tomorrow \o/ (or is it today, I’ve stopped keeping track of time, haha)
Energetic Lulaby

Chapter Summary

So, the sports festival continues \o/

!IMPORTANT! I feel the need to spread this, so go to this vid to 9:40 (time) and watch from there:
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=3xpZzOIDd9I&feature=youtu.be

Also, there will be no second chapter today as I'm planning to write the first chapter for the original story on wattpad instead, sorry for the inconvenience (for those interested in it I'll post a link once it's uploaded)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“And we’re back after the break!” Midnight announces “Now then, as for the second event… It is… Dun Dun Dun Dun… THIS!”

“Paintball hell?” Ashido questions confusedly. Not like Shouto can’t relate. It is a weird name.

“Each of you will get a preset amount of paintball bullets and a paintball gun… The higher up the list you are, the less ammunition you’ll get!” The ref smirks “The first place, however, gets only one balloon filled with paint! The more people you take out the more points you’ll gain! Each person, no matter their placing is worth 1 point! You have to hit them in the head for it to count though!”

A balloon filled with paint? So, first place may only get one person eliminated, if they don’t waste the balloon that is, but that person will be completely soaked with paint. Yikes.

“There are no teams, however, you may team up as you like during the game! Alas, those who had been eliminated don’t gain points even if they hit someone” She calls out and then her smile turns a bit sadistic “Of course, there is more suffering ahead for those at the top. As you must’ve heard countless times since enrolling at U.A., this is… PLUS ULTRA! After taking first place in the qualifiers… Yui Kodai, you’re made the target for those who got eliminated!”
“Wait what?” Kirishima asks in total confusion “Uhm, excuse me, Midnight sensei? Why would they target her if they already got eliminated?”

“Because… even if you’re eliminated you can still shoot from outside of the ring to help others!” She grins “And the first place is special target! Whoever takes her out will have a guaranteed place in the third event. If however, no one manages to get her, she will qualify to the next round!”

Well, this is… certainly not good for the poor girl. Everyone is looking at Kodai right now. Her face, however, remains as peaceful as ever. He internally apologizes to Midoriya because he’s going to target her too, and he knows how close the boy is to his classmates. Well, maybe he’ll take out some people from 1-A first…

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It may not show on her face, but Yui is internally panicking. Itsuka is reassuring her by saying that class 1-B will still work together until other people are eliminated. It still doesn’t help the fact that even those who are eliminated will go for her. She sighs. It really would’ve been better if she’d followed Monoma’s plan after all. On the other hand, even if she gets no points, she’ll still be able to go on to the next event if she survives this one.

“Hey, Yui!” Itsuka gets her attention just before the match “So, I just wanted to ask… could you use that balloon to eliminate Yaoyorozu from 1-A? She seems like she might be a tough opponent…”

“Sure” Yui agrees with a smile.

“That’s good! I’ll cover you, so don’t worry!” Itsuka says, reciprocating the smile.

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Vlad King just got the call from Recovery Girl. She’s told him what’s happened… What a mess. He really regrets that he can’t be at first year’s stage but he has to be a ref for third years. And speaking of third years, there are three that really stand out here. Tamaki Amajiki, a rather shy kid you wouldn’t normally look twice at, but who is super effective in battle. Heck, his abilities are better than many pro heroes. Nejire Hado, a talkative and bubbly girl with a really powerful quirk and good judgement. The third one… well, he’s odd to say the least. Kan can still remember the Sports Festival from this boy’s first and second year.

In both events, Togata lost his clothes after using his quirk. It was… a bit disturbing for some spectators. Nevertheless, the boy wasn’t even a bit disheartened, even as his attacks failed. This year, he’s managed to stay in his clothes for the most part, and his attacks are now really powerful. It’s really good to see a student grow so much over the course of the years. Heaving a sigh, Kan enters the room he and Nedzu agreed to meet in after receiving the news about Midoriya and Bakugou.
“Please sit down” Nedzu says in his usual manner “I assume you know why I’ve summoned you?”

“It’s because of Midoriya” Vlad King simply answers “…And because of Bakugou”

“Well, it’s only because of Midoriya” The headmaster giggles “Bakugou’s issue will be dealt with at a different time… As for why we need to talk about him… It’s about the dorms”

“The dorms” Kan raises an eyebrow, what do these have to do with anything?

“Yes, the dorms” Nedzu confirms “As you know, parents’ consent is needed if students’ are to live in the dorms… and as you can imagine, in current situation when it’s one student who hurt the other… It may be quite difficult to get Midoriya’s parents’ approval for him to stay at the dorms”

“I see” Yes, that makes sense “So, you’ve wanted to ask me to speak with Midoriya’s parents about this?”

“Yes, that’s exactly it!” Nedzu clasps his hands- paws? – “So, will you do it?”

“Alright…” He agrees. It’ll be difficult but it looks like he’ll have to do it…

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Shouto starts to see why it’s called ‘paintball hell’. He’s already run out of ammo and right now he is just sitting in a big ice sphere he’s created. There are only 41 people here, since Midoriya and Bakugou aren’t taking part, and he’s hit 10 students so it’ll probably be enough to qualify to the next round. Now he just has to wait.

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Izuku wakes up once again, feeling just a bit sore. He sits up on infirmary’s bed. Recovery Girl is looking at the screen, watching the Sports Festival. Wait… something feels weird. Didn’t PE uniform have shorter sleeves? He looks down at himself. Oh… right. He has Shouto’s hoodie. Still trying to get the remnants of sleep out of his head, he stands up. He winces at the movement, his back still hurts a little. Recovery Girl turns towards him.

“Oh, you’re up” She says “How are you feeling?”
“Good!” He says and puts on a smile “Uhm, ma’am, could I go cheer for my friends?”

“…Alright, but don’t push yourself” She says sternly “I wasn’t able to heal all of that burn with the stamina you had, so it might hurt a little if you move too much”

“Thank you!” He beams and exits the infirmary.

He heads to his class’ spectator area. When he enters, he’s surprised to see that Fukidashi is already sitting there. The moment the boy sees him, he stands up with a ‘!’ painted across his speech bubble and runs up to him. Fukidashi hugs him and Izuku is just a bit confused by this action. His classmate has never really engaged in hugs before, from what he’s seen. Even when Tokage randomly tried to hug him, he sidestepped her. The boy finally pulls away from the hug.

“Are you alright?” Is written on the speech bubble.

“Yeah… Just a little sore!” He smiles. Another little white lie. His back still hurts “So, how’s it going for our class?”

“Shishida, Komori, Awasé and Shoda all got eliminated before they got even one point! >.<” Fukidashi tells him and changes the display again “But Kaibara and Honenuki are doing alright~! They can shoot better than I’d thought! ^_^”

“Wow, that’s good!” He smiles and looks at the field.

It’s… colourful. There is paint everywhere and most people are covered in it. Especially those outside of the arena itself. He spots a familiar ice shield. He smiles. So, Shouto hasn’t been eliminated yet. That’s good. He looks more closely. There are few people on the arena itself, most are outside of it. He can spot Kendo, with miniature Kodai in her hands, Tetsutetsu, Honenuki, Kaibara as well as Uraraka and Iida from class 1-A in the arena.

“You have 5 minutes left!” Midnight calls out loudly.

“Shouto Todoroki!! Second, Hatsume Mei! Third, Sen Kaibara! Fourth Momo Yaoyorozu!! Also,
Yui Kodai has managed to stay clean and is going to advance to the next round! Cheers for the top!

"YAHH! Well said, Midnight! Cheers for the top!" Present Mic yells loudly.

"These five people along with Juzo Honenuki, Ochaco Uraraka, Iida Tenya, Fumikage Tokoyami, Tsuyu Asui, Togaru Kamakiri, Neito Monoma, Kyoka Jiro, Ibara Shiozaki, Setsuna Tokage and Eijiro Kirishima will advance to the finals!" Midnight announce "And speaking of finals, the afternoon portion of the festival will begin after a one-hour lunch break! See you then!" And then, she adds in a quieter voice "Hey Eraserhead, wanna grab some food?"

Shouto is currently standing across from a very nervous Midoriya. His friend has found him right after the second event and dragged him here, into one of the vacant corridors. His mind can’t really focus on it at all though, because Midoriya is ACTUALLY WEARING HIS HOODIE, and it’s looking really adorable since the sleeves are too long for the boy. He also keeps playing with them in a cute manner, which only adds to the adorableness. Midoriya opens his mouth as if he wants to say something than closes it again. He takes a deep breath and tries speaking again.

"Shouto… I-I wanted to tell you something" He says and looks away “And, uhm, it may sound weird or even make you angry at the beginning but hear me out until the end, okay?”

“Uhm… alright…” Shouto answers confused.

“So… uhm… I think you should use your left side” Shouto’s heart sinks but Midoriya finally meets his gaze, with determination written all over his features “I know how it sounds, and I realise why you don’t want to use them… But Shouto… Endeavor can’t control your flame… The only person who can is you, it’s YOUR quirk, not his, not anyone else’s”

“…” He waits for his friend to continue as Midoriya inhales deeply.

“And since it’s your quirk, it’s up to you how you use it… You don’t have to be like him Shouto… You can become your own kind of hero” The boy’s words tug at some distant memory but he can’t quite recall it “A-and it may be presumptuous of me to say but I think you should just accept all parts of your quirk… Because it’s part of you. I… you don’t have to be shackled by your blood ties, is all… B-because, you deserve to live your own life… for your own sake, not his nor anyone else’s… Please…?”

“…” Memories come rushing back to him and he can feel tears pricking at his eyes “I- okay
Midoriya… I’ll try” He takes the boy’s hands and smiles, for the first time in years he actually smiles. His face hurts a little, uncomfortable with an unfamiliar movement “Thank you Midoriya… thank you…”

He only now realises that Midoriya is staring at him in awe and wonder. A bright smile blooms on the other boy’s face, shining in a way that could rival the sun. In the heat of the moment he pulls Midoriya into a hug. The aforementioned reciprocates it without saying a word, something Shouto is grateful for.

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Izuku is quite content. He’s managed to tell Shouto exactly, or at least he got pretty close, what he wanted to and it didn’t make Shouto angry. Even better, it’s probably going to bring a good change in the future. After Shouto leaves to get some food before the one on one matches, Izuku just stays there for a little longer. He tries to relax and clear his head of all the emotions and exhaustion. And he really has to do something about the remaining injury because damn, that last hug hurt. He summons his piano and plays the healing melody. That’s definitely better. He then uses his quirk to regain some energy.

After that, he turns to leave. He heads towards his class’s spectator area since maybe he’ll be able to buff his friends before the matches. Halfway through though, he rounds the corner and bumps into somebody. He jumps back in surprise and apologizes, before he looks up to see who he’s bumped into. He stiffens when he sees Endeavor right in front of him.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading and I hope you liked it ^_^

See ya guys tomorrow \o/
Fiery and icy accents

Chapter Summary

first fight of the finals part I :D

Also, to anyone who hasn't seen yet, here's the link to the new story I'm writing: https://www.wattpad.com/597018707-laughing-in-the-wind-leaving-the-nest (I'd appreciate the feedback, since idk if I should continue it xD)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

There is a beat of silence as Izuku stares at the flaming ‘hero’. Endeavor looks right back at him with anger.

“Move aside, you’re blocking the way” The man seethes. Endeavor could just sidestep him but Izuku’s instincts are telling him not to point it out.

“R-right” Izuku says as he steps aside, still eyeing the ‘hero’ with narrowed eyes.

He feels a surge of hatred and disgust towards that man, but it’d be foolish to do anything right now. If he wants to help Shouto, he has to think of some plan. Also, he’s internally thanking every deity there is for the fact that Endeavor didn’t recognise Shouto’s hoodie. It could end badly if he did. The ‘hero’ walks right past him without sparing him a single glance. Izuku heaves a sigh of relief once the man is out of sigh. That was way too close.

Now then, he should probably head back to his class. He may still have enough time to buff them before matches. If he remembers it correctly, the first round will be between Tokoyami from 1-A and Monoma. Oh boy, this is going to be interesting. Izuku sprints towards the arena’s entrance and thankfully manages to catch Monoma waiting.

“Hey, Midoriya!” The boy weaves to him “It’s good to see you’re alright” He says and then his face twists with hatred “That 1-A jerk, how dare he attack you like that”

“Well Kacchan is just Kacchan I guess? Nothing to do about it” Izuku says sheepishly and Monoma shoots him the ‘are you serious’ look “Well anyways, I’ve come to buff you before the match!”
“Thanks!” Monoma says with a smile that quickly turns maniacal “Maybe with this I’ll be able to plummet that guy from 1-A to the ground”

“You shouldn’t hate them all, you know” Izuku says but he summons his piano to buff the boy.

Silver, golden, red and blue notes and light fill the air, wrapping around Monoma and melting into his skin until it starts glowing softly. Monoma smiles at him and gives him a thumbs up.

“Thanks! See you after the match” He says and goes into the arena once he’s called. Izuku goes to 1-B’s spectator area.

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Shouto is currently in 1-B’s spectator area, sitting right next to Midoriya who is waiting for the match to start and taking notes, while muttering. Some people seemed quite surprised once he walked there, but they let him stay once he’d said that he’d just wanted to sit with Midoriya. On the other hand, his classmates, who are sitting in a different area, keep giving him those weird stares. He isn’t really close to anyone from his class, so he doesn’t really care all that much about what they’re thinking but it’s starting to get a little annoying.

“Hey, does anyone know what Monoma intends to do?” Midoriya asks his classmates. Some guy with a… speech bubble? for head starts flailing his arms around to get attention.

“Monoma got my quirk before the match, so he’s probably going to use it~! ^.^” Was written on the bubble.

“Your quirk? How is that going to work?” Midoriya muses with his head slightly tilted.

“The first match!” Present Mic calls out “The prince of shadows! Fumikage Tokoyami! VERSUS! Wait, isn’t he one of those who purposefully bailed on the preliminaries?!? Neito Monoma!” The crowd cheers “The rules are simple! Win by knocking your opponent out of the ring, immobilizing them or getting them to say ‘I give up’! Bring the pain! We’ve got our good old Recovery Girl on standby! And fight dirty if you must! ‘Ethics’ have no meaning here! Still, going for the kill is a big no-no!”

“I wonder how it’ll go” Midoriya mutters.
“START!!!!” Present Mic says and they both start moving.

Monoma takes out a piece of paper and a pen and quickly finishes the last line on whatever is drawn there. Tokoyami summons his Dark Shadow and tries to attack. A shield suddenly appears in Monoma’s hand and he blocks the creature, running towards Tokoyami. He hits the boy with the shield and dodges Dark Shadow. Then, he grabs his opponent and throws him outside of ring. Literally throws him. Shouto sees that Midoriya winces a little as he watches Tokoyami make contact with the ground. He turns his attention back to the arena though, as Monoma weaves towards his classmates.

“Yaoyorozu Momo? It’s you, right?” A strange, pink haired girl asks Momo before the match.

“Yes, is there something you need?” Momo asks cautiously.

“Hello then! I’m Hatsume Mei from the Support Department!” The girl says excitedly “I’d wanted to ask you if you’d use my support gear for our fight!”

“I’m sorry but I decline” Momo says sternly.

Strangely enough, she has to spend the entire time until her first match to keep denying the girl’s request.

“The second match!” Present Mic announces “Covered head to toe in support items… Mei Hatsume of the Support Course! VERSUS! Another girl with items made by herself! Momo Yaoyorozu! Let the match begin!!”

Izuku watches in anticipation as Yaoyorozu takes out a sword and a shield from her body and charges forward. Hatsume does something with her headpiece and then stands calmly, waiting for the other girl to reach her. When Yaoyorozu is close enough, Mei jumps up, dodging by using something… that looks like hydraulic bars. And then it starts… For the whole five minutes, Hatsume dodges Yaoyorozu’s attacks and hits her with different things while marketing her creations. He has to say that he’s amazed that she can keep up with Yaoyorozu’s quirk without even using hers though.

Finally, seeming completely fed up with this, Yaoyorozu creates a long pole to jump towards
Hatsume. The latter moves to dodge again but then, Yaoyorozu takes out from her arm. Is that… a grenade? She throws it at Hatsume and it detonates with blinding light. Oh, a flash bang. Yaoyorozu takes advantage of it to finally strike Hatsume and push her out of bounds. The match ends with that.

Ochaco takes in a deep breath, trying to relax. It’s her round next. She steels herself and goes over her strategy once more. She really hopes it’ll work… She’s really tired of relaying on Iida and Tsuyu the entire time, so she wants to at least claim that one victory using only her power. The plan she has, well… It’s a bit of a suicidal plan, especially since she doesn’t know the boy’s quirk, but it may just work. She claps her hands, trying to psych herself up. It’s all going to be alright! She walks towards the arena, eyeing her opponent curiously. The boy seems quite competent from what she’s seen. They take their positions, waiting for the signal to start.

“And the third match! Skilful and always aiming for the top! Juzo Honenuki! Versus! Determined and strong young lady, Ochaco Uraraka! Let’s start!”

Ochaco doesn’t really want to be called a ‘young lady’ but it’s not like she’s going to say it aloud. She runs at the boy, body close to the ground. Honenuki, on the other hand, only lowers himself to touch the concrete. She jumps and makes herself weightless as the ground beneath her turns so soft, it tries to engulf her. Great, this is going to be horrible, she can’t stay like that for long. She tries to propel herself forward by kind of swimming in the air. The boy charges at her, preparing to attack. She smiles as the ground beneath her turns solid again. She jumps down, avoiding the boy’s kick. She slaps him on the shoulder, making him weightless. Just as planned.

She grabs the confused boy’s wrist and starts pulling him towards the white line marking the end of the ring. When he’s outside it, she releases her quirk. Suddenly, just as he’s falling, the boy grabs her shoulders and pushes, jumping over her. He pushes her on the back and out of the ring, but before she touches the ground, she makes herself weightless and grabs the boy to pull herself in. She’s starting to feel nauseous but she lands inside the ring and keeps fighting. They exchange a few blows before she makes him light again. Trying not to repeat her mistakes, she only pushes him away, not giving him the chance to grab her again. Then, she releases her quirk and he falls on the ground just beyond the ring.

“The fourth match! The manliest of them all, Eijiro Kirishima!” Eijiro grins at the manly introduction Present Mic gives him “Versus! It’s class 1-B’s assassin! Every… something or the other has it’s thorns! It’s Ibara Shiozaki!”

“Pardon my objection but what do you mean by ‘assassin’? I have merely come this far seeking victory” Man, she’s so manly too!

“S-Sorry about that!” Present Mic apologizes “Ekhm, let’s start then! GO!”
Shiozaki turns her back to him and some vines separate from her… hair? They cover the ground and creep towards Eijiro. He hardens and tears through them once they try to wrap him. He continues doing that as he pushes onward. Once he’s close to the girl, he tears through the final wave of vines and begins shoving his opponent out of the ring. It takes some time and tearing through even more vines, but in the end, he succeeds. He grins and weaves at the cheering crowd. Hmm… maybe he’ll talk to the girl after the festival is over. She seems so manly, it’d be nice to be her friend!

“Good luck, Shouto!” Midoriya calls after him as he leaves the spectator area. He only nods in response.

He walks through the halls, heading towards the ring but he’s stopped by his father as the man appears in the hallway.

“You disgrace me, Shouto” The man hisses “You could’ve crushed all your competition in the earlier events if you’d used your left side” he sneers as he blocks Shouto’s path “Grow up. Stop rebelling like some petulant child. Remember your duty is to surpass All Might” Shouto glares at his father with hatred and irritation. His promise to Midoriya seems to have escaped his mind “Understand? You’re different from your brothers. You’re my greatest creation!”

“That’s all you’ve got to say to me?” He asks as his face turns into a scowl “Out of my way”

“So, are you just going to continue with your childish tantrum?” The man refuses to move “Using only your ice may be good while you’re a school kid. But you’ll reach your limit soon enough”

’It’s YOUR quirk, not his, not anyone else’s’ Midoriya’s words come back to him ‘You don’t have to be like him Shouto… You deserve to live your own life’ His scowl slowly fades as he inhales deeply to calm himself down. With the renewed mask of indifference he stares at Endeavor.

“As I’ve said” He says “If that’s all you’ve got to say to me, then move out of my way”

“What will you do when you reach that limit Shouto?” Endeavor asks and he doesn’t answer “So, you’re not even going to grace me with an answer, huh?”

“…It’s simple” He finally says “Then I’ll just have to go beyond that limit. It’s often said that the walls that limit us are there to be broken”
“What a childish way to-“ He doesn’t get to finish as ice spikes are growing from the ground in his direction “You little, ungrateful-!” The man hisses as he melts the ice “You’d attack your own father??”

“I did tell you to get out of my way” He says coldly “Besides, you’ve lost the right to call yourself my father long ago. Maybe you’ve never had it in the first place, since you’ve always viewed me as a tool” He says dryly “Now, move aside for god’s sake, you’re making me late”

“You little-!” He sees Endeavor’s flames rise and he activates his quirk at full power, instantly lowering the temperature around them and making the man into an ice statue.

He sigh and walks past the chunk of ice as he hears steam rising from it, and the cracking of the ice. He pays it no mind as he walks into the arena. He has a fight to focus on so he can’t really spare Endeavor any time right now. Who was his opponent again? Someone named Kaibara or something like that from what he remembers. Doesn’t matter either way. He’s here to win, no matter his adversary.

Chapter End Notes

Hi!

I hope you liked it ;v

See y’all soon \o/

(author’s note: Izuku was in the tunnel longer than in canon and missed the recreational activity)
Aria of ice

Chapter Summary

the rest of the fights in round 1 of the finals

Place yer bets for round two \o/

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Izuku observes as Shouto and Kaibara stand in the ring, waiting for the signal to start. Shouto looks… just a little bit off. Izuku furrows his brow. Did something make the other boy upset? Or maybe… did he meet Endeavor? It’s certainly a possibility. He feels bad for Kaibara right now. When Shouto is upset his attacks tend to be a little over the top. Good thing he’s only buffed Kaibara before the match. Well, it was due to Shouto refusing the help but still…

“And finally! The best of the best! Strongest of the strong! Shouto Todoroki of the hero course! VERSUS!” And here comes the start of the battle “The one who can both shoot and punch effectively! Yet what was he doing in the preliminaries anyways? Sen Kaibara, also of the hero course! Let’s start!”

Izuku counts to three and… yep, here comes the unreasonably flashy attack. Giant Ice Wall. He’d go as far as calling it giant glacier if it wasn’t for that fact that he’s helped Shouto train his ice and he’s seen the REAL giant glacier. On a side note, good thing that it’s happened near the ocean, and that the glacier itself was pointed that way. It’d be a serious mess otherwise. But, back to the situation at hand, everyone is stunned into silence at the icy display. The wall of ice encasing Kaibara is so huge it goes over the roof of the stadium. He can’t blame people for backing away from the ice as they have to lean away not to touch it. It’s especially bad in the 1-A’s sector. And he can just see the flabbergasted expressions on Present Mic’s and Eraserhead’s faces. Although… in case of Aizawa-sensei, the only thing indicating it are the widened eyes, since, well, he’s covered in bandages. He has to keep himself from snickering. If only they’d seen other things Shouto can make with his ice.

“Kaibara… can you move?” Half-frozen Midnight asks.

“Y-yes ma’am…” Kaibara says while trembling but braces himself nonetheless.

Shouto gives the boy a dubious glance. But Izuku knows what Kaibara is about to do and he has to say that he’s excited! He sees the glint in the boy’s eyes as the aforementioned activates his quirk. With the buff for strength Izuku gave him, the boy easily breaks the ice and throws himself at
Shouto. The crowd momentarily starts cheering but it only goes on for a few seconds. Reason? Shouto throws ANOTHER glacier at Kaibara, trapping him for the second time. He’s visibly shivering now, after using so much ice, but Izuku is fairly sure that if he put his mind to it, he’d be able to get a third glacier. Shouto is… scary when he gets serious. The first glacier gets a little crushed and pushed forward in the process, earning a few yelps of surprise from the people directly under it.

“WAS THAT ANOTHER ONE?!?!” Present Mic yells and it’s honestly hilarious to see his expression “WHAT THE HELL IS UP WITH THAT HORRIFYING STRENGTH!!? ERASERHEAD, WHAT KIND OF TRAINING DID YOU DO WITH HIM?!?!”

“Don’t ask me, I have nothing to do with that” Aizawa-sensei says in his usual deadpan, after regaining his calmness, and it’s even more hilarious in comparison with Present Mic.

Kaibara breaks free again and tries to charge for Shouto, but falls to his knees midway through, shivering. He tries to stand up and take a battle stance, but in the meantime, Shouto has coated his arm in ice and started running forward. Before Kaibara can fully regain balance, an icy fist slams into his stomach. The boy falls to his knees again, and Shouto grabs him by the arm to throw him outside the ring. There is a moment of silence after that.

“K-Kaib-bara i-is out of b-bounds!” Midnight says while shivering visibly. That second wave of ice really got to her.

“D-don’t mind!” A voice rings out from the audience and soon the whole stadium is trying to cheer Kaibara up.

Izuku doesn’t listen to it, as he’s already running through the corridors and into the arena. He sees that Shouto is already trying to warm Kaibara up so he runs up to them. Midnight seems confused about his sudden appearance, and it’s not only her.

“Midoriya…?” Present Mic questions through the speakers. Eraserhead doesn’t comment.

He just ignores it, fully concentrated on the task at hand. He shares a glance with Shouto and tells him to take care of the glaciers while he helps Kaibara. The other boy only nods curtly before he’s off. They both know that it’s the best arrangement, seeing as Izuku’s flames aren’t as powerful, and there is also the fact that he can heal. He kneels down beside Kaibara, summons his piano and starts playing to summon the fire. He has to warm Kaibara up, the faster the better. No one interrupts him as small flames flicker by his side and move to warm the boy up. There are murmurs from the audience, as people are clearly baffled by his actions and most likely by the fact that he got blasted
like that in the first event and still came here. He tries to tune it out and focus on work.

Once he’s done with the ice, and Kaibara is no longer shivering, he switches melodies, calling forth the healing notes. Bluish-green light covers everything around him and heals Kaibara’s bruises and scratches. Once he’s done, Kaibara thanks him as they both stand up. They part as Izuku runs up to Shouto. The latter, noticing his presence turns to him.

“It’d be better if you don’t buff my flames for now” Shouto murmurs and goes back to melting the ice.

“I won’t let them even touch you, I promise. I’ll just melt the ice” Izuku says determined as he summons the flute. Shouto raises an eyebrow at that choice “What? I’ll melt it from the top, so the notes have to go all the way over there”

Shouto just shrugs and Izuku gets to work. They melt the ice in complete silence, something they’ve done many times before. But now it’s a little awkward. Mainly because there’s a stadium full of people staring at them and not knowing how to react. The fact that even Present Mic is at loss as to what to say is not helping. Izuku tries to tune everything else out as he focuses on the notes. They’re fiery, orange, red and yellow swirling madly and passionately deep in their cores as they combust brightly to form flames. They flicker from time to time, effortlessly gliding through air towards the tip of the glacier (why did that thing have to be so big anyways? It’s a pain to melt it). Small embers appear in the air together with flames but they fizzle out quite quickly after forming. Soon, the two glaciers are completely melted and the water created from them evaporates after it’s subjected to fire. Izuku and Shouto leave the arena together as Kodai and Tokage pass them by, entering the ring and awaiting the next round.

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“Ekhm, well that was a bit unexpected…” Present Mic says “BUT… Without further ado, let’s get to the next fight shall we? … Appearing out of nowhere and taking everyone by surprise! It’s Yui Kodai!!! VERSUS! The spirited and strong, although we haven’t seen her in action all that much! Setsuna Tokage!!”

Tokage waves to everyone and even sends a kiss towards her classmates, to which both Monoma and, surprisingly, Kendo roll their eyes. Kodai just curtly bows to everyone present and takes a fighting stance.

“LET’S START!” Present Mic gives the signal and they both start circling each other.

Yui is not sure if she’ll be able to win. They’re both really good with hand-to-hand combat, but even if she knows that she’s better than Tokage as far as that type of fighting is concerned, there is still the
matter of their quirks. Tokage can not only severe her limbs and regrow them at will, she also has heightened recovery rate. Which means, the longer they fight, the more it’ll turn in Tokage’s favour. On the other hand, Yui can make herself smaller or bigger as she pleases to avoid blows and make opponent’s dodges meaningless respectively. Still, she’ll have to end this quickly.

She charges forward and opens up with a punch. Tokage tries to dodge, but at the last second, Yui enlarges herself enough to still graze her. She shrinks momentarily and rushes at the other girl again. Tokage blocks this time, knowing she can’t avoid the blows that easily. Punch, block, kick, block, another kick, block and counterattack, dodge and kick, block again. They go at it for a few seconds. Tokage’s arms get covered in bruises from blocking all the time but they start fading away already. Yui tries to kick the girl again. Kick, block, punch, block, punch, failed dodge, kick, block. Yui keeps pushing Tokage towards the end of the ring, but she can feel the exhaustion already. She feels dirty with sweat and she can actually taste a bit of salt from it in her mouth. She keeps her expression deadpan as she continues attacking. Jab, block, punch, block and failed counterattack, cross using the counterattack, Tokage recoils from the power behind the hit. They’re already nearing the end. Yui decides to end it with a bang. Or a ‘Superhuman Punch’ to be precise, at least her teacher calls it that.

Tokage regains her balance and tries to throw a punch of her own. Yui blocks and prepares for the finishing move. She feigns a kick and when Tokage takes the bait, Yui quickly snaps the leg back while throwing a cross. The punch has much more force behind it then the earlier one and Tokage goes falling onto the ground outside of the ring. Crowd cheers as Midnight announces her the winner.

“Now then! Let’s start the next match, shall we?!” Present Mic’s voice booms through the stadium, answered with cheers “Next up is stern and moral, Iida Tenya of the hero course! VERSUS! Adorable frog-like appearance and enormous agility! Tsuyu Asui, also from the hero course!”

Tsuyu balances on her legs, ready to jump the moment the match starts. Iida is also ready to start running any minute, and most likely push her out the bounds. They keep their eyes on each other, the one who gets the first move will most likely win.

“LET’S START!”

Right on cue, she jumps away as Iida sprints right in her previous direction. He’s really fast with his quirk, and she’s not sure if she’ll be able to dodge him for long. Iida makes a turn and runs at her again as she jumps into the air and places her tongue on the ground, in a way that’d make the boy trip. And he does in fact trip over it. As she lands, she wraps her tongue around him, not letting him stand up again, and moves her head to throw him outside of ring. Once he’s out of bounds, she’s declared the winner.

Kyoka stands across a boy from 1-B that looks just a bit like a mantis. They’re both in battle stances,
waiting for Present Mic to signal the start of the match.

“And finally, the last match of the first round!” Present Mic yells loudly “The girl who has both style and battle prowess! Kyoka Jiro! VERSUS! I don’t really know what to say about him but I do know that he’s scary in battle! Togaru Kamakiri!! START!”

The first thing she does is amplifying her heartbeat to stun her opponent. It does kind of work, but Kamakiri still tries to press onward. Also, now she has a problem since she can’t really move. She really didn’t think that through, did she? She intensifies the sounds, the concrete beneath her shatter a bit and the boy has to use his blades to keep himself from getting blown back. Nevertheless, he still continues on, climbing forward by using his blades. This is going to be quite troublesome. Once the boy is close enough, she stops her attack and extends her earphone jack to use them as whips instead.

She clicks her tongue in dissatisfaction as Kamakiri keeps blocking her attacks and runs straight at her. She dodges the first strike and tries to whip him with her earphone jacks but he effortlessly blocks them with his blades. She tries to kick him but he just hides his blades and catches her leg. Irritated, she tries to free herself. His grip is quite solid though. In the end he sweeps her off her feet and drags her to the white lines marking the end of the ring. She tries to resist and kick him, but he doesn’t let go until he throws her out of bounds. Present Mic declares her defeat.

Chapter End Notes

And so, the first round comes to an end \o/
I hope you enjoyed the chapter ^_^
Lemme know who do you think will win :D
Chapter Summary

The winner of the bonus scene poll is no 3: Monoma did WHAT?!?. Enjoy ;3
Also, the last fight is dedicated to Kisari. Thanks for the idea pal!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Bonus scene: Monoma did WHAT?!?

Just after the match between Kodai and Tokage ended, Kendo walks up to Izuku and Shouto – the latter listening to the former’s mumbling, and thoughtfully looking at the notes Izuku is making. She taps them both on the shoulders and they turn towards her in unison.

“What is it, Kendo?” Izuku asks confused by the girl’s worried expression.

“Well, uhm, have either of you seen Monoma?” She asks.

“No” “…I don’t think so” They answer at the same time.

“Oh, okay then, thanks…” She turns to leave but Izuku stops her.

“Hey Kendo, why are you worried about Monoma?” He asks perplexed “He can handle himself”

“Well, I know that, but it’s not Monoma I’m worried for” She says with a sigh “I’m more worried about what kind of mess he might make if I let him be”

Izuku and Shouto share a confused glance as they watch Kendo come up to every person and ask the same question.

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“Hey Komori! Have you seen Monoma?” Itsuka asks, without any real hope left.

“U-uhm, t-that is… yes” The girl says nervously.

“Really?!? Where is he?” Itsuka asks animatedly.

“W-well, I… I don’t know” The girl answers “He just borrowed my book and went off to somewhere..”

“Oh, thank you!” That’s good, if he’s just reading a book then there should be a problem “What was that book about, by the way?”

“W-well, it was about mushrooms…” The girl answers shyly.

“Oh, huh, I didn’t know he’d be interested in-“ Itsuka cuts herself off when understanding dawns on her “Wait, did you just say it was about mushrooms?!?”

“Y-yes?” Komori looks confused but answers nonetheless.

“Oh, oh god, this is bad… Did he… touch you when he was taking that book?” Itsuka asks worriedly.

“T-touch me?!?” The girl squeals in shock.

“Well, it could be any contact whatsoever. From a light brush to your hand to a high five” Itsuka explains, waiting patiently.

“O-oh, that kind of touch… Well, uhm, I guess our hands might have brushed when I was handing him the book?” She says.

“Thanks!” Itsuka says and then he’s on her way to find that idiot. She swears to god, if he creates any mess with those mushrooms…
Itsuka has been searching the stadium for quite some time. Just where the heck is he? As she searches the corridors, she sees something she wouldn’t expect. Well, doesn’t matter, that may just be her chance to see if anyone saw Monoma.

“Hey Tsunotori!” Itsuka waves at the girl who is standing surrounded by a group of cheerleaders “Have you seen Monoma?”

“Monoma?” Tsunotori tilts her head and beams brightly “Yes! He’s gone to help us just a second ago!”

“Help you?” Itsuka asks confused. Just what kind of help required Komori’s quirk?

“Yes!” Tsunotori smiles even brighter “There was this… purple kid, bothering us. Monoma said that he’ll make sure he doesn’t bother us again!”

“Oh” Well, that could be bad. But seriously Monoma, would you hurt even a kid?!? “What did that kid do?”

“He was that one from 1-A… He tried to see us too” The girl puffs up her cheeks in anger. Wait, if she means Mineta from 1-A… since he’s the only purple 1-A student Itsuka can think of, with that guy, would that ‘see’ mean something like ‘peek’ instead?

“That’s awful” Itsuka says with disgust. Still just what is Monoma doing? “But… how is Monoma going to make sure that this boy doesn’t bother you again?”

“I don’t know… But he seemed like he could do something about it!” Tsunotori says excitedly “It was so cool and nice of him!”

“Oh, alright” Itsuka can’t help but feel a little dumbfounded by Tsunotori’s sudden burst of enthusiasm “Well, I have to go for now, bye!”

Tsunotori also answers her with a short ‘bye’ before turning around and speaking with the cheerleaders again. Itsuka just continued her search, now at least knowing what this is about. Maybe she’ll be able to stop that idiot before he does something everyone will regret.
Monoma smiles to himself as he approaches the perverted guy from 1-A. In his hands, there is a special crepe made with the help of the Business Course. Honestly, those guys are awesome to let him use one of his own ingredients instead of preset ones. Well, they mostly just wanted to sell him something, and if he wants them to add a thing he had, then why not? Mutually beneficial.

“Hey, Mineta!” He calls out, approaching the boy “Tsunotori said to give you this on her behalf, since he wanted to apologize for using her quirk on you” …A little white lie. Though, Tsunotori really did use her quirk to blast the boy out of the room.

“She did?!?” Mineta squeals in a disgusting manner and then starts throwing inappropriate comments about Tsunotori.

Honestly, if it wasn’t for the fact that Monoma needs the boy to eat that damned crepe, he’d punch him right now. Repeatedly. Preferably with the use of a strength enhancing quirk. He still keeps a more or less normal face though. And… here. Mineta ate it. Well, that should take care of the nuisance for the rest of the day. Monoma bids farewell to the boy and turns to leave… Only, there is a very angry Kendo there in the corridor. And she’s going straight for him. Wooops.

“Monoma, what did you do?” Itsuka questions the boy once she finally finds him.

“…I didn’t do anything” The boy averts his gaze as he answers.

“I know you did SOMETHING” She says, exasperated “You even got Komori’s quirk and a book so that you could use it effectively. Not to mention you told Tsunotori you’d make sure Mineta doesn’t bother her anymore. So… what did you do to Mineta?”

“…” He looks just a bit uncomfortable under her glare “…I might have or might have not slightly poisoned the crepe I gave him…”

“You WHAT?!?” Itsuka looks at him in utter shock “No matter how bad he is, why would you straight up poison him?!”

“Chill out, it won’t do much” He says, amused as he regains his cocky attitude “He’ll just… not be able to leave the restroom for the rest of the day”
“I can’t believe you’d do something like that” Itsuka says in a defeated tone “Come on, we’re going back to our class, where I can actually keep an eye on you”

“You don’t trust me that much?” Monoma asks dejected.

“I have reasons for that!” She sternly states, gesturing intently in the direction where Mineta went.

“Oh, you’ve found him!” Izuku says once he notices Kendo and Monoma walking back to their class’ area together “What were you guys up to?”

“Monoma poisoned that weird purple-haired kid from 1-A…” Kendo states, glaring daggers at Monoma.

“I’m sorry but… MONOMA DID WHAT?!?” Izuku asks as the rest of their class stares at Monoma in bemusement. They’ve spend about thirty minutes listening to the whole story. And, even if Mineta kind of deserved it, Izuku resolves to also keep an eye out on Monoma in the future. Just in case the boy has any more… bright ideas.

Bonus scene ends here

Ochaco is walking around the room she’s in, knowing all too well that she’ll have to go out there and fight soon. Why did it have to be like that?!? Why does she have to fight Tsuyu so early on. Just why. She knows that strength-wise, it’s still better than fighting against Todoroki, because serious the guy is too overpowered, but she can’t help but fear fighting her –totally-not-crush- friend. She pokes her own cheeks in an attempt to focus some more.

It’ll be alright, it’s just a fight. Just a fight… Oh my god, who is she kidding, she has no chance of beating Tsuyu! Tsuyu is just… too agile and graceful. And also goddamn fast. Even if she wants to mainly focus on rescue, right about now Ochaco would be very grateful for some more hand-to-hand fighting skills. She heaves a deep sigh. It’s alright, it’ll be okay. Just calm down, analyze the situation and prepare a plan. If there is one good thing about it, it’s that Tsuyu has to physically touch her to get her out of bounds. If Ochaco is fast enough, she just may stand a chance. All she needs to do is too activate her quirk and fly Tsuyu out of bounds.
Wait… what if Tsuyu brings herself to the ground using her tongue? Or if she’ll just remain glued to the ground. Tsuyu’s abilities should be like those of a frog, right? Ochaco has seen some frogs sticking to the walls, so it may just be that Tsuyu can do that too. On the other hand… even if the girl glues herself to the ground or uses her tongue, she still wouldn’t be really able to fight in this state, would she? Well, either way, it’s time to go.

“And finally! It’s time for the first match of the second round!” Present Mic announces “Ochaco Uraraka versus Tsuyu Asui!”

‘Has he given up on fancy intros?’ is all Tsuyu can think about.

“Let’s start!”

Tsuyu jumps forward, wanting to fight in a close quarters battle rather than use her tongue. It’s easier to dodge Uraraka’s hands that way. Uraraka immediately tries to touch her, Tsuyu twists to dodge her hands and kicks the girl. While her opponent is trying to regain balance, Tsuyu risks a punch to the other girl’s face. And that is her biggest mistake. Even as Uraraka is recoiling from the punch, there is a small smile on her lips because she’s managed to touch Tsuyu for just a moment and activate her quirk.

Tsuyu feels the weightlessness and tries to touch the ground but Uraraka immediately pushes her higher into the air. She brings herself back to the ground using her tongue but the moment she does it, Uraraka kicks her. The kick is messy and amateurish but Tsuyu was still unable to block due to her centre of gravity being… well, different. She retreats her tongue on instinct and before she can do anything, Uraraka is dragging her towards the edge. Not good. She uses her legs to kick off of the other girl, and float higher into the air. Uraraka can’t keep her quirk activated for too long. So, it’ll just be a waiting game for now.

Uraraka seems to have realised what Tsuyu is doing but it’s too late for her too- Suddenly, Tsuyu is dropped to the ground. She tries to shift her body to have a more comfortable landing before she notices Uraraka just below her. Oh, so that’s the girl’s plan. When they’re close enough, Uraraka grabs her leg, reactivating her quirk. Then she grab Tsuyu’s other leg. Tsuyu herself is left in a rather bad position since she can’t exactly counterattack. But it’s okay, from the look on Uraraka’s face, she won’t be able to keep her quirk up for much longer. As aforementioned drags her towards the edge of the arena, Tsuyu continues struggling and wriggling away just to buy enough time. Then, suddenly, Uraraka’s grip tightens and Tsuyu’s world spins. Or to be more accurate, Uraraka spins her before letting go.

The anti-gravity quirk is gone as she lands outside the ring. Present Mic declares Uraraka as the winner, but Tsuyu’s attention is on something else. Uraraka, having reached her limit, is currently throwing up in the middle of the arena. Although she still hurts a bit from that kick earlier, Tsuyu still
prioritises her friend. She walks up to Uraraka and helps her keep the hair out of the way. When the
girl is done, Tsuyu helps her walk out of the arena.

“And the second match of the second round!” Present Mic announces “Neito Monoma versus
Togaru Kamakiri!”

“No hard feelings” Monoma says “Let’s just let the best win”

“Likewise… Let the better win” Kamakiri answers.

They take their positions. Monoma is already counting how much time he has. If the quirk he’s
borrowed run out, he’s screwed.

“START!”

Without further ado, he charges towards Kamakiri with Kaibara’s strength quirk activated. Kamakiri
extends his blades and also runs for him. They mid more or less in the middle. Kamakiri tries to slash
him, Monoma dodges and grabs one of the blades, activating Komori’s quirk and making
mushrooms grow on the blades. He smirks as Kamakiri tries to leap back. He charges at the boy with
Shoda’s quirk activated. 2x combos are quite easy, so he manages to get some hits in while
Kamakiri’s blades are still blocked by the mushrooms. He then quickly switches to Kaibara’s quirk
again and kicks Kamakiri in the solar plexus. The boy blocks it, but it still gives him a distraction for
the next attack. An open-palm hit to the head.

It… doesn’t go as planned to say the least. Knowing that he can’t dodge nor block, Kamakiri tries to
use the… whatever the hell it is on his jaw to stop the hit. The unfortunate timing on Monoma’s part
makes the boy’s palm get impaled with… fang? Tusk? Doesn’t matter. Kamakiri stiffens, stunned at
what’s just happened but Monoma just yanks his hand away and uses the distraction to hit the other
boy again, this time with his not-injured hand. The pain is not that bad due to adrenaline and he can
always get healed later. For now he has to win. He delivers a swift jump kick to Kamakiri’s head. He
smirks a little. It was really a good idea to have Midoriya teach him how to do that. While his
opponent is still dazed from the hit, Monoma puts his uninjured hand on the ground, using
Honenuki’s quirk. Kamakiri gets trapped and Monoma is announced the winner.

“Now onto the third match! Are you ready?!?” Present Mic’s question is answered by loud cheers
“Momo Yaoyorozu versus Yui Kodai! … Let’s start!”
Yaoyorozu immediately makes weapons. Yui just charges forward. It doesn’t matter how many shields and swords or other equipment her opponent creates, as long as Yaoyorozu is not able to use them skillfully it’ll be useless. Yui’s kick is blocked by a shield. She feigns a kick and when Yaoyorozu shields herself again, she jumps on the shield, making her opponent fall to her knees. She then uses the shield to jump into the air and deliver a powerful kick from this. It’s too fast for Yaoyorozu to dodge so she can only block again.

Yui can hear a cry of pain coming from the girl. That’s exactly why you don’t want to hold a shield at certain angles during blocking. Yui, who is on the ground again, tries to kick Yaoyorozu again, but the girl rolls away. Her opponent stands up and they start circling each other. Not good. From what she’s seen, Yaoyorozu is rather a strategist than an instinct-reliant fighter. Letting her take her time planning would not be wise. Yui charges again. This time, the girl greets her with an extended sword, probably trying to get Yui to hurt herself by attacking. How… foolish. Just before the sword makes contact, Yui shrinks so that he’s the size of a palm. She thrust forward, and just before she starts rolling, she returns to her original size and extends her legs more.

Thanks to that she’s able to hit a very disoriented Yaoyorozu. In a matter of seconds, she’s on her feet again, charging at her opponent. Suddenly, there is a loud bang and intense light. Yui covers her eyes but she still gets a little blinded. She feels the impact of something slamming into her. And then again. And again. Gosh, why won’t those black spots just go away. She’d shrink to avoid the blows, but without knowing what’s going on around her she might get squashed. And she’d really rather avoid that. She knows that she’s in serious trouble when her vision clears a bit and she sees the edge of the ring right in front of her. All it takes is one final push… Anticipating an impact she ducks and when she feels the air above her shift, she reaches for the hand that holds the shield. Grabbing it, she throws the other girl out of the ring. She pants heavily. Her vision is still just a bit blurry. She feels the sweat and blood. Oh, her nose bleeds, that’s why. She’s announced the winner just before she falls to her knees. Thos shoves were way more brutal than she’d thought they were. Everything hurts…

Eijiro is standing across from Todoroki. They’re in the ring and they’re about to fight. Which is just a bit terrifying. Todoroki is super manly but those glaciers earlier are no joke and Eijiro wouldn’t want to be put in them if he can avoid it. On the other hand… what’s manlier than a manly battle when facing your opponent head on? Holding back is unmanly and he’d feel unmanly too if Todoroki held back on him. So, even if he feels just a bit anxious, he smiles. Because that’s the manly thing to do! Todoroki gives him a weird look of confusion but doesn’t comment.

“And finally! The last match of the second round!” Present Mic announces “Everybody, cheer! It’s Eijiro Kirishima versus Shouto Todoroki!” The crowd cheers loudly “OKAY THEN, START!”

The moment those words are said, Todoroki throws a glacier at him, just as Kirishima hardens. He dodges to the side, narrowly avoiding the glacier that now covers at least a quarter of the ring (and a big chunk of space behind). He runs straight for Todoroki, but the boy just moves his foot a tiny bit and icy spikes erupt from the ground. Like, not towards Eijiro specifically but all around the boy, in a full circle. Thanks to his hardening, he’s able to break through it, but he can see why people would
have problems with that kind of power. On the other hand, the way that Todoroki gives it his all is so manly!

Eijiro is close to his opponent and just as he’s going for the punch… Todoroki leaps back and suddenly the whole ring is covered in a thin layer of ice. Well, it’s a bit slippery but it could be… All of a sudden, flames flicker and Eijiro’s eyes widen. Wasn’t Todoroki against using his flames. Eijiro’s smile brightens at the manliness of the fact that his classmate is finally using his full potential. That is, before the dread of what’s actually happening hits him. The flames sweep just above the ice and melt the top layer of it, making the ground super slippery. Oh, oh no. Todoroki can freeze him under himself or unfreeze it however he wants but all Eijiro can do is pray that he doesn’t slip on this very slippery floor while attacking. This is bad. But so manly.

Just as Eijiro contemplates that, not moving from his spot, Todoroki throws some really BIG ice shards at him. He’s able to defend himself thanks to the hardening but once again, it’s not the easiest battle for him. Think Eijiro, you have to figure this out! Shards finally stop being thrown at him as Todoroki most likely figured out that it’s useless against him. Eijiro looks at the boy and he really doesn’t like the smirk he sees there. Between the expressionless face Todoroki usually makes and this one, he really prefers the former. The latter just gives him a sense of impending doom. There is suddenly a wall of fire between him and Todoroki and just as he’s thinking about what the hell may the other be planning, there is a sound of hissing steam and water suddenly starts pouring at him from the fire. Well, it’s not able to move him, per se, due to low pressure but it sure made him drenched.

He can’t just stand here like an idiot dammit! That’s so unmanly! He finally resolves to run towards his opponent even at the risk of slipping on the wet ice. He jumps through the wall of fire without any hesitation whatsoever. He’s wet so it’s alright, right? In fact, he’s still drenched in water even as he emerges on the other side. He slips and falls for a second, avoiding more ice shards, by the way. He quickly continues running to Todoroki and punches him in the stomach. Before he can retract his hand, Todoroki grasps it with his right side, and all the water on him immediately freezes. Activating the hardening again, he tries to break out but to no avail as Todoroki simply adds more layers of ice. After that, Todoroki is announced the winner as Eijiro is unable to move.

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“Hey, did you see that kid, Todoroki? His versatility is just amazing!” A random spectator says from somewhere behind him.

“Yea, I know, right?!? Especially his ice. It’s so strong on its own, and with just a bit of fire, it’s even better!” Other person replies and honestly, Enji is seething in silent rage “It’s so good that even though his fire is weak like that, he’s still found a way to use it!”

“I know right?!?” The first person chirps “He’s such an intelligent and talented boy! I wonder how many heroes will want him as their sidekick?”
Not wanting to listen to all that crap, Enji Todoroki exits the spectator’s area and heads to the corridors. That ungrateful, little brat! After all that time when he refused to use his fire at all, THIS is what he does with it?!? Well, it’s still a step forward from using just the ice, but it still rubs him the wrong way. Not only is the brat getting cocky, he’s not only spiting him by using only this much fire – he’s insulting the quirk itself. He’s spend all this time to reach that perfect combination, all for this brat to first throw a tantrum and refuse to use half of it and then just use it like it’s weak! He’s going to go insane at this rate. If he hears one more comment about how his son is ‘so intelligent to use his weak fire like that’ he’s going to go up in flames. That is to say, it’s not the best day for him. Maybe at least he’ll talk some sense into this ungrateful brat he’s made his masterpiece, before the finals. Maybe then he’ll at least recover his honour…

Chapter End Notes

Wow, this got long ;o

Hope you liked it! ^_^
Also, adding an Endewhore got owned to our counter, cause in a way he did get owned by Shouto xD Even if it's not direct. If you don't agree, please tell me in the comments and I'll change it back!

Also, to anyone wondering, Izuku DID heal Monoma and Kodai :D
“Wow Shouto, those fire-ice combos were amazing!” Izuku beams at his friend after the match ended. He’s glad that Shouto was able to use his fire at a level he was comfortable with “So, I’ve been meaning to ask but-“

“I’m sorry but have either of you seen Tokage?” Kodai asks, effectively cutting Izuku off “I’m beginning to worry… I haven’t seen her since our match…”

“Now that you mention it, it is weird…” Izuku is beginning to worry as well “Oh, but Toakge can handle herself! I’m sure she’s just off doing.. something. I’m not sure what but something”

“Yeah…” Kodai answers awkwardly “I’m just worrying if I… well, if maybe I was too harsh on her during our match?”

“Don’t worry Kodai, I’m sure she’s alright!” Izuku says and Shouto nods.

“We can help you look for her if you want, Yui~!” Kendo says as she walks up to them.

“So, what did you want to ask about?” Shouto asks Midoriya once the girls start walking away.
“W-well” Midoriya stutters a bit, visibly flustered “I’ve been just wondering if you’d like to-“

“TOKAGE?!?!?” There is a yell from the two girls who were about to exit 1-B’s area to search for the girl. And once again, Midoriya is cut off.

“Hey guys! Look, look!” Tokage’s voice says excitedly.

Shouto’s attention is at the entrance, because something is off. Kendo and Kodai are both slowly backing off, look of fear and bemusement on Kendo’s face. Kodai is also visibly paler but her facial expression didn’t really change. He slowly stands up, fully prepared to attack, but then he freezes as Tokage cheerfully walks into the area. There is a… there is a snake in her arms. What.

“Look, look! I’ve found a danger noodle while I was taking a walk outside the stadium!” The girl says excitedly as the snake wrapped around both of her arms hisses “Isn’t it just the cutest?!?”

“Uhm, Tokage… you might want to release him back outside the arena…” Rin says worriedly “It might bite you”

“What do you mean it might bite me? We’re both reptiles! Reptile buddies don’t just bite each other silly!” Tokage states cheerily. Oh, right, her quirk is lizard-related or something, isn’t it?

“Uhm, Tokage… I think you should just listen to him” Honenuki says, looking at least a bit alert.

“It wouldn’t bite me! See how cute it is!” She says in a pouty voice as she hugs her arms closer.

It seems to have sent the snake off, as it bites into Tokage’s arm. It startles the girl and her arm just falls off. It literally falls off, dripping blood and everything. The snake falls to the ground too. Shouto hears a sharp inhale from Midoriya as the boy turns around not to look at the scene. He grabs Midoriya’s hand to offer at least a bit of comfort and then snaps his attention back to Tokage, whose arm has regrown by now. She looks scoldingly at the snake.

“OWw! Bad danger noodle!” She says as the snake hisses at her again.
“Tetsutetsu! Grab that snake before it bites anyone else!” Kendo says to the boy who is still standing frozen with shock.

“W-why me?!?” The boy asks in panic. Looks like he doesn’t want to hold that snake either.

“You’re the only one this thing can’t bite! Just use your quirk and take it!” Kendo orders.

Reluctantly, Tetsutetsu catches the snake. It immediately tries to bite him but is unable to thanks to the boys hardening. The aforementioned leaves, followed by a pouty, constantly protesting Tokage. This… this was something. He certainly didn’t know class 1-B could be this… crazy. He shakes his head and focuses on Midoriya again, since the boy still looks just a bit uneasy.

Setsuna is walking back after they’ve released the danger noodle, sulking just a bit. It was really alright before she hugged it! She really liked that snake, besides, she’s wanted to brighten up the mood a bit by going in and calling it a danger noodle. After all, Sports Festival should be fun, and for now people around looked really stressed. Well, they still have to fight but still! She just wanted to cheer them up… Was it too extreme to get a snake involved? Sighing, she plops down onto her seat. She furrows her brow. Shouto and Midoriya left already? Well, Shouto will have a match soon but like, why’d Midoriya leave. Someone taps her on the shoulder. She turns and sees Fukidashi. She smiles at what’s written on the bubble.

"Should I draw a Danger Noodle for you? ^_^" It’s all. But it warms her heart up.

“Yes, please do!” She says cheerily.

The boy… nods… or at least it looks close to a nod. He then takes out a piece of paper and starts drawing. She happily looks as the pencil makes lines and dots, making up a grey snake. She smiles and when she’s about to reach out for the drawing, Fukidashi puts his hand IN the paper, presumably activating his quirk, and then retracts it, a plushie grey snake in hands. Setsuna freezes, stunned by how nice the boy is to do something like that.

"Here you go~! ^_^" Is written on the bubble as he hands her the plushie.

“Thanks!” She says cheerily, hugging the mascot. After a second of pause, she tries to hug the boy too but he sidesteps her again. Whatever, maybe next time she’ll finally succeed.
They’re currently in Shouto’s ‘Contestant Prep Room’, waiting for the matches to start. Izuku is trying to ready himself to finally ask Shouto the thing he tried to ask when he’d been interrupted earlier. Twice. It’s hard for him to recover from being cut off twice. Since it’s like the universe itself is telling him not to ask. He’s playing with the sleeves of the hoodie he has on, Shouto’s hoodie, not really ready to ask yet. His friend is just waiting patiently, staring at him with that usual deadpan face. Finally, Izuku decides to ask.

“U-uhm, what I’ve been meaning to ask earlier…” He starts saying “Would you… would you want to come over to my house after the Festival ends? A-and actually, what’d you say about a sleepover? I-I, oh my god, I’m so sorry, it’s just something I’ve wanted to do. I shouldn’t have asked. I-uhm, that is, it’s totally okay to say no to that. It was just me being selfish after all… I’m sure you have your own plans and…”

“I’d like to” Shouto simply says, while also putting one of his hands over Izuku’s mouth to stop his muttering “…The sleepover sounds nice”

Izuku feels immense relief and happiness at that. He takes Shouto’s hand away from his mouth and grins at the boy. They just stand like that for a moment, until Izuku realises that after taking his friend’s hand away, he hasn’t let it go and in fact, he’s holding it now. He blushes flustered and lets it go. Now that he thinks about it, the break before the next round will be over soon, huh?

Meanwhile, Yui is sitting in her own ‘Contestant Prep Room’, and drinking some water. She’s been talking with her father over the phone just before this. He encouraged her to do her best, just like he always does. She smiles. Her father is the best. There is a knock at the doors and she quickly regains her neutral expression and walks over to open the doors. Oh, it’s just Itsuka.

“Please come in” Yui says and lets her friend enter.

“How’re you feeling?” Itsuka asks her once they’re both seated.

“…Just a bit nervous. Nothing I can’t handle though” Yui answers honestly. If she wins this, she’ll be in the finals. It is a bit stressful.

“Don’t worry! I’m sure you’ll do great!” Itsuka says with a smile.

“I’ve been wondering for a while but… Why did you help me in the second round?” She finally asks, serious eyes directed at her friend “If you didn’t you might’ve qualified…”
“Nah” The girl says, chuckling “I’m absolutely terrible at aiming, so even if I had both of my hands free, it wouldn’t give me much… Besides, the rules were really unfair towards the first place. I just wanted to make sure you make it to the finals since you deserve it”

“Why do you think I deserve it?” Yui asks, puzzled.

“Well, you’ve trained a lot, right? And I mean, everyone did, but you’ve trained a lot even before applying to U.A. didn’t you?” Itsuka says “Your martial arts really give it away… And besides, I just thought you’re strong enough to be able to go far in those one on one battle. And I was right”

“…Thanks” Is all she can say.

“Oh, just by the way, what’s that?” Itsuka asks, pointing at a neatly folded costume.

“Oh… It used to be my mom’s when she was attending U.A.” Yui answers with a smile.

“Wait, your mom went to Yueei?!?!” Itsuka looks at her, obviously surprised.

“Well, yeah… Sorry, I thought I’ve mentioned it earlier” Yui says awkwardly “She was a pro hero…”

“Was?” Itsuka questions.

“…She got really sick after she gave birth to me” She closes her eyes for a brief second “She died soon after that”

“O-oh, I’m really sorry… I didn’t know” Itsuka says awkwardly.

“You don’t have to be” Yui says with a somewhat melancholic smile “…Everyone always says that she was a great hero. I’d want to be like her one day”
“Is that why you decided to become a hero too?” Itsuka says, and her usual bright attitude is back.

“Yes… but it’s not the only reason” Yui takes a deep breath “Have you ever heard of impromptu villains?”

“…No” Itsuka answers after thinking for a bit.

“Well, those people aren’t really villains… but that’s what they’re called” Yui smiles bitterly “During the big operations against drugs a few years ago, some civilians got injected with a quirk enhancing drug… It made them aggressive and well, their quirks got stronger… The problem is that some of them had gigantification quirks”

“Why is that a problem?” Itsuka asks in confusion.

“Well, you see… Until the appearance of Mt Lady, the opinion on Gigantification quirks was pretty low because of that…” She smiles bitterly “People wouldn’t really want to befriend people with quirks like that… even kids were no exception”

“Wait, but your quirk isn’t strictly a gigantification, right?” Itsuka inquires, visibly confused.

“It isn’t, but gigantification is also a part of it” Yui says “Because of that, they also treated me the same way… But then, Mt Lady debuted. She was a hero with a gigantification quirk! And she also became pretty popular. I was already planning to become a hero for a long time by then but… it gave me new resolve! Even though now gigantification quirks are treated more or less normally, in some parts it’s still an issue. I think, if I can become a hero and work in those parts, I can make it better. I can show all those kids who still suffer because of it, that hey, they can still become heroes!”

“…I can’t even think of what to say… I’m sorry it was like that. And I admire your resolve” Itsuka says and hugs Yui “I’ll support you the best I can!”

“Thanks” Yui says and pulls away “What about you, Itsuka? Why do you want to be a hero?”

“Well, it may sound vague and lame after all you’ve said but…” The girl takes a deep breath “I just want to help people! I’ve always wanted to be a kind of hero who can make people feel safe”
“…It’s not lame” Yui says “It’s a wonderful goal. I think… I think it’s actually really cool”

“Thanks Yui!” Itsuka smiles brightly and energetically “…I can’t believe the matches are going to start again soon… Sorry for taking so much of your time”

“Not a problem… Actually it was pretty nice of you. It helped me calm down” Yui says as they both stand up “If I move up to the finals… no, WHEN I get into the finals, please come again to talk, okay?”

“Sure thing!” Itsuka answers energetically.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed it! ^_^
Take care and see ya \o/
Chapter Summary

Before the finals! ^_^

Also, a bit of fluff and a healer Izuku ;3

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“IT'S THE LAST ROUND BEFORE THE FINALS!!! ARE YOU READY?!!?” PRESENT MIC YELLS AND THE AUDIENCE CHEERS LOUDLY “THE FIRST FIGHT! OCHACO URARAKA! VERSUS! YUI KODAI! START!”

The moment that last word is said, Yui sprints towards her opponent. The only thing she needs to be cautious of are Uraraka’s hands, and she should be able to dodge them with her quirk. She opens with a kick, but once Uraraka raises her hands to block, she quickly retrieves her leg as to not touch her opponent, and punches the girl in the solar plexus instead. Uraraka doubles over, wheezes in shock. Punches like that tend to have this effect on untrained people. Without wasting any time, Yui kicks the girl in the side, successfully making her fall to the ground. Avoiding the girl’s hands, she grabs one of Uraraka’s legs and begins dragging her swiftly towards the edge of the ring. Only a little more… There is a sudden feeling of weightlessness as she starts floating. No… She looks behind, and sees that the girl has managed to twist her body to touch her. Grinning, Uraraka takes her chance to stand up and grab Yui.

So, it’s over, huh? A sudden flash in her mind. A distant memory of how she’d watch the recording of her mother’s Sports Festivals. The warm and dimly lit evening when she’s told her dad she got into U.A. The smile on his face as he’s said that she can take her mom’s costume for the Sports Festival… ‘Sorry dad… sorry mom…’ is all she can think as a single tear falls down her face. Uraraka is about to throw her outside the ring. No… it can’t end like this. This is just… wrong.

“YOUR MOTHER PICKED HER HERO NAME AFTER A TITAN” YUI'S DAD SAYS WITH A SMILE “AND SHE WAS JUST AS STRONG AND BEAUTIFUL AS THE GODDESS SHE GOT HER NAME FROM… NIKE, THE EMBODIMENT OF VICTORY… AND YOU'RE GOING TO BE JUST AS GOOD ONE DAY! I JUST KNOW IT, NO MATTER WHAT ANYONE ELSE SAYS”

A sudden memory surfaces in her mind. As strong as a titan, huh? Or rather, what she needs right now is to be as heavy as one… She tries to yank her wrist out of Uraraka’s grasp, as she enlarges herself, as much as she can without ripping her clothes. She has to thank the Support Department
when this is done. For making her gym uniform more… flexible than others. It’s not as good as a hero costume but still, at least she can fight with her quirk. Thanks to the fact that she’s heavier in that form, the girl before her goes green from overusing her quirk. But still, instead of giving up, she tries to throw Yui again. Before she can do it, Yui herself grabs the other girl, lifts her and throws her out the ring.

The weightlessness is suddenly gone, and Yui makes herself smaller before falling to the ground. She’s announced the winner and she turns to wave at her classmates. She then goes to help her opponent, who is still looking a bit… uhm, worse for wear. She’ll have to apologize for pushing the girl’s limit later. Throwing up on live TV would be extremely embarrassing and she doesn’t really want to think about how the girl would feel if that’d happened.

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Izuku is currently going from Shouto’s ‘Prep Room’ to 1-B’s area. He’s left as soon as the first match of this round ended. Shouto will be facing Monoma soon, which is just a little bit terrifying, since Monoma can be… well, himself. He’s smart, sneaky and he knows how to take advantage of enemy’s flaws and mistakes. Izuku just hopes to god that the boy won’t touch any sensitive topics or do any other insensitive things. Like insulting Shouto’s scar. Cause, let’s be real, Monoma is totally capable of doing just that.

Izuku is brought out of his thoughts as he hears someone coughing. He stops for a second to listen, because the coughing doesn’t stop. It just goes on and on. Finally, it ends with a rather… weird sound. Worried, Izuku goes in the direction the sounds came from and sees a skeletal man, who is a little bloodied. It sends the alarm bells in his head ringing loudly. Especially since from the way the blood splattered on his shirt, it seems like he coughed it up. Which is not a good sign. Alarm, Izuku comes up to the man.

“S-sir, can you hear me? How do you feel?” He asks worriedly, standing next to the blond man. The man chuckles at that.

“I’m fine my boy, you don’t have to worry! It happens quite regularly” The person says, trying to get him to stop worrying.

“That’s even worse…!” Izuku says “I’m sorry, sir, but it’d be for the best if you’d let me take you to the infirmary. Recovery Girl may help you”

“No, no. There is no need to do that!” The man says and smiles awkwardly “As I’ve said, it happens quite regularly, and it can’t be really healed so…”
“...Sir. You’re coughing up blood. There is a need to bring you to Recovery Girl” Izuku says sternly “Even if it happens regularly, it’s just more reason to get her advice”

Apparently having given up, the man only nods. Satisfied, Izuku leads him to Recovery Girl’s office. The nurse looks mildly amused and just a little bit annoyed. Her irritation is mostly directed towards the man as she scolds him, because he’s eaten popcorn even though he shouldn’t have. Of course, this only happens once the man admits to it. Izuku is just watching, a little baffled, because it seems like Recovery Girl knows this man.

“Uhm, Recovery Girl, ma’am? Will you be able to heal him?” Izuku asks worriedly.

“I’m worried this is beyond my capabilities” The nurse says in a sad voice.

“…” Izuku frowns “Is it the matter of stamina?”

“Yes” Recovery Girl nods “There is not much I can do without the necessary energy…”

“You don’t have to worry, my boy. I’m quite alright” The man says, trying to reassure him.

“...If it’s the energy that’s needed, can’t I supply it with my quirk?” He says in a hopeful voice “Please, let me try!”

“...I think I’ve told you already, but you shouldn’t push yourself after what’s happened today” Recovery Girl says.

“Please, ma’am” He says, determination in his eyes.

“Alright, alright. But I won’t use my quirk since it’s too dangerous. You have to try with your healing” The nurse finally agrees.

“Thank you ma’am” He says and bows curtly.

He summons his piano starts playing the energy regeneration melody. Lively notes, gleaming and
pulsating with energy flow towards the man and sink in his skin. When Midoriya finally deems it enough, he instead starts playing the normal healing melody. However, after a few minutes, he realises that it doesn’t really do much. Frustrated, he instead starts playing the regeneration amplifying piece. Contrary to most of his skills, it doesn’t produce notes, nor does it have any specific target. It’s more like an aura. A gentle light that surrounds the whole area of effect, in a sphere surrounding Izuku. It’s lilac and cyan (for those who don’t know, it’s purplish pink & blue) with little glistening pink particles floating in the air. It should automatically boost anyone in the immediate area of effect. For a moment, he tears his eyes away from the piano to look at the man. He smiles a bit, looks like it’s working.

Man’s skin is glowing with that dim, pinkish light. He also seems somehow less tired. Smiling to himself, Izuku continues playing. The boy feels more and more tired himself, his quirk slowly draining him of energy, but he keeps it up. He feels a sharp, pulsating pain in his head, but he still doesn’t stop. It should be a few more minutes before he gets a nosebleed, and god knows this man needs every bit of regeneration he can get. After a few minutes, Izuku realises that he can’t keep it up anymore. He ends the melody and lets go of his quirk. He feels… exhausted. And a little dizzy. He quickly excuses himself from the infirmary and heads to his class’ area. He’ll be able to sit down there. His vision swims a bit, but it’s still okay. It’ll be good as long as he doesn’t faint.

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“And now! For the last battle before the finals!” Present Mic announces loudly “Shouto Todoroki! VERSUS! Monoma Neito! START!”

Shouto immediately throws a glacier at his opponent. Monoma is faster though. The boy leaps forward, above the forming ice and then jumps to the side. Shouto is about to throw another wall of ice, when everything goes black all of a sudden. He can’t see a damned thing, so instead of an attack he has to aim, he makes spikes of ice in a large circle around him. He hears a yelp to his left, presumably from Monoma getting hit with the spikes. He aims an ice shard in that direction and then stops to listen. Unfortunately, he can’t hear anything other than the audience, since their murmur drowns out every other sound.

He feels a slap on the shoulder and throws a kick in that direction. He doesn’t hit anything, but the darkness suddenly leaves. He sees Monoma, but he freezes for a second. Oh, the boy has copied his quirk. There is fire in Monoma’s left hand, and his right is just a bit frozen. Shouto immediately throws spikes in the boy’s direction, to which Monoma just uses the flames to melt it in an instant. Shouto grits his teeth. This is going to be a hard battle.

“Ha? What’s this? I thought your attacks would be more powerful” Monoma smirks “Looks like even the golden boy of the oh-so-favoured class isn’t that much, when put against his own quirk”

Shouto simply sends a wall of ice at the boy. His opponent does the same and the two attacks collide in the middle, creating a mountain of ice right in the middle of the ring. This is not the time to hold back with his fire, Shouto realises. The moment he doesn’t go full power – he’ll lose. So, he sends a
powerful blast of fire towards the wall, melting it in the middle. He sees that Monoma is keeping his left hand on fire, still slightly shivering. He may be able to copy his moves, but the boy’s temperature resistance is not as good as Shouto’s. Which is understandable since he’s trained it his whole life whereas Monoma only got those powers now.

Shouto directs a rather big spike of ice towards his opponent. Monoma tries to melt it, but he can see the sweat on the boy’s forehead. He won’t be able to keep that fire up for long. He’ll have to use the ice… Shouto keeps on attacking with icy spikes, until Monoma finally switches to using the ice too, in order to regulate the temperature. He smirks. Challenging him to the battle of ice versus ice is straight up foolish. He increases his power output slightly, not even bothering to look at the two glaciers that are now dangerously shaking from the exchange of attacks done over the hole in the middle of them. He knows that the structure on his side is more stable. That’s because he’s used his ice until now, at least mostly, and Monoma used the fire for a bit, weakening the wall on his side. If it comes crumbling down… well, at least it won’t be Shouto’s problem.

The ice continues crashing against even more ice, effectively blocking the hole again. This time, however, Shouto just sends one more glacier at the whole structure. Large blocks of ice can be heard falling on the other side. Present Mic makes some comment about how Monoma is keeping the ice from smashing him, by creating a roof with the ice. Shouto smirks. Like hell is it going to stop him. He warms himself up a bit, using his fire and then he sends another glacier at the structure in the middle. Even more of it comes crashing down, from the sound of it, but the most important thing is that with each glacier, it’s moving slowly towards Monoma. A few more and he may just push him out of the ring.

He alternates between sending the glaciers at his opponent and warming himself up. He notices it only now, but poor Cementoss is catching the chunks of ice that are falling towards the spectators. He’s really thankful for that. Suddenly, there is a light at the other side of the icy wall. Shouto gapes at it. Is Monoma an idiot?!? If he tries to melt ice that way, it’ll all fall on top of him. Well, doesn’t matter. He just continues sending waves of ice, not as big as earlier, but at least as fast. Soon enough, Monoma is declared out of bounds. Right after that, Shouto falls to his knees, thoroughly exhausted. He shakes a bit as he tries to stand up, but in the end he doesn’t have to be carried off the field. Monoma, on the other hand, is sent straight to Recovery Girl’s office, since some block of ice hit him in the head and he fainted. It really was a stupid plan on his part, to melt the ice the way he did. On the other hand, Shouto is glad the injuries weren’t more serious.

As he walks towards the 1-B’s area, he has to stop for a moment to steady his step. He really is way too exhausted. Once he’s in the spectators’ area, he spots Midoriya. The boy is sleeping, laying on his classmate’s – Tokage’s?– shoulder. The girl seems unbothered by this. He just walks up to the two, and when he’s about to sit down next to Midoriya, he’s stop by Tokage who calls out to him.

“Oh, great, you’re here! Switch with me!” She says and carefully lifts Midoriya’s head.
“Uhm... okay?” He says with uncertainty. The girl stand up, still holding Midoriya’s head as to not wake him up and gestures for him to take her place. He does just that and in a matter of seconds, Midoriya’s head lands on his left shoulder.

“Great! Thank you buddy, you’re a life saver!” The girl grins and walks off to somewhere.

He stays like this, confused, as Midoriya sleepily moves. The boy hugs Shouto’s hand and nuzzles into him. It’s... not unpleasant. There should be a short break before the finals. Shouto lets himself drift off, hoping someone will wake him up on time, as he rests his head on top of Midoriya’s. It’s really soft... He falls asleep almost instantly.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you like it!

See you guys later! ^)^

Also, would it be weird to make bnha's opening song into one of Izuku's? xD

That one: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=P6fshQ4NXc4
Ballad of blizzards and fires of Olympus

Chapter Summary

And here is the end of the Sports Festival arc! :D

....and the beginning to the next one

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Okay… I’m changed, you can come back in, Itsuka!” Yui says with excitement “How does it look?” She asks, motioning to her costume.

“Pretty good!” Itsuka says as she examines the outfit “Will they let you compete in this, though? I thought the hero department couldn’t have their costumes nor any other support gear…”

“It’s alright” Yui answers “I’ve already gotten permission before the Sports Festival. Since it only allows me to stay dressed after I enlarge myself, they gave me an okay to wear it”

“…Why didn’t you have it on earlier?” Itsuka asks, clearly puzzled “Wouldn’t it be an advantage, to be able to use your quirk freely?”

“Well… since it used to be my mom’s, I thought it’d be better if I first earned my right to wear it” Yui says, somehow embarrassed “That’s why I’ve waited till the finals”

“Still… you look amazing in this!” Itsuka says and smiles brightly.

Yui chuckles lightly at that. She herself wasn’t so sure about the costume before. She worried if maybe it’d be a little… too bland in comparison to other heroes’ costumes. It’s mostly grey and golden, with a few pink accents. There is a golden heart in the middle of the torso, and below it is the laurel wreath. It’s a simple design, but she really likes it. Now that Itsuka said that it’s nice too… Yui feels ready to go out there and fight.
“Shouto! Hey, Shouto, wake up!” A girlish voice insistently whispers right next to his ear.

“…ungh” He begrudgingly opens his eyes and lifts his head. And… yea, Midoriya is still asleep on his shoulder.

“Come on! You’ll be late!” Tokage continues talking, persistently trying to get him to get up “…I’ll
take that from you”

She says and sits on the other side of Midoriya, gently taking the boy off of Shouto’s shoulder and placing him back on hers. She then gestures for Shouto to get moving. He thanks her sleepily and starts walking towards the hallways. When he’s almost out of there, he can’t help but overhear a conversation between Tokage and Awase.

“Not fair! Why doesn’t Midoriya snuggle up to me, why did he only do that to Shouto?!?” Tokage pouts.

“He’s probably just warmer” Awase answers with disinterest.

“Well, it’s not my fault I’m coldblooded!” Tokage continues to pout “It’s unfair!”

“…Just saying that’s probably the reason” Awase says quietly.

“…So, did it work?” Recovery Girl asks curiously, right after Young Midoriya left the infirmary.

“I… I think it did” Toshinori answers thoughtfully “I feel better than I’ve felt those past few years”

“That’s good…” The old woman says quietly “Midoriya seemed quite exhausted after he’s done it, so he probably used his own stamina to heal you”

“…” Now Toshinori feels a bit guilty about this. But still grateful to the boy.

“Anyways, I think you should visit a hospital for a medical check up. There isn’t much I can check about your condition here, and it’d be good to know if you’re just feeling better because he gave you some energy or if your condition has improved permanently” The nurse says “You can leave now. And no eating popcorn! Understand?”

“Y-yes, ma’am” He answers sheepishly, under the woman’s sharp gaze and then turns to leave.
Endeavor takes his place in the audience. He’s really irritated right now. He unfortunately wasn’t able to talk to his masterpiece. First, some overly hyper fan of his, who couldn’t take a hint, kept pestering him. Then, the fight against that copycat boy was already happening and then his son wasn’t even in the Prep Room. Well, at least that blond idiot got his son to use his flames with respect they deserve, even if it was for only a few moments. All that’s left is this one fight.

“AND WE’RE BACK!” Annoying announcer’s voice calls out “Now is the time for the finals! Give your cheer to the two- wait, Kodai, what are you wearing?!?” Indeed, the girl is wearing something akin to a hero costume instead of the normal gym uniform.

“It’s okay” A tired-sounding voice rings out. Oh, Endeavor remember that man. Eraserhead, or something like that “It’s been permited since her quirk is… what is it”

“Ekhm” The annoying man clears his throat “Well, anyways, if it’s permited than it’s all okay! Let’s get back on track! The final fight! Shouto Todoroki VERSUS Yui Kodai! START!”

When the match starts, Yui sees a glacier rapidly growing towards her. Shouto really likes opening the fights with this move, huh? It hits her just as she begins using her quirk. She quickly enlarges herself enough to snap out of that wall of ice. The boy throws fire at her and she has to make herself smaller to dodge it. Shouto quickly freezes the floor and then makes it slippery. It’s not going to be an easy fight, huh? Yui tries to shorten the distance between them, careful as to not slip on the ice. When her opponent tries to attack her with ice shards she simply enlarges herself, and they crash into her without doing any harm.

Icy shards crash into his opponent without doing any damage whatsoever. The girl just continues running towards him. She slips on ice once or twice, but other than that, she’s just going straight for him. Shouto sends ice spikes at the girl, one of them impales the girl’s leg. She winces but only presses forward. No point in holding back, huh? He hurls fire at his opponent, it’s not only a little - like before. No, this attack is more like a cascade of flames. For the briefest moment, he sees the girl’s widened eyes, full of both surprise and fear. Was this too much? Is he going to burn her? Those questions appear in his mind the moment he sees the girl’s face.

Then Kodai enlarges herself and only her leg gets burnt. She’s towering over Shouto, taking last, large step to close the distance between them. Shouto uses his ice to slide away, going straight behind Yui. When he’s right next to his first glacier, he hurls another one at his opponent. She shields her face, but in the end, she gets completely encased in ice. Contrary to Kaibara, not even one part of her is out of ice. He may have overdone this… Well, at least it looks like the fight is over.

Yui has her eyes closed. God, it’s so cold here. She can’t move, the sea of ice constricting her movements. This is bad, really, really bad. She can feel her consciousness slipping away. It can’t…
end like this… With the last of her strength, she enlarges herself again, breaking the ice but also bruising and cutting herself on it. Once she’s done, she’s so big her head is at the level of the stadium’s roof. She’s shaking and she feels utterly exhausted. She bites her lip in a vain attempt to stop the trembling.

She’s free of ice, but the energy it took is just… too much. She won’t be able to change her size if she returns to normal after that. And she won’t be able to hold that form for long. Resolving herself, Yui quickly makes a grab for the boy, in an attempt to throw him off the ring. Her opponent instantly surrounds himself in flames. Cursing internally, and preparing herself for pain, she grabs him either way. She yelps from the pain but she still grabs him and tosses him to the side – out of the ring.

———

Despite surrounding himself in flames, Shouto finds himself flung to the side, and when he’s almost outside the ring, he manages to stop himself by throwing a wall of ice in his way. He’s getting exhausted by now, and he doesn’t know how long will he be able to keep this up. When his back backs the contact with the ice wall, he releases a strangled cry of pain. This… this impact was more painful than he’d anticipated.

He sends another glacier towards the girl, as he curses under his breath. His vision is continuously swaying and swirling. He’ll most likely faint soon. Staggering just a bit, his opponent breaks out of the glacier and tries to grab him again. This time he uses icy spikes to deter the girl. On of them scratches her, but she’s able to retract her hand before they do any more damage. The girl sways and starts falling to the ground. Still panting heavily, Shouto lets his guard down from shock, since his opponent collapsed like that. So, this is over, huh?

Suddenly, he feels an impact as he flies out of bound, his reflexes not fast enough to put up an icy wall this time. Oh, seems like the girl swung at him in her last effort before fainting. He stares at the unconscious form of Kodai. She’s back to her normal size and she’s just laying there on the ground, perfectly motionless. There is a bit of blood on her costume

“Uhm, ugh, Todoroki is out of bounds and Kodai is unconscious…” Present Mic says “Ugh… I guess it’s a tie?”

“N-no…” The silent voice rings out “I-I can s-still… stand”

Trembling terribly and clearly wincing from pain, Kodai pushes herself up on her elbows. She tries to stand up but the moment she gets up, she falls down again. She tries a few more times but in the end, she’s just left lying on the ground.

“THAT’S THE SPIRIT!” Present Mic yells, breaking the silence “And the winner of this year’s
Sports Festival is Yui Kodai! Everyone, give her a round of applause!

“Let’s move on to… The awards ceremony!” Midnight says after everything is ready for the aforementioned event “Now, for the medals!! Presenting them this year is… you know who!”

“I AM-”

“He’s everyone’s hero…”

“HERE with the medals!” “ALL MIGHT!!” The two say at the same time, and the woman apologizes for cutting the man off.

“Congratulations, Young Uraraka!” All Might says, presenting the girl with the medal “You’re a strong one… But relaying on your quirk too much can be quite disastrous in effects. Hone your other strengths and broaden your mind. It shall serve you well”

“I will, sir. Thank you!” Uraraka says, smiling happily.

“Monoma, kid. Congratulations” The hero continues, giving the boy a medal for third place “You did great. But there is still a lot of training ahead of you. Practice different things with all you’ve got and you’ll come a long way”

“Understood, I will” The boy says, with a small smile pulling at his lips.

“Todoroki, kid, congratulations” All Might says, giving the aforementioned a medal for second place “But… I noticed that you held back at certain times… Was there a reason for that?”

“…I think I just haven’t found my way yet. At least not entirely…” He trails off “It’s not like I can just forget and get over things when there is still something I have to settle first” All Might doesn’t miss the ‘get over things’ part. He really hopes Aizawa is going to get to the bottom of all of this, but for now…

“That’s a new look on your face…” The man points out and hugs young Todoroki “Say no more. Whatever you must settle, I’m sure you can do it”
“Thank you” The boy mutters.

“And finally, Young Kodai!!” All Might says, giving the girl a medal for placing first
“Congratulations. I’m sure there are a lot of people who’ve witnessed your resolve and will be
moved by it… Your determination is admirable but please do not forget to rest as well”

“I’ll remember” The girl answers curtly.

“Well!! These are your winners!! But hold on, everyone!” All Might makes his voice loud
“Everyone here today has the potential to be standing up here!! As you’ve witnessed!! Competition,
encouragement, pushing each other to climb higher! The sprouts of today will grow into heroes of
tomorrow!! In that spirit, let’s have one final cheer!!” He smiles and pumps his fist up “Everyone!
Say it with me!! One… two… and…”

“PLUS ULTRA!” “Thanks for the hard work” Oops, what he’s said and the crowd’s cheer didn’t
quite match up.

“We’re supposed to say ‘PLUS ULTRA’
All Might!” The audience yells.

“Oh, right… It’s just, they really did work so hard and…” Well, this is awkward.

“Midoriya, hey, wake up!” A voice brings him out of sleep “Hey! We’ll be late~!”

“H-huh… HUH?!” Izuku opens his eyes and looks at the clearly impatient Tokage. Oh god, he’s
slept on her arm “Oh my god, Tokage. I’m so sorry about falling asleep on you! S-sorry!”

“No problem, but we should really head back!” Tokage says and stands up “Kan-sensei has to
dismiss everyone so we can go home. And he’ll be like, super mad if we make him wait!”

“R-right” He says and goes together with the girl.
However, when their teacher dismisses them for today, he also mentions that tomorrow and the day after are days off. Izuku can’t help but beam at that. He’ll probably be able to have even more time tomorrow with Shouto. If he manages to persuade the boy not to go home directly after breakfast. Which shouldn’t be that hard, if he has to be honest. Izuku bids farewell to all of his classmates before going to meet up with Shouto. They later agree that the boy will go to his own house to get his things and then he’ll go over to Izuku.

The air up on the rooftop is quite chilly. She’s standing atop one of the building closest to the stadium, waiting and watching as crowds go out after the Sports Festival finishes. Finally, she spots the man she’s been looking for. He looks as pissed off as always, orange flames dancing on his stupid head. Smiling, she gets her partner’s attention and points to the man. The aforementioned nods. She can’t help but grin wildly. It’s time to set everything in motion…

Chapter End Notes

I hope you liked this chapter! ^_^

Changing that pic so she'd wear a different costume took way longer than I'd thoguht it would xD
(totally worth it tho)

Take care and see ya \o/
Dancing to the beat

Chapter Summary

Stain vs Endewhore

+fluff

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“HELP!!!” Dusty Ash screams with all her might, hoping to lure Endeavor into the alley. And she’s not disappointed with the result.

The man runs right in and stops for just a moment at the sight before him. The woman has to stop herself from grinning. She’s made sure to make the scene look as real as possible, so that Endeavor would go in without being suspicious. She’s currently lying on the ground in her civilian attire and Stain towers over her, with a blade in his hands. The ‘hero’ is seething with rage and something else… it seems just a bit like satisfaction. Quite an unfitting reaction to a civil on a ground, huh? But that’s Endewhore for you… He hurls a ball of fire at Stain, without sparing her a single glance.

“…The hero killer Stain… I’ve waited for this encounter” Endeavor says.

Dusty Ash takes it as her cue to run away. After all, she won’t join the fight… for now. She has something better to do. She gets up and starts running towards Endeavor. She passes the man and doesn’t stop until she’s out of that alley. She has to hurry. The woman finds the fire escape stairs and climbs them quickly. She finds herself on the rooftop. She looks down at the scene. Perfect, they’re still fighting. She takes out her phone and starts recording. If she hasn’t misjudged Stain’s character and MO… he should talk to Endeavor about why the hero is unworthy before killing him. And that’s exactly why she needs to record it. She’d be damned if Endewhore died and everyone thought he’s a hero.

If she sends a recording of Stain talking about everything the man done together with the evidence she’s collected up until now to the media, then it won’t really matter if Stain fails to kill him. He’ll be damned either way. She grins as Stain throws the mini fire extinguishers at Endeavor. It puts out the flames on the man’s arm for a second. And that moment is just enough for Stain to lightly cut the man and retrieve the knife. The ‘hero’ falls to the ground as his opponent licks the knife. Dusty Ash has to stop herself from snickering at that. Endewhore’s had that coming.
“What a phony hero” Stain says. Oooh, it’s beginning~ “For a villain who wears a mask of a hero to be worshipped… That’s why this society of false heroes has to be culled!”

“HA! You really have some guts to say this, villain!” Endeavor hisses “Even if I’m unable to move… you’ll fall by my hand today!”

“Just try me…! You fake” Stain says sharply “The only one allowed to kill me… is All Might, a true hero!”

The girl is torn between bursting with laughter and facepalming. In the end she doesn’t do anything but still… The look on Endeavor’s face is priceless. For Stain to bring up All Might, the person Endeavor hates the most, as the one true hero… it’s just too amusing to look at. The ‘hero’ is so angry his flames flare up to create an inferno. Wow, whatever happened to keeping collateral damage in check? She smirks – that’s so like Endeavor to let loose even though they’re in the middle of the city, literally between two buildings full of people. Stain manages to leap back and not get burnt. Good for him. Finally, the flames seem to die down a bit. Stain throws his last mini fire extinguisher at Endewhore’s head. Woo, it’s time for the kill, huh? Stain swiftly jumps towards the fallen man, a sharp blade in his hand. He’s about to stab the man in the throat when the flames flare up again. So, looks like he’s not going down that easily.

“If you think I’ll die because of scum like you…” Endewhore seethes “Then you have another thing coming!”

“Silence you phony!” Stain screams and tries to throw a knife at Endeavor instead.

It gets melted in the flames. Dusty Ash feels like cursing. Looks like she’s had no luck this time. And Endewhore will most likely live another day. Fuck. She was prepared for this to turn out that way but still… it doesn’t mean she likes that. Especially since Stain was being WAY too imprecise when talking about why Endewhore is not a real hero. Which means that at least for now, the video she’s recorded has no value… The other evidence should deal a big enough blow if used right though… She sighs and stops recording. She puts her phone in her pocket and focuses on the scene below again. Stain still tries to murder Endeavor, without any results. Finally, it seems like the paralysis from the villain’s quirk stops working. Endewhore starts standing up. Stain just clicks his tongue and starts escaping. Well, she can’t blame him. If he hopes to ‘kill as many phonies as possible before going down’ than that’s the right thing to do. Which doesn’t mean she feels any less disgusted by either of the man there.

Endewhore chases after the hero killer. And then, something peculiar happens. A shadow looms in Stain’s way, before violet and darkness swirls there, making some sort of portal the villain falls
through. It closes before Endeavor gets to it. Well… that was weird. Shrugging, Dusty Ash gets her things and turns to leave. When she gets to the fire escape though, there is a man already waiting there. She tilts her head, recognising the person as Ember. He snaps his head up to her and waves his hand in a greeting. His eyes are completely serious.

“Do you have some time?” He asks “We need to talk…”

There is a knock and Izuku sprints out of his room to open the door. He smiles as he’s greeted by a sight of his friend, standing there awkwardly with a bag hanging from his shoulder. Shouto visibly relaxes once he sees that it’s Izuku who’s opened the door.

“Hi” Izuku says and moves to let him in“Come in”

“Hi… and thanks” Shouto greets him back and steps into the house “…For inviting me, that is”

“No problem!” Izuku beams at his friend.

After Shouto greets Izuku’s mom, they go to the latter’s room. Shouto sets down his bag and they both sit on Izuku’s bed.

“So…” Izuku starts awkwardly. He feels awkward bringing it up, but the sooner they figure out the sleeping arrangements the better “If you don’t mind… I have some spare blankets so I thought maybe I should just sleep on the ground. But if you feel awkward sleeping in the same room, I can just go down and sleep on a couch or something”

“…It’d be better if I slept on the ground. Then you could take the bed” Shouto replies calmly “I’d feel bad if you had to sleep elsewhere just because I’m here”

“Nononono! I can’t possibly make you sleep on the ground!” Izuku flails his hands around, paling from nervousness “You’re the guest here! Just… take the bed”

“I’ve already told you that I’d feel bad if you had to sleep elsewhere because of me” Shouto replies in deadpan “You should sleep in your own bed…”
“J-just… Shouto, just take the bed already” Izuku says, both irritated and embarrassed by this point.

“No, you should take it” Shouto disagrees, exasperation clear in his voice.

“Shouto, please” Izuku sighs.

“…” Shouto is silent for a moment, as if thinking about possible solutions “…How about we share the bed?”

“W-WHAT!!??!?!” Izuku doesn’t manage to keep his voice down, and now he’s as red as a tomato. Thankfully, his mom doesn’t decide to check what’s happening.

“Isn’t it the best solution?” Shouto asks with furrowed brow, confused although he also seems a little amused “I mean, you obviously won’t let me sleep on the ground… and I won’t allow you to do the same so… I’d say it’s a good compromise?”

“Well… uhm… I guess…?” Izuku manages to stutter out, even though he knows it’s not really convincing.

“Why are you so flustered all of a sudden?” Shouto teases with barely hidden smirk. Damn him.

“Well… uhm… it’s just… I’ve never actually done something like this before” Izuku answers awkwardly, And it’s true – thanks to Kacchan’s meddling, no one ever wanted to be Izuku’s friend so obviously he’s never had sleepovers and such.

“…I’ve never done something like this either” Shouto hums, tilting his head “So… you’re okay with it, right?”

“U-uhh, yea” Izuku answers, still feeling awkward. Shouto gives smiles at him, and he can feel his heartbeat getting faster. Weird.

“So… What are we going to do now?” His friend inquires.
“Uhm… I’m not exactly sure, but I’ve been thinking about a movie. Or we can play some video games” Izuku says, smiling brightly.

“I’d want to watch a movie” Shouto decides.

“Great! Which one would you like to watch?” Izuku asks, since he has no idea what Shouto’s tastes are.

“I’ll let you decide” The boy says. Izuku nods and goes on to get his laptop. It’ll be more comfortable than watching the movie on the phone.

The movie was definitely the right choice. They’re watching something called ‘Tangled’… or at least something close to this, and it’s actually enjoyable. But the best thing is that since they’re watching it on a laptop, they have to be quite close to each other to do it. And after Midoriya settled down comfortably, Shouto shifted even closer to him, which means right now they’re practically pressed into one another. He still… doesn’t exactly know why he did that, but it’s certainly comfortable this way.

Especially since they’re lying on the bed, instead of sitting, so it’s not just their shoulders that are pressed together, but rather their whole bodies. It feels… nice. And warm. Shouto has always liked coldness more than warmth, but Midoriya’s warmth is… different. It’s gentle and familiar. It gives him a sense of safety. He’s brought out of his thoughts when he feels Midoriya stiffen a bit. He focuses on the movie again, as the main characters are facing some sort of trouble. Oh, that’s why Midoriya is so tense. Shouto glances at the boy a bit. His friend’s attention is completely on the movie, and he’s hugging a pillow, as if to calm himself.

For once, Shouto is really envious of that pillow. And that’s not something he’d thought he’d ever say or think. And for the life of him, he can’t figure out why he’d want to be hugged by his friend like this. It’s just… weird. He tries to get rid of these thoughts, focusing on the movie again. He has to admit, that movie is quite good. He especially likes that white horse. There is just… something about that animal. To be honest, at times it kind of reminds him of Iida Tenya from his class. Just… funnier. And not robot-like.

The movie ends rather quickly. The ending is predictable but still quite good. As the end credits roll around, he glances at Midoriya. The boy looks a bit sleepy by this point, though he’s seemed exhausted since the Sports Festival ended, so it’s not much of a change. Before his friend can even get up, Shouto takes the laptop and brings it to Midoriya’s desk. When he turns around, the aforementioned blinks at him owlishly, clearly trying to process why he’d do that.
“You should go to sleep Midoriya” Shouto says “You look exhausted…”

“O-oh! N-no, no, I’m alright!” Midoriya tries to reassure him “Besides, we still haven’t even eaten the supper. Wait… now that I think about it. Aren’t you hungry Shouto?”

“Not really” He shrugs. It’s not a lie “Honestly, I’d rather go to sleep”

“O-oh” Midoriya says awkwardly “W-well, you can go change into your pyjamas first. Let me just… show you where the bathroom is”

“…Ok” Shouto lets Midoriya guide him towards the room.

He quickly changes, brushes his teeth and generally gets ready for the night and then he gathers his things and goes back to Midoriya’s room. The aforementioned goes out, also to get ready for the night. Shouto just sits on the bed and stares blankly into the space. Now that he thinks about it… he doesn’t know if he’ll be able to handle sleeping right next to Midoriya. When he offered that compromise, it was a bit of a ‘on the spot’ decision. He really didn’t think it through… And right now he’s left feeling nervous and happy at the same time. Both of which are pretty weird. It’s just a sleepover with a friend, why does he have to feel like that…? Or maybe it’s normal? Either way, it doesn’t really sit well with him. It makes him feel awkward.

Midoriya finally comes back, changed into a black T-shirt and shorts. Shouto tries not to stare. He’s always known his friend is muscular but since he mostly wears trousers that cover his legs, he hasn’t had that many chances to see them. And now he feels awkward again. Great. They settle into the bed in comfortable silence, careful to lie in a way where they don’t touch each other. And Shouto really hates how awkward he feels. And the fact that he feels too embarrassed to even touch Midoriya in any way. Especially since he’s been able to do it just a few minutes ago. Mostly he’s just exasperated at his own awkwardness. Is this how someone is supposed to feel when they’re with a friend…? Or was something just wrong with him? Either way, he’s too exhausted to deal with this right now. He falls asleep pretty quickly.

Chapter End Notes

Haha... sorry if the fight was somehow anticlimatic. At this time, it's just that Endeavor can't die yet. Nor can Stain be captured.

The whole thing mostly accomplished two things:
 a) Iida is okay
 b) Now Dusty Ash has a recording where Stain specifically says that Endeavor is not a hero
Also, please tell me I'm not the only one thinking that the horse from Tangled is like Iida xD
Welp, either way, I hope you liked this~! ^_^
Izuku has trouble falling asleep despite his exhaustion. It’s just that… sleeping like that is every bit as awkward as he’d thought it’d be. At least Shouto seems more or less unaffected, going by the fact that he seems to be asleep already. At least Izuku thinks he is. The boy’s breath is even and calm, at the very least. Izuku hears some rustling from Shouto’s direction and turns to look at his friend. Is he having a nightmare or just moving in his sleep? Before Izuku can do anything, Shouto moves again. Izuku stiffens in surprise as Shouto hugs him. That… that was unexpected. It takes a few moments but he relaxes again. Now that he thinks about it… Shouto’s hugs are really nice. Now that he feels warm and comfortable, and at least a bit less awkward, it’s getting hard to stay awake. He snuggles closer to his friend, careful as to not wake him up, and reciprocates the hug. It doesn’t take long for him to fall asleep like that.

Shouto wakes up and groggily takes in his surroundings. There is something warm and soft in his arms. He looks at it… oh. It’s Midoriya. It takes every ounce of Shouto’s self-control to not stiffen or pull away. Don’t get him wrong – it is pretty comfortable and he wants to stay like this. It’s just that it’s also kind of awkward for him. Mostly the fact that Midoriya can wake up at any moment and Shouto is definitely not ready to deal with that. Plus, no matter how much he likes it, it still feels like something… well, like something friends don’t really do. At least he thinks so, not like he’s had any friends before.

He carefully moves his hand to comb through Midoriya’s hair. It’s even softer than he’d thought it’d be… He freezes for a second. Just what the heck is he doing?!? That’s also not something friends are supposed to do, at least from what he knows. Why in the hell did he just do that… Sighing, he lets his hand fall onto the bed. Maybe… maybe it’ll be for the best if he tries to fall asleep again. At least until Midoriya wakes up. Or stops hugging him for that matter. He can’t really trust himself not to do anything stupid or embarrassing right now.
Just as he tries to fall asleep again, Midoriya starts moving. Shouto wants to curse as he realises that the boy has woken up. The boy rises his head to look at Shouto. They both blink at each other owlishly, before simultaneously trying to pull away. ‘Trying’ is the key word here, because in the end they somehow stumble over each other’s hands and fall back onto the bed. Still just as close as before. Shouto notices that Midoriya is blushing and squirming awkwardly, he definitely looks just as embarrassed as Shouto feels.

“U-uhm… sorry… but, could you move?” Midoriya asks him shyly.

“Five more minutes?” Shouto blurts out, and he really feels like facepalming right about now.

“O-o-okay…” Midoriya says, blushing even more.

Well, even if he has messed up… it wouldn’t be so bad to actually stay like this for a moment. After all, Midoriya’s agreed to this as well. Shouto prepares himself mentally, and then he tugs the other boy closer, hugging him tightly and nuzzling his hair. Midoriya stiffens for a second before relaxing and burying his face in Shouto’s chest. The latter start carefully rubbing circles on the former’s back. It feels… really peaceful to be like that.

Izuku feels a bit embarrassed but strangely content with the current situation. After a few seconds pass, he snuggles even more into Shouto. Normally, he wouldn’t do this because he’d feel like he’s overstepping the bounds, but since it was Shouto who’d asked to stay like this… It should be okay, right? He can hear his friend’s heartbeat. It’s strangely calming. He focuses on it, and on the sensation of Shouto’s hand gently sliding across his back. He can feel his eyelids getting heavy and his thoughts dissolving into calm nothingness. Oh… He’s falling asleep again. Somehow, he doesn’t want to fight it.

Just when he lets himself almost drift off, Shouto does something that jolts him wide awake. The boy lifts Izuku’s T-shirt just a bit, and brushes the bare skin with his fingertips. It sends a shiver down Izuku’s spine. But it’s not unpleasant. Just… different. Once again, Izuku can feel himself blushing. Shouto’s hand stops moving, it just stays on the lower part of Izuku’s back.

“Can I…?” Shouto asks in a whisper, so softly Izuku almost misses the embarrassment in his voice. Almost.

Izuku nods into the boy’s chest, not really trusting his voice at the moment. He doesn’t need to ask what the question had meant. It’s quite obvious that Shouto just wants to continue rubbing circles on
Izuku’s back. Well, the difference is that now there is nothing between the boy’s hand and Izuku’s skin. Which in turn means that Izuku can feel every single movement of those gentle fingertips. He can’t help but shiver as they slide along his back. And Shouto picks up on it, if the little huff of amusement from the aforementioned is anything to go by. Izuku lightly kicks him for this. At least it makes the boy shut up completely.

They stay like that, in comfortable silence, for some time. Izuku briefly wonders if they should get up soon. On the other hand… it’s way too comfortable to just get up. He snuggles closer and sneaks his arm around Shouto’s waist. It really is nice to stay like this… And he doesn’t even feel embarrassed anymore. He sighs in content. Shouto’s fingers still trace along his skin. The circles he’s rubbing are getting bigger… and bigger… until he brushes Izuku’s side and Izuku jolts with a little yelp of surprise. He swiftly grabs Shouto’s hand to take it away from that spot.

“It tickles…” He explains, really embarrassed.

“Tickles?” Shouto questions, clearly confused.

“Y-yeah…” He confirms, letting go of Shouto’s hand.

“…Really…” The boy says and there is something mischievous in his voice. Something Izuku really doesn’t like.

“Don’t even think about it!” He says, quickly pulling away from his friend.

“Oh~ But I wouldn’t dare think about it…” Shouto says, grinning playfully “…without doing it~”

“Shouto NO!” Izuku squeals and shields himself with a pillow. It doesn’t really help.

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Shouto continues tickling his friend, as the latter makes strangled noises and tries to push him away. It doesn’t take him long to restrain Midoriya – he traps the boy’s legs under his own and pins both of his friend’s wrists to the bed using with his free hand. Of course, he continues using his other hand to tickle Midoriya. The boy struggles and squirms to no avail. Finally, after a few minutes, Shouto stops the tickling. Midoriya is breathing heavily, still trapped under him.

“Do you give up?” He asks softly.
“Wha-? I’ve given up before you even started, you jerk” Midoriya says, but contrary to his words, there is a smile on his lips “So… yeah, as long as you stop, I’m giving up”

Shouto hums with amusement and just as he’s about to climb off of his friend, there is a knock at the door. He freezes, like deer in the headlights, suddenly VERY aware of the compromising position they are in.

“Boys? The breakfast will be ready soon. Wake up!” Midoriya’s mother calls out to them.

“O-okay mom! We’ll be ready in a minute!” Midoriya says loudly, looking more than just a bit panicked.

“Alright” Ms Midoriya says and there is sound of footsteps fading away.

Shouto quickly gets up and stands next to the bed. He’s really glad that Midoriya’s mother decided not to come in. He grabs his things from the bag and stutters out that he’ll be going to the bathroom. Midoriya only nods, still as red as a tomato. And Shouto is blushing too. Just why the hell did he think that doing any of this was a good idea… He’s probably gone over the ‘friend’ line there… more than once. Probably. At least Midoriya didn’t seem angry about it. That’s good. Shouto gets ready for the day, and he also clears his head a bit. In retrospect, what he’s done was REALLY stupid. And he should probably apologize. But… he won’t do it. It’ll be way too awkward if he does. The safest option here is just going back to their usual interactions, like nothing’s happened. Yeah… that’ll be for the best.

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They’re currently having a breakfast. Pancakes with fruits and yoghurt. Izuku eats them eagerly, chatting cheerfully with Shouto and mom in those short moments he doesn’t have anything in his mouth. The atmosphere is… strangely normal. Somehow, there is no lingering awkwardness from the events that have transpired earlier. And he’s really grateful for that. After they’re done eating, both he and Shouto offer to help wash the dishes. Of course, mom declines Shouto’s help, saying that she couldn’t possibly make a guest help with cleaning up.

Shouto doesn’t seem completely convinced but he doesn’t argue. So it’s only Izuku helping with cleaning. And he’s somehow grateful for that too. Not like he wants to be away from his friend, but he still feels just a little, REALLY LITTLE, bit awkward. Plus he still hasn’t gotten over the fact that Shouto would tickle him like he did. Traitor. When he and his mom are back to the room, Shouto is already waiting there with bag hung over his shoulder.
“Thank you for having me over” The boy says “But I should probably get going already”

“Oh dear…” Mom says in a disappointed voice “Won’t you stay for dinner?”

“…I don’t want to impose” Shouto says with uncertainty.

“You aren’t imposing!” Izuku assures his friend and takes the aforementioned’s hand to stop him from leaving “We’re inviting you… so… stay please?”

“…A-alright” Shouto says, averting his gaze “Thank you” He says, bowing towards Izuku’s mom.

“No problem!” Mom chirps cheerily.

Izuku practically drags Shouto back into his room. His friend sits on the bed, while Izuku takes the chair, which is a safe distance away. Not like he doesn’t trust the other boy or anything, but he doesn’t think he’d survive another round of tickling.

“So…” Shouto gets Midoriya’s attention after they’d been sitting in silence for a few minutes “I-is there… is there something you’d want to do?”

“Uuuuhm” Midoriya looks like he’s deep in thought “I’m not really sure… Oh, I know! Want to play UNO?”

“Sure…” He answers, even though he has no idea what ‘UNO’ is.

Midoriya searches a few drawers before pulling out a deck of colourful cards. Shouto is wondering if there is a way for him to ask about the rules without seeming weird. Because he’s never seen cards like these before. Midoriya shuffles the cards and sets up the game. Apparently seeing the confusion written on Shouto’s face, the boy explains the rules. So… he has to have a matching card to put it down. And it can be either matching in number or colour. That should be quite easy to remember.

He nods as he listens to the rest of the explanation. He’s dizzy from trying to wrap his head around the different types of special cards. But… oh well, he can always ask Midoriya to repeat something as they play. After a few rounds, he decides that he likes this game. It’s quite easy once you know
the rules. They continue playing until Ms Midoriya tells them to come for dinner.

Chapter End Notes

Welp, uhm, despite it being late, I hope you enjoyed the chapter!

Have a nice day and see ya \o/
Chapter Summary

Shouto comes back home, Naomasa isn't paid enough for the shit he has to put up with and Nedzu decides to handle some matters

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Shouto instinctively tenses once he enters his home. It’s really different from Midoriya’s. There is no warmth or familiarity here. But still… something is off, even more than usually. It’s… eerily quiet. Normally, Endeavor would behave loudly if he was home. Which means he’s probably out on a patrol. Which in itself is a bit weird. But Shouto is going to take what he can – if Endeavor isn’t home than he can at least relax, right? He goes straight to his room and sets the bag down. Now, what should he do? Training is an option, but Endeavor is most likely going to make him train either way when he gets back, so there is no need for that now. He could always just relax and listen to music or something. Or listen to anything, really. That silence is almost deafening. And even if it means that for now he doesn’t have to deal with his father, he still definitely dislikes how quiet it is.

In the end, he puts on his earphones and gets one of the school’s textbooks from the desk. He finds some music to listen to and starts studying. Oh, he’s grabbed a chemistry textbook. There are no exams on that right now but it doesn’t hurt to read a few lessons ahead, does it? He flips through the pages, reading everything that’s written there. Not an ideal pastime but oh well, it could be worse. He’s mostly just waiting for the day to end, and at the same time, he’s dreading the same thing. Tomorrow, he plans to finally visit his mother. He tenses just a bit more at the thought. He really hopes she doesn’t hate him...

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Naomasa is pretty close to getting a headache from working for too long. And possibly because of sleep deprivation. But that’s a different matter. Once again he looks through the files. He half wants to strangle the pro-hero Endeavor. The man seems to be right in the middle of something, and yet even the man himself seems to not know what all of this is about.

A few days ago, an informant told the police force about the fact that Dusty Ash, a member of Volcano Thieves, one of the groups responsible for the attack at the Universal Supportech Japan, had tried to dig some info on Endeavor. His health, possible weaknesses, stuff like that. Not like she’d find anything that easily. Then there is the fact that she’d tried to contact the hero killer Stain. And the aforementioned villain has attacked Endeavor today. Using the mini fire extinguishers stolen from USJ. And if that’s Dusty Ash’s doing, which it most likely is, that’d mean she’d planned it all the way back at USJ. And that she targets Endeavor specifically.
Not to mention the fact that Stain is apparently onboard with her plan. And where is Stain? With the League of Villains. Most likely. He’s disappeared into one of their portals. Which means that either L.O.V. kidnapped Stain, which would be quite ridiculous, or they’d helped him escape on purpose. And that’d mean they’re collaborating to bring Endeavor down. And that’d mean there are two villain groups going after Endeavor, three counting the whale villain’s group but Naomasa isn’t so sure about that one, and an individual villain with the same goal.

And to add an insult to the injury – pro heroes are after Endeavor too. Well, that may be an exaggeration on Naomasa’s part, but seriously. It wasn’t even an hour after the fight with Stain has been reported and he gets a phone call from Toshinori, asking if he could do him a favour and help and the underground hero Eraserhead in an investigation. And what’s the favour itself? Being present during the time they’d be questioning Shouto Todoroki, Endeavor’s son, and Endeavor himself. He’ll be there to confirm that they’re not lying. And even though the fact that there IS an investigation concerning Endeavor is strange in itself, even weirder is the fact that two pro heroes, even the All Might himself, are suspecting Endeavor might lie about some things. And the worst is the fact that he doesn’t even know the details, because there was another incident in the city and he had to go there immediately. He’ll have to ask Toshinori about this later.

“Tough day, huh?” Naomasa is brought out of his thoughts by Sansa’s voice.

“Yeah…” He sighs “There are just too many things I can’t make sense of…”

“Well, going through the files for the umpteenth time won’t help” Sansa says and sets a mug full of dark liquid down on Naomasa’s desk “Here. Some coffee. Drink it and take a break”

“Thanks” He says and smiles.

“No problem. Just don’t overwork yourself” Sansa says and sits at his own desk “You’ll have your time once we gather more clues”

Naomasa hums noncommittally and takes the drink. He can’t help but feel like it’d be better not to find more clues. Or rather, he’s worried that the only situation where they’d get any clues would be another attack. And that’s certainly something he’d like to avoid.

“So, I take it we’re all in an agreement?” Nedzu asks once they’re done discussing what to do with a certain explosive student “Katsuki Bakugou will not be expelled or suspended… but in turn he’ll have to participate in therapy sessions to help him manage his anger. In addition, he’ll be forbidden from approaching Izuku Midoriya without getting permission from one of the teachers, and he may only come close to the boy in the presence of Eraserhead or Cementoss since they’d be able to
nullify his explosions… Any objections?”

“…” The room is dead silent. Headmaster just hums, taking the silence as agreement.

“Now then, onto the next issue!” Headmaster says in a strangely cheery voice.

“…There is more…?!?” Midnight asks and looks like she’s about to cry.

“…Pull yourself together, Kayama” Eraserhead says, clearly bored.

“As you’re all aware, the dorms are finished!” Nedzu announces cheerily “Tomorrow, teachers will have to go and get permission from the students’ parents, so that the students may stay in those dorms. We’ll start with first years since they’re the most prone to attacks”

“…An understatement…” Eraserhead mutters under his breath.

“Eraserhead and All Might, you get class 1-A!” Headmaster says “Vlad King and Midnight, you go convince classes’ 1-B’s parents…”

“…Fuck” Midnight curses under her breath. She’s ignored though, as everyone is aware why she’s cursing. Namely, Izuku Midoriya is in that class, and convincing his parents to let him stay in the dorms is going to be challenging after what’s happened with Bakugou.

“Snipe, Ectoplasm and Present Mic, you’re getting the general course” He continues assigning the teachers “Cementoss, Power Loader and Thirteen will be handling Support Department. Me, Recovery Girl, and Lunch-Rush are going to take care of the Business Course. Any questions?”

“Just one” Midnight says “What exactly are we supposed to do if some parents won’t allow their children to live in the dorms”

“Well then… try to persuade them!” Nedzu says.

“…And if that doesn’t work?” She asks.
“Then try a bit harder” He answers, still cheerily.

“But if none of the persuading works?” Midnight asks again, raising her eyebrows.

“Then just tell me and I’ll try to persuade them myself… after I’m done with the ones I have to visit myself, that is” Nedzu answers.

“And if that doesn’t-“ She starts to ask and is cut off by Nedzu.

“Any other questions~?” He asks in a slightly loud voice. No one answers “Well then, onto the next matter!”

“…And there is still more…” Present Mic sighs, looking thoroughly exhausted.

“Don’t worry, this time it’s nothing problematic” Nedzu assures the tired teacher “Actually, Isamu Academy High School has offered to hold special training classes for the students. Shiketsu High and Ketsubutsu Academy have already declared that they’ll participate as well. The only problem is, we can only send 3 students”

“I see, so you’d like us to choose the students who should participate in this?” Eraserhead asks “You’ve never mentioned what class they should be from, so, it can be from any year, right?”

“That’s correct!” Nedzu says enthusiastically “Be it first years, second years or third years, we have to send someone. I’d like you to think about who would benefit the most from this”

“Maybe we should just send ‘The Big 3’. They’ve always been good at making the best of training” Snipe says.

“I think we should avoid sending third years” Ectoplasm shakes his head “There is not much things like that can teach them. Second and first years on the other hand… well, they don’t know a lot of things. So joint training may be helpful”
“Agreed” Eraserhead murmurs “Thought it all depends on what kind of training it’ll be”

“Well, I haven’t been informed of the details yet” Nedzu says thoughtfully “It’s not like it’s going to happen that soon. I’ve just wanted to give you some more time to think about it”

“…Why didn’t you wait for the details before telling us?” Eraserhead questions.

“It’s quite simple really” Nedzu says “I’ve just wanted you to be aware that we’ll have to choose three students. By telling you ahead of time, you can do exercises that’d reveal what each student is lacking at the moment. And then when we have the details, it’ll be easy to pick the ones that’d make the most of it”

“I see…” The man says but looks just a bit unconvinced.

“Now then! I believe that’s everything” Headmaster says, and receives a muffles chorus of ‘finally’ in response “Please consider what I’ve told you, and remember that the interships for first year students are not that far off. Prepare them well. Ah, also, Aizawa-san, All Might, could you stay for a little longer? I’d like to talk to you two privately”

Toshinori is sitting in the Headmaster’s office. He keeps nervously fidgeting with the sleeves of his shirt. Why did Nedzu want to talk with them? Did something happen? Something he couldn’t tell others about? Or maybe he really just wants to talk. But why him and Eraserhead then? The headmaster serves them some tea and they sit down.

“How is your investigation on Todoroki going?” Nedzu asks and Toshinori nearly chokes.

“Wha-? Why? HOW?” He questions, gaping at the bear-mouse across from him. He can tell that Aizawa is also somehow surprised, although he doesn’t show it to that extent.

“Oh please, it was quite obvious” Nedzu says, leisurely enjoying his tea “Some of Shouto Todoroki’s behaviours were quite… weird from the start. Or more like, concerning. Not to mention that both of you have been talking with him after lessons for days now. I imagine it was to get some clues out of it, no?”

“Wait, with all due respect headmaster, how did you know that?” Eraserhead asks.
“There are security cameras around the school. I’ve installed even more of them after the USJ attacks” Nedzu says cheerfully “But of course, I’m not looking at them at all times. And they can’t record sounds so… I’m only left with what I think has transpired. Nothing concrete”

“Well… that was a really good guess” Eraserhead says “Unfortunately, we haven’t really gotten anything so far. Todoroki won’t say a thing about his bruises, and even though I was desperate enough to follow him on a few occasions, he only ever spends time with Midoriya or goes home”

“And don’t you think that those bruises could be from when he’s home?” Nedzu questions in a serious tone. Toshinori gapes at him. Surely, Endeavor wouldn’t do that, would he?

“Of course it’s occurred to me” Eraserhead states dryly “But I have no way of checking that for now. So far, we’ve requested assistance from Naomasa Tsukauchi. He’ll help us with questioning. If Todoroki is abused in any way, we’ll know”

“That’s good” Nedzu says “And if that’s the case, then it’s all the better that the dorms are ready. Getting Todoroki away from that house is our priority for now”

“…” No one says anything. The headmaster talks as if he’s certain that it’s Endeavor who inflicted those injuries. Even though they have no proof yet…

“That’s why you should try extra hard to convince Endeavor to allow him to stay at the dorms” Headmaster says “Todoroki’s safety should be the priority. Then we can worry about getting evidence to go against Endeavor and make sure that boy doesn’t return to that place again…”

“Uhm… headmaster?” All might says weakly “Ugh… as we’ve said, it’s nothing certain for now. It’s just a hypothesis until we can prove it…”

“Does it matter?” Nedzu questions “Saying that it’s Endeavor may be but a hypothesis but in the end, that doesn’t matter all that much. If he didn’t get the bruises you’re talking about outside of home, then it means he’s gotten them inside. For now it doesn’t matter if it’s Endeavor who did it, or if it’s one of his siblings or his mother. It really doesn’t matter for now. The only thing that matters is that we have to get him out of there. Isn’t that right?”

“R-right!” All Might says and Eraserhead hums in agreement.
“I’m happy that I’m finally up to date with your little investigation” Nedzu smiles “I’ll let you handle this for now, since you seem to be doing quite okay with it, but if there is any problem… ANY problem at all, please report to me immediately and I’ll try to help. That’s all… you’re dismissed”

Still a bit shocked, Toshinori exits the headmaster’s office. He exchanges a brief glance with Eraserhead. Looks like they both haven’t expected THIS to happen. But in the end, maybe it’s for the best? After all, he knows Nedzu good enough to be aware that this bear-mouse won’t allow anyone, no matter who may they be, to hurt his students.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed this! :D

Also, I’ve seen some1 tag 'Kacchan is still an angry pomeranian' in one of the fics. And omg, that's exactly why I love this site xD
Chapter Summary

Mamariya is best mom.

Also, Izuku hangs out with his friends! ^_^ 
(Sans Shouto - he's currently visiting his mother)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“I refuse” Midoriya Inko firmly states once she’s asked for permission to let her son live in the dorms. Kan expected this, for a damn good reason, but at the same time he also knows that he’ll have to get her to agree.

“Mrs Inko, please, we’re doing this to protect the students” Midnight says.

“Protect them from what?” Mrs Midoriya asks sharply and bitterly “Right now, the only real threat to my son is Katsuki Bakugou, and I don’t exactly see how dorms are going to help with that. In fact, it’d only make it worse”

“We’re trying to handle the situation with Bakugou” Kan says “He’ll go to therapy, and he’ll be forbidden from coming anywhere near Midorya”

“Surely, you’re joking” Mrs Midoriya says and chuckles mirthlessly, even a bit coldly “He’s tried to kill my son, and all you’re doing is sending him to a therapy?”

“Kill may be a bit much…” Midnight murmurs and the woman glances at her with growing frustration.

“My son was already falling from the platform. He’s already lost by that point” She says “And yet Bakugou still attacked him. He’s used his explosions on my son. Continously. And no one stepped in to stop it” Midnight opens her mouth but the woman just raises her hand to stop her form speaking “I’m aware that you’ve told him to stop. But at the same time, you could’ve just stopped him yourself. You could’ve stepped in. And you didn’t. I’m sorry if it comes off as rude, but I find it hard to trust the school with my son’s safety after that”
“I’m truly sorry” Midnight bows her head, clearly ashamed “I didn’t think he’d ignore my warnings”

“Bakugou… he’s the type of person to ignore the warnings” Mrs Midoriya sighs “That’s why I think he won’t listen to you even if you forbid him from going near my son. And I know that you can’t keep an eye on him at all times… I also know my son. No matter what Bakugou does, he won’t tell a soul…” She smiles weakly “…Well, maybe he’d tell one person. But I don’t think it’d change anything”

“…” Kan doesn’t say anything. The woman has a point.

“Mrs Midoriya” Midnight says “I’m aware that the situation is quite… difficult, but we’ll do anything we can to make sure Bakugou doesn’t hurt your son. I ask that you put your trust in us one more time…”

“I’m glad but… I still won’t let him live in the dorms…” The woman answers “It’s too risky…”

“The dorms have been put in place to protect the students” Kan finally speaks up “He’ll be safer there… besides, class 1-A and class 1-B will live in different buildings, so Midoriya will probably not run into Bakugou”

“Safer?” Mrs Midoriya quirks an eyebrow “Why are you suggesting he isn’t safe here? And to protect the students from what?”

“…To protect them from the villains” Midnight answers, ignoring the first question “In light of the recent attacks, it was decided that it may be for the best for the students to live in the dorms, so that they may be protected by the teachers if anything happens”

“Wouldn’t it put them in even more risk?” Mrs Midoriya asks “From what I’ve heard… the villains had something against the teachers and the school, not the students themselves… Wouldn’t keeping them on the school grounds be dangerous for them? Especially since they’d be all in one place. Won’t villains attack them first to get the upper hand while invading the school?”

“That is a possibility, of course” Kan admits even as Midnight kicks him under the table to shut him up “However, there is no guarantee that they won’t be targeted when they’re home. If they live in the dorms, they’ll at least be protected by the pros, in case anything happens”
“Why would they be targeted outside of school?” The woman asks.

“Unfortunately…” Midnight says, a little hesitantly “We don’t know if the villains that attacked the school won’t resort to such things… And not only them. There are different kinds of villains… some of them are searching for people with powerful or rare quirks. And Midoriya’s is both… I know that it may be hard to entrust him to us, after what’s happened, but I believe it’d be safer that way”

“…” The woman seems to be thinking. After a few moments, she finally looks up towards them again “I’m sorry but… I just can’t send him there. Even if there is a chance he may be targeted outside of school, I still believe it’s safer for him here… He’s rarely alone, so he should be fine. On the other hand, if he’s in close proximity to Bakugou… even if he’s with his friends, it could still end badly”

“…Mrs Midoriya, I can understand your concern, but please, at least give it some thought” Kan says and gets up from his seat. Midnight does the same “It is for Midoriya’s safety, after all. If you change your mind, please contact the school. We’ll be going now. Goodbye”

“I will… Goodbye” The woman says and gives them a warm smile as she escorts them back to the exit. Well, this went about as good as he’d expected…

Izuku is currently hanging out with Tokage, Kuroiro, Shiozaki and Honenuki. He honestly didn’t know what to expect when Tokage created a group chat and asked them to hang out. But well, at least it’s going pretty good for now. They’ve met up at the cafe in the centre and are now waiting for their orders to arrive. Tokage, Shiozaki and Honenuki are talking about some movie he hasn’t seen yet. Kuroiro is quiet but there is a smile on his lips. All in all, the atmosphere is quite nice. Finally, their food arrives.

“Oh my god, this looks so delicious~!” Tokage squeals in delight, looking at the piece of strawberry shortcake in front of her.

“If it looks so delicious then just stop talking and actually eat it…” Kuroiro mutters and starts eating his cheesecake.

“Pfft! Nu-uh. No way. I ALWAYS appreciate the aesthetics of the food before eating it!” Tokage says.
No one answers her as they are all more interested in the food than Tokage’s weird… eating ritual. Izuku, who has also ordered a strawberry shortcake, has to admit that the cake is really good. The sponge biscuit is mellow, yet not soggy, the crème is velvety and sweet, and the strawberries themselves are sweet-yet-a-bit-sour. It’s the perfect balance, and the only time he’d had a better strawberry shortcake was when his piano teacher gave him some to celebrate one of his recitals. On the other hand, comparing any sweets to the ones made by his teacher is unfair. Her bakings are just THAT good. He glances to the side for a brief second. Honenuki is halfway finished with his tiramisu and Shiozaki is quietly enjoying her coffee – she hasn’t ordered anything else to begin with.

“Hey, Shiochan~! Want to try?” Tokage asked, extending a hand with the spoon full of the cake in Shiozaki’s general direction.

“No, unfortunately I’ll have to refuse” The girl says with a gentle smile.

“Huh… alright” Tokage pouted a little but continued eating.

“By the way Tokage, there is something I’d like to ask you” Honenuki says once he’s done eating.

“Yuh?” Tokage tilts her head, waiting for the question.

“…Why did you invite specifically us?” The boy asks “Why not anyone else from our class?”

“Well, that’s because you’re all sitting together at lunch!” She says with a bright smile.

“Pardon?” Shiozaki asks, confused “What does that have to do with-“

“WELL!” Tokage loudly cuts her off “I’m inserting myself into your little group!”

“You’re what?” Kuroiro raises an eyebrow.

“Just as I’m saying! I’m doing this to insert myself into your group” Tokage repeats with a smile.

“…You do realise you could just ask to sit with us at lunch, right?” Kuroiro asks.
“And you do know that just saying you wanted to be our friend would be better?” Honenuki adds “I mean, the way you worded it is weird…”

“I will not be deterred!” Tokage says “I am still inserting myself into your group”

“As I’ve said… you’re wording it weirdly” Honenuki sighs.

“No, I’m not! It sounds EXACTLY right” Tokage says with a pout.

“…” Honenuki looks just a bit done with all of this “I don’t think we’re quite on the same page”

“Nope!” Tokage grins.

“Well, what’d you expect from someone who calls snakes ‘danger noodles’…” Kuroiro says quietly.

“Hey! Leave the danger noodles alone! That name is epic” Tokage pouts, pointing at the boy accusingly.

“Could you please stop fighting over it already?” Izuku asks sheepishly.

“Aww~! Of course we’ll stop!” Tokage says and hugs him “How could I turn down a request from our pocket healer~?”

“T-tokage…! Please stop, it’s embarrassing” Izuku says while trying to get out of the hug.

“Eh? But you’re so huggable! Just a little longer!” She pouts and doesn’t release him.

He gives up on struggling and just lets her hug him till she’s satisfied. Next, they all head to the nearby park. Tokage takes out a Frisbee out of her bag and they play for a while. Finally, they stop once they get tired and just sit there on the ground chatting. Well, it’s mostly Honenuki, Tokage and Izuku who are talking. Shiozaki is quiet and just content to observe, and Kuroiro… well, he’s just
“Hey, hey, Honenuki~! I’ve been wondering…” Tokage gets the boy’s attention “You have no lips, right?”

“…Technically” The boy answers, and something about his tone tells them that he realises it’s not the end of the questions.

“So, like, if you wanted to, let’s say, kiss someone…” Tokage says with intense concentration “How would you go about it?”

“Tokage, I have honestly no idea” Honenuki answers in deadpan tone “There isn’t much I can do about it”

“Ehh?!!?” Tokage gawks in surprise “You’ve never even considered it?!?”

“I have considered it… But just like I’m telling you, there isn’t anything I can actually do” Honenuki shrugs.

“But that’s so sad!” The girl says.

“I’m okay with the way my body is, thank you very much” The boy states dryly.

“T-tokage… that last part was a bit insensitive” Izuku manages to stutter out.

“Oh! Now that I’m thinking about it, how is it going between you and Shouto?” Tokage muses, ignoring his comment.

“Huh?” He tilts his head at the weird question “It’s like always, why?”

“…” The girl looks at him with a blank face, as if searching for something in his expression and then finally sighs “Izuku, you sweet summer child… Never change”
“Huh?” He can help but be even more confused. Besides, when did she start using his first name?!

“Okay, I’m confused, why do you think there is something between him and Shouto?” Honenuki asks.

“…” She gives the boy a blank stare “You guys… are so oblivious and dense. Or just blind”

“Don’t bring me into this, it’s only Honenuki who doesn’t get it” Kuroiro chimes in.

“Finally, someone who understands!” Tokage hugs the boy “Finally!”

Izuku and Honenuki just exchange glances and shrug. Shiozaki also seems quite confused by the exchange. But, oh well, it’s just how Tokage is – it’s sometimes hard to understand her actions or words. The surprising thing is that Kuroiro somehow does. At least in this situation. They talk for a bit longer before splitting up and going home (and of course, Tokage hugs each of them as a ‘goodbye’). The one thing Izuku is grateful for, is that she didn’t only hug him. That’d be weird.

“Mom, I’m home!” He calls out as he enters the apartment.

“Welcome home” His mom shouts back and comes out of the room, fidgeting nervously “There is… actually something I need to tell you”

“What is it?” He asks curiously.

“Well… Your teachers were here when you were out with your friends” She tells him “Your school is opening the dorms and they wanted my permission to let you live there…”

“Really?!? That’s so cool!” He says enthusiastically.

“…I refused” His mom says. Oh, that’s why she was so nervous.

Chapter End Notes
I hope you liked it~! ^_^ 

Have a nice day and see ya \o/

Oh, and also, I've been thinking about adding a fic to the series. It'd feature little scenes and so on that are canon but didn't make it to the series (either thought of them AFTER the time period they'd have to be set in was over or just didn't want the chapters to be too packed with unimportant scenes) What do you guys think? ;o
In the end, Izuku was unable to convince his mom to let him stay in the dorms. But, in the end, it could be worse. She’s said she’d thought about transferring him to a different school after what had happened. It’s a good thing she hasn’t done that. He doesn’t know if he’d be able to bear being away from all his friends. Well, he could still meet up with them outside of school… but it wouldn’t be the same. He sighs and pulls out his phone. It’ll be awkward when he goes to school tomorrow and they start asking why he isn’t living in the dorms.

But… that’ll be tomorrow. For now, he can just relax and do whatever. He looks through their group chat. Tokage has apparently also added Shouto to it. That’s… a nice thing to do. Although, he has to wonder where the hell did she get his number from. As classmates, all of 1-B exchanged numbers with each other, so it’s not weird for her to have theirs. But Shouto is not in their class. And, as far as Izuku knows, he hasn’t given his number to anyone in 1-B. So just how the heck did she get that number? Did she ask someone from 1-A for it?

Well, no use thinking about it. Instead, he scrolls through the messages. He can’t help but smile. Apparently, Honenuki and Tokage have been competing to see who could find the cutest picture of a bunny. And the whole chat is filled with those images. And there probably would’ve been more if Kuroiro hadn’t told them to do it in a private chat instead. Sighing he turns off his phone. There isn’t really much more to see in the chat. Now, what to do…? Izuku changes into his training clothes and heads towards the Dagobah beach. He feels like running along the shore. It’s a good exercise and he can actually pass a lot of time while doing it.

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Dusty Ash clicks her tongue in annoyance. Just what the heck is Ember thinking?! After that failure of an attempt to kill Ende-vore, the man wanted to talk with her. Of course, he’s asked why she’s out to get the ‘hero’ and she’s spent a whole hour telling him about everything that scumbag has done. Not like she particularly wanted to, but it’s good to do that since it may have earned her an ally. Or at least it may have gotten the man to stay out of her way. Which is good too, since Ember is no pushover and fighting him would be difficult.

He didn’t seem particularly opposed to killing the Garbage-Fire. Nope, the real problem started
when she’s told him she wanted to give the evidence of his wrongdoings to the press. Because apparently: killing is fine, destroying the image of no. 2 hero is not. She’s had to sit through thirty minutes of lecturing, THIRTY, as he went on and on about the consequences of giving all the evidence to the press and about how it could destroy the foundation of the hero society. She can’t help but roll her eyes at the mere memory of this. Jesus, she hadn’t expected the guy to be that annoying. Not to mention that he’d let all of the things Endewhore has done go unnoticed, just because the guy in the number two hero. It makes her kind of sick. Not only this approach but also the fact that he made a few good points.

First was that the public would lose trust in heroes which would result in villains taking advantage of it. And she really can’t deny that one. She knows how media work, and it won’t end on just Endewhore if they get their hands on anything. Second, Ende-vore gets angry pretty quickly, and he’s willing to cross more than a few lines if he has to. Which means that if she gets the evidence to the press BEFORE killing off that damned Dumpster Fire, the kids may suffer the consequences. And that’s one risk she’s not willing to take, no matter what. Though that doesn’t mean she’s okay with letting that flaming bitch die as a hero. Nope, he’s going to suffer before death, if she can make it that way. Somehow…

And then… there is the third reason. If she sends the evidence now, it won’t be enough to convict all the people involved in this. And even if she knows that it’ll be enough for police to start their own investigation, by the time they actually do something, those people may have had already gotten rid of anything linking them to Endewhore. And that’d be a problem. So, in short, before handing over the evidence, she has to gather even more, to get all the people involved and she has to make sure the kids are out of Dumpster Fire’s reach. There is nothing she can do about him being the number two ‘hero’, so fuck that, she’s going to risk creating problems for other heroes. They’ll have to deal with it. But still, this is definitely going to be a lot of work – tracking down every single person she can link to the case and going after them. She’ll have to look through the files she stole from USJ. Most names are written there, and it’ll be good to look those people up before targeting them. After all, she wouldn’t want to fuck up just because she didn’t know the abilities of someone she’s going after. That’d be… just pitiful. With a sigh, she gets to work.

The next day starts quite normally. They have their normal lessons, the only thing out of the ordinary is Kan sensei telling them that they’ll have a special exercise during hero informatics today. Well… that and the fact that all morning Izuku has had to explain why he’s not living in the dorms to every single person that has asked. But that’s okay. He can’t even be annoyed at the repeated question – after all, he would’ve asked the same if the situation was reversed. Eventually, the lunch break comes. Izuku sits with his usual group of friends (plus Tokage, but, oh well, she’s already part of the group in a way) but then something unexpected happens.

Another group comes up to their table. He recognizes these people as students of class 1-A. There is the red-headed boy with a bright smile, the blond guy with black, lightning shaped strokes, an alien-looking, pink girl and a plain boy with weird elbows. The last person looks just a bit uncomfortable as he and his friends stop right next to Izuku’s table. The red-haired guy is in front, and he flashes them a grin before speaking.
“Hey! Can we sit with you?” He asks amicably. They all look at each other, waiting for someone to reply.

“Sure! Go right ahead~!” Tokage, bless her for that, says cheerily.

“Thanks!” The red-haired boy says and sits down at one of the vacant seats. His friends do the same “I’m Eijiro Kirishima. This is Mina Ashido, Denki Kaminari and Hants Sero”

“Hello!” Tokage greets before any of them can say anything “I’m Setsuna Tokage! And this is-“

“Tokage, we can introduce ourselves without your help” Kuroiro rolls his eyes.

“Rude!” Tokage pouts.

“I’m Shihai Kuroiro, it’s nice ot meet you” The boy says, not even reacting to Tokage’s statement.

“Hey, you’ve ignored me!” She points her finger accusingly “That’s rude times two!”

“Juzo Honenuki. It’s good to make your aquintance” Honenuki says and bows lightly. There is a cautious glint in his eyes. It makes Izuku wonder why…

“My name is Ibara Shiozaki” The girl bows her head gracefully “I’m pleased to make your aquintance”

“O-oh, uhm, I-Izuku Midoriya” He says once he reminds himself that he’s the only person left who needs to introduce themselves, mostly because Shouto is from 1-A so there’s no need for him to do it “It’s nice to meet you!”

“Likewise!” Kirishima grins and the rest echoes his sentiment.

They eat peacefully, air filled with friendly chatter. Kirishima is complimenting Shiozaki…Although, he keeps calling her ‘manly’ so, it’s kind of awkward. Then, they talk a bit about fighting, he learns that Ashido is especially fond of watching hand-to-hand combat. At one point though, it
gets a little bit awkward. Namely, after Tokage asks something. Though, at least this time, it’s not her fault that it gets awkward.

“Oh, that’s right!” She clasps her hands together “You guys are in the same class as Shouto, right?”

“Wait, wait, wait, wait!” Ashido calls out “Why are you using his first name?!! How close are you two?”

“Huh, first name…?” Tokage tilts her head before a realisation seems to strike her “O-oh, I’ve always thought it was his surname… WAIT A SECOND-! Midoriya, why are you using his first name?!! You would’ve known that it’s not his surname, right?”

“Well, uhm… t-that… t-that is… well… ugh” Izuku blushes, not really able to give a coherent answer. Well, of course he uses Shouto first name because he’s just so used to using it… After all, the first time they’ve met, Shouto gave him ONLY his first name. And it kind of became his habit to call him that “W-well… I-I…”

“I don’t mind being referred to by my first name” Shouto says calmly “In fact, I don’t really like my surname. And besides, it’d feel weird if you guys suddenly started calling me ‘Todoroki’ instead of ‘Shouto’…”

“Aww~! Thanks Shouto!” Tokage says with a smile.

“…What are you thinking him for, again?” Kuroiro asks.

“Does it matter! I just do” Tokage says with a grin.

“Your answers make as little sense as ever” The boy sighs. Ashido and Kirishima actually laugh at that. The rest of the lunch break passes uneventfully.

“Today, you’ll be coming up with hero names” Kan tells them and waits till the cheers end “But before that, the results of pro draft picks are here”

He shows them the results and he can see some of the students sighing in relief or gaping in surprise.
Midoriya seems especially shocked. Not like Kan can blame the kid. Even after only participating in one event, and that’s still without showing off too much, he still got over 400 offers. Although, that’s probably because of what he’s done after one of Todoroki’s fights. After all, there are many agencies and pros who’d like to have a healer on their team. Not to mention the fact that he’s also shown them that he can control flames.

Kodai, not that surprisingly, got the most offers. Monoma also got quite a few. So did Tokage, Honenuki, Shiozaki, Kaibara, and, surprisingly, Kendo. Though that last one could be because the girl has protected Kodai all throughout the second event. Teamwork is also highly valued amongst certain pros. What’s even more surprising though, is that Tetsutetsu and Komori got a few as well. Well, they’re good… it’s just that they haven’t really gotten the chance to show off their strength in the Festival. He waits until the chatter turns into silence before he starts speaking again.

“Alright. Even if you haven’t got picked, you don’t have to worry” He says “You will also have a chance to work alongside the pros…” He waits till the chattering dies down again “And that’s where the hero names come in! Present Mic will be helping you”

He gestures vaguely to the door and his colleague comes in, smiling at the students. Kan is secretly glad he can just leave it to the man in front of him. For all his insights on battle techniques and academics, Kan has to admit that he has no sense when it comes to hero names. And Present Mic is good exactly at this types of things. As a radio host, and a hero that generally does well with the media, he knows a lot about how to get publicity and what the people want in heroes. Now he just has to make sure some weird or inappropriate name doesn’t go unnoticed by the pro. Because if his teaching experience thought him something, it’s that the students are VERY creative in all the wrong areas, if they want to.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you liked it~! ^_^

Have a nice day! :D

Also, found this old gem recently: https://archiveofourown.org/works/7297546
(if you have time, read it, I reccomend it xD)
Energetic interlude

Chapter Summary

Picking hero names! ^_^

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Fifteen minutes after they've been given the sheets to write their hero names on, Izuku still hasn't written anything. He's considered the name Atria, since it's not only the name of one of the brightest stars, it also sounds a bit like aria, which would be quite nice with his musical quirk. The only thing is that... it sounds a bit girly. And he'd like to avoid that if he can help it. Maybe he should use something from mythology instead? Many heroes has done that in the past... Well, he can always think up his own name, but that'd be pretty hard. Many pro heroes either take the names that say something about them or their quirks. Name can create a certain image...

God, this is hard. He wouldn't want to end up with something lame. Which he most likely would if he tried to create a name by his own. Sicne the only things that come to mind would be either Musician or Virtuo, both of them referencing his quirk. Well, 'Virtuo' itself is just a crappy abrevation od 'virtuoso'. And let's face it – he’s not on that level yet so taking this name would feel wrong. What now...?

“Alright, listeners!” Present Mic suddenly says “Let’s get this thing moving! We’ll start with whoever is ready”

“May I?” Monoma asks for permission before coming up to the teacher’s desk “Here goes nothing...” He takes in a deep breath and shows the sheet “The copycat hero: Phantom Thief”

“That’s the spirit! Let’s keep the ball rollin’!” Present Mic says and gestures for the next person to come forward.

“Battle Fist” Kendo says with a grin as she shows off the sheet.

“Can I go next, please?” Kodai asks with a small smile tugging at her lips.
“Sure! Come on!” Present Mic nods.

“I’ve thought about it for quite some time” The girl says as she turns the sheet towards the class “Please call me Athena”

“An ancient goddess of wisdom and righteous war, Nice!” Present Mic says “Next!”

“Real Steel!” Tetsutetsu exclaims as he shows his sheet.

“Maria” Shiozaki says with a smile “I hope to do justice to this name”

“The reptile hero: Salamander!” Tokage exclaims.

“Tokage, salamanders aren’t reptiles…” Kuroiro sighs.

“Details, details!” Tokage beams “Then it’ll just be Salamander!”

“Isn’t your quirik lizard-related…” Kuroiro sighs with exasperation.

“Details!” Tokage huffs one more time before returning to her seat.

“Well, uhm… next?” Present Mic says.

“Illustrator” Fukidashi’s bubble and sheet say.

“Werebeast” Shishida mutters.

“…” Bondo doesn’t make a sound, he just hold the sheet up. There’s ‘Castle Builder’ written there.
“Twilight Jumart” Tsunotori chirps with a bright smile.

“…Was that a ‘My little pony’ reference there?” Kuroiro mutters thoughtfully.

“Nineclaw” Rin says.

“Blackmare” Kuroiro murmurs, clearly embarrassed.

“Greenblade” Kamakiri presents his hero name.

“That’s… kind of simplistic, ain’t it” Tokage tilts her head.

“No, Tokage, that’s totally a witcher reference” Kuroiro disagrees “You know, it sounds the same as-“

“It’s neither simplistic nor a reference…” Kamakiri sighs with exasperation.

“Can I go next?” Honenuki asks and walks up to the teacher’s desk. He shows them his sheet “Marrow”

“DENIED!” Present Mic says “Please, for your own sake, choose something else…”

“Alright…” Sounding dejected, he returns to his seat.

“Ghostfist” Kaibara says once it’s his turn “The villains won’t even know what hit them”

“Air Soldier!” Tsuburaba grins while he presents his hero name “Cool, ain’t it?”

“Are you serious…” Honenuki asks.
“It’s okay! I give it a pass” Present Mic gives him a thumbs up.

“And you didn’t approve my ‘Marrow’…” Honenuki grumbles.

“Next please!” Present Mic attempts to cut Honenuki off.

“W-well… I-I was thinking something along these lines” Komori says and hold up a sheet with ‘Angelshroom’ written on it.

“D-Double Striker!” Shoda stutters while showing his hero name.

“Vile Captor” Honenuki tries once again.

“Denied! It sounds like a villain’s name” Present Mic sighs.

“Uhm… it’s supposed to mean that I capture the villains but okay…” Honenuki shrugs and goes back to his desk.

“Okay, who is left…” Present Mic looks around the class “…Honenuki, Midoriya and Awase, huh? Any of you ready yet?”

“It’s hard to come up with a name when you have a quirk like mine!” Awase complains.

“Huh, you can always go with Welder or something” Tsuburaba suggests.

“But that sounds so lame!” The boy pouts.

“Uhm… then… ugh” Tsuburaba thinks intensely “…Fuser?”
“… I still think it’s not cool… but I guess I’ll go with that for now” Awase sighs.

“Okay!” Present Mic approves “Midoriya, Honenuki, you two are left”

Well, this is problematic. What now…? He has no idea what name to pick… And Tokage trying to get him to choose ‘Mercy’ is certainly not helping. Quite the opposite actually. He shares a glance with Honenuki. The other boy looks just as uncertain as he feels. With a sigh, he tries to think of something… anything that could be a good name. Then, he remembers a certain tale he’s heard from Rin. Well… this may not be ideal but it’ll be a good stand-in. He writes it down and walks up to the teacher’s desk. This is going to be fine…

“W-well… I don’t really know if that’s okay…” He says hesitantly “And I’ll probably change that later… but… here goes nothing” He turns the sheet towards his classmates, waiting for the reaction.

“Moon Rabbit?” Tokage tilts her head “I still think Mercy would be better… and certainly much funnier!”

“Tokage, please, stop it already” Kuroiro sighs.

“I have no issues with that name!” Present Mic says “But if you feel uncertain, it may be better to wait before making that decision. Sometimes the names picked in the first year stick to people”

“N-no… I, I think it’ll be alright” Izuku manages to smile “It may not be ideal but I doubt I could come up with something better… at least for now”

“I’ll accept it only if you modify your hero costume to look like a rabbit” Tokage whispers to him once he’s back in his seat.

“Tokage, no” He gives her a withering look.

“Guess it’s my turn again, huh…” Honenuki mutters as he comes up to the teacher’s desk “Well, maybe it’ll finally get accepted…”

“Now, now. Don’t be discouraged” Present Mic says with a smile “I’m sure it’ll be great!”
“…” Honenuki gives him a deadpan stare and shows his sheet “Trapper. This should be alright, right?”

“Well… uhm… I guess?” Present Mic says hesitantly “Yea… I think it should be fine! Good job, listener!”

“Finally…” Honenuki mutters as he goes back to his seat.

“Now then! Since that’s done, I’ll see you all in our next class!” Present Mic says and exits.

“Ekhm” Kan sensei clears his throat to get their attention “Please look through the hero agencies lists you’ve been given and pick one agency. That is all, you’re dismissed”

Shouto looks down at the sheet in his hands. He hasn’t really decided on a hero name yet. Actually, he doesn’t really care what the others address him as. But… this could be a good opportunity. Midnight is helping them pick their names. Now, what is the silliest name he can get away with? Just to upset his father. Well… Maybe not only his father. He glances at Bakugou and smirks. Since he doesn’t care about that name all that much… might as well use it. Once he’s done writing, he comes up to the teacher’s desk to present the name.

“…” He takes in a deep breath, and making eye-contact with Bakugou, he turns his sheet around, showing his hero name “The icyhot hero: Half and Half”

“Are you picking a fight, half and half bastard?!?!?” Bakugou questions, but doesn’t get any further because of Aizawa sensei’s glare.

“No, but it’s my only option to get you to use my name” He says and smirks “Even if it is just a hero name”

“Hey, Kan sensei, what’s with that difference between Rainbow Agency’s font and all the others?” Kendo asks, before their teacher has the chance to leave the classroom.

“Ugh… Just ignore it” He says with the long-suffering look on his face “Rainbow Agency provided the equipment needed for the second event of the Sports Festival, and in exchange, they wanted to be
able to choose a different font on recruitment papers”

“Wait, that’s it?” Awase questions, a bit bewildered.

“Yes, that’s exactly it” Kan sensei sighs.

“Hey Kendo, are you going to go to that ‘Rainbow Agency’? They seem pretty neat” Tsuburaba questions the girl.

“No…” Kendo denies with a smile “I’ve decided to go with Uwabami’s place. I respect her as a hero. What about you guys?”

“Well I’ll be-“ Tsuburaba starts saying but is cut off by Tetsutetsu.

“Oh, oh, I know! I’ll be going to Fourth Kind’s agency!” The boy beams at his classmates “He’s a really strong hero!”

“What about you, pocket healer?” Tokage asks Izuku as they’re leaving the classroom.

“. . .I don’t know yet. I’ll check if I can get the same agency as Shouto first” He answers with a sigh “If not, then I’ll just pick the one that suits me best’

“Wait, you’re going to base it entirely on where Shouto is going?!?” Tokage gapes at him “That’s some dedication” He rolls his eyes and just keeps going.

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“Hey, Shouto!” Midoriya calls out and runs up to him “What agency are you going to?”

“Well…” Shouto stops for a moment, smiling just a little upon seeing his friend look so excited “I’ve been thinking of interning at my father’s agency…”

“Endeavor’s…?” Midoriya asks, surprised and maybe just a little worried.
“He is the number two hero, after all” Shouto says “But… after I’ve placed second at the Sports Festival… he’s been a little more insufferable than normally… I don’t know if I’ll be able to bear being with him for internship. But I guess I have to try, huh?” His smile goes wry “At least I’ll be sure to learn a few things…”

“Shouto…” Midoriya says and grabs his hand, completely undeterred by the fact they’re still at school and their classmates may see them “There are other great agencies out there. I’m sure that you’ll learn a lot if you go there!”

“Yes, but it won’t be the same standard as watching the number two…” He answers.

“Give me a second…!” Midoriya says and takes out the papers with the agencies that drafted him “…Okay… If you’re going to Endeavor’s Hero Agency, then I’ll go with you. He picked me too”

“Wait, what?” Shouto asks, a bit dumbstruck. Why would Endeavor draft Midoriya?

“Shouto… I won’t let you go there alone” Midoriya says, determination evident in his eyes “Besides, I’ve already wanted to go the the same agency as you. If it’s Endeavor’s then so be it”

“…” Shouto looks away “It’s not like I’m going to stop you… I just… thanks”

“No problem!” The boy beams and starts walking towards the teacher’s lounge “Let’s go turn our forms in. We can fill them out on the way”

“Okay” He says, shrugging.

Midoriya does just as he’s said he would, and takes out a pen to fill out the form. After it’s done, he offers the writing tool to Shouto. They share a smile. Shouto is honestly quite relieved that Midoriya is going to be there with him. No matter how bad Endeavor can get, he won’t do it with other people around. Besides, Midoriya’s presence alone is reassuring, no matter what happens. Although… why would Endeavor draft Midoriya? It doesn’t really make sense to him. After all, the boy hasn’t gotten far in the Sports Festival.

Maybe a popularity stunt, then? After all, the only reason Midoriya couldn’t continue was because of what Bakugou did. Not to mention the fact that he’s healed Shouto’s opponent AND used some fire, on live TV. Drafting him would be a good move, since it’d paint Endeavor in good light.
Namely, as the hero who gave the chance to the ‘poor kid with a healing and fire quirk’ who’s had his chance of advancing destroyed by the unfair and cruel behaviour of one of the other students. Even though it’s only half truth, since Midoriya is MUCH more powerful than that, and Endeavor doesn’t give a shit, media would jump at a sappy story like that in an instant.

But… it’s only one possibility. He can’t think of what other ones might be, yet it still bothers him. Endeavor has a history of treating people like tools, and he’d honestly hate to see that happen to Midoriya, no matter how small the extent of that. He WON’T let that happen… They turn in their filled in forms and part ways. Shouto goes to the dorms, while Midoriya goes home. It slightly irks him… The fact that Midoriya is not living in the dorms. But if it was his mother’s decision, then what can he do? With a sigh, he lets go of his thoughts and goes on to prepare for tomorrow.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed this~!

Also, the poll on Kiribaku resulted in a draw, so I'm going to think about it for a while and decide what to do at a later date xD

See ya guys soon \o/
Arietta of sparks

Chapter Summary

The internships start! ^_^

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“You’ve got your costumes, right?” Aizawa asks his class “Wearing them in public is strictly prohibited, but don’t drop them”

“Oh!” The chorus of excited voices answers him.

“All of you, be on your best behaviour!” He says “Now go!”

Vlad King is giving the same instructions to 1-B, a little to the side. Aizawa leans against one of the walls, observing the students. There is still some time before the trains start to arrive so no one leaves yet. To his surprise, although, now that he sees it, he should’ve expected that, the classes don’t stay separated from each other. The instant the instructions are over, Midoriya walks up to Todoroki, and stays by the boy’s side, and naturally, the boy’s friends also come up to them. Aizawa sighs, senseing the oncoming headache. He’s seen the way Midoriya kept glancing at Todoroki, even during the instructions. And now the boy is keeping close to the aforementioned, seeming almost like a guard dog. Something is wrong, Aizawa can sense that.

And he may just know what is that ‘something’. He’s seen the students’ choices. For both classes. Midoriya and Todoroki both chose to come to Endeavor’s agency. Which normally shouldn’t be the problem, seeing that the two are friends and probably just wanted to end up in the same agency. But… seeing Midoriya’s nervousness and how protective he suddenly seems, plus Aizawa’s own suspicions about Endeavor, he gets the feeling this is going to end badly.

…

There is a rather high chance that Endeavor will be trying to pursue the Hero Killer. After all, the only reason they haven’t done their little interrogation yet is the fact that the man continues searching for Stain and refuses to meet with anyone, saying that it’s a waste of time. Which means he’ll most likely be in Hosu, since that’s where the criminal was recently spotted. Maybe… maybe he also should pay Hosu a visit. In form of a few, long patrols. Just to make sure everything is alright. He’ll
get Present Mic to cover for him at work or something. He stays there for a while, watching his students board the trains and leave.

“Shouto… are you really okay?” Midoriya asks him softly once they’re alone in the train. Or, at the very least, not surrounded by their friends anymore.

“Yeah, it’s fine” He answers and smiles. It’s not like he’s lying… The thing is he’s more worried about whatever Endeavor may want from Midoriya rather than his own issues “Don’t worry” He ruffles the boy’s hair.

He retracts his hand, and they fall into comfortable silence. Shouto looks out the window, observing the city as they move across it, and Midoriya just keeps beating out the rhythm of some song. The boy seems to do it a lot when he’s thinking. Shouto briefly considers asking what the other boy is thinking about, but then he remembers that if he does, he’ll be flooded with Midoriya’s mumbly chatter for the next fifteen minutes or so. He redirects his attention back to the city. It really looks impressive… modern, flashy building, patches of greenery here and there. It’s almost impossible to connect this peaceful image to the city that gets attacked by villains every day. Sure, the damage is usually kept to the minimum. But still… people aren’t even scared of villain attacks anymore. Those situations have become normal to them.

And that worries him… Mostly because of the League of villains and their Nomu. He’s seen what the creature is able to do, and many heroes wouldn’t be able to take it on. With civilians wanting to see the fights up close… it could end in a disaster. He shakes his head a little to clear his head. Why is he getting such ominous thoughts, when he’s only looking at the city? Is he more or edge than usually, due to the internships? He sighs and leans against the window. Maybe at least he’ll be able to rest before they arrive. He catches Midoriya’s worried glance and rolls his eyes. He knows it’s normal for his friend to be worried… but it still feels weird. He gently grabs his friend’s hand. It’s warm and soft. He closes his eyes and attempts to nod off.

“Wake up… Shouto, wake up, please” Izuku shakes his friend’s shoulder.

“Mmmhhhm… what…?” Shouto groggily opens his eyes and slowly sits up “What’s the matter…?”

“We’ll have to get off soon” He explains and stifles a chuckle, once Shouto looks down at their still connected hands and blinks owlishly.

“Right…” His friend mumbles and retracts his hand, to pick up his bag and the case with his hero costume.
Izuku also gets his things and they get off the train at the next stop. The walk to the agency is quiet. Although, Izuku suspects that it’s mostly because of Shouto’s sleepiness. The building they enter is an enormous skyscraper. Once they step inside, they’re greeted by a friendly looking receptionist.

“Hello” The woman says with a professional smile “What can I do for you?”

“…We’re here for the internship” Shouto answers for them both.

“Oh, right!” The woman says “Wait here for a moment, I’ll have one of the sidekicks escort you”

The woman leaves for a moment and comes back in with another woman. The latter is looking rather… unique. Her hero costume is simple – a one piece suit, with colours ranging from red through pink to purple, melting into one another from top to the bottom. There is a single white star painted across the chest area. But it’s the hair that really catches Izuku’s attention. It’s white with rainbow ends. It looks… rather peculiar. The woman, who is apparently Endeavor’s sidekick, flashes them a bright grin and waves at them in a greeting.

“Hello!” She says “I’m a sidekick at Endeavor’s office, my name is Flare. I look forward to working with you!”

“Hello” “Good morning” They answer at the same time.

“Okay, so, follow after me, alright?” She says and starts walking. They share a look and trail after her “I was wondering what kind of kids caught boss’ attention… but you two are the ones, huh? Midoriya Izuku and Todoroki Shouto, right?”

“Yes” Shouto answers before Izuku can say anything.

“Hmm~. By the way, Shouto-kun… You’re boss’ son, right?” She asks innocently.

“…Yes” Shouto replies curtly, in a tone that discourages further prying.
“Jeez, no need to be so tense!” Flare chuckles “We’ll be working together those next few days, you know? I’ve been assign to help out with looking after you”

“…” Neither of them say anything as they arrive at Endeavor’s office. Flare stops for a second and looks at them with a smile.

“Okay, we’re about to go in. Just… boss can be a bit… rude at times. Prepare for this” She says “Also, make sure you’re not aggravating him. And… he’ll probably want to measure your abilities first, so prepare for some kind of test. Oh and before I forget. Once you enter the office, do not laugh. And I’m serious. No matter the impression you get, just DON’T LAUGH”

Flare looks at them and waits until they both nod, although a bit confused, then takes a deep breath and knocks on the door. Endeavor says that it’s open, and they come in. The ‘hero’s office is… very spacious. And empty. Mostly empty… it looks like it’s big just for the sake of being big, not because there is any specific reason. There are only two furnitures he can see. A table and a desk. It honestly looks a bit hilarious and silly. Now he can say why Flare told them not to laugh. Although… it’s not THAT funny. Now he has to wonder if there was actually someone who was amused enough to laugh at it…

“So, you’re finally here” Endeavor grumbles angrily, breaking Izuku out of his thoughts “We’re going to the training hall. Don’t fall behind”

“Yes, sir!” Flare says and salutes.

Endeavor first makes his son display his abilities. He doesn’t need to see them, but his sidekick who’s volunteered to help needs to be familiar with his masterpiece’s powers. He looks as his son displays both the ice and fire. It’s progress, compared to when he’s only used the ice. And yet, he can feel bitterness… His masterpiece hasn’t used the fire for a long time, it’s not entirely under his control, and he’s not that skillful with it. No wonder that gigantification girl got the best of him. He’ll have to have some harsher training with him to get used to that power. He scowls, remembering how difficult it’ll be now that his masterpiece is living at school’s dorms.

“Wow, that’s so pretty!” Flare, one of his sidekicks, praises his son’s quirk display with a smile. He feels like rolling his eyes but forces himself to be patient.

“Now, you” He says pointing at the other boy.
“Y-yes, sir” The student says, and there is something in his voice Endeavor can’t quite pinpoint…

He’s been interested in this brat ever since the Sports Festival. From what he’s seen, the boy can both heal and use fire. He’d be a good asset, if he became his masterpiece’s sidekick. And there shouldn’t be a problem with getting that to happen, judging from the way they worked together after his son’s match. There seemed to be… a certain level of cooperation between the two. He’s never encouraged his son to make friend – after all, friendship would only distract him from his goal – but that could actually be useful in this case. But for his masterpiece to acquire this boy, he’ll have to put in some effort not to scare that brat off. It’s only a few days so it should be fine. Moreover, he’ll be able to see the weaknesses and strengths of that boy, and that’ll certainly prove useful. He focuses his attention back on the brat, as the aforementioned stutters over the explanation of his quirk.

“Well… uhm…” The brat gulps and Endeavor has to force himself to remain patient “My quirks lets me summon a holographic instrument. I can play it to get different kinds of effects… like healing, or creating fire… or ice”

“Wow, that’s so cool too!” Flare chirps in excitement “Are those all of the effects you can use or is there more?”

“T-there is more…” Interesting. Endeavor listens to the boy’s explanation carefully.

Shouto silently observes his father as Midoriya goes over his quirk’s current capabilities. He can’t say what the man is thinking at all and that bothers him. Well, at least he doesn’t look displeased so… there is that? Midoriya just gets to the part about being able to enhance other quirks, and Shouto can see Endeavor’s eyes flashing with satisfaction or… happiness? It’s really hard to tell. But it’s a positive emotion. It’s not as extreme as when the man has heard about Shouto’s quirk for the first time, but seeing that glint in the man’s eyes still brings back some unpleasant memories.

He feels his control over his right side slip, and as the air gets a little chilly, he forces it to turn off. Dammit… he has to get himself together and be on guard or else something important may slip past him. He continues observing his father, up until Midoriya finishes talking about his quirk, and they’re ordered to go on a patrol with Flare. Shouto furrows his brow. That’s… weird. He’d think Endeavor would want them to come with him on a patrol instead. Why make one of his sidekicks take them? He doesn’t voice any of his concerns, and he walks along his friend, now changed into their hero costumes.

Izuku smiles as they walk through the city, Flare explaining how to properly conduct a patrol. He’s relieved that it’s just them and Endeavor’s sidekick now, instead of the man himself. Shouto’s father is a piece of trash, and when Izuku is in his presence, he has to constantly remind himself not to
show disgust or anger. It would be counterproductive at this point in time. But if the man as much as touches Shouto… he may or may not try to break Endeavor’s hand. And that in itself terrifies him, because it could have terrible consequences.

His smile grows bigger as they encounter a kid that asks them if they’re heroes. Flare immediately answers with enthusiasm and shows the kid a bit of her quirk. She produces a colourful fire on her hand and launches it into the air, making it turn into a heart for a second, before disappearing. Then, she talks with the excited kid, and when they’re done, they continue the patrol. Flare seems… really nice. She’s really not the kind of person he’d picture working for Endeavor. Even if she doesn’t know just how horrible the man is, he just can’t think of a reason why she’d want to work under someone as rude and ever-angry as Endeavor. Well… he’s the number two hero. But still…

They continue on their patrol, talking to everyone who approaches them, and stopping occasional fights. They don’t encounter any actual villains, mostly the fights are just civilians’ quarrels that escalate a bit too much. Flare only lets them help when she deems it safe, to the obvious irritation of Shouto. Izuku doesn’t mind though, he just keeps his smile up, using his quirk to support the woman the best he can. She’s sharing a lot of information with them, telling them all about how to judge when it’s time for heroes to intervene, and how to use one’s quirk to show off and gain publicity. All in all, Izuku would say that the patrol was quite informative.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed the chapter~

See y’all soon ^_^
Eerie waltz

Chapter Summary

The internship continues~! ^_^

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Hey, Curator, I’ve got something interesting for you!” Giran calls out to him.

“…What is it?” He asks, stopping his everyday training.

“Well, you know how Stain is currently in Hosu, right?” The man asks with a smirk, and Curator nods. “There is also a group of villains that plans to attack the city soon. Thought I’d give you a heads-up in case you’d want to join”

“…” Well, at least it’s something to consider. “Which group is that?”

“They go by the name of ‘League of Villains’, and from what I’ve heard, they’ve attacked U.A’s USJ” Giran smirks.

“Not interested” Curator replies and gestures for the man to leave. “They’re too unpredictable, it’s risky. Not to mention we have a bit… different goals in mind”

“Now, now, no need to jump to conclusions” Giran sighs and lights a cigarette. “They’re not the only ones there…”

“For the love of god, just say what you have to say and get out. I’m in the middle of training” He rolls his eyes.

“Alright, alright. No need to be so angry about it” The man draws on a cigarette, and huffs. “Villain Factory’s long awaited comeback is scheduled to take place in Hosu on the night of the League’s
“Villain Factory?” Curator raises an eyebrow “What are they planning?”

“No one knows, but it’s said to be something big” Giran shrugs “I’m kind of glad, if I have to be honest. After Queen Bee’s… incident, they’ve been quite inactive, save for distributing the drugs. If they continue their plans, I have a feeling it’ll get me some clients”

“Yeah, I don’t care about your business” Curator says “Thanks for the info though. Maybe we’ll drop by to see their ‘comeback’. After all, this group has always had interesting ideas”

Electra: Hey, Dusty-pie! I’ve got a job for you.

Dusty Ash: First: don’t call me that, it sounds like a really bad food choice.

Dusty Ash: Second: how many times do I have to tell you I’m busy for you to understand. e.e

Dusty Ash: But, oh well, what is that job?

Electra: So, like, you know the hero killer?

Dusty Ash:…

Dusty Ash: I want nothing to do with the man.

Electra: Understandable. The job is to take him down though.

Dusty Ash: Thought you didn’t mind him?

Electra: Well, recently he’s tried to attack a hero I respect and I’m not going to let it go so easily.
Dusty Ash: PLEASE tell me you don’t mean Endeavor.

Electra: Yuck, nope. He almost got Manual though, and I respect that guy, even though most people don’t.

Dusty Ash: Gotcha. Though I’m a bit busy here as I’ve said.

Electra: …Am I to understand I’m to pay you with my services instead of cash or…?

Dusty Ash: Yeah, pretty much. I need you to check out a few people.

Electra: No problem! Tell me who to check and I’ll send the info to you \o/ (well, as soon as you’re done with Stain, that is).

Dusty Ash: Yea, yea. I’m going now tho, I’ll send you the list later.

“Hey boss!” Flare waves at the man once she’s back at the office.

“…Flare, where are the students?” Her boss asks with suspicion in his voice.

“Oh, it’s actually quite late so I sent them to bed” She says cheerfully and Endeavor sighs in exasperation. Huh, was it… not the right thing to do…? “Something wrong, sir?”

“Just… next time report to me before doing something like that” Boss sighs with irritation “I’ve wanted to talk to them before they’d go to sleep’

“S-sorry boss!” She internally panics. Oh god, how could she fail the boss like that.

“No. Don’t apologize. Just… follow the procedure to a T the next time, got it?” The man sighs and massages his head. O-oh, he has a headache.
“G-got it, boss!” She salutes and leaves the room.

Well… that was weird. Boss usually has one mood – angry. But… this time he didn’t seem all that furious. If she had to say, his mood was ‘tired as all hell’ if there is a mood like that. Has he been on one of his patrols while they were gone? Or was this the result of going through mountains of paperwork? He seems to be doing a lot of that, since his assistant, Tanya, is on a break. Hmm… maybe that’s not so bad. Him, having something to burn that raging energy through. Maybe he’ll be less rude that way?

“Flare, ’s that you?” A familiar voice calls out, slurring slightly.

“Yup, it’s me!” She chirps and runs up to one of her colleagues “Did you need anything, Spark?”

“No, just reminding you to finally finish your reports” The man sighs “You’re behind the schedule…”

“Oh, right, that” The smile disappears from her face “Paperwork is so annoying though!”

“Flare, for the god of love, just finish those reports” The man sighs and hands her some papers “Then, read this. You’ll be handling a new case soon”

…I am helping with the internships though. I can’t really go out for long!” She says, a little surprised.

“Don’t worry about that” He shakes his head “You’ll have enough time for both… and for the paperwork”

“Ugh…” Looks like that means no extra sleep for her “Alright… I’ll take care of this”

“Please, don’t mess it up, it’s your first solo mission” The man sighs.

“Wait, I’m going solo?? Why wasn’t it the first thing you’ve said??” She chirps happily, bouncing on her feet “Finally!”
Spark just looks at her with a deadpan expression and walks away, muttering a half-hearted ‘goodbye’. Well, doesn’t matter. She’s got her first solo mission AND she can teach the students. That’s like a dream come true. Well… there’s also the paperwork, but fuck that. She’ll take care of it later.

“Hey… Shouto?” Midoriya’s voice disturbs the silence and he can hear a quiet knock on the door.

“Yeah?” He asks as he opens the door. Midoriya is standing on the other side, a neatly-folded hoodie in his hands.

“Well… I’ve forgotten to give it back to you earlier” Midoriya says and gives him the hoodie “So… here you go”

“…I’d prefer it if you wore it” Shouto simply says and thrusts the hoodie back into Midoriya’s hands.

“Wait, what?” Midoriya gapes at him, dumbfounded.

“…I said you should keep it for now” Shouto repeats and has to stifle a chuckle at Midoriya’s expression “You’ll need it more than I do, seeing as I can regulate my own temperature”

“A-are you sure…?” Midoriya asks softly and blushes.

“Yes. And go to bed Midoriya, it’s late” He deadpans, trying to squash the feeling of butterflies in his stomach “You’ll be tired tomorrow”

“A-alright! Good night” Midoriya says and goes back to his own room.

“…Good night” Shouto answers and closes the door.

He sighs and tries to calm down his madly beating heart. It’s not easy, because he can’t stop thinking about just how cute Midoriya is when he’s blushing. He shakes his head to get rid of the annoying
thoughts and gets ready for the night. Tomorrow is probably going to be harsher than today. He just prays that if his father makes them train, it won’t be like the training he’s received back home. He really doesn’t want Midoriya to see something like that, to go through something like that. On the other hand… Flare said she’s going to be helping during the intership, and if she’s there then maybe Endeavor will go a bit easier on them. Well, the only way to find out is to wait. And so, he goes to sleep.

Izuku considers the second day of the intership to be rather okay. They train for a bit, sparring with a rather tired-looking Endeavor. And honestly, it’s a bit weird. The man is just as annoyed and raging as ever, but he looks so tired when compared to yesterday. After that, they go on a patrol around the city with Flare and one of the other sidekicks. Spark was his name if he remembers correctly. They actually get to fight a bit, when they encounter a villain who tries to rob a jewelry store. The fight is over quite quickly though, since Shouto manages to freeze the poor guy.

After that, they go back to the agency. Apparently, they were scheduled to have another sparring session with Endeavor, but something happened and they get to train with Spark instead. The man has a rather interesting quirk. It’s fire based, and it lets him create fire anywhere within fifty meters radius around him. It takes two seconds to activate though. And Izuku knows just how irritating the casting time can be, so he can relate to the man’s exasperation when he has to dodge Shouto’s ice instead of destroying it.

After that’s done, they have a short break to eat dinner. Flare comes back after that and takes them on the evening patrol. Nothing much happens but it’s still quite enjoyable. At least for him. Shouto looks a bit bored though. They get back, train for a bit and go to sleep. All in all, he’d say that it was a pretty good day.

Aizawa observes the Endeavor Hero Agency, just like the day before. It’s evening already. Yesterday, Endeavor left the agency late at night and Aizawa followed him. The man went on a patrol, but instead of the usual routes the agency’s heroes take, he went through all of the back alleys surrounding the building. It was… a bit unusual. But Aizawa just followed him and observed quietly. The hero seemed quite distracted, but aside from that, nothing was amiss.

The boys were okay too, from what he could tell. Yesterday they had been on a patrol with one of Endeavor’s sidekicks. Today too. It bothers him a bit – why would they patrol with a sidekick instead of Endeavor himself? On the other hand – he feels like it’s safer for them. Still, something weird is going on, and he won’t rest until he makes sure his students are safe. He’s broken out of his thoughts when he sees Endeavor leave the building. The man starts going through the alleys again. This time, Aizawa decides to stay and observe the agency instead of going after him.

“Flare, Spark, get the students. We’re heading to Hosu” Endeavor says sternly, observing his subordinates.
“…Huh…? Us too?” Spark mumbles under his breath but nods.

“Yessir!” Flare chirps cheerily. He almost grimaces. That cheeriness is really annoying.

He sighs. Spark’s reaction is quite understandable, seeing as he mostly patrols alone, and gets missions done with as little people as possible. Mostly because almost all of the people in his agency give him a headache. Or an urge to scream at them. Which he sometimes do. And it’s mostly ineffective. To be honest, if a few days ago, someone would tell him he’d end up bringing more than one sidekick along, he’d laugh at them. And yet, he can’t afford to not bring his subordinates along.

The day the internship has started, when Flare brought the kids on a patrol, there was a break in to the agency. The culprits didn’t steal anything, nor did they harm anyone. No one has even seen them. Nor were they caught on security cameras. And yet, a single note from them found its way onto Endeavor’s desk. The contents were simple: Hero Killer Stain is in Hosu. The message itself doesn’t bother him all that much. Someone wants Stain gone, or they want them to fight each other, either two of the options is fine with him. What unnerves him though, is the fact that someone managed to break in and leave without being seen at all. He’s managed to tighten the security around the building, and he’s been going on night patrols to check for possible clues, and see if there is anyone lurking nearby.

Of course, he hasn’t told anything to Flare and Spark. Flare is horrible at keeping silent, and she’d probably tell the two brats, which would make everything even worse. And Spark… even if he doesn’t say anything, the sudden change in attitude would alert everyone that something is wrong. But he needs them in Hosu. He can’t afford any slip-ups, so it’s better to bring along people who are at least semi-capable. Of course, he could just go to Hosu alone, but somehow, his gut is telling him that it’d be a bad idea. And leaving those two brats alone and unsupervised also feels like it’d go horribly. Especially with the break-in culprits still on the loose. Sighing, he heads towards the exit. As much as he hates playing right into the culprits’ hands, he will do what he can for now and catch the criminal later. And then they’ll pay for breaking into his agency. He’ll make them regret ever being born.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed the chapter,

see y’all later~! ^_^
The trip to Hosu was rather awkwardly silent, but at least they’re already here. Izuku talks with Flare for a bit, before Endeavor shoots them a withering glare. After that, he slows down, in order to walk next to Shouto. His friend looks… half-lost in thoughts. He keeps his eyes on Endeavor with intensity that says otherwise though. But it’s not like he can’t relate. Everything about this intership so far has felt… off. The look of tiredness on that man whenever they’ve seen him. The fact that they’ve only went on patrols with sidekicks, before this, how they’ve barely seen Endeavor before today. To be honest, the only expected thing so far is that they ended up in Hosu – seeing as Stain was previously seen in the city.

Once they start their patrol, he spots a bit of tension in Spark’s shoulders. Something that definitely wasn’t there earlier. Flare still puts on her cheerful persona every time someone approaches them, but she seems a bit nervous. Shouto seems mostly indifferent and bored, though Izuku can tell that he’s also picked up on the weird tension around them. They walks for about two hours and both sidekicks seem to relax at least a little bit. They still watch their surrounding carefully, scanning for any kind of trouble, but that weird tension disappears as nothing happens for a long time. Their patrol around the city continues, and Izuku finds it just a little bit more enjoyable.

Setsuna listens carefully as Medusa – the hero she’s chosen to intern with – explains the details of today’s plan. She frowns slightly at the mentiones of ‘Trigger’ and ‘Villain Factory’. She knows just how dangerous that organisation can be. She’s BEEN there after their attacks. She’s seen how shaken some people were. She’s seen it affect the city in the long run. And she’d rather not relive it. But a mission is a mission, and for all of her humour and quirky habits, she will get the damned job done no matter what.

She nods along to the explanation, all of the usual cheeriness and bubbliness gone from her demeanour, and she follows Medusa outside the agency and into the train. Apparently, the agency has received an anonymous note about Villain Factory planning something in Hosu. Today, they’re only going to do reconnaissance, so they don’t have that many people with them. Apart from Medusa and her, only Tiamat tagged along. And so, their mission begins.
“One… two… three… testing the micro!” Dusty Ash chirps into the headpiece Electra gave her.

“I can hear you loud and clearly” The aforementioned replies “You in Hosu yet?”

“Yup, yup~!” She chirps “And I even have some more ‘tools’ than usual. I’m really looking forward to using them!”

“…Dusty-pie, don’t forget how dangerous that man can be when he fights” The other woman sighs.

“Dangerous, my ass! He couldn’t even kill Endewh-Endeavor when that man was paralysed!” She has to stop herself from using the ‘nickname’, which is frankly annoying. But it’s better to not upset Electra because of something silly like that.

“…Dusty-pie, please, you know how bad carelessness can be if you underestimate your opponent” Electra sighs.

“Yeah, yeah” She just nods along “How much time till we start the hunt?”

“…You can go now if you want to” The woman says “But for now, only track him down. Depending on the situation, you might have to wait, or attack immediately”

“Roger that” She says and the next moment she’s already soaring from rooftop to another one.

“Kurogiri, are the Nomus ready?” Shigaraki asks the shadowy figure next to him.

“Yes” The man answers indifferently.

“Great. Now we can finally make that asshole pay” He grins “I wonder if he really thought I’d let him get away with stabbing me. But… if he wants to go on a rampage, then we’ll let him… Which one of us can cause more destruction? Let’s see”

“Calm yourself, Shigaraki Tomura” Kurogiri’s voice interrupts his monologue “You’ll need patience and focus to lead all the Nomus in a satisfactory way”
“I know that” He snarls.

“Good then” The man answers “When shall we start?”

“Just a few more minutes” Shigaraki mutters “I need to think of where to position the Nomus”

“As you wish” Kurogiri says.

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‘How the heck did I get myself into this’ is a thought that keeps going through Ember’s head. All the time. Since he’s in Hosu. With all three of the Wild Villains. Waiting for the attacks to start. He didn’t think it’d be anything major, when Curator had contacted him in the morning. Jokes on him, he’s about to be in the middle of two villain groups’ attacks and possibly in the path of Stain’s rampage. All from a neat vantage point Zookeeper found for them. He wonders if he could back down from this and go home, and yet he knows that he can’t. Because he has to stop these idiots from doing anything stupid, if they try to join the other villains’ attacks.

Sometimes he really hates his life. He sighs as Curator and Bearhead argue about whether or not the bear puns need to stop – which seem to occur quite frequently between the two of them. Zookeeper is just staring into the space, kind of blankly. He honestly feels bad for this girl. He knows Curator has brainwashed her into being a villain. And it leaves him feeling bitter. Because there is nothing that can be done for her now. Because even if he somehow manages to get her out of here, and break the brainwashing, the psychological damage will still remain. It leaves him feeling sick. Just thinking what Curator is capable of. And the scariest thing is that he doesn’t even know his end goals. Well… that’s one of the reasons he’s here in the first place. The somehow urgent situation with Dusty Ash has been resolved, at least for now, so he went back to observing the Wild Villains. He has to get to know their goals somehow. And it’d be good to also know their plans. He really doesn’t like not knowing things. At least when they’re this important.

After he manages to somehow discover their motives, and make sure they don’t do anything stupid in the process, he’ll most likely tag along with another group of villains. Maybe the next ones won’t be as much of a headache. He really hopes it won’t be the League. But if it turns out it’s best for him to go to the League, he won’t really complain either. Because, no matter how he detests those guys, they can’t be worse than Curator and Bearhead. He glances at the city, spotting the familiar figure of Kurogiri. He frowns. Maybe, just maybe, he should sabotage the League today. He shakes his head at the thought. It’s be too risky. And he’d rather not die, thank you very much.

He goes to the other side of the rooftop they’re currently on, trying to see if he can spot anyone he recognises from the Villain Factory. He clicks his tongue in annoyance once he sees no one there. Figures they wouldn’t walk around in the open. He’s about to go back to his previous spot when he
sees something unexpected. Endeavor, two sidekicks and two students. Oh fuck, this could end badly. He strains his eyes to see if he can recognise the students. O-oh… oh… FUCK.

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One, two, three… One, two, three… One, two, three… One… two… Gosh, grouping those things is a pain in the ass. He really wishes they’d just develop ‘Trigger’ that can be breathed in instead of injected. Distributing it is really time consuming. Even more so after they’ve lost Queen Bee. Since now, they have to get by with using the snakes Cobra has provided. He sighs and gets back to grouping the snakes. Each ‘team’ consists of three of them, each equipped with a dose of ‘Trigger’ to inject people with. He winces as one of the snakes hisses at him. He really preferred the bees. Especially since only Kuin handled them back then.

He shoves each group of snakes into little boxes. It’s easier to transport them that way. They’ll just let them run loose in different parts of Hosu. He sighs, silently cursing his boss for making him participate in this plan. Not like he has anything against their ‘grand return’ but come on, he’s just not made for this kind of work. He packs the grouped snakes and reaches out for a container filled with something else than ‘Trigger’. He smiles, looking at the greenish liquid. He takes the only remaining snake, smaller than others, less visible, and pumps the substance into its teeth. The snake looks at him with unnatural, ruby eyes, and once again, he’s reminded that it’s not real, that it’s only a result of the quirk… He sighs and puts the snake in his pocket. It deserves special treatment – being the star of the show. He smiles and starts moving the boxes in order to distribute them into different parts of Hosu. The fun will begin soon.

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Aizawa finds himself in Hosu. When he’d arrived at Endeavor Hero Agency earlier today, he’s been worried because neither Endeavor nor the students seemed to be there. He’s asked the receptionist and, after learning that they’re in Hosu, he took a train and ended up here. It took a bit of running around and jumping from building to building, but in the end, he’s managed to find his students. Relief floods his mind. He’s going to observe for a bit longer before going back, since it seems like, despite his suspicions, there was nothing to worry about, at least as far as the internship itself goes. He’s actually kind of impressed, as Todoroki handles one of the fights they encounter. Endeavor doesn’t interfere, letting the boy settle it by himself. It ends with the villains being enclosed in ice.

He stops for a second, as he sees a weird looking snake crawl towards the group. No one seems to take notice of him as it gets closer. Aizawa sucks in a deep breath, thinking that it’s going to bite one of the heroes, or his students. But instead the creature goes for the ice-encased villain. Suddenly, the villain gets MUCH bigger. Aizawa gets déjà vu. It’s just like the ‘Impromptu Villains’ case a few years back. He’s about to jump into the scene and help, when Endeavor himself puts down the villain. He breathes a sigh of relief. Still, if this is just like that case… He should probably report it as soon as possible. He reaches out for his phone, only to have it knocked out of his hand.

“I’m sorry, but I’m afraid I can’t let you do that…” An unfamiliar voice calls out from behind him.

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“Okay, I’ve got it” Shigaraki murmurs under his breath and takes out a map of Hosu “Kurogiri,
summon Nomus there, there and there” He says pointing to the specific locations on the map.

“As you wish, Shigaraki Tomura” The man says and disappears for a moment, to gather the Nomus.

Shigaraki can’t help the grin that creeps onto his face. Soon, the city will be his. And then, he’ll crush Stain for pissing him off that much. He wants to laugh but then something catches his eye. What the… Suddenly, a giant villain emerges from the city. Shigaraki scratches his neck. It doesn’t matter. Random NPCs are unworthy of his attention. He turns to watch the spot where one of his Nomus is going to appear, but he’s stopped when another giant villain appears. What the heck? Are those guys organising it somehow? Another one wails in the other part of the city. And then another… and the next one. Shigaraki scratches his neck. This is, this is certainly weird. Is this some kind of hidden surprise boss of this stage?

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Endeavor curses loudly and yells at the villain, hurling more flames at him. After that one villain his son caught suddenly got bigger, they’ve started getting reports of several other giants roaming the city. He decided it’d be best to split up – he’s sent Midoriya with Flare and Shouto with Spark. They should be okay that way.

With a few more hits, he takes down the villain in front of him. He heaves a sigh, and comes to a stop when he hears a scream behind him. He turns around and comes face-to-face with a black creature that has an exposed brain and weird mouth. It perfectly fits the descriptions of ‘Nomu’ he’s heard from the policemen. He glares as the creature screeches at him, and they both start running towards one another. He fires a few blasts to see how strong the creature is. It looks unfazed. Gritting his teeth, he resumes the attack.

Chapter End Notes

So... since we have both Nomus and 'Trigger' inducing snakes runnin' around... what do you think would happen if one of the snakes bit the Nomu? :P
Just kidding... prolly.

Anyways, I hope you enjoyed the chapter, see ya ^_^
There is a lot of smoke and fire everywhere. A lot of villains. Izuku pales when he sees a Nomu running around, a few buildings away. He and Flare are still trying to evacuate civilians. ‘Trying’ being the key word. With so many different villains running around, they’re forced to protect the crowd they’re leading, and they have to pick roads that are more or less safe. And most of those are covered in rubble and sometimes there is even fire raging in the middle of it all. They’ve run into Backdraft earlier, as the hero attempted to do something about the flames.

Finally, after a long and exhausting walk, they make it into the more or less safe area – which means they’re outside Hosu. There are ambulances here, paramedics not wanting to head straight into the fray. Well, technically even the law forbids them from going any closer to villain fights. They leave the civilians there and head back into the city. Once again, Izuku is grateful for his mask. If he didn’t have it, he’d have to put up with inhaling all that smoke in the air. When they’re in the middle of climbing up a hill of rubble, a villain attacks them. The man has a manic grin splattered across his face, and there is lightning cracking between his fingers. He hauls some of that lightning at them and Flare pushes Izuku out of the way. She uses her fire to counterattack, pink and violet flames rising to life around the villain.

The man’s scream is haunting. But that’s not important right now. Because there is still so much fire around them. Because there are still other screams. Because there are gigantic villains and Nomus. And he has to do something to make it better. He starts moving again, as they climb over the rubble. He can’t use harmonica because of his mask, but at least he can use the piano and guzheng in those short moments when his hands aren’t occupied. He puts out as many fires as he can, and heals injured people they come across. By now, both he and Flare are covered in soot, grime and ash, and he can see the woman actually coughing because of all the smoke. He purses his lips. He doesn’t know how much longer they’ll be able to remain in the city before evacuating.

Well, this has certainly become a huge mess. Not that it matters. She’s only here to kill the Hero Killer. Dusty Ash curses in exasperation when one of the villains roaming the city destroys the building she’d wanted to jump onto. Irritated, she looks for another way to get across. She sees a possible route and makes her way there. No signs of Stain here either, huh... She changes direction and jumps between rooftops again, looking through the alleys, while she tries not to get squashed by the giant villains. She can’t contact Electra, or anyone she knows for that matter, because either the
signal is jammed, or there is just no service.

Either way, it means she’s on her own for now. She skids across the roofs, mildly irritated by the noise of the attacks all around her. But… it’s alright. At the very least, it’ll drown out Stain’s screams. A perfect distraction for her assassination. She stops for a second, waiting as heroes run past the building she’s on, before jumping. It’d be bad to engage in senseless combat. After about half an hour, she finally catches sight of Stain. She can’t help but smirk.

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Aizawa dodges the incoming attack. He leaps back and takes a look at his assailant. Man, wearing jeans and a non-descriptive, black hoodie, tufts of dark, blue hair sticking out from the shadow of the hood, face hidden behind a black mask. The stranger’s stance doesn’t look like one normally associated with fighting. The man is way too… relaxed and calm in how he stands. He doesn’t look like he’s ready to fight at moment’s notice, but despite that, Aizawa can tell that if he attacks, the villain will be able to dodge. There is no question about it. It’s written in the graceful placement of his legs. It’s engraved in the way his core of gravity is situated.

It’s honestly a bit unnerving to look at the man. But he has bigger problems to think about, for now. His phone was destroyed when it fell out of his hand. And he can see more and more gigantic villains appearing randomly on the horizon. The villain tilts his head, and for a moment, they just stand there, staring at each other. Then, Aizawa activates his quirk and attempts to capture the man with his scarf. The villain dodges, time and time again, seemingly unbothered by the whole situation. They go at it for a few minutes before Aizawa’s hands start to feel drained, and he can’t keep it up anymore. So, instead of using his capture weapon, he sprints at the villain, trying to kick him. The man dodges again and puts some more distance between them. They stop moving for a second and the villain slightly relaxes again.

“Oh my…” The man says, and Aizawa narrows his eyes “That could have been dangerous. And time consuming. Definitely time consuming… Yep… Can I leave now or…?”

“What?!” Is all he can manage to bark out.

“Well, I mean, like, I have, like, no business here? Like, you know…” The villains hums thoughtfully and Aizawa really hates his manner of speaking. It pisses him off “Like, what I mean to say is… your phone got destroyed. You can’t call anyone. Not on time anyways… so, like, can I just-“

The man doesn’t get to finish the question, as Aizawa closes the distance between them again, and tries to punch him. The villain only sighs and dodges. Aizawa tries again… then again… and again. The man dodges every single attack. EVERY. SINGLE. ONE. But he doesn’t throw any punches or kicks at Aizawa. And that’s weird. The man keeps dodging, until after a few minutes, he just sighs and finally kicks Aizawa. Or at least tries to, because the hero dodges.
“Oh man…” The villain says, jumping back to put more distance between them again “I really am… not made for this kind of job” A sigh “Hey, can we just call it quits? I have other things to do, and I’m sure you do too… Like, I don’t know, attacking villains that actually try to destroy the city or something? That’s what heroes do, isn’t it?”

“…” He doesn’t answer. It’s true that this fight is going nowhere, at least for now, and that he’d like to try to stop those rampaging villains… but he feels like letting this one get away would be a grave mistake.

“…” The villain sighs again “I’m really not made for this job…” The man mutters “Oh man… And here I thought we could just both go away… Well, I guess I don’t really have a choice-“

Once again, he cuts him off by attacking. The villain just dodges, once again, and Aizawa is really perplexed at how he does it, seeing as it’s most likely not the man’s quirk. Considering he makes sure it’s erased. They have a brief exchange of hits and dodges, and then, the villain throws something at the ground. White steam is released upon impact. Cursing, Aizawa backs off for a second, fearing it may be poisonous. He attacks once again, using his scarf. When the smoke dissipates, the man is gone.

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Ember is really not having a good day. He’s barely managed to convince the Wild Villains to let him leave. And after that, he’s somehow lost track on both of the kids. The only one he’d seen at the scene when he arrived was Endeavor. He really hopes that the students just got evacuated to safety. Just to be sure, he searches the nearby area, jumping from roof to roof, and sprinting through alleys when he’s forced to keep to the ground. He’s had to kill one, black… bird-human-like creature already, when the monster cornered him. He considers it to be a waste of time, but at least his flames were effective enough to kill it quickly.

After some time, he spots a familiar figure. He feels just a bit of relief – Dusty Ash is actually here, even though he doesn’t know why – so he can just tell her that Endeavor’s son is there. That’d mean at least one less problem to worry about. He drops down from the rooftop at the entrance to the alley. Now that he has a good luck… the woman is fighting someone. He sprints forward and freezes for a second. She’s fighting… Stain? Weren’t they on the same team? Well, doesn’t matter. He’ll just have to help her a bit and then relay the info to her.

He uses his quirk when Stain has his back turned to him, almost managing to hit the Hero Killer. The man dodges at the last second, and then jumps away from Dusty’s attack. Ember’s about to try again, when one of the giant villains stomps on the building right next to all of them. There is a moment when no one moves, a bit shocked at the interruption, ash and rubbles everywhere. And then, just as Stain tries to attack Dusty Ash, a black bird-like beast thing jumps into the scene, almost smashing into the Hero Killer. Ember curses, because OF COURSE it just had to happen. He prepares to
launch an attack at the thing, before Stain snarls and slashes the monster. It shrills and charges at the man. It’s fast – in just a second, it smashes into Stain with its whole body, and they both barrel out of the scene. Dusty Ash is about to go after them when he stops her.

“This is no time to be chasing after him!” He yells as he grabs her wrist “Endeavor’s son is in the middle of this mess”

“Ende- what… no…” She sounds horrified at the prospect but quickly regains her composure “Where?”

“I don’t know… I’ve lost track of him” He confesses and Dusty Ash hisses through her teeth “Just thought I’d let you know. We can split up and search for him”

“Okay” She says and point “I’ll be taking this side of the city”

“Alright” He answers even though he doesn’t know exactly which area she means. They sprint in different directions.

Shouto encases a Nomu in ice. The creature breaks free for a second, before he uses his quirk again – this time, not leaving anything out of the ice, not even the head. He only notices his shuddering breath when the beast is trapped for good. He looks around, swallowing a bile that’s trying to rise in his throat. The city around him is a total pandemonium – villains running around, building crumbling, fires soaring. He’s gotten separated from Spark when one of the buildings has fallen and shortly after, he was forced to run away as one of the giant villains tried to attack him. Of course, he could take it out – the problem is that there is just too many of them roaming around, and to do anything to the giant he’d have to use a lot of power. If he did, he’d be too exhausted to effectively defend himself.

And that’s why he had to run, and how he’s found himself in an unknown location, surrounded by rubble and fire. He can hear the screeching of the Nomus somewhere in the distance, as well as screams and loud shrills. He doesn’t know where he is, or even what he’s supposed to do. He could try to somehow help with the fires, but the idea of getting exhausted from putting out the fires with ice, and then getting attacked by something is not very compelling. He swallows thickly and starts moving forward, keeping an eye out of possible dangers. Sooner or later, he’ll have to bump into some hero.

Chapter End Notes
I hope you liked it~! ^_^ 

See ya guys soon :D
And dw if some POVs didn't appear in this chapter - they will later ;3
You know what? It’s bearly bearable to just stand here!” Bearhead says.

“SHUT. UP” Curator hisses, massaging his forehead. He’s already had enough of the bear puns for today…

“Yea, yea, I will” The other… man? werebear? hums “Can I go join in now?”

“You know what? Do whatever you like, I don’t even care anymore” He sighs. They were supposed to only observe but if it makes him shut up… “If you want to murder anyone though, take Zookeeper with you. The last thing we need is getting mixed up and blamed for this shit because of some slip-up”

“Fine by me” Bearhead shrugs.

“As you wish” Zookeeper says and then, they’re off. Finally a moment of peace…

Setsuna taps her fingers impatiently as the train moves closer and closer to their destination. Suddenly, it just stops. The force almost throws her out of her seat. She looks at Medusa and Tiamat, who both look just as confused as she is. Before she can ask if they know what’s the matter, an announcement answers for her.

“Attention passengers!” Loud voice booms from the speakers “Please remain seated! We’re making emergency stop due to the incidents happening at our next stop. Thank you for your patience”
“The next stop-“ Setsuna says, realisation striking her.

“It’s Hosu” Medusa cuts her off, standing up “We’re going to ask them to let us off the train for now. Then, we’ll head there and see if there is anything we can help with. Tiamat, contact the HQ. Tell them to send back-up as soon as they can”

Izuku hears coughing sounds next to him. He turns around to see Flare bent over and wheezing from all the smoke. He’s tried to help her earlier, using his quirk to heal and give her energy, but it seems like that’s not enough. Not to mention he can already feel the first signs of quirk overuse. Nevertheless, they both press forward, escorting the next group of civilians. The town is a mess – there is more rubble and stand-alone walls than actual buildings. At least closer to the centre. The edge of the town is slightly better off, but there are still many destroyed and damaged buildings. Some of the giant villains were taken care of by the heroes, but there are still a few rampaging across the city.

He nearly sags with relief once they reach the evacuation point. Every time they go in, it’s just getting worse and worse. Poor vision, smoke everywhere, a LOT of fire and rubble. Every part of his body is hurting from going through the debris, and getting hit with random bricks and stones from the crumbling buildings. His quirk is nearing its limits too… He’s really relieved when Flare sinks down to the ground to sit down, instead of heading back in. Some paramedic offers them water, which they both gladly accept. It feels so good to have water trickling down his raw throat and soothing it…

“Hey, kid, how are you holding up?” Flare asks softly, her tone lacking the usual cheerful note.

“…I’m okay” He answers. It’s half-truth but he’s better off than most people they’ve seen “I have my mask so the smoke didn’t get to me. Are you… okay?”

“Yup!” She answers, this time cheerfully, though it seems a bit forced “Just got a bit tired! It’s not going to keep me down for long”

“That’s… good” He says, even though he doesn’t believe a word she’s just said “Are we… going to head in again…?” He really hopes not.

“For now get some rest” She says with a smile “Some heroes just arrived at the scene so they’re going to help. We may have to go in later though, or at least I may have to… but for now it’d be for the best to just rest”
“Ok” He tries to return that smile.

Shouto keeps staggering as he limps forward, desperate to find a moderately safe place. His vision swims a little, clouded by all the smoke and fire. His breathing is heavy. He’s managed to avoid combat for now, but his leg still got hurt when rubble fell on it. He hasn’t encountered any pro heroes yet, and he has no idea where the evacuation zone is. He feels his legs give out and he falls, barely managing to lean against the wall in the process. He grits his teeth and attempts to steady his breathing.

After a few minutes, he summons a bit of ice into his right hand and melts it using his left. He drinks the water, cautiously observing his surroundings. Aside from producing water, his quirk isn’t that much help in the current situation. He may be able to shield himself from some of the falling rubble, and he may be able to fight when it comes down to it, but he can’t exactly do anything about the smoke or his injury. Maybe if he just stays here, heroes will find him. He barely stops himself from cursing when he hears something to his right. Please don’t let it be a Nomu…

He turns around to see who or what made the noise. He’s relieved to see human figures. Not a Nomu then. He tries to call out to get the person… no, there is more than one shadowy figure there. Anyways, he tries to get their attention but when he tries to call out, only a choked shrill escapes his mouth. The figures doesn’t seem to notice. Cursing internally, he picks himself up, and after his vision stops swimming for a moment, he starts limping towards the figures. When he’s close enough, he finally recognises them. How couldn’t he, after seeing that hero costume every other combat training… Still, he’s never thought he’d be this happy to see Iida. Ingenium, his classmate’s brother, is also there.

Jeez, fighting Eraserhead was somehow easier than he’d thought it’d be. Just shows how much he’d improved since he started training. Though he still can’t land a solid kick. Or a punch. Doesn’t matter. All the snakes are already distributed and causing chaos. Well, maybe one isn’t. But it’s a special case. The weird black creatures weren’t in the plan but… it’s not like he’s complaining. As long as boss leaves him alone. He’d really rather do other things than overseeing their plans and fighting the pros. He’s just not really suited for that kind of job. It’s too easy to fuck something up. He wonders how Kuin dealt with all this stress. Oh well, at least this time the complications weren’t too bad. Now only to let the lil’ snake do its job. He reaches to his pocket to retrieve the snake. There is nothing inside… OH FUCK, HE’S LOST IT.

“Kurogiri, take us back to the bar” Shigaraki says.

“…? Right now? Isn’t it a bit too early?” The man asks.

“I don’t care if it’s ‘too early’. Those giants are destroying the city” He points out “And the Nomus are mostly taken out by now. There is nothing more to do”
“As you wish, Shigaraki Tomura” Kurogiri nods and opens a warp gate “What will you tell sensei?”

“…I’ll tell him what’d happened, obviously” Shigaraki scratches his neck “Some shitty hidden boss interfered with our plans”

“…?” Kurogiri seems puzzled “Didn’t you get what you wanted?”

“No” He snarls “I’ve wanted recognition. I wanted to overshadow that shithead Stain. But instead, those random villains steal our spotlight!”

“Calm down, Shigaraki Tomura” Kurogiri sighs “Let’s go back to the hideout”

“…That’s what I’ve been saying” He mutters.

Izuku and Flare are still sitting on the ground and waiting to see if they’re needed. Pro heroes are either going back and forth to rescue as many people as possible, or just going in and not returning – which means they’re most likely helping to fight the remaining villains. The most concerning thing is that most of Hosu is already destroyed, and some villains are heading towards the only undamaged parts. If it goes on for much longer, the whole city will be reduced to rubble. Not to mentioned no one else from their agency has made it here. Well, Endeavor is most likely just hell bent on fighting until the end. On the other hand, Izuku is really worried about the fact that Spark and Shouto aren’t here yet. He knows that Shouto is more than capable of defending himself and Spark is technically a pro, but still… There are many dangerous enemies out there.

And he’s especially worried since he’d seen so many giant villains. Some of them were so big Shouto would have to use his glaciers to trap them. And that’s the problem because he can only produce a few glaciers before quirk exhaustion kicks in. Not to mention, he hasn’t seen any hero with healing quirk heading in, so if Shouto is injured, he’d probably have to get here to treat it. Izuku shakes his head. Nothing bad is going to happen… he just has to believe that.

“Oh, Spark!” Flare suddenly calls out and waves her hand. Izuku snaps his head to see if his friend has returned and… it’s only Sparks he sees.

“…Hi” The man says, breathing heavily “Have you seen Shouto?”
“Wait, he was supposed to be with you!” Flare abruptly stands up “What the heck happened?!?”

“We got separated…” Endeavor’s sidekick says “If he’s not here… than there is a chance he’s still in the city. I’ll look around some more and then head back in”

“I’m going with you” Flare states firmly and Izuku nods. He’s going in to, he has to make sure his friend is alright… he has to.

“…I don’t think you’re in any shape to go there right now” He says while looking at Flare “Besides, someone would have to remain here in case he returns”

“…Alright” She sounds a bit sad as she says it.

“Okay then… kid, are you up for this?” The man asks.

“Of course” Izuku nods.

“Let’s go then” Spark starts walking “We’ll start by checking around here first”

“Iida!” Shouto calls out as he limps towards the two figures. His friend hears him this time and immediately runs up to him.

“Todoroki! Are you alright? Are you- you’re hurt!” His classmate exclaims and steadies Shouto when he sways a bit “C-can you move? Why are you alone? Where is the person you’re interning with?”

“Iida, stop, you’re overwhelming him” Ingenium says, putting a hand on Iida’s shoulder “…Todoroki, was it? Can you walk on your own?”

“My leg is hurt” Shouto states dryly “I could walk very slowly, but I doubt I’d get far”

“Here, let me help you” Ingenium says and picks him up “It’ll be faster this way”
“Thanks…” Shouto doesn’t try to argue. He can see why this’d be the best option.

“Let’s get back to the evacuation zone for now” Ingenium says and both Shouto and Iida nod.

“Oh, how beary good” Bearhead says, staring at his soon-to-be prey with maniacal grin “An interesting opponent. What was your name again?”

“I believe it’s Stain” Zookeeper answers instead of the man.

“…Who are you?” The weird man –Stain?- asks “Get out of my way”

“Oh, how beary frightening. And beary rude. Even literal bears have bearer manners” Bearhead hums “I think it’d be beary good to teach you some”

“You wish to fight… very well” Stain takes out his blades “I shall test your conviction”

Fuck, fuck, fuck. The boss is going to kill him. Where is that stupid snake?!? It was supposed to be the highlight of today’s show. That’s why he didn’t want to handle this – he always messes something up when he’s in charge. Ugh… And he also has to avoid the frickin’ Eraserhead who is jumping around. Well, at least for now the hero is engaged in combat, but still, he’ll have to watch out. He goes back to the area where he’d fought the hero – the snake has to be somewhere here, right? Despite his efforts, he doesn’t find it.

Okay… okay, it’ll be alright. It’s just like finding a misplace item. Retrace the steps… No… it was in his pocket when he’d finished with the other snakes. So it had to fall out during the fight with Eraserhead or after that. But where…? Something shiny and green catches his eye. He snaps his head towards it, relieved because THAT’S THE SNAKE, HE’S FOUND IT. But the relief is short-lived. The offending reptile is trailing behind Endeavor, and before he can even move, it sinks its teeth in the pro hero’s ankle. Well… this… hasn’t exactly gone as planned. But he’ll take what he can… Let’s just… pretend it was the plan… Yep… Haha. He wonders if the boss is going to be mad… Ha… Ha… that’s exactly why he’s not suited for this job…

Chapter End Notes
I hope you enjoyed the chapter~! ^_^ 
See ya guys soon \o/
Chapter Summary

Haha, sorry for the late update, lost track of time~

Hope you enjoy~! ^_^

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Okay… maybe he can still do something about this mess. The snake is gone but… he can still get their target, using a different weapon. It may be difficult but it should be doable. So… what does he have? Hand to hand is obviously not going to work… he has a knife, it should help… maybe he could get some improvised weapon? Yea, that could work. But first, he has to find Stain.

Setsuna, Medusa and Tiamat finally arrive at the scene. It’s… not looking too good. There is a lot of smoke still raising from the city, and she can hear some distant sounds of battle. The evacuation zone is crowded with people. She can see some pro heroes and a lot of paramedics moving around the place. She freezes for a moment, when she spots white-red hair. Shouto… he’s sitting on grass near one of the ambulances. His leg is bandaged, and he looks awful.

“Ma’am, my friend is sitting there, could I… can I go there for a minute?” She asks for Medusa’s permission.

“Alright, but make it quick. I’ll talk to the heroes here to get some details on what’s going on” The woman replies “I’ll come get you once I’m done”

“Thank you, ma’am” Setsuna bows and sprints towards Shouto.

Now that she’s able to get a closer look, Shouto looks extremely exhausted, and he’s covered in dust and soot. The look on his face is concerning too. He seems a bit dazed, but she can also see he’s worried… which can’t mean anything good.

“Shouto!” She greets and sits right in front of him “Are you alright? What’s happened?”
“…” He keeps silent for a moment before answering “…I got lost during the attack. Ingenium and Iida helped me get back”

“Wasn’t Midoriya interning with you?” She asks and gets REALLY worried at the guilty expression on her friend’s face “Do you know what’s happened to him?!? Is he okay?”

“…I …I don’t know” He admits “I’ve heard from one of the heroes we were with that… that he headed back, along with some other hero, to look for me, once he’s heard I haven’t returned. They… they’re not back yet…”

“Oh… Shouto” She hugs him, gently and carefully, trying not to hurt him “I’m sure he’ll be just fine! It’s Midoriya we’re talking about”

“I hope you’re right…” He says in a small voice.

“Salamander, we have to go” Medusa’s voice calls out form behind her.

“Yes, ma’am” She says and pulls away from the hug “Sorry, Shouto, I have to go. I promise I’ll bring Midoriya back in one piece”

“…Thanks” He smiles weakly, and her heart clenches, because it’s so different from his usual deadpan expression, and so full of worry, and guilt, and just a bit of hope…

Huh… well, this may be a problem. He’s finally found Stain, but… the man is fighting someone else. And it doesn’t look like he’s going to come out of it alive. Wait, on the second thought… this just may work out. Smiling, he takes out his phone and starts recording the scene. The Hero Killer and that strange bear-wolf-like creature are fighting viciously, both of them covered in blood. Both of them injured. And Stain hasn’t used his quirk… He glances at the woman who is standing a bit off to the side. She’s probably the one responsible for cancelling Stain’s quirk. Interesting.

It’s a shame there aren’t any building left nearby. They would give him a better view. And it feels weird to just stand on a giant pile of rubble. Not to mention how dirty his clothes have gotten from all that dust and soot. It really is irritating. He focuses on the fight just as the bear-like creature impales Stain’s shoulders with claws. Wow, that really is something. Maybe he should take that guy in? He’d make for a great test subject.
Stain somehow manages to slash the creature across the chest. What a shame… He perks up when the creature only laughs in response and sinks its claws in the man again. Huh, not even a scream or something like that? That’s really interesting. The two fighting figure exchange a few more blows before Stain goes down. Wow, he’d even feel bad for the man, if it wasn’t for all of his bullshit ideology. Like, seriously. Not to mention Stain used to be a friend, or whatnot, of Knuckleduster. And they’ve both been thorns in Villain Factory’s side. Death like that… it serves him right for all his crap. He notices that the woman starts cleaning up some of the mess.

Wait, why’d she do that? It’s not like they’re disposing of the body or anything, so obviously she doesn’t try to hide that the murder occurred. Huh, maybe she tries to hide their involvement? That’s… weird. Why’d they kill Stain and then not claim that they did it? Well, it works out for him, so he shouldn’t really complain, but still… Oh well, why would he care if it was just senseless, coincidental murder. Stain’s death means less trouble for him.

He snaps his attention back to the scene as he hears some noise. Huh, it’s one of the black-bird-human creatures. Wait, what did one of the heroes call them? Numu? No, it was something else… Numo? Nomu? The last one sounds the best, so that’s probably it. He continues recording the events – analyzing both creatures may prove to be quite educational. When he actually doesn’t have to be careful not to die or get caught. Oh well. The two creatures start to fight, and he watches excitedly, wondering who will come out of this victorious.

Izuku continues walking alongside Spark. They haven’t seen Shouto yet, but they’ve asked a few passing heroes to take him to the evacuation zone if they see him. Most of the rampaging villains have been stopped. Heroes with water or ice-based quirks are currently helping with putting out the fires. The city itself… looks like it’s been a warzone, which isn’t that far off from the truth. Most of the buildings that are still more or less standing are still damaged. Rebuilding all that will take a lot of time. Izuku bites his lip in frustration. He wishes he could do more.

Suddenly, he hears a loud shriek. It sounds horrifying, raw and inhuman. He exchanges a glance with Spark before they run towards the source of the sound. Izuku freezes when he realises what it is. It’s not a villain. It’s Endeavor. The man is kneeling and breathing heavily. He looks like he’s in pain. Even though Izuku freezes upon seeing this, Spark is quick to react. He reaches the ‘hero’ to check what’s wrong. Before Izuku can even move, Endeavor screams in pain. The sound is loud and inarticulate. It’s haunting. It’s a scream of agony. Izuku freezes again. The last time he’s heard a scream like that… it… it was when Muscular murdered people.

He breaks out of his daze, squashing the surge of memories and emotions the best he can. He’ll take care of it later. For now he can’t let himself break. Not when there is someone in need. Even if it is Endeavor. He takes a step in man’s direction, but before he can take another one, Endeavor screams again. His flames flicker and then, he sets everything around him ablaze. Spark is engulfed by flames too. Everything is in flames. The raging inferno forces Izuku to back away. He hears two screams now… Panicked, he summons his guzheng. It’s fastest out of all the other options. He starts playing the water-summoning melody. Anything to put out these flames.
The notes are fluid and transparent, shimmering in the flames. He thrusts them at the raging inferno, in a desperate attempt to do something, anything to save Spark and Endeavor. The flames back away for a moment, before flaring up. For a few agonising moments, the two screams continue. Izuku falls to his knees in despair, his guzheng falling into million pieces without him noticing. No… no… this… this couldn’t be happening… He tries to block out all the sounds by covering his ears. The pain-filled screams still reach him. But what arrives after that is worse. One of the screams abruptly stops with a gurgling, sharp sound at the end.

It was… it was Spark’s scream. Endeavor is still shrieking in agony. Nonononononononononononono. This… this… this can’t be happening… nonono. It… it just can’t… He throws up. His vision is blurry with tears. He’s vaguely aware that he’s shivering. Endeavor’s scream just won’t end. With trembling hands, he tries to summon his piano. He doesn’t trust himself not to screw up with his other instruments. He tries the water melody again. It still doesn’t work. The broken screams of agony change into a high and haunting shrill. Then everything goes silent. The flames go out.

Seeing the two collapsed bodies on the ground, slightly scorched, Izuku throws up again. The air… It smells like burnt flesh. He feels nauseous just thinking about it and attempts to throw up again, but since his stomach is already empty, he just ends up coughing and choking. He takes in a shuddering breath and tries to stand up again. His legs are trembling, there is a vague feeling of churning at the pit of his stomach, and he can taste bile and salty tears. Oh, he’s started crying at some point. He hasn’t noticed… He feels… strangely detached. He’s aware of all of the sensations he experiences but… it feels like it’s all happening to someone else. Like watching a movie. Or like those dreams when you can’t control what you’re doing. His body moves without his consent. He walks up towards the two figures.

First, he sees the scorched ground and costumes, and fragments of burnt skin. He wants to throw up again. And yet, at the same time, he really doesn’t. It’s weird. Then, he notices that Endeavor is breathing. Even though it’s Endeavor… he still feels immense relief, knowing that the man is at least alive. And it’s strange, because he feels guilty for feeling relieved. It’s irrational, and he knows it. He knows it’s good that he feels relieved. But at the same time… he hears that little voice in his head, telling him that he should feel guilty for being relieved. Because this man hurt Shouto. Because it’s like being relieved that the villain is alright. It’s like betraying his friend. And Izuku REALLY hates himself for feeling like that, even if it’s just a small, irrational part of him.

Then, he looks at Spark. He walks up to the man, still being strangely detached. It’s like there is cotton in his head. And yet, his body moves on its own. And does a better job than he would’ve done consciously. At least when he’s feeling like this. He checks for any signs of life. He’s really relieved when he hears the man’s breathing. It’s faint, but it’s there. He doesn’t even question how the man survived that. He’s just relieved that he did. He just… sits there for a while, staring at Spark numbly. Then, pro heroes start coming and someone takes him away. He’s not really aware of what’s happening. He thinks they’re saying something, since he can see their lips moving. But his head is too stuffed with cotton. He can’t hear a thing. And then everything goes white and he can’t even see anything anymore.
Ember had seen what’s happened with Endeavor. This… this was just wrong. He broke out of his daze, he climbed a pile of rubble. He’d seen a few heroes at that side earlier. He got their attention and directed them towards Endeavor. And now he’s just standing there. One of the people there take the boy, who’s been standing there, away. They’re heading for the evacuation zone, most likely. That’s… that’s good. And from what he’s heard from Dusty Ash the last time he’s seen her while searching, Todoroki is also evacuated. At the very least, they’re both safe now.

Setsuna is gently leading a really dazed Midoriya away from that horrific site. The boy is blankly staring ahead and not reacting to anything. She REALLY hopes he hasn’t gone into shock. At some point, he trips over some rock and Setsuna catches him before he can fall. He doesn’t… he doesn’t try to get back to his feet. She tries to get him to stand up. He does for a moment, but then his legs give out and he falls again. She sighs and picks him up. He’s rather heavy but she’ll take him all the way to the evacuation zone. She has to. She looks back only once, to see what’s happening with Endeavor and the other man who was there. She sees that Medusa and Tiamat are trying to transport them to a safer location. Okay… that’s good. Now she just has to focus on carrying Midoriya.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed, see ya \o/

Note: Spark is okay because he's resistant to fire. Thanks to his fire based quirk
Chapter Summary

Welp, we get some angst, and then some fluff I guess xD

Pls tell me if I'm switching between them too quickly.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Shouto!” Tokage calls out to him and his heart sinks when he sees a limp form of Midoriya in her arms.

“What happened?!?” He asks, trying to get to his feet.

“Nonono, sit back down! Your leg is injured” The girl says worriedly as she gets closer.

He feels like he might just snap, because how can she expect him to not freak out, but he doesn’t try to stand up anymore. Tokage carefully lays Midoriya on the grass. The boy is limp and unconscious but he’s breathing. Shouto is slightly relieved when he sees that there are no major wounds on his ‘friend’. Thank god…

“…He’s pretty cold” The girl says “I’m going to get one of those weird silver-gold blankets paramedics sometimes have, maybe it’ll help”

“There is no need” Shouto says.

He shifts so that his left side is closer to Midoriya, and he pulls the boy towards him a bit, so that his friend is leaning on him. He can feel how cold the boy is. Shouto activates his left side to warm him up. Midoriya stirs a bit from the contact, slowly opening his eyes. The boy doesn’t really move – he just stares straight ahead with glazed-over eyes. It’s… it’s worrying. But at least he can warm him up a bit. So, they just stay in the awkward half-hug. Tokage is looking a bit more relaxed now, but she still doesn’t say anything.
“So… Can you tell me what happened?” He asks, both because he wants to break the silence and because he’d rather know.

“Well…” There is a pained look on Tokage’s face and he almost wishes he’d asked a different question “W-we… Me and the heroes I was with… when we arrived, it was already over”

“…” He doesn’t say anything, waiting for the girl to compose herself.

“I-I… When we came, Endeavor and the other hero that was there were already on the ground… injured and unconscious but not dead” Shouto freezes. No… Endeavor may be horrible, but he’s strong. There is just no way something overpowered him “Midoriya… he just sat there in shock. I- as you know, I just took him here. The other heroes took care of Endeavor… Sorry, I don’t really know how he is”

Shouto only nods. He’ll worry about his father later. Or maybe not at all. He just knows that for now, with Midoriya looking so dazed and shocked, he can’t really think about anything else. Because he has to make sure his friend is okay first. He tightens the grip on Midoriya for a second, hoping it’d suffice as a reassuring squeeze. To his relief, this time his friend reacts, reaching up to the arm that circled him and squeezing a bit. Shouto releases a breath he didn’t know he was holding.

This day really is bad. Aizawa wraps his capture weapon around one of the last villains present, tripping them and watching as they fall to the ground. He traps them and walks away. Police will handle picking them up later. He looks around and stops for a moment to listen to the sounds around him. He can’t hear any screams or other noises associated with battles, which is a good sign. He feels exhausted and he hasn’t been this filthy in a long while, but at the very least he isn’t injured.

He walks around for a while longer, checking if there are any more villains. Then, he starts heading towards the evacuation zone. He really wants to just go home, but it probably would be for the best if he checked up on his students first. He knows that Todoroki and Iida were definitely here tonight, so he’ll see if they’re alright. He’ll also check on Midoriya and inform Vlad King if anything’s happened.

Setsuna stays with her two friends for a long time. Midoriya still hasn’t said anything but at the very least he’s more lucid than earlier. She and Shouto remain silent too. It seems like neither of them really wants to talk about what’s happened for now. So they’re just waiting for someone to tell them where to go and what to do. Because it’s quite clear that they don’t know what to do. A while later, a woman comes to get Shouto and Midoriya. She’s introduced herself as Flare. Setsuna would guess that she’s a pro hero who was in charge of her friends’ internship.
After that, Setsuna is left all alone until Medusa and Tiamat come for her. They bring her to one of the detectives at the scene so that she can give her statement before going home. Or to the agency, at least. Since the internship still hasn’t ended. Once she’s all alone in her room, she lets all the exhaustion, and fear, and sadness, and guilt catch up to her. She cries silently, weeping into the pillow. In the end, the city got destroyed and she wasn’t able to do a damn thing. She couldn’t even help her friend. All she did was take him away from there when it was already all over. That dead look in his eyes will probably haunt her now… She hates it, she hates that even though she wanted to be a hero to protect people, she couldn’t save anyone. And most of all, she hates herself, for not doing enough, for not even being able to comfort Midoriya once they were safe and away from the scene. Completely drained of energy, she falls asleep.

“Hey, uhm… you guys alright?” Flare questions quietly once she enters the room they’re in – Shouto’s room to be exact. He didn’t let Midoriya out of his sight, so his friend is also here.

“Yes” Shouto says calmly, despite different emotions raging inside him. Midoriya just nods.

His friend is… better than he was earlier. He doesn’t really talk all that much, and his eyes are still a bit glazed-over, but at least he’s answering if someone addresses him directly. For the most part, he looks absolutely exhausted and numb. It worries Shouto, but there is nothing he can do for now. Other than just staying by his friend’s side.

“Uhm… Endeavor is in the hospital” The woman continues “Your internship will unfortunately be cut short…”

“…It’s alright” He says and Midoriya nods again.

“You’ll stay at the agency for the night, and tomorrow morning, we’ll send you home” The woman says and smiles awkwardly “Sorry about that”

“As I’ve said, it’s alright” Shouto only sighs “I know it’d be hard to continue the internships without Endeavor”

“…Right” Flare chuckles nervously “Try to get some sleep tonight, kiddos”

They both nod and the woman exits the room. They’re left in complete silence again. Shouto is kind of glad Midoriya hasn’t gone to his own room yet. He doesn’t want to be away from him. Because
when he’s close, he can see that Midoriya is alright. He can make sure of that. And it really takes his mind off of things. The fact that Endeavor is in the hospital… it… it hasn’t really registered in his brain yet. Sure, on some level, he’s aware of that. But it hasn’t caught up to him yet – that whole situation just feels so unreal. And for now, the only thing he wants is to just stay with Midoriya, because that’s the only way he can be really sure his friend is okay.

Well, at least as okay as he can be. Midoriya is still… pretty out of it. Shouto watches his friend’s blank face for a second before moving to sit right next to him, on the bed. Midoriya startles a bit, but turns to him and smiles weakly. Shouto pulls him into a hug. Not only because he knows that Midoriya most likely needs as much physical contact as he can get right now, but also because he himself needs it. His friend doesn’t protest or pull away. Instead, he reciprocates it, while scooting even closer to Shouto. They stay like that, pressed against one another, satisfying the irrational need for the small reassurance that the other is really okay.

“I’m sorry…” Midoriya says softly, and Shouto’s heart sinks at the sorrow in his voice. Not to mention that the apology is the first thing Midoriya’s has said on his own – without being asked or directly addressed “I’m sorry, I’m sorry… I’m sorry…” He just repeats like a broken record.

“You have nothing to apologize for” Shouto says with confusion, and the repeated ‘I’m sorry’ breaks and devolves into sobs.

“I-I-I, I w-wasn’t able t-to help them” Midoriya’s voice breaks as he speaks, interrupted by loud and wrecking sobs “I… I-I wasn’t s-strong enough… It was… it was my fault”

“You have nothing to apologize for” Shouto repeats, this time more firmly “Don’t feel guilty, it wasn’t your fault”

“ ‘m s-sorry” Midoriya mumbles and the sobbing gets worse, each one shaking his small frame.

Shouto doesn’t say anything, he just holds onto his friend and lets him weep. Even though he himself feels like crying. He knows he can’t let himself break, because for now he has to be there for Midoriya. But at the same time, seeing his friend like this… he really hates it. He lets out a shuddering breath, fighting back the tears, and tightens his grip on Midoriya. It’s okay… it’s all over, they’re okay now… He counts to ten before relaxing his grip a bit. Midoriya is still crying, but at least it’s not as bad as before.

“Hey boss, what’s the verdict?” He says with a slight smile, talking to Villain Factory’s leader over the phone.
“…Despite your little failures” Ouch, that stings even if he expected this “It proved to be quite successful. I’ve already made a video out of what you’ve sent me and uploaded it”

“Huh? Is that so, boss? I thought we’d keep it for ourselves” He says.

“As I was saying” Boss sighs with exasperation “I uploaded it onto the internet. For my own reasons. As for the serum we’ve been testing… from what I’ve seen, it worked on Endeavor. Soon, ‘Overdrive’ s first version will be completed and released onto the market”

“Wait, it worked?” He questions “But I’ve heard Endeavor isn’t dead…”

“Of course he isn’t. We didn’t exactly give him a poison, after all” His boss chuckles.

“…Wasn’t it supposed to kill Stain though” He asks, confused.

“Their quirks are different to begin with” Boss says and hums “Turning Stain’s quirk against himself… well, you know that it’s paralysis, right? What do you think would happen if it was enhanced by the drug”

“Oh… I see. It’d stop his heart. That’s what you’ve planned?” He asks thoughtfully.

“Yes” Wow, that’s a flawed plan if he’s ever seen one. There was no guarantee Stain’s quirk would do that. He’s not about to say it to the person who can kill him on a whim though. He’s not suicidal.

“…Can I go back to my normal activities now, boss? I don’t really like dealing with troublesome things like that” He anxiously waits for the response.

“Alright. Try not to blow too much shit up though” Boss snickers and hungs up. Well, at least now he can go back to his everyday life.

Izuku wakes up, and groggily tries to move. He stops and hisses from pain. Everything hurts… probably from sleeping in a weird position. He blinks a few times, becoming more awake. His legs
are dangling over the edge of the bed, and he’s still in Shouto’s arms. Oh… they must have fallen asleep while hugging. And as much as he’s grateful that he hasn’t been left all alone, he really wishes they moved to actually lie down on the bed, before falling asleep. Maybe then everything wouldn’t hurt so much. He looks at Shouto. His friend seems to be asleep. He’ll wake him up if he tries to get out of the hug…

Wait, maybe he can change position without moving too much? He moves, trying to get both himself and Shouto fully onto the bed. It takes him some time, but he finally succeeds. He slightly miscalculates though. As he made the final adjustments to lie comfortably, Shouto moved in his sleep and ended up on top of Izuku. Literally lying atop him. And as much as this is awkward, and strangely pleasant, though he doesn’t know why, it’s also making it quite difficult to breathe. Like, really difficult to breathe. How heavy is Shouto anyways?!? It feels like there is a solid rock on him. He tries to move his friend as gently as possible, but it doesn’t really work. He applies some more force, and the only result he gets is Shouto clinging to him more forcefully to avoid getting shoved away. Exasperated, he uses as much force as his still-trembling hands can manage. It feels like he almost succeeds, but Shouto just grunts and moves back into his previous position, clinging to him and pressing him into the bed with added effort.

“…Don’t move” Shouto whispers softly into his ear.

“Get off of me” He huffs in response “I can’t breathe…”

“Just a bit more” Shouto breathes out in a raspy tone that makes Izuku shudder, and moves a bit to nuzzle his neck.

Well, at the very least, it’s easier breathing now that his friend moved a bit. On the other hand, what the heck Shouto?!? That… Izuku really doubts it’s something a friend would do. Well, it can be written off as Shouto just being half-awake. Especially since he knows his friend gets really clingy when sleeping or barely-awake. Izuku sighs in resignation, knowing that there is no force that could move Shouto until he wakes up. So he’ll just have to lay there, unable to move till then… great. He tries to do just that but… when he’s not focusing on anything he’s just left alone with his thoughts. And it’s not really something pleasant. Because he thinks to yesterday’s events again, and again, and again, analyzing everything he’s done, his brain screaming at him that he should’ve done more, that he should’ve done it differently.

He hates it. He hates it and he hates himself for being that weak. He hates himself for freezing up back then, instead of trying to heal Endeavor, since that might’ve helped. He hates that even after all this time, and all this training, in the end he still wasn’t able to save them. He hates that he can recall how their limp and charred bodies looked, at any moment. And that his brain keeps bringing that image up without his consent. But he mostly hates the fact that he let himself break and had to be cheered up by Shouto, when it should have been him consoling his friend. And that he still accepted it, even though he couldn’t do anything when Shouto’s father was literally burning.
Well, he also knows that he’s being an idiot, and that Shouto would most likely slap him for even thinking like that. Especially that last part. He can just imagine Shouto saying that Endeavor had that coming. Which is… cruel but a fair thing to say, all things considered. On a logical level, he knows all that, but he can’t help the intrusive thoughts and ‘what-ifs’ clouding his mind. So instead, he tries to preoccupy his mind with Shouto’s even breathing. Which is quite easy to do, considering he can feel his friend’s breaths on his neck. It doesn’t really help all that much with chasing away his feelings, but at least he feels a bit less awake. Like he can fall back asleep. And it’s a quite good feeling. After a few minutes, it’s more than just a feeling since he really falls asleep.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed the chapter~! ^_^

See y'all soon \o/

also, as I've said earlier, please tell me if i’m switching between fluff and angst too quickly xD
“S-Shouto?” Izuku gets the boy’s attention as they’re on the train. Flare has sent them back earlier in the morning “Do you… uhm… c-could you m-maybe… would it b-be possible for you to come over for the night?”

“…” Shouto stares at him, blinking owlishly with surprise.

“W-well, uhm, I mean… you don’t have to if you don’t want to or if you can but…” He says weakly, in a really small voice.

“I’d like that” His friend cuts into his mumbling “I don’t know if the teachers will approve though. I’m living in the dorms”

“O-oh… y-yeah… I’ve forgotten…” He awkwardly trails off.

“I’ll try to ask our homeroom teacher” Shouto promises.

“T-thanks” Izuku says and smiles weakly. Weak smiles are all he could manage since seeing Endeavor and Spark burn.

…

…

He gets off at the next stop, after saying goodbye to his friend. He arrives home, and when his mother greets him and hugs him, asking if he’s okay, he gives her the most convincing smile he can manage. Which is still a pretty weak smile. His mom looks worried but doesn’t question him, and for that, he’s thankful. After a rather awkwardly silent supper, he heads up to his room. He checks his phone. It… it seems like Shouto won’t be able to come. Izuku doesn’t know if he should feel
relieved or disappointed. Because, on one hand, he doesn’t really know how well he’ll be able to
hold up, and he really doesn’t want to cry in front of Shouto anymore. But on the other hand, he’s
kind of scared of being left alone. He doesn’t know if he’ll be able to stay all alone with his thoughts,
and possibly nightmares. It’s just… too scary.

Thanks to his… ‘past experiences’, he knows that he won’t be able to sleep without nightmares. So,
at least he’ll put it off as long as he can. He takes out his hero analysis notebook, take out his phone,
and begins searching for some fights to analyze. All to distract himself. It’s hard to find anything
unrelated to Hosu, but he finally manages to find an article about some fight in Shizuoka.
Apparently, there was a hostage situation there, and pro hero Miruko took out all of the villains by
herself. Everyone was rescued safely, and there was little collateral damage. The complete opposite
of what’s happened in Hosu. He shakes his head. He shouldn’t think too much about what’s
happened. He should just… let himself be distracted by the analysis. And so he tries to do just that.

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Shouto is lying on his bed and staring at the ceiling. No matter how much he wants to sleep, he still
can’t. He feels a bit bad, because, even if he had no say in this, he had to leave Midoriya all alone.
Well, maybe he’s exaggerating a little, but he’s heard all the hopefulness in his ‘friend’s voice, when
the aforementioned was asking him to stay. Not to mention, his brain is seemingly starting to catch
up with the fact that Endeavor is in hospital, so it’s pretty hard to fall asleep like that. He personally
doesn’t really care about what’s going to happen to the man, but just the thought of the number two
hero ending up like that… Just what happened there? It makes him a bit worried. Endeavor may
have been… a bad person, but he was also really powerful. For him to end up like that… he doesn’t
really want to think about what it might mean for other heroes.

All Might may be a symbol of peace, but Endeavor was the symbol of strength. Now that he’s gone
down, people will be on edge. Not to mention, they might start losing their trust in heroes. Which is
always bad, since then, more villains with ideologies like Stain’s will start popping up. He sighs and
changes position, trying to get these thoughts out of his head. It’s not like he can do anything with it.
And not like worrying will help. He just lays there for a few minutes before getting up and walking
out of the room. He’s just going to get some water from the kitchen… Also, wow, he’s never
thought it’d be this quiet without his classmates around. And he’s never thought he’d mind the fact
that it’s quiet.

It may be a bit selfish, but he kind of wishes Iida’s internship was cancelled as well. Maybe then it
wouldn’t feel so empty here. He shakes his head to get rid of the annoying thought. He gets some
water from the kitchen and returns to his room. It’s okay… it’s only a few more days till the
internships end. Then it’ll be all back to normal. He winces, remembering that they don’t have classes
until the internships end, so he’ll be left with a lot of free time. Which means even more time to get
stuck with his thoughts. At the very least, maybe they’ll let him go out of the campus as long as it’s
not after the curfew.

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Normal classes start in a few hours. It’s most likely because he’s been in a daze-like state, but these
few days others still had internships went by pretty quickly. And now he’s fully ready to go to school.
It’s just that he has a few more hours to spare. And he just kind of… stares numbly into space. He
Feels really tired, thanks to all those gaddamn nightmares, but he doesn’t really feel like going back to sleep. It’s not like it’d do him much good anyways. So, he continues just sitting there in a dazed, half-aware state, checking the clock every once in a while. When it’s already an acceptable hour to get out of the house, he does just that.

He still has much more time than normally, so instead of waiting for the train, he just jogs to U.A. He still… feels a bit weird. But the worst thing is – thanks to the nightmares, he’s so exhausted that he actually doesn’t feel all that bad. At least bad emotionally-wise. When it comes to physical feelings, he feels shitty. He’s aware that he has prominent, dark bags under his eyes, and that his hair is much messier than regularly – despite having more time, he just didn’t care enough to try to tame it. Well, at least his uniform doesn’t look too dishevelled. He almost winces, remembering that his classmates will probably know about what’s happened in Hosu, and they’ll ask questions. And he’s not sure he’d be comfortable answering any of them. Hosu was like literal hell that day and he doesn’t really want to think about it.

“Hey, Midoriya!” Tokage’s voice comes from behind him “Wait up!”

“Oh, Tokage” He stops and offers her a smile “You’re here early”

“Well, duh I am. You’re early too” She says cheerily “Shall we go then?”

“Just a question… Tokage, you’re staying in the dorms. Why did you feel the need to run to school so early?” He questions, slightly baffled.

“Well, I’m not really good with answering questions about Hosu so…” She says and grins “I’ve done the only thing a brave person like me would – implementing tactical retreat. Which means I got up before anyone else and got the hell outta there”

“That… I really have nothing to say to that” He smiles weakly, but it’s the most genuine smile he’s wore all week “Are you… are you holding up okay?”

“Yep, ‘am just fine” She says with a grin “So, don’t worry and focus on getting some more sleep”

“Aww, is it that noticeable?” He asks jokingly.

“Noticeable enough for me to get an urge to tell Midnight sensei to put you to sleep” Tokage
answers in a same manner.

“…” Izuku doesn’t answer, feeling just a bit guilty because even if she doesn’t show it, he knows he’s made her worry.

“Oh, come on, cheer up. It was just a joke!” The girl says and chuckles cheerily.

Setsuna is keeping as close to Midoriya as she can, trying to cheer him up, even if just a bit. It’s the least she can do after being so useless in Hosu. Well, not only that, but she’d be a horrible friend to not try to cheer him up. Hmm… maybe she could get Honenuki or Komori to help her put Midoriya to sleep during the lunch break. It’s pretty obvious that he needs rest. Well, she can always go through with her statement, and get Midnight sensi’s help. From what she’s seen, that woman deals with both Aizawa sensei and Yamada sensei, so she’d probably understand if Setsuna asks her for that favour.

She keeps chatting animatedly as they arrive at the classroom. There is only one person there – Shiochhan, who is watering the plants. They exchange greetings, and Setsuna sits down in the desk next to Midoriya’s to continue the cheery chatter. She doesn’t feel particularly happy now, but she can at least keep her tone close enough to what one would call ‘cheery’. Midoriya is looking just a bit better than a few minutes ago, and he’s also joining in to answer her, from time to time. It’s… good. Setsuna stays with her friend, feeling almost like a guard dog, as the classmates enter the classroom one by one. If anyone tries to get close, especially if they look curious, she gives them a sharp glare until they change their minds. The last thing both she and Midoriya need is people asking about what’s happened in Hosu.

Shouto would never admit it aloud, but he’s honestly a bit relieved now that his classmates’ chattering is back. It’s distracting, and it gives him a sense of peace. It’s like a reassurance that everything is alright. Inevitably, some people try asking him about what’s happened, or they offer their reassurances that everything will be okay – probably in regards to his father being in the hospital. It irks him a bit, but not as much as it would just a few months ago. So he just accepts it all with a deadpan expression, completely ignoring questions about what’s happened.

After about tenth person tries to get anything out of him, they seem to get that he’s not going to talk, and so, they leave him alone. If anyone asks him if he’s alright, he just curtly nods. Well, with one exception. He’s actually answered with words when Iida has asked him. He’s not sure if it’s something about the boy’s personality, or if it’s just that he’s seen him in bad enough shape to actually be worried and not just interested. Either way, it’s the only question he really appreciates. Soon their lessons start. Most of them go by in a blink of an eye, the only noteworthy one is their basic hero training class.

It’s a race where they’re supposed to get to All Might as soon as possible. It’s a race, more or less.
Shouto doesn’t really pay too much attention. He simply gives it his all once his turn comes. He wins, and he has to admit that it gives him a little bit of satisfaction. Later, in the locker room, Mineta makes a bit of a ruckus. It irks him enough to freeze the offending grape-head, much to the shock of some of his classmates. He just shrugs when they ask him if he’s alright. He’s just… a bit more irritable than normally. Besides, Mineta was pretty much asking for it with the way he’s been acting. At some point, Aizawa announces that they’ll be going to the summer training camp. Or at least those who pass the exams. He doesn’t really react, as the whole class cheers or chatter. The only other person who is also obviously uninterested seems to be Bakugou.

Now that he thinks about it, Bakugou is… different from how he’s used to be. Ever since the sports festival, he’s been a bit quieter. And there were dark bags under his eyes. He glares at anyone who even approaches him, and the list is pretty short, and if that doesn’t work, he tries to walk away from them. That’s… he wouldn’t call that an improvement. Honestly, it makes him a bit worried. But at least it seems like the teen doesn’t plan on tormenting Midoriya. Shouto is a bit grateful for that. Finally, the last lesson ends and they’re about to exit the classroom. Shouto gathers his things, determined to at least walk Midoriya home, but a cold and dry voice of his teacher stops him.

“Shouto Todoroki, don’t even think about leaving” Aizawa says “We’re going to have a little chat”

Chapter End Notes

Hello! ^_^

Thanks for reading, I hope you liked it :D
See y’all soon \o/
Eerie violin

Chapter Summary

The exams are fast approaching! Oh wait, who needs the exams when you can have things happening before them ;3

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“What is it?” Shouto asks in the most deadpan and disinterested tone he can muster.

“The hospital asked me to pass on a message for you” Aizawa says and he freezes “Your father is currently in a coma and they don’t know when he’ll wake up… If he’ll wake up at all”

“I… I see” He manages to say, and finds that surprisingly – he doesn’t really care.

“And he may have suffered some irreversible damage” His homeroom teacher continues bluntly “They won’t know the full extent of this, until he wakes up”

“I see. Thank you for informing me” Shouto bows slightly and tries to move to leave the classroom. He’s stopped by a hand on his shoulder.

“There is one remaining issue” Aizawa sighs “Since your father is in this… state, and you are a minor, someone has to take custody over you. We’ve tried reaching your mother but apparently she’s in no condition to do it either”

“…” He keeps silent. He knows that she’s in no condition to do that, but what’ll happen now?

“The next person who could do that would be your older sister, since she’s already an adult…” Aizawa trails off “But, if, for whatever reason, you’d rather someone else takes custody over you, Nedzu told me that one of the teachers could do it”
“It’ll be best if my sister does it” He simply says. Not like he doesn’t trust the teachers, but… well, no, he just doesn’t fully trust them, there is no other explanation. Maybe if it was Snipe or Thirteen, then it’d be okay. Maybe.

“Allright” Aizawa says “I’ll help with necessary forms. You’re dismissed”

Izuku is on his way home. Tokage has walked with him all the way to the train station, despite living in the dorms. He thanks her for this. The train ride is rather uneventful. The only out-of-the-ordinary occurrence is someone bumping into him and apologizing. The person then seems to realise that he’s ‘that kid from the Sports Festival’ and asks if it’s really him. Izuku feels awkward answering that, but since the event was shown on television, it’s quite normal that someone recognises him. He leaves the train at the next stop and continues his walk home.

Halfway there, he starts feeling that something is off. It’s hard to explain, but it feels like someone is watching him. Is he… is he that paranoid after what’s happened? Or is something really wrong? Just this once, Izuku decides to trust his instincts and goes into the nearest convenience. Nothing bad can happen to him here, right? He pretends to look through some products, while keeping an eye on the part of the street that can be seen through the windows. No one enters the store after him, and no one peeks into the shop through the windows. After a few minutes of just mindlessly looking through the products he’s not really interested in, he’s calm enough to leave the store.

He’s still on the alert as he exits the building. He looks over his shoulder several times as he continues on his way home. There doesn’t seem to be anyone tailing him. Still, that weird feeling of being watched doesn’t stop. He tries to squash his nervousness, telling himself that it’s just him being paranoid and sleep deprived. It doesn’t really help. He keeps looking over his shoulder as he goes. He hears a loud crashing sound coming from the alleyway up ahead. He freezes for a moment, listening and trying to calm down.

When he’s more or less okay, he moves as far away from the alley as he can, and runs by it. Nothing happens for a second, and he starts to relax, when suddenly, something hits his leg. It sends a sharp sting of pain through him, and he falls. He has a second to register that it’s a knife, meaning that someone just threw a knife at him, and then, he quickly gets to his feet, ignoring the pain. He tries to run, despite the excruciating burning in his leg. He glimpses something moving from the corner of his eye and tries to dodge. He almost succeeds, but the shadow follows his movements and suddenly, he feels another sharp sting of pain – this time, the attacker hit Izuku’s head.

Everything goes white for a second, as he falls to the ground. He can hear the muffled screams – probably random civilians who were just passing by, and happened to witness the scene. He grits his teeth, bracing himself, but nothing happens. He sees a dark figure of a man stalk over to him. Desperate, he tries to summon one of his instruments. The moment it starts to form, the shadowy figure kicks it, shattering it to pieces. In a last ditch effort, he tries to crawl away, only to get hit on the head again. Then everything goes black.
“I see” The bear-mouse says “Then I won’t take any more of your time, Mrs Midoriya. If you change your mind…”

“I’ll contact you then” She says and tries to smile, escorting U.A.’s headmaster to the door.

“Goodbye” The small creature says.

“Goodbye” She echoes and smiles one last time before closing the door.

She then goes to the kitchen and takes out a recipe book. She briefly glances at the clock and winces. It’s taken a lot of time, and even if she starts making dinner now, it won’t be ready on time. In fact, Izuku could come home any minute now. She sighs and starts preparing the meal. The school was trying to get her to let Izuku live in the dorms. Again. They’re persistent, she’ll have to give them that. Not to mention, the headmaster brought up some good points. She was pretty close to changing her decision. But then she remembered that they let Bakugou hurt her son, without as much as giving him a suspension for his behaviour.

She sighs. She’s doing it for her son’s own good, but she really has to wonder if it’s a good decision. After all, as the headmaster said, right now, Izuku is one of the few students who actually have to leave the school grounds every day. And that makes him an easy target. She shakes her head to dispel her thoughts. There is no way something would have happened to him. He’s been going on walks all alone, for years, and nothing has happened. Why would it be any different? She sighs and concentrates on making the meal. It may not be ready for when he comes back, but she’ll at least make sure it’s tasty.

“Kendo~!” Setsuna says, getting the girl’s attention “I need your help”

“What is it?” The girl asks, mildly baffled.

“Well, uhm, you know…” She trails off, gathering her thoughts “Midoriya is the only one not living in the dorms… And, like, that can be dangerous since he has to get home every day… And I thought, since, like, you’re a class representative, that, like, maybe you could help me convince his parents to let him stay here?”

“Tokage…” Kendo sighs “I can go with you if you want, but I don’t think we should meddle in that. If Midoriya’s parents have a reason for not letting him live in the dorms, then there is nothing we can
“Well, like, I know” She sighs with resignation “But… I think the main reason that’s happened is because of Bakugou. And, like, maybe if we let them know that we’ll look after Midoriya and not let it happen ever again, his parents will change their minds”

“Well… We can try, I guess?” Kendo says without much confidence.

“Thanks! You’re the best~!” Setsuna chirps and hugs her friend “I’ll also ask Shouto, Shiochhan and Honenuki to come with us. I mean, if more people declare that they’ll look after him, especially strong people, it’ll be easier to persuade his parents, right?”

“I guess” Kendo sighs “I don’t think you should get your hopes up though. If I were in his parent’s position, I wouldn’t really agree that easily. Not after what’s happened”

“Oh, come on, show a little faith!” Setsuna pouts “It’s going to be fine~!”

“Just tell me when you plan to go ahead of time, okay?” Kendo hums.

“Oki~!” Setsuna hugs her again “Sorry for taking so much of your time, see you!”

“See you” Kendo waves to bid her goodbye.

Setsuna walks out of the common room, heading towards Shiozaki’s room. After that, she’ll get Honenuki to help. And then probably go over to 1-A’s dorm to get Shouto onboard. She’s not too happy with the fact that she may run into that annoying purple grape-dude or the explosive asshole, but hey, she’ll get through it if she has to. And so, with a bounce in her step, she moves forward, to recruit people to help her.

Naomasa looks through the files on his desk again. He’s been trying to figure out what to do with the Hosu case for a while now. Especially since some villain targeted Endeavor and now he won’t be able to get any answers out of the man. What a mess… He starts reading through the papers. There were sightings of Nomus, hinting that the League of Villains was at least a little involved. The presence of ‘Trigger’ at the scene seems to point at Villain Factory’s involvement, which is weird since the organisation has been quiet for years. Not to mention, they’ve actually found Stain’s body. He can’t say he feels especially sorry for the criminal, but his corpse was completely massacred.
Whatever got to him couldn’t be good. And they haven’t arrested any villains that could inflict wounds like those. They do, however, match up with the wound the notorious villain, Bearhead, leaves his victims with. And they have video evidence that it was probably the case. Well, that video, the video featuring Stain’s death, was circulating the internet. They tried taking it down, but it just keeps popping up time and time again. It also shows how the Hero Killer’s murderers fought with a Nomu. He can’t say if it was friendly fire, or if they’re on the different side than the League. Aside from who he presumes to be Bearhead, there was also a woman in that video. Most likely Zookeeper, but he can’t say for sure.

Probably the most peculiar case was the man Eraserhead fought against. Naomasa has questioned the hero, and from what he’s gathered, the man hasn’t announced his name nor his alignment. He’s mentioned ‘not being suited’ for something, probably some job, so there is a high chance he wasn’t working alone. Not to mention, he’s only tried to keep Eraserhead from calling for backup – after that, he’s, quite frankly, run away.

And then, there is the question of whatever the heck Endeavor was injected with. The medics found bite marks on the hero’s leg, and traces of some unknown substance in his system. Naomasa questioned the boy who was interning with the hero, Midoriya if he remembers correctly, and from what he’s heard, something weird happened there. Some of the symptoms were similar to ‘Trigger’ drug, but others don’t really match up. For starters, Endeavor got hurt with his own quirk – something that hasn’t happened in Trigger cases. Then, there is the issue with the fact that the man seemed to be in immense pain even before his quirk went berserk.

He sighs. They’ll have to wait a little while, till the forensics thoroughly analyze the weird drug. It could be very dangerous, considering it not only has a capacity for killing or seriously harming whoever is injected with it, but also may harm whoever is near that person, if someone with strong quirk is affected. Naomasa sighs again, already feeling that this case will be a big pain in the ass. Maybe they could get some heroes to help. They should probably ask Selkie to keep an eye out for any potential smugglers – just in case this drug came from abroad. They should probably also alert Nighteye and Fat Gum, since it may be connected to the case they’re handling. After all, most smuggling rings have some sort of connection to each other. He gets up from his chair and goes to make himself some more coffee. This is going to be a long day. And possibly night.

Chapter End Notes

~IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT!

I’ll be taking a break for like, two weeks!

I doubt I’ll be able to update, sorry for that ;<
(I’ll probably give you one last chapter tomorrow, but it’s only 'probably'. Sorry, I don’t really have that much time m ;c)
END OF ANNOUNCEMENT

I hope you liked the chapter! ^_^ See ya \o/
Melody of turning gears

Chapter Summary

Izuku wakes up and realises he's doomed

Chapter Notes

Hello~!
Glad to be back after such a long time! :D
Hope you enjoy!

When Izuku wakes up, he doesn’t open his eyes. He’s not entirely sure why. Maybe it’s just his instinct or something. Or he’s being paranoid again. Wait… where is he? Why can’t he remember anything? It’s cold here. Whatever he’s laying on feels like stone or cement. He can’t really tell. But it’s really uncomfortable. His head hurts and he can’t think clearly. His leg also seems to be injured. He doesn’t try to move – he just lies there, pretending to be unconscious. He listens to his surroundings. He can hear someone breathing. More than one person since it comes from two different directions. Are they the ones who attacked him? Or was he rescued and they’re not a threat?

He quickly discards the thought. If he was rescued he’d be in a hospital. Not here, on the floor. Or at least what he assumes to be the floor. He wonders if he could look around a bit. He doesn’t know whether they’re observing him or not, but if he did it discreetly enough… No, he shouldn’t even think about that. It’d be too risky. He tries to think about his current situation. How exactly did he end up here? He can’t remember – every time he tries, the headache just gets worse. He probably shouldn’t try to think of a plan in this state, since he can’t think clearly. It’d probably just get him into an even worse situation if he tried anything. The safest option would be to pretend he’s unconscious for a little longer.

He hears a cough from the person somewhere to his right. He has to stop himself from stiffening. They could notice it. He hears some rustling and he internally panics. He still tries to keep up the facade of ‘sleeping’, just in case they haven’t noticed and they’re just moving because of something else. He’s relieved when the noises stop. That’s good… He’s okay, they probably think he’s still unconscious. Or they just don’t really care. Either option is just fine by him. So he just stays there and waits. For an opportunity or for his head to stop hurting like that – he’s not sure which one, but he knows that all he can do now is to wait.
Dusty Ash finishes eating the remains of the now-cold dinner. She sighs in exasperation as her phone rings. She has to finish her job so that she can go home, dammit! As if she has time for other people. Resigned, she picks up the offending item. She quickly checks the caller’s ID and raises an eyebrow. Why is Electra trying to reach her? Logically, it’d mean she managed to track down one of the people on Dusty Ash’s list. The problem is that normally she wouldn’t phone at this hour. So it’s either urgent, important or the woman is changing her sleeping schedule again. Each of these has happened at least once before.

“Halo?” She says, answering the phone.

“You gotta hear this” Electra answers without any greeting. So, it’ll be the ‘important’ category “Remember that kid you wanted me to find a few years back?”

“…You… you’re not serious” She exhales in disbelief “You’ve tracked him down?!? How? And why now?”

“Because~! He’s tried to contact the League of Villains” The other woman answers “And from what I can see, he’s succeeded. You better hurry”

“That… that idiot!” Dusty Ash sighs “The League is bad news”

“Why do you think I’ve told you to hurry?” Electra asks, clearly amused “Well, anyways, good luck~!”

“Thanks” She says and turns off the phone. Good lord, she’ll need a lot of luck if he managed to get into the League.

“You’re the League of Villains, aren’t you?” Dabi asks as he walks into the bar, not even allowing the broker, Giran or something like that, to speak.

“Yes” The mist-like figure answers.

“What about it, brat?” The weird guy with a hand on his face asks.
“Ekhm” Giran clears his throat to get everyone’s attention “Those two are Dabi and Toga Himiko. They’ve wanted to join you”

“Hi~!” The weird, psychotic girl next to him waves with sparkly eyes “You’re the guys with that black, muscular bird-kun, right?” Wait, what the fuck is with that description “Right, right!!?”

“…” The two strangers exchange glances.

“What about our Nomu?” The handsy guy asks with mild irritation in his voice.

“Well~! It-“ Toga says and gets cut off by Dabi.

“The guy who killed Stain took out one of those” He says “And as it’s often said, an enemy of my enemy is my ally or some bullshit like that. So, are you going to avenge that thing and get them or are we only wasting our time here?”

“…So, you’re Stain’s followers” The handsy guys states flatly.

“Yup, yup~! I wanna make a world that’s easier to live in! And I adore Mr.Stainy! I wanna be Mr. Stainy! I wanna kill Mr.Stainy! Oh, oopsie, someone already did” Toga starts giggling maniacally.

“…His way of thinking wasn’t perfect, but I can get behind some of his ideals” Dabi says, ignoring the psycho at his side “So? Can I say we have a common goal? Or should I just leave?”

“Stain this… Stain that… Jeez. That guy wasn’t even all that consistent, what’s with all the followers” The handsy man mutters under his breath in obvious exasperation. Dabi raises an eyebrow at that “But sure, suit yourself or something. If you want to go after that insolent bear, then welcome to the League, I guess”

“Well, that went better than expected” Giran says “I’ll leave you alone so that you can dicuss the details or something. Good luck”
Nothing is happening. It’s quiet, aside from occasional coughs and rustling. He’s both grateful for this, and a bit exasperated. He’d really want to know what’s going on. The headache got a bit better. And that’s about the only good thing that’s happened. He feels restless and bored, he doesn’t really know how much time has passed, but it feels like he’s been here for hours. His mom is probably really worried. He… he probably shouldn’t think about it for too long, or he’ll get depressed, which wouldn’t help him in the slightest. He tries to remain as calm as he can. He knows his luck, so he’s fairly sure that if he screws up anything, he’s doomed.

After a few more minutes, a sudden sound rings out. The squeak of the door opening. At least he assumes that’s it, since he can hear a set of footsteps from the same direction. At the very least, he’d say it’s safe to assume someone just entered the room. Probably. The footsteps stop. There is a sound of quiet humming and the rustling of paper.

“So, what do we have here?” A slightly tired voice calls out “Your report, please”

“Yes, sir” Another voice, somewhere on the other side of Izuku, answers “We’ve managed to secure five test subjects” Well shit, he doesn’t like the sound of that “One of them woke up and had to be knocked out again” Izuku is suddenly really glad he pretended to be asleep “Other than there were no incidents”

“That’s good” The person humms, accompanied by the sound of scribbling “Let’s move them to The Warehouse for now and-“ The man cuts himself off.

“Sir?” The other person asks nervously. Izuku can hear footsteps getting closer to him and he can almost feel the stare the man surely gives him.

“Is-… is that who I think it is?” The person sounds shocked and a bit confused.

“Huh? It’s that kid with the healing/fire quirk. What of it?” The other man asks worriedly.

“Tell me, Skull-chan~” The first person sing-sangs with a dangerous undertone “You know that this operation is supposed to be as under-the-wraps as possible, right~?”

“W-well, y-yessir-?” Skull squeaks in alarm.

“So, tell me~ I’d really want to know…” The dangerous tone had gotten more sharp and Izuku has
to suppress a shudder.

“Y-yes?” Skull’s voice breaks a bit.

“Which one of you utter morons decided it was a good idea to kidnap a frickin U.A kid?!?” The person is almost yelling at the end “How incompetent can you get?!? And what part of ‘under the wraps’ did you not understand?!? Getting someone from the top school for heroes is not only going to get everyone’s attention, it’ll also mean some more problematic heroes are going to get involved”

“S-sorry, sir!” Skull squeals in fear.

“So, tell me, who’s responsible for this?” The icy tone in the person’s tone is really frightening. Izuku almost feels bad for ‘Skull’. Almost.

“Ah… uhm, well, that is…” Skull is stubling over his words.

“WHO. IS. RESPONSIBLE” The other person seethes in anger.

“W-well… Cobra asked if we could get him f-for your project… And Riffle carried out the order” Skull mutters, still obviously scared.

“God, because of fucking course Cobra would do that. What did I expect” The person sighs “I really hate that higher-ups are such morons sometimes. First they send me to Hosu then they make problems for my actual job. Dammit” Wait… Hosu?

“Uhm…” Skull is abviously uncomfortable with listening to the rant.

“No matter” Izuku swears he can practically hear that person shrug “Take Riffle out and leave his body somewhere public. Even if they get his description from the witnesses, he won’t be able to sell us out if he’s dead”

“B-boss… Is there no other way?” Skull asks nervously “Isn’t taking him out… a bit extreme?”
“Well duh” The person says in the ‘I don’t give a fuck’ tone of voice “It’s better than letting them get information out of him in case he’s captured. While you’re on it – kill the kid, leave the corpse next to Riffle’s and make it look like the whole thing happened because of a third party”


“Are you a moron? Think for yourself from time to time” Another sigh “Just get out of my sigh and do it. I’ll have some other minion help me with moving the others…” He sighs again “I’ll also talk to Cobra… damn him and his stupid ideas”

“Yessir!” Skull says. Well… this is bad.

Adrenaline rushed through Izuku’s veins, and he forced himself to calm down. If he panics… well, it’ll most likely get him killed. He hears footsteps, and a bang – probably the door slamming. There is a deafening silence for a moment. This is it. He’s about to get killed. He doesn’t know his opponent’s strengths, he’s injured and has no idea where he is. But he knows something Skull doesn’t. That he’s awake. He forces himself to remain as still as possible. He has one shot at the surprise attack. There is a weird, metallic sound. Fuck, probably some weapon. He strains his ears to hear what’s going on. He has to time this right… The footsteps echo off the walls.

“I really hate this part of my job…” The villain mutters.

Well, it’s now or never. Izuku quickly rolls away from his spot, opening his eyes, and summons his piano to throw it at his opponent. It… half works. It’s weird to throw something that’s floating. Skull is obviously startled when the hologram hits him on the head and breaks into pieces. It doesn’t really do any real damage though. Izuku throws himself forward, hitting the man on the back of the head before he could even do anything. To his relief, the villain goes down. Great. Now he needs to hide the unconscious man – and probably do something to make sure Skull doesn’t scream – and after that, he can try to escape.

He looks around the room. It isn’t much – a table with some small items laid on it –*are those syringes?* - a single chair, bare lightbulb hanging from the ceiling and five collapsed people. Counting the villain, that is. Izuku stops for a second, his mind racing. He could try to free the others and escape together. He’d like to do just that. But… the other villain has said that he’ll be sending someone to pick them up. If they’re missing, his opponents will know about the escape plan. He can buy some time by leaving them behind. Not to mention they’re all unconscious and he couldn’t possibly carry all of them out. He really hates the thought of leaving them behind, he really does but… What else can he do? He feels tears streaming down his cheeks. He hates himself for thinking like that. But it’s his only option. If they were awake, then maybe, just maybe he could help them. But right now, trying to get them out would be a suicide.
It’d be like the incident with Muscular all over again. He’d foolishly try to help people, and it’d all be for nothing. He’d only get others killed. Again. If he escapes he can at least get them some real help. He lets out a shuddery breath and gets to work. He takes the villain’s shirt and tears it into three pieces – one for legs, one for hands, and one to shut him up. He ties Skull up and looks around for a good place to leave him. Of course, there isn’t any in the room. Grimacing, he quietly opens the doors and looks around. No one is there. He goes back to pick the villain up and drags him into the corridor. He leaves him for just a moment, to check the closest rooms. Once he finds something like storage, he drags the body there and leaves it in one of the big boxes. Okay, now that that’s done, he has to find a way to escape and get help.

Chapter End Notes

Well, uhm, I hope you enjoyed! ^_^

Take care and see ya :D
Chapter Summary

Dun Dun Dun dun

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Flare is adding some finishing touches to her disguise. A bit of a make-up there, something covering the scar here, that kind of thing. She even uses the foundation to cover the tattoo on her leg. She looks at the mirror, checking her looks one last time. She smiles. It’s perfect – she looks like a completely different person. Right now, her hair is dyed black, her eyes are chocolate-brown and she wears a dress and high heels (an outfit she wholeheartedly hates, but a job is a job). Thank god she at least knows how to walk in those shoes (torture devices) without looking like a new-born lamb. She packs everything she’d need in her handbag – ranging from a handkerchief to support items (thank god this bag has more capacity than it looks like it should have) – and heads out to meet with the police officer she’s going to be cooperating with.

After a five minutes walk, she enters the police station and heads to the office of the aforementioned policeman. She freezes for a moment, realising that there is more than one person in the room. There is the man she’s come there to meet – Tanema, a detective who’s once dealt with the group she’ll be infiltrating. The other person is a young woman in pinkish dress, with a hairstyle that slightly reminds Flare of a crab. Whatever conversation they were having stops and they turn to Flare. She grins and waves, earning herself a raised eyebrow from Tanema. It takes her a moment to realise that they probably don’t recognise her because of the disguise, so she takes out her ID card.

“Ah, it’s you” Tanema says quietly “Good, now we can talk about the details of your mission. Come here. Oh, and let me introduce you. This is Monika Kaniyashiki. Monika, this is Flare”

Inko is pacing back and forth, frantic and on the verge of a nervous breakdown. It’s the middle of the night. No, wait… she looks out of the window, it’ll be morning soon. She can only vaguely feel the tears staining her cheeks. Izuku hasn’t come home yet. She’s been waiting, and waiting and getting more and more worried, and he isn’t back yet. When it got dark, she’d called the police. They told her to wait until tomorrow, and to try to contact his friends to see if he isn’t with them. She growls frustrated at the memory. She has no way of reaching his friends, and besides, they’re all in the dormitories from what she knows, so he couldn’t possibly be with them. The police will start looking only if he doesn’t show up by morning, which is frustrating enough as it is. She stops walking for a moment, wondering. Nedzu’s left his phone number, so that she may inform him if she changes her mind about the dorms.
She may be wrong for trying to use it like that but… if she informs him of Izuku’s disappearance, he may be able to do something about the police. And even if she doesn’t fully trust him, as long as he’s able to get them to look for her son as soon as possible, she will contact him. And so, she does.

Naomasa is suddenly woken up because apparently someone calls him at ungodly hours again. Is it Toshinori again? He groans and gets up, grabbing his phone and answering it.

“Hello?” He says grogilly.

“Ah, you’ve picked up” Nedzu’s unmistakable high-pitched voice calls out “I hope I haven’t woken you up”

“…It’s not a problem” He says, even though it is a bit of a problem for him. Still, he knows how much Nedzu values things like that, and that if he answers wrongly, the whole affair will be much more irritating “To what do I owe this call?”

“Ah, Midoriya Inko, mother of one of our students, just called” Nedzu says, suddenly very serious “Her son didn’t make it home last night”

“…Any details?” He questions “Do you know whether it’s a kidnapping or if he just ran away?”

“I’d say that the possibility of him running away is rather slim” Nedzu says “Could you please look into this? I’d hate it if one of my students got kidnapped by villains”

“I’m on it” Naomasa answers and turns the phone off. He sighs and goes to get ready and start working.

Izuku keeps walking. Or rather, limping, considering the state of his leg. So far he hasn’t bumped into anyone. Which is good. He hasn’t found any exits either. Which is pretty bad. He can’t exactly heal himself since his quirk is not… the quietest. He can’t risk getting the enemy’s attention. He checks the next room. This one doesn’t have windows. Just like the rest. He’s starting to suspect that the whole area may be underground. Which is pretty problematic. He sighs and gets back to searching. He opens the door after door, looking inside the rooms while still being careful, just in case there is an enemy nearby.
He finally stumbles upon something he can use. A vent. The whole room is a bit unnerving, with syringes laying around, and some bloodstains, and knives, and a chair with restraints. He shakes his head. He shouldn’t think about it. Not now, when his life is still on the line. He moves the chair, finding himself both disgusted and slightly terrified once he touches it and the blood actually stains. Which means it’s fresh. And the smell doesn’t make it any better. He squashes the urge to puke and break down. Now is not the time, he’ll have to save it for later. He has to.

He climbs the chair and tries to move the bars out of the way. He really wishes he had a screwdriver with him. Sighing, he quietly gets to the floor again, and picks up one of the knives. This one, he thanks every deity he knows, is not covered in blood. Well, at least it wasn’t before he picked it up. Not it has some blood from the chair on it. He feels sick again. ‘Now is really not the time’, he reminds himself and swallow thickly before climbing the chair again. He gets the bars out of the way, silently deposits the knife back on the floor and stops. Shouldn’t he… take that knife, just in case? It’s better than going empty handed. He can’t exactly use his quirk due to it being too loud, but a knife would be nice.

He gets it from the floor again and stops for a second, before using it to rip a part of his sleeve off. He straps the weapon to his thigh, using the material in his hands. It’ll have to do for now. He gets on the chair, reaches the vent and hangs onto it. He kicks the chair away from there, towards it’s original place. It doesn’t land exactly there, but he hopes no one notices. Or at least they won’t think he used it to reach the vent. He hoists himself up, crawling into the vent. Once he’s inside, he picks up the bars and awkwardly moves around to place them back over the hole. It’s a bit sloppy, but he hopes no one notices. After all, it’s hard to notice something you’re not looking for.

He crawls forward, wining now and again because of his wounds, and the knife that makes it really uncomfortable to move. He wishes he had a matchstick. Maybe then he could see where the air is coming from – where the exit is. Instead, he’s stuck there alone, only moving around based on guesses, and hoping he’s not moving in circles. He gets dizzy at one point and he has to stop and wait it out. He panics. This is really, really bad. If he passes out here, he may lose his one shot at escaping. And he feels really close to losing consciousness. The panic doesn’t help at all. He has to actually bite his tongue to stop himself from hyperventilating. It’s be too loud. It’d get someone’s attention. It may even indirectly get him killed. He waits out his little breakdown silently. He doesn’t stop the tears streaming down his cheeks. He only focuses on breathing as silently as possible. On trying not to hiccup or sob.

It makes him choke a bit, but in the end, it all passes. He feels more exhausted than before, and he still feels panicked, and scared, and just wrong, but he knows he has to push past it. Either that or he’ll die. He crawls, bit by bit, trying to focus on what’s around him, and not on the fact that he may break at any moment. He just has to get through it. Once he does, he’ll have time to get the incoming breakdown over with. Now he just simply can’t afford it. Not yet, not yet, just a little longer. He stops and forces himself to breathe normally. And then he simply resumes his mindless journey, hopelessly wandering through metal tunnels in search of an exit.

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Okay… Midoriya has definitely gotten kidnapped. Naomasa looks through the reports, trying not to
let the worry take over. A few people witnessed a kidnapping, and the victim’s appearance matches Midoriya’s. And why hasn’t this been brought up to anyone before? Because the detective in charge of the case screwed up, and despite getting testimonies from eye-witnesses hadn’t identified Midoriya nor his kidnapper. Well, it’s not like there are many details about the assailant, but still, he’ll have to work with what he has. He’s already contacted Nedzu to update him, and phoned Mrs Midoriya to tell her about it.

Right now, he’s waiting for permission to check the city cameras, in hopes that the villain got caught by them while making his escape. At the very least it seems like League had nothing to do with it, this time. The man didn’t match any of the League’s members they have identified, and besides, the League is out to get All Might. Midoriya has little to do with their goal. And for that, Naomasa is grateful. It’s much easier to ambush someone when there is at least a possibility they don’t have teleportation quirk on their hands. His phone rings, no doubts his superiors are calling to either deny or just give him the permission to access the cameras. Time to get back to work.

“What do you want?” The shady man asks once Flare and Monika get close to him “You don’t look like you belong here”

“Well~” Flare sing-songs cheerily “Our boss, like, wanted us to get some stuff”

“Stuff, huh?” The man quirks an eyebrow.

“Yup! The one you advertised in Hosu! You know, the Trigger?” Monika chimes in, smiling mischievously “He has some things to settle, and it’d be nice to make it look like and out-of-control quirk”

“Get lost, girlies. This is not something for you” The thug growls “Tell your boss that if he wants the product, he has to get it himself”

“Oh my~! What do you think Yuri? Should we get lost?” Flare asks with confidence and mirth she doesn’t really feel.

“Oh, I don’t know~. Boss would be really mad if we returned without it” Monika answers in the same tone “Hey, dealer-san, can’t you make an exception for us~? We really want some”

“Sorry, but it’s not gonna fly” The man snickers “I’m only selling to the people I trust. Or those who have enough money. I doubt you do”
“If you’d please, Yuri?” Flare winks at Monika, and the girl opens the bag she has with her. Bag full of fake banknotes.

“So, what’s the price, hun?” Monika asks.

“You’re either cocky or really stupid to carry around that much money” The thug says with a raised eyebrow “Well, at least I’ll see which one is it” He lunges forward, taking out a knife. Monika quickly gets out of the way, and delivers a swift kick to the man’s back. The man snorts and turns around to try again. Flare hurls some fire at him. He redirects it. So, pyrokinesis quirk, huh? He charges again, and Monika has to leap back. Flare joins in the hand-to-hand fight. It gets pretty intense for a moment, before the man smirks and jumps out of their range.

“Ok, I can at least tell that you’re not some idiot fake-villains” He says, clearly amused “You’re clearly too stupid to be the cops too” Oh boy, is he wrong “So, I guess I’ll strike a deal with ya”

“Yay!!! You’ve heard it, right?!? We can get the stuff for the boss” Monika chirps with mirth. She’s a good actress, if nothing else.

“So~! Can we get the drug already? We don’t have all night” Flare says, trying to sound as cheery as she can.

“Not here. I’ll take you to one of our buildings. We’ll seal the deal there” The man says and turns around. They follow cautiously.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed! ^_^ Take care, have a nice day and see y’all soon~! \o/
Izuku freezes when he hears a scream. He’s really close to letting his mind get clouded with panic again, but he squashes it down in the end. It leaves a bad taste in his mouth but he doesn’t exactly have time to check what’s happened. He has to escape from here. After some time of awkwardly (and painfully) crawling forward, he manages to find a vent that has a view to the stairs. Well, it’s better to go up than get stuck here. He stays where he is, listening to hear if anyone is approaching, and then, after a moment, he gets the knife and takes care of the bars. He hops down, rolling with the impact and forcing himself to remain silent despite the pain soaring through his leg. He’s had worse.

He quietly runs up the stairs, to the big metal doors that separate this floor from the next one. He moves to stand as close to it as possible, ear almost touching the rusty metal, and listens in. He can hear some sounds – mostly footsteps and muffled voices. They all seem far away though, or at least like they’re not coming from right behind the doors. Izuku tries opening the doors. They’re locked. He sighs and starts working with the knife. It’s a bit dulled by now, but it still works. Trying to make as little noise as possible, he goes through the door and closes it. He starts walking, but then he hears footsteps and sees the shadow of people approaching from behind the corner. They can’t see him yet, but soon… Panicked, he hides in the nearest room. He shoots a cursory glance over his shoulder, to see if there is anyone there.

Luckily, it seems like he’s alone. He waits till the footsteps pass the door and fade away in the distance. That was… too close for comfort. He waits for a moment to steady his breath that got too erratic again, and steps back into the hallway. He actually stops again. Gosh, he feels like such an idiot. He goes back into the room, a room with windows. He frantically runs up to them and tries to open the nearest one. And, of course, it’s blocked. He takes his knife and attempts to pry it open. He tries for about five minutes before giving up. Of course they’d put better locks on things leading to outside. After all, it’s more probable for someone to want to get into the building, then for someone to try to open the doors inside it. Why put the locks inside at all then? He sighs. No matter how much he complains about the bad use of resources in this place, it’s not going to get him anywhere. He briefly considers making a hole with his quirk but quickly discards the idea. It’d make a lot of noise, and he can’t really outrun the villains if they try to run after him. He really wishes he knew how to pick a lock. With a sigh, he steps back into the corridor and continues the search for an exit.

“I need your help” Dusty Ash says blandly, looking at the man across from her.
“What’s the matter?” Ember asks worriedly.

“W-well… So, you know that one of Endeavor’s kid ran away from home a few years ago?” She asks and he seems fairly surprised. Without waiting for him to say anything, she continues “I’ve found him… I’ve finally tracked him down. The thing is… He’s a villain now”

“Oh” It’s said in a deadpan voice, but she knows Ember is just shocked “That’s…”

“And” She cuts him off “He got into the League of Villains recently”

“Fuck” He swears and swallows audibly “That’s just… that… just fuck. Those guys are bad news”

“I know” She sighs “That’s why… I need you to get me into their hideout”

“And how exactly am I supposed to do that?” He asks, clearly exasperated.

“From what I know, Bearhead and Curator often go out to drink in one of their bars” She answers “And… you know… It’d be weird to ask them directly. You’re… much more reasonable than those guys. Plus they seem to tolerate you so…”

“Alright” He huffs “As long as you get that kid away from the League. It may take a while to get those guys to cooperate though”

“That’s fine…” She says with a little smile “As long as I can get him out of there”

Flare sits patiently with a fake smile gracing her lips. It’s not like she has anything else to do tonight but damn, is this man making them wait long. She has to resist the urge to tap her feet with impatience. Monika doesn’t have any such reservations as she dramatically yawns. The man isn’t even in the room to see it, but somehow the theatrics still seem out of place. Flare takes one of the stray strands of her hair and starts playing with it. She hopes it’s in line with her ‘characterization’ so far. She doesn’t know if they’re being observed in any way, but she feels like she should keep up the act, just in case. The door suddenly opens, and here comes the man, together with another, alightly more elegant thug and a case (probably with drugs).
“Thank you for waiting, my ladies” The thug number one says “I’ve brought along a friend. He’ll make sure you’re… reliable clients”

“And what the heck does that mean?” Monika asks with quirked eyebrow.

“Nice to meet ya. My quirk lets me detect lies” The other thug smirks. Well *fuck*.

“Ooooh, that’s actually so cool!” Monika says enthusiastically, not thrown off in the slightest. At least on the surface. She really is a great undercover cop “But, oh well, we’re not here for pleasantries. Can we buy it now?”

“Before that” The thug number one says “I want to make sure… Is the money real” Well, *fuck* again.

“Of course it is!” Monika says, completely unbothered by the question. Flare has to stop herself from staring at her in bewilderment. Didn’t that guy have lie-detecting quirk? And she just lied straight to his face…

“Alright” …And he bought it. How?!? “We’ll give you the-“

The thug is interrupted by the doors opening. A woman with chocolate-brown hair comes in, confident and cautious at the same time. Flare doesn’t know how she manages to look like this but she just does. The two thugs immediately get up and curtly bow. She’s their superior then. Flare shoots a quick look at Monika. What’s this person doing here? Monika has one of her hands in her bag already, holding the gun, without a doubt. The woman stops near the table they’ve gathered around and looks at them curiously, playing with a strand of her hair.

“Oh my, please forgive me for interrupting” The woman says sweetly “I’m sorry, Shiro-san, but we need you somewhere else. There should be no problem with that, right?”

“W-well, actually, we’re in the middle of-“ The thug is cut off when the woman moves her hand and he screams in pain as a long gash suddenly appears on his arm.

“That was not a question, my dear” The woman says in the same, sickeningly sweet tone “Any more objections?”
“…” No one says anything, and the guy with truth quirk just gets up and comes over to stand next to the woman.

“Great!” The woman chirps “I’m sorry for interrupting. Please go back to whatever you were doing” She bows to them lightly and leaves.

Silence fills the room. What the actual fuck was that. Flare makes a mental note to NOT fuck with Villain Factory’s bosses unless necessary. Or unless she has backup. The thug that was left behind grumbles and swears for a second, before he seems to calm down again. He clears his throat awkwardly, and reaches for the drug-filled case. A few more minutes and the deal is sealed. The thug carries off the money to somewhere, telling them to wait for just a moment. Flare frowns, because why would they wait for anything more? He takes this moment to ask Monika about something that’s been on her mind this whole time though.

“How did you lie without being caught?” Flare mutters quietly, but loudly enough for her partner to hear it.

“Well… it wasn’t technically a lie” Monika says sheepishly and Flare raises an eyebrow “I mean, like, they are things that exist in the world, right? Not an illusion or something. But things. So, technically, they are real”

“I… I didn’t think about it that way” She stares at the girl with wide eyes. She didn’t even know that was an option.

“Well, I mean, that’s the thing about lie-detector quirks, right?” Monika asks “They only detect lies. Things the target thinks are lies. So, like, it doesn’t tell the user in what sense is the sentence true. Just that it is”

“I’m lost” Flare admits “How did you even think of that?”

“We have a lie-detector cop back at the station. I’ve worked with him a few times. I’ve seen criminals use the same trick to get around the lie-detection” Monika grins “Or at least try to get around it. That detective knew his weaknesses well. He also knew how to ask a question in a way that leaves no doubts”

Before she can ask another question, the thug walks back into the room. He has a smile on his lips
and his leg is now bandaged. He walks up to them and stops right next to the table. She can see Monika tilting her head in silent question. Flare herself is a bit confused but she doesn’t really want to be the one to speak up first.

“Ekhm” The man clears his throat “I just thought… we have something else your boss may be interested in… if he has enough cash”

“…” They look at each other, a bit thrown off and unsure of what to do. They’ve completed the mission. Was getting some extra information worth the added risk? Probably. Most likely. Definitely.

“What is it?” Monika asks curiously.

“Follow me” The man says and moves to leave the room. Flare and Monika share a glance before following.

Izuku keeps going forward, determined and as focused as he can get. He’s still limping awkwardly, and occasional pangs of pain in his leg are irritating but he’s doing more or less okay for now. He checks the windows of each room he enters. So far, all of them are shut. He’s pretty exhausted by all that. He also has to hide from time to time, avoiding the people who are coming and going in different directions. It’s a miracle he hasn’t bumped into anyone yet. A miracle he’ll gladly take since he’s not sure he’s in any shape to fight. If he runs into someone even half as good as the person who kidnapped him, he’s fucked. He stops before certain doors for a second, hearing the voices from behind it. He furrows his brow. Why does this one voice seem so familiar?

He hears footsteps and he panics. He runs towards the nearest room to hide in – the one he’s checked before. He leaves the doors slightly open, to observe the people. He wouldn’t normally risk getting caught but he definitely recognised one of the feminine voices. And if there is a chance he can get rescued, then he’ll gladly take it. He observes as a thuggish-looking man leads a pair of women down the hallway. He stares intently. There is something familiar about the way that woman in high heels moves. For a moment, he’s torn between continuing the search and going after them. In the end, he decides to shadow the group from a safe distance. Once he hears their footsteps almost fade, he leaves the room and follows after the sound.

He’s careful not to make any sounds, or get too close and get seen. The group keeps going further into the building. Or towards the exit, he can’t be sure since he doesn’t know where that is. The more he observes the woman, the more familiar yet unfamiliar she seems. He recognises her slightly muscular built from somewhere. He definitely knows the way she moves. Her voice seems familiar. Yet… She doesn’t look like anyone he knows. Her character, or at least what he can glimpse of it when she speaks, also seems foreign. And for the life of him, he doesn’t know who exactly is she. He doesn’t give up though. He just keeps following them.
Flare keeps making small talk with Monika and the thug. She has to keep up the appearances. She feels like she’s being watched but she can’t pinpoint from where. And she can’t exactly turn around, because that’d be too suspicious. The man passes many doors, never stepping into any of the rooms. He clearly knows where he’s leading them, which shouldn’t come as much of a surprise, really, but it’s still good to know. She’d surely get lost in this labyrinth of a building without the thug.

They finally seem to have reached their destination, as the man opens some door (which look a bit heavier than the others around them) and holds it for them to come in. The room is… weird. It looks sterile, but it doesn’t have the brightness or the reassuring aura of the hospital or infirmary. It seems gloom. There is a glass screen, cutting the room in half. Of course, there is a door so that anyone can go to the other side. She feels vaguely confused by this weird room arrangement before it hits her. It’s for testing. There is a man on the other side of the glass wall. On their side there is a woman, dressed like a doctor.

“I’ve brought them here, Doc, we can start now” The thug says and the woman nods, taking out a vial filled with some liquid. Flare feels vaguely sick as she readies herself. The demonstration is about to start.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed~ See y’all soon :D
“So, what’s it going to do?” Monika asks, obviously trying to ready herself for what’s about to happen.

“Ah, didn’t you say you saw our little advertstising in Hosu?” The thug laughs “Well… what we used on Endeavor was an unfinished version” Flare has to stop herself from reacting. Those bastards were the ones who did this?!? “You’re about to see one of the last trial runs. It should be on sale in a few days, and if your boss really wants someone… gone in an untraceable way, you should consider buying this”

Flare had to clasp her hands together to hold back. Otherwise, she’d snapped the offending man’s neck. Or beat him up till he wished she killed him already. She’s livid. Endeavor may not have been the most caring, or nice, or social, and he was mostly insufferable but he was her boss. They worked together, they had each other’s back in the field, they filed the reports together. Not to mention what happened to Spark because of that. But she knows that no matter how furious she is, she can’t break the facade now. Job always comes first. It has to get done. And if she’s lucky, their samples will put those motherfuckers in jail for good.

She grits her teeth as the ‘doctor’ places the vial into something resembling a gun. The man on the other side of the glass wall begs for mercy, tears streaming down his cheeks. The woman opens the door and shoots the ‘test subject’ in clear, clinical manner. The crying gets louder as the man’s skin starts turning pink, and then blue in some places. There is frost there. He’s freezing. Flare’s eyes widen. It’s clear that the ce quirk is going out of control, but it seems like the man has no immunity whatsoever. Normally, he’d have at least a bit of cold-resistance. This is unnerving. She observes as ice crackles along the ground, below the man, and covers patches of skin quickly, making the man shiver and fall down.

“Are you enjoying the results?” The doctor asks and without waiting for an answer, continues on “It’s a really curious thing, isn’t it? For someone to lose their natural resistance to the effects of their own quirk”
“How did you do that?” Flare asks, carefully keeping the disgust out of her voice, masking it with simple curiosity.

“Let’s say… We’ve had quite a fruitful joint project with a certain yakuza group” The woman smiles faintly “Their resources and ideas are ingenious but… their goals make them so limited” She clicks her tongue “Well… I’m sure both sides were satisfied either way”

“Don’t make the boring small talk again, Doc. You’re going to make our guests bored” The thug huffs.

The woman snorts and goes back to her observations. Flare also looks at the ‘test subject’. The man is… probably dead by now. Killed by his own quirk. This drug… it’s really dangerous. Not only does it make quirks go haywire, it also brings down the target’s natural resistance to their quirk’s effects, from what she can see. It’s certainly much worse than it was back when Endeavor got injected with it. Not to mention, that ‘yakuza group’ they talked about… She’s not sure about it, but she feels like it means even more trouble for them. She’s heard from some more experienced heroes that sometimes illegal organisations cover for each other and then it gets really hard to do anything. She really doesn’t want to deal with that.

Izuku is standing just behind the doors to something that must be experimentation room. He’s been listening in the whole time, and he really doesn’t like what he’s heard. If that drug makes it to the market, it can cause a lot of trouble. One more reason to get out of here. He has to alert the heroes before the drug – poison, it’s outright poison – makes it to the larger market. For a moment, he’s torn between listening in on the rest of the conversation and going back to searching for an exit. His decision is made for him – or rather, he can’t do either because he hears an exclamation of surprise and when he turns, there is a man staring right back at him. An armed man. Well, it was nice living. He feels like his blood freezes for one terrifying second, and time seemingly slows down for a moment.

Then, everything happens quickly. The man shouts, alerting everyone to the intruder, and takes out his weapon. A gun. Fuck. Without really thinking, Izuku throws the knife he’s holding at the man. It burries itself in the man’s wrist, making him drop the gun. But it also makes him fire. Izuku screams a bit as the pain soars through his shoulder. He looks at it, cursing internally, as red blooms on the material. The door flies open, the earlier group trying to see what the commotion is about. He can also hear other footsteps, closing in on his location. This is bad.

Foe a split-second, he makes eye contact with one of the women. Her eyes are lit up in recognition, worry, and outright horror. He doesn’t know what to make of it, and he doesn’t really care. For the moment, he tries to run away. He basically hears as people draw their weapons. He summons his guzheng, opting for the fastest instrument. He’s already playing the healing melody when he gets surrounded. He grits his teeth, readying himself for a fight. He hears some commotion behind him, and sends a cursory glance that way. The two women – ‘clients’ – are fighting the thugs. Why would
they do this? He doesn’t really have time to worry, as the group from the other side runs at him. He frantically plays the first offensive melody that comes to mind, effectively freezing the group for a second. Of course, his ice isn’t as good as Shouto’s, so they get out of it pretty quickly. He sees someone draw a gun, and he attempts to put up an ice shield. At least it’ll survive a few shots. He turns back to see the thugs and the scientist lying on the ground, and the two women running towards him. He braces himself for a fight, not knowing what to expect from them. At the same time, his ice barrier breaks. Crap.

Flare almost swears, sending a wave of fire at the enemies. She quickly makes it to Midoriya’s side – ignoring the very obvious question of ‘what the actual fuck is this boy doing here’ – and stands between him and the attackers. He seems surprised for a moment, but doesn’t say anything, rather, he just continues using his quirk. She doesn’t really recognise what he’s playing, but for a moment she can see gold-red-silver notes in the air and suddenly she feels much stronger. To her right, Monika is trying to shoot the villains with her gun. It’s not working too well, but at least it distracts some of the thugs.

She keeps sending more and more fire, pushing the enemies back. She hears a quiet ‘watch out!’ from Midoriya and quickly turns around to frickin burn the incoming enemy to ashes. It takes a lot out of her, keeping up on two sides. But between Midoriya’s support and Monika’s gun firing, it’s somehow manageable. When she takes the enemies down, more come to take their place. At some point, one of the sides is empty, and that’s when unexpected happens. Monika runs forward, towards the testing room. Flare tries to stop her, but doesn’t succeed. She grits her teeth and continues to fire blasts at the enemy.

Splitting up has got to be one of the stupidest things to do in this situation. Finally, after a few really intense moments, they manage to wipe out the enemies. She still hears shouts and footsteps, signalling that there are even more up ahead, but they’re not here now and that’s what counts. She turns towards the room Monika disappeared into, but before she can run there, the woman comes back, holding a half-empty vial. Oh, that makes sense. She was trying to get some of that drug for analysis.

They’re all together again, and although Midoriya looks a bit unsure, he doesn’t say anything. Flare signals them to follow her as she tries to navigate the labyrinth of hallways to get them out of here. They encounter some more enemies, but she’s able to swiftly take them out. In a way, she’s kind of glad it’s Midoriya who is here and not someone else. Without his boosts, including energy ones, she wouldn’t really go far. Her quirk is… energy consuming to say the least.

Izuku feels that he’s pretty close to hitting his limit. He runs alongside Flare – at least he thinks it’s her? – and the other woman. His vision swims from time to time, dull throbbing of pain reminding him that he didn’t manage to heal himself completely. They finally exit the maze of a building, entering a rather obscure alleyway. There are still people running after them, each and every one tasting Flare’s fire once they get in range. She can see that the woman is exhausted so he sends more of the energizing notes to her.
It helps her but he feels even worse now. There is some warm liquid dripping down his nose and chin. Oh, great, he’s bleeding. His head is starting to get clouded and he fights it with every fiber of his being, desperately fighting off the urge to let his consciousness slip away. They finally exit the alleyways, and come into an empty street. There doesn’t seem to be anyone following them. That strange woman he doesn’t know pulls out a phone and calls someone. It takes him a second to realise that all the sounds around him are muffled. Not good.

They don’t slow down, and he tries to keep up despite the fact that his head is killing him and there is more and more blood trickling down his face. He finally staggers when his vision swims again, and one of the women takes his wrist to literally drag him along. Everything around him is muffled, but he tries to at least keep moving. He doesn’t let himself fall unconscious, and he fights the urge to just fall asleep every time his eyes close. He doesn’t let himself break either. Not yet. Not until he’s fully safe.

“…We should be there soon!” Monika calls out, still dragging the half-conscious Midoriya by the wrist.

Flare only grits her teeth. The boy is… a bit unresponsive at the moment and he doesn’t seem to react to any comment they make. This doesn’t really look good. Especially since he’s still bleeding from his nose and mouth. Quirk exertion. They have to at least get him to the hospital before he loses consciousness. At the very least, there are no more enemies around here. She sighs in relief upon seeing detective’s car at their meet-up spot.

“He’s hurt, we have to get him to the doctor” She says, voice dripping with exhaustion.

The man only nods and gets into the driver’s seat. Monika pushes Midoriya into the back and sits next to the detective. Flare goes to the back to stay with the boy. She grits her teeth. It’s the second time. The second time she’s been there and he still got hurt. She may not be the most experienced or strong, but she still feels guilty because of that. What kind of hero is she if she can’t protect a single kid? Granted, he didn’t got hurt per se… it’s just quirk exertion. But it doesn’t really make her feel better.

She bites her lips, stopping a gasp of surprise as the boy loses consciousness. It’s not that surprising, it’s just… bad. In every way. Because it means that he’s in bad enough shape to actually give up on staying awake. And she knows exactly how determined this boy can be. It’s worrisome to see him just… black out and go limp. She swallows around the lump in her throat and moves him, so that he sits in a position that should make it easier to breathe. Well, there is a lot of explaining to do, but he’s safe and that’s all that matters. She leaves him with the doctors once they arrive at the hospital. She shares a look with Monika, knowing that their job is not done yet. Now they have to deal with paperwork and interrogations and such. She almost wants to laugh at how mundane it seems in comparison to what’s happened tonight.
Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed~

We'll enter the next arc shortly ;3
Aria of emotions

Chapter Summary

The aftermath of the kidnapping! \o/  
Kinda  
I guess

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It’s hazy… Everything. It feels familiar. His consciousness flickers. Snippets of events make it into his mind. A woman, Flare, holding him. The white, and kind of soft, material of the stretcher. Confused and worried faces of doctors and nurses. A syringed thrust into his arm. And then nothing. It’s… different from the ‘void’ he remembers. This is more… foggy and white. Flowy. It’s as if cotton candy’s filled his head. He feels… numb. He’s vaguely aware that he should feel scared, or angry, or anything at all. But there is nothing. No pain. No fear. No lonliness. No longing. He can’t form any coherent thoughts.

And then, the fog gradually begins to fade. He opens his eyes, as the fog dissolves more and more. His vision is blurry. There is a lot of white everywhere. A white that isn’t part of the fog. He squints as the bright light becomes insufferable. He still feels… weird. Numb and detached. He looks around dazedly. His vision slowly clears and he takes in more and more details. The white room. The IV drop in his arm. He frowns at the latter. Why is it in his arm again? The slight softness of the blankets (Yes, he realises that hospital blankets aren’t the softest, but after everything, he’ll take what he can. Sue him). The fact that the room is empty. The sunshine slowly seeping through the window. He takes all of those details in, still not really understanding where he is and why is he here.

And then, his mind seems to have caught up to him. Everything snaps into sudden focus. Just like waking up from a nightmare. It all comes back to him. The man who hit him and took him to that maze of a building. The people who were trapped there with him. How he had to find a way out. The fight. Trailing behind the two woman. Being dragged in a half-awake daze. And the darkness that fell on him after that. He shudders. His emotions come back, crashing into him in a horrible surge of feelings.

This time, he doesn’t fight it. This time, he has no reason to. He simply lets himself break. His breath gets erratic and his vision blurs with tears. He’s safe. He’s safe now. He’s alright. But he could’ve died. *He could’ve died, and those people tried to kill him, and it was awful, and he was so scared and he could have died.* And he was hurt, he bled, and there was so much blood that wasn’t his. He
left those people back there. He left them for death. And there was an experiment he listened to. He listened as the man died. And there was absolutely nothing he could do. And he almost died. He releases shuddery, strangled sobs as he cries. Static fills his head. He cries and weeps, letting all of his bottled up emotions out, but he doesn’t feel better. He only feels worse. His breathing gets more and more erratic, his vision swims, he can’t tell what’s happening around him. Dread and panic are quick to assault him.

He’s vaguely aware that he’s started shuddering at some point. He feels fear clawing at his heart more and more as a realisation hits him. He... he... he can’t breathe. He tries, he really does. The panicked, strangled breaths giving him a bit of oxygen every time he manages one. It’s not enough. It’s not nearly enough. He feels like he’s suffocating. Static filling his mind gets worse as it screeches, and swirls and fluctuates. He can’t tell if it’s lack of oxygen or the fear making him this dizzy. He’s losing himself as there is only fear, and panic, and the room with bloodied floor in front of his eyes. He shivers. Nononononono. This isn’t right. He’s not there. He’s safe. He’s safe. He’s safe. He’s here, not there. And he’s safe.

He’s somewhat aware of the hands pushing him backwards, trying to restrain him. He lashes out, trying to get away. He’s too panicked to remember that he’s in the hospital. Yelling at his brain that he’s safe doesn’t help. He’s freaking out, and he doesn’t know how to stop. And then, he feels a sharp sting of pain in his arm, a sensation of something being injected, and soon, he stops panicking. The static goes away, leaving the vague sense of muffledness behind. He tries to steady his breathing. In and out... In and out. He sees a very concerned doctor in front of him. The man is asking something but he can’t hear a thing. He doesn’t really care at this point. After letting it all out he feels... empty. Not worse, not better, not even numb. Just empty. And exhausted. Releasing a shuddery sigh, he lets himself fall asleep.

It doesn’t take long for Inko to arrive at the hospital after she receives the call. But it still feels like way too long to her. She can’t really remember what’d happened before she found herself in front of her son. She was just too scared and relieved at the same time. She sits in one of the chairs beside his bed. He’s still asleep. The doctor told her that he’s had a bit of a panic attack earlier, though they’re not sure what triggered it, and fell asleep after being calmed down. She sits there, clasping his hand in hers, and watching as the sun rises higher and higher.

She bits her lip when she glances over at the table right next to his bed – there’s his phone on it. Maybe she should tell his friends about what’s happened? They should be awake by now. On the other hand, it may be better if he tells them himself. When he’s awake. She really doubts he’d want his friends to see him in this state. She startles as he wakes up, opening his eyes and slowly sitting up. He blinks owlishly a few times, before looking at her. She feels some tears, most likely tears of relief, gathering in her eyes, and she hugs him.

“Izuku... Izuku... I was so worried!” She wails through the tears “Never do that again!”
“…S-sorry” He stutters a bit, and she can see him wince. Ugh… she probably shouldn’t have said that. It’s not his fault, it’s the villains’.

“What happened?” She questions him as she breaks the hug “The doctors said you’ve had a… panic attack earlier…”

“I…” He winces again “I was stupid. Panicked. Choked a bit when I started panicking and couldn’t really breathe. And then panicked even more… Sorry”

“Oh no, don’t be” She tells him and ruffles his hair a bit “It wasn’t your fault. Anyone would have panicked. Don’t worry about it, okay?”

“Y-yeah” He says unconvincingly.

“I’m just really glad you’re okay” She says and pulls him into one more hug “How are you feeling?”

“I-I… It’s… I think… I think I’m more or less alright now” He says quietly “At least I don’t feel that overwhelmed with everything anymore… Y-yeah… I’m fine… I’m fine” He mutters the latter ‘I’m fine’ as if he tries to reassure himself as much as he reassures her that everything is okay.

“Izuku… Izuku, look at me” She says and places a gentle hand on his cheek “It’s alright to… not be alright. Don’t be afraid to say that you’re not feeling okay, alright?” He slowly nod “I… We can… I know that this happened on your way from school” Guilt pangs in her chest but she squashes it “A- and I know that you’re probably going to be afraid of going there, and from there, for now… Even if you insist it’s alright”

“But… It really is alright…” He lies. She know he lies. It’s evident in his eyes that he’s still scared.

“Izuku, look at me” She gets his attention again “I’m here for you. If you feel… if you feel bad and can’t continue going there then… You can always transfer to some other school… A safer one. I’m sure no one would judge you for that. Just know that… this is an option, and though I won’t push you, I still think it’s better than continuing as you are”

“Mom…” He looks like he might tear up “Mom, please, no. I don’t… I don’t want to go to another school. A- and… I don’t think I’d feel safe even if I did. They already know me… from the sports festival. Even if I transfer now, it won’t change a thing” The tears start streaming down his face “I-I-
I… I can’t… I can’t… I just can’t go anywhere else. It’d be even worse…”

“…Izuku” She tries to get his attention, but he sobs and continues speaking.

“I’m sorry… I’m so sorry… I just… I can’t… I can’t go anywhere else… I won’t feel safe anywhere” He sobs and hiccups, his voice wavers and breaks “I just can’t… I-I… I want to be with my friends…”

“Shh… It’s alright… It’s alright…” She soothes him, battling herself mentally. She sighs, already feeling bad for what she’s about to say next. She squashes down the disgust and distrust she feels for the school, putting her son’s wishes and safety first “I… If you’d feel better with it… I’ll permit you to stay in the dorms” He stares at her in shock, and she smiles, trying to be strong for him. Mentally, she already prepares her little speech, read threat, for the headmaster, to let him know exactly what’ll happen if any harm comes to her son “I… I don’t think it’s an ideal solution… But, you wouldn’t have to travel between home and school that way… There wouldn’t be a way for the villains to get you. And I’m pretty sure your friends would keep you safe” Hopefully “If you… As I’ve said… if you want to, I’ll permit it. And you’ll stay there. If it makes you feel safer”

“I-I… I don’t know” He looks so completely lost it hurts her heart “I don’t… I’m afraid… I’m afraid of leaving home after tonight… I don’t… I don’t know if I can manage that” He says in a low whisper “B-but… I also know that I won’t be able to come to and go back from school. I…. I think it’ll be f-for the best… If I stay at the dorms… I don’t know, it’s just… Sorry, I just feel so tired, and scared, and I don’t know what to do” He finishes and tears up again.

“It’s alright… It’s alright” She reassures him, squeezing him in another hug “It’s only natural you need time to think about it. I only proposed it, you can think about it for as long as you need”

“Thanks mom…” He says and smiles a bit.

Izuku talks with his mom for a few hours, before going back to sleep. When he wakes up again, it’s the afternoon, and his mother is asleep in the chair. He smiles softly, looking at her. He’s fine now that he isn’t alone. And he’ll be okay. His gaze falls onto the phone lying on the table. Oh, right. It’s his phone. There is supposed to be school today. And it’s afternoon already. His friends are probably worried. Well, fuck… He doesn’t really want them to know that he’s in the hospital, after being kidnapped, hurt, rescued and having a breakdown.

On the other hand, they deserve to know. They are his friends. And besides, it’s not the first time he’s dealt with the villains so… maybe they won’t be **that** worried? Especially since he’s safe now… Yes, he knows he’s just lying to himself. They’ll be definitely worried. He sighs and reaches for the
device. He winces slightly as he looks at all the missed calls and messages. He’s about to open up the chatroom when a thought strikes him. Oh my god, he is an utter idiot. Why didn’t he even try to use his phone when he was with the villains?!?

He sighs. Maybe he should go easier on himself – he was hurt and slightly disoriented at the time. He gathers the courage to message his friends, and he does it. Well, at least he tells them he’s alright. That’s a start. He’ll fill them in on the details later. For now… He’ll just be content with idle chatter and the feeling of safety. He smiles at his phone as his friends start talking about their day and offer to send him notes. For the first time in hours, he really feels like everything is going to be alright.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed this~! ^_^

As always, take care, have a nice day and see ya soon :D
Izuku heals himself up a bit. The next day he’s discharged. Of course, first the doctors lecture him on how ‘he shouldn’t be this careless with his healing’ and how ‘healing himself while there was still a bullet in his shoulder was a bad idea’. He still… hasn’t told his classmates about what’d happened. He couldn’t bring himself to do it. Maybe he will when he comes back to school. For now he only reassured them that he’s not sick, or unwell. At least they won’t have to worry.

That day, he packs his things up to take them to the dorms in the morning. He only takes what he needs, leaving most of his hero merch behind. It’s not like he doesn’t want to take him with it. But it’d feel too… final. His home is here. And this is his room. His memories are here. It’d feel weird to take those figurines and posters. The walls would feel foreign to him if he did. And he doesn’t want that. He wants his room to stay as unchanged as it can get. It’s his safe place, his home, somewhere where he can go and just… feel safe and welcomed.

He knows that they may give him some semblance of familiarity in his new room, if he took them, but he prefers to leave them here. It may be weird but… it’s just what he wants. His mom gives him a weird, worried, look when she notices that he won’t be taking his hero merch with him. He gives her a reassuring smile, or at least he hopes it’s reassuring, and goes back to preparing his things. When he’s done with everything, he goes to sleep. It doesn’t take long for the nightmares to wake him up. He grimaces a bit, calming himself down, and tries to go back to sleep. He wakes up time and time again, covered in sweat and barely holding back a scream. When he finally gets out of bed in the morning, he feels more exhausted than when he went to sleep. Which is… a bit concerning. Just like the prominent, dark bags under his eyes. At the very least, he didn’t wake his mother up with all his crying. He considers this a small success.

Shouto is standing in front of the U.A. gates together with Tokage, Kirishima, and, surprisingly, Uraraka. Tokage and Kirishima are kind of a part of their little group by now, so it’s not really weird that they tagged along when he’s told them he’ll be waiting for Midoriya today. Don’t get him wrong, it’s not like he’s complaining. It’s just… surprising. When Midoriya texted him that he’s going to go back to school today, Shouto was somewhat relieved. It made him feel uneasy when Midoriya just… didn’t come the day before yesterday. And how he later dodged the subject of why he had been absent.

He was really worried. As were all of Midoriya’s classmates, from what he could see. Maybe now he’ll be able to get an answer. And if not, he’ll at least be sure that his friend is okay. He half-listens to the conversation between the other people present, when he sees the characteristic mop of green hair out of the corner of his eye. His heart skips a bit for some reason, and he turns to greet Midoriya. Before he can though, the boy closes the distance between them and hugs him. Shouto stubles a bit,
taken completely off guard, but he returns the hug.

There is an unidentifiable squeal from behind. Most likely from Tokage. Midoriya gives him one final squeeze and detaches himself from Shouto’s side, flashing him a quick smile and turning to face Tokage who immediately pulls him into a hug. Shouto stops for a second when he notices something. Midoriya has dark bags under his eyes. This… this looks bad. He’ll have to ask him about that later. Shouto turns, just a bit, to see that Kirishima nad Uraraka are both looking at the scene with shocked expressions.

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Scratch that, they’re looking at Shouto specifically. He blinks, not really knowing what to make of it. At the same time, he’s amused at how utterly shocked they both seem. Oh well, he can always ask them later. Tokage shoots him a smirk from above Midoriya’s shoulder. He raises an eyebrow. What the heck is with those people today? Finally, Tokage and Midoriya pull apart, and Kirishima and Uraraka seem to have shaken themselves out of their stupor.

“Hi guys!” Midoriya chirps cheerily, flashing them one of his bright grins.

“Hi!” “Hi man” Uraraka and Kirishima say at the same time, returning the smile.

“W-what are you all doing here though?” Midoriya asks, a little nervously.

“Aww. We obviously came to see you!” Tokage says with a warm smile and hugs him again “I’ve missed ya, you know?”

“Tokage, it’s literally been, like, two days” Shouto deadpans, sighing, as the girl stops hugging Midoriya.

“It doesn’t matter! I’ve missed him!” She argues with a pout.

“You… seem like very good friends…” Uraraka mutters thoughtfully.

“…So manly” Kirishima whispers under his breath.
“Aww, you’re both so precious!” Tokage squeals and pulls them both into a hug.

“…She really likes hugs, doesn’t she?” Midoriya stage-whispers as he steps closer to Shouto.

“…Well, if you have something against hugs, then I could always not hug you again” Shouto whispers back, and although Midoriya jabs him in the ribs, he considers it worth it. If only for the slightly amused light in Midoriya’s eyes, as the boy pouts.

“Tokage, it’s enough!” Kirishima says, obviously out of breath “Dammit, you’re strong. You’ll suffocate us!”

“Yea, yea” The girl in question sighs in defeat and lets them go. They both try to catch their breath after that.

“H-hey, guys, I… uhm… I sort of have to go to the staff room and then the dorms real quick… So, uhm, see you all later?” Midoriya says sheepishly.

“Ooooh! Are you finally joining us?!?” Tokage asks, eyes sparkling with excitement “Oh my god, this is going to be so good. Wait till you see Honenuki in the mornings, the dude looks so fucking done”

“Y-yeah… I’m going to be in the dorms” Midoriya says, but… there is something weird about his tone. It sounds… strangled.

“You weren’t in the dorms before?” Uraraka questions, tilting her head in confusion.

“Y-yeah” Midoriya admits, rubbing his elbow awkwardly. And looking damn adorable while doing it. Dammit Shouto, now is not the time for this…

“You said you were going to the staff room…?” Shouto reminds him.

“Ah! Yes. I’ve got to go! See you!” Midoriya says and starts to walk off, until Shouto catches his wrist.
“…I’ll go with you” He says and lets him go.

“Oh-okay. Thanks” Midoriya says softly and they walk off, leaving the three remaining students behind.

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“So… you and Midoriya, huh?” Uraraka says with a mischievous smirk, once Shouto gets back to the classroom.

“And whatever do you mean by that” He raises an eyebrow and sighs.

“Nothing~” She chirps “Well, anyways… good luck!”

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“You really don’t have to help me” Izuku says, continuing to unpack his things.

“No. But I want to” Shouto answers and resumes working.

It’s already after school, and they’re in Izuku’s room. Obviously. It feels a bit weird – having Shouto help him. Shouto has seen his old room, but… it’s still a bit… embarrassing to have him look through his personal items. Especially since the box that Shouto grabbed to unpack is the one filled with clothes. And no, Izuku is not low-key panicking because of that. Definitely no… And he doesn’t feel like dying of embarrassment when Shouto raises an eyebrow at one of his hero merch hoodies. Nope.

“Oh… It’s my hoodie” Shouto mutters, holding a piece of clothing that indeed is his hoodie.

“…You can still have it back. If you want to” He mutters.

“…” Shouto blinks at him owlishly “I’ve already said that I’d like you to wear it”
They go back to working in silence after that. Izuku blushes when he notices that Shouto put the hoodie on the floor, next to him, instead of shoving it into the wardrobe. It doesn’t take them that long to finish unpacking, and after he manages to thank his friend, Midoriya lies down on the floor, too exhausted to even go to bed. Shouto looks at him with puzzlement, obviously baffled with his decision. Midoriya mutters a quiet ‘Too tired to care’ and covers his eyes with his forearm.

“Midoriya…” Shouto’s concerned voice reaches him “Are you… are you alright? You seem… tired”

“Well, duh, I’m tired” Izuku smiles “The classes today have been exhausting. And unpacking was too… Thanks for the help”

“You’ve already thanked me before” Shouto snorts at that.

“Well, I can thank you how many times I want to, and you can’t stop me…” He mutters.

“Is that… Is that even the proper grammar?” Shouto questions “Just how tired are you?’”

“…Too tired” He sighs.

“Should I… should I leave, so you can get some sleep?” Shouto asks in a whisper, obviously concerned.

“No… Don’t leave” Izuku says and reaches out towards where he thinks Shouto is. He doesn’t retract his forearm though, so he can only guess if it’s the right direction.

“Alright” Shouto answers, and takes his hand.

They sit there on the floor for a few minutes, but then it starts to get really uncomfortable. Shouto wants to suggest to move, but Midoriya looks so peaceful lying there… He doesn’t want to wake him up if the boy is sleeping. Especially since he probably really needs the sleep, if the dark bags under his eyes are anything to go by. Careful not to jostle him too much, he picks his friend up, and puts him on the bed.
He wants to go back to his own room now, but Midoriya effectively stops him, by snaking an arm around his waist. He snickers in amusement, but doesn’t take the hand away. Instead, he carefully lies down next to Midoriya, and hugs the boy, pulling him as close to himself as he can. He still hasn’t had a chance to ask his friend about what’s happened, and why wasn’t he in school earlier, but he’ll do this the moment Midoriya is feeling a bit… better. Or at least isn’t asleep, half-asleep or sleep-deprived.

He’s still worried about the boy. His gut is telling him that Midoriya isn’t as fine as he keeps insisting he is. But for now, there is nothing he can do. He nuzzles his friend’s hair and closes his eyes. Gosh, he can already imagine the knowing look Uraraka is going to keep giving him if he doesn’t return to his own room for the night. The image almost makes him snicker. Almost. He sighs, content, when Midoriya curls closer to him, entwining their legs. He combs his fingers through Midoriya’s hair, playing with unruly curls as he waits for the sleep to take him.

It lasts a few minutes. Then a few minutes more, as he slightly changes his position. Minutes turn to hours. He starts to feel mildly annoyed. As much as he likes the current situation, he’d like to fall asleep. He changes his position again, careful not to disturb his friend. He knows why it’s hard for him to fall asleep, but that knowledge doesn’t make it easier to do anything about it. Because his gut tells him that he’s better off staying awake for now. That he should keep watch.

He knows it’s weird, and that it’s just a gut feeling, but his instincts are rarely wrong. Even if they are irritating. He huffs and shifts again, starting to become exhausted with staying up. It isn’t until he feels wet spots on his t-shirt that he’s glad that he’d stayed awake. He carefully wakes Midoriya up, from a dream that’s obviously a nightmare. The boy startles a bit, but quickly settles down again. Neither of them say anything. There is no need to. Shouto knows that just being there is enough. Midoriya tightens the hug, and Shouto waits for him to fall asleep before he himself drifts off to sleep. The night passes without any more troubles.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed this~!

Thanks for reading, take care, have a nice day and see ya :D
Izuku wakes up, and just sort of lies there, sleepily. He feels… tired, but not as tired as before. Which is an improvement, he supposes. He kind of wonders when had he gotten into the bed. He only remembers lying on the floor and falling asleep there. Oh, wait, Shouto was there too, so maybe he moved him? Izuku nuzzles into whatever he’s hugging, registering that it smells of cinnamon and mint, and then freezes, when his half-awake mind connects the dots. Shouto was here when he fell asleep. He is hugging something, or rather someone. Did… did Shouto fall asleep next to him?

Oh god, this could be bad. Izuku doesn’t really know the rules when it comes to the dorms, not yet at least, but he has a feeling that students are supposed to sleep in their own rooms. He’d feel really badly if Shouto got in trouble because of him. He gently gets out of the hug, and checks his phone to see the time. He heaves a sigh of relief. It’s barely five in the morning, and that means most students are probably still asleep.

He gently nudges Shouto, who grunts in response. Izuku huffs, equally annoyed and amused, and tries to shake his friend awake. Tries is a right word, because the moment he attempts this, Shouto pulls him down and traps him in a hug. He won’t lie, it is somewhat comfortable here, but he really needs Shouto to wake up. He tries to get out, pushing his friend awake, none too gently. The only effect he gets is Shouto putting even more force into the hug, and nearly crushing him.

“Shouto! Shouto, wake up!” He whisper-shouts desperately “Oh, for the love of god, WAKE UP”

“Five more minutes…” Shouto slurs sleepily and tightens his hold even more.

“Shouto, please” He hisses, trying to wriggle out of the hug.

“Stop moving around so much” Shouto grumbles and nuzzles his neck.
“For the love of god, now is not the time for you to try to imitate a koala. Let me go and wake-“ He cuts himself off with a yelp when Shouto put his hand in his t-shirt, and slided his fingers across Izuku’s bare side. It tickled, and he couldn’t stop himself from going stiff “Shouto, what the heck?!? Stop”

“Then go back to sleep” His friend replies blearily and nuzzles into his neck again.

“…” He considers his options for a moment, before replying “Shouto, you either wake up and let go of me right now, or I WILL hurt you”

“…Empty threats” Shouto mutters and brushes his hand alongside Izuku’s skin.

Izuku shudders and cringes, barely able to stop the laughter. Oh, it’s on. He gently moves his hands to rest on Shouto’s chest and then pushes with all his might. Shouto startles a bit, but before he can react in any way, Izuku brings his legs up to his chest, and straightens them, literally kicking his friend out of bed. Shouto lets out an undignified squawk as he hits the floor. Izuku almost feels guilty. Almost.

“Did you have to be so rough?” Shouto complains from the floor.

“In my defense, I did warn you” Izuku snorts as he gets up from bed.

“…” Shouto makes no move to wake up. Upon noticing this, Izuku silently nudges him with a foot “I’m getting up! I’m getting up! Jesus, what’s with the rush anyways?”

“…You’re in my room, and you’ve spent a night here” Izuku states blandly “I don’t know about you, but I don’t really want to come up with an excuse if any teacher asks about that. If you hurry, you will be able to get to your room without anyone noticing”

“Yeah, I guess…” Shouto says unenthusiastically “Did you at least sleep well?”

“Yeah…” It’s a bit of a lie, he’s still tired as hell but… He doesn’t have the heart to admit it “Go get ready for the day, and then meet me outside for our usual training”
“Wow, I’ve almost forgotten” Shouto yawns “Even though it’s only been, like, a week or two, I’ve gotten used to actually getting some sleep, you know?”

“Don’t be a baby, you need any training you can get’ Izuku says as Shouto gets up and stretches a little “…As long as it’s not with Endeavor”

“Yep” The boy admits and walks towards the door “See you in a minute”

“So… are you going to finally tell me why you weren’t at school?” Shouto asks, as they take a break after a sparring match.

“Well…” Midoriya trails off awkwardly “I don’t… I don’t think it really matters…?”

“Why did this sound like a question?” Shouto shoots back “Midoriya… I don’t know what’s bothering you, but I think it’ll make you feel better if you talk about it”

“I-I know” Midoriya says, avoiding eye contact “But I… I don’t want you to worry when there is no need to…”

“…” Okay, now he IS certainly worried “Midoriya… You know that I’ll worry either way. So… just tell me, please?”

“I-I… I’m sorry” Midoriya still avoids his gaze “I just… Well… uhm, okay”

Shouto listens carefully as his friend told him what’s happened two days ago. With each passing word, he feels worse and worse. This… This shouldn’t have happened. Midoriya has been through enough already. Somewhere in the middle of the story, his friend starts crying. Shouto tries to comfort him the best he can, offering hugs and repeating ‘it’s alright now’ like a mantra. He knows it’s not alright. He knows that Midoriya has nightmares because of what’s happened. But if denying it can make it better, even for a few moments, then it’s certainly worth it.

“I’m sorry… I’m alright now” Izuku says, pulling away from a hug. It’s been… good to tell someone about what’s happened “W-we can… We can continue our training now”
“...I think we should go back and prepare for school though” Shouto says softly, but in a tone that discourages disagreeing “We can train some more after lessons end though. It’ll be good to prepare for the exams”

Oh… right, the exams. He really should study more for them. He hurries after Shouto and they part their ways, going off to prepare for the rest of the day. When Izuku comes to the common area of the dorms, he stops for a second, baffled at the sight before him. Kaibara and Monoma are standing in the kitchen, working on something, while Awase cheers. Curious, he decides to go and check what they are doing. After all, he has at least some time to spare.

“Hey guys, what are you up to?” He asks, as he looks at the mugs of coffee and a box of cocoa on the counter.

“Nothing special” Kaibara answers calmly, but with a warm smile on his lips.

“Oh, uhm, ehm…” Monoma puts away the spoon he’s been holding and scratches his neck, turning to look at Izuku “Well… Kaibara is teaching me how to make patterns on the coffee”

“Yes! It’s like, totally cool-looking!” Awase says enthusiastically “I wish I had the patience to learn how to do it too…”

“Why are you even here, if you don’t want to learn?” Kaibara asks with a raised eyebrow.

“Well… uhm… to accompany you, of course!” The boy grins “I know you’d feel lonely without me!”

“Not really” Monoma shrugs and picks up the spoon “Could you show me that pattern one more time?”

“Sure” Kaibara says and takes the spoon from him.

“Well, I’ll leave you to it” Izuku smiles and continues on his way.
“Tokage, can I talk with you?” Shouto asks during the lunch break “Alone?”

“Sure thing!” Setsuna agrees readily “Shiocchan~! Tell the others I will be back in a moment!”

“Alright” Shiocchan agrees, bowing her head and leaving for lunch.

“So…” Setsuna turns to face Shouto “The rooftop should be open. Wanna go there?”

“Might as well” Shouto says, somewhat awkwardly.

Setsuna flashes him a grin, and they make their way through the building. Climbing the stair is a bit tiring, which is weird given how much she normally trains, but she’s not going to question it. When they’re finally there, she walks up to the closest wall (right next to the doors) and leans against it. She flashes Shouto a smile, but the moment he shifts from foot to foot, uncertain of what to do, she starts scrutinizing him.

“So…” She starts up, observing him carefully “How was the night in Midoriya’s room?” She asks mischievously, grinning a little when Shouto blanches, and almost chokes on the air, eyes wide with shock.

“H-How?” He questions, clearly baffled and a bit embarrassed.

“Oh, please” She snickers “You went to help him, and I’ve never seen you leave that room. It’s not that hard to put two and two together. So, how did it go? And does it have anything to do with why you’ve wanted to talk with me?” She pokes him on the cheek “Because first, I must warn you: if you hurt him in any way I will have your head”

“Tokage, please” He huffs in exasperation “I’ve come him to have a serious chat with you, concerning our mutual friend, and you pull this. Besides, nothing has happened, we’re only friends, you know?”

“My condolences” She tilts her head, ignoring the irritated glare he sends her “So, what did you want to talk about?”
“…” He heaves a sigh, seemingly steeling himself “Midoriya is… not in the best place right now. Mentally, emotionally, whatever. Some things… some things happened” He sighs again “And, well, you’ve seen those dark bags under his eyes, right? He can’t really sleep. He has nightmares”

“I see” She says, worry clear in her voice “What happened?”

“Uhm… I can’t really tell you” Shouto says, resigned “But I’ve wanted to ask you to look out for him. Maybe have some sleepovers, so that he doesn’t have to deal with that stuff alone”

“Shouto, you’re a genius, do you know that?” She says, and smiles a little “Sleepovers it is. I’ll get Kuroi and Honenuki to help with that. I think they’d agree”

“Thanks…” Shouto says and returns the smile.

“Don’t worry about it” Her grin brightens “He is my friend, and an absolute ball of sunshine. I won’t let him suffer alone” She stops, thinking “Also… I won’t ask about what’s happened, since I can see that it’s a sensitive topic, but I count on you to take care of this, alright?”

“Of course” He says, all serious once again.

“Come on, let’s go have lunch!” She stops leaning against the wall, and heads to the cafeteria, grabbing his wrist, and dragging him along.

“…” Izuku says over lunch “Do things like that happen often?”

“Wait, things like what, exactly?” Honenuki inquires, shooting him curious glances.

“Well… I mean” Izuku stammers, trying to find the right words “People talking about their passions so openly… and sharing them. Teaching others about it and stuff…”

“Yeah” Tokage says, observing him with a worried frown “Have you never done that?”
“Not really” Izuku chuckles “I mean, other than Shouto and Kacchan, I didn’t really have friends before coming to U.A”

“…” They all stare at him in silence. He internally flinches.

“What?” He asks nervously, wondering if he’s said something wrong.

“Midoriya!” Tokage pulls him into a hug “How could they not be your friends?!? You’re the nicest person I know! Heck, you’re a happy ball of sunshine! How could this happen?”

“T-Tokage?!?” He squawks, surprised by the reaction.

“…Yea, you’re so manly dude, how come?” Kirishima asks, looking equally curious and sad.

“Also, why are you listing Bakugou as your friend” Shouto says and gives him a withering look.

“Yeah, just why…?” Honenuki echoes.

“W-well… we’ve been childhood friend!” Izuku tries to defend, meekly “I mean… Uhm…”

“Midoriya…” Shouto gets his attention “Repeat after me: Bakugou is not a friend”

“Shouto?!? That’s just rude” Izuku gapes at him.

“He hurt you” Shouto hisses through gritted teeth, his eyes screaming bloody murder.

“…Fair point” He says and looks down “But… I mean… Aside from that, he’s not that bad?”

“Izuku, please stop trying to defend him, it breaks my heart when you do” Tokage says and hugs him again.
“Yeah… What he did was totally unmanly” Kirishima echoes sheepishly “Though… He’s been kind of out of it ever since”

“Kirishima!” Kuroiro hisses and jabs the boy in the side.

“What’s wrong with Kacchan?” Izuku asks, voice laced with concern. Kacchan may be insufferable and outright dangerous, but Izuku simply can’t help but wish that he’s okay “Is… Is he alright”

“Yes, he’s okay. Stop thinking about him” Shouto gives him a disapproving look “If you have to worry about someone, worry about yourself. You still look… tired”

“Haha… Guess I am, just a bit” He says, smiling sheepishly. He doesn’t miss the way Tokage and Shouto exchange a worried glance “I’m fine though…”

“Oh, right!” Tokage pipes up “Have you guys thought about doing a study sessions? Like, to prepare for the exams? We could have sleepovers in one of the rooms and study there!”

“Huh? That’s… actually a decent idea for once. Nice going, Tokage” Kuroiro says.

“Indeed. I think it would be a splendid opportunity to help others and share our knowledge” Shiozaki nods approvingly.

“Is it like, 1-B only thing?” Kirishima asks awkwardly “Cause I’d want to join”

“Yeah! That’s be, like, really helpful” The pink-skinned girl, Mina, pipes up. She often sits here along with Kirishima and their whole group.

“Could be nice” Honenuki says “I’m sure teachers won’t mind”

“…” Tokage is staring at them all blankly for a moment, before focusing on Kirishima and taking his hands in her own.
“Whoa! What’s the matter?” The boy asks awkwardly.

“Kirishima… You’re a fucking genius!” Tokage says with sparkles in her eyes, effectively ignoring Shiozaki, Kuroiro and Honenuki as they chide her for swearing “This is going to be great… I’ve only gotta talk to Kendo and… whoever your class representative is to make it work. Oh, and the teachers too. Preferably Kan-sensei”

“Tokage, what in the world are you talking about?” Kuroiro asks, cutting her off.

“Oh… nothing” She says and grins madly “Anyways, you’ll see”

“Oh god, I have a bad feeling about this” Kuroiro says and Honenuki nods. The rest of lunch passes normally.

Chapter End Notes

Hello~! I hope you liked this! ^_^

Take care, have a nice day and see ya guys! :D
Idle song

Chapter Summary

Guess what's Tokage planning xD

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

As it turns out, Izuku can’t go training with Shouto after school. A detective – Tsukauchi Naomasa – came to school to take his statement. So, Izuku testifies, managing to keep himself together through the whole testimony. The moment it ends though, he lets himself cry. After that, he goes to his room and changes into more comfortable clothes. He messages Shouto to apologize for the fact he couldn’t come to train.

Shouto just tells him to stop worrying about it. Izuku smiles at that, thanking every deity there is for the fact that he has such wonderful friends. He gathers his notebooks, and goes to Honenuki’s room. That’s where today’s studying session is taking place. When he arrives, only Honenuki and Kuroiro are there. They greet each other, and then he settles down and focuses on studying.

“Hi guys!” Tokage shouts as she enters the room.

“Thank you for having us, Honenuki-kun” Shiozaki says, walking in behind the other girl.

“Just sit wherever” Honenuki makes a vague gesture to the bed and the chairs.

They keep reading, silence only broken when someone asked for help with any subject. As it turns out, Shiozaki is quite good at biology, while Honenuki knows English, and Izuku helps others with hero history. It’s a given that he excels in any hero-related subject, since he spends a lot of time studying heroes and heroics in general. To be honest, he’s more surprised that others don’t really know that much, despite aiming to be heroes.

“Hey guys, can we come in?” Kirishima’s voice eachoes from the hallways.

“Sure, the door is open” Honenuki answers, not bothering to get up.
“Hi!” Kirishima and the rest say as they enter the room “Sorry for being late, that blond guy downstairs wasn’t very pleased with us coming to your class’ dorm and we had… a long talk”

“He was just being a prick!” Ashido says, outraged.

“Well, that’s Monoma for you” Tokage shrugs “Besides, I think being suspicious was quite a normal reaction, considering out classes’ interactions so far”

“Ouch. That stings a little” Kaminari says, his smile faltering for a second.

“It’s true though” Sero says plainly.

“Yeah… With Bakugou and Mineta both being in your class, it’s kind of natural he assumes the worst” Kuroiro snickers.

“Rude” Kaminari says “Rude, but understandable”

“See?” Kuroiro chuckles.

“So… Who is good with maths?” Sero asks, looking expectantly at the people in the room.

“…” They look at each other and finally, Kuroiro raises a hand half-heartedly.

“Sweet!” Kaminari says with a smile.

The next hour or so, Kuroiro attempts to teach them mathematics. After that, they switch and Shiozaki makes them study biology and chemistry. By then, all the people are sitting in the circle and listening, ALL, not just the ones that really need it. After Shiozaki, Honenuki tries to explain English to them. Whether or not he’s successful… well, they’ll see when the exams come. Setsuna also tries to teach them something, but no one really understands her explanations, so she gives up. After that, Izuku explains the hero history, as simply as he can, and he even manages not to go into fanboy-mode. He counts that as a success.
Finally, it’s Friday. Setsuna steels herself mentally and heads for the teacher’s lounge. She’s already talked with both Kendo and Iida (1-A’s class representative), so now all she has to do is get Vlad King’s permission. She grins, walking with a slight bounce in her step, as she makes her way to the room. When she’s there, she cheerfully knocks on the door, opening it without waiting for the response.

“Kan-sensei, are you there?!?” She calls out, cheerily, and ignoring any and all rules of politeness.

“Tokage… What are you doing here?” The teacher asks as he walks up to her.

“Well, actually, there is something I’d like to do and… I thought it’d be good to have your permission first” She flashes him a smile and he sighs.

“What is it?” He asks, tiredness evident in his tone.

“Well… I’ve, like, wanted our two classes to have a sleepover together” She says, and continues before he can even get a word in “I mean, it’d be great for bonding, and maybe some animosity between classes will be cleared. Please!”

“Tokage…” He massages his forehead “I’m sorry, but it’s a… stupid idea. There are no other words for it. Seeing as what’s happened up until now, I can’t just let you do this. It could easily lead to another… incident. And I have no intention of risking it”

“Of course!” She says, not taken aback in the least “I’ve planned for that! We’ll have responsible people looking after the… troubling ones”

“…And do you honestly think this will work?” He asks with a raised eyebrow.

“Of course” She says with a smile “And even if something happens… The Bakugou’s incident is not going to happen again. I’ll personally see to it. As will Shouto, Kuroiro and Honenuki. I doubt he could pull anything, when the four of us are watching”

“Tokage… As much as I applaud your enthusiasm, it’s simply too dangerous” Kan sensei shakes his head “So, I have to say no to that’
“…Uhm, we can always just… I don’t know. Not invite Bakugo?” She says, hopeful hues in her voice.

“…I don’t think this would work either” He grimaces.

“Oh, come one, Vlad!” A womanly voice – Midnight?!! – calls out from behind “Let them live a little! They’re teenagers. Doing stupid stuff is their thing!”

“You’re not helping here, Kayama!” Kan-sensei grumbles “The fact that they’re doing stupid things is why we’re here to prevent that”

“Pfft! You’re no fun at all!” Midnight grins as she runs up to the door “I will supervise them if they want to have a sleepover”

“Kayama… please” He sighs.

“I am a pro hero. You can’t really complain if I am there, right?” She grins “Come on, Tokage-chan! Let’s do this”

“Thanks, Midnight-sensei!” Setsuna smiles brightly at the woman.

“Hey guys!” Tokage calls out, walking in on their studying session “We’re having a sleepover! All of 1-B and 1-A. Minus Bakugou”

“Tokage, just why” Shouto sighs, from his place on Kuroiro’s bed.

“Why without Kacc- Bakugou?” Midoriya asks, clearly confused.

“Midoriya, please don’t ask that question” Kuroiro gives the boy that look “Actually, you don’t have to think about it at all. It’s okay”
“But, uhm, are you sure?” Midoriya asks quietly “I wouldn’t want him to be banned from things like that just because of me…”

“Midoriya, sweet summer child, shh” Tokage says and pats him on the head “Just don’t think about it”

“Guys, please stop treating me like a child” The boy sighs “I’m serious when I say that you shouldn’t just shun him because of me. It’s unfair”

“It’s not because of you” Honenuki says “More like, it’s because of him. Because he’s an awful person”

“Also, we’ll stop treating you like a child when you stop being reckless” Kuroiro glares at him “Seriously, have some regard for your own health”

“Well… that came out of nowhere” Kaminari comments “What did he do, exactly?”

“…Nothing yet” Kuroiro answers “This time”

“Kuroiro, please” Midoriya rolls his eyes.

“I’ll ask again, just why, Tokage?” Shouto inquires again, unbothered by the fact they ignored him the first time.

“Why what?” The girl tilts her head in confusion.

“Why a sleepover?” He clarifies “I mean, it’s not like I’m complaining or anything, but people are already in pretty tight-knitted groups. Even if you get them all in one room, I doubt they’ll interact much”

“Lies” Tokage huffs “All they need is… A few games, I guess?”

“We’ll be playing games?!” Ashido pipes up “What games? Are they going to be any fun? What
about truth or dare? Or King’s Game? Seven minutes in heaven?”

“Let’s play mafia!” Kaminari says cheerfully.

“Well, we’ll see!” Tokage chirps “We can play all of those!”

“Oh god, where is this going…?” Kuroiro looks… pale. Or at least, not as vivid as normally.

“I don’t know, but I don’t like it” Honenuki says blandly.

“Me neither” Shouto agrees with a huff.

“Wha-? Why?” Midoriya looks at them in shock “It sounds like fun”

“It sounds like a hella manly party” Kirishima echoes the sentiment.

“Oh! Oh! Let me choose the music!” Ashido says suddenly “Then we can dance!”

“It’s a sleepover, Ashido” Sero sighs “A sleepover… Not a party”

“Oh, come on!” Ashido rolls her eyes “It’ll be fine”

“We could… watch a movie… or something” Midoriya offers shyly. Shouto quietly wonders what’s with him and the movies.

“Oh, dear lord… With so many people, we wouldn’t be able to choose anything” Honenuki sighs.

“Uhm… Are you sure we should do this kind of thing right before the exams?” Shiozaki, who’s been quiet this whole time, asks “It may be wiser to rest, study or train in that time”
“Well… It’s exactly because it’s before the exams that it’s needed!” Tokage counters “I mean, we’re studying everyday! Let’s live a little! Take a break and all that! It’s just one evening anyways”

“And morning. It’s a sleepover, after all” Honenuki says.

“Well, I have UNO cards. I can bring them if you want” Sero says with a small smile.

“Oh, that’s a good idea” Kirishima grins “Card games are so manly… and it’s been a while since I’ve last played”

“Oh! I can bring Monopoly!” Kaminari offers.

“NO!” At least four people in the room disagree.

“Jeez, dude. We’re supposed to build friendships there. Not lose them” Tokage clicks her tongue.

“…” Shouto blinks owlishly “What’s wrong with Monopoly?”

“Uhm, have you ever played it?” Honenuki questions, one eyebrow raised.

“Once… I was four, I think” Shouto answers truthfully. It was before his quirk manifested.

“Dude… that doesn’t exactly count” Sero says.

“That’s it! I’m bringing Monopoly and I’ll play with Todoroki, even if no one else plays” Kaminari exclaims.

“That’s so manly, my dude” Kirishima gives him a thumbs-up.

“Kirishima, it is not” Ashido glares at him “He’s offering to play Monopoly. Monopoly”
“Yeah, and you allowed UNO” Kaminari shoots back “How is that any better”

“Guys, we were like, supposed to study” Honenuki reminds them and the mood immediately somberes “Talk about the sleepover when we’re finished”

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“Sleepover preparation comitee, let’s start!” Setsuna shouts cheerily.

“Tokage… we’re not going with that name” Kuroiro sighs.

“I don’t think it really matters” Kodai shrugs.

“Ekhm” Setsuna clears her throat to get attention “Anyways, we need someone to prepare the food. Any volunteers?”

“…I can make something” Kaibara says “And from what I know, Sato from 1-A can bake, so I can ask him for some help”

“Great! Now, we need someone on guard duty. Just in case” Setsuna grins “Some has to keep an eye out on Mineta and Monoma”

“I can take Mineta” Tetsutetsu offers “I don’t really like him but… My quirk should be helpful with keeping him in line”

“Great!” Setsuna grins “We need one more person for that! Any volunteers?” They all look at each other “Come on, anyone?”

“…” Tsuburaba grimaces but raises a hand “If it’s needed…”

“Alrighty!” Setsuna flashes them a grateful grin “Now… Who takes care of Monoma?”

“I can do this” Kaibara offers “It should be easy enough”
“Me too” Kendo joins in “I can keep him in line. Wouldn’t want him to start anything weird again”

“Great” Setsuna grins “Now… ehm… One of the girls from 1-A agreed to take care of the music. Food is taken care of… What else…? Oh, right, the movies. Anyone willing to take it upon themselves to find something?”

“Oh! Me! Me! I can!” Awase raises his hand cheerfully “Please”

“Alright!” Setsuna flashes him a thumbs-up “Anyone willing to go shopping for ingredients for Kaibara?”

“I can do this” Kodai says with a small smile “If you give me a list”

“Alright” Kaibara nods and looks away.

“Great!” Setsuna’s grin widens “Anything else we need to cover?”

“Did you tell 1-A already?” Kendo asks.

“Well, I did tell some of them” Setsuna says “Ehm… I’m not sure they told the others. That’s a good point. We have to tell them all. Kendo, you with me on this?”

“Sure thing!” Kendo agrees “I’m glad we’re doing this. I’d hate the relationship between our classes to remain… tense”

“Yeah, no kidding” Awase says “After Bakugou incident… and then Monoma’s and Mineta’s meddling, it got pretty bad”

“Monoma only wanted to help Tsunotori though…” Tsuburaba defends.

“He poisoned that boy with mushrooms” Honenuki deadpans “I mean, Mineta deserved this, but it
still didn’t exactly help with the tension between our classes”

“Ekhm” Setsuna clears her throat “Back on track. Let’s get things ready. We have, like, three hours! Let’s get started!”

“Hey, Kuroiro” Juzo gets the boy’s attention “Do you really think it’ll work out?”

“Maybe, maybe not. We won’t know until we try” The boy answers blandly “I mean, the sleepover itself sounds like fun, but it can get troublesome if someone gets mad that Bakugou was the only one uninvited”

“For a damn good reason” Juzo sighs.

“Well, yes, but that doesn’t mean he won’t be pissed about this” Kuroiro answers “We’ll have to keep on guard so that he doesn’t try anything”

“What can he do? Come uninvited and crash it?” Juzo questions.

“Nah, probably. But… I don’t really know him, but I wouldn’t want him trying anything” Kuroiro says “Just saying. We should look out for what’s happening outside too. Just in case”

“Alright… Thanks” He says and sighs.

“No problem man” Kuroiro shrugs.

Chapter End Notes

Tokage, why would you...?

Just kidding, Tokage is trying her best xD

I hope you enjoyed! Take care, have a nice day and see ya \o/
Nemuri sits on the couch, watching as students finish preparing for the sleepover. She’s supposed to be here to supervise them, but hell if she’s going to be bored doing this. She’ll watch the movies with them, and maybe even play some games. And if that turns boring – well, she brought her phone with her so that’s fine too. There are supposed to be two possible troublemakers present, and she’ll keep an eye on them.

And she’ll also have to look out for Kaminari, Ashido, Awase and Tsuburaba. She somehow gets the ‘problematic’ vibes every times she sees any of them. And from what she’s overheard, Kaminari is known for prankng other students. Normally, it’d be all good, but if someone from 1-A tries to prank 1-B… things could go south pretty quickly. Speak of the devil and he will appear. Kaminari and his friends show up at the door. This is going to be fun.

“Hi guys!” Kirishima greets as he enters 1-B’s dorms.

“Yo!” Kaminari calls out, waving his hand.

“…” Setsuna waits for Ashido and Sero to finish the greetings before speaking herself “Hello! How’re ya doin’?”

“Good, I think” Kirishima answers, obviously a bit confused “Are we… a little early or…?”

“Yep, a bit” She shrugs “Go take a seat near the TV. We’ll watch some movies once everyone is here”

“…I brought UNO, where should I put it?” Sero asks, waving a deck of cards in front of her.
“Put them on the table or something” She waves her hand dismissively.

“…Again, why is UNO allowed, but not Monopoly?” Kaminari mutters bitterly.

“Huh? You decided to give up on playing with Shouto?” Setsuna asks curiously.

“Yeah, they made me give it up” The boy shrugs, pointing at his friends “Asked me not to traumatize him or something”

“Yea… Cause Monopoly IS traumatizing” Ashido says.

“WHY?!” Kaminari facepalms.

“Anyways, just sit down” Setsuna says and retreats back into the kitchen “…How close to finishing are ya guys?”

“We need five more minutes” Sato answers her, looking at something in the oven. The air is filled with mouth-watering fragrance of chocolate and cookies.

“Great!” She flashes them a thumbs-up “I’ll get the rest of our class to the common room. Join us when you’re ready”

“Okay” Kaibara and Sato answer blandly at the same time, more focused on completing their task than listening to her.

Setsuna leaves the kitchen, and glances at the students already gathered in the common room. Aside from the guys, and Ashido, from 1-A, only Tetsutetsu, Tsubaraba and Awase are already there. And the teacher. Setsuna makes a mental note of that as she goes on to get everyone else. She’s able to get almost all of the people not involved with planning the sleepover – those are either running errands or already in the common area.

Well, as she’s noticed, ALMOST all. Fukidashi and Midoriya are missing. She’s especially worried
for Midoriya, cause, let’s be real, he has really bad luck and she has reasons to worry. Especially with how tired he’s been lately. Even during their study sleep-overs, she’s seen him wake up in the middle of the night, crying and all, and then spend five minutes calming down before going to sleep. She frowns, and decides to message him, just to be sure everything is alright.

Izuku almost jumps when his phone chimes, signalling that a new message arrived. He blinks owlishly and reads it. Oh, Setsuna is just wondering what he’s up to. He answers that he’s out on a walk, together with Fukidashi. That’s… technically true. Fukidashi is currently leading him to some quiet spot, so that they can talk. He doesn’t really know what his friend needs from him, but he’ll help however he can. They finally arrive at a rather secluded place, surrounded by trees.

“So… What’s the matter?” He asks sheepishly, waiting for Fukidashi to answer.

“I need your help~!” The speech bubble informs him.

“Alright… What do you need me to do” Izuku tries to prompt him to elaborate.

“Oh, uhm… How can I help though…” He says with uncertainty and surprise.

“You’re her friend, aren’t you? You could… I don’t know, get her to leave her friends for a moment, so that I have a chance to ask her out privately” The speech bubble offers “I mean, she’s almost never alone. It’s too hard to try with other people around. WAY too embarrassing >.<”

“Oh… I can do that” Izuku tells him, still a bit baffled “So, good luck, I guess”

“Thanks man~! ^_^” Fukidashi ‘says’ and starts jogging away “Come on! We don’t want to be late ‘o/’

“I’m going, I’m going” Izuku says and starts sprinting after the boy.

“Oi, what are you two fuckheads doing here?” A familiar voice stops him dead in his tracks.
“O-oh, uhm, Kacch-Bakugou” Izuku stutters “W-we were just talking” God, he’s forgotten how intimidating Kacch-Bakugou could be “What about you…?”

“…Running” Bakugou answers, surprisingly calmly “Bye” He says curtly and starts walking away.

“…Well, that’s some progress” Izuku mutters and turns to face Fukidashi again. He almost chokes when he sees that the boy was in fighting stance.

Shouto comes to 1-B dorms, a bag slung on his shoulder. He’s taken bare necessities, including clothes for the next day, with him. It’s a sleepover, after all. When he enters, he almost crashes into Tokage. They stare at each other with blank faces, confused. Well, Tokage has that ‘oh shit’ look on her face for some reason.

“Ekhm” The girl clears her throat, regaining composure “Hi! Go sit down with the others. I’ll be right back!”

“…Okay” He answers, still a bit baffled.

Tokage sidesteps him and basically runs out the door. That was… weird. Even for her. He drops off his things in Midoriya’s room and then takes a place near the couch, right next to Kirishima. Midnight-sensei is scrolling through something on her phone, sitting on the couch behind them. After a moment of silence, the door opens again… And here comes Tokage. She has Midoriya and a boy with a speech bubble for head with her.

“Tokage, please, I’m alright” Midoriya huffs “You’re way too worried about little things”

“Well, maybe I wouldn’t be if you didn’t decide to take a walk around the campus” The girl says with puffed up cheeks “You know, since Bakugou can also go there and all that”

“First – you’re overprotective. Second – I was already with Fukidashi” Midoriya counters, a hint of anger and irritation flashing in his eye “Third – I’m tired of you all treating me like I’m made of glass. I appreciate that you care, but I’m not weak or helpless”
“I know you’re not!” Tokage yells “But it doesn’t stop me from worrying. Who knows what might happen? Besides, no matter how strong you are, Bakugou is an opponent you shouldn’t underestimate. Especially since I know you wouldn’t want to fight him”

“I know” He huffs in irritation and walks off, joining Shouto on the ground.

“You okay?” Shouto asks, kind of worried about the sudden mood swing. It’s rare to see Midoriya angry like that.

“Yeah… it’s alright” The boy answers and leans into Shouto’s left side, making himself comfortable.

“And you! Why on earth did you think it was a good idea to do this?” Tokage’s voice hisses from the corridor, where she is still standing with ‘Fukidashi’.

“Wow, that’s a bit of an overreaction” Kaminari grimaces “Is she always like this?”

“Not really” Shouto shrugs.

“Anyways!” Ashido pipes up “Wow, Todoroki, with all of your ‘aloof and cool’ acting, I’d think you wouldn’t let anyone just lean on you”

“Excuse me?” He asks, perplexed.

“Ashido… rude” Kirishima groans in a defeated tone.

“What! It’s true that it’s an unexpected thing” The girl pouts.

“Yea, you got to give her that, Kiri” Kaminari agrees.

“…Just who do you take me for” Shouto mutters in exasperation, and maybe just a bit of amusement.
“Don’t worry Shouto” Midoriya chuckles “You just… naturally give off that vibe. Don’t worry about it”

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“Okay! Now that everyone is here, it’s time to start!” Tokage says, looking at the gathered people “So, uhm… Do we want to start with a horror movie or an action one?”

“Horror!” Ashido yells enthusiastically.

“Let it be the action movie, please” Shoda says weakly.

“Y-yeah… a-action movies are great” Komori nods.

“Oh, come on! What’s more manly than a horror movie!” Kirishima says.

“Pfft, of course bru-“ Monoma starts to say but gets cut off when Kaibara jabs him in the side “That was uncalled for!”

“Then stay quiet” Kaibara shoots back, without even looking at the boy.

“Okay, okay, let’s vote!” Tokage suggests.

In the end, the horror movie wins. Izuku doesn’t mind it all that much, though he’d prefer something else. He doesn’t really handle horror movies too well, but he can just not look if it gets too bad. The light is turned off, so it’s not like anyone will call him out on this. When the horror part of the movie starts, he curls into Shouto a bit more and averts his eyes from the screen. He actually has to hold back a snicker when he sees that Kirishima is hugging the boy’s other arm for comfort, and Shouto is giving him the ‘are you serious?’ look.

He turns his attention back to the screen for a moment, before deciding that this was a bad idea and closing his eyes altogether. The bloodstains and knives in the movie bring up far too many uncomfortable memories. The screams reminiscent of Muscular’s attack. Izuku curls up some more, sliding down Shouto’s shoulder in the process. He doesn’t even notice that. He just focuses on not freaking out, on telling himself that he’s safe here and that everything is fine.
He feels an arm circle him and he instinctively flinches, arms raising up to shield his head. He mentally facepalms when he realises what he’s done. He lets out a shuddery breath, and moves his hands to cover his ears, effectively shutting out the screams. Only then he realises that he’s shuddering and that there are tears streaming down his face. He breathes in and out, calming his breath. He tells himself that he’s alright. That he’s safe. On some level, he knows all that. But chasing away the nightmares is much harder when you are awake. You can’t just simply wake up and pretend like it’s nothing.

“Midoriya… are you okay?” Shouto murmurs softly, voice laced with concern.

“Yea… I’ll be fine” He answers, a bit shakily, and slides further down Shouto’s side to end up with his head on the boy’s lap “Can I stay here?” He asks, eyes still closed.

“Sure…” Shouto answers, and removes his hand from Izuku’s shoulder to stroke his hair instead.

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Halfway through the movie, Midoriya falls asleep. Or at least Shouto thinks he’s asleep. On the other hand, Kirishima still keeps an iron grip on his other arm. Which is… a bit painful. Not that he’d admit it aloud. At some point, Tokage passes him a blanket, and he covers Midoriya with it. His friend looks… so painfully fragile, especially when he’s curled up like that. He’s perfectly aware that Midoriya is tough and determined, and also pretty damn strong, but it doesn’t really make him worry less.

For all of his physical and mental strength, he can’t really do anything about the way his experiences affect him. It’s not exactly a sign of weakness, in fact, it’s quite normal, all things considered. But it’s worrying as all hell. At the very least, Shouto plans to be there for him and comfort him when it’s needed. He knows that Midoriya probably won’t accept anything more. Finally, the movie ends, and Kirishima lets go of his arm.

“Sorry…” The boy apologizes sheepishly.

“No problem” Shouto shrugs.

“Hey, is Midoriya asleep already?” A boy with slightly-spiky hair – Awase? Was that his name? – asks, pointing at the figure of Midoriya, lying with head in Shouto’s lap.

“I think so” Shouto shrugs again “I can try to wake him up, if we’re watching another movie, but I don’t think it’s really necessary”
“Let him sleep” Tokage says and hums “So, are we watching some actions movies, or are we going straight to games?”

“Let’s watch one more!” Ashido calls out with excitement.

“Okay!” Tokage calls back and starts another movie. It doesn’t really matter to Shouto, so he just sits there silently and watches the movie with everyone else. It’s a bit too simplistic for his tastes, but it’s not all bad. He’s actually enjoying himself, even if just a little bit.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed!

Take care, have a nice day and see ya ^_^
Bittersweet Lullaby II

Chapter Summary

WOW That took longer than I expected. So, the sleepover continues!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

By the end of the third movie, Shouto is left with not only Midoriya sleeping in his lap, but also Kirishima dozing off on his shoulder. And the fact that Kaminari is sleeping pretty much on Kirishima isn’t helping, since now, Shouto can’t even move the boy the other way. He glares at Tokage, when the girl snickers and takes a photo.

“Alright, I think that’s enough movies!” The girl chirps “Let’s play some games!”

“…” Kuroiro winces a bit “It’s not ending well, is it…”

“Can someone please help me wake them up?” Shouto asks, looking pointedly at the people sleeping on him “It’s getting uncomfortable”

“Aww. They look so comfortable though” Ashido says with a mischievous glint in her eyes.

“I understand Midoriya, but why would you let those 1-A pr-“ Monoma starts saying, and is once again cut off by Kaibara.

“I’ll help you” Is all the boy says, before walking up to Shouto and helping him wake the others up.

“…” Midoriya makes a strangled noise when Shouto shakes him awake, and with a yelp, he quickly pushes himself up from his lap “Oh my god, I’m so sorry, Shouto! I-I didn’t… I didn’t mean to…”

“It’s alright” He reassures the other boy with a shrug.
“Sorry…” Midoriya repeats.

“Yeah, sorry bro” Kirishima also apologizes, smiling sheepishly.

“It’s really alright” Shouto sighs.

“Can I get everyone’s attention, please!” Setsuna says, when everyone is gathered back in the common room, after a short break “So… Who wants to play UNO?” She asks and there are a few hands shooting up “Okay! The cards are on the table, take them and find a place to play. Next… Who wants to play-“

“Who wants to play seven minutes in heaven?!?” Ashido cuts her off, flailing her hands animatedly. People look at each other, no one really eager to try “Aww. You guys are no fun”

“Ekhm” Setsuna clears her throat “What about mafia?” Most people put their hands up “Great! Since it’s almost everyone, we’ll be staying here… As for the rest, you guys want to join, or play some other games by yourselves?”

“I think I’ll join” Tokoyami reluctantly says. The others look between themselves, and eventually, they all nod. All except for Mineta.

“Come on guys!” The offending grape-head wails “Can’t we play truth or dare? King’s game? Seven minutes in heaven?”

“No” Tetsutetsu sighs and glares at the midget.

“Are you gonna go sulk all alone, or are you joining?” Setsuna asks with a raised eyebrow.

“I’ll join, I’ll join” Mineta sighs.

“Perfect!” She chirps excitedly “So, I’m going to be the game master! Let’s start!”

“Town sleeps! Everyone, close your eyes!” Izuku follows the girl’s instructions “I’ll choose the
roles. Put your hand in front of you, if I tap you – you’re chosen for the role”

“…” No one says anything. Izuku does as he’s told.

“Now, I’ll choose the mafia!” There are sounds of footsteps echoing through the room “Mafia members, wake up! Look around and see who is on your side…”

“…” Izuku is waiting patiently.

“Mafia, go to sleep. I’ll choose the Investigator next” More footsteps “I’ll choose the Doctor now” A moment passes “And now, I’ll choose the Jester… And Transporter… Now, Escort… Bodyguard…” When she chooses a bodyguard, Izuku feels a light tap on his hand “The Amnesiac… The serial killer… The survivors… The vigilante… The robber… The mayor… The trapper… The rest of you are villagers with no powers. Everyone knows their role?” Izuku nods, eyes still closed “Alrighty then! Let’s start”

She then continues giving commands, getting mafia to vote on who to kill, then asking each role if they want to use their ability, and on who do they want to use it. When it’s his turn, he decides to protect Mineta. He doesn’t really like him, but he gets the feeling that the boy might end up as the first target.

“The town wakes up! Open your eyes” Tokage finally says “All of you have woken up! Except for… You! Kirishima!”

“Aw, man” The boy sighs.

“What were you?” Kaminari asks.

“I was the robber” The boy says.

“Wait, so, who is the original robber now?” Uraraka asks, confused.

“…I decided not to swap roles with anyone on the first night” Kirishima admits, smiling sheepishly “So, I was the first robber, and I died as one”
“Aww. Kiri, that’s so sad” Kaminari says, but snickers all the same.

“So, let the discussion start! Who are you going to hang?” Setsuna tilts her head, grinning.

“Let’s hang Mineta!” Ashido says cheerfully.

“Why me?!? I didn’t do anything!” The boy wails.

“I unfortunately have to agree!” Iida says, gesticulating wildly “Unless we have some proof, it wouldn’t be right to do it!”

“Wait, there are two killing roles, right?” Kendo asks “Only Kirishima got killed… That means that the doctor saved someone, right?”

“Why only the doctor? Don’t bodyguard do the same?” Kaminari asks.

“Nope! The bodyguard dies if he protects someone. But he takes the killer with him” Tokage explains.

“Well… either that or the serial killer just got role blocked” Honenuki shrugs “There is an escort in this game”

“Let’s just hang someone randomly!” Ashido exclaims “Come on! That’ll be more fun”

“How about we hang you?” Kuroiro asks with a raised eyebrow.


“That… doesn’t sound very random to me” Kaminari snickers.
“Don’t you think that I look fabulously?” Aoyama asks and winks.

“Oh gosh, let’s hang him” Uraraka says, shaking her head.

“Wha-? That’s rude!” Tsuburaba stares at the girl with wide eyes.

“Well, are you going to hang someone or not?” Tokage asks.

“No, we’re not hanging anyone without some proof!” Iida exclaims passionately.

“And what if it’s the democratic decision to hang someone?” Tetsutetsu asks “What then? Will you go against the majority?”

“Well… uhm… Yes!” Iida loses his vigor for a moment, before regaining his composure.

“Alright, you’re all just going to debate for hours” Tokage rolls her eyes “Let’s move onto the next night!”

“The vigilante wakes up!” Shouto opens his eyes, looking at Tokage “Since it’s night two, you can choose to kill one person. However, you may want to keep that chance for later – you only get three bullets. What’s it going to be?”

He wordlessly points to Mineta. Tokage nods and gets on with the game. Shouto closes his eyes again, trying to figure out who might be the mafia. He has two bullets left. It would be wise to wait until there are less people. Or until the Investigator gives them some clue. He knows that he’ll wait at least until both the doctor and the bodyguard are out of the game. It would be bad if to shoot one of them.

“The town wakes up!” Tokage says and they all open their eyes “Aside from Mineta, Midoriya, Tsuburaba and one of the mafia members”

“Why me?? What did I ever do to deserve this?” Mineta wails.
“Aww, man” Tsuburaba pouts “I was a survivor”

“…” Midoriya doesn’t say anything, but he looks contemplative “What do you mean, ONE of the mafia members?”

“Well, since, as a bodyguard, you died protecting somebody, the mafia loses a member” Tokage explains “They’ll vote for which one of them died, the next night”

“So… Tsuburaba was a survivor, Midoriya was bodyguard… Mineta who were you?” Sero asks curiously.

“The serial killer” The boy grumbles.

“Ekhm… Guys, would you like to vote for someone or are we moving on?” Tokage asks.

“I’d like to vote for Yaoyorozu!” Uraraka says “She’s with the mafia”

“What? I’m not!” The girl denies, looking at Uraraka with surprise.

“Yes, you are” The other girl chirps “I know you are! I’m the investigator!”

“That’s ridiculous!” Yaoyorozu says “I’m the villager. Are you just trying to get everyone to vote randomly?”

“…I’d also like to vote to hang Yaoyorozu” Shouto chimes in “If Uraraka is right, we can get the member of the mafia, and then, one will be out because of Midoriya. If she’s lying, she’s either with the mafia, or a jester”

“Yes, that makes sense” Honenuki nods “If we just let her get away, the mafia might just choose her to be the one who dies from Midoriya’s attack, and then we’ll be left with no leads”

“I agree, kero” Asui says.
“Let’s vote then!” Tokage chirps “Those who think it’s better to hang Yaoyorozu, put your hand up!”

“…” No one says anything, but the result says it all. Yaoyorozu is about to be out of the game.

“Well… That’s the end, I guess” Tokage says “Yaoyorozu, who were you?”

“…I was the member of the mafia” The girl admits reluctantly.

“Yay!” Uraraka pumps her fist up into the air

“Good job” Iida says, smiling.

“The town falls asleep!” Tokage commands “The mafia- oh wait, now that we have so many people out of the game… would you guys want some cards or something? I should have my own deck of UNO somewhere, if you want to play till the game ends”

“Yes, please” He hears Tsuburaba say.

“Yay! Finally, something to do” Shouto can practically see the smile on Kirishima’s face.

“Ekhm, back to the game… mafia, wake up!”

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“Vigilante, wake up” Shouto opens his eyes and shakes his head before the girl can even ask “Okay… Vigilante, close your eyes”

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“Town wakes up! With the exception of Ashido and Uraraka” Tokage announces. When Shouto opens his eyes, he realizes something weird – Midoriya is still sitting right next to him, instead of playing UNO with the rest of the ‘dead’.
“That’s not fair!” Ashido wails “They got rid of me, even though we’re on the same team!”

“I presume you’re mafia?” Kuroiro asks and she nods.

“Wait… I was a confirmed Investigator. Why didn’t the doctor protect me” Uraraka pouts a bit.

“Shh! Now that you’re dead, you have no voice” Tokage says with a grin “So, are you guys hanging anyone, or are we continuing?”

“Well… the investigator is dead so…” Honenuki shakes his head “Let’s just continue”

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“Vigilante, wake up” Tokage commands “Do you want to kill anyone?”

“…” He silently shakes his head.

“Alright! Vigilante, go back to sleep” The girl says cheerily.

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“Town wakes up!” Tokage announces “Aside from Shoda and Tetsutetsu”

“O-oh…” Shoda exclaims in disappointment “I-I was only a villager”

“No way!” Tetsutetsu grimaces “Why?!? I was the survivor. I was only supposed to stay alive”

“…” Shouto frowns. He’s the vigilante, and the other killing roles are mafia and trapper. Mafia killed one person, but the trapper should be able to kill someone, only if that person visits the trapper’s target. How did either villager or survivor get into the trap? “Tokage, I have a question”
“What’s up?” The girl asks.

“The way trapper works… If the transporter switches two people, and one of them is trapper’s target…” He says softly “Does the person who is switched die? Or the transporter?”

“The person who gets switched” Tokage sends him a grin.

“Oh… That’s unfortunate” Ojiro mutters.

“Anyone wants to vote for someone?” Only silence follow “No? Alright, let’s get the game going then. Town falls asleep”

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“Town wakes up!” Shouto opens his eyes. Once again, he didn’t use his ability “Kendo is dead!”

“Oh… Well, that’s it, I guess” Kendo smiles sheepishly “I was the doctor. Guess I’ll go play some UNO”

“So… We’ve lost both the bodyguard and the doctor. Wow” Sero shakes his head “And we have no Investigator. If we don’t start random lynching soon, we’re going to lose”

“That’s… true, I suppose” Kuroiro says “Who should we get, though?”

“Let’s get mademoiselle Shiozaki” Aoyama winks.

“I’m sorry… but why would you suspect me?” The girl asks.

“It’s because no one would suspect you” The boy looks at her, and Shouto SWEARS there are sparkles flying around him “That’s exactly why”

“Yeah, I wouldn’t put it past Tokage to make someone who seems innocent into a mafia member” Kuroiro says.
“What the-?!? Rude!” Tokage scoffs.

“…But true” Honenuki chimes in.

“Just because it’s true doesn’t mean you should say it” Rin shakes his head in dissaprovement.

In the end, they vote for Shiozaki, and it turns out she was just a villager.

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“The Town wakes up!” Tokage says. Once again, Shouto didn’t do anything at ‘night’ “There are three people killed! Jiro, Kodai and Sero!”

“What the?!? How?” Kaminari asks, visibly shocked.

“It seems the harvest moon shone upon us” Tokoyami says, though Shouto doubts anybody actually gets what it means.

“Well… Two people died from a trapper. One of them, because of the transporter…” Tokage shakes her head “It’s unfortunate, but accidents happen. Now, tell us what your roles were”

“I was a survivor” Jiro says.

“A villager” Kodai informs them curtly.

“…I was the escort” Sero says “Dammit…”

“Are you voting for anyone today?” Tokage asks, looking around the room.

“I’d like to vote for Fukidashi!” Aoyama says, twinkle in his eyes “He’s been quiet this whole time”
“...Seriously? >.<” Is written on the speech bubble.

“Well, I don’t see why not” Kuroiro shrugs “I second that”

“Why does it have to be me e.e” Fukidashi complains.

“Ehh… why not” Kaminari raises his hand “I’d like to vote for him as well”

“Okay… how many of you want to hang him?” Nearly all the hands shot up into the air. Not Shouto’s “Alright! Fukidashi, you’re out!”

“…I was just a villager” The speech bubble claims, as the boy walks away to join the UNO games.

“Oh, also, the Amnesiac became the serial killer last night” Multiple groans follow Tokage’s announcement “Town falls asleep!”

“Vigilante, wake up” Shouto opens his eyes, and starts thinking about what to do “Would you like to kill someone?” He points at the girl with brown, mushroom-like hair. She’s been quiet the whole game. He doesn’t know her, but it seems suspicious “Okay”

“Town wakes up” Tokage says and everyone opens their eyes “Komori, Kuroiro and Tokoyami are dead”

“It seems that death has come for me at last” The bird-headed boy says, standing up “I’ve made pact with the devil and paid the price. Now all that’s left for me is to try another game”

“...He’s saying he was part of the mafia” Tokage supplies, tilting her head.

“I-I... I w-was a s-surviv-vor” The girl Shouto killed says. Well, that could have gone better.

“I was a villager” Kuroiro hums “To be honest, I’m kind of glad I can go play UNO now. It was
“Alrighty! Who do you want to hang, guys?” Tokage asks and they look at each other.

“Well, may we hang monsieur Todoroki? He’s been quiet this whole time” Aoyama offers.

“Pft” Midoriya snickers from his place on Sohuto’s left.

“…I’m always like this” He states in a complete deadpan “Besides, you keep accusing people. It’s suspicious”

“Non, I’m just playing” Aoyama winks at him.

“Can we hang Kaibara? Please?” Monoma asks.

“Why would you want to do this?” The aforementioned asks.

“…Because then maybe you’d go play UNO or something” Monoma sends the boy a quick glare.

“Even if I die, I’ll still stand by your side” Kaibara exclaims, and that line actually makes some girls in the room squeal.

“…You know, it would be a lot more sincere if you didn’t jab me in the ribs earlier. More than once, might I add” Monoma huffs grumpily.

“…I’d like to hang the guy who keeps accusing everyone else” The Chinese looking student says “Anyone with me on this?”

“…” Shouto nods and raises his hand. So does Ojiro.

“…oh” Aoyama makes a noise but then he falls silent.
“Okay, three people want that, let’s vote!” Tokage says with amusement “If you think he should die, raise your hand!”

“I really don’t like how you phrased it” Iida says, hands flying in chopping motions.

“Oh, please, could you stop being such a pr-“ Monoma starts saying as he rolls his eyes, but Kaibara jabs him in the side again “Why are you doing this to me?!? Leave me alone already!”

“…No” Is all Kaibara says.

“Ekhm, voting!” Tokage reminds them, and the game continues. People raise hands, and the result speaks for itself “Aoyama is out of the game”

“Merci!” The boy says “I’m the jester”

“Wait, what happens now?” Honenuki asks.

“He’ll be able to kill one person tonight” Tokage says “And also, he automatically wins, no matter which side come out on top in the end”

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“The town wakes up!” Tokage announces “Without Rin and Monoma!”

“Wait, what” Monoma stares at her, apparently speechless “How…?”

“Ekhm… roles” Tokage stage-whispers.

“I was a villager” ‘Rin’ says.

“I was with the mafia” Monoma admits.
“Okay! Who are you hanging today?” Tokage chirps cheerily.

“Ehm… maybe… Kaibara?” Kaminari says hesitantly “What do you guys think?”

“Your guess is as good as mine, kero” Asui tilts her head.

“Don’t” Kaibara says “I’m a survivor. Let me be”

“That’s… exactly what a mafia member would claim!” Kaminari says.

“I don’t know… Maybe we should get someone else” Ojiro reluctantly says.

“But then, won’t everyone try to claim survivor, kero?” Asui asks.

“Let’s just vote him and get this over with!” Honenuki says.

“Alright… start the voting!” Tokage says. As expected, Kaibara ends up dead.

“I was a survivor” He says grumpily.

“Well, you got what was coming to you! Karma!” Monoma cackles, and gets jabbed in the ribs again.

“Shut up…” Kaibara rolls his eyes.

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Shouto decides to take this chance to kill off a potential killer He goes for Ojiro.

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“Town wakes up!” Tokage says “Ojiro, Honenuki, and Kaminari, you’re dead!”

“Aww, man” Kaminari sighs “I was the transporter”

“YOU killed all of those innocent people by leading them into traps?!?” Ojiro asks.

“It was AN ACCIDENT!” Kaminari buries his face in his hands.

“…I was the trapper…” Ojiro sighs.

“Well, then, good job. Looks like you were the one who got me” Honenuki says with a shrug “I was the amnesiac-turned-serial killer”

“Why would you do that, though?” Kaminari asks.

“Cause I could” Honenuki smirks smugly.

“So… who are you voting today?” Tokage looks at them, and Shouto is very aware of the fact that there is only him, Iida, and Asui left. They look at each other.

“…I refuse to vote for anyone!” Iida says. And it’s true that he hasn’t voted for anyone so far.

“I don’t know, kero” Asui says “With that, neither I, nor Shouto can be voted. But we can vote you”

“…I won’t vote either” Shouto says thoughtfully. He doesn’t want to get rid of the Mayor by mistake. It can be the only way to win.

“Well then… Town goes to sleep!” Tokage says and they close their eyes.

…

…
“Town wakes up!” Tokage exclaims “Shouto… you’re dead”

“…” He doesn’t say anything “I was the vigilante”

“You did a good job” Midoriya reassures him with a smile.

“Thanks” He answers softly.

“Well… It’s only the two of us left, kero” Asui says “It looks like I win”

“…I’d like to reveal myself as the Mayor, and hang Asui!” Iida says, gesticulating wildly.

“Wait, HE is the mayor?” Midoriya asks, voice laced with disbelief.

“Well, that was unexpected, kero” Asui says “Also, call me Tsu, please”

“Ekhm!” Tokage clears her throat “Iida reveals himself as the mayor and Asui- sorry, Tsu, gets hanged! The town wins”

“Well… That was a twist” Midoriya mutters, letting his head fall on Shouto’s shoulder “What now?”

“Uhm… I’ll get the rest and see if they want to play another round, or if they want to do something else” Tokage says and runs towards where the rest is playing UNO.

As it turns out, no one wants to play another round. And so, they decide to play something else.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed!

If you think the mafia game was boring… well, there is always the next chapter tomorrow. I’ve just wanted to write at least one of those games. Actually, I’ve wanted to
do this for days. So, yeah, next chapter, we'll be back to fluff. See y'all \o/
“Okay, okay, guys, we’re playing truth or dare, and I don’t want to hear any complaints” Setsuna says after about five minutes of arguing about the next game “Also, we already have everything prepared so… We’d have to play it sooner or later”

“…What exactly do you mean by ‘we have everything prepared’?” Kuroiro asks suspiciously.

“The punishment, of course!” Midnight sensei calls out from her place on the couch “People who refuse to answer a question or do the dare have to be able to choose an alternative, don’t you think?” The woman licks her lips “And it just so happens that Tokage has asked me for help in choosing the punishment for those who chicken out”

“…And here I wondered why you agreed to ‘babysit’ us” Kaminari mutters under his breath.

“Guys! Now is not the time to be grumpy!” Setsuna flails her hands in the air in frustration “Sit in a circle and let’s start!”

She has to stop a mischievous grin from appearing on her face when she sees that Midoriya and Shouto sit next to each other. Well, she’d expected this, but it’s still heartwarming to watch. And should give some options for those who are creative enough with dares. She takes her place on the other side of Midoriya, clapping her hands once to get everyone’s attention.

“Who wants to start??” She asks, fist pumped into the air.

“I want to go first! Can I go first??” Ashido from 1-A asks, equally enthusiastic.
“Alrighty!” Setsuna’s grin widens “Truth or dare?”

“Uhm… Lemme think… Dare!” The girl says, stars in her eyes.

“Let’s see…” Setsuna tilts her head in thought “Do a cartwheel!”

“…Somehow, I was expecting something less normal” Kuroiro says.

“…” There is a look of intense concentration on Ashido’s face as she aligns herself and… almost manages to do a cartwheel. Her balance is off though, and she lands on her butt. How the heck did that even happen?

“Pft” Kaminari snorts “That was… that was actually pretty funny”

“Totally agreed” Kirishima laughs too.

“Rude!” Ashido wails “Kaminari! Truth or dare?!”

“Is this some sort of petty revenge?” The boy asks, still laughing “I’m actually kind of scared now… Uhm… Truth?”

“…” Ashido grins mischievously “Tell us something no one knows about you”

“Ashido! You can’t just… fine” Kaminari sighs “Sometihng no one knows… When my quirk manifested, I almost drowned”

“Wait, what?” Uraraka seems confused “Wasn’t your quirk… electricity?”

“It is” Kaminari sighs “I was swimming when it came. Electrocuted me and well… it was a good thing other people were there to save me”
“Wow, that turned dark pretty quickly” Sero says.

“Not really. Could be worse” Ashido shrugs “Who do you choose?”

“Ehm… You!” The boy points at Kuroiro “Truth or dare?”

“…Dare” The boy says, seemingly uninterested.

“I dare you to… do a handstand!” Kaminari says.

“Once again, what’s with the normal dares” Kuroiro wonders in a completely deadpan tone “Oh well, watch it!”

“Wow, that’s so manly” Kirishima says as the boy does a perfect handstand.

“Can I stop now?” Kuroiro asks.

“Ugh… sure” Kaminari says, and then grumbles under his breath “…Was kind of hoping to see another spectacular failure”

“Tokege, truth or dare?” He ask, tilting his head.

“Truth!” Setsuna says cheerily.

“Tell me…” The boy’s eyes narrow “What’s the punishment for not performing a task or answering question?”

“What the-?!? That’s not fair!” Setsuna wails “You were supposed to find out only if someone refused a challenge”

“Well… if you don’t answer, you’ll technically refuse it too, and I’d find out either way” Kuroiro
“Spill it”

“We have fresh lemon juice in the kitchen. Whoever backs out from the challenge has to drink a cup of it” She says, still pouting a bit.

“Alright… that’s not as awful as I expected” Kaminari says, eyeing Midnight as if suggesting that the teacher would suggest something worse.

“Right then~! My turn!” Setsuna locks eyes with her target and grins.

“Shouto~! Truth or dare?” Tokage says with a mischievous smile.

“…” Shouto takes his time to think. He has a feeling that either option is bad, but what would be safer in this situation? He squints. He knows that there are questions he wouldn’t really want to answer, so… “Dare”

“Yay!” The girl does something like a little victory dance. Seems like this was a bad choice “Kiss the person you think is the cutest. Out of the people here, that is”

“…” Well, this is it. Shouto sighs “Alright”

He can see some people looking at him curiously. Some girls even expectantly. Yeah, no, he’s not doing this. He’s about to ask Tokage to get the ‘punishment’ lemon juice out, but he stops to think. The dare is to kiss someone. It doesn’t have to be on the lips. The ‘cutest person’ part is pretty annoying but… He’ll deal with that. He takes a deep breath, and takes Midoriya’s hand. The boy gives him a confused look, and completely freezes up when Shouto takes his hand to his lips to kiss it. Some of the girls squeal in the background.

“Wha-? What? Why? I-I… What?” Midoriya sputters, his face cherry-red. The moment Shouto lets go of his hand, the boy yanks both of his arms close to himself and buries his face in his hands, obviously flustered.

“Well, I had to pick someone in the room” Shouto deadpans, putting up a calm front, even though he’s internally dying of embarrassment and fear “…Sorry”
“I-I… T-that’s not… I… I mean… ugh…” Midoriya curls up on himself.

“Aww. Shouto, you broke him” Tokage says with a shit eating grin on her face.

“And whose fault is that?” He deadpans, glaring at the girl.

“Pfft. It’s not really a bad thing” The girl snorts “Continue with the game!”

“…” He sighs, turning to face the rest of the students, some of them are visibly flustered, so he tries to pick one of the calmer ones “Asui-Tsu, truth or dare?”

“Truth, kero” The girl answers, sticking out her tongue a little.

“Have you ever tripped over your own tongue?” He asks, ignoring Midoriya, who is mumbling something incoherent right next to him, face still in his hands.

“Once or twice, kero” Asui says thoughtfully “Not the most pleasant experience. Kirishima-kun, truth or dare?”

“Truth!” The boy is grinning excitedly.

“Why are you always talking about how ‘manly’ things are, kero?” She asks, genuinely curious.

“Oh, well… That’s… kind of my thing” The boy smiles sheepishly “You know… I’m kind of a fan of Crimson Riot so…”

“Alright” She shrugs.

“Ekhm” He clears his throat “Uhm, you! Truth or dare?” He points at Kaibara, who smiles in amusement.
“Dare” The boy says.

“Ehm… Hug someone!” Kirishima says, seemingly going with the first idea that came to mind.

“…Okay. Monoma, stay still” Kaibara says and hugs the aforementioned, pulling away after about two seconds.

“W-why…?” Monoma asks, clearly embarrassed, and blushing.

“Well, I had to hug someone. And you were close” Kaibara answers in complete deadpan “Also, if you don’t stop… whatever the hell it is you’re doing, I’m going to jab you in the ribs again. You’re giving me secondhand embarrassment”

“…I’m going to my room” Monoma says and basically runs out of the common area.

“Well… That was – haha – that was something” Midnight laughs “I commend your youthful spirit, Kaibara!”

“…I only completed the dare” The boy shrugs, and Midnight only laughs harder “Midoriya, truth or dare?”

“Wh-what? I- I… T-that is… uhm” Midoriya is still mumbling and pink.

“Whoa there, buddy, you alright?” Tokage asks, looking genuinely worried, and she actually frowns when Midoriya shakes his head.

“…I’ll take a dare in his stead” Shouto says, feeling slightly guilty.

“Okay…” Kaibara nods thoughtfully “See if you can lift Tokage”

“Hey, why am I being used as a weight?!?” The girl protests.
“Cause I said so” The boy shrugs.

“…Alright” It’s ridiculous, but he does it. And, as he suspected, he can, in fact, lift Tokage. Quite easily.

“Wow, Shouto, I knew you were strong, but I never thought you’d be this strong” Kuroiro comments.

“Shut up! I’m not that heavy!” Tokage protests.

“Yeah… I don’t quite believe you” The boy sticks his tongue out playfully and Tokage pouts.

“Alright…” Shouto looks around the room “Uraraka, truth or dare?”

“Who- me?!?” The girl looks a bit startled “…Dare?”

“Lift a couch, with Midnight sensi still on it, into the air” He says.

“Oh it” The girl smiles and completes the task. Shouto uses the fact that everyone’s attention is on her to pass one of the pillows to the still flustered Midoriya. At the very least, it may muffle his mumbling if he uses it to bury his face.

Izuku is brought out of his thoughts, when a pillow gets placed on his knees. He looks at it, baffled, before taking it and hugging it to himself. It’s not an ideal stress-reliever, but it may help him get himself together. It’s comforting. He sees Shouto shooting him concerned glances, and feels his cheeks burning up again.

Oh god, just why did it have to happen. Shouto looks as stoic as ever, which means it’s probably not much but… It really got Izuku’s heart racing. He doesn’t exactly understand why. Maybe there IS something wrong with him, after all. He knows that when Shouto suggested he’s ‘cute’ the boy meant it as in ‘puppy and kittens’ like cute, and not in the ‘attractive’ sense. He knows it, and he knows that they’re just friends, but he can’t help but feel flustered as all hell.

“Okay, so… Iida, truth or dare?” Uraraka’s voice comes from somewhere in the room.
“Dare” The boy says curtly.

“Do the robot dance!” The girl chirps excitedly.

“The… robot dance?” Iida asks, obviously confused.

“Yeah, you know, like that!” Izuku looks up to see Uraraka demonstrate it.

“I-I’ll try” The boy says and tries to copy her movements. It’s funny to watch, and he would’ve laughed along with all of the other students, but he still feels a bit too out of it for that “Ekhm. Tokoyami, truth or dare”

“Truth” The boy answers, eyeing Iida warily.

“Well… Do you have teeth?” The boy asks, looking thoughtfully at the boy’s beak.

“Excuse me?” Tokoyami scowls a bit “I do have teeth” He opens his beak a little bit more, revealing that, yes, he does indeed possess teeth.

“Well… I’m sorry then” Iida says, a bit taken aback.

“There is no need for apologies” Tokoyami says nad closes his eyes “Truly wise men apologize only for things they were at fault for”

“Of course!” Iida nods and gestures wildly. Izuku… doesn’t really get what just happened but… it’s okay, he supposes.

“Now then, let us choose our pray. Dark Shadow, what do you think?” The boy says, and a shadowy creature appears at his side.

“Let’s get the skull-head!” The creature points at Honenuki.
“Well… Excuse you, stop calling me a skull-head” The boy scoffs.

“I must apologize for my companion’s behaviour” Tokoyami says “That was discourteous of him”

“Stop being so melodramatic and make him do something weird already!” Dark Shadow says, unbothered by the situation.

“…Very well” Tokoyami says, kind of awkwardly “Shall it be truth? Or a challenge for you?”

“I’ll have truth, thank you very much” Honenuki says, watching the other boy calmly.

“Tell us the darkest of secrets” Tokoyami simply says, and Izuku has no idea what that even means. Well… He does kind of get it. But kind of don’t. What is Honenuki supposed to tell him?

“The islands are just reversed lakes” Okay, apparently, that’s an option.

“Wait, what?!” Kaminari yells, and everyone looks stunned.

“What? That’s true” The boy grins.

“Just because it’s true, doesn’t mean you should ever say it!” Tokage says.

“Well, he asked me to” Honenuki shrugs “Anyways, Tsuburaba, truth or dare?”

“Don’t just change the subject!” Tokage looks shocked by the situation.

“Ehh… Whatever, dare it is” Tsuburaba looks excited.

“Use your quirk to keep someone in the air for as long as you can” Honenuki says.
“Dude… That’s a bad idea. A really bad idea” The boy grimaces “I’ll actually take the lemon juice over that”

“Alrighty! I’ll go get it” Tokage says and goes to the kitchen to get the juice “Here ya go”

“Thanks” He drinks it and wince, but manages to empty the glass regardless of his soured expression “Yuck”

“Well… that’s why it’s the punishment” Tokage shakes her head.

“Anyways…” Tsuburaba chokes out, looking just a bit pained “Midoriya, since you look okay now, truth or dare?”

“Oh… uhm” He stutters out “…Dare?”

“Heh” Tsuburaba snickers and there is a mischievous look in his eyes “Sit in Todoroki’s lap”

“Why would you do this to me?!!?” Midoriya hides his head in the pillow “I thought we were friends!”

“Wow, that’s a bit rude” Tsuburaba laughs out loud.

He quickly glances at his friend, and internally debates whether he should just get the lemon juice instead. But… it shouldn’t be so bad. It shouldn’t even be awkward, damn it. They’ve already hugged enough times for it to be comparatively okay. Right? He takes in a deep breath, and moves to sit on Shouto’s lap. It’s… weird, but comfortable here. He can feel himself blushing, and he curls up around the pillow, burying his face in it, to hide it. He only relaxes when Shouto’s arm circle him in quiet reassurance, and the game moves on. He really just wants this night to end, so that he can go to sleep.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you liked it! :D
Take care, have a nice day and see ya \o/
“Ehm, Honenuki, truth or dare?” Izuku looks at the boy, thinking about the challenges he can throw at him.

“Dare” Honenuki answers.

“Use your quirk to soften the table, and see if you can push your arm into it” He says, his analytical-mode already activated.

The boy shrugs and walks up to the table. Izuku watches intently, fingers twitching, itching to write down all the information. Honenuki puts his hands on the table, and the surface changes its texture a bit. The boy’s hands start sinking into it a bit, but stop fairly quickly. It looks a bit like the table is just a pillow he put his hands on. Weird. From what he knows, Honenuki can make quicksand when he activates his quirk on sand or mud.

It’s wood though, so maybe it works differently? Is Softening not as effective against more sturdy surfaces? Or is it because the table itself is thin, and the ground has countless layers? He’ll have to ask and test it properly, it may be important difference in combat situations. Not to mention, he may find a way to help his friend with training if he figures out how to use it.

“Midoriya… you’re mumbling” Shouto murmurs into his ear.

“O-oh! Sorry!” He says and smiles sheepishly.
“Well, that’s it, I can’t go any further” Honenuki says and goes back to the circle “Let’s see… Shiozaki, truth or dare”

“Truth, if you’d please” The girl says calmly.

“Do you ever have to go to the hairdresser?” He asks curiously.

“Not really” The girl denies “My… hair grows only to the length I want it to be”

“Wow, that’s convenient” Tsuburaba murmurs.

“I must agree… It seems convenient” Yaoyorozu says thoughtfully.

“It is” Shiozaki chuckles “So, Yaoyorozu, right? Truth or dare?”

“Dare” The other girl answers.

“…Try to juggle the lemons” Shiozaki says “Tokage, get the lemons, if you would”

“Okay~!” Tokage answers and goes into the kitchen, returning with four lemons.

“Uhm… I’m not sure I can do this” Yaoyorozu says with concern.

“Don’t worry, just try” Shiozaki says.

“Yep, it should be easy, look!” Tokage juggles the fruits in her hands.

“Tokage, since when can you juggle?” Kuroiro asks, mouth agape.
“Since always” Tokage answers, giggling, and passes the lemons to Yaoyorozu “Come on! Try it!”

“Ehm, alright…” The girl tries, and although it’s a bit clumsy, she manages to last a few seconds before dropping the fruits.

“Wow, that went better than expected” Awase says.

“Ekhm” Yaoyorozu clears her throat “I apologize for making a mess” She says and gathers the fallen lemons, bringing them back to the kitchen “Jiro… truth or dare?”

“Dare” The aforementioned says with a little smile.

“Ehm… Play us something…?” Yaoyorozu says uncertainly.

“I don’t have any of my instruments with me though…” The girl frowns.

“I-I think I might be able to help” Izuku says and stands up from his place on Shouto’s lap, to go over to Jiro “H-here” He summons his violin and instead of playing it, he hands it to the girl. He’s never tried this before but… might as well.

“Thanks” Jiro smiles at him and takes the instrument.

He observes as she gets into a textbook playing position, and moves her arms to start playing. He blinks in confusion for a second, not hearing any sounds. Jiro stops playing, as she frowns in confusion. So it’s not just him then… weird. He looks at the violin, to see that it’s slowly starting to crack. His eyes widen.

“Ah! Jiro, please give it back for a second” He says and gets his instrument back, he carefully inspects it. He jumps a little when it shatters in his hands “What…?”

“This has never happened before…?” She asks.
“Oh… uhm, not really” He says, suddenly very nervous “I-I mean… I’ve never let anyone else play it before… that… that was weird”

“Oh” Is all Jiro says.

“Uhm, let’s count it as completed” Yaoyorozu says, seeming a bit worried.

“Y-yeah” He says but doesn’t return to his place “I-I… I think I’ll go to my room for now”

“Midoriya, wait!” Tokage tries to stop him, before he sprints out of the room. Too late, he’s already out of there.

He grimaces. That was embarrassing. Not to mention, he never thought his quirk would react like that. Is his violin still okay? Can he even summon it again? Uneasiness floods him. What if he can’t summon it anymore? Would it be fixed if he played a real violin again? Or maybe he’d lost it permanently. No, he shouldn’t think like that, he has to just get to his room, and use his quirk to summon it.

When he enters his room, another wave of uncomfortable anxiety hits him. What if he can’t summon it anymore? Does he really want to know? He knows it’s stupid, but it just feels… scary to try to summon it right now. Cursing himself internally, he takes in a few calming breaths. It’s alright, he’ll be okay, it’s all fine. Even if he loses the violin, he still has his other instruments.

He bites his lip, his traitorous brain screaming that even with all of them, he still wasn’t able to do anything most of the time, so if he loses even that little asset, he’ll be useless. He hates thinking like that, he hates that it makes him insecure, and he hates that he actually believes in that, even if it’s just a tiny bit. His eyes suddenly land on a certain hoodie – Shouto’s hoodie. Without thinking too much he grabs it from his desk.

He stares at it for a second, arguing with himself internally, whether or not he should put it on. He feels a bit pathetic for seeking comfort from this sort of thing. On the other hand, if he’s already pathetic enough to need it, maybe he should just stop worrying and put it on. It’s not like there is anyone here to judge him for that. He sighs and takes off his t-shirt, to wear a hoodie instead. He plans on sleeping right after he makes sure his quirk is intact, so he doesn’t really want to leave the t-shirt underneath. It’d be uncomfortable.

He’s about to put on the hoodie, when there is a soft knock on the door, and it opens, revealing
Shouto. They stare at each other, dumbfounded. Izuku’s face goes cherry red, as he remains unmoving, completely aware that he should probably put that hoodie on already. The fact that Shouto doesn’t avert his eyes, and instead gawkws at him, is not helping his embarrassment.

His friend finally coughs softly, entering the room and closing the door behind him. Izuku averts his gaze, still aware of the mismatched eyes staring at him, and finally finished putting on the hoodie. And then, he freezes again. Oh god, he’s come to his room, and the first thing he did was change into his friend’s hoodie. And that friend just walked in on him doing exactly that. He curses himself internally. Not only is he weak enough to need this small reassurance, now Shouto knows that he is pathetic like that.

“Midoriya, are you alright?” Shouto asks the pale looking boy, taking a seat at the edge of the bed.

“Y-yeah… it’s fine” Midoriya says unconvincingly.

Shouto frowns, hearing the obvious lie. Midoriya looked pretty panicked when his quirk… did what it did earlier, and he retreated to his room despite Yaoyorozu’s (somehow pitiful) attempt to salvage the situation. It wasn’t even that big of a deal, though the boy seemed to be not only worried but also clearly embarrassed and maybe even a little scared. Shouto came here after assuring Tokage that he can take care of it, and giving his friend an additional minute to somehow compose himself. Just in case.

Though it seems like it wasn’t enough. They sit there awkwardly, Midoriya still sickeningly pale. It’s… worrying. And he’s also a little impressed how quickly his friend’s face changes colours. In ten seconds from when he opened the door, Midoriya’s face went from normal, to cherry red, to almost completely white. He’d have laughed at that reaction if it wasn’t so worrying. He knows that Midoriya blushed because he walked in on him changing. But why did he turn pale all of a sudden? It’s… concerning.

And another issue: why was Midoriya changing into his hoodie in the first place? It’s not like he’s complaining – that oversized hoodie looks cute on the boy. But… It’s just weird. He worriedly observes as his friend continues playing with the sleeves of the hoodie. Midoriya is a bit hunched over, making himself appear even smaller than normally. He still looks a bit distressed, but now it’s mostly just awkwardness.

“Midoriya… you know you can tell me what’s bothering you, right?” He asks, voice laced with concern.

“Y-yeah…” Midoriya says meekly, not meeting his eyes.
“…” The uncomfortable silence is back.

“Uhm… I need to go to the bathroom for a second” Midoriya says and stands up, going for the door.

“Sure…” Shouto says, though he doubts the boy is even listening.

Izuku feels a bit guilty for leaving like that, but he needs to be alone right now. Because he doesn’t want Shouto to be there if his quirk doesn’t work. He goes into the bathroom, and closes his eyes for a second, calming his madly beating heart. Well… here goes nothing. He tries to summon his violin, like always. There’s the split second of regret, because, what would he do if it doesn’t work? And then, a holographic violin appears in his hands.

He looks at it, beaming to himself. It’s not even cracked in any place. But he has to be sure. He experimentally plucks one of the strings, hearing the soft sound it produces. He looks at the instrument again. It’s not damaged in a slightest. That’s… good. He now feels a bit bad for panicking. After all, he did destroy his holographic instruments a couple of times before. It was in different circumstances, that’s why he panicked this time, but they still shattered and came back unbroken. He lets himself smile in relief.

Oh… right. He should probably go back before Shouto starts worrying. And he has to do something about this awkward silence between them. If the rest of the night continues like that, he may just die out of sheer embarrassment. He sighs, splashing his face with water from the sink, and leaves the bathroom to come back to his room.

“So… uhm… you think they’re doing alright?” Kaminari asks, obviously referring to Midoriya and Shouto.

“Yep… Shouto can handle this… whatever that freak-out was” Setsuna says.

“I feel bad for making a dare like this” Yaoyorozu grimaces.

“Stop it. Not your fault” Jiro says “He offered help. It didn’t work out. Things like that happen”

“Hmm… should we continue the game or…” Kirishima asks hesitantly. It’s already been, like,
fifteen minutes, after all.

“It’s so lame that so many people went away though!” Ashido wails “First Monoma, then Midoriya nad Shouto… And now those guys just went to play UNO instead! What’s so good about that game anyways??”

“Hey, it is a good game” Sero huffs.

“Well… let’s pick up where we left off” Setsuna says, looking at Jiro “Who do you choose?”

“…” The girl looks around. There aren’t that many people left to choose from “Tsu, truth or dare?”

“Dare, kero” The girl says.

“Hmm, try to jump to the ceiling and stay there for a few seconds” Jiro says with a smile.

“Alright, kero” She leaps into the air, twisting so that she lands with her hands and feet on the ceiling. She somehow clings to it.

“Wow, that’s so cool” Kaminari says.

“It’s so manly! Like a ninja” Kirishima agrees with a wide smile.

“How long do I have to stay up here, kero?” The girl asks, ignoring the praise.

“Okay… you can come down now!” Jiro says, and the girl comes down.

“Hey guys… you know what?” Kaminari suddenly asks.

“What?” Setsuna asks energetically.
“There’s one thing I’ve wanted to do… But now I can’t, since Shouto isn’t here…” He trails off for a moment “…I wanted to dare him to put some ice in his mouth and activate both sides of his quirk, to see if it’d melt or remain frozen”

“Oh my god, Kaminari, just why?!?” Ashido says “Why do you insist on doing and saying the stupidest things!”

“Hey, it’d be interesting to watch!” Kaminari argues.

“Well, I can agree with that” Kirishima snorts.

“Should we continue the game or not?” Asui asks.

“I kinda don’t feel like it now” Ashido confesses.

“Yeah, let’s play something else!” Kaminari echoes.

“Then why did you want to continue in the first place? Just for this one round?” Yaoyorozu asks, clearly confused.

“Yep, totally worth it too” Kaminari says.

“Nope, but that idiot destroyed the mood, so we might as well move on!” Ashido says.

“MINETA!” Iida’s voice booms from across the room, dripping with anger.

“Oh boy, and here I thought it’d be a farly peaceful evening” Setsuna says, turning to watch as 1-A’s class president scolds the offending grape-boy for something.

“This sleepover seems more and more like a disaster” Kuroiro mutters.
“That it does” Setsuna agrees sighing. And here she put in all of that effort to make it a success. Well, she can still at least try to salvage what she can. Time to bring in a few more board games to entertain everyone.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed! ^_^

Take care, and bye!
“I’m back” Midoriya says as he walks into the room “…Sorry”

Shouto doesn’t exactly know what the other boy is sorry for, but he doesn’t say anything. He just nods. Midoriya looks… better than before. He’s not as pale or as nervous. It’s a good thing. Shouto moves to make some more space on the bed, and gestures for his friend to lie down next to him. Midoriya takes the invitation, and they just stay like that, lying in comfortable silence.

“…” Shouto stays silent. He knows he should address what’s happened, but just… not now. He doesn’t want this peaceful moment to pass.

“Want to get ready to sleep?” Midoriya asks after a few minutes, turning to face him.

“Yeah” Shouto agrees, getting up to get his things from the bag.

It takes some time for them to get ready – Shouto actually decided to wash his hair today, and that took… longer than expected. When they finally settle down in the bed, after turning off the lights, Shouto hugs his friend and brings him as close as possible. He can feel Midoriya stiffen a bit at first, before calming down and reciprocating the hug.

“Your hair is still wet, Shouto” His friend mumbles quietly “Are you sure you don’t want to dry it before going to sleep?”

“No… it’s fine” He answers dismissively.
“…” Midoriya just curls into him some more, sure that he won’t move now.

“…” Shouto doesn’t say anything, wondering if it’s alright to bring up the issue now.

Maybe it’ll be better if he makes sure his friend is completely relaxed first. He doesn’t really want to make him uneasy again. But he knows that if he leaves it be, it’ll probably backfire. He frowns, playing with Midoriya’s hair absentmindedly. He wants to cherish this moment a bit more, before he destroys it with his prying.

“…Hey, Midoriya” He gets the boy’s attention, murmuring softly.

“Hmm?” Midoriya makes a questioning sound.

“Are you really okay?” Well… he has to ask that before anything else.

“Yeah… I’m okay now” His friend says and tightens his hold.

“…Why… why were you that unsettled about what’s happened?” Shouto asks “I mean… nothing bad really happened”

“I panicked…” Midoriya admits “I thought that… that maybe my violin was really gone”

“Oh…” ‘Oh’ indeed. That kind of makes sense. He’d be uneasy too if there was even the slightest chance part of his quirk would just… vanish.

“I was an idiot” His friend goes on “…Sorry”

“No… It’s alright” He murmurs, untangling his hand from the soft curls to rub his friend’s back instead. The silence stretches for a few minutes “Are you sure you’re okay though?”

“Yea…” It sounds… weirdly unconvincing.
“Midoriya… earlier when we were watching the horror movie—” He cuts himself off when his friend stiffens “Midoriya…? Are you alright?”

“I… I don’t want to talk about this” The boy says, staying completely still “Please, drop it”

“You have to talk about this to someone…” He says softly “You don’t have to tell me, but… make sure to talk to someone. It’s bad to keep things like that bottled up”

“Yeah… I know” His friend whispers, and relaxes again.

“I mean it” Shouto says, feeling that Midoriya is just going to continue keeping it all to himself “And if you feel like you’re a burden to anyone… just stop thinking like that. I’m sure others are also worried about you. Because they care. So, you should talk to them if you’re not feeling alright. Okay?”

“…Okay” Midoriya says, nuzzling into his chest “Thanks, Shouto”

“No problem” He answers “Just don’t bottle it up… It hurts me to see you hurt like that”

“ ‘m fine” His friend says with a sigh.

“No, you’re not ‘fine’” He says with exasperation “You may lie to yourself, but you can’t lie to me. Those nightmares… and the fact you’re so… anxious lately… It’s not normal, Midoriya. It’s not fine in the slightest. You should see a professional to deal with it”

“…Shouto, I’m fine” Midoriya insists.

“No, you’re not” He sighs again “Midoriya, please, listen to me. You’re not fine. You know that, I know that, you just have to finally admit that. And do something about it”

“Do something? Do what exactly?” His friend huffs “I don’t want to go to some professional, Shouto. I don’t need it. I’m fine”
“No, you’re not fine” Shouto says sharply. Midoriya, clearly irritated, tries to push him away. He only tightens his hold, not letting him wriggle away “Midoriya… please. I’m worried about you”

“I just… I just need some time” His friend answers, still struggling to get free “For god’s sake, Shouto, let me go. I’m not in the mood for this”

“…I can let you go” He says hesitantly “But then what? What are you going to do? Just distance yourself again?”

“I’m going to go sleep on the floor” Midoriya deadpans.

“…Izuku, please don’t” Shouto huffs. He feels Midoriya freeze, and frowns “What’s the matter?”

“Did you- did you just call me Izuku?” The boy asks, shock apparent in his voice, and it’s Shouto’s turn to stiffen. Fuck, he just did, didn’t he?

“Oh… uhm… Sorry” He says, awkwardly letting Midoriya go “I didn’t mean to… overstep my bounds”

“No, uhm… I… Sorry for… being like that. For overreacting” Midoriya says “I know you’re only trying to help me… Also, I don’t me being called Izuku. I-if it’s you who does…”

“…” Shouto’s eyes widen with surprise, and then he blushes, registering the last words “Well… uhm… yea… thanks, Izuku”

“No problem, Shoucchan” Izuku says and oh gosh, why is his heart beating so fast “You don’t mind if I give you a nickname like that, do you?”

“I-it’s fine” He quickly says, and then, something clicks “Wait… are you just trying to get me to drop the earlier topic altogether or…?”

“Well… I was offering the figurative olive branch. But, oh well, call it what you will” Izuku huffs, and moves to hug him again “I… I won’t sleep on the floor. It was stupid of me to say. Sorry”
“No problem” Shouto says, snuggling closer “Get some sleep, okay?”

“Yeah… You too” Izuku says and relaxes.

Okay… that could have gone better, but it also could be worse. So… at least it’s some progress, right? He’ll still have to somehow get Mid- Izuku to get professional help with whatever is bothering him, or at the very least talk to someone about this, but at least for now, it should be enough. He runs his fingers through his friend’s hair again, sighing in content, before he lets himself fall asleep.

Izuku wakes up, trembling and drenched in sweat. He panics when he feels that something is constricting him, but calms down when he can smell the familiar scent of mint and cinnamon. A fragrance he’s come to associate with the feeling of safety. He snuggles into Shouto- Shoucchan – trying to get rid of the remnants of the nightmare.

It’s a good thing he didn’t accidentally wake his friend up. If he gets one more of those ‘you’re not alright’ talks just because of a nightmare, he’s really going to punch someone. He appreciates that his friends care, but he can take care of himself. He’s alright. A few nightmares aren’t even all that weird considering everything that’s happened. Some people get nightmares from something as simple as watching a horror movie. It’s normal to have nightmares. He sighs, trying to get all the thoughts out of his head and fall back asleep. He fortunately manages to do that.

…

…

He wakes up again, sweaty and shivering, again. Another nightmare. He lets out a shuddery breath. This is ridiculous. Something like a horror movie shouldn’t have bothered him that much. Displeased, he buries his face in Shoucchan’s chest, trying to fully calm down. He falls asleep. And wakes up about twenty minutes later, because of another nightmare. He groans, irritated. There’s nothing he can really do, so he’ll just have to deal with it, but it’s still irritating. That happens two more times, after that, he decides to just stay awake. It’s easier to stay awake.

Setsuna watches as the sleepover slowly comes to an end. Sort of. Some people are already going to sleep, setting blankets and pillows in the common room. There is a small group of people who are still playing UNO. Iida is playing chess with Tokoyami. There are some people playing One Night: Ultimate Werewolf. Quite a large group is playing Betrayal at the house on the hills.

Monoma, who’s returned from his room after cooling off a bit, is playing Secret Hitler with Yaoyorozu, Jiro, Kaibara, and Kendo. She grins, seeing that Midnight fell asleep on the couch. All in all, things are as peaceful as they can get. She’s about to go off to join Kuroiro and Honenuki in… whatever they’re doing, when Fukidashi walks up to her.
“Can we talk?” The speech bubble displays.

“Sure” She says, and follows him when he walks away “What do you want to talk about?” She asks once they’re away from everyone.

“What do you want to talk about?” She asks once they’re away from everyone.

“Are you still mad at me? >.<” He asks.

“No, not really” She says with a reassuring smile “I was just worried, that’s all”

“…Good. Otherwise, that’d be really awkward” Fukidashi ‘says’ “There is something I have to tell you”

“What is it?” She asks curiously.

“I love you! >.<” The message appears on the speech bubble, and she gapes at it in disbelief “…I know you probably don’t feel the same. But I just needed to say that. Sorry for making things awkward >.<”

“No-! It’s… ah… it’s alright” Setsuna says, blushing “Actually… uhm… I’m really glad you love me. I can’t… ehm… claim I feel the same… I honestly hadn’t thought about that… But if you… ehm… if you want, we can go out, and I’ll see?”

“Sure! Thank you so much~! ^_^” Fukidashi ‘says’, obviously elated.

“Yeah… sorry that I don’t have a response yet” She chuckles awkwardly “Want to head back?”

“Let’s go \o/” Is written on the speech bubble.

When they arrive back at the common room, Kuroiro shoots her a curious glance, while Honenuki raises an eyebrow, looking between her and Fukidashi. She sticks her tongue out in response, heading in their direction.
Shouto wakes up, and the first thing he notices is that Mi- Izuku isn’t lying next to him. He quickly gets up, alarmed. As he props himself up on his elbow to look around the room, he spots his friend. Izuku is sitting at the edge of the bed, doing something on his phone. Shouto frowns. Isn’t it… early? He never wakes up late… Or maybe he did wake up late just this one time. He really hopes that it’s the case.

“Izuku? What time is it?” He asks, startling the other boy.

“Oh… uhm, it’s four…” Izuku says sheepishly.

“What are you doing up?” Shouto frowns, puzzled.

“I… uhm… I’ve woken up and couldn’t fall asleep” Izuku gives him a sheepish smile. Shouto narrows his eyes, looking for any sign of a lie. He can’t tell if his friend is lying though.

“Izuku… go back to sleep” He sighs “It’s too early to be awake”

“I will… in a moment” Well, now… that’s definitely a lie.

“Izuku… go to sleep, now” He huffs “If you don’t, I’ll stay up, waiting till you do”

“That’s a cruel ultimatum, and you know it” Izuku says, something strained in his voice.

Shouto just huffs and sits up. When Izuku sets his phone back on the nightstand, Shouto hugs him, and tugs him closer, making him lie down. Now that he sees him up close… Izuku looks like he didn’t get much sleep. He frowns, observing his friend. He makes up his mind, deciding to stay up, at least until Izuku falls asleep. He also makes a mental note to himself to talk with Tokage and Honenuki, and possibly ask them to make sure he gets enough sleep. And that he eats. Shouto is really glad that Izuku has friends in the same dorms. He can’t really look after him all the time, so it’s a relief – knowing there is someone else who keeps an eye out on him.

Chapter End Notes
Omg, sorry for the late update! >.<

Hope you enjoyed it and see y'all later \o/
Snowdrops' Lullaby IV

Chapter Summary

Warning: Contains unhealthy amounts of fluff

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Shouto wakes up and groggily opens his eyes. The light is shining through the window. It seems like it’s morning… He looks at the figure that’s lying securely in his arms. He can’t see Izuku’s face like that, so he props himself up on his elbow, to take a better look. He freezes for a second, realising that his friend is awake, and that he’s staring off into space, eyes glazed over and unfocused.

“Midori- Izuku, is everything okay?” He asks softly, but his friend doesn’t seem to hear him “Izuku?” He tries to get his attention again, speaking a bit more loudly than before.

“…!” Izuku startles for a second, flinching a bit. He then groggily turns his head to face Shouto. His eyes still have this… far off, unfocused look “What…?” He asks, as if in a daze.

“Izuku… why are you awake?” He asks, aware that they’re close enough to feel each other’s breaths, and that if he leans in even a tiny bit, they’ll kiss. Wait… stupid brain, this isn’t the time for that “Are you alright?”

“Yeah?” It sounds more like a question than a statement “What… what do you need?”

“Go back to sleep” He says, feeling really concerned now. Izuku blinks owlishly, slowly processing the information.

“I don’t… I don’t want to…” His friend states drowsily, obviously a bit out of it. Most likely just tired.

“Why?” He asks softly, feeling that it’ll be faster to go down that route instead of asking him to go to sleep again.
“…Bad dreams” Izuku mumbles, blinking sleepily “Wouldn’t… rest… anyways”

“Okay…” Shouto trails off, thinking about possible options. Maybe the not-so-direct approach will work “How about resting without falling asleep?”

“How…?” The boy asks sleepily.

“Just relax and close your eyes” He says “Okay?”

“…” Izuku does just that, small smile appearing on his lips “It feels a bit like you’re about to kiss me”

“…!” Shouto actually almost chokes, as Izuku snickers. Okay, he can’t deny thinking about this, but it’s not like he’d actually do it. Nope. That could ruin their friendship pretty quickly. He knows that Izuku is just joking. And if he did it… his friend would probably never talk to him again.

“Relax, I was just joking” Izuku says, eyes closed. Yea… just a joke… That’s… okay “…Though it would be pretty nice” He whispers, almost too quietly for Shouto to hear.

Shouto just stares at him with wide eyes. He’s pretty sure his friend said it beacsue he’s a bit sleep-deprived and have little to no filter. But still… maybe he should just go for it. He swallows thickly, looking at Izuku’s face. They boy’s eyes are still closed. He looks relaxed. Shouto takes in all the little details. The cute, little freckles dusting the boy’s cheeks and nose, stray strands of emerald hair sticking out everywhere, the long eyelashes, the dark, prominent circles under his eyes.

He freezes, realising that he’s been slowly leaning in and that milimetres from kissing the boy. No, he can’t do that. Not when Izuku is this tired, and likely unable to push him away. If he’s going to do this, he’s going to do this the right way. When Izuku is fully okay, and when they don’t have to worry about the exams and the like. He just feels like adding his own feelings to the pile of Izuku’s problems would be unfair towards the boy.

Before he can pull away though, Izuku leans in a bit, almost closing the distance between them enough to kiss. Their noses brush, and they’re basically breathing the same air. He looks at Izuku with wide eyes, still not daring to move. Izuku keeps his eyes closed, but he huffs impatiently and just inches a bit closer, until their lips brush lightly. It’s not a kiss yet, he’s waiting for Shouto to make it into one, but it still sends shivers down Shouto’s spine.
Oh god, this was a bad idea. This was a very bad idea. Izuku is now a lot more awake than he’s been for the past hours. When Shoucchan told him to close his eyes, he was still half-awake. He wasn’t thinking about what he’s said. He couldn’t help the hope blooming in his chest when Shoucchan’s breath started feeling closer.

In that single moment, he went from barely-awake and dazed to fully awake and silently panicking. He inched closer, and when Shoucchan made no move to close the remaining distance, he moved even closer. It’d be really awkward to pull away now, even if he wants to. Okay, he doesn’t want to pull away. Haha…

Their lips are brushing slightly, a tingling and enjoyable sensation, yet it’s not really a kiss. Izuku just kind of… waits there awkwardly. He doesn’t want to be the one to take the initiative right now. And there’s also a fact that Shoucchan may not want to kiss him, but is too shocked to move. So… yeah, he’ll wait.

He starts getting worried, when Shoucchan doesn’t do anything for some time. He contemplates pulling away, and maybe running off or something. Yeah… that’d be a good idea to avoid this awkwardness. Suddenly, Shoucchan leans in, sealing their lips together. It’s… much better than he’d thought it’d be.

Shoucchan is gentle, his lips feel soft, and he’s just so warm. Izuku hums happily, twisting his body in the hug, to make himself more comfortable. He can feel hands moving away from his back – one ends up tangled in his hair, the other rests on his hip.

He keeps his eyes closed, just enjoying the sensations. He still feels tired, and he’s honestly a bit overwhelmed, but for some reason, he just feels so good. There is this weird, ticklish sensation in his stomach, and he feels warm, really, really warm. Shoucchan gives his hair a tug, angling his head in an attempt to deepen the kiss.

Feeling a bit more pressure on his mouth, Izuku parts his lips a bit. The boy’s tongue is quick to invade his mouth, poking around curiously. The floaty, giddy, ticklish sensation in his stomach increases, his breath nearly hitching because of the overwhelming sensation. He can feel Shoucchan move a bit, and the next thing he knows, he’s on his back instead of his side, and there’s a heavy weight pressing down on him.

He can’t really breathe, but he just doesn’t care about that right now. Shoucchan continues kissing him, and the boy’s hand untangles from his hair, to slowly trail down his neck… and chest… and abdomen. It finally stops on his thigh, squeezing it a little. He can’t stop the quiet whimper from escaping his throat.
They finally break away from each other, trying to catch their breath. Izuku is still feeling giddy, his lips tingling from the kiss. He finally opens his eyes, quickly averting them from Shoucchan. He can’t deal with any sort of interaction right now – even the eye contact. He’s still too out of it. He lightly tosses his head to the side, feeling better with the way his green bangs cover his face.

“Ready to sleep now?” Shoucchan asks, and wow, what a way to ruin the mood.

“Y-yeah… I-I’ll do just that…” He answers, feeling that dealing with nightmares may just be better than facing the real world. Just this once. Because he’d rather deal with fear than embarrassment.

“Good morning!” Setsuna calls, walking into the kitchen.

“Mornin’…” Kaibara answers, pouring some milk into his cereal.

“…” Kaminari doesn’t say anything, probably too sleepy to even notice someone is talking.

“Jeez… you guys look like you’ve just risen from the dead, instead of waking up” She comments.

“Not really” Kaibara shrugs, and grabs a spoon, leaning against the counter, and starting to eat the cereal.

She snickers, and goes on to grab some breakfast. What should she get though? Cereal are nice, but she doesn’t feel like eating them right now. Maybe some sandwich? Or a toast? Yep, a toast sounds nice. She gets all of the ingredients she needs from the fridge and the cabinets. Humming to herself, she prepares her meal.

She leans against the counter, next to Kaibara, and they eat in silence, observing Kaminari’s attempts to make coffee. It’s in the moments like this one that she’s glad they’re living in the dorms. Sure, she misses her parents and siblings, but she can spend time with her friends, and see the side of her classmates she wouldn’t witness otherwise.

Once she’s finished, she quietly washes the dishes in the sink, and goes back to her stack of pillows on the ground, sitting down and taking out her phone. She scrolls through the news, before checking if anyone she’s subscribed to posted anything on social media. As time flies, more and more people
begin to wake up. Some of them look dead on their feet, others are way too awake for this hour. And she’s just happy, being there to see it all.

Shouto watches as Izuku’s breath evens out, signalling that the boy is asleep. He drags a hand across his face, feeling like a goddamn idiot. He is happy that Izuku likes him back, and that kiss was sweet, and he’d want to do that again. On the other hand, what in the hell possessed him to tell Izuku to go back to sleep.

Well, the boy needs all the sleep he can get, but they should have discussed the situation first. Right now Shouto isn’t fully sure where they stand. It’s quite obvious that they’re not friends anymore, not after that, but then, what are they? The most obvious answer would be boyfriends, but… Is that really right, since they’ve only really kissed?

Not like he thinks little of the kiss, which by the way was heavenly – crap, he has to stop getting distracted from his thoughts – but they haven’t really agreed to go out yet. Or tell the other how they feel. Usually, people talk to make these things somehow official, right? He sighs. Oh well, he can always talk with Izuku when the boy wakes up.

Yui waits until the people from 1-A leave, and then comes up to Itsuka. Unfortunately, she has to wait once more, because the girl is currently talking with someone else. Namely, Monoma. Yui stays out of range of hearing, not wanting to accidentally eavesdrop on the conversation. When the boy finally leaves, she quickly comes up to Itsuka, waving in a greeting.

“Hi, Yui. What’s up?” Itsuka asks with a smile.

“Well… I was thinking about the exams a bit” She answers with a smile of her own “I was thinking… if we could get a facility to train our quirks in, maybe we could all hold a study group there…?”

“A study group? Just like before the Sports Festival?” Itsuka asks for confirmation.

“Yeah. Something like that” Yui says with a small smile “I mean… it’ll be easier to prepare when other people can give you suggestions and pointers, right?”

“Okay, let’s do that” Itsuka grins cheerily “I’ll talk with the teacher’s to arrange this. Mind coming with me?”
“Oh, of course” She agrees quickly “Wait, now?”

“No… not now” Itsuka snickers “On Monday. I doubt there are any teacher’s in the school today”

“Well… I was thinking more along the lines of asking Midnight” Yui looks at their teacher, who is making herself a cup of coffee “I mean… she’s right here”

“She’d have to check if anyone has already booked the facilities though” Itsuka sighs “I really hope there is something left…”

“Yeah…” Yui nods “Hey… would you want to hang out today?”

“Well… that’s… I was kind of hoping to study some more” The girl says sheepishly “Sorry”

“Oh… I was hoping we could study together” She says, tilting her head “We may be able to help each other that way”

“Oh, okay!” Itsuka agrees with a smile.

They spend the next ten minutes arguing about where they should study.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you liked it~! ^_^

Tomorrow, we'll be back to training, and possibly the plot. So, yeah. Take care and see ya then ;3
Izuku wakes up, fully intending to stay in bed and fall back asleep. He turns a bit, adjusting his position. It’s so nice and warm here… He hears a quiet sigh, and someone’s arms tighten around him. He hums in content, breathing in the scent of mint and cinnamon. It’s really nice and warm here, and… wait a minute.

Mint and cinnamon… he’s lying in Shoucchan’s arms. Why is Shoucchan…? Oh, right. The sleepover. He’d panicked and Shoucchan came to make sure he’s alright. That makes sense. He wants to fall back asleep, but apparently his brain hates him, and he suddenly recalls what’d happened after that. He and Shoucchan kissed.

Oh my god.

OH. MY. GOD.

Was it real? It had to be, he felt every second of it. But what if it wasn’t? It could be just a hyper-realistic dream. Yeah… Yes, that had to be it. After all, there is no way Shoucchan would like him like that. But what if he did? Oh good… now he’s going back in circles. He really hates his brain. He can feel his cheeks flushing at the jumbled thoughts.

Okay… calm down. Breathe in… and out… in… and out… OH MY GOD, HE CAN’T JUST CALM DOWN. IF it was real, does that make them a couple? What are the implications? What changes between them? Would it be rude to ask about that? Is it one of those things he’s supposed to know? He’s so caught up in his thoughts, that he forgets that he’s still in Shoucchan’s arms.

That is, until Shoucchan nuzzles into his hair. Izuku is so startled by this, that he instinctively pushes the boy away, and backs away. And crashes straight to the ground with a yelp, since it was the edge of the bed. He blinks owlishly, looking up at the bed. Shoucchan is looking right back at him, equally confused. They both blush.
A few days later, most of the students from 1-B are training for the exams in one of the facilities. The one Kendo and Kodai managed to reserve for them. Izuku is looking down at the papers in his hands, hoping to test his theory. He activates his quirk on a music sheet, and then sets it on the ground. Nothing happens when he lets go of it.

As in, his quirk is still working, and the melody is still playing. As always, it doesn’t have any effects aside from the light and music, but it can still be somehow useful. He doesn’t exactly know what they’ll be doing for practical exams, but if it’s fighting someone, a distraction like this will come in handy.

He startles a bit when he hears a loud, crashing noise. He turns his head to see what’s happened, and he sees Tetsutetsu sliding down the indented wall, very confused, but seemingly unharmed. Tsunotori is quick to run up to the boy, frantically – and loudly – apologizing. Did… did she blast him into a wall? Why?

He stares at the scene for a moment, but decides not to pry. He turns back to his music sheet – which have stopped playing by now. So… it works like normally, stopping when the notes end. Pretty neat… He has to check if there is a distance limit. It’d be lame if he had to stand close to the sheet to keep it playing. As in, still usable, but not as much.

He looks around, trying to spot anyone who would be free to help him test that. Seeing that Monoma is taking a break, he walks up to the boy. Monoma looks… tired. And he’s fairly bruised from training. Izuku’s heard from Honenuki that the boy is taking hand-to-hand combat lessons from Kaibara. Maybe that’s why he’s so beaten up.

“Hey, Monoma!” He greets, waving a hand “Are you free right now? I need a bit of help to test something”

“Yeah, sure” The boy answers and gets to his feet “How can I help you?”

“I’m going to activate my quirk on this” He points to the music sheet “I want to check if there is a distance limit when it comes to using it on those. Would you hold it and see if it keeps playing?”

“Sure” Monoma answers, taking the papers from him.
“Thanks!” Izuku beams at him.

He lightly touches the sheet, activating his quirk. Gentle, soft notes resound in the air. He smiles a little as he walks away. He’s always liked this song. ‘Path to Isolation’… despite the depressing title, it’s quite a nice song. The beginning is soft, and the rest is quite energetic. He really likes it… not to mention it lasts at least three minutes, so he has plenty of time to get away before it finishes.

Once he’s back, Monoma gives him the music sheet back, telling him that it was playing the whole time. An important piece of information. There are so many things he could do with this. A distraction, a signal, or even a trap. That should be useful. He has to write it down in his notebook when he gets back.

“Tsu-chan! You got a new record!” Ochako beams at her crush- her friend. She smiles at her friend.

“That’s good, kero” Tsu-chan says, getting out of the pool “Are you sure you don’t want to join me?”

“Nah… I’ll help you with training for now. I’m not that good of a swimmer” She answers, shaking her head.

It’s true that she’s not the best when it comes to swimming. Honestly, she’s only here today to help Tsu-chan. She knows that she could use today to train, but she just really wants to help her friend with this. Tsu-chan had asked her to measure her time, and tell her if she sees anything wrong with her swimming form.

“That’s a shame, kero” Her friend tilts her head “Want me to teach you?”

“Huh?!? Teach me?” She asks, not sure if she’s heard right.

“Yes” Tsu-chan confirms.

“Oh, uhm… Thanks, Tsu-chan!” She smiles at her friend “I think I’ll focus on training for the exams first, though”
“That’s okay, kero” Tsu-chan smiles back at her “I’ll just have to teach you after the summer camp”

“Thanks!” She bows her head, grateful.

“It’s no problem, kero” Tsu-chan says “I think I’ll swim one last time before getting out”

“Okay! I’ll measure your time then” Ochako beams.

Shouto doubles over, breathing heavily. He’s been practicing with his quirk, trying to strengthen it, and get better control over his fire. He doubts he achieved either. He looks down on his left hand. Looks like it’s going to take some more time. Sure, he has some control over it. But not enough. It’s not as precise as his ice.

He sighs, sitting down and grabbing his bottle to drink some water. His thoughts keep coming back to a few days ago, when he kissed Izuku. And the morning after that. It was a bit awkward, to say the least. They’ve tried talking about their situation, but in the end, they both don’t really know much about relationships.

Figures that’d happen. You don’t just put two socially awkward people together, and expect them to know what to do. For now, they’ve agreed that they’re in this type of relationship, and that nothing except that will change between them. It’s honestly a bit of relief for him. He doesn’t know what he’d do if their normal interactions had to somehow change.

They’ve also agreed to focus on training for now. Any doubts and problem they have will have to wait until after the exams. Not like Shouto has any issues. He just wants things to stay the same as always, maybe with a little more kissing and other things like that. Okay, more than a ‘little more’ kissing. He really enjoys that more than he should.

He sighs, trying to get the thoughts out of his head. He has to focus on the exam. It’d be pretty unfortunate if he didn’t pass just because he was constantly distracted with thinking about his boyfriend. He stand up, setting the water bottle down. He’ll train his quirk some more, and then, maybe he’ll ask Ojiro to spar with him.

Eijiro continues landing hits on the punching bag in the training room. He tries to keep his Hardening activated as long as he can. He turns his head to look when the door opens. Bakugou comes in. Eijiro frowns. The boy looks… bad. In a different sense than at the start of the year. He’s paler, and there are dark bangs under his eyes.
Eijiro knows that it’s none of his business, and that he shouldn’t worry for someone who hurt Midoriya like that, but… He feels bad, looking at someone who is clearly not okay, and not helping. He still won’t help though, he refuses to help someone who was so unmanly as to attack someone who couldn’t fight back. AND it was an attack from behind.

Bakugou doesn’t say anything, he doesn’t even look at him. He just sets his bag down and goes on to bring himself another punching bag. Lately, he’s been just like that. Quiet, down, always tired. It’s really different from how he used to be. Even if Eijiro knows he shouldn’t… he can’t help but worry. He just can’t help it.

Especially since they’re in Heroic Course, so they lessons are kind of extreme. He can’t help but feel like if this goes on, sooner or later, Bakugou will slip and hurt himself. Or Shouto will hurt him first. That’s also a possibility. They haven’t gone against each other in any fight-related exercise yet, but Eijiro knows that Shouto is just waiting for that opportunity.

He observes as Bakugou trains, his muscles always tense, and a haunted expression on his face. He averts his eyes and goes back to training. It’s not his problem, and besides, no matter how awful Bakugou is, he’s still strong. He’ll be fine, right? He just needs more time. That’s… that’s probably it, right?

Eijiro doesn’t know if the boy will repair his relationship with Midoriya – who is more than willing to do just that, which is worrying, since he didn’t even receive an apology yet – but he knows that within class, most people wouldn’t want to befriend the boy, even if he had a change of heart. It’s to be expected, but it’s still just a little worrying. What will Bakugou do, if he tries to reach out, and no one wanted to talk to him?

That’d be awful, even if Bakugou kind of deserves that. Eijiro frowns, throwing punch after punch. Even if Bakugou doesn’t deserve forgiveness, is it okay to just shun him out? Probably yes. But it still doesn’t exactly sit right with Eijiro. Of course, if Bakugou doesn’t change, he won’t do anything. But if the boy actually puts in some effort, and changes…

Well… it’s only an ‘if’, but if that happens, Eijiro will accept his friendship. It may be foolish, but he wants to give him a second chance. Only if he actually tries though. Eijiro may be manly, but he’s not an idiot. Well… usually he isn’t. He won’t give a second chance to someone who doesn’t deserve it. He shrugs, breaking out of his thoughts and going back to training. It’s only a hypothetical situation anyways.

Chapter End Notes
Hope you enjoyed! ^_^

Take care, have a nice day and see y'all later \o/
“Let’s begin your practical exam” Kan-sensei says once they’re all gathered in front of the teachers. “It is, of course, possible to fail this exam. I’d advise you not to fail it though… Those who do will be met with consequences”

“Will we be fighting against the robots, sir?” Kendo asks.

“No. For this exam-“ Kan-sensei tries to say but gets cut off.

“You’ll be pairing up to fight the teachers!” The Headmaster finishes the sentence, suddenly popping out of Eraserhead’s scarf.

“Fighting… the teachers?” Tsuburaba asks, looking really worried.

“Your pairing and assigned teachers… Have already been decided” The principal goes on, ignoring the question “Your battle moves, your grades, your friendships with one another… All these factors and more were considered, so without further ado…”

“First pair!” Kan sensei says “Midoriya Izuku is with Monoma Neito” They look at each other, visibly paling, fully aware of the consequences of that “Against…”

“Me!~” Midnight grins at them, raising a fist in the air. Yep, they’re doomed.

…

“Ten stages have been prepared, and all teams will begin simultaneously” Kan sensei goes on, after announcing the rest of the pairings. Izuku snaps his attention back to him “The test guidelines will be
explained by your respective opponents. Let’s get going!”

The bus ride is rather short, but tense. Midnight tries to talk to them, but they’re both too busy strategizing. Monoma can’t exactly use Izuku’s quirk, and besides, his quirk is too slow to do anything against Midnight, if it comes to head on fight. So, neither of them can do much in this situation. They’re talking in hushed whispers, but Izuku decides to take extra precaution.

They use a notepad to write their real plan on, while talking about a plausible plan, that they won’t use. Just in case, to take Midnight by surprise. Of course, the chance that she’s listening in is small, but it’s better to be safe than sorry. Izuku smiles a little to himself as their ideas seem to come together into something they can actually use.

Sen looks out of the bus’ window silently, as they continue on their way. Shoda is mumbling to himself, somewhere in the back. Sen redirects his gaze, to look at the teacher they’re up against. All Might… It’s not going to be easy. But he can see why the teachers assigned them like that. It’ll be a battle of strength enhancing quirks, in a way. And since they can’t win this on strength alone… They’ll need a really good plan.

Manga scribbles down ideas that pop into his head, listening to Kuroiro, as the boy suggests his own plans. They’re both up against Snipe. Which is rather… ironic, considering Kuroiro’s quirk. Snipe needs to see them to do anything, and the boy can easily blind him. The only problem is that his quirk would also blind Manga himself, so he’d be on his own.

He knows that it’s probably for the best, but he can’t keep his worries from increasing. Snipe is a pro hero. Surely, he must have a way to fight even when he can’t see anything, right?

Ibara is silently praying. For the exam to end in a favourable way. For her friends to also pass. And for them all to go to the training camp safely. When she’s done, she glances to her side, looking at a nervous-looking Komori. She frowns a bit. Of course, the match-up is not the best one, but it could be worse.

They’re up against Eraserhead, so as long as she manages to use her vines to cover them, Komori should be able to knock him out easily. Still… maybe they should have a back-up plan… She turns to her friend to discuss their ideas.

Tetsutetsu can’t help but buzz with excitement. He and Shishida are up against Cementoss. A pretty straight-forward fight, if anyone asked him. Oh man, this seems like it’s going to be so exciting!
Itsuka gestures animatedly, talking with Tsunotori about their strategy. They decide to do the same thing they’ve done in one of the first exercises at school. She’s going to throw her friend into the air to propel her towards the target. It may be a bit hard to do this against Present Mic, but they’ll somehow manage. They have to.

Juzo sits silently, feeling slightly worried. He can’t exactly talk about any strategies with his partner, because… well… it’s Bondo. Not the most talkative person there is. So he just have to pray that it’ll work out. They have one advantage in this situation – Ectoplasm relies on sheer numbers, and both his and Bondo’s quirks work well against multiple enemies. Who knows, maybe they’ll win this?

Hiryu (Rin) looks at their opponent – Vlad King – with worry. Sure, he’s quite confident in his abilities. And he knows that Kamakiri is also a good fighter. But they’re up against a pro hero. Someone who’s had more training and skill then they both combined. The only saving grace of this situation is that at least he won’t be harmed by accidental ‘friendly fire’ if things go south. Thank god for his defensive quirk…

Yosetsu grins, talking animatedly with Tsuburaba. They’re up against Power Loader, which will be tricky, but should turn out quite okay. From what he knows, the hero can create pitfalls with his quirk. So, what they have to do, is find a way across without touching the ground. The move they’ve been practicing before will surely help in that regard. Now they only have to pull it off.

Setsuna quietly talks about their strategy with Kodai. They’re paired with Hound dog, which is pretty bad, considering he can destroy their all attempts at stealth. Which means it has to be a head-on fight. Yikes. It’s still better than getting All Might or Nedzu though. They’re both terrifying in their own rights. She nods to something Kodai says, silently wondering how the rest of the students are doing.

“And, we’re here!” Midnight says once the bus stops “Ah! The vigour of youth! I can almost feel it in the air as I look at you”

“I think you mean the stench of fear, sensei” Monoma remarks grumpily.

“Nonsense!” She grins “You’re just like that because we’re not fighting yet! You have to move a bit to get that adrenaline pumping through your veins!”

“Uhm… how exactly are we going to fight you?” Izuku asks hesitantly.
“Let me explain then!” She says cheerily. Way too cheerily “You’ll have thirty minutes to either get these handcuffs on me…” She throws a pair of weird-looking handcuffs at them “Or have at least one of you escape from the stage!”

“It’s a bit unfair, isn’t it” Monoma grumbles “I mean, all you really have to do is wait next to the exit and knock us out when we approach”

“Correct!” Midnight says way too cheerfully. And wait, did she just agree with that? “It’s all I have to do. And all you have to do is figure out a way to get past me!”

“…She’ll really be camping to get us, huh…” Monoma mutters, about as taken aback as Izuku.

“Well then, let’s start!” Midnight yells.

“Remember our plan” Monoma whispers.

“Of course” Izuku smiles, taking out the papers from one of his costume’s pockets.

The moment the buzzer rings out, signalling the start of the exercise, Neito and Midoriya part ways. He clutches the paper the other boy has given him close to his chest. The slight shrill of Midoriya’s quirk coursing through his veins. He smiles a bit, fighting back the nerves. He’s put up a facade almost every day, he can also do it now.

He runs straight for the exit, hiding the papers in his pocket. Sure, he can’t really use Midoriya’s quirk. Not in a true sense. He can’t summon any instruments. Heck, he can’t even play anything. But he can still use it on notes. And that’s all they need for their little scheme to work.

When he sees Midnight, he stops dead in his tracks. Making a gesture as if stopping someone from going around the corner. All a part of the plan. All a part of an elaborate lie. He backs away, to hide away from his teacher’s sight. He knows Midnight has seen him, but she apparently doesn’t plan on moving just yet.

He takes out the notes, listening intently for any footsteps. He picks the page with ‘strength buff’ scribbled on it in a messy handwriting. They didn’t exactly have the time to make it more eligible. But it’s good enough. He activates the quirk, observing as the notes flow, and play. He’s heard Midoriya play it before on his piano. And it’s the version that’s playing right in front of him now.
He doubts Midnight knows that Midoriya’s quirk can be used like that. So far, aside from their class training, he’s only ever used the instruments. When the melody runs out, Neito picks up another sheet to activate the quirk on. He doubts Midnight really knows each piece, but he still keeps to buffs, trying not to make the fact that they’re not attacking yet too suspicious.

After the third ‘buff’, he decides that it’s enough. Midoriya should have had enough time to get into position. Neito activates one last sheet, the one that’s supposed to last longer than others, and rounds the corner. Midnight’s gaze is right on him, and he has to stop himself from grinning. Now all is up to how well he’ll be able to enact their little lie.

With a focused expression, he runs straight at the woman, as if hoping to knock her out before she can use her quirk. Of course, Midnight only smirks at him and lets her sleeping gas loose. He stops breathing, focusing on his attack. He starts with a kick, and when Midnight blocks it, he decides to turn and run away from the mist.

Of course, the woman tries to chase him a little. He’s a bit faster though. He manages to get a few breaths of fresh air, before he abruptly turns around and goes in to attack again. They exchange a few blows. Punch, block and attack with a whip, dodge and kick, block. He runs away again, and gasps for air the moment he’s out of the teacher’s range.

He tries not to make it too obvious – the fact that he’s leading her away from the gate. He mostly strays to one side, acting as if he’s doing it all just to get away from her quirk. He can see her increasingly getting more irritated by his way of fighting. He has to stop the grimace, realising that it won’t be long till the song stops.

Where is Midoriya? Midnight probably believes he’s readying some sort of attack but…he should be near the gate by now. Neito risks a glance in that direction, and the moment he spots the green hair, he averts his eyes to look at Midnight again. Midoriya is almost at the gate. Just a few more moments of this madness…

Midnight seems to be suspicious though. She quickly glances over her shoulder, and catches sight of Midoriya. She curses. What sort of teacher curses in front of students?!? Oh well, it doesn’t matter. She dart towards his teammate, and Neito has to stop himself from smirking. He puts on a shocked and terrified face instead. Time for part two of their play.

He readies himself, taking out the item Midoriya left with him. The mouth-guard. He puts it on, sprinting towards the fight. Midnight whips his teammate, and Midoriya dodges, but can’t get out of the gas. Neito tries to muffle the sound of his footsteps. Midoriya still attempts to get to the exit, only to be punch in the stomach, and inhale the mist.
Midnight smirks, turning back towards Neito… And she stops, shocked, as he closes the handcuffs around her wrists. He puts the mouth-guard down, to smirk right back at her. A bad decision. Right as he hears the announcement saying that they’ve passed, he falls to the ground.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed! ^_^

Take care and see y’all \o/
“Hi Shoucchan!” Izuku says, running up to him “Is your class also done with the exams?”

“…Shoucchan?” Kuroiro asks, blinking owlishly.

“Wait… don’t tell me…” Tokage whispers, trailing off.

“Hello Izuku” Shouto answers, ignoring the others “Yes, we’re also done. I’ve managed to pass”

“He also uses Midoriya’s first name!” Kuroiro stage-whispers.

“That’s great!” Izuku chirps “Everyone in our class passed too! We’ll all be going to the camp, isn’t that great?!??”

“Yes, it is” He chuckles lightly, answering.

“Okay guys, you either stop this, or find yourself a room” Kuroiro says, stepping between them “If this goes on any longer, I’ll get diabetes”

“Hey~! Shouto, can I borrow you for a minute?” Tokage asks, slinging an arm around his shoulder. There is a smile on her face, but he can sense murderous intention.

“…Sure?” He says hesitantly, instinctively tensing.
“Great, let’s go!” She says, leading him away form the group, into the training grounds “So… have you two… gotten together?”

“Yes” He answers bluntly.

“Good job! About the damn time!” She cheers, but then her eyes go cold “I have to warn you though. Hurt him in any way and you WILL face the consequences”

“…I have no intention of ever harming him” Shouto reassures, blinking at her in confusion.

“Great! I already knew that, but I’ve just wanted to make that clear” She says “Just in case you’d go back on your word. I mean, if that happens, you can’t blame me for not warning you, right?”

“I guess” He shrugs. The idea of harming Izuku in any way is simply ridiculous.

“Okay, so, spill the beans. How far have you gone…?” Tokage asks, smiling suggestively.

“That’s a really personal question. One I have no intention answering” He says in a completely deadpan voice.

“Oh, come on!” She pouts “I’m just curious! I wanna know!”

“Tokage, no” He rolls his eyes, beginning to walk away.

“I finally have friends with love life, and they won’t even tell me any juicy details!” The girl rants “That’s so unfair!”

“…” He doesn’t say anything, but internally rolls his eyes once more, at the sheer ridiculousness of this girl.

We’re back!” Shoucchan calls out, as he and Tokage return.
“So… since we’ve all passed, want to celebrate somehow?” Honenuki asks.

“I do not think such thing is necessary” Shiozaki says “There is no use in wasting time when we could be training”

“You’re such a kill-joy sometimes, Shicchan!” Tokage pouts “Let’s go out and have some fun!”

“Go out?” Kuroiro questions “You do know that we’d need the teacher’s permission to leave the school grounds, right?”

“Ehh?!!?” The girl yelps in surprise “What kind of stupid rule is that?”

“…For once, I can agree on that” Shoucchan huffs.

“Hey, guys, it’s to protect us. Don’t be so mad about this” Izuku tries to argue.

“So… about the celebration” Honenuki gets them back on track “Should we have sleepover in one of our rooms?”

“Watching some movies would be nice” Izuku says thoughtfully. Though he also thinks that spending some time just with Shoucchan would be nicer.

“I think we should keep training instead” Shoucchan says grumpily “I’ve barely passed… I need to refine my technique”

“Huh?!? You’ve barely passed?!?” Tokage questions, clearly shocked “How in the hell?!?”

“Well… I mean, she does have a point there” Kuroiro chimes in “You’re about the strongest student I know”

“That’s true” Izuku agrees quietly. Why would Shoucchan barely pass?
“I was paired up with Bakugou” Oh, okay, that explains a lot.

“Oh my god, is he alive?!?” Honenuki asks, mouth hanging open.

“I’d also like to voice my concerns. Did you harm him?” Shiozaki asks, but suspiciously enough, she doesn’t seem too worried.

“Is he okay?” Izuku asks quietly.

“I may have, or may have not thrown him across the field at one point” Shoucchan admits, and Izuku’s heart sinks “And also frozen and burnt him… But he’s alright”

“Oh my god, Shouto WHAT HAPPENED?!” Tokage asks, and when Izuku glances at her, she seems like she’s about to burst into laughter.

“S-Shoucchan… why would you do this?” He questions, on the verge of tears “You… you shouldn’t fight with him like that!”

“You don’t have to worry about that” Shoucchan simply says, grabbing his hand and giving it a reassuring squeeze “We just… had a bit of a disagreement. That’s all”

“If it’s ‘a bit of a disagreement’ in your opinion, I really wouldn’t want to be on your bad side” Kuroiro says, slightly backing away from the boy.

“Uhm… Did you at least come to an understanding?” Izuku asks hesitantly.

“…Yes” Shoucchan curtly answers, and it seems just a bit like a lie “Yes, I believe so”

“…Okay” Izuku smiles at him, knowing that he shouldn’t call him out on that.

“…You let that go quite easily” Tokage says in a baffled tone.
“I mean, if they had a disagreement, there had to be a good reason for it, right?” Izuku tilts his head.

“You guys keep getting sidetracked” Honenuki sighs “What are we going to do? Celebrate? Go do our own things?”

“I’m going to go training” Shoucchan says and starts to walk away.

“Oh, wait, I’ll join you!” Izuku quickly says, hurrying after him “I have something I want to test. Oh, see you guys!” He waves at the rest.

“See ya!” Tokage calls out, and the rest just waves back, already going back to discussing what to do.

Katsuki keeps punching the punching bag, hoping to release at least a bit of tension from the exam. It was a lot worse than he’d thought it’d be. In the end they were able to work together to pass it, but they nearly lost. He grits his teeth, throwing a few more punches, and recalling what Todoroki said.

**You are a despicable human being.**

He knows that, damn it!

**So far, you’ve only shown that you’re more of a villain than a hero.**

He knows.

**What is that look for? Are you going to try to attack me too?**

He lands a heavier punch, one that tears the punching bag. He breathes heavily, trying to calm down. He tries to take a few deep breaths, and counts to ten. It works. He hates it when his therapist’s suggestions work, damn it. He throws the damaged punching bag away, and goes on to get a new one. He goes back to punching it, putting every bit of his anger, and other emotions he can’t quite
Kacchan, let me help you!

He freezes, unwanted memory from his childhood flooding his mind. How did… how could it all go so wrong. He punches the bag again, one last time. He leans against it, his vision blurring. He brings a hand up to his face. They become wet. Huh? Are those tears? Since when did he become such a crybaby? To cry at a memory like that…

…He really is weak, huh?

He lets himself slide to the floor, collapsing onto it. If he’s weak enough to cry, then it doesn’t really matter if he embarrasses himself further.

It really makes me wonder why they haven’t expelled you yet.

He continues to cry silently, letting out the emotions he bottled up for so long. Todoroki was right. What kind of hero was he? Why wasn’t he just expelled. He really fitted the role of a villain better. Arrogant, awful, despicable, short-tempered, powerful yet so weak. People really are right. He’d make a great villain.

That’s what they all say anyways.

All of them… all of them but Deku. God… Katsuki really has to wonder what kind of horrible person he is. Even throughout all these years, Deku always considered him a friend. He didn’t care about his quirk, his temper or even the way he treated him. No… Deku always offered him unconditional friendship.

And what did he do in exchange? Blow up the one person he could ever consider his friend. He was such a goddamned idiot. He thought that could stop Deku from becoming a hero? Laughable. He thought being a civilian would keep him safe? What’s there to protect him from when Katsuki himself is the biggest threat.

He really is an idiot. And he’s always been. No wonder all of those people who praised him for his ‘heroic’ quirk always said he’ll probably become a villain anyways. They thought he couldn’t hear
them when they said those things. He was angry at all those extras back then… but really, even now, he can’t blame them for thinking like that.

After all, what’s so different between him and a regular villain? The motive? He wants to laugh at himself. Even though he only ever wanted to keep Deku safe, does it really matter all that much? He was a conceited, selfish brat. All he ever did was hurt others. And he thought that even despite all of that, he could still become a hero.

Truly laughable…

He doesn’t really know why he bothers anymore. Why study to keep his scores up, when it won’t change a single thing he did wrong? Why bother doing his best and training hard, if that strength is only ever going to cause more harm. Just… why bother at all?

But he does, he really does try. Though he doesn’t know why. Is it simply because it helps him keep his mind off of things? Maybe… Probably… Most likely…

**Why are you even here, Bakugou?**

He doesn’t have an answer to that. First he hurt the only person he could even begin to consider his friend, and then… he actually started a fight with someone who was supposed to be his teammate. He let his temper get the best of him. Hadn’t he learnt anything at all?

Sure, he personally dislikes Todoroki. He just can’t stand that fucker. But to actually start a fight with him, when they were supposed to work together… he’s really a despicable person. He just keeps dragging everyone down.

But the worst of it all, is how Deku keeps trying to be friendly. He should detest him, dammit! He should hate him, and avoid him, or even beat him up to get revenge. But he’s not even mad… And that’s the worst. Katsuki would be able to stand it if his former friend was furious, or even disappointed. But he simply isn’t.

That simple forgiveness, that’d better suit an angel than a human, is something Katsuki just can’t stand. Because he doesn’t want forgiveness. He knows that he’s done a lot of terrible things, and he should be hated. He can stand people hating him. But he just can’t stand the guilt, when after everything he’s done, Deku isn’t even a bit mad.
He sobs some more, but the frustration quickly takes a hold of him. In the end, it looks like he just reacts to everything with anger, huh? He stands up, and goes back to punching the bag. Even if his hands hurt like hell, he just has to let it all out. He punches, and kicks, and elbows it. Every time he feels his knuckles protest with a sharp sting of pain, he tells himself that he deserves it.

Eijiro stands in the training room’s door, stunned. He observes as Bakugou takes out his frustration on the punching bag. He’s crying. He’d never thought he’d see Katsuki Bakugou cry. Finally, when the boy is out of energy, he collapses to the ground, and continues sobbing. Eijiro notes how his hands are bleeding.

It doesn’t look too good.

Bakugou picks himself up after a moment, and goes back to punching the bag. If he doesn’t stop soon, his hands will get even worse. Eijiro hesitates for just a moment before deciding to step in. He knows that Bakugou hasn’t exactly put in the effort just yet, but what kind of person would he be if he didn’t stop his classmate from injuring himself?

“Hey, Bakugou…? Stop this, please, you’re only going to hurt yourself if you keep going” He says softly, walking towards his classmate “Bakugou?”

“What do you want, Sh- Kirishima?” Bakugou asks, his voice surprisingly calm despite the tears staining his cheeks and blood running down his hands. Huh, well that’s an improvement from being called ‘Shitty Hair’.

“Please stop punching that bag…” He repeats softly “You’re going to hurt yourself”

“I know” Is all the boy says before continuing to punch the bag.

“Seriosuly, stop” Eijiro says, and when Bakugou doesn’t answer, he steps in between the boy and the punching bag. Of course, he keeps hardening activated.

“…” Bakugou frowns, but doesn’t actually hit him “Why?”

“Why what?” He asks, blinking owlishly.
“Why would you stop me?” Bakugou questions. There is no anger in his eyes… which is weird as all hell. And kind of scary.

“Did you see your hands? You’re bleeding” He says nervously.

“What of it” Bakugou scoffs “It’s not like I don’t deserve that”

“…” Eijiro is stunned for a second “Bakugou… please just don’t do it. I… would you want to talk… about this?”

“About what?” The boy asks, in the same hollow voice as before.

“About whatever it was that upset you like this” He says, really worried now “People don’t normally go around injuring themselves while training. *Knowingly* injuring themselves”

“It’s not your business, Kirishima” The boy runs a hand through the spiky hair, but his tone lacks any bite “But since you offer… fine, we’ll talk. Maybe then I can stop feeling so shitty”

Chapter End Notes

Hope you enjoyed! ^)^

See y’all \o/
“Ah, Shoucchan, wait…” Izuku gets the boy’s attention when they arrive at the training field.
“Before you start training… Could you help me out a bit?”

“Sure, what do I need to do?” Shoucchan questions.

“I’ve been practicing a few melodies with fire-related effects lately… Uhm, could I try to boost your fire?” He asks, looking at the other anxiously but with hope.

“I’m sorry, Izuku… It’s just… I’m not that confident in my fire yet” Shoucchan says with a sigh. He looks slightly resigned. Which is a rare look on his face.

“You’re not? But you’ve been practicing it a whole lot, right?” He tilts his head.

“Yeah… It’s just that my control is still not perfect” He shakes his head “I wouldn’t want to accidentally burn you”

“O-oh… T-that’s alright” He smiles sheepishly “I’ll train a bit on my own then…”

“Alright” Shoucchan says and also gets to work.

They both warm-up at their own pace. It’s nice, being able to just work out for a bit, without a worry in the world. Without any clear end goal. After a few minutes, Izuku continues training his body while Shoucchan tries to get more precise while using his quirk. He can’t help but steal glances at the other boy.

It’s always so breathtaking when he uses his powers. The ice that glistens in the sun, and fire dancing in the air. Both dangerous yet amazing in their own right. If there is one thing that he’d change, it’s the way Shoucchan is so serious when using his quirk. He’d preferred it if the other boy smiled a little more. Happiness is a much better look on him.
“Hey, Shoucchan, want to spar a little?” He asks out of the blue.

“Huh?” The boy tilts his head, stopping whatever he was doing “Sure. With or without quirks?”

“Without! I’m no match for you if you come at me at full strength” He smiles sheepishly, rubbing his elbow in a nervous habit.

“I wouldn’t be so sure about that” Shoucchan deadpans calmly “You are pretty strong. Stronger than you give yourself credit for”

“…But still no match for you” He mutters, barely audible.

“Sorry, could you repeat? I didn’t hear” Shoucchan requests, blinking owlishly.

“Ah! It’s nothing” He says with a small smile “Let’s start already, okay?”

“Bakugou… you really are an idiot, you know that?” Kirishima says, sighing.

“What the fuck, Shitty Hair?!?” Katsuki scoffs “That’s all you have to say?!”

“…” Kirishima shifts to look him in the eye “It’s good that you regret it but… Nothing is ever going to change if all you do is mope around. Put in some effort and at least try to be a decent human being instead of bottling everything up and then blowing up. Nothing is ever going to change if you don’t try”

“And what exactly can I do?” He asks and huffs “Half the class is scared of me, the other half hates my guts. And I can’t exactly try to go back to being friend with De - Midoriya. Not after all that’s happened”

“Well… for starters” Kirishima’s eyes narrow “You can try being nicer. Simple things, like, you know… No name-calling, actually greeting people, saying thanks, sorry, and all that. And actively trying to help others. Maybe actually apologizing to Midoriya? Trying to somehow make it up to
“I… I’ll try the other things but… I can’t face him. Not yet” He says quietly “Besides, if I even try to go anywhere near him, Todoroki is going to freeze me”

“Well, I’m sure if you said that you just wanted to apologize…” The boy trails off.

“Not a chance” He scoffs “He hates me with passion. It’ll be a cold day in hell when I can go anywhere near D – Midoriya without getting either burnt or frozen”

“Fair point” Kirishima falls silent, seemingly thinking about something “Well… the camp is coming up soon. You’re going, right?”

“Yeah, what about it?” He asks cautiously.

“Maybe… I could try to give you some time to talk to him. And apologize” The boy offers, smiling softly “I’m sure he wants to put that behind him too”

“…Yeah, he’s always been a forgiving idiot like that” Katsuki says, somehow bitterly “Hey, Kirishima?”

“Hmm?” The boy makes a questioning noise.

“Thanks” He says.

“No problem” Kirishima smiles at him “Oh! Of course, that doesn’t mean I forgive you. What you’ve done was supper unmanly, and frankly, it was unforgivable”

“…” He doesn’t say anything. He deserves it.

“But…” Kirishima trails off, searching for the right words “I don’t want the things to stay as they are. We all make mistakes. Some are just bigger than others. So, while I can’t forgive you, I’ll give you a second chance”
“Thanks” He says softly, and for the first time in days, he smiles a little.

“No problem. Just try to make it right, would you?” Kirishima grins “Come on, we should get some bandages to treat those”

“Huh? Bandages?” He asks in confusion.

“Dude, your hands are still bleeding” Oh, right. Those. He completely forgot.

“Ah, Tsu-chan! Have you seen Iida anywhere?” Ochako asks.

“No, I didn’t, kero” The girl answers, tilting her head “What do you need from him?”

“I’ve just wanted to know if he’d go with me to ask Aizawa-sensei to let us leave the campus” She states, smiling “I mean, we’re going to the camp soon, and I don’t really have some things. I think others would also have items they need to buy. I’ve just thought going together as a class would be nice”

“It certainly would be, kero” Tsu-chan nods “Why would you need Iida to ask about this though?”

“Well… He’s the class representative!” Ochako says nervously “Aizawa would take him more seriously than if we came instead, right? He just has that kind of air about him!”

“I guess, kero” Tsu-chan nods “Should we also invite the people from 1-B?”

“Oh, that’d be nice” Ochako mutters “I haven’t thought of that”

“Monoma… what are you doing?” Sen asks, looking at his classmate. And at the mess in the kitchen.

“I was trying to bake some cookies” The boy answers “…They’re slightly off though”
“Did you do everything according to the recipe?” He asks, moving to stand next to the boy.

“Yes!” Monoma rolls his eyes “I did everything it said! And it still failed”

“…Sometimes things like that just happen” Sen says, sensing the boy’s frustration.

“I guess so…” Monoma says grumpily “Now I’m left with unedible cookies and a big mess to clean up though”

“…They can’t be that bad” Sen says, looking at the plate of cookies that look perfectly fine.

“Well, why don’t you try one then?” Monoma asks in frustration.

“…” Sen just shrugs and takes one. Okay… they do taste terrible “What did you even do to make them like that?”

“I don’t know!” Monoma throws his hands into the air “That’s the worst part. Maybe baking just isn’t for me…”

“Don’t worry about it…” Sen reassures him “You just need more practice… a lot more practice”

“Hey, I know my skills are terrible. No need to repeat that” The boy huffs grumpily “I should probably clean that mess for now”

“I’ll help you” He says, taking the dirty bowl and bringing it to the sink.

“You don’t have to” Monoma says “Really”

“Maybe” He smirks a bit “But I want to”
“Why?” The boy questions hesitantly.

“Because it’s rare to see you screw up like that” He chuckles, and sees Monoma’s face fall. Oh okay, too much teasing.

“Gee… thanks” Monma rolls his eyes, something bitter in his tone “Could you get out of here now. I’d want to clean this up myself after all”

“I was only teasing you…” He says, putting his hands up in the air. His naturally deadpan expression isn’t doing him any favours now, is it.

“Kaibara… Get out of the kitchen” Monoma says coldly “I really have to clean up this mess”

“Well, I was serious about helping you” He says and moves a few more dirty dishes into the sink.

“Don’t” Monoma states coldly, stepping in front of him to wash the dishes “I don’t need your help. Go away”

“…” He frowns slightly. That was an unusually dramatic response to teasing, even for Monoma “I really only want to help”

“Maybe some other time” Monoma says hollowly “Go bother someone else for now. I really have to clean this up”

He frowns a bit more, but steps out of the kitchen. That was… weird. He hasn’t seen Monoma being that pissy since Mineta Minoru from 1-A bothered Tsunotori. Did something happen? Well… it’s better to just give him some space for now. Maybe it’s still the nerves from the exam. Or he’s just nervous about the camp.

Yui goes through the things in her room, trying to see if she has everything she needs for the camp. She makes a small list of things she’s missing. She needs some bug-repellent, new shoes, and possibly some gloves. She stops, thinking. She may also need some more soap. And probably some concealer. Being in heroic course means a lot of bruises that need to be covered up.
Though it’s still quite depressing – the fact that she managed to go through the whole bottle of concealer when she uses it just to cover up bruises. She sighs. Maybe she’ll be able to ask Kan-sensei if she can go out and buy the things she needs. She should probably ask Itsuka if she wants to go with her too.

Chapter End Notes

Hello~! ^_^

I hope you enjoyed!

See y'all soon \o/
“Sure, go ahead…” Aizawa-sensei tells them “But only if you’re going in a larger group. And make sure not to separate”

“Thank you, sensei!” Iida says, gesticulating wildly “I’ll take utmost care to make sure everyone remains safe while we’re out!”

“Thank you, Aizawa-sensei” Ochako says, bowing.

“Thank you, kero” Tsu-chan bows her head.

“Yeah… yeah… you can go now… wait” Aizawa sensei stops, thinking about something “On the second thought, I’ll ask Ectoplasm to send one of his clones to you, for security’s sake”

“Won’t that make us stand out a little too much…?” Ochako questions.

“Ochako-chan… If villains wanted to do anything, they’d know what we look like anyways. I don’t think that’s an issue, kero” Tsu-chan says.

“That’s… not exactly the issue I had” Ochako says, biting her lip.

“Anyways… Thank you, Aizawa-sensei! We’ll take our leave now!” Iida says and bows once more before walking away. They quickly follow him.
“Should we go to Vlad King now?” Ochako asks “I mean, if call 1-B is also coming”

“I believe it’d be more appropriate to talk to the students first!” Iida objects.

“I think so too, kero” Tsu-chan says.

“Oh, alright!” Ochako smiles at them “Let’s go then”

“Ah, Shiocchan, do you know where Monoma is?” Setsuna asks her friends.

“No… But I suspect he went to the dorms after classes. He’s probably still there” The girl answers.

“Thanks!” She beams happily.

“What do you need him for anyways?” Honenuki asks, slowing down to match his speed to theirs.

“What the-?!? Why’d you try to leave me?” Kuroiro pouts, also slowing down.

“Not to be rude, but this matter is far more entertaining than our conversation” The boy deadpans.

“Wow, okay… that was pretty rude…” Kuroiro murmurs “So, what did you need from him?”

“Well… I just wanted to acquire his cooperation for… something” Setsuna grins.

“Tokage-chan, I’m sorry, but with you saying this like that… I’m starting to get worried” Shiocchan says, furrowing her brow.

“Don’t worry about it-! It doesn’t really involve anyone from our group so…” She trails off, shrugging.
“You know, if you don’t tell us, I’ll feel obliged to tell the Class Prez” Honenuki says “I mean, it’s better if she stops you two before you do anything stupid”

“Huh? As if I’d do anything stupid” She huffs in annoyance “Do you really trust me this little?!”

“If I have to be honest?” Honenuki raises an eyebrow “If you’re plotting anything with Monoma, this close to the camp… I’d rather know what it is, because when you two are involved, I wouldn’t trust you with a spoon”

“Rude!” She says, smacking him on the head “Incredibly rude! But… but… You two believe in me, right?!? Shiocchan, Kuro-chan?”

“Why are you calling me Kuro-chan now? It’s creepy” Kuroiro sends her a withering glare “Please stop. And no, I don’t trust you when it comes to some ‘secret plans’. I just keep getting the feeling that it’ll backfire”

“Huh?!? The betrayal!” She huffs “But you’re on my side, right Shiocchan? It’s okay to keep some secrets, right?”

“Tokage-chan… I do not know what you’re planning on doing, that’d require Monoma’s assistance… But I have to admit I’m a bit worried about that” Shiocchan says “I mean… It obviously has to have something to do with the camp… and the other class will be there. Monoma doesn’t really get along with them, does he?”

“Well… he gets along with Shouto. You have to admit at least that” Kuroiro points out.

“That’s all beside the point!” Setsuna huffs “While it does have to do with the camp… I can guarantee that it has nothing to do with any of you or any of our friends… and also it’ll not backfire!”

“Wow… you sound so sure of that” Kuroiro deadpans, obviously unconvinced.

“Also, that was some interesting wording” Honenuki chimes in “Any of our friends… huh. So, is that person not a friend? Are you… planning to get some sort of revenge on Bakugou?”
“What?!” She looks at him, shocked “NO! How did you even come to that conclusion… Ah, never mind that! It has nothing to do with it. Just stop asking, please”

“Okay, if you say so…” Honenuki says “Though I’m still curious”

“We all are. Trust me” Kuroiro agrees.

“Please… I think it’s for the best to leave it be for now” Shiocchan says with a sigh “Let’s honour Tokage-chan’s request”

“Shiocchan! I knew you’re on my side!” Setsuna says, and hugs the girl, quickly letting go when she senses her discomfort.

“Ekhm” The girl clears her throat “Regardless… I should go now. I still have to take care of the flowers”

“Oh! Can I go with you?” Kuroiro asks “I mean, it’s not like I have anything better to do, so…”

“Of course” Shiocchan smiles at him “Would you two also like to tag along?”

“Not really” Honenuki shrugs “I think I’ll just go to my room and start packing for the camp”

“We still have a few days though…?” Kuroiro tilts his head.

“…” Honenuki shrugs “I think it’s better to start preparing early then do everything at the last minute”

“That’s true…” Setsuna sighs “I think I’ll also go to the dorms. I’ve wanted to finish a book I’m reading. I couldn’t do this earlier because of the exams…”

“See you guys around then!” Kuroiro says.
“Let us all meet soon” Shiocchan bows her head, and they split ways.

“But seriously Tokage…” Honenuki gets her attention once they’re alone “Don’t do anything stupid, okay?”

“Me? I’d never…” She innocently smiles ”But, like, seriously, it’ll be fine”

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“Oh, that actually sounds amazing!” Itsuka says, after listening to Iida, Uraraka and Asu – Tsu-chan “Going to the mall in a larger group will certainly be safer… And it sounds like fun. I’ll tell everyone about this”

“Thank you, Kendo!” Iida says, adjusting his glasses “Let’s both make sure it goes well”

“Don’t just casually jinx this…” Uraraka sighs.

“We should go inform Kan-sensei” Yui says, not even bothering to stand up from the common room’s couch.

“Oh, yeah, that’s a good idea” Itsuka agrees, smiling.

“Hey guys~! Has anyone seen Monoma?” Tokage asks, walking into the common room. Honenuki who’s entered together with her just greets them and heads towards the rooms “Oooh~! Hi 1-A’s Prez! Whacha doin’ here?”

“We were just discussing the outing to the mall!” Iida helpfully informs the girl.

“Oh! When are we going?!” Tokage asks, eyes sparkling.

“Tokage, please. I’ll make an announcement when everybody is there” Itsuka says with a sigh “And what do you need Monoma for?”

“Hmmm~. That’s a secret” Tokage says with a smirk “I just need to talk to him about something!”
“I think he’s in his room” Yui says.

“Thanks~!” Tokage says and walks off.

“Regardless…” Iida gets their attention, after this weird interruption “We should get Vlad King’s permission now”

“Oh, would you go with me?” Itsuka asks.

“Of course! As a person responsible for this short trip, I feel obliged to accompany you!” The boy says seriously.

“You’re really not obliged to do this though…” Uraraka mutters.

“Hey, Kirishima, are you with us?” Kamnari asks, poking Eijiro on the cheek.

“Eeh?! Oh, I’m sorry, what were you saying?” He smiles sheepishly.

“Geez, you were like, totally spaced out” Mina says “What are you even thinking about?”

“Just… camp, and stuff” He says, still grinning. It’s the truth, he wouldn’t do something unmanly like lying. His answers is just… vague.

“What are you so worried about? I mean, we’re all going” Kaminari says “Even though we failed…”

“Yeah… Isn’t it kind of ironic that everyone in our group failed?” Sero asks, sighing “That’s so frustrating”

“Well, at least we got through the written portion” Eijiro tries to cheer him up.
“The fact that we did, and still managed to fail the practical is even more depressing” Kaminari says.

“Jeez, why are you all so gloomy?!” Mina asks in annoyance “We’re going to the camp! The Camp! Just think about it… camping, woods, telling ghost stories, tests of courage! Isn’t that exciting”

“It’s a training camp, Ashido” Eijiro reminds her.

“Yeah… And Aizawa-sensei said he’s going to tutor us there. I doubt we’ll be allowed to participate in any fun things” Kaminari whines “Why does it have to be like that…”

“I’m with you on this, bro” Sero says, shaking his head “Even though I technically passed… They still failed me”

“Well, that just means we have to give it our all to get better, right?” Eijiro says, trying to lift the spirits.

“Yeah!” Mina goes along with it “And if we do well in training… maybe they’ll even let us be in the test of courage!”

“Why are you so fired up and that type of thing anyways?” Kaminari asks “I’ve always thought you’re terrible with scary things”

“Me? Terrible with scary things? Slander!” Mina huffs “I’ll be just fine! Besides, it’s hard to get scared when you guys all have such hilarious reactions!”

“You have no right to say that!” Kaminari screams “Not after shrieking at that horror movie!”

“Hey! Just because I was screaming, doesn’t mean I can’t find your screams hilarious!” Mina argues “Especially yours, Kaminari!”

“Why me…?” He asks, burying his head in his hands “Sero was screaming just like me!”
“Leave me out of this” Sero says “I’m terrible with scary stuff, and I’m not ashamed of that”

“Bro… that’s so manly!” Eijiro says with a grin “To openly admit it… it’s just too manly!”

“Wow, now that sounds creepy” Sero says with a laugh “If I didn’t know you, I’d be weirded out”

“That… that was not so manly…” He frowns “Not cool… bro”

“I’m just kidding! Just kidding…” Sero brings his hands up in defeat.

“Well, anyways-“ Mina tries to say something, probably changing the topic, when all of their phones ping with notifications “Oh, the group chat?”

“…” They all sit in silence, checking their phones.

“Ooooh! We’re going to the mall?!” Mina says with excitement, despite knowing that they’ve all seen the message.

“Well, that’s good. I need to buy a few things” Kmainari says.

“Yeah, me too” Sero admits.

“Ye – wait. We’re going together with 1-B, right?” Eijiro questions, gears slowly turning in his head. If everyone in their class is going “Monoma will be there, right? I mean… I’m a bit worried, after what’s happened between him and Mineta earlier…”

“Well… It’s not like that offending grape didn’t deserve that” Mina deadpans.

“That’s a bit harsh, Mina!” Kaminari says.

“No, I’m with her on that” Sero says.
“Let’s just pray it’ll be alright…” Eijiro says.

In the end, there are only a few people who don’t come. Bondo, Koda, and Sato all claim to have everything they need. Or so he’s heard. Overheard. Whatever. Katsuki just does his best to stay out of the way for now. People still eye him warily, though Kirishima flashed him an encouraging smile. He tries to keep as far away from Midoriya and Half n’ Half as possible while still staying near the group.

By the way, Midoriya’s friends are also doing an amazing job at keeping their friend from coming anywhere close to Katsuki. The one time Midoriya’s and his eyes met, the boy just smiled at him sadly, and waved. Katsuki hesitantly waved back, trying his best to ignore Todoroki’s glare.

Other than occasional warning glares sent his way, it’s actually a quite peaceful outing. He also manages to buy everything he needs. Now he’s just following after his classmates and the guys from 1-B, waiting till it ends. Despite being close to the group, he’s not really among them. And that’s his mistake apparently. Because some stranger suddenly puts his arm around Katsuki’s shoulder.

“Hey, aren’t you that kid from the Sport’s Festival?” The figure asks, and he freezes, recognizing the voice.

“…Shigaraki!” He grits out. Ectoplasm’s clone immediately turns around, ready to attack. Almost all of the students stop talking, sensing that something is wrong.

“Oh, am I discovered already?” The man asks, putting a hand on Katsuki’s throat “Well, that’s a shame”

“Don’t you even dare, villain!” Ectoplasm says, but doesn’t move, knowing that Shigaraki would hurt Katsuki “Release him immediately”

“Calm down, jeez” Shigaraki huffs “And here I’d thought I could just talk to him normally… Oh well”

“…” The hero doesn’t say anything, ready to attack.
“It doesn’t matter” Shigaraki cackles “Hey, what will you do now, hero? Will you try to fight me, and watch this boy die?”

“…” Ectoplasm doesn’t do anything, just observes “Release him immediately… What are your terms?”

“Ah, my terms” Shigaraki seems thoughtfull “Right, I should’ve thought about those before taking him hostage. Oh well, I guess it doesn’t matter. If I can’t even ask the questions I want to, without you breathing down my neck, then what’s the point?”

“What?” Ectoplasm asks, confused.

“Don’t even try to move, hero” The villain commands venomously “Kurogiri, warp me out of here. I’ll just have to ask the next time”

“…!” Katsuki has to stop himself from gasping as a warp gate appears behind them.

“Until the next round” Shigaraki says, and lets go of him, stepping back into the black portal.

Katsuki turns around, firing off some explosions. It’s too late though, Shigaraki is gone.

Chapter End Notes

Hi! ^_^

I hope you liked it~!

See y’all soon \o/
Naomasa sighs, furrowing his brow. He feels like there is something he’s missing there… Of course, thanks to his quirk, he knows that everyone who’s given their testimony had been truthful. Which means, that aside from the fact that Katsuki Bakugou was the most separated from others, no one really knows why he was targeted.

Of course, it could be simply that – the fact that he was a away from the group. But Naomasa feels like that’s not the case. And he doesn’t like that feeling. Was the boy the target because of what’d happened at the Sports Festival? Or maybe before that, at the USJ? Was Shigaraki going to try to recruit him or something?

And what exactly were those ‘questions’ he’d wanted to ask? Was he trying to gain information? Get some of U.A.’s plans from the students? Or was this something else entirely? If so, then what? A cup of coffee slams onto the desk in front of him. He blinks owlishly, and looks up. Sansa gives him a nod before walking off. He offers a quiet ‘thanks’ to his friend, before going back to work.

Things are… a bit tense at the moment. Shouto sits on the couch in 1-B’s dorms, observing the people in the common room. Most of them are talking quietly with each other, obviously stressed out. The fact that a villain just randomly appeared at the mall, the place that should’ve been more or less safe, left everyone wondering if there really is a safe place.

From what he could tell, his own class was able to get over it. Mostly thanks to Kirishima, Ashido and Kaminari. And of course, Iida and Uraraka. Those two groups have managed to lift everyone’s spirits up, and got them excited for the trip again. Compared to that, 1-B seems… off. There is this gloomy atmosphere in the air.

Everyone is worried, and cautious, but no one voices their thoughts. He sighs, and redirects his gaze at Izuku, who is dozing off on his shoulder. They were watching a movie here, together with the rest of their group, when the boy just fell asleep.
And it’s not like Shouto can blame him either. Those black circles he’s had under his eyes… they never disappeared, not even before, but after the mall, they’re even more prominent. Even though it’s only been two days… Well, at least he’s fallen asleep now, so maybe he’ll get some energy back.

Shouto stills when he feels Izuku tense beside him. The boy’s breaths quickly become ragged, and there is now a thin layer of sweat on his forehead. Begrudgingly, Shouto shakes his shoulder to wake him up. The boy gasps, and sits up, startled. He looks around in confusion, blinking owlishly. He looks at Shouto, muttering a quiet ‘sorry’.

Shouto just shakes his head, and gets up, taking the other boy’s wrist, and dragging him to his room. Despite the gloomy mood in the dorms, Tokage still manages to send him a suggestive smirk when they pass her. He feels like face-palming, but taking Izuku to his room, where he can actually get some decent sleep, takes priority.

“Lie down” Shoucchan says, in a complete deadpan.

“Why…?” Izuku asks, rubbing the sleep out of his eyes.

“You need to get some more sleep” The boy says in an exasperated manner.

“Huh…? But… it’s not that late yet?” Izuku questions, still a little dazed from sleep.

“Well, you look half-dead. Go to sleep” Shoucchan says. This time, instead of waiting for his reply, Shoucchan simply shoves him onto the bed.

“Don’t wanna!” Izuku pouts, sitting up “I’ll just get nightmares again”

“I’ll stay the night” Shoucchan says in a serious tone.

“I-huh?” Izuku blinks at him “Shoucchan… it’s not even the weekend yet. We have classes tomorrow”

“Then I’ll just have to wake up earlier to get ready” The boy says, sitting on the bed, right next to Izuku.
“You don’t have to do this” He huffs “I can take care of myself”

“Izuku… I actually care about whether or not you get some sleep” Shoucchan says, completely deadpan “Now, since you’re more awake than earlier, go change into your pajamas or something. I’ll go grab a few things from my room”

“You really don’t have to do this” Izuku huffs.

“…” Shoucchan just gives him an unimpressed look and gets up to go out of the room “I’ll be back in a moment”

“Really… You worry too much” Izuku mumbles as his boyfriend leaves the room.

With a sigh, he gets up to get ready. It’s true that… it’s been getting pretty hard to sleep lately. But it’s nothing he hasn’t dealt with before. Besides, Shoucchan’s presence, although appreciated, doesn’t really help his nightmares. And he’ll also wake Shoucchan up because of this. The only thing that sleepover will accomplish, is leaving them both exhausted from the lack of sleep.

Neito silently prepares some coffee – just the way Kaibara has taught him to. He has to admit, it does taste great when it’s done like that. Making delicious coffee may not be a skill a hero needs, but it’s a damn useful one. If only he could bake too… Oh well, he’ll just have to work on it later. For now, they’ll be going to the camp, so he has to focus on that.

Still… will it really be safe? Both 1-B and 1-A seem to be cursed when it comes to encountering villains. He really doubts it’ll change so easily. Which means that the probability of some villain randomly showing up at the camp is really high. Well… logically speaking, it’s low. But he knows their luck. Logic doesn’t exactly apply there.

He catches a sight of Shouto, as the boy walks towards the rooms, a bag slung across his shoulder. He raises an eyebrow. He didn’t exactly hear of any group sleepovers. Could it be that he’s staying with Midoriya tonight? Well, not like it’s his business anyways. Plus, it’s still early evening. He may still leave.

He takes his cup, and goes to sit down on the couch. It really feels… empty here. It’s weird, after getting used to so many people being here at all times. And when he says at all times, he means it. Even when he once woke up in the middle of the night, and went downstairs to get a glass of water,
there were people here.

Well… they were also here for drinks or late-night snacks, but still. He hasn’t seen the common room being so empty before. He knows that it’s mostly because others are packing for the camp – he’s already done it earlier – but he can’t shake off this weird feeling. He frowns. What exactly is this? Loneliness?

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Maybe. Or maybe it’s just the general gloomy atmosphere getting to him. Since the mall incident, people have been more jumpy, and more nervous. Despite the fact that no one got hurt, that villain still said he’d get his answers ‘the next time’. It set everyone on edge. Because it suggested they’d meet him again, and probably sooner than later.

Neito isn’t a fool, he knows that the villain genuinely meant what he said. But he also feels like others are overreacting. It’s not like any villain is just going to randomly appear at U.A. The mall is another thing altogether – there are almost no heroes there, and security is lacking. But U.A.? Aside from that one time, at USJ, he’d say the security is doing their job.

His head snaps up when someone enters. Shishida courteously bows his head in a greeting and Neito does the same. He quickly finishes his coffee, and, after washing the cup, returns to his room. There is no way he’ll stay in the common room when it feels so empty there. He takes out his phone, and finds some random video to watch.

The first semester quickly ends, and with the start of the summer break, comes their training camp. Setsuna ignores Monoma’s usual monologue about 1-A (Though it is pretty creepy), and watches as Kendo swiftly whacks him on the neck. Ouch, painful. Some people greet each other. She herself waves to Shouto, Kirishima, and Kirishima’s friends.

Shouto acknowledges her with a nod, and the rest wave back at her enthusiastically. She grins at them, but her expression falters when that weird grape kid starts being creepy again. She glares at him, and together with her, so do any other female in the vicinity. And some of the boys. Calmly, she walks up to him, and leans to be more or less on his eye-level.

“Hey there, little menace” She says, with a grin that can be only described as scary “I have to warn you. Try to do anything perverted on this trip, and there will be hell to pay”

“…” He doesn’t reply, and she’s disappointed to see that he wasn’t listening at all – he just gawked at her instead.
“Egh…” With disgusted sound, she walks off, instructing Kirishima to tell him about what she’s said when he’ll actually pay attention to it.

They enter the bus, in a more or less orderly fashion. Mostly thanks to Midoriya, since Kendo had to drag Monoma in. She looks around the bus, as people sit down. Kuroiro and Honenuki are next to each other, already talking about something. Fukidashi is also with someone else. Kendo drops Monoma off, next to Kaibara, and goes to sit with Kodai.

She looks around. Trying to spot Shiocchan. When she sees her, she’s disappointed to discover that the girl is already sitting with Komori. She pouts to herself. Who should she… oh right, Shouto is with 1-A, so Midoriya should be free. Grinning happily, she turns around, just in time to see the aforementioned get into the bus.

She takes some empty seat, and gestures for him to come sit with her. He does so with a happy smile. He looks… a bit tired, but much better than he was before. Good thing Shouto made sure he got some sleep… She keeps grinning, as they start arguing about heroes and quirks. The topics vary – from theorising about Pro Hero Wash’s quirk – seriously though, what is his quirk? – to talking about how the aforementioned would have totally overpowered Endeavor.

All in all, the ride passes peacefully. When they stop for a ‘break’, she realiseis that something is… off. Not only is class 1-A not with them anymore, there really isn’t anything here. Just a viewing point. Or however those things are called. She frowns, instinctively moving to stand closer to Midoriya. She turns her head slightly, and notices two figures coming out from behind the bus. She automatically drops into a fighting stance.

“Heya–!” One of the figures chirps “Nice to see you’ve made it this far~”

“We’ve come from… somewhere…” The other voice booms.

“We’ve come to lend a paw and help!!” The first voice says.

“Wild, Wild… Pussycats!” Both of them finish in perfect sync.

Setsuna’s jaw drops, as she hears Midoriya rattle off information about the group of heroes. This… this is going to be pretty interesting, huh?
Hi~! ^_^  

I hope you enjoyed :3

Next time: Wild, wild Pussycats have their own test for class 1-B
Izuku stands there, slightly… slightly what? Sad? Is that what he feels? Maybe a bit guilty? No… that’s probably not it either. He just knows he feels bad, standing there, so close to the Pussycats. Do they even recognize him? He knows they probably don’t blame him for what’d happened with Water Hose but…

It just feels wrong, to be so close to them, basically the family of Water Hose, and pretend like nothing has happened. Yet, he knows that now, with all of his classmates here, he can’t talk to them. He knows he’ll have to do it later though. He has to ask about how their child is doing. He distantly wonders if the boy still blames him.

Does he hate him? For being one of the reasons his parents died? Would he even want to talk to him? Probably not… He sighs, returning his focus to Ragdoll and Tiger.

“Ah! You’re probably all wondering where you’ll be staying, right?” Ragdoll asks, balancing on one foot “Your lodging is there!” She cheerily points to something. It’s a wooden house. And it’s far away “At the base of that mountain!” Oh, okay, so that is it, huh?

“It’s so far away…” Honenuki murmurs “And we stopped halfway… could it be…?”

“Ding, ding, ding!” Ragdoll flails her arms around wildly, looking directly at the boy “You’re onto something, kitten! Because right now, your task is to get there! Oooh, isn’t that exciting?!”

“Of course, it won’t be as easy as simply walking there” Tiger says “Because today-“

“We’ll be your opponents~!” Ragdoll cuts him off, practically screaming, and visibly shaking with excitement.

“Ehhh?!?” Setsuna can’t help but yelp at the announcement. Oh god, fighting against the pro heroes? AGAIN?!? Nope, nope, just nope. Not again. The last time was enough.
“Ekhm” Tiger clears his throat, attempting to get their attention “You’ll be going through the forest. Our job will be stopping you from reaching the lodging”

“Of course~ We’ll be giving you a five minute handicap!” Ragdoll says, bouncing around “You may go now!”

“Wait, how are we going to get down there?” Kendo asks worriedly, eyeing the cliff behind the barrier “It’s… a long fall from here”

“You’ll have to figure it out for yourselves” Tiger simply says “Now, move on. If you don’t I’ll be forced to toss you down there”

Oh gosh, this is awful. She looks around, and exchanges glances with a few people. Finally, Awase steps forward, and jumps down. A few people look terrified and rush to the cliff. Setsuna also moves there, though she’s more curious than worried. She knows her classmate wouldn’t do anything stupid if he didn’t have some kind of plan.

“Hey, come on guys, we have to go!” The boy says loudly, steadily climbing down.

Setsuna frowns. How is he… oh, right. His quirk lets him fuse objects. She didn’t know he could do that to his own skin, or that he could undo it. Seems handy. To her right, Shiocchan begins climbing down, using her vines. Komori follows right behind her. Tsuburaba just jumps, catches himself on his air-barrier, and jumps down again.

A few people look hesitant, but more and more students go down. Ragdoll is cheering behind them, as energetic as ever. Ah, fuck it. Setsuna backs away for a moment, to get some space. Than, she runs forward, gaining speed, and jumps over the railing. It’ll be a little painful, but she should be more or less alright. Thank god for her regeneration quirk.

Shouto looks down at his clothes, and grimaces. Thanks to one of the Pussycats sending them off with dirt, he’s all covered with mud and soil now. Well, it could be worse. He can’t really worry about it now, not when they have to get to the lodging. He suspects that the time limit is another logical ruse, but he’d rather not risk it being real.

He runs forward, and stops when an earth beast appears out of nowhere. Irritated, he impales it with ice. That should stop it for now… More earth beasts appear. Well… isn’t that just perfect. His classmates all throw themselves into the fight. He grits his teeth. Although he appreciates the
assistance, it also means he can’t use his ice as freely.

“Hey, Midoriya! You know the Pussycats, right?” Neito asks.

“Y-yeah” Midoriya admits a bit shakily.

“They’ve said they’ll try to stop us from reaching the lodging…” He trails off for a second before continuing “Is there anything we should be prepared for?"

“Well…” Midoriya stutters, but quickly turn to something Neito calls the ‘strategist mode’ 
“Ragdolls quirk lets her see physical weaknesses, and she often provides support… and Tiger is… strong. He can stretch and flatten his body. If they work together, he’ll be able to go for our weaknesses”

“Noted” Neito says. Thankfully, everyone seems to have been listening, so he doesn’t have to pass the message “Let’s go then! We have to use those five minutes to the fullest”

Yoetsu keeps running alongside his friends, trying to get to the lodging as soon as possible. It’s weird but… he feels like more than five minutes have passed. Are the pros still trying to catch up to them? Or are they planning an ambush? Both things are just as possible, and he silently prays for it to be the former.

“Eeeek!” He hears a girly yelp, and turns to see Tsunotori, lying on the ground.

He notes that Tiger is standing over her. Some of his classmates drop into fighting stances. Midoriya summons his… weird instrument – seriously though, what was its name again? – and starts playing. He grits his teeth. There isn’t anything he can do for now. If there was something he could use to trap Tiger with his quirk…

Shiozaki tries to trap the man with her vines, but before she can finish, Tiger manages to hit her with his flattened arm. That… that man is actually pretty terrifying. Suddenly, everything goes black. Oh, is that… Kuroiro’s quirk? There are a few surprised exclamations around him, and Midoriya is still playing, but otherwise it’s pretty silent.

Izuku keeps playing, boosting Kuroiro’s quirk. The fact that thanks to that he can also know when everyone in the affected area is, also helps. Speaking of Kuroiro, the boy tries to quietly sneak up
near Tiger, to get Tsunotori out of there. The girl is just sitting up, confused. The boy quickly leads her away, making sure she doesn’t try to talk.

“…Roger that” Tiger suddenly says. Oh, he’s gotten directions from Ragdoll, huh?

“Rin! Watch out!” Izuku yells, seeing where the man aims.

The boy seems a bit confused, but dodges to the side, narrowly missing the attack. Izuku is relieved, feeling that some people are trying to get out of the effected area, heading towards their goal. Now, if only they can keep Tiger occupied here and let the rest of the class escape…

Well, it’d certainly give an advantage to him and Kuroiro. Tiger may be getting directions from Ragdoll, but it’s simply not the same as knowing where everyone is. It’s also not the same as seeing them move. It’s slower. And not as precise. Still playing, he walks up to the nearest person, and tells them to leave.

“Aforementioned jump sideways, blindly, and surprisingly, he’s not hit. That’s good. Izuku watches as Kuroiro gives Tsunotori to someone else, and then goes back to help a slightly limping Shiozaki. Izuku continues going around and telling those who decided to stay to just go ahead. He also alerts anyone Tiger tries to attack.

Soon enough, there is only him, Kuroiro, and Tiger in the blackness. And he realises, that in this situation, he’s the easier target. Oh well, he just hopes Kuroiro will help him if it comes down to it. The hero does indeed, try to attack him. He jumps out of range, and tries to keep moving to avoid all of the attacks. Suddenly, a scream rings out on the path ahead.

“Oh~? I’m not just the support, kittens!” Ragdoll says.

Izuku bites his lip. They may be able to do something about Tiger here, but if his classmates have to deal with Ragdoll… It may not end well for them. After all, the woman can see all of their weaknesses. And even if she is mostly supporting the rest of her team during missions, as a hero she can still fight.

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Yui dodges another attack from Ragdoll. She grimaces slightly, the new bruise on her side making it
painful to move. Itsuka is still trying to pick herself up from the ground. She risks a glance at where Tiger was. And probably still is. Kuroiro’s darkness is still enveloping that area. Her attention snaps back towards the battle as Honenuki gets thrown, flying right past her.

“Oh, come on, kittens~! Try a little harder” Ragdoll says cheerfully, not even tired from their attacks.

Yui bites her lip, nervous. She uses her quirk, quickly enlarging herself. However, when she tries to reach down to grab the woman, Ragdoll simply leaps back, hiding amongst the trees. Yui frowns. She can’t see where the woman is. This is bad. She can’t really do anything unless her opponent attacks first, and she can’t go through the trees like that.

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Setsuna gawks at Kodai’s enlarged form. Well… that’s something, alright. As Ragdoll runs off to god knows where, some people try to chase her. Monoma and Kendo quickly stop them though. It might be a trap. Kodai makes herself small again, and joins her group. They all look at each other, and warily, they continue moving forward.

It’s not like they want to leave Kuroiro behind but… ther is not much they can do about it now. He’ll catch up… Wait. As she listens to the music, she realises that Midoriya must have also stayed behind. Great… now they won’t have anyone to boost them. She freezes for a second, when something snaps into place in her mind.

Midoriya nad Kuroiro are behind… Ragdoll has quirk that allows her to keep tabs on people… Oh god, she’s coming for them, isn’t she. And sure enough, there are a few weird noises from the black fog, and it dissipates, revealing collapsed boys. Well fuck.

The two pro heroes turn to them, running after the group. Kamakiri and Kaibara share a glance, and step up, acting as a wall between the opponents and the rest. Some people, like Monoma, just run ahead, focusing on getting to the lodging. It’s a logical thing to do… But Setsuna doesn’t plan on doing this.

Instead, she waits for the right moment, before sprinting along the trees to get the unconscious boys. Once she drags them off, Shiocchan helps her by taking Midoryia and carrying him, while Setsuna drags Kuroiro. As they back away, Kaibara and Kamakiri, still fighting, also allow themselves to start backing off.

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It’s been hourse since they’ve entered that cursed forest, and finally, they see the lodge ahead of them. Sen smiles faintly, too tired to have any other reaction. It’s night already. They’ve been in there for far too long. He glances at his classmates. At some point, Midoriya regained consciousness, but Kuroiro is still out.
Everyone else is pretty tired, and most people are bruised. After Ragdoll joined the fight, and they tried retreating, things got pretty intense. He, and Kamakiri tried to keep the opponents away, but Ragdoll and Tiger quickly managed to toss them aside. After that, it was an all-out battle, and they managed to make heroes retreat.

Though they did got ambushed several times on their way here. He grimaces when pain flares in his side. It’s definitely going to bruise. He looks around, and sees that Tsuburaba is limping awkwardly. He comes up ot the boy, and quietly offers his help. The boy’s eyes widen, before he mumbles a quiet ‘thanks’, and lets Sen help him.

Slowly, they manage to get to the wooden cabin. Kan-sensei is waiting for them there. He tells them to go eat, take a bath and then go to sleep. Nobody argues, though some of them grunt when they have to get up from the ground where they sat as soon as they arrived. He is honestly too tired to care about eating. But he will still eat something. It’s unhealthy to skip meals. Huffing, he follows after everybody else. If that camp continues to be so intense, it’s going to be tough.

Chapter End Notes

Hi~! ^_^

I hope you enjoyed~!

Take care and see y’all soon ;3
“Wow, you sure have some scars, Midoriya” Tsuburaba says, looking at him as he enters the bath.

“Y-yeah” He smiles sheepishly while saying that.

“…” Kamakiri quickly glance at the scar on his shoulder, guilt briefly flashing through his eyes.

“Also, I didn’t think you’d be so ripped Kaibara” Tsuburaba changes the subject, looking at the other boy.

“I appreciate the compliment, but please, stop… whatever it is you’re doing. It’s creepy” The boy says when the staring continues for longer than necessary.

“Haha… sorry” Tsuburaba smiles sheepishly.

“Don’t mind him, he’s always creepy” Awase says teasingly.

“What?!? Rude…” The aforementioned huffs “And here I’d thought we were friends… such betrayal”

“Aww… Don’t be like that” Awase flashes him a shit-eating grin “I can be a lot worse”

“I’ve been meaning to ask but…” Shishida trails off, before hesitantly continuing “Awase… why do
“Huh? Oh, right, I guess I am wearing it” The boy says, touching the headband “I’m just so used to it, I haven’t even noticed… Wait, Shishida, why are you wearing your glasses?”

“Practical reasons… I don’t like my vision being blurry” The boy grumbles.

“…Don’t they get all foggy though?” Honenuki questions quietly.

“I don’t know, but it feels rude to ask” Kuroiro answers in a stage whisper.

“Okay… That was a wild conversation, but let’s just give it our all!” Tetsutetsu says, pumping his fist into the air.

“Give what our all?” Rin looks at him, confused.

“Well, the camp, obviously!” The boy grins “I mean, we’ll be probably going against 1-A at some point, ain’t that right? Let’s show them how strong we are!”

“Yeah!” Tsuburaba and Awase both cheer.

“Uhm… I don’t really want to interrupt your moment but… Has anyone seen Monoma?” Kaibara asks.

“…” Everyone looks around, and dread settles in Izuku’s chest, once he realises that the boy isn’t there.

“Woah! You really look pretty with your hair down, Prez” Setsuna smiles at Kendo.

“Oh! Thanks! I’d wear it like that more often… but you know, it tends to get in the way” The girl holds a few loose strands in her hands “Especially in battle. I don’t know how some of you manage to keep it down all the time”
“It is a bother” Tsunitori pouts “Gets in the eyes” Setsuna thinks the girl meant ‘falls in the eyes’. Probably?

“Yeah! I totally understand what you mean!” Setsuna says, louder than necessary “It also gets pretty messy after all that running around… But, you know, I’ve never liked tying it up into ponytails and whatnot”

“That reminds me, Shiozaki-san, are you okay with the heat in here?” Kodai speaks up “Isn’t it bad for your vines”

“I humbly thank you for your concern” The girl bows her head “However, my vines are fine. They’re more resilient than most”

“Ehh? That’s so cool, Shiocchan!” Setsuna says with a smile “Also… Kodai, your hair is so pretty! Do you use some special conditioner on it?”

“Not really” The girl shrugs “Just shampoo”

“Just shampoo???” Setsuna stands up, arms flailing “That’s so unfair! I have to use conditioner just to make my hair barely manageable, and you say you only use shampoo???”

“Tokage, please, calm yourself down” Shiocchan says with a sigh.

“…So unfair” She complains, plopping back down.

“For once, I agree” Kendo says, looking somewhat bitter.

“Y-yeah” Komori shakily speaks up.

“…It’s really not a big deal” Kodai sighs, shooting them a weird look “Really”

“It is a big deal! How can you just get over it!!” Setsuna wails “Hair is the one thing most women should take care of!”
“You’re overreacting now…” Kendo says with an amused smile.

“…” Setsuna sends her an offended look. Kendo just snorts.

“By the way…” Kodai tilts her head “Boys are just beyond that wall, aren’t they? Aren’t you worried they might try something?”

“If they do, they’ll have to taste my wrath” Kendo deadpans “Besides, they’re all actually decent people. I’d be more worried about that short grape from 1-A. Who knows what he might do…”

“Eww. Don’t bring him up” Setsuna grimaces exaggeratedly “Besides, that’s already taken care of”

“Okay, Tokage, speak up. What did you do?” Kendo flashes her an unimpressed look.

“What?!?” She huffs “I didn’t do anything… personally. You don’t have to worry about it though!”

“I will worry!” The girl looks at her scoldingly “He may be irritating, but he’s also a student at U.A.! You can’t just… do whatever you want to other students. Have some respect, even if he doesn’t deserve it”

“Well, how about it? I only respect people who actually deserve respect” She pouts “Besides, it goes both ways. As long as he doesn’t respect me, I won’t give two shits about respecting him”

“Tokage-chan… I’ll have to ask you to not curse” Shiocchan says, and Kendo nods with approval.

“Yeah, I won’t curse again. Just got a little too irritated” She rolls her eyes “Well, anyways, I can at least relax now, knowing that the two disrespectful people are having their just desserts! Or at least, will be tomorrow”

“Two…?” Kodai asks, exchanging a mortified look with Kendo.
Neito whistles, walking back towards the baths. He’s made sure there will be absolutely NO INCIDENTS disturbing his classmates tonight. He’d been planning on doing it either way, but it’s even more warranted when everyone is this tired. In a way, he’s minimizing the damage. After all, fights would undoubtedly break out with those insolent assholes around.

He’s sure of it, especially since he’s caught Mineta while the boy tried to sneak into the woman’s baths to peek at Neito’s classmates. Well, that grape won’t be doing creepy things anytime soon. Or at least not tonight. Unless some idiot helps him. Which is unlikely. After all, who would go out of the room this late at night, and who would notice such a small figure?

Honestly, Neito is quite amazed at what one can do with a needle, a bit of thread, ropes and some glue. Mineta is currently hanging from the ceiling in one of the hallways. The original plan would be making him hang upside-down, but Neito isn’t that cruel. Bakugou Katsuki on the other hand, is stuck where he sleeps.

Neito has managed to successfully sneaking into 1-A’s boys’ room, where everyone is already asleep. Some thread and glue, and now Bakugou won’t have an easy time getting up. Even if it wasn’t out of pure spite, it was still quite satisfying to do that. Serves that jerk right. But it was mostly to make it a bit harder for him to go anywhere at night.

From what Neito’s seen of Bakugou’s temper, a simple thing like that would infuriate him. And if he begins yelling, some of his classmates are bound to wake up, and stop him from leaving. End result? The boy won’t bump into Midoriya or Tokage at night. Which had been a real concern, since Midoriya’s sleeping habits are… not the best, from what Tokage has told him, and the girl herself is unpredictable.

Seriously, Neito wouldn’t want either of them meeting up with Bakugou late at night, when nobody is there. That could end really badly, really quickly. And if it ended up in a fight… He doesn’t want to admit it, but he’s not sure who’d win. Well, either way, it’s fine now. He quickly changes out of his clothes, and goes to the baths.

“Where have you been?” Kaibara asks the moment he enters.

“Just running some errands” He says with a smile.
“Monoma…” The boy gives him a long suffering sigh “Do I even want to know…?”

“Probably not” Neito murmurs.

The next day, Izuku wakes up before anyone else. He sighs, knowing that he won’t be able to fall back asleep, and gets up. He quietly prepares for the day, even eating something for breakfast, though it’s only a granola bar. Once he’s done, he goes out. He notes that the sun is only starting to rise.

So, it’s that early, huh? Not like he expected anything better. Lately, he’s found it hard to sleep. And even harder to keep the nightmares away. It’s honestly irritating. He only hopes that it won’t slow him down during training. Oh, who is he kidding, of course it’s going to slow him down. At the very least he hopes he won’t fall asleep during the exercises. That’d be just embarrassing.

He begins his routine workout by running a few laps around the glade. After a few, he stops to do some stretches. He then goes through, sit ups, push ups and so on. Despite being tired, he’s feeling a bit better now. He always feels better after training. He can’t quite explain it, but physical exercises like that just make him happy.

“Good morning” Shoucchan’s voice rings out from behind him.

“Hi!” He whips his head around, watching as Shoucchan gets out of the building, blinking owlishly.

“How long… how long have you been awake?” The boy asks worriedly.

“Not that long” Izuku is quick to dismiss the issue “Want to spar?”

“Let me warm up a bit first” Shoucchan says, and begins running laps.

“WHAT THE FUCKING ACTUAL FUCK?!!?” Kacchan’s voice booms in the morning’s silence.

Startled, Izuku jumps a little, and whips his head to look at the building. What’s happened to Kacchan to make him that mad this early in the morning? He sounded really pissed too… It… It would be better not to get in his way for now. Or, like, ever. Yeah… He’ll just have to avoid him for
now. Seems like the safest choice…

“Are you okay, Izuku?” Shoucchan asks, and Izuku asks because damn, he hasn’t heard him coming this close “You are spacing out…”

“Y-yeah… I’m fine” He shoots his boyfriend a small smile “He just sounds… you know, pissed”

“Ah, yeah” Shoucchan nods “That he does… Though today, he has a good reason to be like that”

“Huh?” Izuku makes a questioning noise, noticing the mirth in the other boy’s voice.

“Well… uhm… how should I put this…” Shoucchan chuckles to himself “When I woke up today, I’ve noticed that Bakugou is… stuck, for the lack of a better word”

“What do you mean by that?” Izuku asks, curious yet worried “Is he okay?”

“Yes, he’s okay” Shoucchan snorts “It’s just that… Someone kind of pulled a prank on him, and he’s kind of glued to the floor. And his pajamas got sewn to his blanket”

“Oh god…” Izuku whispers, but he can barely contain laughter “Oh my god… No wonder he sounds like he wants to murder someone…” He’s openly laughing now “OH MY GOD. Who is stupid or brave enough to do something like this. This is just… too much”

“Well… I can’t say he didn’t deserve that one” Shoucchan smiles, and Izuku jabs him in the ribs.

“Don’t be mean!” He says.

“You’re laughing too!” The boy huffs, and then mutters something under his breath.

“Of course! Because it’s funny!” Izuku says “But it doesn’t mean he deserved this!”
“Oh yeah, he totally deserved this” Shoucchan repeats, chuckling.

Izuku shakes his head, but doesn’t bother arguing. There are some more random shouts of frustration from the blond after that, and every time, Izuku can’t help but stop whatever he was doing and just laugh. He wouldn’t want that happening to him, but he has to admit, it’s a great prank. And a great mental image when he thinks about how Kacchan’s face must’ve looked when the boy woke up.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed~!

Take care and see y’all soon \o/
“Wow, you two sure start early” Tokage’s voice booms from the direction of the building.

Izuku turns his head to face her, and just as he’s about to greet her, Shoucchan grabs him and flips him over. Izuku gasps as the wind in knocked out of him upon impact, and glares at his boyfriend. Shoucchan just shrugs with a small smile, and offers him a hand.

“How could you…” Izuku grumbles, accepting the help.

“You should pay more attention” Shoucchan answers “We were in the middle of sparring. What did you think would happen?”

“I don’t know, that you would also stop, and greet our friend properly?!?” Izuku huffs.

“I can greet her now. Hello Tokage” He says, turning to the girl.

“Hello once again” She raises an eyebrow.

“Oh, right! Tokage, do you want to join us?” He asks, tilting his head.

“Hmm… maybe a bit later” The girl shrugs nonchalantly “I just wanted to get some fresh air before going back to bed”
“…You’re going to sleep again?” Shoucchan asks, disbelief clear in his voice.

“Well, duh. It’s you two who are up at ungodly hours” She deadpans “There is still, like, ugh… There are…” She checks her phone “…Three hours till our first planned activity. Why are you two even awake?”

“Why are you not asleep if you have some issues with waking up early?” Shoucchan asks, raising an eyebrow.

“Well, Bakugou’s screams earlier woke me up, so I went to… Well, anyways, I decided to get some fresh air” She says, stretching like a cat “I’m going back now though”

“Okay, take care” Shoucchan says.

“Ah! See you, Tokage!” Izuku waves at her enthusiastically “Now that we’re alone again… I want a rematch! It was unfair!”

“Sure” Shoucchan shrugs, dropping into a fighting stance.

“So… What was going on outside?” Neito asks curiously when Tokage returns.

“Meh, nothing much. Just Midoriya and Shouto training” She says “Well, now that we got the grape down from the ceiling, I’m going back to sleep”

“Sure” He says with a small smile. They’ve put Mineta back in his class’ room, still tied up.

When Tokage leaves, he’s left all alone in the hallway. He briefly contemplates also going back to sleep, but it just seems like a waste of time. Besides, he doubts he could fall back asleep. He wonders if he should go train with Midoriya and Shouto… No, he’d be intruding. He knows Midoriya wouldn’t tell him to go away, but he’d still feel bad if he came there.

Maybe he should read something to pass time? That seems like a good idea. He’s recently downloaded a book on his phone, maybe he should try it. Honestly, he’s really glad he’s done it. There is no internet here. He enters his class’ room, tiptoeing his way to where his things are. He
takes out the phone and heads back to the door.

He stops there for a second, just looking back at the sleeping figures of his classmates. They’re… a weird bunch. But they’re good people. It almost feels like a family. Though he guesses he can’t really talk about what he doesn’t know, huh? But still, they’re quite okay. Even after learning that he can copy quirks, they didn’t shun him.

They didn’t yell at him for copying their quirks. They didn’t tell him to not copy them. They just… naturally accepted him as he is, made him a part of the group. It’s… nice. It really is. Some of them even told him that he’s actually amazing. It really… makes him so happy, and yet so sad at the same time.

He softly closes the door behind him, pulling out his phone. He really likes early mornings. He can just go around, not having to stay in his room, and he doesn’t even have to fake a smile, or a smirk. Smirk is what he resolves for most of the time. It goes well with his mask of confidence. He internally rolls his eyes at himself.

Since when did he get so cringy? Really, even if it is his internal monologue, and no one here can read thoughts, he’s still embarrassed by it. He knows he shouldn’t think badly of himself. He got this far, and if there is something about him that he’s not okay with, he can always work on it. He finds a quiet hallway, sets an alarm so that he won’t miss any activities, and starts reading.

“Okay, that’s the last one” Eijiro says, snapping the last thread that bound Bakugou to his blanket.

“Finally…” Bakugou grumbles, obviously still irritated.

“Still, that was… pretty funny, don’t you think?” He snickers, already prepared to harden, just in case.

“I swear I’ll k – punch the person who did this when I find them” Bakugou grumbles. Eijiro frowns, but doesn’t say anything. After all, saying that he’ll ‘punch’ them is better than saying he’d ‘kill’ them, right?

“Chill out, dude, I’m sure it’s just a prank” He waves his hand dismissively.

“Kirishima… I have glue in my hair. I have fucking glue in my hair” Bakugou says, somehow
managing to stay deadpan.

“Well… uhm… I’m sure there is bathroom with warm water somewhere here. Warm water should help you…” He says hesitantly.

“Egh…!” Bakugou grumbles under his breath some more, but gets up, and leaves the room.

“Psst! Dude!” Kaminari gets his attention.

“Huh? What is it?” Eijiro asks, leaning towards the boy. He gets why his friend would whisper, most people are still somehow asleep.

“Why would you help him?” His friend asks, obviously concerned “Bakugou is basically a ticking bomb, and he could have blown you to pieces!”

“He wouldn’t… I have my Hardening, remember?” He gives him a toothy grin “Besides, I wouldn’t say he’s a ticking bomb…”

“He can literally create explosions. He IS a bomb” Kaminari deadpans.

“Well, yeah, in a sense, I guess” He admits “Still, he was pretty stuck, and I doubt it’d be wise to leave him be. He’d try to blast his way out”

“Yeah… That would be bad” Kaminari shudders.

“Well, it wouldn’t be that bad but… yeah” He chuckles.

“You can laugh all you can. You can literally harden your skin” Kaminari points his finger at him accusingly “Not all of us can withstand those blasts! And I wouldn’t be thrilled to become a casualty in a war with a blanket”

“Oh MY GOD. Oh my god…” Eijiro wheezes, laughing. That… that is a pretty funny mental image.
“Why are you laughing?!” Kaminari asks grumpily.

“I’m s-sorry… I just… I just imagined it” He says between laughter.

“I’m a little worried that you find that amusing” Kaminari says, a little horrified.

“Dude… I didn’t mean it in a weird way. Just… pft… War with a blanket” He continues giggling hysterically.

“Oh, okay… I admit” Kaminari snorts “It is a little funny”

“J-just… Just imagine angry Bakugou wrestling with a blanket. A serious look on his face and all” Eijiro wheezes, falling on his back.

“Pft” First, the boy snorts, then he bursts into laughter.

“Ugh… Keep it down, you two. We’re trying to sleep here!” Ojiro grumbles. Eijiro blinks. It’s the grumpiest he’s ever seen the boy.

“S-sorry” He says sheepishly, when he manages to stop laughing.

“Yeah, sorry” Kaminari also apologizes.

“So… what now?” He asks softly.

“I kind of want to go back to sleep, but didn’t someone drop off Mineta earlier? I mean, a tied up Mineta?” Kaminari asks, like he’s trying not to laugh “I don’t know what he did, but shouldn’t we untie him?”

“Probably…” Eijiro says, sighing “I’m just a little nervous of what he’ll do when he’s free. Help me keep an eye on him so that he doesn’t get into more trouble, please…”
“Okay” Kaminari shrugs.

Katsuki tries to find the bathroom, when he spots that obnoxious blond from 1-B in one of the hallways. He scowls, and decides to avoid him. He doesn’t really want to start any trouble, especially since they’d expel him if he got into a fight, and he just know that kid would be irritating enough for him to not even care about expulsion.

He continues his search, and finally finds a bathroom. He turns on the tap, and waits till water turns warm. Then, he awkwardly bends to put his head under it, trying to get the glue out of his hair. It’s… working, but not really. Well, it does get some glue out, but the rest just sticks. Fuck. FUCKING ASSHOLE WHO DID THIS WILL PAY.

He continues trying to get it out, and he finally succeeds, even though he also pulled out some of his hair. It’s a small amount, and it’ll be unnoticeable, but it still feels like a loss to him. Despite being wet, his hair stays in its natural shape. It’s baffled him when he was younger, but he’s learnt to just don’t question it.

He goes back into the room, hair still wet, only to find Kirishima and Kaminari trying to get that grape-fuck Mineta free. It seems like they’re struggling with the ropes… Sighing he comes closer to him, even though Kaminari yelps, and shoots him a glare. He just sits down and unties the ropes. Gosh, how could it be so fucking difficult to those two idiots.

“T-thanks…” Mineta says in a scared voice.

“Tch” He slicks his tongue walking away “I couldn’t care less about you, but those two idiots would spend too much time trying to get you free”

“Why can’t you be nice to me?!?” Mineta wails “We’re both outcasts! Althoug, you are scary… But, that’s besides the point! Everyone else hates us, why can’t you at least be nice to me?!?!”

“Like a said” He states flatly “Don’t care, never will”

“That’s a bit mean…” Kirishima murmurs.
What the fuck?!? He could’ve just blasted that grape’s face off for being insolent and a nuisance, but he went with words instead and there is still an issue. He scowls, sitting down and getting a towel out of his bag. He still has to dry his hair, after all…

“Oh! I see you kittens are already training!” One of the Pussycats, Pixie-Bob, says. Izuku startles a bit. Shouto simply stares at her, bowing his head in a greeting.

“P-Pixie-Bob!” Izuku squeaks “We- uhm… well…”

“Is that a problem?” Shouto asks bluntly, although he can sense that it isn’t, going by the woman’s voice.

“Not at all! Try not to tire yourselves out though” She simply smiles at them “Today is going to be a rough day!”

“Oh, of course!” Izuku says, bowing “Thank you for being considerate”

“…” Shouto doesn’t say anything.

“O-oh, it’s nothing… Althoguh” Something flashes in her eyes. Shouto knows that look and he doesn’t like it one bit “I’ve heard you did a pretty good job yesterday… That’s it, I call the dibs!”

“Sorry… I already did” He says, pulling Midoriya close, into an one-arm hug.

“W-wha-?!? Shoucchan, please stop!” The boy squeaks in embarrassement, already red.

“Aww… No fun” The pro hero pouts “Well, I have things to prepare for today, so… I’ll be going”

“Wait!” Izuku calls out, getting out of the hug, and running up to the woman “I… Is… Is Water Hose’s son alright? How is he? Do you know what’s happened to him?”

“Huh, how do you- Oh… You’re the one who-“ She cuts herself off, biting her lip “Don’t worry kitten, he’s alright. He’s still… grieving, and he… Well, he’s in our care now, so if you want to talk
“Has he… Has he forgiven me? I wouldn’t want to make it worse” Izuku whispers the last part.

“It was never your fault kitten” The woman says, patting the boy’s head “And he’s also… accepted that fact. His hatred turned another way…”

“Oh… right. I’ve heard that they’ve never caught Muscular” Izuku says softly, on the verge of tears.

Shouto wants to just go ahead and hug him. To comfort him somehow. But he knows he shouldn’t do it yet. Izuku needs this. He needs answers, and he needs closure. It’s not Shouto’s part to start comforting him and get the pro hero away. Not when she’s one of the few people who can give him answers.

“It’s not just Muscular…” The woman says solemnly and sadly “He hates both heroes and villains. Even the quirks… Everything this society is built on, and everything it represents”

“O-oh…” Izuku says, his head hung low “I-I’m glad he doesn’t hate me. But… Doesn’t he also have a quirk? If he hates all quirks then…”

“It’s alright, kitten” She says, even though they all know it isn’t “He just… needs time. And understanding”

“Y-yeah…” Izuku says, though Shouto just knows he isn’t convinced.

“Oh, I should probably go…” The woman says, looking at the watch on her hand “I still have things to prepare after all… Well, bye kittens! Oh, and kitten?”

“…?” Izuku looks at her questioningly.

“Remember that it wasn’t your fault, alright?” Pixie-Bob says, and goes away.

Izuku finally breaks into tears, and Shouto steps forward to comfort him the best he can. It’s the least
he can do.

Chapter End Notes

Helo~! :3
I hope you liked it! Sorry for being depressing with Monoma! Really tho, sorry.

Take care, have fun and see y’all soon \o/
“Morning, kids” Aizawa-sensei says once everyone from his class arrive at the field “Today, the real training camp begins. Ideally, you will all emerge stronger. At the very least strong enough to acquire your provisioning licenses”

“…” There is a beat of silence, as everyone gulps. Shouto steals a quick glance at Izuku, who is leaning against one of the trees behind them.

“There is a growing hostile force out there. Through this, you’ll be prepared to face it… So stay sharp and work hard” The teacher then takes out a ball from… somewhere “To start with… Here, Bakugou. Try throwing this”

“This is… from the strength trials” The teen notices.

“Last time, right after school started, your record was…” Aizawa-sensei checks a note “…705,2 meters. Let’s see how much have you grown since then”

“Oooh! Testing to see if we’ve improved?” Ashido yells excitedly.

“We’ve been through a lot these past months!” Kirishima says, and even though he isn’t looking at the boy, he can still sense his grin “I bet he can make it a whole kilometre!”

“…The strength is his only good point, after all” Kaminari grumbles, and Shouto couldn’t agree more.

Bakugou just steps forward, preparing to throw. Shouto keeps glaring at the boy, as the aforementioned heaves a sigh and throws. He notes that contrary to last time, Bakugou didn’t actually yell anything while throwing. He blinks from the wind pressure of the throw, and he can hear some cheers. From Izuku and Kirishima. Why did he expect anything different…?
“709.6 meters” Aizawa-sensei announces, and a few people can’t help but make a surprised sound.

“That’s… not much farther than before…” Sero notes, and Shouto can see that he’s frowning.

“It’s true that you’ve been through a lot these past few months. Undoubtedly, you’ve all grown” The teacher continues his speech “But it’s only your techniques and minds that have matured…”

“Well, not all minds matured” Jiro says, slightly nodding towards Kaminari and Mineta.

“Hey!” Kaminari yells, louder than necessary.

“Well, your bodies, a bit” Aizawa-sensei continues despite the interruption “But as you’ve all just seen, your quirks haven’t kept up with the pace. Starting today you will… improve on your quirks”

“…” There is deathly silence enveloping them for a moment.

“This will be so harsh that you’ll wish you were dead, so do your best to…” The man grins at them menacingly “…stay alive”

Izuku looks around, observing as 1-A students take their preassigned places, where they can improve their quirks. He honestly… hasn’t thought about improving his quirk much. Well… not in that sense at least. His ability is already constantly improving, with him adding new songs and melodies to his repertoire.

But to improve the strength of his quirk itself… That… that may not be such a bad idea. He’s also really eager to learn what his teacher prepared for his training. So, instead of waiting for his class, he approaches Eraserhead, and asks him if he can start training now. The man approves, and tells him to go to Mandalay to get instructions.

“Uhm… Excuse me?” He tries to get the woman’s attention as he gets closer to her “Well… uhm… My class hasn’t really started training yet, but I’d like to start… Can you maybe tell me what I’m supposed to do?”

“Oh, right!” The woman says cheerily “I’m sure I’ve heard your class’ materials here somewhere…”
She searches through the bag that has been at her feet until just a moment ago “Here! So, what’s your name?”

“…Izuku Midoriya” He says hesitantly. Will she recognize him?

“Oh, here, this one!” She passes him a sheet of paper “Follow those instructions, but check in with Ragdoll first, okay?”

“Oh, yes! Thank you!” He bows and sprints away, towards Ragdoll.

Setsuna feels like she might be dying. She tells herself that it’s only sleepiness, but for god’s sake, she’s feeling worse than when she woke up earlier. She really shouldn’t have gone back to sleep. She feels so tired and sleepy… She briefly snaps out of her daze when Kan-sensei finishes telling him about the training.

“Improve on our quirks…?” Honenuki questions uncertainly.

“Class A is already at it, so let’s get moving” The man says “We’ve been doing great this time, so keep it up!”

“Yeah!” Several people shout, pumping their fist into the air.

“You say ‘improve your quirks’ like it’s nothing…” She says, no longer sleepy “…But there is twenty of us, all with different quirks…” Nineteen, her mind tells her, Midoriya is nowhere to be seen “…How do we each go about doing this?”

“Can we get some details?” Kamakiri questions.

“Overusing your muscles ends up tearing the fibers, but then they recover and get thicker and stronger. Quirks are the same. They get stronger through continued use, and get weaker when they’re underutilized!!” Kan-sensei says in a booming voice that almost makes Setsuna’s head hurt “Which means there is only one thing you gotta do… Smash past your limits!”

“Looks like a scene of hell on earth…!!” Shishida cries out when class 1-A comes into sight.
“This is bordering on torture!” Awase exclaims, his jaw slack.

Torture indeed… Setsuna can tell that most of those training people are suffering. Even Shouto is looking quite tired… And are those dark bags under his eyes? Yikes, he looks horrible. She’s never thought a day would come when Shouto looks completely exhausted.

“Operative types with maximum output levels need to raise their limits” Kan-sensei goes on “Heteromorphic and composite types need to further train those extra parts and appendages! Normally, you would be doing all this at the same rate that your bodies grow…”

“…But there is no time for all that. Get to it, class B” A new, tired-sounding voice, finishes their teacher’s speech. Setsuna looks at the man. Is he… Eraserhead, 1-A’s homeroom teacher?

“But… there are forty students here altogether” Kendo voices her concerns “How can just the six of you oversee all of us and our quirks?”

“That’s why we have these ladies” Wait, what is Eraserhead talking about?

“That’s right! We are four parts of a whole!” And how is that relevant? Wait, Ragdoll?

“Rock on with these sparkling gazes!” A short haired woman exclaims, striking a pose.

“We’ve come to lend a paw and help!” Ragdoll says the familiar phrase.

“We’ve come from… Somewhere…” Tiger says. Eraserhead said ladies… Is Tiger a lady? Well, doesn’t matter. He’s badass with that deadpool eye-make-up.

“Stingingly cute and catlike!” A blond woman says, also striking a pose.

“Wild, wild… Pussycats!” They all say in unison, striking an elaborate team pose. Wow, they’re good.
“My quirk is… Search!!” Ragdoll says, making no move to break the weird position she’s in “I know everything about anyone I lay eyes on, up to 100 people at a time! Including location and weaknesses!”

“With my Earthflow, I can create the perfect training environment for each of you!” The blond woman says.

“And I use my Telepath to give advice to each of you, all at once” The short-haired one says.

“And I’m here to punch and kick you into shape…!” Tiger exclaims, and oh wow, there are so many things wrong with that “All you power up types! You’re coming with me!” And suddenly, Kaibara and Shishida look kind of pale ans sweaty. Oh wow “My boot camp has already begun”

“So scary…” Shishida mumbles quietly.

“Plus Ultra, right? Then show me that Ultra!” Tiger says menacingly. Wow, it’s both wrong gender AND genre.

“U.A. has a lot going on. We can’t go allocating too much of the staff just to the hero course first years…” Kan-sensei says.

“…So these four, with their track record and wide range of practical quirks” Eraserhead continues the thought “Are perfect for helping you guys improve in a short amount of time. It’s the most rational solution”

Suddenly, Setsuna feels vaguely sick. No, scratch that, she feels really sick. Are they supposed to keep up with that crazy training all day? Nope… nope, just no. Not today. Ugh… She knows she’ll have to get through this, but it doesn’t make it any better.

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Kouta looks at all of these wannabe heroes, scowling. They are all just so… stupid! Trying to play heroes, flashing their quirks like it makes them better than the rest. But in the end, they and the villains will just continue killing each other. It’s all just so stupid! So pointless! In the end, no matter how much they pretend, it’s still like this.

They will still all die, like idiots, and the public will enjoy it. He feels disgusted. Disgusted by this society, by all of those people, calling themselves heroes and villains, going around killing each
other, and mixing up normal people in their own mess. One of these wannabes seems eerily familiar, but he ignores it.

He wouldn’t care either way. Still scowling, he leaves his spot behind the tree, and goes into the forest. He pauses for a second, hearing music. Is someone playing music on their phone? In the middle of the training? Wow, he would be disgusted either way, but these people aren’t even taking it seriously.

Scoffing, he makes his way to his secret hideout. He plans on staying here for now. He’s not a coward or anything like this, but he just doesn’t want to look at those disgusting wannabes. They are all looking the same – so full of pride and confidence. Like they aren’t just going to end up killing and getting killed. Like they aren’t just going to end up dead at the end of it all… He hates it. It’s truly disgusting.

“Aizawa-san, could we talk?” Sekijiro, more commonly known as Vlad King, asks the other teacher.

“Hmm? What’s the matter, Kan?” The man asks him.

“Well… I’ve been thinking… Our classes attract quite a bit of trouble” He says in a calm tone “And, you know… the security for the test of courage is… lacking”

“Well, we can’t get any more heroes to join us, you know this” The man says “Besides, this camp was heavily-guarded information. Do you really think anyone who knew about this could be the traitor?”

“I don’t know… That’s why we have him looking out for traitor, right?” He shrugs, guilt seizing him as he mentions that person “But that’s beside the point… I think we should at the very least ask Pixie-Bob to send some of her beasts into the forest during the exercise”

“You know we can’t exactly demand this of her” Aizawa shakes his head “They’re already doing us a favour by hosting this training camp. And she’s using her quirk all day. She’ll be too tired to do this”

“Just a few is enough” He presses “It’s for safety’s sake. I’d feel bad if anything happened. We can’t afford any mistakes on this camp, and you know this”

“Ugh… fine, I’ll talk to her and we’ll see what can be done” Aizawa finally gives in.
Chapter End Notes

Hi~! I hope you enjoyed! ^_^

See y’all soon \o/
Jingle of soggy bells

Chapter Summary

The camp continues! ;3

Chapter Notes

Ha... sorry for the delay! But it's here! ^w^

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Like we said, the pampering ended yesterday!” Pixie-Bob says.

“Wanna eat?” Ragdoll asks excitedly “Then you gotta cook for yourselves! Today is curry!”

“Yes, ma’am” Shouto does his best not to laugh at the unenthusiastic answer of his classmates. He really wishes Izuku returned back with them. But the boy decided to stay behind, and wait until everyone from 1-B can come too.

“BWA HAHAHA!” Ragdoll laughs wholeheartedly “You all look worse ofr wear! That's why it’s no mere kitty chow You’ll be making”

“But of course… In times of disaster and evacuation, someone needs to fill the bellies and soothe the souls of fatigued citizens” Shouto stares at Iida, blinking. Is this guy serious? That’s not what heroes do when there is a disaster “That too, is a part of the rescue operations… Naturally, U.A. never misses a teaching opportunity!! Let’s make the tastiest curry in the world, everyone!”

Shouto really just wants Izuku to come. At least he’d have someone to complain to. Though… it’s not all bad. At the very least, Aizawa-sensei looks just as exhausted as he is. Shouto sighs as his classmates drag him to help make the curry, but smiles to himself as he sets the fires. He’s glad that he’s comfortable enough to do that, at least.

1-B’s training ends a little while after 1-A’s. It’s probably because the other class had to come earlier
in the morning, so they had to stay to actually spend the same amount of time training. When they actually come back, there is a delicious smell of curry in the end. To their dismay, they have to make their own.

And class 1-A is already eating, so watching them through the windows make the hunger that much worse. Another problem – there is no one in their class, who can set fires. Awase actually tries to do it with a pair of sticks – Izuku’s not sure how that’d work – but after about ten minutes, he gives up. Honenuki suggests setting the flames with some magnifying glass, or really, a glass bottle or something, but no one has anything like that with them.

So, yeah, when they checked to see if they have everyone for the training camp, apparently, no one thought about bringing matches. There are a few irritated grunts, as a few more people try the sticks method. Izuku sighs, but then, he freezes, realisation dawning on him. OH MY GOD, he’s an utter moron.

He has a few fire songs, so he should be able to set at least a few fireplaces on fire. He tries to summon his piano. And ‘try’ is a pretty accurate word here, since a sudden jolt of pain is so bad, that he actually falls to the ground. Ouch… He knew he overused his quirk today, and he even bled some because of it, during training, but this is still pretty bad.

And… yeah, he feels a wet, tarry liquid drip from his nose. He actually chokes on it as he tries to breathe. And the pain all over his body is not disappearing either. That… that went badly. In his irritation, he’s completely forgotten about the overuse’s backdraw. He’s never going to do that again. Never.

“Midoriya! Midoriya!!” Comes a startled voice. It sounds like they’re behind a wall? What…?

“Tokage… I don’t think he can hear you” Another voice says. Why is it so muffled?

“S-should I get Shouto or something? W-what’s just happened?” Oh, and here is the first voice “Midoriya! Please…! Answer me”

He’s suddenly aware that someone is shaking him. It feels… distant. More like a vague feeling than a sensation. It’s… weird. It’s like he’s… half-awake. Oh god, he is half-awake, isn’t he? He tries to hold onto that feeling of someone’s hands on his shoulders, desperately anchoring himself in the sensation, not letting his consciousness slip.
“I… I really think we should get Shouto. Or some teacher” A voice breaks the silence again – Honenuki’s voice, as his dazed mind supplies.

“I… ‘m okay…” He manages to say.

“You and I have a very different definition of ‘okay’” Tokage’s flat voice tells him, though it’s also filled with relief “Hey! Don’t just fall asleep on us, say something. Open your eyes. I’m getting worried here” Oh… Did that much time passed since he said anything.

“…” He tries to say something, but no words come out.

“Midoriya! MIDORIYA!” Tokage calls out to him, shaking him desperately.

“Awake. Quirk… overuse” He forces out.

“O-oh… Okay, that’s something. Doesn’t make it much better, but that’s something at least” The girl mutters “Hey, stay awake, okay? The teacher will be here soon”

Izuku only manages to mumble something in reply, but he does his best not to fall asleep. And, after pain gets a little better, he opens his eyes – when did he even close them? – looking dazedly ahead. Mostly because everything around him is really blurry, and he can’t focus on anything. And his body still hurts like hell.

Now that he’s actually awake through the quirk overuse’s symptoms, he’s actually glad it’s knocked him out those other times it happened. It’s not the most… pleasant experience, to say the least. The only thing keeping him from falling asleep is Tokage’s voice that constantly reminds him to keep awake.

“What’s happened?” Shoucchan’s alarmed voice reaches him.

“He just overused his quirk… I think. That’s what he’s said, at least” Tokage informs the boy. It’s still all slightly muffled. And that’s damn annoying “Wait, why did he come get you first instead of getting the teacher?!!?”
“…No one came to get me” Shoucchan deadpans “I’ve just looked out of the window, saw this, and came”

“Oh, okay” Tokage says.

“…” There is a moment of silence, a silence that Izuku absolutely hates.

“Uhm… Could I… take him?” Shoucchan asks hesitantly.

“Well, I mean, shouldn’t we wait for the teacher?” Tokage asks hesitantly.

“…Yeah… Yeah, alright, let’s do that” Shoucchan says.

Izuku just stares ahead numbly, too pained to really move, before he decides to close his eyes again. Those blurry images somehow irritate him. He’d really rather fall asleep, and wake up once he feels better. Like every other time he’s overused his quirk. But, if Tokage shaking his arms is anything to go by, that’s not going to happen anytime soon.

“Midoriya! Hey, Midoriya! Shit. Midoriya, please, stay awake! Midoriya!” Tokage calls out, still shaking him, and he has to open his eyes.

“We’re back!’ Honenuki’s voice announces.

“So, what’s exactly happened?” Kan-sensei asks.

“Quirk overuse, apparently” Shoucchan answers.

“Ugh… Okay, pick him up and follow me” His teacher says calmly “We have to get him inside first. The rest of you, continue making your dinner”

“Yes, Kan-sensei!” A few of his classmates call out in unison.
Izuku can feel that he’s being picked up, Tokage’s hands leaving his shoulder, and a pair of warm-cold ones holding him instead. He would be embarrassed, if he wasn’t just so tired. He finally lets his eyes close, since Tokage can’t shake him anymore.

Neito looks around his classmates, noting that some of them still seem worried. Honestly, he’s been freaked out when Midoriya just collapsed, but he’s not really worried anymore. After all, it’s only quirk overuse. He’s seen… a lot worse overuse effects. He’s experienced some of them. It’s a given with a quirk like his, a quirk that copies others’ weaknesses and strengths.

Reluctantly, his classmates go back to work. Or well, try to anyways. Some are still attempting to do something about the fire. Others, like Neito, are preparing the vegetables. After he’s done with his share of work, he looks around, to see if anyone has managed to set fire yet. And unsurprisingly, no one did.

Maybe it’d be better to ask someone from 1-A to help? Not Shouto, since he’s with Midoriya right now. Maybe that girl with creation quirk could lend them a hand? What was her name again…? Yoayarozu? No, that’s not it… Yoayorozu? Still not quite right… Yaoyarazu! Yep, that sounds about right.

He’s about to do just that, when he notices something… peculiar. Fukidashi isn’t helping with anything, or at least it doesn’t seem like he is. Neito narrows his eyes, and frowns in confusion. The boy is drawing something on a piece of paper. Oh, maybe he is helping. After all, Fukidashi’s quirk is… unique. Hmm…

“Hey, Fukidashi!” He gets the boy’s attention as he gets close “What are you up to?”

“!!!” The boy’s ‘head’ displays in surprise before it changes again “I’m drawing matches. I’ll use my quirk on them”

“Oh… That’s actually a good idea” Neito says. Of course, he’s suspected as much, but he won’t say it “How long will it take you to finish it?”

“…I just need a minute or two” The speech bubble displays.

Neito makes an acknowledging noise, as he leans forward a bit, trying to see the drawing. It’s… really good. He supposes that Fukidashi has to be good at drawing with a quirk like his, but still, it’s just really well done. Or at least he thinks it is – it’s not like he knows much about art. Or really
He curiously observes as the boy finishes, and uses his quirk to pull the matches, and a matchbox, out of the drawing. It’s always been… peculiar-looking. Just pulling things out of a sheet of paper. When the matches and the box land in Fukidashi’s hands, the boy does a victory dance. Or at least Neito thinks that’s it.

Honestly, it’s quite goofy, and really ridiculous. But hey, if they manage to light some fire, then it’s a well earned victory. As the boy comes up to one of the fireplaces, a small crowd gathers, looking at the matches with relieved expressions. Neito continues looking as Fukidashi flicks the match across the side of the matchbox, and it doesn’t catch fire…

“…” The speech bubble displays, and the boy tries again. Nothing happens.

“Uhm… It doesn’t seem to be working” Shishida comments quietly.

“ NoSuchFace” And Fukidashi looks rather sad about that, if this emoji is anything to go by.

“Excuse me but… Isn’t the surface on the side of this matchbox… different than normally?” Shiozaki asks, looking at the aforementioned object.

“OH, you’re right!” Awase also looks at the object “It looks smooth…”

“Well, what should we do now? Try to set a match on fire with something else or…?” Shishida asks, trailing off.

“Leave it to me” Neito says confidently, with a smirk, despite having literally no idea if this will work “Hey, Kamakiri, come here for a second!”

“What is it?” The boy stops cutting the vegetable and comes over.

“Just keep still for a moment, ok?” Neito requests, and takes the matches out of Fukidashi’s hands.
“Okay…” Kamakiri says hesitantly, eyeing him worriedly.

Well, it’s now or never. Neito sucks in a breath, and flicks the match across Kamakiri’s… weird mouth-thingies. Really, what the hell are those? To his surprise, the match actually lights on fire. Though the boy shoots him an offended glare, and opens his mouth to say something, though he closes it after the rest of the class cheers. Finally, they have fire.

“Ragdoll! You were supposed to monitor them!” Kan hisses quietly, just outside the room where he’d left one of his students with Shouto Todoroki from another class.

“Well, I did!” The woman huffs, offended “He was just fine during training! Exhausted? Sure. Near collapsing? Maybe. But I’d never let him take it too far!”

“Well, he did, and he’s collapsed from quirk overuse” He states dryly.

“Hey! Don’t go pinning that on me!” The woman puffs up her cheeks “I’ve watched over them during training. ONLY during training. He was fine when it ended. And he would still be fine if he hadn’t tried to use his quirk!”

“…” He just sighs, knowing that she is right.

“Could you two just calm down?” Eraserhead request in his usual deadpan “The kid is fine. Just a bit too exhausted. Get yourselves together, you’re pro heroes. He’ll just have to sit out today’s activities. It’s not like it’s going to affect him that much”

“Yeah…” Kan agrees with a sigh “Yeah… you’re right”

Chapter End Notes

I hope you liked it! :D

See y’all soon \o/
Chapter Summary

What is Tokage doing?
Probably her best.

Though, she does have a few screws loose, and likes to jump between topics. Oh well, at least she's trying.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Hey, Dusty Ash!” Ember greets her.

“Oh, great, you’re back. I take it you have the info I need then” She says with a grin.

“Yep, here, I’ve marked it on the map” He passes her a piece of paper – probably the map.

“Thanks” She smiles more genuinely now “Really… thank you. With this, I should be able to save him”

“…Just get that kid out of there” The man says “It’s for the best…”

“I’ll be going then” She says and turns to exit the room “And…uhm… really, thanks, it means a lot to me”

“I know” The man says “So make sure to not do anything stupid, okay? You’re about the most reasonable person here, it’d be a shame to lose you”

“I’ll try” She waves at him and opens the door to leave “Bye”

“Bye…” The villain replies, something sad in his voice. She ignores it.
While eating, Setsuna notices a little kid hiding behind a corner. Hmm… It’s that kid that was with Mandalay, huh? She’s actually asked the woman about him before – curious as to why he’s here at all. And from what she’s gathered, that kid is a little bitter bean, who hates heroes, villains, and quirks with passion. And that his parents were the Water Hose…

She observes as the boy – Kouta, that’s his name from what she remembers – leaves the room, and heads off. She frowns. It doesn’t seem like he’s eaten anything. Well, he could have eaten when 1-A was here, but still, it’s better to actually make sure he’s had dinner. And she’ll be dropping off some curry for Midoriya too, so she can just take one more plate.

“Hey, guys, I’ll go now” She says, standing up from the table “I’ll take some curry for Midoriya, and that little boy who keeps wandering off, okay?”

“Yeah, sure” Kuroiro shrugs.

“I get Midoriya, but why are you taking something for the kid?” Honenuki asks “I’m sure Pussycats have already had dinner, and he seems like part of their family”

“Well… Call it a hunch” She grins “Don’t worry about it, it’ll be fine anyways…”

“If you say so” The boy finally shrugs and just goes back to eating.

She takes two portions of curry, and masterfully balancing the two plates, she walks out of the room. First things first, she’ll drop off Midoriya’s plate. It takes a bit of searching, and she has to ask Tiger for directions, but she manages to find the right room. When she enters, she notices that Midoriya is still out cold, and Shouto is still right next to him, waiting for the boy to wake up.

“Hey, Shouto!” She gets his attention, calling out softly “I’ve brought some food. He’ll need it when he wakes up”

“…Thanks” He says after blinking owlishly “I’m sure he’ll appreciate it”

“No problem” She sets the plate down on a table.
She moves to leave the room, and glances over her shoulder one last time, taking in the way Shouto is sitting on the floor and leaning against the couch Midoriya is sleeping on. She wonders if he’s comfortable… Well, it’s not like he has that many other options. Shrugging, she finally leaves, and sets out to find that little boy.

... 

Setsuna grimaces, going through the bushes, and making sure that the curry isn’t disturbed in any way. Jeez, that kid really knows where to go to be hard to find. But still, she will not give up. She finally arrives at a less… plant-filled area. She grins, seeing the form of a little boy. So, here is his hidden base, huh?

She gets closer, silently praying for the boy to go easy on her since she’s a girl. Not like she normally needs opponents to do that – she’d be pissed if they did – but she really doesn’t want to hit a child, and she’s not above that if he tries to hit her. Ungrateful brats get no sympathy form her, no matter how adorable or miserable they are.

“Hey, Kouta? I’ve brought some curry for you!” She says with a big, bright smile. The boy startles, looking at her.

“What are you doing here?!” He hisses with hatred “It’s my secret base, get out, you wannabe hero!”

“Oh, wow, I’m so wounded” She deadpans “As I’ve said, I’ve brought you some food”

“I don’t want it. I don’t want anything from someone like you” Well, that confirms it, he is an ungrateful brat “How did you even know where I was?!”

“I didn’t. I just searched” Well, that and some help from Shishida – bless his sould by the way, he is a lifesaver – but she honestly doesn’t feel like explaining that.

“Well, I don’t want anything to do with you people, so get out and forget about my base” The boy huffs grumpily.

“What do you mean by ‘you people’?” She asks, raising an eyebrow. Normally, it would be heroes, but maybe it also includes villains, or maybe it includes everyone. It’s always better to ask.
“You, all of you! Improving your quirks… Stretching them to the limit… All so gross” Okay, so he really does hate quirks themselves. Good to know “Flaunting your power like that… It’s disgusting”

“Well, I do agree” She says, getting a little closer to him.

“What?” The boy asks, baffled and shocked “Wait, but… You’re one of them…!”

“Well, duh… doesn’t make it any less disgusting, does it” She passes him the plate since he’s too dumbfounded to push her hands away “Judging others on power like that… People flaunting their own powers to show off. It really is disgusting. But strengthening our quirks in a necessity. Because, even if we don’t work with our quirks, other people will. And those people may very well kill us all. Isn’t it better to be prepared, at the very least?”

“If you think like that, then why would you become a hero?!?” The boy cries out, tears in his eyes “Doing something even you think is disgusting… just why?”

“Well, my quirk is pretty disgusting in general. Most of the time anyways” She shrugs “But it’s a part of me. Just as much as your quirk is a part of you. And as for me training to become a hero… well… It’s a complicated issue. But mostly, I didn’t want to be powerless”

“So, you only want power to show off” He says with a sneer.

“Nope” She says, but she doesn’t smile anymore “Even if you hate heroes and villains… don’t you also feel powerless to stop them?”

“…” He doesn’t say anything, just waits for her to continue.

“The civilians aren’t regarded as much, most of the time” She says “Opinion of someone unremarkable doesn’t matter. You know, even if the hero industry is disgusting and dysfunctional right now, what can someone outside of it do about it?”

“Oh… So, in the end, you don’t hate the concepts of villains and heroes. You just don’t like the heroes’ system” He says, understanding, yet disgust, clear in his voice “With a mindset like that, what could you understand?!”
“Well, many people tell me I’m stupid, but I understand quite a bit” She says, grin returning to her face “It’s just awful, how heroes and villains continue to fight, killing each other. And how media glorifies it all. In the end, killing is killing, no matter the cause”

“Exactly!” The boy nods, sitting down “It’s so dumb… can’t they just all stop killing each other? Why do they all want to flaunt that power?”

“Well… There are some true heroes out there. Those who aren’t in it to show off, or gain fame” She says carefully “But, you know, they can’t stop being heroes. Because the villains won’t stop killing others. And if the heroes can stop even a single death, isn’t it worth it?”

“But… The villains and heroes, they’ll still kill each other” Kouta says in confusion.

“Maybe… maybe not” She smiles gently at the boy “Most of the time, heroes try to capture villains instead of killing them. At least, the true heroes do…” She says the last part bitterly, a particularly bad memory flashing before her eyes “The point is… that power you hate, it has the potential to save lives, not just take them’”

“It’s still disgusting…” The boy tries to argue.

“Maybe. But it can save lives” She shrugs “And since it can prevent killing, even those between heroes and villains, then isn’t it right to cultivate it? Even if it is disgusting…”

“…You’re weird” Kouta says “You’re weird… and a hero wannabe. But I don’t really hate you…”

“Well, I’m glad” She smiles at the boy “You should eat your curry. It’s getting cold”

“Oh, right”

The next day of training goes by in an instant. Well, for Izuku at least. Since Ragdoll has deemed him unable to continue training, he had to stay inside, so he watched the others instead. And quirk analysis is kind of his thing, so it’s really easy to lose track of time. When his class cooks dinner that day, Shoucchan helps them with the fire.
Izuku has heard about what’s happened yesterday, after he’s passed out, so… yeah, getting Shoucchan to help is easier. The boy himself actually doesn’t eat with his class, waiting for 1-B to sit with them instead. Izuku is touched by this, but he can also see why that’d be the case. As it turns out, Kaibara is great at not only making coffee, but also cooking.

As unexpected as it is, Izuku is really glad for it. Actually, he’s heard from Kirishima that Bakugou is actually not that bad at cooking either. But Izuku would say that being ‘a little good’ is nothing compared to Kaibara. He’s honestly amazed that something as normal as curry can taste this good.

After that, the time for the test of courage finally comes. Izuku has been excited for this since they’ve known about it, but as it turns out, life hates him and he has to sit it out. So, instead of participating with his classmates, he’s stuck in the building, working on his analysis notebook, and talking with Ragdoll.

By the way, Ragdoll stayed because Kan-sensei decided that he’s too irresponsible to be left on his own. And it’s not like they could send him to remedial classes, since Bakugou is there – the boy didn’t fail the test, it’s just been decided that he’d be doing it with those who failed thanks to his… circumstances. As in, thanks to him blowing Izuku up during the Sports Festival.

Either way, he’s really glad for that, since instead of being bored out of his mind listening to some lecture, he can fill his notebooks with observations, and talk to a hero. A really good hero at that. And also someone who is great at observing others, which is a big help when he’s stuck on some detail while writing.

Ragdoll is actually sitting next to him, and looking at his notes, continuously talking. He’d be embarrassed, if he wasn’t so shocked by how chatty she is. So, yeah, he may miss the test of courage, but at least he’s still enjoying himself. And his friends can tell him about any shenanigans that happen. He tuts to himself, continuing to write.

Chapter End Notes

Hi! ^)^

!ANNOUNCEMENT

The updates MAY get a bit... erratic for bit. There are some things happening in my personal life, so there may be days when I don't have time, or will, to write. I'll still try to keep the daily updates, but I'm not promising anything. I apologize in advance ;3

Take care, and see y'all! :D
Battle drums

Chapter Summary

As expected, everything goes to hell

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Eraserhead leans against a tree. From there, he silently observes as Mandalay explains the rules to the students. He sees a mischievous glint in some of their eyes, and he just knows it’ll end badly. He really wishes he could just stay behind with the remedial group. But Vlad King persisted on overseeing them alone.

Where, he can see where it’s coming from – with Ragdoll staying with Midoriya, they need someone who would help keep the students in line. It’s not like the rest of Pussycats are incompetent, but Ragdoll could always see what the students were up to, and he himself can erase quirks if worse comes to worst.

Which may happen pretty quickly, considering Monoma, and Mineta, are here. All it takes is one spark to turn this event into a fight. Especially since the boy seems a bit more… skittish than normally – he keeps looking at Kaminari and Hagakure. Shota is not sure if the boy is planning something, or if it’s just a coincidence.

Either way, it doesn’t really matter, since class 1-B heads into the forest. Pixie-Bob is staying at the halfway point to oversee things there. Including monitoring her earth-beasts. He trusts her, she’s a competent hero. Still… he gets this uneasy feeling. The one reserved for when things are about to go to hell. And that, they do. Blue fire spreads across the forest, and he curses, readying himself for the attack.

Himiko squeals excitedly, running alongside Mustard. The attack has finally begun~! Oh, this is going to be so much fun~. All of those cute kids to slice up… and a few hero kittens too! She’s seen their photos, and she can’t wait to paint them all red. She blabbers on about it, fully knowing that the boy beside her isn’t listening.

It’s fine~. They’ll split up soon either way, and she really doesn’t need a response from him. Over the years, she’s learnt how to fill up the silence by herself. It was kind of inevitable since no one ever wanted to talk to her. Well, now Twice does, so it’s not all that bad. He’s… weird. But not too bad. She kind of likes him. But she doesn’t think he’d look that good in red…
She’s brought out of her thoughts by a loud noise. She freezes, and looks to her right. Well… yep… she’s screwed. Right there, is a BIG, UGLY, thing. It looks and smells like dirt. And there’s a lovely aroma of blood in the air. Wait, what? Where is… oh. The beast’s hit Mustard. She’s half-tempted to laugh, but she decides to run away instead. Yep, good decision. As much as she doesn’t mind that kid, she also doesn’t want anything to do with that dirty thing. Just nope.

“ATTENTION EVERYONE! We’re under attack by villains! All those who can, should go to the camp at once!! If you encounter an enemy, retreat!” An announcement rings in Setsuna’s head.

“W-what?!” She startles, fear filling her mind.

“Tokage! Come on, we have to get back!” Honenuki says, panic barely hidden in his voice, as he grabs her hand to drag her along.

“Wait!” She stops him “We’re closer to Pixie-Bob than to the camp! It should be safer to get to her than go through the forest by ourselves!”

“She has a point” Kuroiro says, suddenly appearing from the nearby bushes “Let’s go”

“…Okay” Honenuki says and lets her go.

They run towards the mid-point, where Pixie-Bob should be. They’re separated from the rest of the class, since they’ve all split up to set up their trap. Which means they’re on their own here. For now, at least. She just hopes they don’t encounter any villains.

Mandalay’s announcement stop Izuku and Ragdoll’s conversation. He freezes for a moment, shocked, while the pro springs to her feet and motions for him to follow her. He does that, feeling fear clawing at him. He’ll be okay here, but what about his friends? He barely registers Ragdoll muttering reassurances to him.

They head to where the remedial classes are held. Everyone there is already on their feet, restless. Ragdoll runs up to Kan-sensei to talk with him, and Izuku quickly sprints to Kirishima. The boy is talking with Ashido quietly. Oh, now that he hears it, they’re actually arguing.
“…You can’t go out there! That’d be reckless” Ashido hisses, barely audible.

“What else am I supposed to do?!? I can’t just stay and do nothing…!” Kirishima says, despair tinging his voice.

“Kirishima…” Izuku gets the boy’s attention, and the latter jumps, startled “You shouldn’t… Really. Pros will handle the villains, and we’d only get in the way”

“See? He agrees” Ashido says.

“But… bro. What about your class? They’re all scattered in the forest. Pros can’t get to them all in time!” Kirishima argues half-heartedly.

“Listen, I get that you want to help, but… just don’t” He bites his lip “You’d only be throwing your life away”

“I-“ Kirishima tries to say something, but gets cut off.

“Everyone, watch out!” Ragdoll says “Someone is approaching, and it’s neither a hero nor a student!”

He can see Vlad King cautiously make his way towards the door, slipping into fighting stance and waiting there. Kirishima hardens his skin. Izuku simply drops into a fighting stance. He can’t really use his quirk yet, he’s still not recovered enough, but he can help by fighting without it. His hand-to-hand isn’t bad.

Dusty Ash looks around the bar – supposedly the League’s base. It doesn’t look like anyone is here… She looks around for a bit, noticing the barstools, and the bottles of liquor. She raises an eyebrow at that. It looks like some kind of abandoned pub. Well, at least it’s clean. She really doesn’t know why Toya would be here but…

She’ll wait for them to come back. And when they do, she’ll talk with him. Maybe she’ll have to knock some sense into him. She’d really rather not, but she won’t hesitate if it’s what it takes to take him back. Either way, no one is here, so all she can do is wait. She sits on one of the barstools with a sigh. This is probably going to take a while.
“Pixie Bob!” Setsuna calls out, seeing the older woman.

“Kittens!? What are you doing here-?” She huffs the last part, hurling some dirt at the attacking villain “You were supposed to head back to camp!”

“Well, yeah, but we’ve figured it’d be safer with you there” Honenuki says, already trying to use his quirk to trap the villain.

The villain themselves is… well… creepy. Yeah, creepy would be an accurate description. Everything aside from their mouth is covered in black cloth, and their mouth is scary. Like, really scary. She resists the urge to scream when one of their teeths grows rapidly, and the villain dodges, using it to get out of Honenuki’s range.

Pixie-Bob throws some more earth at the villain, forcing them to retreat. It’s not ideal, since they may still bump into someone else, but at least for now, their group is safe. Pixie-Bob closes the distance between her, and them. Everyone is still on alert, but at least they’re not engaged in battle right now.

“What should we do now?” Kuroiro asks hesitantly.

“Return to the camp” The woman says “Come on, kittens. We have to get there as soon as possible!”

“OH, wait!” Setsuna calls out, suddenly remembering something “Someone should go get Kouta! Before the villains find him!”

“Uhm… I don’t know where might be” Pixie-Bob says worriedly “We’ve always let him have privacy so… I don’t know where he’s disappeared to. The only one who can find him now is Ragdoll. Getting to her is our best bet”

“Well, I know where he is” Setsuna says, resolved “Or at least where he most likely is. I’ll go get him!”

“Don’t go alone, you idiot” Kuroiro scolds her when she tries to run off.
“He’s right, kitten, we’ll all go together” Pixie-Bob says “It’s safer like that”

“Alright” She grins, and leads the way.

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“Yaoyorozu! Come here!” Itsuka says, getting the girl’s attention.

“What's happened…?” The aforementioned asks, gesturing to a bloody, limp form of Yui hanging from Itsuka’s shoulder.

“We’ve had a run-in with a villain. Overgrown lizard. They had a lot of blades” Itsuka says, wincing “Yui took a hit for me”

“Oh god…” Yaoyorozu covers her mouth with one hand.

“Can you create some bandages or something?” She asks urgently.

“Ah, oh, yes…!” The girl stumbles over her words, but gets to work.

“Thanks” Itsuka says, as they bandage Yui.

“It's not a problem” Yaoyorozu tells her “But we should hurry. We don’t know what we might bump into--”

“Look out!!!” Awase’s voice warns them, and sure enough, here is the boy.

And he’s not alone. There is a weird, unnatural, abomination with exposed brain following him. Setting Yui down, Itsuka curses and quickly gets into a fighting stance. Yaoyorozu produces some weapon. Awase skids to a halt right next to them, turning to face the creature. Itsuka notes that the boy is panting – he’s probably run for a while now.

“AGASRFDG” Loud, indistinguishable noises come from the weird thing, as it slowly creeps closer.
"You go for it’s leg, I’ll try to distract it” Itsuka mutters “Awase, watch out for a chance to weld it to a tree”

“Understood” Yaoyorozu says, preparing to attack.

“Alright…” Awase murmurs, his eyes focusing on the beast.

“Let’s go” Itsuka says, and sprints at the thing.

It notices her and screeches. She cringes, but keeps running straight towards it. When she’s close enough, she jumps, enlarging her fists, and slams them into its head. At the same time, Yaoyorozu attacks its leg with her… staff-like weapon. Itsuka is not sure if it’s a proper staff, or if it only looks like it, but she’s not going to question it now.

She lands, and charges in again, this time aiming for its stomach. She winces in pain as she hits it. Seeing the lack of reaction, she’s pretty sure that she’s hurt herself more than she’s hurt this thing. Well, it was worth a shot. The monster tries to hit her with its hands, but she leaps back, out of range.

Yaoyorozu attempts to attack its leg again, once again not getting any results. There is a weird beat of complete silence, when no one does anything. Time seems to slow down for that second. And then, everything is moving again, and they both have to dodge the charging beast. Well, it looks like she’ll have to hit it directly on the brain for it to sustain any damage.

She really hates it, but she charges in nonetheless. She manages to hit it square in the middle of its exposed brain, and it gives an ungodly scream. Yaoyorozu goes after her, also trying to hit its brain. The best is furious now though, and the girl is too slow. Yaoyorozu gets swiped aside, hitting a tree. Itsuka winces.

She refocuses on the monster again, charging. It expects her, and tries to hit her. She dodges, but she has to jump out of range to escape the next hit. She scoffs, knowing that she won’t win like that. Then, she notices something. Awase is quietly trying to sneak behind the beast. She grins, charging at it.

If only she can hold its attention for long enough, the boy will be able to trap it. This time, when the monster strikes, she blocks instead of dodging. It hurts, but it gives Awase enough time to weld the beast to the ground. They both jump away from it, Yaoyorozu joining them. Before anyone can say anything, it breaks free, destroying a piece of ground it’s on.
Well, shit. She prepares for a fight, but the monster starts to retreat for some reason. They all stare at it for a moment, puzzled, before Yaoyorozu snaps out of it, and creates something. Itsuka isn’t sure what it is, but the girl passes it to Awase and whispers something to him. To Itsuka’s horror, the boy runs up to the retreating monster.

It doesn’t attack him, and he manages to weld this thing to its back. She lets out a sigh of relief when he gets back to them, completely unharmed. Now they only have to get back to the camp. Itsuka picks Yui up from the ground, and soon, they’re all running towards the camp again.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed~!
^w^

See y'all soon \o/
Nedzu picks up the teacup from the table. The beverage is still really hot, so he sets it back down with a huff. He feels mildly irritated. Normally, he wouldn’t be bothered by waiting, but lately, he’s found himself more likely to be put off by trivial things. Is he overworking himself? No, that couldn’t be it…

Maybe it’s because he’s worried? Hmm… That could be it. His ears twitch. He huffs in irritation again. Despite having an intelligence-related quirk, he still feels like an idiot. It’s like he’s missing something… He just has no idea what that ‘something’ really is.

It’s honestly quite worrying. Despite so many people looking for them, the traitor still hasn’t been found. He’s set trap after trap to get them to reveal themselves, and none of it worked. He’s managed to narrow down the list of suspects a bit, at the very least. It can’t be anyone from 1-B – if that was the case, they would have leaked the information about the attack on the class.

If it was any other class, he might have considered the chance of traitor simply trying to not get caught. But revealing something like that attack… It would be far too advantageous to simply pass up the chance. Mostly because there are two students from other countries in that class. If the attack made the news, U.A. would have to deal with American, and Chinese embassies.

And that could end really badly. Not only for U.A.’s reputation, but also for all of the people involved with the school. Villains wouldn’t simply pass up a chance like that. It would be really stupid to do that. Unless their target isn’t the school, which is pretty unlikely. Making U.A. fall would also make some foundations of the Hero society crumble. And that also seems to be the villain’s goal.

When it comes to traitor, he can also rule out all of the second years. During the press break-in, all second year students were on a trip. Of course, different courses were in different places, but still, none of them remained at school. He’s also made sure to check which people were absent on that day. It doesn’t give them a completely solid alibi, but it would be a bit harder for them to sneak
He sighs and checks his tea again. Even with all of those people ruled out, there are still a lot of students who could be the traitor. He grimaces when he sees that the tea is still hot. Oh well, he can wait. He keeps looking at the steam rising from the cup, as he continues thinking.

To be honest, by this point he’s almost entirely sure that the traitor is someone from the first year. Especially after the incident in the mall. He doesn’t believe in coincidences like that. His belief that there are no coincidences is also why he’s allowed Bakugou to remain in U.A. – an action he still regrets quite a bit.

When he’s made that decision since back then, it still seemed entirely plausible that Bakugou was the traitor, and just happened to slip up and reveal his true nature during the Sport’s Festival. As unlikely as it sounds, it could still be the case. And he really couldn’t afford to let the traitor get away. He still can’t afford that. They need all the information they can get to apprehend those criminals, or else the villains will just find another way to get their info.

At the time, he’s expected the backlash for letting Bakugou stay at school instead of expelling him. He just hadn’t expected it to be this bad. Of course, the media didn’t have that much to do with this – he’s managed to get them to let it go pretty quickly. The real problem was the internet. People were absolutely livid about that incident, and well, he can’t exactly control something as vast as social media and forums so…

It didn’t really do any favours for U.A.’s popularity. And, of course, other schools also benefited quite a bit because of this. Some of the students – mostly from general studies and business course – even transferred schools, ending up in Shiketsu and such instead. So… yeah, that maybe wasn’t his best decision. Not to mention the visible tension in class 1-A itself. He’s even heard Present Mic complain about it in teachers’ lounge.

At the very least, it’s a good thing that most people got over it already. He checks his tea again, and smiles when he finds that he can drink it now. It’s chamomile tea, instead of fruit one he always drinks, but it’s still quite good. He can see why other people enjoy it.

“Miss… The visiting hours are over” The nurse says with a fake smile.

“I… I see” Flare simply replies, showing a fake smile of her own “I’ll see myself out then”
“Goodbye” The nurse says curtly.

“Goodbye…” She echoes, leaving the room.

She doesn’t like the hospitals, but recently, she hates them even more. She’s been visiting the boss and Spark as much as she could. Endeavor is still in a coma, but her co-worker has woken up. He’s still stuck in the hospital, healing, but at least it’s improving.

Endeavor’s Hero Agency on the other hand, is a total wreck. It’s nothing short of a miracle that she’s managed to get her first solo mission done. Like, really. One of the sidekicks got put in charge for now, but everything became disorganized without boss. Some interns and sidekicks got sent to other agencies, so they’re also low on staff.

Another problem is sending people to cover Endeavor’s normal patrol routes. Boss was always a bit of a workaholic, so he has quite a few different, and long routes. Now that they have even less people, it’s a bit of a nightmare to take care of it all. Thankfully, some of the other local agencies help them with this.

The worst thing is that with the way things are, they are quite busy with patrols. And just patrols. No one has time to conduct investigations. So they had to transfer most cases to other agencies. Which is a bit of a morale blow to most people. She shakes her head to get rid of the annoying thoughts. Complaining, even in her head, is not going to do her any good. All she can do is work and wait. Yep, that’s what she’s going to do.

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Toshinori fidgets with his hands in a nervous manner. Sir Nighteye is sitting in a chair just beside him, and despite the fact that over the last couple weeks they’ve tried to repair their relationship a bit, it’s putting him a bit on edge. Not to mention, he continues second-guessing his choice.

Mirio Togata is a fine young man, and he thinks the boy’ll make a great successor. There is just… something missing. Or at least it’s a feeling he gets. He can’t quite put his finger on it, but it’s there. He knows that it’s just mostly worry about making the right choice. But there is no way that it’s the wrong choice.

He’s spent the last couple of weeks observing and talking with Young Togata, and he knows the boy will make a fine hero. Not to mention, Nighteye approves of the boy too. And now that he has more time as All Might, thanks to Young Midoriya – something he hasn’t properly thanked the boy for, which makes him feel a bit guilty – he can use up a bit more of his time on training his successor. He’s startled out of his thoughts when there is a knock at the door.
“Enter” Nighteye says.

“Hello, sir” Young Togata says “OH! All Might sensei, you’re here too!”

“Yes, my boy” Toshinori says with a smile.

“Uhm… if I may ask… why did you want to see me?” The boy questions, his smile never faltering “It’s a little late too…”

“Togata, please sit down” Sir Nighteye gestures towards the only empty chair “This talk is going to take a while”

“Alright” Young Togata says, sitting down. His expression slips from a smile to something much more focused. Toshinori sighs internally, preparing himself for this talk. He’s always known it’s going to be the hard part. And since Sir Nighteye is here, he won’t be able to skip any details. Which is just as bad. Oh well, the sooner he gets the tough part out of the way, the better.

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“Hey, have you heard about those guys tagging along to the League?” Cobra asks, sitting down at a table across from him.

“Cobra, get lost. I want to eat my lunch in peace, and I feel like throwing up when I look at you” He says in complete deadpan.

“Lunch? It’s the middle of the night… Why are you eating lunch?” The man asks, raising an eyebrow. One of those annoying snakes hiss at him.

“Because, unlike someone, I have a lot of things to do, and didn’t have a chance to eat until now” He says, taking a bite of his sandwich.

“Dude, that’s not healthy” The man says, frowning “You have to make sure to keep yourself in good shape”
“Why?” He questions with disinterest. If he gets sick he can always just sit a few days out, what’s the big deal?

“Well, with those psychos tagging along with the League, things may go badly pretty quickly” The man shrugs “You know, boss may want to send you out if shit hits the fan…”

“No” He deadpans “I am not doing that again. Hosu was a nightmare, I’m not suited for this, leave me alone and let me do my actual job”

“…” Cobra sighs “You do know I care about you, right? Just keep yourself healthy and all that”

“The feeling is not mutual” He says seriously “I hate your guts. Now get lost and let me eat”

“Oh, come on J-“ The man starts to say, but gets cut off.

“Don’t use that name” He says harshly “It doesn’t sit well with me. After all, that person is dead… long dead”

“…” The man sighs “I wouldn’t if you told me what to call you!”

“…I haven’t decided yet” He says hesitantly “Choosing a new name is not something I want to do on a whim, and regret later, you know? Since it will be ‘me’ from now on, I want to be called something I really like”

“You’re being overdramatic” Cobra rolls his eyes “It’s just a name. Most people don’t get to choose anyways. And also, it’s annoying that no one can call you by any name. I mean, it gets hard to talk about you while you’re not there. Seriously, just choose something already”

“As always, your rants make little sense” He huffs “I’ll let you know once I decide on something. Now, get out and let me enjoy my meal”

“Yeah, yeah” The man does in fact get up, but doesn’t walk away “Get some sleep after that though. It’s really unhealthy to stay up late like this”
“…” He rolls his eyes. Why are all the people here like that. Why can’t they just leave him alone and let him do his thing.

“Oh, and also” Cobra says, as he begins to walk away “Aside from League getting new members and obviously planning something, that yakuza group we’ve been working with is close to perfecting their drug. We should prepare for some shifts in power soon”

“I don’t care” He grumbles, though he does care about that “Just leave” The man does leave, and he’s left alone again, mulling over what’s been said. He really has to think about what name to choose for himself, huh?

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed~!

See y'all soon \o/
Setsuna keeps running through the forest, leading the others towards Kouta’s hideout. They haven’t encountered any villains yes. She’s grateful for that, but it also means they’re in other parts of the forest – possibly where her classmates are. And that… that makes her feel uneasy. She snaps out of her thoughts, skidding to a halt, when they arrive at Kouta’s secret base.

Except, the boy is nowhere to be seen. Instead, there is a gigantic, blond man there. He’s muscular, and kind of gross. Setsuna slips into a fighting stance, and everyone else does the same. The man hasn’t noticed them yet, but it’s better to be prepared. She shoots a glance at Pixie-Bob, and the woman shakes her head when their eyes meet.

Huh, so, they’re not going to take him out? The pro hero motions for them to go back into the forest. She hesitates for a moment, before Kuroiro grabs her arm and drags her back. She tries to stop him, wanting to make sure Kouta really isn’t there before going. Sure, they can’t see him, but he could be hiding somewhere there!

Before she can voice her thoughts though, the villain behind them leaps into the forest, dashing between the trees. They all instinctively freeze for a second, desperately trying not to get noticed. Once the villain is gone, they share a look, before continuing on their way.

Kouta tries not to panic, as he hides behind a tree. He’s having a hard time fighting off tears. Why did this have to happen today…? It started as a normal day, only difference being that he went to a nearby stream to try to get to know more of his quirk, instead of heading off to his secret base. Ugh… this is all so stupid. He’s actually listened to this girl telling him that his power has the potential to save lives, and where did it leave him?

Hiding during a villain attack, far away from the cottage. He really hates villains. He momentarily freezes, startled out of his thoughts, when he hears a rustling sound. He prays that it’s just some animal. That thought is quickly abandoned as he sees a man in a weird hat. He tries to remain motionless, so that he won’t be spotted as easily. In the end though, it’s all for nothing.

“Oh, who do we have here?” The creep in the weird hat asks, getting closer to him.
“…” He doesn’t answer, frozen in fear.

“You won’t talk with me?” The villain asks, tilting his head “Oh, well, I guess – wait. If I remember correctly, there should be a kid with Pussycats… it’s you, isn’t it?” The man grins madly “Well then, please excuse me for what I’m about to do. It’s nothing personal~”

Ragdoll braces herself for the attack, standing between the villain and the students. Vlad King is right next to her, already readying his quirk. The villain moves a hand, and there is suddenly a flash of bright blue outside. Fire… oh fuck. She doesn’t normally swear, even internally, but just… fuck. The villain has set the whole cottage on fire. Now what?

“Don’t worry kittens! It’ll be okay!” She shouts to the students, displaying confidence she simply doesn’t have.

“Ragdoll, where is the villain?” Vlad asks “I’ll try to make a hole in the wall for us to escape, but it’d be wise to do it where we won’t run right into them…”

“Right there!” She points to where the villain is, crouched down… wait “Uhm, I think he’s trying to set fire all around the cottage to trap us here”

“…As if that’d happen” Vlad murmurs, drawing back a fist “Stand back for a moment! Students, when we escape, keep close to me and Ragdoll. We’ll keep you safe”

“R-right” One of the students says, gulping.

Izuku grits his teeth in frustration. And fear. But mostly frustration and despair. He just feels so… useless. He can’t use his quirk without experiencing the drawback, and that makes him essentially quirkless for now. He waits as Vlad King makes a hole in the wall. The heat is starting to be really bothersome.

The teacher goes out first, slipping into a fighting stance and looking around, prepared to block any attack. Kaminari and Kirishima share a look, before the former heads out as well. After that, Ashido goes. It only takes a few seconds. But then, there is a beat of silence as no one does anything. Izuku freezes, surprised, and looks at Kirishima, following his gaze. The boy is looking at Kacchan… What’s wrong, why aren’t they leaving?
“Kittens! We really need to go!” Ragdoll says urgently, gesturing for them to get moving already.

“…Come on, Bakugou” Kirishima says, grabbing Izuku’s wrist, and running for the exit.

They cough a bit through the smoke, and have to speed up a bit more to jump over the flames. Izuku hisses as he lands, feeling a new burn on his leg. Well, that’s what he gets for trying to jump over flames. Still better than staying trapped there though. At least Bakugou actually followed them. That’s good.

“We should get going before the villain comes back here” Vlad King says, and Izuku hears a thud. He turns around, and sees Ragdoll, who’s just jumped over the flames.

“Don’t worry kittens, we’ll be alright!” She tells them “We have to get to the rest of the teachers though! Follow me!”

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Aizawa hisses when one of the villains’ weapons make contact with Mandalay’s head. The woman thankfully stays conscious, but he has to use his capture weapon to get her out of the harm’s way. And because of that, he can’t dodge that strange lizard’s attack. The blades graze him, drawing blood.

“Aizawa-sensei!” Iida cries out.

He just scoffs, and punches the villain. It’s a punch to the throat. A very powerful punch, might he add. The lizard makes a satisfying wheezing sound as they crumble to the ground. He feels a strong pull, and turns to activate his quirk on the other villain. Tiger takes the opportunity to attack the man – or a woman, he’s not entirely sure – but the villain blocks.

He leaps away, as the lizard swings their weapon again. The villain tries to go after him, but makes one mistake – they don’t dodge a certain purple ball thrown their way. The lizard gets stuck to the ground. Aizawa nods in acknowledgement, flashing a quick thumbs-up in Mineta’s general direction. Or at least where he thinks the boy is. He can’t really turn to confirm it.

“How dare you attack her like that!” Tiger roars, referring to Mandalay, who is still unable to stand up.

“…” The villain doesn’t answer, only shifting their position, and glancing at the now-stuck lizard.
“Ugh… Magne, keep them busy for a moment! I hafta get free from this” The lizard says.

“…” ‘Kay” The other villain – apparently ‘Magne’ – answers “Come at me, heroes”

“Not exactly wise to talk in front of your enemy” Aizawa mumbles, activating his quirk, as Tiger charges the villain.

Ochako’s back connects with the tree, knocking the air out of her. Before the girl with the knife – she thinks the girl introduced herself as Toga? – can charge at her again, Tsu-chan tries to stop her. Toga immediately switches targets, making a nasty cut on Tsu-chan’s tongue. Ochako winces just from watching.

Kaibara, who’s joined them a few minutes ago, charges at the villain, kicking her in the ribs. It’s not as effective as it could have been – his leg is hurt since the girl thrust a knife into it, and he’s not able to put as much power behind the kick. At the same time, Ochako runs over to Tsu-chan, making sure that she’s okay. Toga giggles maniacally, and lunges right back at the boy, trying to cut him.

“Not that I’m complaining, but I could really use a hand here!” Kaibara shouts.

“R-right!” Ochako unfreezes, realising she wasn’t moving.

As the boy and Toga keep dodging and exchanging blows, she and Tsu-chan try to circle the villain. And it’s honestly… not the best idea. She knows that much the moment Toga smiles, and leaps back, away from Kaibara, to attack Tsu-chan instead. Ochako curses, but she’s determined to use this opening.

She throws herself forward, going for the villain’s back. At the last moment, Toga turns around, and the momentum would have carried Ochako straight into a knife if Tsu-chan didn’t kick the villain, sending the girl flying sideways. Kaibara closes the distance between him and the villain, and kicks Toga in the ribs, before the girl even has a chance to pick herself up.

“Fuck… Boys in red are cute, but boys trying to paint me red definitely aren’t…” The villain mutters creepily. And gets kicked again.
This time though, the girl takes it as an opportunity to stab Kaibara in the uninjured leg. The boy gasps in pain, crumbling to the ground. Toga tries to stab him again, but Tsu-chan is faster. Ochako watches as her friend gets Kaibara out of the way. Toga growls, obviously displeased.

The villain attacks them again. And once more, Ochako desperately tries to tap Toga, while also avoiding attacks. And just like earlier, it’s not exactly working. Toga is way too agile to get slapped or tapped. It’s have to be a sneak attack to work. For now, she’ll just have to wait for an opportunity.

Shiozaki puts her hands together, putting up another wall of vines, desperate to block Tokoyami’s quirk. She and Shoji from 1-A are trying to escape, but it’s not going too well. No matter how much she prays, the salvation doesn’t come. If this keeps up, they may get maimed by a fellow student instead of a villain.

The other option is just as horrible, and she’d really rather avoid both possibilities. Dark Shadow tears through the vines she puts up, so she sends another wall. One of the drawbacks of her quirk is that she can’t really move. And that makes her retreat rather slow. Which, given the current situation, leaves much to be desired.

“Shiozaki! I can see fire that way!” Shoji tells her “Todoroki is probably there! We should ask him for help”

She nods wordlessly, and they resume their mostly silent walk.

“Vlad! The villain is going after us!” Ragdoll informs the man, as the villain who set the cottage on fire notices them and starts running in their direction “Watch out for his fire… Also, there is something wrong. I can’t detect any weak points on his body!”

“Got it” The man replies, and they switch positions.

She ends up in the front, guiding the students, and he takes a place at the back, ready to fend off the attack. The moment the villain gets close enough, Vlad attacks. The man tries to counter with fire, but Vlad just shields himself with blood. Ragdoll can feel some students stop running, as if waiting to help.

“Don’t stop!” She yells at them “Leave it to your teacher! We have to go!”
It seems to do the trick, and soon, they’re moving as a group again. Before they make it to the others, Vlad King rejoins them, muttering something about the villains’ quirks. Finally, they can see a group of students, and half of Ragdoll’s team, together with Eraserhead. She’d breathe a sigh of relief, if it weren’t for the fact that Eraserhead and Tiger are engaged in a fight, and Mandalay is on the ground. Ragdoll can say that she’s injured – a head wound. Well, shit. From one fight to another. What can you do? Looks like it’s going to be a hard day…

Chapter End Notes

Hi! ^w^

Sorry for taking so long with updates! >.<

Anyways, I hope you enjoyed, take care, and see ya \o/
Neito curses, running and dragging Komori with him. They’d been so close to coming back without being spotted, but, of course, something just had to go wrong. In this case, this ‘something’ is a rather scary, buff, blond villain suddenly going after them while laughing maniacally. And even Komori’s mushrooms couldn’t stop him, which is scary on a whole another level.

“Gotcha!” The villain calls out, and Neito is sent flying, Komori’s hand slipping from his “Ha… ha… How I love when they run…”

“…Dammit” He coughs, trying to get up, before a fist slams into his back again.

“Shouto!” Shiozaki’s voice resounds from somewhere behind him. It lacks its usual composure.

“I’m here!” He calls back, without turning.

He can’t really turn, not with that… man attacking him. He sends more ice towards the villain, fire immediately following. Jiro tries to blast the man with her amplified heartbeat, but all it manages to do is throw off Shouto’s attack. He grits his teeth and jumps back, barely avoiding another… teeth attack.

“Todoroki! We need some fire!” Shoji yells, from the same direction as Shiozaki, closer than before.

He momentarily freezes, realising that Tokoyami was with Shoji before. If they need light… that can’t be anything good. He turns to look in their direction, and yep, Dark Shadow is roaring above the tress, destroying everything in his path.

“Watch out!” Jiro yells, and he jumps to the right on instinct, almost avoiding the villain’s attack.

He curses as blood flows from his arm. He should’ve paid more attention. Dark Shadow roars, and he leaps back, summoning as much fire as he can, while leaving some space for Shoji and Shiozaki to run through. And, sure enough, they both sprint across the clearing.
The villain tries to attack again, but Shouto manages to get him to back off with a bit of his fire. Dark Shadow comes back into view, roaring wildly, and lashing out at the sight of fire. Gritting his teeth, Shouto pushes his fire side to its limit, bathing the clearing in wild, flickery light. What follows is a bloodcurdling scream.

When he finally lets his flames die down, he takes a look around. Tokoyami is on the ground, but he’s unharmed. The others seem fine too. The villain though… the man is on fire, still screaming in agony. Shouto curses internally, but sends a wave of ice towards the man, attempting to put out the flames and trap the villain in one go. Once that’s done, he falls to the ground, breathing heavily. That… that was exhausting.

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“Ah, Kurogiri-san, could I have your attention for a second?” Mr.Compress asks him, and he has to admit, he’s quite surprised by this turn of event…

“Mr.Compress… I don’t see why not, but you should be focusing on our goals” He says in a neutral tone “It would be very bad if we didn’t acquire our objectives because of you, wouldn’t it?”

“But of course” The villain doesn’t seem particularly fazed “All I want is to propose an itty-bitty little change in plans. After all, our target, along with two additional targets are heavily guarded right now. To catch them, or at the very least get Bakugou Katsuki, I’d need to make a bit of a change in plans. Would that be alright?”

“It shouldn’t be a problem, as long as it enables you to accomplish our goals” He answers “However, if you run into Tomura, please report to him. If that’s all then get to work”

“Huh, that went smoother than expected. You didn’t even tell me to reveal what the change is about” Mr. Compress says, tilting his head.

“That’s because I don’t care, as long as you get the job done” He shrugs, and opens a warp gate “Now then, I must be off to collect the Nomu. Goodbye”

“You ‘don’t care’, huh”

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“Well, shit” The lizard says as soon as it manages to free itself “Magne, we’re outta here”
"As if I’d let you!" A voice bellows, and Aizawa’s blood runs cold, realising it’s Vlad King speaking. What’s happened back in the cottage?

Well, doesn’t matter, for now at least. The moment he sees Vlad’s attack heading for one villain, he attacks the other. In the meantime, Tiger takes the injured woman away. Good, now they can go all out. Probably.

"Tiger, place her over here!" Ragdoll says loudly. Wait, she’s here too?!

"Uraraka, WATCH OUT!" Kaibara warns her from the ground, and she just barely manages to avoid another knife attack.

"Thanks!" That was close, way too close.

"Eh?? Not fair!" The villain pouts "When you’re stabbed and fall, it may be better to just stay down"

And with that, Toga tries to attack the boy. Thankfully, Tsu-chan gets him out of the way in time. Fighting that crazy blond bitch is really hard. And Ochaco doesn’t use insults lightly. That girl earned it. Ochaco tries to tap the villain, now that the girl is more focused on Kaibara and Tsu-chan. Of course, it doesn’t go as planned.

Just like all the other times she’s tried to do it while Toga was distracted. Well, time to change strategy. Because if this keeps up any longer, they’ll just tire out and get killed. Think! It’s a forest. There should be some things she could hopefully levitate here... Wait, there are rocks on the ground... Well, it may not be ideal, but it’s a plan at least.

"Oh, here you are, Shigaraki... and Twice" Mr. Compress smiles menacingly "I may need your help..."

"Leave it, Vlad" Aizawa says once the villains manage to slip away "Following them into the forest is a bad idea. It could be a trap. Not to mention we have to watch over the students"

“…” Vlad doesn’t respond, unless you count a sigh as a response. But doesn’t run after the enemies
“W-where is Kouta? Wasn’t he with you… Wasn’t he in the cottage?!” Mandalay asks frantically.

“I-I’m sorry… I don’t know where he is” Ragdoll answers back, tears in her eyes “He’s left earlier… before everyone went out for the test of courage. Oh my god, Shino, I’m so sorry… I’m so sorry”

“I… there is nothing to be sorry for” Mandalay says, composing herself “Not yet, at least. We’ll find him. He… he’s probably hiding somewhere. He has to be alright, God, let him be alright…”

“S-Shino… I-I… sorry” Even more tears fall from the woman’s eyes.

“I told you not to apologise! And don’t cry either” Mandalay’s eyes also start to gleam with tears “I-if you do, I’ll also…”

“Compose yourselves” He says, even if he knows it’s harsh and insensitive “You’re pro heroes, and there are still villains around. We need to get the rest of the students and evacuate”

“…You could be at least a little considerate” And of course it’s Vlad King who murmurs that.

“Kaminari!” He gets the attention of one of the newly arrived students “Try to contact the school and the police”

“R-right!” The boy stammers, but gets right to it.

“Midoriya, try to see if you can heal Mandalay” Vlad King shoots him a glare at that. He glares right back.

“He still shouldn’t use his quirk!” Ragdoll yells “It’s not properly regenerated yet, so it could do more damage than good”

“It’s alright…” The boy says “If it can help, even a little… I’m willing to take the risk. I’ll do it”
“No, you won’t!” Vlad King growls “If you do, you may end up as a hindrance. Besides, I know how your quirk works. If you hit the wrong note, it may injure her even further”

“I… I understand” The boy says, sounding frustrated, and on the verge of tears “I’m sorry…”

“There is nothing to be sorry for, kitten” Ragdoll replies “Mandalay will be just okay! For now, why don’w we-…” She cuts off for a moment “Someone is coming”

“RELEASE!” She shouts, and rocks fall down from the sky.

“Oh crap!” Toga swears, trying to shield her face.

“W- ouch… what’s up with friendly fire?!?” Kaibara complains.

Well… she does feel kind of bad for him. Tsu-chan manages to get out of the way in time though so… Well, it doesn’t really matter. It got the villain. Toga is distracted, so she quickly jumps at the girl, activating her quirk. The villain squawks in surprise, as she kicks her high up.

“That… that should do it…” She sighs, already feeling like she might throw up “I can’t hold her up there for long… Come on, let’s… escape…”

“Ochaco-chan! Are you alright?” Tsu-chan asks, steadying her.

“Yeah, I’m fine…” She answers “Let’s just run…”

“I’m going to need some help here” Kaibara says, and oh right, both of his legs got stabbed.

Chapter End Notes

Hi! :D
Sorry for the long wait! Hope you enjoy it! ^w^  

See y'all \o/
“So, you want me to copy Kurogiri?” Twice asks incredulously “Can’t you just ask him for help? Of course he can’t… Shut up… Why would he help?”

“…What the fuck” Shigaraki scratches his neck “At least try to settle on one opinion…”

“That’s rude! – You have a point – No he doesn’t!” Twice bangs his head on a tree, and Mr.Compress just sighs.

“I just don’t want to risk losing our only way out” He explains “Besides, Kurogiri already has his task for now. It would be rude to interrupt him, even if it’s for one of my shows…”

“Whatever, just get on it, you morons” Shigaraki sighs “Stop wasting time”

“Oh, are you going to break so quickly? That’s disappointing” The villain says, crouching down next to Neito, and grabbing the boy’s hair to make him look up “Well, even if you don’t struggle, it’s still going to be fun”

“Fuck… you…” He manages to hiss.

“So you have some fighting spirit left! I like it” The villain laughs, and punches him in the face.

Damn, that hurts… He can see black dots dancing in front of his eyes, and he’s fairly sure his nose is broken. Fuck. Not to mention he can’t exactly copy that villains quirk – he’s already overused his own today, so it’d only make the situation worse if he tried. He tries to get up, and the man kicks
him. Fuck… Maybe at least Komori will get a hold of herself and do something…

Setsuna can’t help but sigh in relief when Kan-sensei and the Pussycats come into view. She speeds up a little, running out into the clearing. They made it… they really made it… And none of them are injured.

“Pixie-bob!” Ragdoll chirps, running up to their group.

“I’m glad you made it back…” Kan-sensei says “Have you seen any other students on your way here?”

“No, we didn’t” The woman replies, grimacing slightly “I was hoping everyone else was here already”

“Tokage, Kuroiro, Honenuki! Are you guys okay?!” Midoriya asks, running up to them.

“Midoriya! You’re okay!” She cries out, meeting him in the middle and enveloping him in a hug “Oh my god, I was so worried”

“Get back to the group!” Ragdoll tells them, gesturing wildly “We don’t know when the villains might attack again”

“Shouldn’t you know though…?” Eraserhead questions.

“They have a guy who can teleport!” Ragdoll continues gesturing “How am I supposed to do anything about that?!”

Setsuna feels like laughing, or crying for that matter. They’re under attack from villains and heroes are like this. Or maybe her nerves are just frayed after going through the forest. Either way, she finds herself pulled towards the rest of the students. Looking around, she can see people from 1-A, as well as her own class. But…

“Where is Shouto?” Kuroiro asks, making Midoriya wince.
“He’s… not here yet” The boy replies nervously. He looks like he’s about to cry “I was… kind of trying not to think about it too much… since there is nothing I can do about it”

“I’m sure he’s okay!” She says, with all the confidence she doesn’t have “So let’s just wait for now…”

“Yeah…” The boy says quietly, giving her a small, fake smile. She still manages to hear him muttering almost inaudibly “…I’m still worried though”

“I don’t see Monoma anywhere” Honenuki says quietly “Normally I’d just try to believe in him but… his quirk doesn’t really work unless he can touch someone, so, you know…”

“Yeah… I have a bad feeling about this” She agrees, suddenly feeling a lot more worried.

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“I can’t keep my quirk up anymore” Ochaco says dazily, feeling queasy and faint.

“I’m sorry for slowing you down. You would have been back already if it wasn’t for me” Kaibara sets his mouth in a thin line “It would be better if you left me and run”

“Don’t say that, kero” Tsu-chan says, determination dripping from her voice “We won’t leave you”

“That’s right!” Ochaco echoes, forcing the wave of nausea back. She can’t give in, not now.

“Uraraka, when you release your quirk, that bitch is going to go straight for us” The boy says, wincing slightly with each step “I can try to stall her if you go on ahead and bring the teachers to help”

“There is no way we could do that!” She exclaims, tightening her grip on Kaibara’s arm.

“It’s our best option” He replies calmly. Far too calmly.
“Like hell it is!” She snaps “If we do that, she’ll kill you!”

“I agree with Ochaco-chan, kero” Tsu-chan says “Splitting up is a bad idea. And even if you’re slowing us down, it’s not by that much”

“Not by that much? Both of my legs got stabbed. It’s pretty clear that you’d be much faster if you didn’t have to drag me” Kaibara’s tone gains some sharpness to it, like he’s on the verge of snapping at them “Besides, I’d never forgive myself if you two got killed because of me”

“And I wouldn’t forgive myself for leaving y-“ She doesn’t get to finish, as her quirk finally exceeds her limit, and she lets go of it, crumbling to the ground and barfing.

“Fuck” Kaibara curses, trying to steady her, despite the fact that he himself is only standing thanks to Tsu-chan.

“…’m fine” She says, after she finishes heaving “Let’s go”

“Are you sure-“ Tsu-chan tries to ask, but she cuts the girl off.

“Yeah, I’m fine. Or at least good enough to walk for now” A little white lie, but she’ll somehow pull it off, even if she has to overexert herself even more “Let’s go. I doubt we want to wait until Toga catches up to us”

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Kinoko’s vision swims, green leaves and blue flames swirling in nauseous dance right before her eyes. She lifts her head a little, trying to see through the swirls and blurs. She manages to do that, but the sight before her almost makes her wish she didn’t. Monoma is lying limply on the ground, menacing figure looming over him.

Everything snaps into focus. If she doesn’t do anything, Monoma will die… She uses whatever energy she has left to activate her quirk. She releases some spores, and with a sharp tug, mushrooms start to grow. The villain chokes, falling ot the ground. She grimaces a bit. She doesn’t really like growing mushrooms inside someone’s throat, it can end pretty badly if she doesn’t control the output.

“M-Monoma… are you o-okay?” She asks, surprised by how much her voice wavers. It’s… weird. She feels a bit detached “M-Monoma?”
Worried, she gets up on wobbly legs, and staggers towards the boy. He’s unconscious and battered, but he seems to be breathing. Thank god… Now she only has to carry him out of the forest.

“It’s quiet… too quiet” Shoji says suddenly.

“Shouldn’t that be a good thing?” Jiro asks, stopping to plant her earphone jack in the ground.

“I suppose…” The boy answers uncertainly “I think I’m just worried about where all the other villains are… I doubt they’d just leave”

“It doesn’t matter” Shouto chimes in, frowning slightly “There’s not much we can do about it either way. So just focus on getting back safely”

“Yeah, I suppose-“ Shoji gets cut off by a loud thump and a shout.

“What was that…?” Jiro questions, and stills, apparently hearing something through the earphone jack “Guys, we should speed up. Whoever it was, it wasn’t a student…”

Himiko Toga groans, picking herself up from the ground. That was a nasty fall. And her equipment is all smashed. Well, fuck. She quickly checks her pockets. Okay, she still has that pinky girl’s blood. It’s really pretty. Not to mention all the fun things she can do with it. She grins to herself, giggling uncontrollably.

So what if she couldn’t paint them in prettiest shades of red today? There will always be another chance.

“Okay, we should begin evacuation” Aizawa says.

“Are you sure splitting up during the villain attack is the best idea?” Vlad questions, gritting his teeth a little.

“No, but staying here with the villains is even worse” He deadpans “Besides-“
“Villain incoming!” Ragdoll cuts him off with a yell.

They all tense, preparing for an attack. Aizawa grabs his capture gear, and gets ready to use his quirk if needed be. He can hear Tiger and Pixie-bob trying to get the students to back off a little. Finally, a figure emerges from the forest. It’s a man, wearing a mask and a ridiculous hat.

“Greetings, heroes” The figure bows deeply “I’ve come to negotiate. You may call me Mr.Compress”

“What do you want?” He asks, activating his quirk on the villain.

“Oh my, no need to be so hostile” The villain steps a bit closer, and Aizawa prepares to charge at him “After all, you wouldn’t want that child to get hurt, would you?” He stops for a moment, processing the implications of this, when a handful of sand gets thrown at him. He blinks.

“Fuck” He hears Vlad curse.

“Kota!” Mandalay screams.

“Crap” His vision clears and he sees the boy. The villain has a hand placed over the child’s neck “What are your terms?” He asks, trying to think of a plan. There must be some way to disarm the man without endangering Kota.

“A simple exchange” The villain replies in a creepily composed tone “This boy here… for the student by the name of Katsuki Bakugou”

“…!” Aizawa actually stops dead in his tracks. Why would they…?

“No” Vlad growls out next to him “There is no way we’re letting you take anyone today”

“I see… a very unfortunate answer” Mr.Compress says, completely unfazed “Still… isn’t that boy more of a villain than anything else? It’d just be giving us what would be ours from the start”
“He’s not a villain!” Midoriya’s voice resounds through the air.

“Shh!” Pixie-bob hushes him, probably realising that it might anger the villain.

“Defending him? How admirable” The man says flatly “Alas, it changes nothing. Hand over the boy or I’m leaving with this child”

Aizawa subtly shifts, and when it seems like the villain is getting impatient, he charges, activating his quirk. He quickly wraps the capture weapon around Kota, wrenching him away, towards the Pussycats. Once he’s sure the boy is safe, he focuses on fighting the villain. But Mr.Compress just laughs at him, and turns around, sprinting towards the forest. Aizawa is about to capture him with his scarf when he hears a shout and turns around, eyes widening.

Izuku shouts in warning, seeing black, swirly something appear right next to Kirishima and Ka – Bakugou. A portal? Doesn’t matter. He’s already running towards the boys, ducking under Tokage’s outstretched arm. He barely registers that she was probably trying to stop him from recklessly running into danger.

A black, gloved hand emerges from the black mass, grabbing Bakugou. He’s right next to his ex-childhood friend when the hand yanks, trying to pull Bakugou into the portal. Kirishima activates his quirk, grabbing Bakugou’s hand to stop him from falling. Izuku helps, tugging Bakugou towards him.

The boy stumble forwards, released from the villain’s grasp. Izuku nearly sighs in relief, the breath dying in his throat as he feels a hand wrapping around his arm. Fuck, the villain grabbed him blindly, probably trying to get Bakugou again. Before he can do anything, and before Kirishima can jump to him to make sure he doesn’t get pulled in, the villain yanks, and he falls through the portal, scream dying in his throat as darkness envelops him.

Chapter End Notes

Hi! ^w^

Hope you enjoyed :D

Also, sorry I was a bit late with updates recently!

Welp, have a nice day and see y’all \o/
When the music vanishes

Dusty Ash sits in the bar, bored out of her mind. God, those guys are sure taking their sweet time, wherever the hell they actually are. She’s been scrolling through her phone for hours now. Or at least it feels like it’s been hours.

Groaning, she leans forward to rest her head on bar’s counter. Maybe she could take a quick nap? No… no, bad idea. Falling asleep in other villains’ base is not exactly the wisest move. Not like she could take them on while awake, but sleeping would make her even more vulnerable. Dammit… can’t they just hurry the fuck up?!

Suddenly, a rather loud yelp can be heard. And then some screaming. She gets up, frowning. Are they back? Well, duh, they have to be… Why are they yelling though? She blinks when the scream cuts off abruptly. Huh… weird. Should she… go there and ask for Dabi? Or is it better to just wait?

While she ponders this, the yelling starts again. It’s different than earlier though. The earlier one was a scream of fear and despair. This… it’s just rage. And possibly irritation. She can’t exactly tell. Oh well… maybe it’s better if she stays put for now. Even if she’s not in the league, she knows that Handsy Man’s tantrums tend to get violent – most villains know, at least from rumours – and she’d rather not get turned into dust.

“What the fuck, Compress?!” Shigaraki rages “You took the wrong kid!”

“I was not the one to pull him in… Twice was in charge of that” The aforementioned replies, shrugging “Besides… he may not have been our main goal, but was he not a bonus?”

“Yes…” Tomura admits reluctantly, scratching his neck “Sensei wanted to see him… it wasn’t high on our list of priorities though”

“Wait a minute… Aren’t we missing someone?” Twice looks around wildly “No… no, that’s anyone. No, it isn’t! Shut up, everyone’s here! Where’s Muscular though?!”

“How? Oh, right, where is Muscular?” Toga tilts her head, sniffing the air “I can’t even smell him. And he smells red. Like blood”

“What the fuck, Toga, that’s gross” Dabi shoots her a disgusted glare.
“I will go retrieve him” Kurogiri announces, warping himself out of the room.

“Uhm… what do we do with him now, though?” Toga asks, pointing vaguely towards the marble in which the green-haired boy was imprisoned.

“…” They are all silent for a moment.

“Hey, Shiggy, I think it was a question for you” Dabi says, shrugging.

“How the fuck should I know?” Shigaraki snaps at him.

“This whole thing is a mess” Magne sighs, leaning against a wall.

Silence fills the air, everyone too shocked to react. Setsuna’s vision blurs for a second, and she touches her cheek with one hand. It gets wet. H-huh? She’s crying… and if she’s crying… why does she feel so empty?

Anguished scream fills the air, and she snaps her attention there, seeing Bakugou of all people collapse to the ground in tears. The boy continues yelling. He swears, slamming his fists into the ground. She feels… like she should also do that. But somehow, she doesn’t move. She just stares numbly, the whole situation not hitting her quite yet.

She’s vaguely aware that the teachers are saying something, but she doesn’t really listen. She just… stands there. Finally, tears break through the thin veil of numbness. Sobs start wrecking her, and she shakes with each one. Why? How could this happen? Why did it have to be Izuku…?

“Ragdoll, are there any more villains in the area?” Aizawa asks warily.

“No” The woman replies, shock and sadness still evident on her face.

“Okay, Vlad, you and Pussycats will stay with the students” He readies his capture weapon “I’m going to search for those who are still missing”
“…Got it” The man says in an even tone. Aizawa can tell that he’s livid though. Livid and worried.

He frowns, taking off. Vlad is a pro hero, and a good one at that. He probably won’t do anything rash if something happened, even if he’s angry because of what’s happened.

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Kinoko winces, falling ot the ground again. She’s bruised pretty badly. But Monoma is worse off than her… She purses her lips and shakily stands up, hoisting the boy back onto her back. She has to get them both back…

She tenses seeing movement ahead of her. If it’s an enemy… she won’t be able to defend herself, not to mention Monoma. She bites her lip. Would it be better if she left the boy here and tried to lure the enemy away? If she does that, at least one of them will have a chance of going out of this alive.

She thankfully doesn’t have to choose, as she recognises the person walking among the trees. She lets herself relax, calling out to get Eraserhead’s attention.

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Shouto doesn’t know what he’s been expecting, but it’s certainly not that. The moment their little group enters the clearing, it’s painfully obvious that something is terribly wrong. The pros seem on edge, one of them is trying to call down a small boy – the kid’s name is Kota if he remembers correctly.

But that’s not all. Several students are crying as well. The most disturbing thing is that Bakugou is crying too. Crying and not caring who sees. He may not like the boy, but if even Bakugou is like that… something terrible must have happened. Another thing is that he doesn’t see Izuku anywhere, even though the boy was supposed to be with the remedial group.

Bile rises in his throat, and he gulps, trying to squash his worry. No… there is no way something happened to Izuku… there is just no way. He accidentally locks eyes with Tokage, and the girl starts sobbing even louder, collapsing to her knees. Honenuki rushes to help the girl.

The bile is burning his throat and he fights to keep himself composed. He has to ask them what’s wrong… He has to know for sure… He stops himself though, staying with his group as they talk to the teacher. Well, at least the rest of his group does, reporting what’s happened. He doesn’t know if he even can speak right now.

As soon as the teacher tells them to stay with the group until they can all evacuate, he rushes towards
Tokage and the rest. He has to know… he has to know… he has to make sure Izuku is alright. Ignoring Bakugou, who is being somewhat consoled by Kirishima at the moment, he walks through the closely-knit group of students, stopping right in front of the girl.

“T-Tokage… Izuku, is he o-“ He doesn’t get to finish as Tokage cries even louder, shaking her head. Kuroiro and Honenuki both avert their eyes “No… no, it can’t be… W-what’s happened?!”

“…The villains’ abducted him” Honenuki says, and his voice cracks at the end “I’m sorry… I’m so sorry… We… I wasn’t able to help him. I’m sorry”

Shouto shakes his head in denial. This… that can’t be… No… But deep inside, he knows it’s true. And something inside him snaps, letting hot tears start pouring from his eyes. And yet… there is also hope there. Hope and determination. Because, from what Honenuki is saying, villains only kidnapped him, not killed… So maybe there is something to be done yet.

Dusty Ash grins, seeing the villains come back. And also because The Handsy Man seems to be under control. For now. Not that she’d ever admit that the scum scares her. She sends a quick wave towards them, getting their attention.

“So, which one is Dabi?” She asks, because she honestly can’t tell. Dammit, she should have gotten some picture or something.

“The fuck do you need?” A scarred man asks “Also, who the fuck are you?”

“Oh, wow, didn’t expect you to be a rude brat” She winks “But hey, I think we should talk one on one. Or at least I think you’d prefer it, considering what I’m here to talk to you about”

“The fuck? – It’s interesting – No, it’s not” The weird man in black jumpsuit says, and she blinks in confusion “It is!”

“Why would I talk with you alone?” Dabi’s eyes narrow.

“Hmm, why indeed…?” She smiles. She doesn’t have any proof… but still, that has to be it “As I’ve said, I can talk with you here, but I thought it’d be better for you if we went somewhere private… Would it be, Touya?”
“…” He freezes for a second, before glaring at her.

“Touya? That’s your name?” A weird blonde girl asks.

“Shut up” He snaps at the girl, before turning his attention back to Dusty Ash “Alright, we’re going to talk” His hand is suddenly aflame “I warn you though… I tend to get a bit impatient. Especially with people who know things they shouldn’t. You better have a goddamn good reason for knowing that name”
Shouto feels strangely… numb. Almost as if his brain overloaded and shut down. It’s a really weird feeling. He wants to cry, but he just… doesn’t. Or he can’t. He’s not entirely sure. He’s vaguely aware that they’re being evacuated… He knows that they board the bus. But it’s like he’s not really there… Or rather, like he’s only a spectator. Not moving, not talking.

*Just watching his body go on autopilot.*

It’s a really confusing state. Especially since he feels like a lot of time has passed, and simultaneously like no time has passed at all. And his thoughts are both racing like crazy and flowing slowly, as if they’re moving through tar.

His eyes hurt. They also feel a bit warm. It’s weird that it’s so vivid when everything else feels muted. His skin feels a bit itchy where his tears have evaporated. He makes no move to scratch those places though. Even if it’s irritating, the sensation also grounds him. Even if it’s just a little bit. If he loses it too, he might just go insane.

Itsuka looks around the bus, pursing her lips. Everyone is quiet, except for occasional sobs. Most students are in a state of shock. She doesn’t blame them. After all, they’ve just seen someone get kidnapped by the villains. Heck, to be honest, any of them could have ended up like that. If they decided to step in. If they were faster than Midoriya.

If only she’d been fast enough to rescue him.

She really doesn’t like depressing thoughts. But it’s hard to ignore them, especially with how haunted some of her classmates look. Tokage hasn’t stopped crying even for a minute, and Kuroiro keeps attempting to comfort her, even though he himself is on the verge of tears. Fukidashi’s face is uncharacteristically blank.

Heck, even Tsunotori seems depressed, eyes blank and unfocused. Monoma, Kaibara and Komori aren’t even here – they had to be taken away in ambulances. Yui looks like she’s about to collapse. Not to mention, Shouto looks like he’s *not really here*. His eyes are glazed over and he seems completely unresponsive.
Also, yes, she does consider Shouto to be a part of class 1-B. After how much time he spends with them, how can she not? Maybe that’s why the change in his entire demeanour is so jarring. Because, most of his expressions may have been soft, or even deadpan, but none of them were so fucking empty. Watching it makes her feel like her heart is breaking. And she can’t do anything to help either.

Class 1-A is faring a bit better, but it’s clear that they’re also not okay. People closer to Izuku’s group seem shaken just like those from her own class. But that’s not the most worrying thing. No, the thing that makes her anxious is that there is a clear divide among the class 1-A. Some students are trying to console Bakugou – the asshole that attacked Midoriya at the Sport’s Festival – and she can admit that with how quiet and miserable-looking he is right now, she also has the urge to somehow make him feel better.

But the rest of 1-A…

Well… they are glaring at the boy, or at the very least standing far away from him, sending conflicted glances his way. Just looking at it all makes her feel uncomfortable. She sighs and closes her eyes, massaging her head. She should probably get some sleep once they get back. And then… and then she’ll have to figure out what to do to keep her classmates from doing anything dangerous.

…Well, her classmates and possibly those from 1-A.  

“So, what exactly do you want?” Dabi looks at her with suspicion.

“As I’ve said, I only want to talk…” Dusty Ash tilts her head, pausing “…And also, possibly convince you to give up this villain gig”

“…” The man raises an eyebrow “Make me give up being a villain? Hey lady, is there something wrong with your head?”

“No, I’m fine. It’s you who is crazy” She snorts as he rolls his eyes “You know… I would have thought you’d think of your family more”

“I am doing this for my family” He snaps, teeth bared “And for everyone who has to suffer like I did… like Shouto did”
“And what exactly is it you’re doing?!” She shoots him a glare “Because to me, it looks like you’re just being an idiot, running around with madmen who don’t even care if someone is suffering or not!”

“…” His gaze turns cold “Well, for starters, I’m trying to get my revenge on that fire dumpster. League might give me the opportunity…”

“Endeavor is in a coma, Dabi… You won’t be able to do anything. Or at least nothing that really matters”

“…Besides” He continues, ignoring her “Even if the League doesn’t care, Stain did. And those fuckers who killed him also went against the League. An enemy of my enemy is my friend”

“It doesn’t work like that, we both know that”

“Maybe it doesn’t… but it’s still my best shot at getting revenge”

“Are you even listening to yourself, you brat?!“ She hisses “Revenge this, revenge that… how is that helping anyone? How is that going to help you? And what about your family? Your brothers? Your sister? Your mother?”

“If you think bringing them up is going to change anything, then don’t bother” He answers coolly “I’ve made my choices long ago. And I’m pretty sure they’ve given up on me either way”

“Well, I know at least your mother didn’t…”

“Doesn’t matter” He shakes his head “Touya Todoroki is dead. I’m Dabi now. And they don’t have to know anything. After all, what they don’t know can’t hurt them, can it?”

“It’s already hurting them, you ass!” She honestly feels like slapping him “What do you think your mother went through?! She got put in a mental hospital, and even after Endewhore started to allow her children to visit, for the longest time, only two ever went to see her!”
“Do you think I care about mom?” He asks, tone almost bored. She can see it though, that tiny spark of hurt and regret in his eyes “She shunned me aside, heck, she sometimes used her fucking ice quirk to keep me away. All because my dear, caring mother was apparently reminded of that bastard of a man whenever she saw my eyes. Do you think I’d care for a woman who always looked at me with hate in her eyes? Do you think I didn’t notice how cold she was to me, compared to my other siblings? Do you think I’ve forgiven her for pouring boiling water on my little brother’s face when he was just a kid?”

“…You know that it’s Endeavor’s fault” She grits her teeth “She pushed her over the edge”

“Well, of fucking course he did!” He yells, tears glistening in his eyes “But that doesn’t make it right! Was she upset and unstable? Yes. Does it mean it’s all fine even though she’d scarred her own son for life? Fuck no”

“She’s getting better though!” Dusty Ash defends “Listen, she’s been locked up in this mental hospital for years! She is better! If it wasn’t for that flaming trashcan, she could have probably left that place by now!”

“Did you hear a word of what I’ve said, you bitch?” He snarls “Even if she is getting better, it’s still not right”

“Well, maybe you could learn a little forgiveness!” She snaps “She was a victim, just as much as you were!”

“Funny, I’ve never thought either of my parents deserved forgiveness”

“Can’t you at least give her a chance?!”

“Give her a chance? Seriously? The moment I go there, she’s just going to say I have the eyes of my father, that I’m the same as him. Even our quirks match, you know?” He snorts mirthlessly “Why would I give her a chance, if she never intended to give me any?”

“Because she’s sorry!”

“Yeah, right” He rolls his eyes “As if you’d know”
“I do! I really, really do know how sorry she is!” There are tears streaming down her face by now, but she still pushes onwards “I know because she keeps saying it! She keeps telling me how much she regrets what she’s done! To you, to Shouto… Unintentionally to Fuyumi and Natsuo, by leaving them…”

“A simple ‘sorry’ isn’t going to cut this”

“Oh my fucking-! Just… listen…” She takes a calming breath before speaking again “Don’t you think, at the very least your siblings deserve to get you back? Even if you won’t do it for your mother, can’t you just go back for them?”

“…I’ve already told you, it’s not that simple” He shrugs uncertainly “I’ve made my choices, I’m a villain. Going back will only endanger them. And I won’t get to kill those assholes who offed Stain. Plus, I still want to take down some of those corrupt heroes”

“Then become a vigilante! Or at least something close, I don’t care!” She says it quietly, not really expecting him to listen anymore “Just take your head out of your ass for once, and help people instead of hurting them. Maybe then you won’t be as bad as Endewhore”

“Don’t ever compare me to that garbage” He seethes.

“You know what? You’re right” She ignores the way his flames soar “He was at the very least helping someone, intentionally or not”

“…”

Welp, looks like she hit a sore spot. Better get the fuck out of here before he grills her. She turns around, going for the exit. Fucking brat. Even though she’s Rei’s son, she’s nothing like her. Actually, even his character is like Endeavor’s, just with different motive. But then, she stops dead in her tracks, as the boy says something.

“You know what? I’ll… keep that in mind” Dabi says quietly “Even though I’ll continue as a villain… I’ll at least try to help someone along the way. If only to make annoying hags like you shut up”
“…” She turns one last time and smiles “Thanks”

What is she thanking him for? She doesn’t exactly know. It could be a thanks-for-trying-not-to-be-like-your-father or a thanks-for-actually-being-decent. Hmm… she gets the feeling those are the same thing. But, oh well. She leaves, still dissatisfied, but at the very least she tried. Maybe sometime in the future Dabi will turn out okay?

Who really knows anymore…

Chapter End Notes

Hello! Hope you enjoy!
“So, what did she want?” Twice asks once Dabi comes back into the room “Please, tell me! – I don’t care. I do! I really do!”

“Shut up!” Dabi groans “I’m getting tired of that shit”

“Well, you could at least answer him~!” Toga huffs, tilting her head “Or… are you trying to avoid the subject?”

“…”

“Just kidding!” The girl smiles widely “So, what are we going to do now? I wanna play with that green cutie! When is Tomura going to let us talk to him?”

”…Now that you mention it” Dabi freezes, looking around the room “Where is Tomura?”

“He’s gone to talk with Sensei” Magne answers “He’s taken the kid with him”

“I see…” Dabi frowns.

He may have teamed up with the League, but that ‘sensei’ is still giving him the creeps. He doesn’t trust that man.

“…And it was an utter failure!” Shigaraki finishes complaining.

“I see…” Sensei hums thoughtfully “Do not be discouraged, Shigaraki Tomura. You may have not achieved your goals, but it’s far from ‘an utter failure’ as you’ve put it”
“What do you mean?”

“The original plan that included kidnapping Katsuki Bakugou had two objectives.” The man explains patiently “One, to gain a possible ally. Another, probably the more important one, would be to get the public to start doubting heroes. In uncertain times, all kinds of opportunities appear for us villains.”

“Sensei… I understand that taking any of the U.A. brats should be enough to get the second objective, but why is this particular one special?” Shigaraki starts scratching his neck “That Bakugou brat, I’d understand. He’s more of a villain than a hero, so we could just add him to our assets. But even if we didn’t focus on it, you’ve requested that brat too, didn’t you? Are you just interested in his quirk?”

“Nothing of the sort” The man chuckles “I have no interest in quirks that require such dedication to master. And more importantly, in my current state, mastering that quirk would be impossible”

“Then why?”

“It’s quite simple. Image, what will the public think now that he’s kidnapped?” Shigaraki stops scratching his neck, intrigued.

“What do you mean?”

“He’s already been injured while in U.A.’s care. On live television, no less” Shigaraki’s eyes widen, realization dawning on him “And now that he’s been kidnapped while in their care…”

“…U.A.’s ability to keep their students safe will be heavily questioned” Shigaraki grins “A kid that has suffered because of them, not once, but twice! And All Might is at U.A. too! He’s also going to suffer. I can’t wait to see this, it’s like completing two quests in one go!”

“That view may be a bit too optimistic” Sensei sighs “They’ll critique U.A., that much is a given. But I really doubt that All Might will be put through the same. He’s a Symbol of Peace, and all those fools are far too stupid to question him”

“Why?” Shigaraki starts scratching his neck again “He’s one of the teachers at U.A.! He’s clearly at fault! It’s all his fault! Why wouldn’t they see it?!”
“Calm yourself” Sensei sighs “You’re not thinking rationally… Or making any sense” The last part is whispered under his breath.

“…” Shigaraki feels like destroying something, but he doesn’t act on it. He’d disappoint his Sensei if he did “What are we going to do with the brat now? Do we just kill him?”

“Ah, yes, the child” Sensei hums, looking at the general direction of the marble in Shigaraki’s hand “Don’t kill him, he may turn out to be useful yet… Make sure he doesn’t escape”

“Yes, sensei”

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All for One sighs once he’s alone again. Shigaraki is still learning, and honestly, he can’t really expect that much from him for now, but that result was still quite disappointing. Not to mention that he had to explain everything in oversimplified ways, which left out a lot of the things. He just hopes that even if Tomura gets taken by surprise by what’s most likely going to happen at least Kurogiri will be there to ensure everything goes according to plan.

Honestly though, he’s asked for this particular student mostly out of curiosity, so now he hasn’t really thought about how to use him in his plans. At least when he’s the only kidnapped kid. If their main objective – Bakugou Katsuki - was also acquired, that kid would be used to convert him to villainy.

They can try to get that Midoriya boy to become a villain, but it wouldn’t have nearly as much impact – in fact, if U.A. played it right, it could actually reduce the effects the kidnapping itself has on school’s reputation. Manipulating the media and saying that the kid was a villain from the start is exactly the sort of tactic that rodent would use to make his school seem better.

Of course, it’d raise more questions about security at U.A., but since they’re facing that issue anyways it’d actually be better than explaining how did they let one of their students get converted to villainy.

What to do… Maybe he could try to make the kid into a Nomu? That seems like such a waste of a healer though… The League doesn’t actually have any healers amongst them, so any healing quirk would be helpful to them.

Maybe he could convince the kid to join their side and then fake the boy’s death? That seems like an
interesting option, and if they conceal his identity after that to make sure no one discovers he’s alive, it can become a powerful weapon. Waiting for heroes to say how heroic and brave that students was, only to reveal that he’s become a villain… He almost wishes he had sight, just so he could see the expressions on their faces when they reveal it.

And even if the boy doesn’t want to join them, and can’t be convinced no matter what, there are always quirks capable of messing with the mind. And All for One happens to have a few of them.

“Mandalay…?” Kota tries to get his aunt’s attention.

“What is it, kitten?” She asks, still incredibly.

“That boy who got taken away… I… I think I recognized him” He says uncertainly “Was he… the one at mom and dad’s funeral?”

“Yes, kitten, it was” She tells him, something sad in her eyes. He hates it when she seems sad.

“Damn it!” He screams, even though Mandalay would not approve of his vocabulary. He doesn’t particularly care at the moment “It’s so unfair! They gave up their lives for him and he’s… and he’s…” He hiccups, sobbing loudly “And those villains just took him!”

“Shh… It’s alright, kitten” Mandalay says, hugging him.

“No, it’s not alright! It won’t be alright!” He continues crying “Because… because! Even after all this time, I didn’t get to apologise to him! It wasn’t his fault they died… I know it! I’ve learnt it over the years! But why couldn’t I just… tell him that…? Why didn’t I get the chance to say I’m sorry for what I’ve said…?!”

“Hey, calm down, kitten” She whispers, hugging him “You didn’t know it was him before. And I’m sure he knows that you didn’t mean it like that…”

“But I did mean it back then!” He shouts through tears “I told him it was all his fault… and yet… and yet he still tried to become a hero, didn’t he? He still saved that boy, even if it ended badly for him… He’s… he’s just like mom and dad. And now I will never be able to tell him I’m sorry… Just how I couldn’t tell my parents that I don’t hate them for what’s happened…”
“Kitten, listen up, you will tell him” She tightens the hug “He’s alive, and he’ll be okay. When he’s back, we’ll visit him, okay? And then you’ll be able to tell him everything you need to, okay?”

“Okay…” He sniffs “C-can we also visit that hero in training that came to talk to me earlier? The one with greenish hair… She- she said some stuff that I don’t really understand. But I want to understand it”

“Uhm… alright” It’s clear that Mandalay is confused, but Kota doesn’t mind. He’s confused too.

But now, after being near real villains, and after seeing what heroes really do… he thinks he’s ready to try to understand it. Even if he still hates it all, at least he’ll try. Maybe then he’ll know why his parents did what they did. Maybe then he’ll understand why the one they’ve saved sacrificed himself for someone else.

Chapter End Notes

\o/ hope you enjoyed~!

Sorry if there are any errors in this, but I was tired as hell when writing this - apparently, my brain is satisfied with my writing ONLY when I'm tired, so I don't really have a choice - and also, if you read any of my other fics, lemme know in the comments whether you want Snowdrops or 'The normal way' updated next ;3

Take care, see yall
Vlad King really just wants to murder the villains who’ve taken his student. Or maybe go home and finally take a shower or get some sleep. Preferably, he’d like all three of these things. But before he can either act on his emotions or finally let himself rest, he has one last thing he absolutely has to do.

Break the news to Midoriya’s mother.

He owes it to her, as Midoriya’s teacher, and as someone who was supposed to watch over the boy. And she deserves to hear it from someone who was actually there, and not from the news report. She deserves to know the details. And also… to hear an apology.

Taking in a deep breath to calm himself, he knocks on the door of Midoriya’s apartment. He waits a few minutes. When nothing happens, he knocks again. Maybe Mrs. Midoriya just didn’t hear him? No response. He starts to get worried. He knocks louder. Again, nothing. Did something happen? Is Mrs. Midoriya okay? Why is she not opening the door?

“Excuse me?” A frail voice speaks up somewhere behind him, he doesn’t hear it.

Oh god, what if the villains also attacked her? No, no, that’d make no sense. They weren’t planning on thaking Midoriya in the first place. Then what-?

“Excuse me? You’re Mr. Kan, my son’s homeroom teacher, right?” A voice breaks the silence again, and this time he hears it.

“…Oh, thank god” He mutters, seeing Mrs. Midoriya standing right in front of him. Good thing it was just his paranoia earlier. Bad thing is that he even has paranoia.

“Is something the matter?” The woman asks, visibly struggling to maintain a polite smile instead of frowning.
“Oh, yes…” He says, trying to pull himself together “Could we maybe… step inside? It’s a bit of a… sensitive thing”

“…” Mrs. Midoriya’s smile disappears completely “Is it about Izuku? Did something happen? Is he getting bullied again?”

“Ehm, it’s not that… but I believe we really should get inside before speaking about what I’ve come here for” He says, knowing that the news possibly could make the woman break emotionally, and it’s probably not something she’d want her neighbours to see.

“Oh, right” She says, polite smile slipping into her expression again “Where are my manners, please come in, I’ll make you some tea”

“…Thank you” He chokes out. It just hits him hard, but this woman has completely no idea what she’s about to hear. To tell her about what’s happened… it feels almost cruel.

He awkwardly follows the woman into the living room. After making sure he’s sitting, Mrs. Midoriya goes to the kitchen, air of uneasiness wrapped tightly around her. He can’t really blame her. If he had kids and their homeroom teacher just showed up out of the blue while they were still supposed to be on a field trip, he’d be worried as hell.

As Mrs. Midoriya returns with tea, he tries to calm down. He’s not sure whether he’d like to stall as long as he can or just get it over with. Well, it’s more like he’d like to stall, but knows that it’d only make it worse. Informing families about things like that is one of the worst things about being a hero, and a teacher. He’s done it before, but he knows he’ll never get used to this.

“Mrs. Midoriya…” He starts, bracing herself “I-I’m afraid to say but during the school trip… Midoriya has been kidnapped”

He almost winces when the woman drops her cup in shock. Her eyes are wide with shock, lips slightly parted. She immediately pales, closing and opening her mouth a few times, before she seems to freeze, processing.

“Wha-what?” She asks “B-but… you were supposed to protect him!! What happened?!!”

“Villains attacked the camp. They were trying to kidnap… Bakugou Katsuki, but your son saved
him” He swallows thickly “They took him instead. I think it was by mistake, but I’m not sure”

“Oh gods…” She shakes her head, colour slowly returning to her cheeks “I… You’ll rescue him, right? He’ll be alright… right?”

“Yes, we’ll do everything in our power to help him” He says.

“H-he’ll be alright…” She murmurs, as if trying to convince herself that it’s true “He’s a smart kid, he will be fine…”

“As I’ve said, we’ll do everything we can to rescue him” He repeats.

“Right…”

That’s… honestly not the reaction he was expecting. He’s used to crying, denial or anger when things like that happen. Rarely people are quiet and calm. But the way Mrs. Midoriya behaves kind of starts to creep him out. She’s just a little… too silent, all things considered. And that murmuring…

“In the meantime, if there is anything I can do for you, please let me know” He says after a moment of awkward silence.

“O-oh, it’s alright, I’m fine” She says, sighing “Just… worried. I’ve always known being a hero is a dangerous profession, and Izuku attracts trouble a lot, so it’s even worse. It’s just… I’m a little worried for him. To get kidnapped so soon after the last time…”

“…The ‘last time’?” He blinks owlishly, not really getting what this woman is saying. Does she mean what’s happened in Hosu?

“Oh, yes. Before the dorms…” She sighs, eyes glistening with unshed tears “He was so shaken up after that last kidnapping, I’m just worried it’ll be worse this time. What if he’s hurt…? W-what if h-he…” ‘What if he dies?’ is left unasked. But it’s not what Vlad is focusing on.

“The kidnapping before the dorms were introduced? I’m afraid I don’t follow” He sets his lips in a tight line, something cold settling in his gut.
“Y-you don’t know?!” Mrs. Midoriya asks, and she honestly looks surprised. Startled even.

“I’m afraid that is so. Please, next time something like this happens, inform the school. Teachers need to know this things, especially with hero training that may trigger unpleasant flashbacks” He says.

“But I did tell the school. The principal even helped me get through to the police…” She says, voice quiet.

Wait. The principal. The principal knew, and didn’t inform him. Oh, this goddamn rat has some explaining to do.

“I’m sorry then, it seems like this information hasn’t reached me” He states calmly, despite feeling hurt and admittedly angry. The rest of the visit goes uneventfully.

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Itsuka stares blankly at the ceiling, zoning out. It’s the middle of the night, she’s in a hospital and she really should be sleeping. But she can’t. She doesn’t exactly understand why, but there are thoughts stuck in her head. Ironically, they are the things she doesn’t want to think about. Stuff like whether Midoriya will be alright, or if Yui will wake up anytime soon.

She knows it’s stupid to dwell on it, she knows it’s pointless to let it keep her awake, but she just… can’t stop thinking about it. Was there something she could’ve done to prevent it? If she was better, faster, stronger… would Yui be injured like that? Would Izuku still get kidnapped, or would she be able to help him?

She can’t blame herself, she knows that. But knowing it, and feeling like it’s true are two completely different things. Believing something like that is hard when most of her classmates are hurt, and she knows she could’ve helped at least some of them. She groans, turning to lie on her side instead.

It’s all just so… frustrating.

She waits for sleep, but it doesn’t come. Finally, the sunshine pours through the curtains, splashing the walls in lazy golds. She glares at it. Bright light is really not helping her fall asleep. Not that she’d be able to anyways, but it stings to see that she’s pathetic enough to stay up the whole night just because she feels useless.
Begrudgingly, she accepts defeat, and after a few more minutes, decides to get up. Her injuries feel like they’re screaming in protest, but she ignores the pain. Walking stiffly, she heads to the bathroom, trying to be silent as to not wake other patients up.

When she’s there, she washes her face, trying to completely wake up. Once that’s done, she goes to the corridors, intending to take a walk. Because even if it hurts to move, it’s still better than lying in the bed and wallowing in self-pity.

“Hey” Itsuka jumps at the sudden voice, rapidly turning around.

“…Hi” She says dumbly, seeing that it’s Kuroiro who’s spoken to her “What are you doing here? Didn’t they let you go back to the dorms?”

“What am I doing here?” He raises an eyebrow “You’re supposed to be resting and yet here you are…”

“That doesn’t answer my question”

“Which question?” He tilts his head in faux-innocence.

“Both of my questions” She sighs.

“Well… They did allow us to go back to the dorms, but I decided to stay and wait till you guys can be visited” He looks to the side, avoiding her eyes “As to why… It’s mostly because it’d feel kinda shitty to be back in the dorms when most of our class is in the hospital, I guess”

“…” She clenches her fists, trying to get the bloodied images from last night out of her mind. Almost everyone in their class got injured one way or the other. It was not… pretty to look at. But that’s beside the point at the moment “I really hope you actually got permission from a teacher to stay here”

“I did” He shrugs, sending her an unamused look “It was a bit of a pain to convince them to let me stay, but here I am”

“I guess” She sighs again.
“Anyways, I think you should get some more sleep” He remarks “Those bags under your eyes are awful”

“You’re not the one to talk, when you’ve literally stayed in the lobby the whole night” She says.

“Maybe” He half-heartedly agrees “But my sleeping schedule is messed up anyways”

“Even more of a reason to fix it” She sighs “Anyways… Is there anyone in particular that you wanted to visit?”

“Well…” He scratches his neck “I mostly want to know when Komori and Monoma wake up, since I’m worried about them. And I’d also wanted to make sure you’re alright”

“Me?” She asks, blinking owlishly.

“The way you looked on the way back… I think we both know you blamed yourself for what’s happened” He smiles wryly “I just wanted to make sure you stopped”

“I’m not blaming myself” She says, trying to sound natural. She can’t let him see that he’s right. It’d just make him feel bad.

“…” His eyes tell her that he’s not believing her “Anyways… just remember that there’s nothing anyone could have done. What’s happened – happened, and there is nothing we can do about it. So don’t do anything stupid, okay?”

“Of course I wouldn’t do anything stupid” She clicks her tongue.

“I really hope so…” He repeats, eyes narrowed “Anyways, you should go back to sleep. It’s really early”

“Only if you get some sleep too” She says, staring at him sternly.
“Yes, ma’am. That was actually what I was about to do” He shrugs “Just… let me know if you hear anything about the other, okay?”

“Yeah, you too” She bites her lip before speaking again “If you know something and don’t tell me, I’ll slap you with my enlarged hands”

“Duly noted”

After that they part ways. Itsuka is still feeling awful, but she also feels just a little bit better after that talk. Not by much, but just a tiny bit.

Chapter End Notes

\o/
Hope you liked it!
Sorry it's taking so long to write these >w<

Have a nice day and see ya \o/
Everything is white. Well… that’s not completely correct. It’s more of a slightly-transparent light-blue. It looks a bit watery. Or like glass. Izuku isn’t completely sure how long he’s been here, or even what this place is. He knows it must be connected to that villain’s quirk but… What exactly is this…?

And, more importantly, how can he get out of here? Summoning his quirk isn’t going to work for now. He’s tried. He just doesn’t know if it’s because of this place, or because he’s too exhausted. All he can do is wait, and try again later. He’s considered just punching the walls until they break, but he can’t quite reach them. Which is kind of weird, now that he thinks about it. How come this place feels so cramped and small, while he can’t even reach the walls, no matter what he does? Well, it could just be a quirk thing. Guess he’ll never know. He’s stopped trying a while ago.

He guesses that’s what he gets for trying to play hero when he’s so fucking weak. It just seems like, no matter how much he trains, he still can’t do anything when it really matters. How could he ever hope to become a hero if he’s still this hopeless? How is he supposed to not be a burden when he keeps getting into situations like these?

The last time he got kidnapped, at least he didn’t feel like that, though. He supposes it has to do with the fact he could actually do something, instead of just sitting around, waiting. He really hates it – feeling that everything is our of his hands, again.

Well, at least it wasn’t Bakugou who got kidnapped.

At least they didn’t target Shoucchan.

He feels a trail of watery warmth on his cheek. Oh, a tear… I-it’s… Well, he supposes it’s no use to stop himself from crying if no one can see him anyways. It’s not like it changes anything… It’s weird, but all the other times he ran into villains, he didn’t really have enough time to contemplate. What happens if he’s never rescued? Will he ever see Shoucchan again? Will he be able to see his friends? Will their lives just continue on without him?

He knows it’s stupid to think about that. He knows… He just… can’t seem to stop.
Why is it that the thoughts that are useless like this always stick around?

Why is it he just can’t let it go for once?

…He wonder what’s happened after he got taken.

Did the villains try to get Kacchan again? Were some of them captured? Did they manage to get anyone else? What if another person dies because he’s not strong enough to break out of this thing…

No.

He shouldn’t… he shouldn’t think about that. That’ll only make him depressed… or desperate. And he doesn’t know which one is worse right now.

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“Thank you all for coming here on such a short notice” Nedzu says, once the teachers are gathered in the staff room, the morning after the attack.

“It should have been sooner” Vlad King growls.

“Don’t be irrational” Eraserhead says, looking beyond exhausted “We all needed to get some sleep after what’s happened”

“Now, now, let’s not dwell on it” Nedzu says, keeping his expression pleasant as always “We have important matters to discuss. First and foremost, I think we should discuss Izuku Midoriya’s kidnapping-“

“No” Vlad King cuts in “We should talk about the other students first”

“May I ask, why exactly do you say that?” Nedzu asks, tilting his head to the side.

“I know those kids. They aren’t just going to sit idly” The teacher answers, frowning “The sooner we assign someone to keep an eye on them and make sure they don’t get in trouble and make the situation worse, the better”
“Who do you propose?” Eraserhead asks.

“I think Hound Dog would be the best. He is the Guidance Counselor and he may be able to help the students work through everything that’s happening” Kan says “Not to mention, he can keep an eye on them, and would know if anyone is trying to slip away, thanks to his quirk”

 “…While I would be able to look after them, and at least try to help them, I believe you think too highly of me” The man in question states “I don’t think I have the necessary qualifications to deal with what the students have experienced”

“Some qualifications are better than none!” Vlad snaps.

“Uhm… I’d like to volunteer to also stay and keep an eye on the students” Lunch Rush says “I doubt I’d be helpful in the fight against the league anyways”

“Alright!” Nedzu clasps his… paws “Now that this is out of the way, we should focus on what to do regarding Izuku Midoriya’s kidnapping”

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Kinoko absentmindedly stares out the window. She feels… weird. And as much as she’d like to blame it on the painkillers – although they surely play a part in that – she knows that it most likely has to do with what that detective said. The villain who attacked her and Monoma… he’s dead. Suffocated because of mushrooms. Her mushrooms. She killed him.

She’s always known her quirk is capable of things like that, but it still makes her sick to her stomach. She’s trying to become a hero. How could she kill anyone, even if it was in self-defence? If she didn’t kill him… would she die instead? Would Monoma die as well? If she was to do it again… would she? If it meant saving someone, saving herself, would she kill again?

She’s… not sure if she can answer that.

She’s not sure she wants to.

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Katsuki hesitates in front of the door. He’d overheard what Yaoyorozu told the detectives but… will she help him? He knows that he’s not the most trustworthy person. On the other hand, the girl
seemed almost neutral when it comes to him, so at least he doesn’t think she hates him. Which means maybe there’s yet a chance.

But should he really do it?

Does he have any right to do it after all that’s happened?

No… he’s already made his choice, there’s no backing out now. He will bring Deku back safely, even if it kills him. With one last breath, he slowly pushes the door open, letting his face become blank. He slowly walks in, heading for Yaoyorozu’s bed. The girl looks at him with a mix of surprise and wariness.

“Hey…” He says awkwardly, not sure how to start the conversation.

“Hello, Bakugou. Did you need something…?” She asks, clearly puzzled.

“Listen… I… I know it’ll sound crazy… and that I have no right to ask for that but…” He takes in a breath “Please help me”

“…Okay…? What is it?” Yaoyorozu raises an eyebrow.

― Please help me “Eijiro stops as he hears Bakugou’s voice, eyes widening in surprise. He followed the boy because he was worried but… what does Bakugou need with Yaoyorozu?

“…Okay…? What is it?” The girl answers. Eijiro holds his breath. He has a feeling something important is about to happen.

“I… I’ve heard what you said to those detectives” He can basically hear Bakugou frown. Which is weird because frowning doesn’t make any noise “Listen, I… realize that you have no reason to trust me but… please, please, give me a copy of that device… I… I have to make sure D – Izuku is alright. Please”

Eijiro is stunned. Does Yaoyorozu know something more about what’s happening with Midoriya? What does Bakugou plan on doing?
“Bakugou… The heroes are already doing everything they can to rescue him” Yaoyorozu says “It would be for the best if you just stayed put and let them do their work”

“You don’t understand. If something… if something happens to him… I’ll… I’ll never forgive myself. Not that I could anyways but… I just… have to know he’s okay…” Eijiro’s heart sinks each time Bakugou’s voice breaks “Please… I won’t engage the villains, I’ll just go there and help him”

“The pros are already handling it” The girl answers flatly “You’d only make it worse. Please leave it to them”

“Like hell can I leave it to them!” Bakugou snaps “You know damn well that if it comes down to that, they may have to choose between detaining the villains and reasucing Izuku! And I don’t know about you, but I don’t want to trust them only to find they chose the villains”

“You’re being unreasonable. There is no way you can help” Yaoyorozu says quietly.

“Like hell I can’t! I can… I can… I can get him out of there!” Bakugou says, his voice no more than a whisper, and yeah, Eijiro’s heart just keeps sinking. There is no way this is going to end well, no matter where this goes “Please, Yaoyorozu… I just… have to know he’s alright. Because… because if something happens… It’d be my fault and I wouldn’t be able to live with myself if that happened”

“I… alright” Yaoyorozu finally relents… and yeah, it’s really not going to end well, is it “Just… try to not get in the pros’ way. And… be careful Bakugou”

“Thanks”

Eijiro slowly backs away from the door. He briefly considers if he should tell a teacher or… Well, if he does tell a teacher, would they expel Bakugou? He has a feeling it came pretty close to it the last time the boy stepped out of line. He doesn’t want to be a reason for Bakugou’s expulsion. And talking the boy out of it is probably off the table at this point.

Shit, if he doesn’t move, Bakugou will just go through this door and run right into him. Wait, actually, that wouldn’t be that bad. Then he could offer Bakugou his help, and actually make sure that the boy doesn’t do anything he’ll regret. Or at least anything he’d regret too much.
Hisashi Midoriya almost has a heart attack when he hears about what’s happened to his son. His first thought is basically wondering how bad could he burn the villains responsible for this with his quirk. His second thought is basically ‘fuck, I can’t even leave work to comfort Inko’. Because… yeah, that wouldn’t go well.

He’s seriously considering just saying ‘fuck it’ and leaving, but he knows he really can’t afford to do this now. But he’ll make sure to phone Inko as soon as he can.

Unless… there’s something he can do without ‘leaving work’?

...

...

He… really hopes it’ll work out, somehow.

Dabi stares at the half-packed bag in front of him. What is he even doing? Is he really going to just leave the league?

*Yes, yes he is. They were always a means to an end.*

It’s not like he thought he’d stay with them for long but… he at least planned to stay with them until he gets his revenge on Stain’s killer.

...

Yeah, that didn’t work out, did it?

He’s probably known this from the start, but the league doesn’t care about Stain’s ideals. They never did. Dabi didn’t really expect them to, in the first place, but still. He sees no reason to stay here. It doesn’t seem like he’ll be able to get revenge anytime soon, and these guys obviously won’t continue to fight for Stain’s goal so… he’s just on his own again, he guesses.

It’ll be weird to go back to working alone, but he shouldn’t have too many problems. He’ll just have to lay low for a bit, and then he can continue Stain’s mission. He’ll rid this world of false heroes, even if it’s the last thing he does.
…Will it be worth it in the end though?

Chapter End Notes

Hi \o/

Hope you enjoy the chapter~!

Have a nice day ;3
“Headmaster, could I talk with you for a minute?” Vlad asks once the meeting is over.

“Of course, what seems to be the matter?” Nedzu tilts his head, tail swishing in anticipation.

“…Why didn’t you tell me Midoriya was kidnapped before?” He silently observes the bear-mouse, looking for any twitch or change in expression “I mean the kidnapping before this one”

“Is this really something you should be asking now?” Nedzu doesn’t react outwardly to the question “We should focus on retrieving our student. Present takes priority over past, Vlad”

“I know that. What I don’t get is why you’re avoiding the question” He says coldly “One of my students was kidnapped, and you didn’t even tell me about it. I want to know why”

“…” The headmaster sighs “What would have changed if I told you?”

“First off, I could have sent him to Hound Dog for therapy or something” He grits out.

“Deciding whether or not students are going to attend therapy is not up to us teachers” The mouse-bear replies “Mister Midoriya’s mother would have sent him if she so wished. As a matter of fact, I offered to send him, and she declined”

“What…”? He’s stunned for a moment, completely not comprehending why Mrs. Midoriya would do that. But he quickly gathers himself “…I could have at least told the class to be careful not to mention anything that could make Midoriya uncomfortable”

“If the students knew anything happened, they would go easy on him, or try to ‘protect’ him” Nedzu retorts “Not only would it slow his growth, I also find this to be very detrimental to his recovery. From what I’ve seen, the students are already more careful around him because of what’s happened with Bakugou. Adding to that would be foolish”
“…Why does it feel like there is something you’re not telling me” Kan’s eyes narrow.

“…Well, there is also a matter of confidentiality. This kidnapping was part of a bigger case… one that I have no authority to discuss” Nedzu sighs.

“You could have at least told me that the kidnapping happened! I don’t need details, damn it! At least give me something to work with here!” He almost-shouts “If I knew, I would have payed more attention! I could have made sure to check up on him every now and then when the dorms opened! I could have pushed Mrs. Midoriya to agree to therapy! You and I both know how events like that affect people! Especially children and teenagers!”

“Please, calm down, Vlad” The headmaster sighs again “There is no use in crying over spilt milk. All that matters now is getting Midoriya away from the villains. Concentrate on the task at hand”

“Yes, sir” He says icily. He wants to keep asking, but he gets the feeling the principal really doesn’t want to answer him.

And since he won’t get his answers here, he’ll have to drop it for now. He has a feeling that there is something more to Nedzu not telling him about it though. But for now, he’ll focus on what needs to be done.

Izuku sits still, humming a familiar tune. He still can’t use his quirk. But, to be honest, by now he feels bored more than anything else. He’s also worried… but still mostly bored. The monotone area around him is driving him insane. He changes position again. It’s not that the earlier one was uncomfortable – it’s just that no position is really comfortable for long. And he’s been sitting here for a while now.

He starts mindlessly tapping his fingers on the ground, in rhythm with the tune. Nothing happens for a few moments. Then, suddenly, his fingertips start feeling really cold. He doesn’t stop tapping, afraid that whatever he did would stop, but he turns his head to look. As he taps his fingers, little, barely visible, bright-blue sparks fly around. He has to stop himself from shaking at the cold they produce.

He stops tapping, the sparks disappear, leaving behind just a tiny bit of frost on the ground. He brings his cold hands closer to himself, trying to get some of the warmth back. Okay… that’s something, at least. He can’t summon any of his instruments, but at least his quirk has some effect, even if it’s weak.
He’ll have to somehow use it to escape… The place he’s in seems to be made of glass-like material, so it should have similar weaknesses. He remembers that glass can shatter if the temperature changes too rapidly… he just can’t seem to recall if it was supposed to be when it’s cooled down or heated though… Oh well, he can always experiment.

He hums the same tune as last time, tapping his fingers to the rhythm. After a moment sparks start flying, swirling through the air like snowflakes. He frowns. It’s far from being enough to break anything. He tries to remember how it feels to activate his quirk, and attempts to recreate this feeling of pushing his energy into music. Little sparks start growing and branching out, slowly creating intricate patterns. He blinks, because now they really look like really big snowflakes.

He has to stop himself from hissing or trembling as his hands get cold from his quirk. This is nothing – he’s trained with Shoucchan, he knows what real cold feels like. He keeps tapping and humming, trying to put as much feelings and power into the music as he’s physically able to. The snowflake-like sparks only grow, changing shape again. They look like hand-sized shards of ice, and the cold is becoming unbearable.

Izuku can see his own breath, and he also notices how his fingers look unnaturally white – he can feel them begin to stiffen. But he can’t give up here. So he doesn’t. He keeps tapping and humming, even when his body and common sense seem to yell at him to stop. The icy shards dance around him, making him shiver and ache, but he ignores it, completely focused on the music.

He almost misses how there are more and more chunks appearing around him. Damn… he won’t be able to keep it up for long. It feels like he’s freezing. He really wishes he had his holographic piano. He’s never felt quite this bad playing it before… He blinks as he sees some ice shards combine, getting together like they’re all part of something. His breath almost hitches when that ‘something’ starts taking shape in front of him.

It’s a piano, similar to the one his quirk could summon. Only… it’s not holographic. It’s not made of light. It doesn’t feel insubstantial at all. It looks like it’s made of pure, crystalline glass, that he just knows is actually ice. The sparks that remain in the air reflect off of it’s surface, making light dance and illuminate it’s surroundings.

Carefully, he stops tapping, and instead puts his fingers on the keys. Sparks seem to die down for a moment, before he starts playing, this time on the instrument. He subconsciously notes that the sound is different from when he played holographic piano. It’s more clear. More refined. He can barely hit the keys anymore, cold really getting to him, but the effects are more visible now. The whole space he’s in is freezing over, frost painting white flowers across every surface.
Before he can determine if it can break the glass or not though, he feels himself collapse. He mentally curses himself, barely catching the icy piano before it can break on the ground. He carefully places it down, still shivering. God… he has to somehow warm up or he’ll die from cold long before he can even attempt to escape.

He tries to think of any music that could produce some warmth, but the only piece he can think about at the moment is the weird song he’s heard someone play on ukulele once. Well, good thing he’s learnt how to play it on guzheng, cause now he at least knows what he’s aiming for. He turns around, away from the ice-piano, and sets his shaking hands down, beginning to tap in the rhythm he remembers.

It reminds him of sunny summers, and warm beaches.

After a few seconds, little golden grains begin to appear in the air, radiating warmth. Yellowish mist soon settles over his hands warming them up. He barely feels it, his hands are just too numb. He’s still shaking way too much. The warmth helps somewhat though. He casts a cursory glance over his shoulder to make sure the ice-piano isn’t melting. And it isn’t, for which he thanks every deity he can think of.

As warmth continues spreading through his body, and melting some of the frost around him, he finds himself feeling drowsy. And that… that’s a bit alarming after almost freezing. He tries hard to stay awake, still warming himself up with music, and trying to summon his guzheng. It… doesn’t really work. He’s just so damn tired.

Finally, he gives up, blaming quirk-overuse for his state. He lies on the ground, curls up, and finally falls asleep.

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“Dusty, I need to talk with you” Ember says over the phone.

“Yea, what can I do for you?” She asks, trying to sound as energetic and chipper as possible.

“Well, it’s kind of awkward to ask you for this but… I need your help to attack the League of Villains” The man says, and she almost chokes on air.

“Are you actually serious?!?” She yells “Talking to them is one thing, but trying to attack them?!? Are you suicidal?!”
“No, I’m not” He replies, huffing “It’s not like I’m planning to eradicate them. I just need to attack them… to free someone, you could say”

“Oh, what in the ever loving fuck is happening?” She asks flatly, ignoring the raised eyebrow Volcano sends her way.

“Well… how should I say this…” The man trails off, searching for words “Have you watched the news today? In their last attack, those bastard kidnapped one of the students. They’re just a child, Dusty. I don’t think they’d be able to defend themselves”

“Oh, I get what you’re saying, but it’s still suicidal. I thought you’d be more rational than that” She sighs “The pros will handle this. We shouldn’t get involved”

“I can’t wait for the fucking pros to handle this” He hisses “If I do, that child may die. I can’t just do nothing”

She frowns, getting the feeling that there is something more to this than meets the eye. Ember knows that she has soft spot for kids, so that’s probably why he called. But why would he put his life on the line for this particular one…?

“…Alright” She decides not to pry for now “I’ll ask the boss, and maybe we’ll help you. Just don’t invite the whale-guy. He has a tendency to screw things up”

“Thanks, I owe you”

“Yeah, you do” She huffs “Bye for now, I’ll call you again in a moment”

“Goodbye… and thanks, again”

She ends the call, setting her phone down. Well if that wasn’t shady as hell, she doesn’t know what could be. Oh well, at least it’s not as shady as when her boss first tried to recruit her. That one was a disaster. She sighs, turning to Volcano and Gust Boy. She’ll have to somehow convince them to help. She can already tell this is going to be a pain.
Hi~! ^w^  

I hope y'all liked this chapter~!  

Have a nice day/night! See ya \o/  

(Also, before anyone comments on this, I know the talk between Vlad and Nedzu isn't the best but I just can't seem to get it right so I gave up, sorry)
Creaky violin

Chapter Summary

Meanwhile:
*Aizawa freezes*

Vlad: Hey, are you alright?

Aizawa: No, I can just *feel* one of my idiot children doing something stupid.

Vlad: Oh, yeah, me too now that I think about it......... FUCK, this is not going to end well, is it.

Chapter Notes

T’is been a long time, sorry about that >w<

Anyways, I hope you enjoy it~!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

He checks his bag one last time. There is his phone, some cash, clothes, a photo of his family… and a few other personal items. He’d like to take all of his things with him, but that’d be too much to carry while sneaking out. So, this will have to do for now. This is enough…

Dabi looks at the time, and curses under his breath. Toga will probably look for him soon, to have him take over the ‘guard duty’. Honestly, he has no idea why they are even bothering, since the kid they’ve kidnapped is still in a marble, and has no real way of escaping. But, well… this could be his chance. As he hears Toga’s footsteps echoing somewhere in the corridor, he quickly pushes the bag under his bed.

“Dabi~!” The girl sing-songs as she knocks on his door, her voice grating on his nerves.

“I’m up!” He calls out and opens the door “What do you want?”

“Jeez, did you forget already?! It’s your turn to guard the marble” The girl waves her arms around, almost hitting him in the process “Oh~! Oh! And did you know?! The marble was glowing recently~! It was so pretty! Maybe you’ll see it too! Tell me if you do, okay~? I wanna see it too then!”
“Mhm” He hums non-committally.

He gives her a disinterested glare as she continues talking, before pointedly looking at the time on his phone. When she doesn’t stop her blabbering, he just shoves past her. Finally, she seems to get the message and shuts up, though she huffs in annoyance. Soon enough, they get to the room where the marble is, and she leaves.

He leans against a wall, listening to the sound of the girl’s footsteps. Once he thinks she’s far enough, he leaves the room, heading back to retrieve his bag. Right now is the only time he can move around without suspicion, since no one really comes down here without a reason. He heads towards one of the back exits. No one guards it, since it can’t be opened without a key. Well, Dabi knows that he can open it with his flames, so that’s not a problem.

As he’s passing by the marble room, he notices that he can see his breath. He stops abruptly. Something’s not right here. He’s not sensitive enough to temperature changes, so he can’t really feel it drop, but his eyes are still working right. He can see frost forming on the walls, and upon further inspection, some sort of unnatural-looking light is pouring from the crack in the doors. He should pay it any mind, since he’s leaving anyways but…

Oh, to hell with it.

He enters the room, only to see that the marble is shining. Okay… that’s weird. But still not the weirdest thing he’s witnessed. He carefully picks it up, hissing at the pain as frost covers his hand. He quickly lets go of the marble. It’s… best to just leave it alone. He turns towards the exit, but stills at the sound of glass breaking. Well, as most villains would put it, fuck.

He whips around, flame dancing in his still slightly stiff hand. What he sees is… not exactly what he’d have thought it’d be. The little marble is gone, and in it’s place a green-haired boy is lying, covered in frost. Well, fuck, seems like Hat-fucker’s marble broke. Dabi extinguishes the flame, moving closer to the boy – Midoriya, was it?

He notices the crystal-like flute still clutched in his hand. And speaking of which, the boy’s hands don’t seem to be in a good condition. He’s frostbitten all over… Dabi normally wouldn’t care but… the thought of leaving the boy here leaves a bad taste in his mouth. Still, can he really afford to bring him with?

He quickly backs off when the boy’s hand twitches. He observes as Midoriya slowly raises his head,
obviously in pain and barely conscious. The boy’s eyes are desperate yet dull at the same time and –ouch, that pale colour can’t be healthy. All in all, the boy looks kinda dead. Or like he’s walked to hell and back. They eyes meet for a moment, and Midoriya seems to have just noticed him. The boy desperately tries to push himself up, failing miserably in the process.

Jeez, does this guy not realise that if Dabi wanted him dead, he’d have just killed him already? Well, it doesn’t matter. He observes for another moment as the boy finally manages to sit up, before kicking the flute out of the boy’s hand as he attempts to use it. It’d be no good if he alerted the other villains this way.

“Listen” He gets the boy attention, almost startling at the fire in those seemingly dull, green eyes “I won’t kill you. I won’t even harm you. And I won’t tell others about the fact you broke out of that damned marble. Just don’t make any noise”

“W-wh…. I – Thank you” The boy finally manages to get out.

“No problem”

“…”

“…”

Well, seems like that’s it. Shrugging, Dabi turns around and leaves, only offering a short ‘See ya’ to Midoriya. If the boy is smart, he’ll find a way to get out of here.

“I still can’t believe Yaoyorozu agreed to this” Kirishima says, sighing.

“What are you bitching for?! If you don’t want to be here, then leave” Katsuki snaps, not even stopping.

“Well, excuse me for not having too much faith in this” And wow, even to Katsuki, this seems a bit out of character. Is Shitty – Is Kirishima on edge to that extent? “Sorry… it’s just… I really think we should tell others about it. I don’t know if we can do that if it’s just the two of us”
“Tell who?” He huffs “IcyHot aside, our class doesn’t exactly like me to begin with, and I doubt they’d risk their positions in U.A. for someone they don’t really even know. And their class wouldn’t trust me enough to take this seriously”

“You should probably have more faith in them” Kirishima says softly “I’m sure that even if they don’t like you, they’d check it out, for Izuku’s sake. At the very least, you should tell Todoroki”

“Listen, I’m going to be frank here” He stops abruptly, and Kirishima almost bumps into him “I would tell IcyHot, but he’d freak out even more, and then he’d probably do something he’d regret. So excuse me for not trusting him, but he’s not the most stable person at the moment”

“You’re talking like what we’re doing isn’t reckless!” Kirishima grabs him by the arm, and Katsuki has to suppress the urge to push him away “I know that you don’t want to involve anyone else, but we need help! And Todoroki should have enough power to handle most things. And while I’m not sure about the rest of Izuku’s group, I think they should know”

“What the hell is up with you today…? Anyways, it’s too fucking late for that” He snaps bitterly “We’re almost there. And heroes are also supposed to make their move tonight. Even if we tell someone, they’re not making it in time”

“That’s… Wait, why do you know what pros are up to anyways?” Kirishima blinks owlishly.

“What? Did you really think I only overheard the bit about the tracker?”

“Yes! I mean, why’d they tell Yaoyorozu about it anyways?!”

“They didn’t. I followed them and listened in on the teachers’ meeting”

“Look! Someone is leaving” Dusty points towards one of the backdoors to the bar “Isn’t that… Dabi?”

“You seem to know him, so I’ll just ask. Should we be concerned about him, or just let him go?” Ember asks, a cold, calculating look in his eyes.
“Probably let him go” She shrugs “See that backpack he carries? I doubt he’ll be coming back anytime soon. This may be our chance, and attacking him could destroy it”

“You’re right” Somehow, even when he agrees with her, he still seems kind of dissatisfied.

“So… are we going in or what?” She asks bluntly, since waiting here is not the most pleasant thing in the world.

“Not yet. The heroes are gathering nearby. We should let them have the first move. It’ll be much easier to get in while everything is in chaos”

“Sure…” She sighs, resigned. This is going to be a long night.

Izuku finally manages to stand up. He feels like he may faint at any moment, but it’s not like he can do anything about it. First, he has to leave this room, and search for a warmer place. If he doesn’t do something about this cold soon, he’s probably going to freeze to death. He takes a deep breath, and shakily steps forward.

Okay… that’s fine, he just has to keep moving and he’ll be okay. Even if he can’t feel his hands or feet, he’ll be okay. He has to be. He has to survive. He has to go back to Shoucchan. God, Shoucchan is probably worried sick about him. So he can’t give up here. Even if he’s too weak to do anything against the villains, even if he wasn’t able to avoid getting kidnapped again, he has to get out of here alive.

Alright, focus. Small steps… One, two, three… He stumbles and leans on the wall for support, letting go of the icy flute in the process. That… that may be for the best. This thing might have gotten him killed otherwise. It was cold as fuck, and he couldn’t use it anyways or it’d alert the villains. So, he won’t try to pick it up again. He has to keep going forward.

He finally reaches the door and leaves the room. He finds himself in a rather dark corridor. Well, if that isn’t ominous at all… Sighing, he keeps walking until he hears some noise getting closer to him. Silently cursing, he quickly enters the closest room, almost falling in the process. The room is empty… The only unusual thing about it is that it has no windows at all. And despite not being used, there doesn’t seem to be that much dust here.

He leans against the door, listening to the noises outside. He can hear people talking, and some noise that repeats in more or less even rhythm… footsteps, maybe? His legs give out from under him, and
he lets himself slide down to the floor. He curls in on himself, trying to warm himself up. It… doesn’t really work as well as he’d like, but at least he’s feeling a bit better now.

Maybe he could just close his eyes and go to sleep… No! He has to keep conscious. He’s still in the villains’ base, and even if they don’t do anything to him, he doesn’t know if he’ll be able to get up if he falls asleep in this state. He’ll just have to wait till the footsteps stop, and then he should be able to leave this place. Yeah… he just has to wait it out.

“Do you see anything?” Kirishima asks from below.

“Not yet” He murmurs, looking at the building through the night-vision googles “Oi, there is something there. It looks like… it looks like that bird-fucker from USJ”

“A Noumu?!” Kirishima startles so much that he almost drops him.

“Calm down!” He snaps “I don’t think that thing is even conscious. There is quite a few of those fuckers … I… I can’t see Izuku though”

“Maybe he isn’t here?” The other boy offers “If it’s just the storage area for Noumus, they may not hold him here”

“Fuck” He curses, knowing that his classmate is most likely right “Well, what the hell do we do now? Any bright ideas?”

“Maybe… maybe we should give up” Kirishima says quietly, and before Katsuki can retort, he adds “We’ll probably only get in the way here, and we don’t know any other places he might be at”

“We won’t get in the way, Shitty – Kirishima. We’re not here to fight” He sighs, jumping down “And I already told you, if you don’t want to do this, then you can just leave”

“It’s not that I don’t want to help… it’s just…” Kirishima trails off, his clenched fists trembling “I’m worried, okay? And… scared. I have no idea what might happen here. And we may die if we’re not careful enough”
“…It’s okay if you want to leave” He says softly, in a tone he didn’t know he was capable of “I’ll just stay a little longer to make sure Izuku really isn’t here”

“Oh, shut it. I won’t leave” Kirishima huffs “I’ve promised myself long ago that I wouldn’t… And besides, I have to make sure you don’t do anything too reckless”

“I won’t” Somehow, he gets the feeling that they both know it’s a lie.

Chapter End Notes

Take care and see y’all~
Silence louder than a whole orchestra

Chapter Summary

Things go to hell, or maybe get better. Who can really tell, at this point?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The rescue operation is about to begin. Dusty Ash is observing the heroes from above, perched on a rooftop. It’s amazing how people tend to not look up at all. Well, a few underground ones maybe would, but they’re not here. It’s just the heavy-hitters tonight. Something that’ll be helpful considering the League’s strength, but will probably bite heroes in the ass later.

She tenses as All Might comes up to the hideout’s doors, knocking on them. Looks like their cue to come down. She nods at Ember, before climbing down, as stealthily as possible. The fact that heroes are preoccupied with their assault is certainly helping too. Well, time to jump in the fray.

“Is Shouto Todoroki here?” A nurse asks, coming into the room.

“…It’s me” He answers in a flat tone, ignoring the worried looks his friends send him.

“Oh, that’s good. Well, I have great news for you, Todoroki-kun-“ The nurse says and he snaps to attention. Did they rescue Izuku? He hopes that’s the news “-Your father has woken up from his coma today!”

“…Oh” He slumps back against the pillows, trying to keep disappointment (and distaste) from his face “That’s… great, I guess” He replies with vague disinterest, hoping that the nurse will leave now so he can continue trying not to worry to death.

“Would you… like to go visit him?” She asks carefully, clearly uncomfortable.

“No, not really” He sighs, dragging a hand down his face.

“If you’re worried about your injuries, I assure you that it’s alright. You should be able to move
around without feeling pain, according to the doctors” The nurse sends him a warm smile that somehow manages to irritate him “And I’m sure yur father would appreciate it if you came”

“I won’t go” He repeats, glaring at her “Could you leave now?”

He sinks into the pillows as much as he can, closing his eyes, once the nurse is gone. He still feels incredibly empty, yet angry, but… he should probably try to sleep. At least a little bit. And just maybe… when he wakes up, Izuku will be here. God, he really hopes they manage to save him.

Izuku slowly rises from his spot, bracing himself against the door as to not fall. Shit, his fingers are still numb. He feels so cold… and sleepy. But he pushes himself to keep standing. It may be his chance – there are no more noises outside. Now he just has to hope that he doesn’t run into some random villain in the hallway.

Slowly, silently, he opens the door, peeking outside before staggering out. He quietly closes the door, and starts walking, while supporting himself on the nearby wall. Just a little bit more… He has to find the way out… It can’t be too far away… Or at least he hopes it isn’t.

He hears a loud bang, and the building shakes. Oh god, oh no… He falls to his knees from all the shaking, biting back a scream from the unexpected impact. There are some yells, and vaguely familiar sounds of fighting in the distance. He shakily picks himself up and keeps staggering forwards… He has to get out… He has to…

Only one hero even notices Dusty Ash, and she quickly makes a smoke-screen to evade them as she races towards one of the hideout’s exits. The villains seem to be preoccupied as much as the heroes are, so she and Ember don’t actually have much of a problem getting deeper into the base. From there, they split up to search the area more quickly.

After a few seconds, she notices the stairs leading downstairs… Huh, she can probably leave searching this floor to Ember anyways, so, why not? She rushes down the stairs, and through a rather dark corridor. There are lots of doors here, but when she checks them, none of them open. Checking each one would be a waste of time… Damn, if she were a kidnapper, where would she keep the kid?

Just then, she hears footsteps… they’re quiet, but somehow heavy. Someone injured, maybe? She sneaks towards the sound, ready to attack in case it’s one of the villains who somehow managed to get away from the fight. When she rounds a corner and sees the green haired kid she’s here to rescue, she feels relief wash over her.
On the other hand, the moment he sees her, the kid’s eyes go big with panic, and some light gathers around his hand, quickly forming into a holographic-looking piano keys… Alrighty, this is not going well. She doesn’t want to hurt the kid, or get the villains’ attention…

“Relax, I’m not here to hurt you” She whispers, bringing her hands up in a rather desperate attempt to deescalate the situation. Surprisingly, it kind of works.

“I remember you… From the USJ” The kid says in a hoarse voice “Why… are you here?”

“I’m here to get you out” She says, taking a cautious step forward, but stopping as the boy half-flinches “I know it’s probably hard to believe… but I’m personally against endangering children. If you come with me, I’ll take you to the exit, okay?”

“…” He stares at her for a second, probably searching for a lie, before nodding. Well, that went well at least.

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All Might can’t quell his worry even as Kamui Woods manages to restrain the villains. Midoriya isn’t here, and neither is one of the villains… Dabi. This doesn’t bode well. Not to mention the villain one of the heroes reported to have snuck in while they were charging in. As the leader of the League glares at them, All Might turns his head, about to ask the other heroes to search the villains’ hideout for Midoriya. Just then, one of the villains yelps.

His eyes widen, as villains start to cough up black substance. What is going on here…? He can only watch as thick liquid covers the villains, and they seemingly melt. But no, the substance disappears too… some sort of teleportation, then?

“The other location!” He exclaims loudly “They were probably teleported there. I’ll go over to provide support. You should check the building and take care of any enemies that might have remained”

The heroes around him nod, and he takes off. Please, don’t let him be too late.

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Izuku follows the woman at first, but then she just picks him up, probably deciding he’s too slow. It’s much harder not to fall asleep when he’s not moving. But at least he’s recovered from the frost a little bit – for all that he’s still incredibly numb in both hands and feet. On their way to the supposed ‘exit’
they run into another familiar villain. Izuku tenses, almost summoning his quirk, but before he can, the woman speaks up.

“Oh, good, and here I thought I’d have to go back to get you once I carried him out” The villainess – vigilante in this case, perhaps? – says, before she resumes walking “Let’s go”

“…” The other villain doesn’t say anything, just silently tags along. It unnerves Izuku a bit, and from a glimpse he catches of the frown on the woman’s face, it seems like it’s not entirely normal.

He doesn’t trust either of them, not a single bit, but exhaustion and frostbite is catching up to him… He wants to rest his eyes… just for a moment. It’s… it’s not like he’ll fall asleep. His eyelids are just so heavy.

Before he can succumb to the temptation though, he gags on something. Before he can process anything, a black substance envelops him.

Katsuki and Kirishima hide behind the wall as All Might faces the freakishly strong villain. Hawks and Best Jeanist are still lying unconscious and injured. It doesn’t look too good. Katsuki grits his teeth, holding onto the wall for dear life. Well, now he’s kind of glad that Deku- Midoriya wasn’t here.

And that’s not even accounting for the other villains who got dropped here via some black… tar? Well, at least they’re leaving, so they won’t be a problem for much longer. He glares at the main villain as the fight temporarily stops. It seems like he’s saying something to All Might? What the fuck, the villain monologue should be before the fight, not in the middle of it – not important…

He curses under his breath, realising he won’t be able to actually hear anything. Fuck, this bastard might’ve actually said something about Midoriya. But even if he did, there is no way to know. He sighs in defeat, planning to retreat from here, since the fight has stopped for now. Before he can tear his eyes away though, the tar-like substance comes back.

He narrows his eyes, trying to see what dropped there. It seems to be a white-haired woman holding something… someone? He looks for a moment, before he realises that the person she’s holding has green hair… Fuck, they have fucking Deku – Midoriya.

This is going to be fucking reckless but… He runs out, leaving Kirishima behind. He doesn’t even
hesitate as his classmate (his friend, if the redhead would accept him as such), yells at him to come back. He just rushes ahead, though he’s careful enough as not to trip. For a moment, the villainess and him make eye contact.

He can see her eyes going wide, her one hand coming up, either to use a quirk or surrender, though probably not the latter. Then, he notices movement out of the corner of his eye, where All Might was talking with the villain. He manages to catch a glimpse of the aforementioned bastard throwing an attack in Midoriya’s direction – from what he can tell, it’s the second one, the first was probably tanked by All Might.

Desperate, Katsuki blasts himself forward, landing directly between Midoriya and the attack. For a single moment, red eyes meet slightly glazed-over green ones. Then, he feels the pain, and his world blurs as he’s thrown across the ruins, landing rather roughly. He can feel warmth and certain wetness spreading across his side. Dammit, even if he can’t see the damage like that, he knows that the warm area is way too large.

He turns his head a bit, as pain fades. He looks at the sky, which is somehow still clear and blue, even as everything is going to shit. God, is this really how this all ends? From the very start, he didn’t want Deku going anywhere near the villains, and look where they are… Ha, such irony… He’s ruined all his prospects in his quest to make Deku quit… and yet, here he is, bleeding out for the nerd.

He… actually doesn’t mind it all that much… maybe he deserves a death like this. Even if it is an incredibly shitty situation. He feels wind caress his face as his vision slowly Blurs out of focus.

Eijiro is frozen for a moment, watching as Bakugou runs, leaving cover. Goddamnit, he was supposed to NOT do reckless things like that. He glances around wildly, trying to find any hero who might be able to get close and get Bakugou out of there. He notices that Best Jeanist stirs, but doesn’t pay it too much mind.

Gritting his teeth, he turns back towards the fight as a loud noise rings out. He can see All Might kneeling on one knee, obviously having taken some hit... And then the villain fires off another attack. Eijiro’s eyes trace it’s possible path, landing on a weird woman in the middle of the whole ruined building. Wait – IS THAT MIDORIYA THERE?! Oh god, what now- Bakugou jumps between Midoriya and the attack.

Eijiro is stunned as the boy is thrown like a ragdoll. N-no, this can’t be happening. S-someone, someone has to do something. Oh god, that didn’t look good at all, is Bakugou even alive?! Through the haze of his mind, a single bit of conversation from the past makes itself known — you know, Best Jeanist is so cool! He’s not only a good fighter, he also knows first aid extremely well! He’s only
second to Recovery Girl as far as medical help is concerned. R-right… that’s what Midoriya once said when he was doing his usual mumbling thing.

Eijiro immediately rushes to where Best Jeanist is still attempting to stand up. He needs to act fast, he has to help Bakugou as soon as possible. Best Jeanist focuses on him once he’s close enough.

“Kid, what are you doing?! You need to get out of here!” The usually collected hero yells.

“My friend is hurt! He needs help” Eijiro shouts back “He’s in the building’s ruins! Please, you have to help me get him out of there before that villain kills him”

“Alright, lead the way, kid” The hero says, even when he’s still obviously in pain himself. Eijiro would be thinking about how manly that is if he wasn’t so occupied with other things.

Dusty Ash curses under her breath. That was a nasty attack, and the kid is probably dead. She and the other kid would be dead right now if it wasn’t for that though… Gritting her teeth, she decides to use the brief distraction of the League’s villain, since the man seems to be only focused on trying to bring All Might down.

She runs away, the kid a dead weight in her arms. He’s passed out a few moments before. It takes forever before they reach the city’s buildings that weren’t destroyed in the fight… probably a safe area for now. She stops for just a moment to glance back, noting that there are two figures near where the explosion kid ended up. Hopefully, they’ll help him if he’s still alive.

For now, she’ll focus on bringing the kid in her arms to the hospital.

“He’s still alive” Announces the pro hero, using his threads to treat Bakugou “But only by a hair… he’s losing a lot of blood. We need to carry him out of here, now”

Eijiro is feeling vaguely sick as he looks at Bakugou now, but he helps Best Jeanist carry him away. After a while, they arrive at where the ambulances are gathered, and Bakugou is taken to the hospital. The moment it’s over, Eijiro collapses, and he’s so fucking close to breaking right there and then.

“It’s alright, kid” Beast Jeanist says, patting him awkwardly “Your friend will be okay”
Y-yeah, he’s right, there is no way Bakugou would go down just like that. The doctors will be able to help him… They have to. He doesn’t know what he’ll do if Bakugou dies. All he can think is that he could have prevented this, if only he persuaded the boy not to come, if only he kept him from rushing in earlier…

But now, nothing more can be done. Bakugou is in the hospital, getting treated. And he still doesn’t know what happened with Midoriya… god, his friend was so close, and he still couldn’t do anything to help him.

He briefly realises that something is wrapped around his shoulders. An anti-shock blanket…? Oh, oh, he’s taking it that badly, huh. He really hates…feeling useless. Finally, something in him breaks, and his tears fall to the ground. He’s sitting there, silently praying for both of his friends to be alright.

Chapter End Notes

Hi! It’s been a while, but the chapter is here~ I hope ya liked it ^w^

Have fun, and see y’all \o/

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