The Ultimate Hope and The Symbol of Peace

by RoarOfTheLion

Summary

Meet Izuku Midoriya, a hero fanboy who dreamt of being able to go to UA High and become a hero, but was unable to because he lacked a quirk. Despite being bullied and ridiculed for being born without a quirk Midoriya still desperately wished to become a hero, even if he knew it was impossible. However, everything changed when he met Japan’s number one hero All-Might and was given a quirk of his own. Now, Midoriya can become a hero like he had always wanted.

Meet Hajime Hinata, a staunch admirer of talent who hoped to one day attend Hope’s Peak Academy’s Main Course and be recognized as a talented individual, but was unable to because he lacked a talent. Despite being supported and appreciated despite his lack of talent Hinata still felt inferior, even if he tried to accept that talent isn’t everything. However, everything changed when he was selected by Hope’s Peak Academy as a test subject for a secret project and was told that he’d be given a talent of his very own. Now, Hinata can hold his head high and become someone he can finally be proud of...?

Follow the path of Izuku Midoriya and Hajime Hinata, and witness the birth of Hope’s Peak Academy’s Ultimate Hope and Japan’s newest Symbol of Peace.
My name is Izuku Midoriya.

I am Hajime Hinata.

Ever since I was a child, I loved heroes, and had always wanted to become one myself.

Since I was little I had always admired talent

My dream is to attend UA High, the school where many top heroes graduated from.

My goal is to be accepted into Hope’s Peak Academy, a school that scouts, researches and develops people’s talents.

However, there was just one little problem...

Unfortunately for me...

I was born quirkless.

No matter how hard I tried, I couldn’t develop a talent.

A quirk was a unique ability obtained from birth, something that gives you an edge over other people. They could help you fight crime or perform rescue missions.

A talent could be just about anything you’re good at: athletics, the arts, academics, even some hobbies can be considered a talent.

UA’s entrance exam consisted of two parts, a written component and a physical test. Without a suitable quirk, I wouldn’t be able to pass the physical exam.

To be accepted into Hope’s Peak you must satisfy two conditions, you must already be attending high school or be eligible to attend high school when you are accepted, and you must be the best at what you do in your age group.

But despite that, I still want to become a hero!

Even so, from the bottom of my heart, I wanted to attend Hope’s Peak.

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

I assume you all want to become heroes!”

It was just a normal day in Midoriya’s middle school class, and their teachers were getting them ready to think about their futures.

“Hah! Don’t lump me in with these losers, Sensei,” exclaimed Katsuki Bakugou.

“I aced the mock exam! I’m the only one here who has a shot at getting into UA!”
I’ll even surpass All Might and become the best hero out there!”

Bakugou’s quirk allowed him to create explosions through the nitroglycerin sweat through his palms. He could use these explosions for both mobility and battle, a powerful and versatile quirk that would be perfectly suited to pro hero work.

“Ah that’s right, you’re also gunning for UA aren’t you, Midoriya?” Knocking the wind out of Bakugou’s sails, their teacher asked this.

Every head of the classroom turned towards the aforementioned student.

“Pfft, Midoriya? No way.”

“Good grades alone can’t get you into the hero program.”

“The best he’ll be able to do is the general course.”

“It’s good to have dreams, but delusions? Not so much.”

“Even that weird kid with the fingers has a better chance of getting in.”

“Hey, what’d you say about my fingers, punk?!”

“He didn’t say anything about your *fingers*, idiot.”

As the class erupted, Bakugou made his way to Midoriya’s desk to further insult the boy.

“You’re totally quirkless. And you think you can rub shoulders with me?”

“No, I-I mean, it’s just always been my dream. And, y’know, there’s no harm in... Trying.”

The ruckus in the class rose with the last statement, “Try? You’re taking the entrance exam just to try?”

The class surrounds Midoriya as he sits on the floor, helpless.

“What can you even DO?”

“A person with no talent has no right to be with them...” As Hinata walked to school he sees a crowd of students outside the building and several police cars parked outside the academy.

“Hey! What happened?” Hinata ran to the front of the crowd and asked the nearest student.

“A murder. It seems some shady person killed the girl that just transferred in, Natsumi Kuzuryuu I think she was called.”

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“Hey! You’re just reserve course student, what do you think you’re doing sneaking onto the main course grounds!”

In the end, Hinata was unable to be accepted into Hope’s Peak Academy’s main course for those with an ultimate talent. However, due to a lack of funding, the school had opened up a reserve course, a course that talentless individuals like Hinata could join by paying large amounts of
money. During this time, he had made friends with a girl named Natsumi Kuzuryuu.

“I need to ask Koizumi, in the main course, about something.”

On the day Hinata learned about Kuzuryuu’s murder, he had overheard Mahiru Koizumi and her friend Sato talking about something, something that sounded suspiciously like the murder.

“You have to follow the school rules.” A green haired man grabbed Hinata’s collar and flung him onto the ground.

“You’re...”

“Juzo Sakakura, the man in charge of security, I’ll overlook this just once, now hurry up and get lost.”

But Hinata was not to be deterred, “Wait! Please... Tell me truth about the incident.”

“You want the truth? Your classmate was killed by a suspicious individual, that’s all there is to it.”

“That’s bullshit! You’re just trying to sweep it under the rug.”

“Reserve course students are very easily replaced, I don’t have to deal with it every time one of you dies.”

Upon hearing this, Hinata charged at Sakakura, only to be knocked to the ground by a single punch to the gut.

“If you don’t have talent just pay money to compensate for it. That’s what you reserve course students think isn’t it. Don’t sully the name of Hope’s Peak, talentless scum.” The man spits.

“So what if she had no talent, all lives are equal!” On the ground, Hinata’s attempt to argue with the security chief only earns him a stomp to the back.

“No they aren’t. You can’t make diamonds out of scrap metal. Just give up, go back to being a normal high school student and hang out with the normal students.” Sakakura sighs.

“Kids like you all start thinking you’re so great once they start interacting with the main course students. Honestly, this is why I hate reserve course students, always trailing behind the main course like crap from a goldfish.”

“There’s more to life than just talent...”

“Well said kid, you’re right. The talentless should act as befits them, if you have time to envy the talented, then you have the time to live your life like a gear in a machine. For people like you who have no talent, you don’t need to think. If you live life idly, grovelling before your betters, then you can live a happy life. Now, leave!”

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“We ain’t done here, Deku.”

“You lost because you weren’t focusing, did something happen?”

“The best heroes out there, they showed signs of greatness even as students.”

“You know, there’s more to life than just talent.”
“I’ll be the first and only hero from this crappy middle school, the first to win the honour of being a UA student.”

“You life won’t be interesting by just having talent.”

“In other words, don’t you dare get into UA, nerd!”

“By getting involved and making memories with friends, hope, which is more important than talent is born.”

“You wanna be a hero so bad Midoriya? I’ve got a time-saving idea for you. If you think you’ll have a quirk in your next life... Go take a swan dive off the roof!”

“I have fun playing video games with you, Hajime. Even if the results are the same. Now, how about we try co-op.”

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As Midoriya walks home that day he is ambushed by a villain with a body of sludge. All-Might, the legendary number one hero, appeared in the nick of time to save Midoriya and capture the villain. Desperate for answers, Midoriya clings to All-Might as he departs, and ends up discovering All-Might’s shameful secret. Midoriya learns that All-Might had suffered a grievous wound in a battle five years ago and can only maintain his hero form for three hours a day.

In the end, even All-Might tells Midoriya that no, he cannot become a hero without a quirk, and Midoriya’s dreams were crushed for the final time that day.

The sludge villain escaped from All-Might, and had taken Bakugou as a hostage. No heroes were able to challenge him, and it was only when Midoriya rushed in to save Bakugou from the villain did All-Might find the guts to push past his daily time limit.

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After dealing with the situation All-Might approaches Midoriya near his neighbourhood.

Meanwhile, a withered, old man named Kazuo Tengan approached a downcast Hajime Hinata.

“Kid, I’ve come to thanks and revise what I said earlier... Also, I have a proposal.”

“Excuse me, Hinata, I’ve come to discuss the proposal that we had presented to you the other day.”

“Without you... If I hadn’t heard your story... I’d have been nothing but fake muscles and insincerity, so thank you.”

“As an adviser to the school I shouldn’t be saying this but... I am personally quite against this project.”

“Of all the people at the scene... It was you, and only you. Timid and quirkless, who acted! You spurred me into action! Many of the top heroes show signs of greatness, even as children... Many of them claim that their bodies simply moved before they could think.”

“Because hope comes from people acting like people. If you don’t want it you can decline, there’s nothing wrong with living a life of normalcy you know?”
“That’s what happened to you back there, yes?! Izuku Midoriya, you can become a hero. Well Midoriya, what do you say?”

“But if you do choose to accept the proposal, then I expect your dreams will become reality. Hajime Hinata, we will give you talent.”

“Of course, I accept! I will become the ultimate hero!”

“I want to become someone I can be proud of, I will become everyone’s hope.”

"In order to inherit my power, One For All, you must train your body, or else all the amassed power of my quirk would pop your limbs straight off.”

“In order to give you talent, we will need to make various physiological changes to your body and your mind, there will be quite a number of surgeries and drugs you will have to take.”

“I have a training regimen to help you build your body and clean up this beach, you can chart your entire lifestyle with this! You will fill the ten months to the entrance exam with nothing but training! To be frank, this will be super tough, can you do it?”

“The entire process will take a total of nine months, and you will not be allowed to see your family or your friends during this time. Furthermore, the processes we will perform on your body will be anywhere from uncomfortable to excruciating, this is your last chance to back out.”

“Hey, hey, what’s wrong? Only three more months!! You’re not gonna make it!! You wanna quit? Wanna take a break today?”

“The subject’s brain has not rejected the procedures, as soon as we can confirm the success of this stage we can move onto the operations for his body.”

“Overdoing it is no good either, don’t you wanna pass?”

“I want to be like you...!! The strongest hero!”

“You blind fanboy... That’s exactly what I like to hear!!”

“Well now, how are you feeling today? Are there pains or discomforts?”

“Normal. No.”

“Wonderful, we will begin today’s trials whenever you’re ready.”

“Take this to heart kid, you’ve earned this power, fair and square. From this day onwards, you will no longer be Izuku Midoriya, the quirkless hero fanboy. But rather, Izuku Midoriya, the hero!”

“Well done, you’ve passed every test we have with flying colours, I think it’s safe to say the project was a complete success. You don’t have any memories of who you were before correct? That’s right, you are no longer the talentless Hajime Hinata. From now on, you are Izuru Kamukura, The Ultimate Hope.”
So this was an idea I had for quite a while, I finally decided to make it into a reality. This is the first time writing fanfiction at all so please do leave comments and tell me what you think.
Chapter 2

A slouching, bony blond man was sitting across from what appears to be a gigantic, well-dressed mouse in a luxurious office.

The blond man was of course All-Might in his secret, weakened form.

The well-dressed mouse was named Nedzu, and was the principal of the prestigious hero academy, UA high.

“I was quite surprised when you called me the other day, asking to be able to work here in order to find a successor. Of course, I expected that you would have to decide eventually, and that choosing to be an instructor would allow you an easy way to keep an eye on aspiring heroes that meet your ideals.” Nedzu explained.

“That’s right, not only will I be able to scout out an heir to my power, I will be able to pay back the institute that helped shape me into the hero I am today.” Nedzu smiled at All-Might.

“But what I didn’t expect was the timing of the call. You see, just before I had received your call, I was just getting off the phone with another old friend of mine. Toshinori, you have heard of “Hope’s Peak Academy” before right?”

All-Might was intrigued, “Hope’s Peak? Well of course I’ve heard of it, the school that accepts only students that they have deemed to be sufficiently “talented”. Any student that graduates from Hope’s Peak is practically guaranteed success later in life.”

“Yes, that’s right. Much like UA who has overseen the training of a great amount of high ranking pro heroes, going to Hope’s Peak is a great accomplishment, and can set one up for great successes in one’s future. They are also a school that receives large amounts of government funding, due to its success.” Here, Nedzu sighed before continuing.

“However, there is much that you, nor the public, know about Hope’s Peak Academy. Hope’s Peak accepts highly talented teenagers not only to further develop their talents, but also to research talent.”

All-Might tilted his head quizzically, “research talent? That sounds fairly benign.”

Nedzu let out a quiet laugh, “Well, Hope’s Peak’s headmaster Jin Kirigiri was the one who called me. He wanted to ask a favour from me, to temporarily accommodate one of their um... students. I wanted to refuse of course, but Jin Kirigiri had helped me quite a bit in the past, I owe him a great deal for his help.”

“I see, and who is the student in question?” All-Might asked.

“His name is Izuru Kamukura, the Ultimate Hope.”

All-Might raised an eyebrow, “the... Ultimate Hope?”

Principal Nedzu nodded, “the students who go to Hope’s Peak are called “Ultimates”, they are the best in their field at their age, so it was fitting that they were referred to as the ultimate whatever it is their talent was.”

“I see... But how can hope be a talent?”
“Ah. You see, the reason Hope’s Peak expends so much time and energy into researching talent is because they believe that talent can breed hope, and to them, cultivating hope is their greatest concern.”

Here, Principal Nedzu pauses, and All-Might think about something, “Hmm. So if talent creates hope, then for someone to be the Ultimate Hope then that means…”

“They are the personification of talent itself.”

All-Might gawked, “surely you can’t... No but how?! The existence of a person who is the personification of talent... Would surely be quite well known, would it not?”

“I’m afraid not, though Kirigiri did not divulge the details of how this man came to be, I am quite certain I can guess exactly as to how they are able to achieve such a feat, and why no one has heard of them until now.”

Well, his quirk is super-intelligence after all, I’m sure these basic deductions are no match for someone like him. All-Might thought.

“Well, not that it’s particularly relevant, I just thought it was amusing. That you would come looking for a successor to the Symbol of Peace mantle right as I had accepted someone christened as the Ultimate Hope. I have not met Izuru Kamukura just yet but I think it’s possible he may fit the bill to carry your torch.”

All-Might smiled, “indeed, the Ultimate Hope... As the future Symbol of Peace they would have to be able to bring hope to the people. Hm, it would be rather fortunate if I were to be able to find a successor so quickly.”

“Well, in any case. We are glad to have you aboard Toshinori, I’m sure you will make a fine addition to our team.”

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A teenage boy with red eyes and long, black hair walks up to the man standing next to the taxi. He was dressed completely in formal attire, including a suit, dress pants, and dress shoes, all in immaculate condition. Everything he owned was in his suitcase, some spare clothes, a laptop, and other assorted inventory.

“Ah, you must be Izuru Kamukura, I can tell because of the description they gave me: red eyes, black hair, and the most bored expression that you’ve ever seen, a ha ha ha ha! No, but seriously that was what they wrote, and man were they ever right.

Well, enough pleasantries, my name is Tsubasa, I’ll be driving you to your new place of residence.” There was no reaction from Kamukura.

“Don’t talk much huh? Well that’s okay, I can do enough talking for the both of us, aha ha ha!” Still, Kamukura stayed impassive.

“Wow geez, tough crowd. I know what you’re thinking, “get a move on old man!”’, aha ha ha ha ha!

Ah well, you can’t win ‘em all. Ah, don’t worry about your luggage there, I’ll carry it for you.

So it says here you’ll be staying at um... UA high? The hero school? Huh, I didn’t know they did dormitories, so you’re aiming to be a hero are you? I hear that’s all the rage these days. Say, what’s
your quirk kid? Does it have something to do with all that hair?”

At this, Kamukura turned his head towards the driver, still showing no expression, “My hair is irrelevant to my quirk, I am quirkless.” Before turning to look forwards again.

“Eh- Wha? Quirkless? And you got into UA? Aren’t their entrance exams like, crazy tough? If you don’t mind me asking, how did you manage to get in?”

“I was recommended.” Came the answer.

“Recommended, huh? Er, wait, even recommended students had to pass a separate exam don’t they? One that’s even tougher than the normal one, due to the fact that they usually have more powerful than average quirks an’ all…” Tsubasa scratched his chin while walking.

“My case was special, I was not required to participate in any test to be admitted.” Kamukura replied.

Confused, the driver looked Kamukura up and down, “That so? Well, you meet a lot of crazy types in my line of work but, that’s usually because of their quirks. Not that it’s in my place to say but… Can you really become a hero without a quirk? Usually the quirkless, justice-seeking types I know go into police detective work and whatnot, not that there’s anything wrong with that of course.”

Kamukura’s expression remained unchanged when he spoke, “to become a hero without a quirk, that’s what I was made for.”

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Sure to his word, Tsubasa filled the long ride to UA with small talk and various commentary on the goings on of the world, intriguing stories as a taxi driver in a quirk filled world, and various questions to Kamukura as he saw fit. Kamukura, on the other hand, would politely answer Tsubasa’s questions with as little words as possible, choosing to remain silent and observe the new city he was living in.

“… because he was a barkeep. So kid, you got any siblings?”

“No.”

“Really? An only child huh. What about distant relatives: cousins, aunts, uncles, that sorta thing?”

“No.”

“Small family eh? Well, what about your parents, what do they do for a living? Are they worried you’re gonna be doing such dangerous work without a quirk?”

“I don’t have any parents either.”

“You don- Ah! I’m sorry kid, so you’re a… You don’t got any parents eh? Geez, that must be rough, sorry about that uh, me and my big mouth huh?”

“You do not have apologize, you could not have known.” Said Kamukura, looking as bored as ever, if he were offended in any way he did now show it.

Not missing a beat, Tsubasa quickly steered - heh- to a different topic of conversation, “Well enough about family, you said you wanted to be a hero right? Well then you gotta have a hero you look up to right? Who’s your favourite hero? Ah ha, and don’t be ashamed to say it’s All-Might,
he’s number one for a reason!”

“I do not have a favourite hero, nor do I look up to them.” Came Kamukura’s reply.

“Eh, wha-? You really don’t...? Naw, you can’t be. You’re probably just too embarrassed to say it, is it Endeavour? Heh, come to think of it he and you are pretty alike, cold and serious. Well you don’t gotta hide it, no one’s gonna lynch you for liking the number two hero y’know?

Kamukura said nothing to this and Tsubasa continued.

“Well in any case, you must be excited to be attending UA, right? It’s the number one hero school after all.”

“No.”

“Wha-? Hey, come on now, are you for real? I mean come on, you gotta work with me here, conversation’s a two-way street y’know. How about this, you gotta ask me a question or I won’t talk for the whole rest of this trip.”

Although not intending to make good on his threat, Tsubasa was pleasantly surprised when the enigmatic Kamukura turned his head slightly and asked,

“What are your opinions on pro heroes?”

“Oh, well look at you! Getting the hang of things already, ah ha ha ha ha.

Well my opinion on the pros would probably match just about everyone else’s, I love ‘em! Using their quirk to fight crime and look cool while doing it, sometimes I wish I had a quirk that would help me fight crime, all I’ve got is this quirk that allows me pick up sounds at further distances. Course, you probably guessed that already what with me being such a good listener and all, ah ha ah ha ha ha.

I mean of course there are pro heroes who are only in it for the money, or the fame, or whatever benefits the government’s allowing ‘em. People like that shouldn’t even be called heroes, I mean- what happened when fighting crime and rescuing citizens were what heroes cared about. Ah, you’re young so you probably wouldn’t remember, but those were the truly the days of real heroes, my boy. None of these spoiled heroes who care only about their bottom line, or their image.”

Although it was barely noticeable, Kamukura’s expression shifted just slightly as he pondered this.

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After ten months of intense training, Midoriya had prepared his body to one that was suitable for One for All. Despite some initial confusion, Midoriya had swallowed All-Might’s hair and rushed to where UA’s entrance exam was held.

After being saved from falling by a cheery girl and being scolded at by an uptight boy the young Izuku Midoriya started the practical exam.

However, despite his best efforts, Midoriya wasn’t able to defeat a single robot, and he wasn’t able to earn even one point. During the exam, despite being almost out of time, Midoriya used his newly acquired quirk to save the girl he had met before the exam started, while breaking his arm and legs in the process. The boy who had scolded him only watched as Midoriya sacrificed his limbs, thinking if only this weren’t an exam, I also would’ve...
Dejected, Midoriya left the infirmary, the exams were completed, all he had to do now was await the results. *Not that he couldn’t already guess what his result would be.*

_How am I gonna face All-Might. I failed him..._

As he was leaving, however.

“İzuku Midoriya.” A voice with no emotion, almost robotic, called out towards him. Midoriya turned and saw a boy with long, black hair that reached all the way to his ankles. The boy’s gaze was hard, his red eyes fixed solely on him.

“U-um. Do you mean me?” Midoriya asked while pointing to himself.

“Is that not your name?” The long-haired boy asked.

“Ah, it is. Did you want something?” _Hopefully it wasn’t to make fun of me._ Midoriya thought.

“You did not defeat a single robot that was worth any points in the practical exam, you earned zero points in that way.” _He did! He did come here to make fun of me!_

“Ah, well um... Yes, I know...” _Please just let me go home..._

“Why then, did you destroy the giant robot worth zero points? You should’ve known that it would be useless to you if you wanted to pass.”

_Why did I save that girl you mean? I knew that it wouldn’t help me pass but I still couldn’t leave her be. Wait, he didn’t mention anything about the girl, could he not have seen her trapped under the rubble? Actually, now that I think about it I don’t believe I saw an examinee with hair this long either._

“Um, well, there was a girl trapped under some rubble, a-and so I thought that um... I would save her from the robot...” Midoriya’s voice gave out a few times, but the stranger let him complete his thoughts before speaking.

“Why? Even if the robot had been allowed to continue along its path, that girl would have only suffered a few broken bones at worst. All of which could’ve been treated by Recovery Girl. There was certainly no need for you to step in.”

_A few broken bones at worst?_

“That’s horrible, how could you say something like that? Even if this was just a test, I couldn’t just let her get injured. Not if I could do something about it.”

Midoriya waited for his rebuttal, for the boy to point out that he had broken three limbs trying to save the girl. That in terms of broken bones, his efforts had been futile.

But he didn’t, instead the strange boy’s expression had suddenly turned to one of boredom, he simply said, “I see.” Then turned around and started to walk away.

“Hey, wait!” Midoriya yelled which caused the other teenager to stop and turn around.

“Y-you weren’t one of the examinees were you, I didn’t see you standing there when the exam finished. Yet, you saw the girl I saved, you said that she would have only suffered a few broken bones so you must have been able to see her condition, because the exam ended right after there was no reason for you to run off if you were in the same exam as me.
The long-haired boy simply stood there, listening to the other boy’s deduction.

“If you weren’t in the same exam field as me, but still knew about the girl, enough so that you could confidently determine her condition then... Are you one of the judges, were you watching me from the cameras?!” Izuku yelled the results of his deduction at the boy, who, on the other hand, remained calm and inexpressive.

“No... And yes.” Came his short reply, seemingly finished he began his leave once again before Midoriya yelled out at him again.

“Then, do you know what my results were? Do you know if I passed?!”

Without hindering his exit, the stranger replied, “No.”

*Well, of course he wouldn’t if he wasn’t one of the-*

“And yes.”
Midoriya’s mind buzzed as he walked home, thoughts racing.

“So he said yes but I asked him whether or not he knew if I passed and not whether or not I passed, and even if I did ask him that he probably wouldn’t have told me either...

Who was that long-haired teen, he was slightly taller than me and was dressed really well and he didn’t look like one of the examinees there’s no way he’d wear that to a field test, his expensive clothes would get all dirty and that wouldn’t be good...

What did he mean when he said that he watched me from a camera, he said he wasn’t a judge yet he was still allowed to watch the tests? Was he granted some special permission by someone, was he lying when he answered my questions? He didn’t seem like the type to lie though...

He said that he didn’t know what my results were but that he knew whether or not I passed. Isn’t that a little contradictory? And hold on a moment, he said that he didn’t know my results but earlier when we just met he said that he knew my score was zero because I wasn’t able to defeat any of the robots that were worth points, so why did he say that he didn’t know what my results were, that has to be a lie then right...?"

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Hours before the UA entrance exam had started, Kamukura’s taxi had arrived in front of UA High’s entrance gates.

“Well, even if you’ve got no one back home kid, I’ll be rooting for ya. Good luck!” Tsubasa said as he dropped Kamukura off with his luggage.

“That is unnecessary. Luck is one of my talents.” Kamukura had said.

“Ah ha ha ha ha. So you can make jokes, huh? And here I thought you were some emotionless robot, ah ha ha ha ha.” Tsubasa drove off, laughing all the while.

Shortly after Tsubasa had left, Principal Nedzu appeared and opened the gates to the school.

“As the principal of UA high, I would like to welcome you to UA High. According to Kirigiri, you will be living and studying here for short durations before returning to Hope’s Peak is that right?”

“That is correct,” Kamukura affirmed, “The Steering Committee would like me to report back to them at regular intervals, as well as conduct routine tests to see if the procedure had any side-effects.”

“Of course, the Steering Committee.” Nedzu studied Kamukura’s features with a solemn look, “I see, so they’ve moved onto humans now have they?”

Kamukura said nothing as he followed Principal Nedzu into the school.

Here are the student dorms, they were very recently built and are still not ready for entire classes of students but accommodating one should be just fine. You can put your luggage in here and I’ll give you a tour of the school.”

Kamukura did as was suggested and continued following the mouse.
“Jin Kirigiri explained a bit about your circumstances on the phone, but I think it will be best if I hear them from you directly. He had told me that they had sent you here in order to better learn how to be the Ultimate Hope, is that correct?”

“That is correct,” Kamukura affirmed, “while the Steering Committee was struggling with the best way of readying me for my public announcement, Kirigiri came up with the idea of sending me here. His reasoning was that pro heroes are commonly ones who bring hope to the world, and that I should use my talents to become a hero in order to fulfill my duty as the Ultimate Hope.”

And to keep you away from the Steering Committee’s clutches no doubt. Nedzu thought.

“You’ll be in good hands here, Kamukura. Not to toot my own horn, but UA is one of the best, if not the best school for aspiring heroes.”

Principal Nedzu showed Kamukura all of the facilities of the school, including the cafeteria, the washrooms, all the classrooms and the teacher’s offices. After returning to the unfinished dorms, Nedzu began asking Kamukura questions about himself.

“Izuru Kamukura... Now, correct me if I’m wrong but wasn’t Izuru Kamukura the name of the founder of Hope’s Peak Academy?”

“That is correct, because I was to embody the ideals of the academy, I was named after the founder of Hope’s Peak Academy. The project was known as ‘The Kamukura Project’.”

“Oh, so Izuru Kamukura is not your real name? What was your name before the project?”

“My name was Hajime Hinata.”

Nedzu nodded, “a fine name indeed. Now, between the two names which do you prefer?”

Kamukura was confused, a rarity in his short lifetime, “Prefer? I do not have preference to either name, they are just names after all, they hold no value besides identification.”

“Hm, I see. Perhaps a different topic then, now that the project is done what exactly can you do?”

“You are referring to my abilities, yes? I was built to be the incarnation of talent itself, I hold every talent that Hope’s Peak has researched. The Ultimate Martial Artist, the Ultimate Computer Programmer, the Ultimate Mechanic, and the Ultimate Lucky student to name a few.”

Surprised by the last talent Nedzu asked for clarification, “Ultimate Lucky Student? Are you saying that luck is a talent, and that you possess it?”

“That is correct. The Lucky Student initiative by Hope’s Peak was said to be a chance for ordinary, talentless teenagers to be able to study at Hope’s Peak without a talent, along other Ultimates as part of the main course. They claimed that every year a Lucky Student was selected by a random draw, that however is a lie.

Ultimate Lucky Students are in fact scouted, just the same as any other student. The reason for this is that the school wishes to research those with exceptional luck, and that the idea of getting into such a prestigious school without the need of exceptional talent gives the populace hope.

So yes, in answer to your question, luck is indeed a talent, and it is a talent that I possess.”

Principal Nedzu was dumbfounded by this information, but quickly recovered.
“Ah, I see. Well, the entrance exam for this year’s UA students will be starting in a few hours, the physical test will involve fighting robots that our support department has engineered. You won’t need to participate in the exam as I have accepted you on Kirigiri’s recommendation, but if you’d like Kamukura, you may watch the physical examination with the judges.”

“I will pass, that sounds boring.”

“Oh wait, I forgot to mention. The robots will only be part of the examination, there is a secret second part of the exam consisting of “rescue points”, the examinees will not be told about these rescue points, but they will also be judged on how well they save people.”

Kamukura considered this for a moment.

“Alright.”

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“Izuku? Honey? Could you stop smiling at your fish?”

One week after the UA entrance exams, Midoriya and his mother were worried for the results of the exam.

“The letter... It should come today or tomorrow, right?! Oh! Your dear old mom thinks it’s wonderful that you tried your best!”

“...Mhm...”

_Why am I so nervous?_ He hadn’t told his mother about All-Might, and since the day of the test All-Might hadn’t contacted him. He hadn’t expected the exam to be this difficult. By my calculations I should’ve passed the written exam. But I definitely got zero on the physical exam, that strange boy even told me so.

He must’ve been making fun of me when he approached me, asking me why I saved that girl from the robot, telling me that my score was zero. He said he knew whether or not I had passed, but thinking back on it the answer is obvious. No, I didn’t pass.

But that look on his face... It didn’t look like he was ridiculing me, it looked like he was... Studying me?

“Izu-Izu-Izuku!!” His mother’s yelling broke Midoriya out of his reverie.

“It’s here!!! The letter!! It’s really here!!” Inko Midoriya was crawling on the ground holding out a letter to Izuku, the letter was sealed with UA’s official seal.

Despondent, Midoriya opened up the letter in his room, with his mother fidgeting nervously outside.

Midoriya ripped open the letter and a small disk dropped to his desk.

“-For I am here! In projection form!”

“A-A-All-Might??” Midoriya gasped. What was All-Might doing in a UA letter?

The projection of All-Might explained. All-Might explained that he is going to be teaching at UA next term, he explained that even by passing the written portion of the exam, getting zero points in
the physical portion naturally results in failure.

*I knew it!*

All-Might explained that the girl that Midoriya had saved had went to give up some of her points to Midoriya, because she felt bad for him for getting no points.

All-Might then explained that villain points were not the only factor of the exam, and that rescue points were also a significant portion of the exam, and most important of all...

That Izuku Midoriya had passed!!! With 60 rescue points!!!

“Come now Midoriya, this will be your hero academy!”

Midoriya had only one thing to say.

“YEEEEAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!”
Chapter 4

The night after receiving the acceptance letter, I was told to come to the beach.

“Congrats on passing.” All-Might, in his depowered form, raised his hand for a high-five which Midoriya eagerly accepted.

“You should know that I haven’t told the school about our relationship. You seem like the type that would worry about favoritism. And I wasn’t one of the judges either.”

“Thanks, I appreciate it,” Midoriya smiled, “So you’re a teacher at UA huh? I guess that’s why we’re meeting here, even though your office is located in Tokyo’s Minato Ward, Roppongi 6-12...”

“Stop it.” And he did, “I couldn’t tell anyone until the school made it public knowledge. I figured I could take the job at UA while searching for my successor.”

“But instead you gave that power to me... One for All... I can’t wield it.”

“That’s just how it is, if someone suddenly grew a tail, it’s not like they’re suddenly going to be able to do tricks with it. For now, it’s all or nothing, but once you learn how to regulate your power... You can put out just as much as your body can handle. The more you temper your vessel... The better you can control the power!

Like this!” All-Might explained as he crushed a soda can.

“Like when passing the Olympic torch, the flame burns weakly at first. But the coming tests and trials will fan it-”

“Whoa, it’s All-Might! Where’d he come from?” A voice rang out from a nearby gazebo as All-Might and Midoriya realized his mistake.

“Crap, run young Midoriya!”

And so they ran away.

After retreating to a safe distance there was a question on Midoriya’s mind.

“After my exam was completed, there was strange boy with long black hair that went down to his knees dressed in a suit. He told me that I had got zero points and asked me why I saved that girl, he then told me that he was watching me but wasn’t one of the judges, and that he knew whether or not I passed, but that he didn’t know my score. Um, so do you know who that was? And why he was asking me about those things? I didn’t know about rescue points at the time, so was he trying to tell me something or judge me or something...?”

“Hm, a suit and hair that goes down to his knees huh? No, I can’t say I’ve met anyone like that. I wasn’t there to watch the exams in person, they only showed me a few clips of each examinee’s exam so I could get an idea of why each participant passed or failed, so I never saw someone like the person you described. They said they weren’t a judge but was still allowed to watch the exams? I’m not quite sure on the regulations on who is allowed to watch the entrance exams but I imagine whoever they were, they had to have been granted some special permission by someone.

Ah, sorry for not being of more use young Midoriya, I’m not quite familiar with all the faculty at UA quite yet.”
“Oh that’s okay, I don’t think that boy was very important anyway, I was just wondering if you knew anything about him is all. He was quite mysterious.” Midoriya explained.

The two of them parted and began to prepare for their new lives.

Principal Nedzu awaited Kamukura as he stepped out of the surveillance room, the judges remained inside debating proper allocation of rescue points and went over the footage to see if there was anything they missed.

“So, how was it? The young teens using their quirks in a fierce battle for the hope of getting into UA.” Nedzu asked.

“It was boring.” Kamukura stated matter-of-factly, “As each participant displayed their quirks they behaved exactly as I anticipated, and performed exactly as I had expected.

However, there was one thing that interested me.”

This piqued the tiny principal’s attention, “Oh? And what was that?”

“One examinee’s performance was substantially subpar, in both categories, and yet until the end of the exam, they didn’t give up. Then, at the end of the exam he sacrificed three of his limbs to save a girl that was in danger, ending the exam with a total of zero points earned from destroying robots.” Kamukura eloquently explained.

“Oh? And you’re wondering why they would do this? Despite seemingly not knowing that rescue points are involved in the examination criteria?”

“That is correct.”

“The examinees are currently being debriefed by Present Mic, after he is done you should have a chance to speak with any of the examinees should you choose to.” Principal Nedzu informed him, “Ah, but please do not mention the existence of rescue points being included in the exam.”

“Of course, thank you.”

*With a score of zero he will most likely attempt to leave as soon as he is let out, and not remain to talk with others about the exam or his performance.*

With this, Kamukura moved towards the outside of the exam building.

*Only 1 in 300 applicants gets in each year or fewer. Kacchan and that scary guy with glasses, I hope they’re in the other class.*

Midoriya thought as he opened the door to class 1-A, his assigned class, only to find...

“Remove your foot from that desk! Such an action is insulting to those who came to UA before us as well as the craftsmen who made the desk!!”

“Like I care. What middle school are you from, you extra ?”

Much to Midoriya’s disappointment and fear,
Midoriya noticed something else as well.

*It’s that long-haired guy from after the exam! What’s he doing here? He’s sitting at a desk so... Is he also a student?*

Sure enough, the exact same stranger that approached Midoriya on the day of the exam was sitting at one of the desks in the classroom. When Midoriya walked he turned his head briefly to look at him, then returned to looking at the front of the classroom.

Before Midoriya had time to process any of this the scary looking guy with glasses was shuffling towards him with a grim look on his face. He introduced himself as Tenya Iida to a frightened Izuku and...

“Midoriya you... You perceived the true nature of that practical exam. While I did not..!!

I misjudged you!! I hate to admit it but you were the superior candidate!.”

Shockd, all Midoriya could think was, *I didn’t perceive anything.*

Before Midoriya could get a word in, another familiar face arrived.

“Ah, that curly hair! It’s that plain looking boy!” The cheery, brown-haired girl that Midoriya had saved during the entrance exam suddenly entered the room.

“You got in just like Present Mic said! Makes sense though, that punch was awesome! I’m Ochako Uraraka by the way”

“No! I mean, I have to thank you for speaking on my behalf. And... Well... um...”

A new voice came out somewhere under and behind and under Uraraka which frightened them, “If you’re here to socialize then get out.”

The members of the class who could see out of the doorway thought they saw some sort of caterpillar crawl into the classroom, but in reality it was just a sleeping bag. The man inside of the sleeping bag stepped out and began insulting the class, “It took you all eight seconds to quiet down. Time is a precious resource, you lot aren’t very rational are you?”

The man introduced himself as Shota Aizawa, their homeroom teacher. He had a head of messy hair, an unshaven mustache, and a dead look in his eyes. He was wearing some kind scarf and a black shirt and pants.

“Quickly now,” he said while pulling out some clothes that resemble gym uniforms, “put on your gym uniforms, we’re heading out to the field.”

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It wasn’t until they did as Aizawa asked before they thought something was wrong?

“What about the entrance ceremony, or guidance sessions?” Uraraka asked.

“No time to waste on that stuff if you want to become heroes. UA is known for its freestyle educational system. That applies to us teachers as well.”

As Midoriya listened to Aizawa list out various events, made Bakugou demonstrate using his
Explosion quirk, and tell the class that the lowest scoring student would be expelled, Midoriya realized something.

He was screwed.

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Very much screwed.

Izuku struggled through the events as best he could without using One for All, as he knew it would break his limbs if he did.

As Midoriya was desperately about to activate One for All in the ball-throwing event, he found it unable to activate and was grabbed by Aizawa’s bandages, and Midoriya recognized him as Eraserhead, a lesser known pro hero with the quirk Quirk Erasure.

Aizawa pulled Midoriya aside to reprimand him, for trying to use his self-destructive quirk, which would leave him too broken to complete the rest of the circuit.

Dismayed, Midoriya returns to complete the throw. This time however, instead of channeling One for All through his entire arm, he places it in his pointer finger right as the ball is leaving his hand.

The results were incredible, the ball traveled an amazing distance while Midoriya broke only a single broken finger. Even Aizawa (and All-Might who peeking around the corner) was impressed.

Kamukura watched with mild curiosity as Bakugou exploded towards the boy.

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With Bakugou pacified, the sporting events continued. Gritting through the pain, Midoriya produced average to above average results in each event.

When the events are finished, Aizawa reveals that the declaration of expelling the lowest score was a lie, and sends Midoriya to the nurse’s office.

Meanwhile, Kamukura had placed right below Bakugou, and was studying the standings of the other students.

“Hey, Kamukura was it? Man you were so cool.” Uraraka had approached Kamukura with Iida and called out to him, “What was your quirk? At first I thought your long hair was a part of your quirk, but I didn’t see anything resembling a quirk when you were competing, and Iida thinks so too!”

“I must agree, while the other’s quirks were more obvious, I was unable to tell what your quirk is at all. And the fact that you managed to place fourth means you must have an incredible quirk.”

Kamukura glanced at them before responding, “I didn’t use a quirk, the results I obtained come from my own physical capabilities.”

“Wha-? How can that be?” Uraraka and Iida were both shocked, “bu-but, you placed fourth! Even above Iida who was amazing in the running events and the long jump. Is it really possible to score that well without a quirk?”

“And even if it were, why would you not use your quirk when we were expressly given permission to? You could’ve even achieved the number one spot on the scoreboard if you had!”

In the face of such incredulity, Kamukura did not even bat an eye, and responded without feeling,
“my results are, with some degree of variance, the best anyone could possibly hope to achieve without the usage of a quirk. And the reason I did not attempt to use any quirk was because it would have been useless.” Without waiting for further questions, Kamukura began walking in the direction of the classroom. Leaving Uraraka and Iida more confused than ever.

“The best anyone could hope to achieve without using a quirk? What could that mean, is he like, some Olympic level athlete or something?” Uraraka wondered

“That may be possible, then perhaps his quirk does not directly affect his physical capabilities, but rather it may allow him to train his body at a more advanced rate than regular humans. That theory would fit with what Kamukura told us, that his performance was near that of a peak human’s and that his quirk would be of no use in this scenario.” Iida reasoned.

“Wow, Iida you’re so smart. That totally makes sense!”

“Thank you, however that is only just a theory that happens to fit with what we know. Do not accept it as fact just yet. Plus, I think it’s strange that Kamukura would not tell us what his quirk actually is don’t you? I feel like everyone I meet can usually summarize the name of their quirk and a brief description of it, and is more than willing to share that information.”

“Maybe he’s embarrassed about it or something, I mean All-Might also doesn’t tell people about his quirk, and he’s the number one hero.” Uraraka countered

“Hm, perhaps it is best to drop this topic. Kamukura is our classmate, after all.”

As Midoriya was walking home with Iida, with Iida muttering about the loss of trust as a result of Aizawa’s earlier gambit, Uraraka called out to them and ran to their side.

“Deku!” Yelled Uraraka, capturing Midoriya’s full attention.

“Um, Deku?” Midoriya was surprised that Uraraka was using that name.

“Yeah! During the competition, Bakugou called you Deku right? Isn’t that your name?”

Understanding the confusion, Midoriya calmly explained, “Ah, no. Deku is sort of like a nickname Kacchan uses, he’s been calling me it since we were kids. My name is Izuku Midoriya, nice to meet you.”

“So it’s more like a derogatory pet name then? That’s quite cruel.” Iida commented.

“Oh, I see.” Uraraka considered it for a moment, “but ‘Deku’, well it just screams ‘do your best!’! I like it!”

“Deku’s fine!” Said Midoriya immediately.

“Midoriya!” Iida was shocked by the sudden turn of events, “it’s an insult is it not? Show a little backbone!”

“Oh, by the way, what exactly is your quirk Deku? Is it like super-strength or something?” Uraraka questioned Midoriya, “cause I saw you break your finger throwing that ball today.”

“Oh, er. My quirk? It’s uh, well.. Umm...” Unprepared for a question that typical in a quirk based society, Midoriya stammered and gawked.
If you are embarrassed about your quirk Midoriya then there’s no need to force yourself to answer. We’ll simply wait until you’re ready to tell us, if you choose to that it.” Iida gently said

“That’s right, just like Kamukura earlier. He didn’t want to tell us his quirk earlier either.” Uraraka added.

“Kamukura? You mean that guy with the long hair and the suit right? He didn’t want to tell you his quirk either?” Midoriya wondered.

“That’s correct, though he did give us some hints as to what it might be. He didn’t use it during the sporting events as it would not have helped him, and he performed similarly to that of a human in peak physical condition.”

“Iida thinks it’s a quirk that boosts how fast he can train his body! Makes sense right?”

“I see. I was hoping to get a chance to talk with Kamukura, but he seems to have disappeared. Strange... I didn’t see him leave the school...” Midoriya had spent a few minutes looking for Kamukura outside the school on the courtyard before deciding to head home.

“Oh? Midoriya what business did you have with Kamukura?” Iida asked.

“Ah, it’s not that important or anything, it’s just that I wanted to ask him about the day of the entrance exams. After the exams ended he came up to me and asked me about something. And he said that he was watching the exams through the cameras so I didn’t think he was a student but then I saw him our class today, he was competing as well.” Midoriya explained.

“Whaa? Kamukura was watching the entrance exams? Does that mean he didn’t take them?”

“I’m not sure, that’s why I wanted to ask him about it.”

“Well, there’s always tomorrow, I’m sure you’ll have another chance then.” Iida offered.

Midoriya agreed as the three of them walked together towards the subway station.
Inside a large conference room, the teachers of UA, Principal Nedzu, and All-Might in his empowered form sat around a conference table.

“Good morning everyone, thank you all for coming today. I know you must you all be very busy preparing your class schedules so I will make this as quick as possible.” Nedzu was addressing the teachers sitting around the table, sitting on a tiny seat on top of the table, “I have two very important announcements to make today.

The first, as you may have already guessed, is that All-Might has been hired as a teacher here at UA, specifically teaching the hero education course.”

Taking this as his cue, All-Might boldly announced, “That’s right! I am here, to teach future heroes!”

“All-Might? UA is going to have All-Might teach hero education? What a wonderful situation.” The pro hero known as Midnight commented.

“I concur, with All-Might on the roster our students will be even more determined to rise up and show us their “Plus Ultra”. The hero Ectoplasm added.

“Hm, wonder if he even knows how to teach.”

“Hey, c’mon Eraser, show a little respect here! It’s All-Might y’know.”

“I was just wondering out loud Yamada, I wasn’t really questioning his abilities.”

Nedzu raised his paw to signal for everyone’s attention, “now now, settle down everyone. It’s true that having All-Might here will be an incredible boon for our academy, but there is an important secret involving All-Might that needs to be kept, both from the students and from the media.”

As Nedzu said this, All-Might stood up from where he was sitting and drew himself to his full height, “before you stands the number one hero, undefeated in battle and in popularity, the symbol of peace that deters crime in all of Japan.”

Having said this, All-Might transformed from his empowered form and shrunk to his weakened form, his clothes that were once form fitting now sagged on his frame, his hair which stood proudly at attention drooped to cover the sides of his face, his artstyle which shading presented him as a unique and powerful figure now resembles that of everyone else’s.

“Before you stands Toshinori Yagi, weak and uninspiring. For 21 hours a day, this is who I am.”

Suffice to say, the other teachers were a little shocked.

“g-What the! Holy crap!” Present Mic eloquently exclaimed

“To think that the number one hero was carrying a secret like this all this time.” Powerloader mused.

“Hmm, no wonder you hide your quirk, it would break the legacy you carved as the symbol of peace.” Said Cementoss

“So All-Might will take this form whenever he isn’t teaching or interacting with the students
“That is correct Aizawa, due to the nature of this secret and the scandal that it would cause if it were to get out, I must ask you all to help prevent the general public from finding out.”

After the staff had quieted down, Principal Nedzu resumed his announcement.

“That concludes the first important thing I wished to discuss with you all today, the second involves a new student joining UA. Now, have you all heard of Hope’s Peak Academy, the school that caters to talented high school students?”

The teachers all gave their assent, Hope’s Peak was just as much of a household name as UA was after all.

“There will be a student transferring from there under the recommendation of Hope’s Peak’s headmaster Jin Kirigiri himself to the hero course. I have decided to place him in class 1-A, under your supervision Aizawa.”

“A recommendation student? Why wasn’t I told of this earlier? And the school only accepts four recommendation students each year, how can you accept a fifth?” Aizawa questioned Nedzu.

“This student was recommended to me just yesterday. I apologize for the lack of warning on my part. This recommendation student comes my good friend Kirigiri, he is an excellent judge of character and I trust his decision making, I do also owe him a lot for his help in the past so this is a way to repay that favour. Of course, that does not mean I intend to treat this student differently than any other, I have placed him in your class Aizawa and if you see any reason to punish or expel him than you may do so.”

Aizawa rubbed his eyelids in frustration and sighed deeply, “Alright, in that case. What do we know about this transfer student?”

“His name is Izuru Kamukura, his title at Hope’s Peak Academy is the Ultimate Hope. His physical ability and intellect unparalleled, if you want to take a look at his test results.”

“Hm, hold on what was that about ultimate hope?” The 1-B homeroom teacher, Vlad King asked.

“The students at Hope’s Peak are given the title of “Ultimate” based on where their talent lies, and Kamukura’s happens to be hope. I’m afraid that’s all I can tell you for now.”

“This is all pretty confusing, but wait, what about his quirk?! Yeah, you haven’t told us his quirk yet! You left out really important information!” Present Mic noticed and exclaimed.

Principal Nedzu frowned, “About that... I’m afraid I haven’t been given any information regarding his quirk I’m afraid.”

“Whaaa-? You don’t even know his quirk?! That’s like the most important thing aside from his name, it’s pretty much how you introduce yourself these days!”

“To let him in without even knowing of his quirk, this strikes me as very irresponsible Principal Nedzu, I hope this “Ultimate Hope” is all you expect him to be.”

“Huh, so you were able to get him to UA? How’d you manage that one?” A blond haired man who was not All-Might relaxed on a sofa in the headmaster’s office, he was wearing a fedora, had a
small goatee and mustache, and reeked badly of booze. This man was Koichi Kizakura, the talent scout for Hope’s Peak Academy and homeroom teacher for main course students.

“The principal owed me a favour. And I figured that this was important enough to cash in.”

Unlike Kizakura, Jin Kirigiri, headmaster to Hope’s Peak Academy presented himself much more professionally. Sitting at his desk with his hands resting in front of his mouth, he was wearing a dark blue suit and tie and was cleanly shaven.

“Izuru Kamukura, the Ultimate Hope.” Kizakura ran the words through his mouth carefully, as if tasting it, “has a nice ring to it I suppose, but you know how I feel about their experiments.”

“I feel the same way you do Koichi, but the matter is far outside of my hands, it was all I could do to convince them to send him to UA to learn to be a pro hero. I wanted to limit their involvement in his development, and hopefully undo some of the damage they caused.”

“Still can’t believe anyone actually volunteered to be a guinea pig for those sick freaks. Guess that’s reserve course for you.” Kizakura lamented.

“That’s true I suppose, to us the Steering Committee’s labs are just another laboratory, where experiments are conducted, sometimes they fail, and sometimes they succeed. But to the young, hopeful, and naive reserve course students, to Hajime Hinata, a boy who so desperately wanted to attend Hope’s Peak, they may as well be miracle bringers.” Kirigiri responded, expanding on Kizakura’s thoughts.

“So, what exactly did they do to him? To be named after this school’s founder, that’s a pretty big honour.” Kizakura noted.

“I have the medical reports here, the whole shebang, it’s pretty messed up what they did to him.” Kirigiri gestured to one of the files on his desk, on it were the words “Kamukura Project” and “CONFIDENTIAL”.

“Well let’s hear it, my opinion of those rats can’t possibly get any worse.” Kizakura encouraged Kirigiri as moved his fedora further down his face.

“Hmph, that’s a little much.” Kirigiri said with a smile, “I’ll have you know some of my best friends happen to be rodents.”

The first proper day at UA began for Midoriya and his class.

In the morning there were normal classes like math and English.

“Who can find the mistake in the following English sentence?” Present Mic asked to a crowd of bored students, “All right everybody! Hands up, show me some spirit!”

Kamukura’s bored expression was no longer out of place as most of the class harboured thoughts such as boring, dull, ordinary, or so normal.

During lunch Midoriya was searching for places to eat with Uraraka and Iida when he noticed Kamukura sitting alone.

“Ah Kamukura, do you mind if we eat here?” Midoriya asked politely.
“No.” Came the brief reply.

And so the three of them sat down around him.

“Hey Deku, wasn’t there something you wanted to talk with Kamukura about?” Inquired Uraraka.

“Oh yeah, I almost forgot.” Said Midoriya, “Kamukura, do you remember that day after the entrance exams ended, and you approached me and we talked for a bit?”

“I do.” Replied Kamukura.

“You had said that you were watching me take the exam from the cameras but what does that mean exactly?” Midoriya asked.

“It meant that I was watching you, along with every other examinee, from the surveillance room with the judges for the exam.” Kamukura said this casually, as if there was nothing wrong. His lunchmates, however, think otherwise.

“Kamukura, what do you- how were you able to get into the surveillance room, why were you there instead of the entrance exam?” Asked Iida.

“Principal Nedzu gave me special permission to watch participants from the room with the judges. I did so because I thought it would be interesting, and because I had no need to participate in the entrance exam.” Kamukura explained.

“Whoa, so you’re a recommendation student? I guess that makes sense considering your results yesterday, ah but wait, our class already has two recommendation students: Todoroki and Yaoyorozu.” Uraraka noticed.

Kamukura continued eating, as Uraraka had not asked him a question.

“You also said that you didn’t know my results, but that you knew whether or not I passed, how is that possible?” The question came from Midoriya, it was something he could not wrap his head around since that day after the exam.

“Principal Nedzu had informed me of the existence of rescue points before I had accepted his offer to watch the exams. During the exam I watched every participant’s performance and kept track of their points for each robot they defeated and each rescue they performed. The robots gave a flat amount of points to anybody who defeated them so it was easy to tell how many kill points one had, but because the rescue points were subjective based on the judge’s biases I could only estimate the number of rescue points each participant received. That was what I meant when I said I did not know what your result was, but that I did know whether or not you had passed.” Came the comprehensive explanation from Kamukura, unfortunately for him his classmates continued to look bewildered.

“Um... There’s just one thing that’s bothering me...” Uraraka began, “you said that you watched every participant and kept track of their points.”

“That is correct.”

“But, just how exactly were you able to do that?”

Kamukura looked at her oddly, a hint of confusion on his otherwise bored expression.

“I watched the screens keeping track of each and every examinee that was taking the entrance
exam, I analyzed their points obtained from defeating robots and rescues and predicted which 36 examinees had earned enough points to pass.”

“You mean to say that... You kept track of the points of over 300 hundred examinees all by yourself?” Iida asked.

“Yes.”

“But how?! Does this have something to do with your quirk? No normal human would be able to keep track of over 300 contestants all by themselves.” Iida asked.

“My analytical ability has nothing to do with a quirk, it is my talent that allowed me to achieve such a feat.”

They ate their lunch in silence for a while until Midoriya remembered another thing he had been meaning to ask about.

“Kamukura, after the exam why did you ask me about saving Uraraka? I just thought it was kind of strange.”

Kamukura remained silent for a while before speaking, “the principal told me that the examinees did not know of the existence of rescue points, which is why scores generally skewed towards having more defeat points than rescue points. However, despite having zero points near the end of the exam, you were determined to succeed even though you should have thought it to be impossible. I approached you because I thought you were interesting, you recklessly sacrificed three of your limbs and your own life to rescue a fellow examinee. I wanted to see whether or not you knew of the existence of rescue points when you did that, and if you did not, what kind of person you were.”

“Oh.” Was all Midoriya could say.
Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“I have....

Come through the door! Like a normal person!”

The entire 1-A class save Kamukura was abuzz with excitement as All-Might spectacularly walks through the doorway.

“Hero basic training! The class that’ll put you through all sorts of special training that’ll mold you into heroes!” All-Might announced, “no time to dally, today’s activity is this!

Battle training!

And for that you’ll need these! In accordance with the ‘quirk registry’ and the special request forms you filled out prior to being admitted...”

“It’s our costumes!” The class shouted with excitement.

“Looking good is very important ladies and gentlemen, look alive because from today onwards... You’re all heroes!!”

Midoriya marveled at the colourful appearances of his classmates.

*This would make a great colour spread in a manga...*

*Wait, Kamukura. Is he-?!*

Despite Midoriya’s previous beliefs, Izuru Kamukura was fully intending to battle in his formal wear.

Midoriya wasn’t the only one who noticed this, several of his classmates were also voicing their concerns.

“Whoa Kamukura, All-Might did give us permission to change into our costumes you know?” Reminded Kirishima.

“Are you seriously planning to battle in that?” A floating, disembodied, female voice questioned.

“You’re gonna get sweaty wearing all that, and you’ll probably get that expensive suit dirty.” Cautioned Asui with a finger on her chin.

Even All-Might was out of sorts at this curious display.

“Er young Kamukura, I understand that you weren’t given enough time to submit a costume design due to your um... Circumstances. But even wearing a gym uniform for today will be fine, are you sure you don’t want to change?

Kamukura stared directly at All-Might, “I will be fine.” He declared.

“Thank you for your concern.” He added after a brief pause.
“Er, alright then. Follow me class!”

So this is the Ultimate Hope huh? Thought All-Might, I can’t get a read on him at all. Though he does look bored out of his mind, he isn’t disrespectful, if a bit brief on words.

With that problem... sorted, All-Might led the class to the entrance exam field and explained the rules of the battle simulation.

“You will be splitting up into two on two teams as attacker and defender.

The defenders will be protecting a nuclear device and the attackers must secure that device. For the purposes of this simulation, touching the device will be sufficient.

Defenders will be given five minutes to set up, after which attackers will be given a 15 minute time limit to secure the device.

Everyone understood?”

“Hold on a minute sensei, in order to form pairs we need an even number of people, but by my count there are 21 people in our class.” Iida pointed out.

“Huh?!” All-Might was shocked, “that can’t be- One, two, three, four, five... Oh my, you’re correct!”

I forgot about Kamukura being an extra in the class! And that there would be one more person than normal. Hmm, what to do...

I forgot about Kamukura being an extra in the class! And that there would be one more person than normal. Hmm, what to do...

“Yes, I know what to do! After everyone has participated once, I will choose three lucky -and uninjured- students to partner up with the remaining student! How about that? Pure genius!” All-Might humbly declared.

So there will be three people that get to go twice, well at least no one will be left out. Thought Iida.

The lots were drawn and the teams were chosen! The odd one out was...

“Young Kamukura! You are the odd one out! But not to worry, as I have explained earlier you will still get the chance to participate!”

Kamukura remained impassive at this sudden development.

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“Midoriya and Uraraka as the attackers! Versus Bakugou and Iida as the defenders!”

Off to a rocky start, Bakugou leave Iida alone with the device and goes to search for Midoriya.

Uraraka and Midoriya split up, leaving Bakugou with Midoriya and Uraraka with Iida.

“Get back here Deku!” Bakugou yelled as Midoriya beat a hasty retreat.

“Must’ve been real fun, yeah?! Tricking me this whole time. Hiding that flashy quirk of yours!”

No, that’s wrong! You’ve got it all wrong Kacchan. I wasn’t hiding anything from you.

Slowly beginning to despair, Midoriya desperately tries to find a way to take hold of the situation. However, things got worse when Bakugou releases the power of his special gauntlets, blowing a
hole in the building they were fighting in.

“What the-? I thought this was just practice?”

“Bakugou is seriously crazy, launching an explosion that powerful.”

“Is he trying to bring down the building? What would be the strategic benefit of that?”

“I don’t really think Bakugou’s the type for ‘strategy’.”

“True, being an explosive loudmouth seems to be more his forte.”

“Bakugou! Do that again and I will disqualify your team!” Came All-Might’s warning, much to Bakugou’s chagrin.

Undeterred, he charged at Midoriya again.

Predicting a frontal attack, Midoriya attempts to counterattack but instead...

Bakugou launches himself behind Midoriya and lands a sneak attack on Izuku’s back.

The students watching were amazed.

“He used a mid air explosion as a feint, and to maneuver himself behind Midoriya, then immediately followed up with another.” Mused Todoroki.

“He didn’t seem like a thinker, but that was fairly intricate.” Added Yaoyorozu.

Class 1-A’s opinion of Bakugou shifted somewhat.

As Midoriya and Bakugou launched themselves at each other again, All-Might was ready to call off the simulation.

“Detroit…”

“Both of you, stop th-”

“Now Uraraka!” Midoriya suddenly cried out.

“!”

“SMASH!”

Knowing that he had no chance against Bakugou head on, Midoriya employed a self-sacrificing strategy that involved taking a direct hit from an explosion and launching an upward attack.

“Sorry Iida, gotta improvise. Comet home run!”

Breaking a hole through the floor above him and granting Uraraka a way to use her quirk, swinging a floating pillar as a bat and batting debris at Iida to distract him, Uraraka jumps to secure the device.

Proudly, All-Might announced, “the hero team... Wins!!”

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“Mezo Shoji and Shoto Todoroki as the attackers! Versus Tooru Hagakure and Mashirao Ojiro as
the defenders!

Freezing the entire building and the defenders’ feet, it was a blowout for the attacking team.

“Sorry about that. We’re in different leagues.”

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After a while, all five matchups had been finished.

“Well done everyone, no serious injuries besides Midoriya’s, splendidly done!” All-Might announced, “now, as promised young Kamukura will also have a chance to participate in our exercise!

Soooo... Who wants to go again?”

As expected, a sea of hands shot up.

“Alright alright, I’ve put everyone’s name back in the draw, except young Midoriya that is.

Our teams for the final round will be...

Katsuki Bakugou and Izuru Kamukura, as the attackers!”

“Yes!” Came the shout from you-know-who, eager to prove himself and make up for his earlier loss.

“Versus... Fumikage Tokoyami and Shoto Todoroki, as the defenders!”

“Another chance to test my skills, how fortuitous.”

“... Alright then.”

-------------------

During the five minutes setup.

“I would like to avoid fighting Bakugou if possible, my dark shadow is stronger when enveloped in darkness, and becomes weaker when in light.”

Tokoyami and Todoroki were strategizing with one another.

“I’ll leave Kamukura to you then, though we don’t know his quirk yet. I’ll freeze the hallways below the fifth floor, if Bakugou doesn’t want to trip he’ll need to use his quirk to destroy the ice, it’ll slow them down, and we should be able to hear when he’s coming.

I’ll also barricade this door when they get close, reinforcing it with more ice when needed. And I guess I’ll freeze the nuclear device too, it might lose us points though.”

“Bakugou will just use his gauntlets again and break down the entire wall, if you stand too close you’ll get caught up in the blast. We should stay back when that happens.”

“Ah you’re right, I’ll stand back after I reinforce the door then, after that I’ll go against Bakugou and you can take Kamukura, I’ll keep my ice attacks narrow so they won’t hit you as well.”

“Got it.”
At the bottom of the building, Kamukura and Bakugou attempt strategy as well.

“I wonder if this was a result of my luck, by fighting against those who have already participated I will have information of their abilities, and at the same time they do not know of mine.” Kamukura mused.

“What the hell are you mumbling about? Well, whatever just hurry up and tell me your quirk, not that you’ll be much use anyway.” Bakugou demanded.

“I do not have a quirk, my performance during the events yesterday should give you a good estimate of my abilities.”

Four minutes remain.

“What the- quit being an ass and tell me your goddamn quirk!”

“I am not lying, I do not possess a quirk.”

“Like hell you don’t! You have to have a quirk, how the fuck can you even get into UA without a quirk?!”

“Approximately 20% of the population do not have a quirk, and I was recommended into UA.”

“Graaagghh! You fucking long-haired freak! Stop giving me bullshit, there are only two recommendation students in our class and that’s Half-Face and Porcupine Hair! What’s your goddamn quirk already?! Muscle augmentation, super strength, having long-ass fucking hair?!”

“I have already told you, I do no-”

“FINE! Don’t fucking tell your own fucking teammate, I’ll figure it out for myself!”

Three minutes remain and Todoroki had begun to freeze the building, Bakugou and Kamukura turn their attention to the rapidly spreading frost.

“That shitty Half-Face is trying the same trick huh? Well it ain’t working on me! I’ll blast away all this lame-ass ice.”

“By using your explosion you will alert them of our presence and they will be ready for us, also they will likely have barricaded the only door.

Judging from where the frost is placed, they have not frozen the uppermost floor, if you allow me to carry you, I will be able to traverse across the ice silently and make it to the top floor, then we will take them by surprise using your gauntlets to take down the barricade.

They will likely have also encased the device in ice as well, so I will distract them while you go after the device.”

Kamukura suggested a reasonable plan to Bakugou, who reacted predictably.

“LIKE FUCKING HELL I’M LETTING YOU CARRY ME!” Not willing to swallow his pride, Bakugou wholeheartedly rejected this plan. Two minutes remain.

“It is the course of action with the most likely chance of success, did you have a better plan?” Kamukura doubtfully asked Bakugou.

“Yeah, it’s called clearing the fucking path, while you trail after me, blowing open the door with
“my gauntlets and letting you distract them while I secure the fucking device.”

“That is approximately similar to my plan, except you no longer have the element of surprise.” Kamukura noted.

“Fuck the element of surprise! I won’t fucking need it! And how the hell were you planning on moving silently while carrying me anyway?”

“I am strong enough to lift you without exerting myself, and my talents as the ultimate figure skater, ultimate assassin, and ultimate hockey player will allow me to traverse the ice in silence.” Kamukura explained.

One minute remains.

“What the FUCK does that mean?! Graaagggghhh, just my fucking luck that my partner is some string haired fucking weirdo that won’t tell me his fucking quirk, wants to fucking carry me to the top of the building, and won’t stop fucking looking at me with that stupid fucking expression!!!”

30 seconds remain.

Kamukura said nothing as he surveyed the ground outside the building and picked up two large rocks off the ground, each one fitting in the palm of his hands.

15 seconds remain.

“I’m going to fucking lose, and my partner is playing with fucking rocks!”

5 seconds remain.

“I don’t even fucking care anymore, be useless! I’ll take the two of them on myself.”

The buzzer sounded as Bakugou choked back his despair, charging into the building while blasting away the ice at his feet.

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“Bakugou’s not winning this one either is he?” Mineta announced.

“The simulation hasn’t even begun and he is already yelling at Kamukura.” Yaoyorozu noted.

“I wonder what they were talking about, he looked even madder than when he lost before.” Kirishima added.

“It’s a shame we don’t get sound on these things, but I guess we’d all be deaf if we did.” Jirou commented sarcastically.

“It’s not gonna be a villain that does him in, but a brain aneurysm.” Joked Kaminari.

“But look at Kamukura! Despite Bakugou yelling in his face he hasn’t even flinched.” Hagakure pointed out.

“Mhmm, Kamukura seems pretty good at staying calm, I wonder what he’s thinking about.” Croaked Asui.

“Getting paired up with Bakugou, I sure don’t envy you two.” Said Uraraka to Iida.
“Indeed, his hot-headedness potentially cost us the victory last time, and it seems the same will happen this round as well.” Concluded Iida.

Kacchan... Thought Midoriya.

Suffice to say, the rest of class 1-A did not favour Bakugou and Kamukura to win.

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As Bakugou ran into the building, Kamukura did not follow him. He instead began running up the fire escape at the side of the building, carrying his rocks with him. Even without the explosions, one would not have heard him.

Sounds of explosions could be heard from the fifth floor, “he’s on the first floor.” Said Tokoyami.

“Second floor"

Kamukura had reached the top of the fire escape and climbed onto the railing. Timing it with the sounds of the explosions, Kamukura lobbed the rocks he was carrying onto the roof, then jumped up after them.

“Third floor.”

It was impossible to jump over the roof’s railing from where he was standing so he settled with grasping the floor of the roof with his hands, then pulling himself up and onto the roof, silently.

“W-what the! He’s some kind of ninja!” Yelled Mineta.

“Fourth floor.”

Kamukura quickly took of his suit jacket and tied one end of sleeve to the railing, dangling the other sleeve off the roof, it reached just before the fifth floor window.

What is he doing? Was a sentiment that was shared throughout the surveillance room.

Kamukura dangled himself from the side of the roof with one hand on the suit sleeve, rocks cradled in his other arm, feet barely not in range of fifth floor window.

Had I miscalculated his speed? Kamukura thought.
Bakugou had reached the door, he looked behind and-

“Hey.” Kamukura’s receiver sounded, “where the - bzzk - are you?” Bakugou was whispering.

Oh, thought Kamukura, he waited for me.

Surprising.

“I am currently outside the building.” Replied Kamukura, deliberately twisting the truth.

Inside the room with the device, “ARE YOU FUCKING KIDDING ME?!?!?!”

Tokoyami and Todoroki looked at one another, “is this about the door?” Tokoyami wondered. The two of them -and dark shadow- got into ready positions, Todoroki readied ice on his hand, both of them looking at the frozen door.

On the wall of the building, Kamukura had avoided certain ear damage by quickly turning off his receiver.

“FINE, I’LL DO IT MYSELF!!!” As Bakugou shouted, Kamukura tensed his legs and jumped away from the roof, swinging on his suit jacket he lands inside the room in a crouching position, still clutching the two rocks right as Bakugou blew a gigantic hole in the wall.

As Kamukura was swinging he saw that the device had been placed near the window he just jumped into, frozen as he had suspected, and acted as a shield to the debris Bakugou’s gauntlets stirred up.

So this is the power of luck, thought Kamukura.

“Holy crap! He just swung in!” Kirishima exclaimed.

“Right as Bakugou entered the room too, they have the villains surrounded.” Said Iida.

“Wait, take a look at Tokoyami and Todoroki, their attention is all on Bakugou, they haven’t noticed Kamukura yet!” Yaoyorozu brought up an important point.

“Kamukura timed his landing right as Kacchan blasted through the door, he used the sound of the explosion to mask his landing.” Explained Midoriya.

“Alright, leave Bakugou to me, you go after Kamukura.” Yelled Todoroki.

“Roger.” Replied Dark Shadow with a thumbs up.
“Yeah right! You’re gonna need both of you to handle me!” Exclaimed Bakugou proudly.

“Where’s Kamukura? Dark Shadow, try to catch Bakugou from behind! I’ll keep an eye out for Kamukura!” Tokoyami ordered.

“Got it!”

“Hah! That’s right! You think I can’t do two on one? Just watch me!”

Behind the fake nuclear device, Kamukura ripped off his shirt and threw it on the ground.

“W-whoa, he just ripped his shirt off!” Yelled Mina.

“He’s quite well built, isn’t he?” Commented Jirou.

10 minutes still remained as Bakugou battled both Todoroki from the front and Dark Shadow from the back.

“Where’s Kamukura?” Tokoyami asked, a little worried that his intended opponent was nowhere to be seen.

_Fucking Kamukura, thought Bakugou, how’d a fucking weirdo like him get into UA?_

Kneeling in front of his ripped shirt, utilizing the ultimate survivalist talent Kamukura slid the rocks together with substantial force, the sound masked by the fight on the other side of the device. On the third strike, sparks emerged and his crumpled shirt caught fire.

Kamukura quickly brought the shirt-fire towards the encased device and softly blew on the flame.

In the surveillance room, class 1-A suddenly understood Kamukura’s plan.

“H-he couldn’t be... Is he really going to pull this off?” Asked Iida completely bewildered.

“He still has seven minutes left, as long as that fire doesn’t go out I’d say he’s got a pretty good chance.” Speculated Kaminari.

“Was this all part of their plan? Did Kacchan only pretend to be angry this whole time?” Midoriya said with eyes wide open.

None of them were as surprised as a certain someone in the room, standing with his mouth agape. _So this is the Ultimate Hope, this is... The personification of talent!_

“Die!” Yelled Bakugou as he fended off a slice from Dark Shadow and a wave of ice from Todoroki.
Damnit... I haven’t gained any ground... At this rate I’ll lose!

arryghhh, I’m so close! Damn you Kamuku-!

Staring at the top of the fake nuclear device, Bakugou suddenly shouted, “what the heck!”

Unperturbed, Todoroki responded, “Hmph, nice try, but childish tricks like that won’t wor-”

But Dark Shadow looked and noticed what Bakugou was alluding to, “is that smoke?!?”

Having more or less forgotten about Kamukura, the defending team quickly turned to look at the nuclear device.

“How did he... Get behind us...?” Tokoyami questioned, dazed.

“Don’t just stand there, stop him!” Todoroki yelled.

Bakugou had a perfect chance for a sneak attack while their backs were turned, but the only thing on his mind was: no. NO! It can’t be!

“THE HERO TEAM... WINS!!!” Boomed All-Might, right as Kamukura placed his finger on the device, while also quickly stomping out his burning shirt.

“NOOOOOOOO!!!!”

Todoroki, Tokoyami, and Bakugou stared blankly as Kamukura came out from behind the device, shirtless and holding a burned white dress shirt and black tie.

Kamukura did not acknowledge the other three as he walked towards the fire exit, after a minute or two he came back with his suit jacket, dress shirt, and tie draped over his left arm.

Still ignoring the others, he walked past them and began walking downstairs. As if in a trance, the other three began following Kamukura downstairs and to the surveillance room, eyes wide and slightly hunched over.

The rest of class 1-A were huddled outside of the surveillance room as the four participants walked out of the building, with All-Might standing at the front.

The same shocked facial expression could be seen on every student (except Hagakure), All-Might’s bright smile was twitching just slightly.

Kamukura walked to a few metres before All-Might and...

Bowed his head deeply.

Surprised noises could be heard around him.

“I am sorry.

I did not heed your warning and ended up dirtying and damaging my clothes.
I was overconfident, and miscalculated. Please accept my apologies, All-Might.”

“A-ah, but of course! Haha, well such is the foolhardiness of youth. Do not worry young Kamukura, there really is no need to apologize. R-really, you may raise your head now.” Chided a slightly surprised All-Might.

As Kamukura raised his head All-Might continued, “but I do believe congratulations are in order for our heroes! Not only for winning the simulation against the pretend villains, but also for executing such a splendid display of coordination and trust!” All-Might pumped his fist excitedly.

“Sending young Bakugou in as a distraction while young Kamukura neutralizes the weapon! Truly, it was a sight spectacular to behold!”

Unbeknownst to anyone, Bakugou’s eye started twitching.

“Young Kamukura! For scaling the building in an unorthodox way, displaying marvelous skill and agility throughout! For clever utilization of resources, your suit jacket as a climbing rope, your dress shirt as tinder, and rocks from outside of the building as fire starting materials! For the courage you displayed throughout, not even displaying a hint of nervousness as you dangled precariously outside of the fifth story! A+ for young Izuru Kamukura!”

Bakugou’s hands started shaking.

“Young Bakugou! After the first simulation I- no, we thought you were just a hotheaded prideful teenager, but you proved us wrong! For using our preconceived notions of your personality to trick not only your enemies but us, the audience! For the skills and prowess necessary to keep not one, but two heroes -with very powerful quirks no less- fully distracted! For swallowing your pride and acting as a distraction for your partner to complete the mission! A+ for young Katsuki Bakugou!”

Bakugou’s teeth started to grind.

“And for the both of you! The trust that you put in each other, for Kamukura trusting Bakugou to be able to keep young Todoroki and young Tokoyami distracted, for Bakugou trusting Kamukura to make it to the device from outside the window! For the coordination in your actions, using young Bakugou’s continuous explosions to mask the noises of Kamukura scaling the building, entering the building through the window, and starting a fire using friction! For the absolute amount of teamwork and trust you both displayed, at the level matching that of pro heroes, despite this being the two of you meeting for the very first time!!! For the two of you, aspiring-no! Future pro heroes! From the very bottom of my heart... A+!!!”

Bakugou started to breathe very heavily.

Heaving a forlorn sigh Todoroki displayed a sad smile, “we were completely outsmarted, and outmatched. Thank you you two, this was a humbling experience for me. I apologize Tokoyami, I was lacking.”

“There is no need to apologize Todoroki, from such a crushing and humiliating defeat, it is clear that we had simply no way of winning that battle. We were completely out of our league” Tokoyami assuaged Todoroki.

“Bakugou, he had us completely fooled. We were wrapped around his thumb this whole time.” Said Kirishima.
“I... How can ever hope to compete with someone like that...” Commented Mineta.

“I see, I had originally blamed Bakugou for our loss, but I realize now that it was I who was in the wrong.” Iida conceded.

“K-Kacchan...” As Midoriya shifted his gaze from All-Might to Bakugou, he thought this, *I really am no match for you as I am now. It was only luck that allowed me to win our battle. But! Kacchan, I promise I’ll get stronger too! I will train the quirk All-Might gave to me, I will get stronger! One day, I will be able to stand by your side!*

Bakugou raised his head just in time to see Midoriya smiling at him, it was bright, innocent, and full of hope. His eyes looking at him with not even a hint of fear, but admiration.

This. Was the tipping point.

“**GRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHGGGGHHHHHHHHHH!!!**”

Said Bakugou.

“!*

Pointing at Kamukura, Bakugou looked very ready to completely boil over.

“You... You... You...

**YOU TRICKED MEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!**”

“**HUH?!?!?!**”

Chapter End Notes

Hoo boy, now this was a chapter.
Writing this chapter was very tiring so I do hope you enjoyed reading it as much as I did writing it.
Kamukura pairs up with Bakugou obviously.
I chose Todoroki as their opponent because I wanted someone challenging, Tokoyami because I like him.
The dialogue was very fun to write, especially for Bakugou.
I had to read and reread these chapters, especially to get a feel for the building's layout and give Kamukura a reasonable way to get to the roof.
Thanks for reading and stay tuned!
“HUH?!?!?!?”

Kamukura turned towards Bakugou with a bored looking expression.

“I have done no such thing. At first I suggested a plan with a high probability of success.

That is, to carry you across the slippery floor, have you blast open the frozen door catching our opponents unaware, acting as a distraction while you blast away the ice covering the nuclear device, and secure our victory.”

“...”

“You had rejected this plan and opted to use a strategy of attack that completely alerted the enemy to your presence and expected me to follow after you. I had predicted our chances of losing to be approximately 70% had I have chosen to follow along with this plan.”

“...”

“So I came up with a different plan that utilized your stubbornness, as you were already about to act as I wanted I had no reason to inform you of my new plan.”

“...”

“I admit, you surprised me when you used the receiver to ask me where I was. I did not expect you to wait for me. Luckily, I was able to provoke a reaction by telling you that I was outside of the building, which was technically the truth, and guarantee that our opponents’ attentions were focused on you.”

“...”

“To be perfectly honest I still prefer the original plan I had formulated, as my clothes would most likely have remained unsullied.”

“...” Said everyone else.

“...” Said Kamukura.

“...” Said everyone else.

Completely defeated, Bakugou dropped to his knees.

Looking at Bakugou, at All-Might, at the rest of class 1-A, Kamukura wordlessly walked towards the changing rooms, leaving all of them completely in shock.

“C-c-c...” With all the wind knocked out of his sails, All-Might plainly announced, “class is dismissed.”
Midoriya went to Recovery Girl’s office while the rest of them went to go change.

When Kamukura checked his cell phone there was one missed call from Jin Kirigiri, the only contact in the phone, and one text message:

“Call me back immediately when you are free.”

- Kirigiri

After the initial shock of the truth being revealed, class 1-A recovered quickly and by the time they made it to their next class they were acting as if nothing strange had even happened in the final round.

They were chatting amicably about each other’s performance in the battle simulation, asking questions about each other’s quirks and complimenting their skills.

“Hey Bakugou, man what did Kamukura say to you to get you all riled up like that from the beginning, I mean I know the whole carrying thing was weird, but you gotta admit it was a solid plan.” Said Kirishima excitedly to a still angry Bakugou.

“Just drop it.” Muttered Bakugou.

“But hey, you still did pretty good man. Fighting while outnumbered and not losing any ground for a pretty long time, that was some serious skill!”

“I said drop it.”

“Man, Kamukura that really was awesome! I mean, it was pretty awesome when we thought the two of you were working together but those sweet moves you pulled off were still really cool! Where’d you learn to move like that?” Asked Uraraka.

“It was the culmination of a lifetime of practice.” Explained Kamukura.

“So cool!” Gushed Uraraka.

Conversations such as these continued among the class even as Midoriya came back from Recovery Girl, brandishing a cast on his arm.

“Oh Midoriya’s here, welcome back man!” Kirishima announced.

“Huh?!” Midoriya was surprised at this sudden attention.

“I don’t know what you were saying back there, but that was a wild battle.”

“Nice dodging. Those were some sick moves!”

“We were all super pumped after that crazy first round.”

Midoriya was quite surprised to be at the center of attention, several of his classmates introduced themselves to him and Midoriya took a look around the classroom.
It seems that everyone was acting quite chaotically, and were still discussing the battle simulations.

“Um, y-yyeah, I guess that plan that Uraraka and I had was pretty cool.” Midoriya agreed, “but what about...”

Midoriya paused as he turned to look at the people in question.

Like islands in the sea of excited students, Bakugou and Kamukura were sitting silently at their desks. Bakugou was clenching his fists and looking down at his desk, while Kamukura maintained a bored expression looking directly at the front.

Noticing where Midoriya was looking and to what he was alluding at Kirishima began explaining, “Bakugou’s been like that ever since All-Might’s class was dismissed, guess getting humiliated twice was pretty tough on him.

Kamukura on the other hand, well he wasn’t as bad as Bakugou but...”

“He only really responds when you ask him questions, he’s completely no good at making small talk, and is avoiding all questions about his quirk. It’s like, he has no social skills whatsoever!” Ashido complained.

“And so people started to move away from him, Kamukura doesn’t seem too bothered by it though.” Sato concluded for Midoriya.

Class 1-A continued to socialize. All except the two students of the final winning team, who left the classroom as soon as the final bell rang.

Midoriya, who had wanted to speak with Bakugou, followed the two of them to the school grounds. Him, Kamukura, and Bakugou were gathered together outside on the paved entrance to the school.

“Eh?” Said Bakugou, “Alright. Fuck. Fine, why the hell are you two following me?”

Midoriya and Kamakura looked at each other with surprise in one and slight confusion in the other.

“Uh, err. Kamukura? I wanted to talk with Kacchan about something. In private that is.” Midoriya requested.

“I understand. Then I will begin.” He said to both the other boys’ confusion.

“Bakugou, you wished to understand the extent of my ability at the beginning of the simulation and was understandably dissatisfied with my explanation.” Kamukura began.

“Shitty fuck... Said you were quirkless... Making fun of me or just being an asshole or what...”

“Q-quirkless?!” Midoriya yelped in surprise.

“That is correct.” Stated Kamukura.

“God!” Bakugou spat as turned to walk away again, only to pause as Kamukura started speaking

“You believe that one would be unable to be accepted into UA without a quirk, but that assumption is incorrect.”
“…”

“From Aizawa’s competition yesterday, to the battle simulation today. The reason I was admitted in UA should have been clear.”

“……?”

“That reason is… Talent.”

“…..What.” Bakugou asked as Midoriya stared at Kamukura.

“The Ultimate Sprinter, the Ultimate Baseball Player, the Ultimate Gymnast and other such talents were shown during the sporting events, along with my physical ability I was able to take fourth place overall.

I had already mentioned the talents of the Ultimate Figure Skater and the Ultimate Assassin to you during setup, which would have allowed me to move silently across the frozen floors.”

Completely not getting it, Midoriya and Bakugou look from Kamukura to each other, sharing a what the hell is he talking about expression.

“To execute my backup plan I required the use of those talents, as well as the Ultimate Climber to allow me to swing in from the window, and the Ultimate Survivalist so that I could start a fire using rocks.

In short, I have an immeasurable amount of assorted talents, what I have demonstrated these past few days was the tip of the iceberg.”

In the face of his explanation, Bakugou and Midoriya started to understand what Kamukura meant. However...

“But that’s impossible. What you’re saying definitely has to be impossible, how could one person have so much talent?” Midoriya asked while Bakugou stared with a shocked expression.

“The Kamukura project.” Kamukura stated.

“The Kamukura... Project?” Bakugou asked.

“Izuru Kamukura was the name of the founder of Hope’s Peak Academy. Hope’s Peak academy studies talents, through acquiring and studying numerous amounts of talented individuals, an experimental procedure was developed to infuse a person with talent. The end result was a person that could be described as the personification of talent.”

“You are no longer Hajime Hinata, you are now Izuru Kamukura, the Ultimate Hope.”

“Ultimate... Hope?” The words sounded strange to Kamukura, although he knew their definitions he was unable to associate them with himself the way the woman in front of him had.

“Oh rather, I suppose it is more accurate to say that you’re going to become the Ultimate Hope. As you are now, you are merely an inbetween, Kamukura. No longer the talentless boy you once were but not quite the symbol of hope we built you to be.

Confused at the woman’s words, Kamukura began to recollect his memories.
I’ve just woken up from a medically-induced coma, as indicated by the muscle atrophy I’m experiencing and the equipment in my surroundings. Judging from the severity I couldn’t have been unconscious for more than a few weeks or so. And the reason I was in a coma was because...

Because...?

*Try as he might, Kamukura was unable to recall any of the events in his past before he had woken up.*

Retrograde amnesia? A possible explanation but this woman doesn’t seem concerned for my health.

Furthermore, not being able to recall memories of one’s past should be frightening and yet...

“What the hell? You seriously telling me you’re some kinda lab experiment?” Bakugou asks.

“That is correct.” Kamukura simply said.

Having said all that he had wanted, Kamukura turned and walked back to the school’s mostly unfinished dormitories, Midoriya and Bakugou made no attempt to stop him.

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“So All-Might, how was your first day of teaching? Did it go well? I heard from Aizawa that your students couldn’t stop talking about their class with you, it seems like it was quite memorable.” Principal Nedzu and All-Might were sitting in the teacher’s lounge, Nedzu was sipping on tea while chatting with the number one hero.

“Hmm, it was indeed quite... Memorable.” All-Might admitted.

“Is there something wrong? I detect that there’s something troubling you, did something happen today in class?” The principal asked.

“Mm, you could say that. Overall the battle simulations were a huge success, the students were all able to demonstrate the ability to coordinate with one another and gained some experience with field training as well as small scale combat.

There were a few difficulties however...”

Al-Might told Principal Nedzu about the first battle with Midoriya and Bakugou, and the last battle with Kamukura and Bakugou. Leaving out the embarrassment he faced at the very end.

“Hm, troublesome students will always exist, one as proud and as brash as Bakugou are no exception, as educators it is our duty to guide them on the right path. His past with Midoriya might be a dangerous issue to let sit, it would be beneficial for the both of them if they could work out their issues, but it would be too naive to think that we can just lock them in a room until they make up.” Nedzu mused, “Kamukura seems to be doing well from what I hear of the other teachers. He never makes any commotion during classes and is always able to provide an answer when called on, in the common classes he is akin to a perfect student. And from what I hear from you and Aizawa his physical capabilities are nothing to scoff at either. They really knocked it out of the park with this one it seems.”

“Um, “they” sir?” All-Might asked.
“Oh nevermind that, it’s not very important.” Nedzu assured, “now, I understand that you’ve gone ahead and already chosen Izuku Midoriya of class 1-A to be your successor. Well, I can’t fault you for your decision I suppose, though I do wish that you had waited until you at least met our recommendations, by which I mean Kamukura and Togata.”

“Er, yes. Although it was a spur of the moment decision, I do believe that I have made the right choice in choosing Midoriya.” All-Might declared, "this isn't a decision that I would be making lightly, you understand that of course. I truly believe that young Midoriya has the capabilities to match and even surpass what I have achieved, and become an even greater symbol of peace than I ever was.

“Well, leaving that aside, what are your opinions on Izuru Kamukura? His development is quite important to me after all.”

“Kamukura is... Quite interesting. The skills he had displayed during the battle simulation were most impressive, I understand why you referred to him as the personification of talent now.” All-Might thought back to Kamukura’s actions, “however he constantly looks as if he is bored of everything, as if everything that is happening around him is of no interest whatsoever, and yet he still actively participates when it is asked of him, he responds when he is spoken to and never acts stuck up. As of right now I don’t know what to make of him.”

“I see, well the year is just beginning, perhaps there will be more to him that meets the eye. I suppose I have deliberated long enough, I did have a phone call to make after all. I’ll see you tomorrow then All-Might.”

“Ah, see you sir.” All-Might said as Nedzu departed, looking outside the window he sees young Midoriya and young Bakugou talking about something. Curious, he transformed into his muscle form and went down to eavesdrop observe.

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“I’m going to make it on my own, and overcome you with my power.” Midoriya declared to Bakugou after vaguely explaining the circumstances of his newly acquired quirk.

“What the hell...? Borrowed power...? No clue what you’re talking about... First the hairy freak tells me he’s some sort of experiment and that he doesn’t have a quirk, then you go on to talk about “borrowing” power?

You’re all just gonna keep making a fool out of me, aren’t you... I mean, what the hell!! I lost to you today, then if that weren’t enough Kamukura tricked me into doing exactly what he wanted, both of you completely played me like a fiddle.

And that icy bastard, no way I can measure up to him either...!! Sure I fucking fought him toe to toe, but he didn’t use any of his strong attacks cause he had a partner right beside him, and he didn’t know where weed hair was either. And bird face, he... He just felt really weak for some reason.

Damnit!! Ponytail girl said it all, really... Damnit, damnit!! Why?! You too Deku!

From here on out, I...!! From here on...!! Y’hear me?! I’m gonna... I’m gonna beat you all!!”

Having declared his intent and partially vented his rage, Bakugou began to walk away.

“Enjoy your win. It’ll never happen again damnit!”
As Izuku thought everything was over, All-Might suddenly rushed in and put his hand on Bakugou’s shoulder.

“Ow!”

“Kid!” All-Might began to say, “let me tell you... That level of self-respect is important. Without a doubt, you’ve got the makings of a true hero! From here on out, you just have to-”

“Get off me All-Might, I can’t walk.” Bakugou complained. While wiping away his tears, he looked at the pro hero, “needless to say. I’ll become an even greater hero than you.”

Surprised, All-Might took his hand off Bakugou and let him walk away.

“Being a teacher sure is tough. Midoriya my boy, what did you say to him?”

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School’s out and you’ve got nothing to do, no homework, no clubs to go to, nothing. Why don’t you go hang out with someone? By spending your free time with another person, you may be able to deepen your relationship with them.

Hm? Who am I you ask? Did you forget already? I am the tutorial! I am here to guide you along your new school life so that you may be able to experience high school life to the fullest!

Eh? What do you mean a tutorial isn’t necessary? Of course it’s necessary, without a tutorial how will you be able to know what decisions- Eh? What do you mean you aren't making any decisions due the presented medium?

E-even so! I will be explaining how free time works, and after that I guess I’ll just leave you alone then. And to think I finally just came back too.

Well, as I suggested before you can go hang out with people during your free time, if you do it well you will be able to deepen your bonds of friendship with that person, and who knows maybe you’ll even acquire a cool new skill to help you out in class trials! Oh wait what’s that? There won't be any class trials for you to use those skills in? Well, I guess you can always do it for the dialogue, and of course the super secret reward you get for fully deepening your bond with one person. What’s the super secret reward you ask? Well, you’ll just have to find out won’t you!

Alternatively, if you don’t want to hang out with anyone you can use this free time to go to sleep and pass time quicker, but I really don't recommend you doing that.

You can also give the people you hang out with presents, doing so will help you deepen your bond with them even faster! Where do you get presents you ask? Well, by now you should have found tons of monocoins laying about or hidden in objects, well somewhere in this school there is a MonoMono Machine where you can insert those monocoins into for fabulous- Hm, what? This school doesn’t contain hidden monocoins OR a MonoMono Machine? Wow, I guess budgeting for schools really has gone down. I guess there’s really not a lot of stuff you can do in your free time, huh? Even so, I hope you enjoy your free time as much as you can!

Oh and that’s right! Didn’t Kirigiri tell you to call him when you’re free? Why don’t you spend your first free time by calling him? Don’t worry, you’ll be able to choose who to hang out with in later free time events. You should go and call him now, see what he wants.
FREE TIME...

START!

*ring*

*ring*

“Kamukura, this is Kirigiri, you are free for now yes?” Kirigiri picked up the phone and answered.

“I am.”

“Good, good. Say, how was your first day at UA High? Have you made some friends?”

“Uneventful, and no, I have not. My mission in coming here was not to make friends, but to become a hero and learn how to spread hope using my talents.”

“Ah yeah, that’s right, the mission given to you by the Steering Committee.” Kirigiri sighed, “until the Steering Committee deems you to be ready, your existence is to remain a secret while you learn from UA High. Once they have judged you to be ready, they will announce your existence and abilities to the world with a press conference, similar to All-Might’s video debut several years ago, they will be able to announce to the world that you are the Ultimate Hope, and that you are “here” as it were.”

“That is correct.”

“Well, don’t worry too much about that mission, just take your time and learn the material, no one’s asking you to become the next All-Might or a symbol of peace like him. Just focus on becoming a hero for now, and be sure to talk with your classmates, their different perspectives might allow you to see things in a different light, should you want to.”

“All-Might, as the symbol of peace has not only drastically reduced major crime rates but has also inspired many to become pro heroes themselves, currently, most civilians look to him as their hope. Therefore, in order to fulfill my purpose, I should look to become the number one hero, only then can I be considered “the Ultimate Hope”.” Kamukura reasoned.

“Hah, well that definitely sounds... Logical. But don’t push yourself too much alright? The Steering Committee will give me hell if anything serious happens to you, ah but that’s not the only reason I care for your safety of course.

There was another reason I wanted to call you, it’s about your quirk, or rather your lack of one. We should’ve briefed you on this earlier but it sorta slipped our minds. For now, just tell people that your quirk is ‘Talent’, and it makes the acquisition talents easier, doing so will fill the gap where your quirk is supposed to be, while also covering up the existence of the Kamukura Project, of course the truth will be revealed to the world at a later date so it doesn’t really matter. I’ve already informed Principal Nedzu about this decision and he should have already informed the teachers about your quirk so you don’t need to worry about that.

Now, I realize that I’ve been talking for quite a while now, did you have anything you wanted to say?”

Kamukura thought back to this afternoon when he told Bakugou and Midoriya about his being quirkless and the Kamukura Project.

“No.”
“Well alright then, I’ll call you next week for an update, don’t hesitate to call me or Principal Nedzu in you need help. Bye for now Kamukura.”

“Goodbye.”

*beep*

Friendship fragment obtained! (1/5)

Jin Kirigiri’s report card has been updated!

Chapter End Notes

The first free time event has arrived!
This probably won't be an audience participation sort of thing, I only have so much material for some of these characters after all.
“-which is why I need you both to keep what I have said yesterday a secret.” Early in the morning, Kamukura approached Bakugou and then Midoriya in order to tell them not to spill the beans. Bakugou indifferently agreed and now Kamukura went to ask Midoriya.

“As for my quirk, the unofficial explanation is that it allows me to retain knowledge and develop my muscles easier, and that I have spent my entire life up to this point perfecting various talents. For now, that shall serve as the truth, until the reality of my situation is exposed.”

“But why must the explanation of your abilities remain a secret? Why can’t people know that your talents were the results of technology?” Midoriya was as quick to agree as Bakugou but he was a little more curious about Kamukura’s situation.

“For one thing, being revealed as a quirkless but talented hero will be seen as an act that will bring hope to the world, according to them. The idea being that a quirk will not be necessary to become a hero.” Kamukura explained and Midoriya is reluctant to disagree with whoever “they” are.

“Additionally, they wish to distance themselves from my creation in the possibility that I do not meet their expectations, in that scenario they will not want to have any provable connection to my existence.” This explanation troubled Midoriya.

“Any provable connection? But why would that be important? Are they going to be in legal trouble? Kamukura, what did they do to you exactly?” Midoriya asked cautiously.

“They-” As Kamukura was about to answer, he suddenly sprinted full force into the school, leaving behind a bewildered Midoriya. Iida and Uraraka, who were near them but close enough to hear their conversation came up to Midoriya after witnessing such a spectacle.

“Whoa, Deku! What did you say to Kamukura?” Asked Uraraka.

“Wh-, but I just-” As Midoriya was trying to answer he found that a microphone had been sneakily placed in front of him. Following the microphone was an arm attached to an older woman with a reporter’s armband.

“What’s it like to learn from All-Might himself?!?” The reporter asked.

“Eh?! Ah.. Sorry, I’m due at the nurse’s office...” Flustered, Midoriya gave an excuse to leave. The reporter then switched her attention onto Uraraka beside him.

“Tell us what the symbol of peace looks like in front of the class!”

How he looks? Um, super muscly! ...Yeah.” Also surprised, Uraraka gave a meek answer to the reporter’s demand. To Iida,

“Tell us about All-Might, the teacher.”

“Every day with him is a reminder that I am enrolled at this preeminent educational institution. Beyond his towering dignity and presence, he’s also quite humorous. As we students are privy to observing his many facets, we’ve been given an opportunity to discover just what makes a top hero a top hero. Also...” Completely composed, Iida provides a lengthy answer to the question.

The reporter moved onto Bakugou who was also nearby.
“When All-Might is... Huh? You’re the kid from the sludge monster incident!”

“Buzz off.” Came Bakugou’s reply. After which, the microphone moved to in front of Aizawa, who had come out to see what all the commotion was about.

“Does All-M- You’re a mess! Who are you anyway?!”

“He has a day off today. Now go away, you’re disrupting our classes. Please Leave.” Aizawa made attempts to send off the reporters, accompanied with shooing motions made with his hand.

The reporters were kept out of the school due to the UA barrier, much to their dismay. A strange figure with white hair surveyed the crowd of reporters.

So this is where heroes are made...

“Good work with yesterday’s battle training. I’ve overlooked your grades and evaluations.” Aizawa announced to the class. “Bakugou. Grow up already, stop wasting your talent.”

“Got it.” Said Bakugou.

“And it seems Midoriya ended yet another day with a broken arm. Learn to control your quirk, because just trying isn’t going to cut it. I hate repeating myself, but you do have potential Midoriya, assuming you can overcome this. Work at it Midoriya.”

“Okay!” Said Midoriya.

“Now, onto homeroom business. Sorry for the sudden announcement, but today you will be picking a class president.”

“Such a normal high school thing!” Was the consensus.

Unfortunately, that was all that was agreed upon as the classroom quickly descended into madness, every student wanted the title for themselves. It was only under Iida’s suggestion that the class decided to choose democratically.

In the end, Midoriya was chosen as the president and Yaoyorozu as the vice president before it was time for lunch.

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Around a table sat Midoriya, Uraraka, Iida, and Kamukura.

“I’m just a little worried about whether or not I can become class president.” Midoriya voiced his concerns about this morning’s events while his friends reaffirmed him. They talk back and forth for a bit and it is revealed that Iida is actually the little brother of the pro hero Ingenium.

“Hey Kamukura, why did you run away like that in the morning? Do you have a fear of reporters or someth-”

As Uraraka was about to finish her question, a piercing alarm rang out across the entire school.

“SECURITY LEVEL 3 HAS BEEN BROKEN. ALL STUDENTS PLEASE EVACUATE IN AN ORDERLY FASHION.”
Despite the preprogrammed robotic voice’s best efforts, chaos and panic quickly descended on the lunching students.

As everyone quickly rushed out of the cafeteria, Iida was able to spot the reporters and calm everyone down with the help of Uraraka’s and his quirk.

In the afternoon class, Midoriya gave Iida his recommendation in front of everyone and Iida became the new class president.

Standing outside the gates of UA, several teachers look down at what was once their electronic gate.

“No ordinary news reporter could have done this. Someone instigated this whole affair, did some evildoer manage to sneak in? Or do they intend to wage some greater war?”

The front gate seems to have crumbled, perhaps the result of a dissolving quirk. No one heard anything so breaking it down by force is out of the question.

Today was uneventful, and almost completely predictable. Besides the alarm everything that happened today was quite boring.

I have free time now. There are still some students who have not left school yet.

FREE TIME

START!

“Oh hey Kamukura, I had to go to Recovery Girl’s for another checkup, that’s why I haven’t gone home yet. Did you need something from me?” Midoriya asked as Kamukura approached him.

What do I want to do with Midoriya?

“H-hang out? I didn’t know you did that sort of- I mean sure!” Midoriya enthusiastically agreed.

I spent some time with Midoriya.

Midoriya and I grew a little closer.

“About this morning, you ran away because you spotted the reporters right? Because you didn’t want your existence to be known or something?” Midoriya asked.

“That is correct.” Kamukura replied.

“I thought so.

...

My question earlier was cut off but... Who are the “they” you were talking about, and why don’t they want to be connected to you unless you succeed?”

“I was referring to the ones who created me, the ones who have given me talent. “They” refers to Hope’s Peak Academy, they are the ones who made me what I am now.”
"Hope’s Peak Academy? Oh right, you mentioned them yesterday, that Izuru Kamukura was the name of the school’s founder.

So Hope’s Peak was the one who created you?"

"Correct."

"Hope’s Peak, Hope’s Peak... I have heard of Hope’s Peak Academy, they’re as famous as UA is after all. But they’re not a hero school, they specialize in talent instead. Only accepting talented students who are already attending a high school, a very strict attendance criteria, very similar to UA’s hero course. Also, it’s said that anyone who gets chosen to attend Hope’s Peak will have success guaranteed for them in life, that’s pretty similar to UA as well. Oh, and they also receive a lot of government funding due to how much they help society by providing so many talented graduates who excel in what they do, it’s really quite prestigious. Hope’s Peak isn’t too far from here but I don’t really hear about it growing up, although there was one girl in my school who got scouted, that was pretty cool. Besides that I don’t have too much information on Hope’s Peak."

He mumbles as he thinks, a curious habit. He is quite used to being lost in his own thoughts.

“And if I remember correctly, this will be their 78th class of students since the school was founded. It’s a school that focuses on developing talent yes, but I have never heard of being able to give talent to someone else, quirks maybe, but oh wait I shouldn’t mention that.

Hey, Kamukura. Why doesn’t the school want to you to be affiliated with them anyway?"

He mentioned something about quirks being transferred, interesting...

“Hope’s Peak funding goes primarily to its research of talent, everything else is secondary, even accommodations for the students if they do not consider them necessary for the sake of researching talent. The school has not only the government for financial support, but a number of large businesses that also financially support its research activities.

I am the result of a tremendous amount of investment and years of research. If I turn out to be a failure then a large portion of financial supporters will pull out and leave the school with less funds to spend on its research. Although they know of the existence of the Kamukura project, they do not know what it entails, only that it is what a significant portion of their money is being spent on. Therefore if my existence becomes public knowledge then the investors may be able to figure out what the Kamukura project is and potentially judge the school to be unworthy of further investment. They want to be able to say that the project is a resounding success, so that they may be able to further research talent."

“Oh, I see. That makes sense. Well it was nice hanging out with you Kamukura. I’ll see you tomorrow.”

Friendship fragment obtained! (1/5)

Izuku Midoriya’s report card has been updated based on your experience with him.

I returned to my room after talking with Midoriya.

I have more free time, but most of the students have gone home .

FREE TIME
“Ah Kamukura, I didn’t hear you come in. Please, take a seat and have some tea as well.” Principal Nedzu gestured to the sofa in front of his desk and began pouring some tea into some teacups, “I just have to fill out these documents. I’ll have time to talk in just a few minutes.”

*Do I want to spend time with Principal Nedzu?*

“Just help yourself to some tea while you wait.”

*I sipped tea while Principal Nedzu finished filling out paperwork.*

*Principal Nedzu and I grew a little closer that day.*

“So Kamukura, to what do I owe the pleasure of this visit? I hope there is nothing wrong with the accommodations in the dorms.”

“There is not, and if there were I would have fixed it myself. The reason I chose to come here was because I was bored.”

“Bored? Oh, that’s right the televisions in the dorms still aren’t set up yet, right now we only have a few basic channels but rest assured, when the school dorms are functional every television in the dorms will have access to satellite tv!”

“Television will be boring no matter how many channels there are, each program is as uninteresting as the other, their plots are predictable and formulaic, the twists are easily expected.”

I see. Well, I personally believe that watching the television is a fine way to relax and pass time, but regardless, to each their own.”

*From how Kirigiri spoke of Principal Nedzu before I was sent here I had some suspicions about him, after meeting him my suspicions were confirmed.*

“I came here in order to gain more information about you, Principal Nedzu. I understand that you can be said to be my predecessor of sorts.”

“Ah well, I suppose that’s true enough. Given our circumstances one might even call us brothers, or would that be too familiar?”

“Such a thing does not matter to me.”

“In any case, was there anything specific about me that you wished to know? Perhaps you wished to know the mating habits of my species. Or did you wish to know how to maintain fur as luxuriously soft as mine? It might be helpful for you Kamukura, all that hair will crumble and waste away if you don’t put in the necessary steps to maintaining it.” Nedzu offered.

“I am not interested in such topics. I am interested in your abilities. Before the process could be tested on humans, animals were used in their place, as the test subjects died, the process was refined until finally, a specimen survived. The specimen displayed extraordinary intelligence, even signs of sentience and self awareness, yet they were nothing but a test subject, existing to be tested upon. Appalled at how inhumane the test subject was being treated, a certain someone spoke out against the tests that were being performed on the specimen, and rescued the subject from their clutches. Now, that test subject lives among society, explaining away his intelligence as a quirk that improbably manifested. What I want is to know is the extent of their abilities, and how much I have been improved.”
“Ah, is that the prowess of the Ultimate Detective I see, along with the Ultimate Biologist as well?” To tell you the truth, I had always wondered what happened to that laboratory, is it just as dimly lit as I remember, do the walls still reek of animal urine? I suppose that after a certain failure they will have wanted to keep their next subjects more subdued, especially now that they’ve given their next subject not only superhuman intelligence but superhuman strength as well. After a certain subject got too willful for their own good, I suppose that the only logical step was to prevent the next subject from developing the same free thinking tendencies. But then to task them with being the world’s hope, despite their attempts to neuter them, isn’t that just cruel? Well, I’m happy to discuss this topic with you some more Kamukura, but it is getting rather late don’t you think. I’m afraid that not everyone’s commute is as short as yours, but rest assured my office is always open to curious students.”

The Principal is quite deft at hiding his emotions, no verbal or physical tics betray his true thoughts. How interesting, someone I cannot read, however I feel that even he may become predictable in his own way.

“Very well, I will return at a later date. Thank you for your time.”

“The pleasure was all mine Kamukura. Good night.”

Friendship fragment obtained! (1/5)

Principal Nedzu’s report card has been updated based on your experience with him.

I returned to my room after talking with Principal Nedzu.

I am bored.

I woke up a few hours ago, the woman explained what I am, tested my abilities, and told me to wait.

How boring.

After further examination of this room I have deduced as much. The implanting of talents, surgical alteration of my body, the removal of my memories. It was all done in this room.

This room is almost completely empty, besides the machines, there is a bed which I am sitting on, a sink, and some cupboards. The room was not very well cleaned, the walls contain the smell of urine, possibly from some wild animal.

This room is boring.

A man walked in. He is in late 50s, wearing a cheap suit, he hasn’t had proper sleep since three, maybe four days. He walks arrogantly despite the pain in his left leg and back, he comes up to me.

This man is boring.

“So you’re awake Kamukura, how’re you feeling?”

“I am bored.”

“Bored? Ah well I suppose there really isn’t much to do here is there, quite a drab room this is. Although, I suppose being bored is better than being afraid, not that you would feel any fear.” The
man smiles as he says this, eyes distant as if remembering a past memory.

“So you mean to say that my emotions are subdued, how very boring.”

“That’s correct, we can’t have you acting too spirited after all, you’re a very expensive prototype, a lot of people have put their faith, and their money, into you.

Of course, they’re only subdued. After all, depriving you of your survival instincts could turn out to be a very costly mistake.”

The man left the room.

This world is boring.
“Fear not, good family. Why you ask? For I am here! On my morning commute!”

Seemingly unable to refrain from hero work, All-Might rescues citizens from villains, stops hit and runs, and saves hostages all on his way to work. Unfortunately for him, he does not manage his own time limit properly and is forced into his depowered form right as he arrives at the school.

In front of Class 1-A, Aizawa announces their afternoon lesson. It’s a rescue mission, where Aizawa, All-Might, and one other person will be supervising. It’s optional to wear their hero costumes, and they will be going there by bus.

Needless to say, everyone—except Kamukura—was pumped up.

“Hmm? You wore your gym clothes Deku? Where’s your costume?” Uraraka noticed and brought this up with Midoriya.

“Oh, it didn’t make it through battle training in one piece. The school support company is repairing it, just gotta wait for now.” Midoriya responded.

“Oh yeah, and Kamukura destroyed his costume as well didn’t he? Well, it was more like a stylish suit rather than a hero costume.” Uraraka mused, “So he’s wearing his gym clothes as well. You two are matching!” Uraraka was pleased and Midoriya gave an embarrassed smile, while Kamukura who was walking behind them remained indifferent.

The students line up and take their seats on the bus, the bus was designed in a way that allowed each student to face one another.

“I generally say what’s on my mind Midoriya.” Asui, who was seated besides him started to say.

“Oh? What is it Asui?”

“Call me Tsuyu.” She suggested, “and I wanted to say that your quirk resembles All-Might’s.”

“!” Midoriya was surprised by her bluntness and was unable to formulate an intelligible reply, “R-r-really?! Nah, I mean, I...”

However the other students save Midoriya by starting to talk about their own quirks. Eijiro Kirishima talks about his defensive “Hardening” quirk, which makes his body as tough as a rock. A little disappointed by its lack of flashiness, he still admits it’s a strong quirk.

Yuga Aoyama describes his “Navel Laser” as both cool and powerful, but is unable to retort when Ashido jokingly warns him not to blow up his own stomach.

The conversation shifts to Bakugou’s “Explosion” quirk and Todoroki’s quirk, but Asui mentions that Bakugou could never be popular because he is too unhinged.

“What’d you say frogface?!”

“See?” Asui pointed out.

“We’ve only barely started socializing and already you’ve made it abundantly clear the
unpleasantness of the steamed turd that is your personality.” Kaminari provides.

“Yeah, okay, Mr. Vocabulary, how bout I pound you?!”

_Bakugou’s getting bullied! Who would have thought, guess that’s UA for ya._

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They arrive.

“Whooooooaaa!!! Is this Universal Studios Japan?!” The students cry out, amazed by the volume of the props and stage effects that they are seeing.

“There’s the flood zone, landslide zone, conflagration zone etc.” A muffled voice rang out, “every disaster you can possibly imagine. I built this facility myself. It’s called the... Unforeseen Simulation Joint!”

_So it really is USJ!

“It’s the space hero, Thirteen!” Midoriya exclaims, immediately recognizing the person dressed entirely in a space suit, “they’re a hero who works in civilian rescue operations.”

“Ooh, I love Thirteen!” Uraraka cheers.

Aizawa steps up to Thirteen and whispers, “Thirteen, where’s All-Might. I thought he was meeting us here.”

“It seems he reached his daily limit during his morning commute, he’s resting in the break room.” Thirteen explains while a flashing a "three" with their fingers.

“The height of irrationality,” Aizawa mutters, “so be it. Let’s get started.”

The class begins as Thirteen describes their quirk “Black Hole” and how it can easily be used to kill. How there are those in the audience who have that same possibility, and that their powers are not to inflict harm but to help people.

Thirteen’s introduction ends and Aizawa is ready to divide up the students.

“Great, first off... ...?”

Black mist appears in front of the nearby fountain, the mist swirls larger and larger until a face -and a hand- appears through it.

“Huddle up and don’t move!” Aizawa shouts to the class and begins to put on his goggles,

“Thirteen, protect the students!”

The swirling black mist grew very large, and a large number of people came through it.

“What the heck is that? More battle robots like in the exam?”

“Don’t move!” Aizawa warned the class, “those are villains!”

The severity of the situation suddenly became clear to them, this was a villain attack!

“Thirteen and Eraserhead is it? According to the staff schedule, All-Might was supposed to be here.” The black mist revealed themselves to be a villain as well.
“Where is he...? We’ve come all this way and brought so many playmates...” A man with a scratchy voice wondered, the man had white hair and had hand-shaped accessories attached to his arms and face, “All-Might... The symbol of peace... Is he here?

I wonder if a couple of dead kids will bring him here...”

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“This place is far from the main campus, and they picked a time where few people would be here...” Thirteen analyzed, “this was a well-coordinated sneak attack.”

“Thirteen! Begin evacuation! And try calling the school! One of the villains must be jamming the signal, probably an electric type. Kaminari, try using your quirk to call for help!” Quick to take action, Aizawa began to issue out commands.

“Sensei, you can’t fight them all alone! Against that many you can’t nullify all their quirks!” Midoriya protested as Aizawa got ready to leap into the fray. Aizawa turned to face Midoriya.

“No good hero is a one-trick pony.”

Despite being heavily outnumbered, the villains go down fast at the hands of Eraserhead. Shocked, unprepared, and utterly uncoordinated the majority of them were taken down in an instant. The remaining villains begin to treat the hero with substantially more caution.

“He’s good at hand-to-hand... And those goggles hide his eyes, so we don’t know whose quirk he’s cancelling. Even a whole mob of us isn’t slowing him down...” The man with the hands said as he scratched at his own neck, “I hate pro heroes. Ordinary villains don’t stand a chance against them.”

As Eraserhead fought, Kamukura observes the scene below him.

Even this unpredictable event is boring. Those villains with their eyes full of hope, still act predictably, and that hope will soon be dashed.

His gaze moved towards the villains still standing, farther away from the carnage.

Hm? That villain’s gaze is unfocused, his posture is relaxed, and he is smiling at nothing in particular. He is almost completely brain dead, why is he here? What use could he be...?

As Eraserhead held his own against the many villains, Thirteen and the students begin to evacuate.

“I won’t allow that.”

Suddenly, the man made of black mist appeared in the path of their retreat, posing a large and threatening figure.

“Greetings, we are the League of Villains. Forgive our audacity but... Today, we’ve come to UA High School, this bastion of heroism, to end the life of All-Might, the symbol of peace.”

Bakugou and Kirishima unleash a surprise attack, but were unable to cut through the misty villain.

“Begone. Writhe in torment. Until you’ve breathed your last.”

The mists began to swirl around them, enveloping almost every student and consuming them fully, before closing in and leaving no traces of them left behind.
Midoriya appears before a large body of water, barely having time to register his new surroundings before submerging. Looking around underwater he sees a villain with a fish mutation quirk preparing to attack, but at the last second Asui comes in and rescues Midoriya, throwing him onto the large nearby cruise ship. Seconds later Mineta is launched on deck and Asui herself climb onboard.

“So you’re here too Kamukura? How come you aren’t wet.” Asui asked, as Midoriya just realized that Kamukura was standing on the deck beside him, completely dry as Asui had pointed out.

“I was lucky.” Came Kamukura’s unfazed reply.

“Thanks Asui.” Said Midoriya, still perturbed by the sudden changes in scenery.

“Call me Tsuyu.” Asu-Tsuyu reminded him, “but we seem to be in trouble here.”

“They said that they’re here to kill All-Might...” Mineta remembered, “but there’s no way! He’ll thrash ‘em once he gets here! Bam! Pow!”

“Mineta... They must’ve figured out a way to kill him, otherwise why would they come here just to get beaten?”

“I wouldn’t put it past him, and that one guy said they were going to kill us all after too. Who says we can even hold out until All-Might gets here? Even when he shows up, who says that we won’t all be killed?”

Upon hearing this, Mineta began to fret. Not easing his concerns, the villains begin to surround the ship.

“Why would they want to kill All-Might? Because he’s the symbol of hope? Because he stands against evil? Because everyone calls him the symbol of justice? No... I mean, there has to be a specific reason.”

“Kamukura, why are you smiling?” Tsuyu’s comment snapped Midoriya out of his reverie. Barely able to process the words he just heard, he looked to see that, yes, Kamukura was indeed smiling. It was not a large smile, but in contrast to his usual bored expression, the slightly upturned lips were hard not to notice.

“The way that the ship moves. Its swaying is quite unpredictable. I never thought not knowing what to expect to be so fun.” Kamukura replied.

“I think I understand why Bakugou was yelling at you now.” Mineta admitted.

“Um, Kamukura, can you focus? I know that you’re good at staying calm, but we are currently being attacked by villains.” Tsuyu pointed out, also seeming quite calm herself.

Why would they attack All-Might, Midoriya thought, hell if I know!

“If there’s even a chance that they have a way to defeat All-Might.” Said Midoriya in a commanding tone, “then we have a fight to win!”

“Hmmm. I can’t get in contact with Eraserhead or Thirteen.”
All-Might was currently squared away in the teacher’s lounge, attempting to call the other heroes.

“I was foolish to put my hero work ahead of teaching, what should I tell them? I should be fine in another ten minutes... No, I’m going!” All-Might said this as he transforms, barely able to contain the blood that spurts out of his mouth.

“Hold on!” Came a voice as the door to the lounge opened.

“The Principal!” All-Might exclaimed.

“Yes! Am I a mouse, a dog, or a bear? All you need to know is that I’m... The Principal!”

Introduced Principal Nedzu to no one in particular.

Pulling up a tablet showing a news story pertaining to All-Might’s actions that morning, Principal Nedzu scolded All-Might’s behaviour, and told him to relax for a while before going to his afternoon class.

In the middle of the USJ, the remaining unwarped students and Thirteen face off against the black mist villain. Iida is told to run back to the school to go get help, while the other students and Thirteen cover his escape.

“How can we possibly fight you dumbass?!” Mineta screamed, “you’re contradicting yourself Midoriya! Our only hope is to hide somewhere until the UA heroes come rescue us!”

Ignoring Mineta’s yelling, Midoriya explains his deduction. The villains were able to research the types of environments in the USJ, but they weren’t able to find information on their quirks, meaning their best chance of winning is to exploit their quirks. Quickly, the students begin explaining their quirks.

“My quirk is “Frog”, I can jump really high, stick to walls, and my tongue can reach up to 20 meters.” Explained Tsuyu.

“My quirk gives me super strength, but it also hurts me. It’s like a double edged sword.” Described Midoriya.

“My quirk is... “Talent”. I have a large number of talents, including athletic ones. As such, my physical capabilities are that of a peak human. Additionally, I can play every instrument perfectly, speak every language, and imitate voices.” Said Kamukura.

“...”

Mineta plucked out one of the ball things on his head and stuck it to a nearby wall.

“It’s really sticky, if I’m feeling good, it’ll stick there all day. A new one will grow in the old one’s place, but if I take too many out I start bleeding. Also, they’ll bounce off of me without sticking to me.” Mineta explained.

“...”

“Like I said, we gotta wait for rescue! My quirk is terrible at fighting multiple opponents!” Mineta cried.
“N-not at all! It’s a great quirk! We just gotta figure out how to make use of it.” Midoriya assured.

**THOOOM**

“So strong, he split the boat in two!” Tsuyu said as they all started to sink.

Panicking, Mineta started throwing a barrage of purple balls, all of which landed in the water and proceeded to float harmlessly around the villains. Tsuyu berates Mineta for his panicked actions and Mineta retorts that they should also be panicking.

“The moment when the enemy thinks they’ve won represents your best chance. All-Might said that during an interview.” Shaking all over, Midoriya stands tall as the ship continues to sink. “This is the only way we can win!

Kamukura, can you throw me into the air at the villains?”

The Ultimate Hope assented and Midoriya was flung off the ship, sailing in a beautiful arc above where the aquatic villains were congregated.

“What the-? They planning on sacrificing one of their own?” One villain asked.

“Doesn’t matter, let two go after this kid and have the others-”

But before the second villain could explain his strategy, Midoriya readied One for All in his hand and attacked the water below him with a finger flick.

“Delaware.... SMASH!”

The force of the empowered finger flick not only caused a massive ripple in the water but also sent Midoriya flying upwards.

“Tsuyu! Mineta! Kamukura!”

Tsuyu watched as Kamukura stood on the railings of the ship, perfectly balanced, and launched himself at the midair Midoriya, snatching him from the skies. She then grabbed Mineta with her tongue and hopped after him.

*Midoriya you... Thought Mineta, always doing the coolest things...!*

“When all I can do is...” As Mineta said this he began an endless assault of sticky balls at the villains struggling in the water. The water affected by Midoriya’s attack caved downwards and started dragging balls and villains alike towards its centre, the villains and balls stuck together as they disappeared beneath the ocean surface. Then, a large burst of water erupted carrying a gigantic sticky mass of villains as Kamukura and Tsuyu flew past them towards land.

“Looks like we beat our first challenge.” Tsuyu announced, “or something. Good job you guys.”
“We were lucky that we managed to get them all because honestly that was a real gamble. If they were smart a few of them would have been hidden under the water’s surface, but I guess they weren’t thinking ahead, still gotta be careful now.” Midoriya mumbled as he nursed his broken middle finger.

“Stop it Midoriya, that’s scary.”

Midoriya, Tsuyu, Mineta, and Kamukura had swum to the land next to the ocean zone. Aizawa can be seen fighting the last remaining villains from where they were standing.

Eraserhead got a few good punches off onto the white-haired man who caused his shoulder to decay with his touch. Suddenly, the large, black villain that Kamukura was observing leapt onto Aizawa and pinned him down with his weight.

“Meet the Anti-Symbol of Peace. The bioengineered Nomu.”

Nearby, Thirteen and a few remaining students fought against the mist villain to try and allow Iida to escape. Thirteen was badly damaged as their own Black Hole quirk was used against them, but the other students manage to allow Iida to successfully escape.

“Cancelling out quirks. Pretty cool but nothing special.” The white-haired villain said, “up against crazy strength, you might as well be totally quirkless.”

The man named Nomu said nothing as he snapped Aizawa’s left arm like a twig.

This is his base strength, Aizawa thought, he’s easily as strong as All-Might!

Next, Nomu slammed Eraserhead’s head into the concrete, creating a depression in the ground.

Suddenly, a mist portal opened next to the white-haired man.

“Tomura Shigaraki.” the portal man said.


The man named Kurogiri stated his failure, incapacitating Thirteen but allowing one of the students to escape. Shigaraki was displeased and started to scratch hard at his own neck.

“Huh. Huuuh. Kurogiri you... I’d turn you to dust if you weren’t our ticket out of here. We won’t stand a chance against pro heroes. It’s game over ... For now...

We’re leaving. But before that... Let’s leave a few dead kids to wound the pride of the Symbol of Peace!”

Shigaraki leapt at where Midoriya and the other were standing, hands outstretched. The visions of
Aizawa’s shoulder disintegrating filled Midoriya’s mind, he could only watch as the man named Shigaraki reached towards...

Kamukura’s head.

Midoriya could barely register his surprise as Shigaraki flipped and landed behind them in the water, Kamukura having only lifted his arm slightly, as if swatting off a fly circling his body.

Near them, Aizawa’s head was slammed into the ground once more by the Nomu.

“What the heck. What are you?” Shigaraki asked with his head sticking out of the water.

“How boring.” Kamukura looked down at the man he flicked off, not having a hint of fear in his eyes.

“Boring? Boring, boring, boring... Boring? Your classmates are being attacked. Your teachers are completely incapacitated! How can you just stand there, and call this boring?”

As he said this, Shigaraki suddenly jumped out of the water, and reached for Kamukura’s face again. Unlike last time, Shigaraki does not go flying but his fingers successfully connect with his face. Kamukura, for his part, does not start disintegrating but instead looks at Shigaraki’s bulging eyes, hidden slightly behind a hand-mask.

“Your predictability bores me.”

“You really are cool.” Shigaraki praised, “Eraserhead.”

Yet again, Aizawa had his head held up while being pinned by Nomu. Driven to save his students and prevent Kamukura’s face from melting off.

“Get off of him!” Midoriya cried as he started to channel One for All and leapt to defend Kamukura.

“Nomu.” Commanded Shigaraki.

Midoriya’s smash connected beautifully and what’s more...

“My arm’s not broken? This is when I manage to regulate the power?

However, much to Midoriya’s dismay, before his fist stood the Nomu who was previously seen beating on Aizawa.

“Quite a move you pulled off... And with a “smash” too. Are you a fan of All-Might?” Shigaraki asked as he took his hands off of Kamukura. The Nomu moved to attack Midoriya and Tsuyu stretched her tongue to try and pull him away when...

**BAM**

“Fear not. I am here.”

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“I had a bad feeling so I cut my talk with the Principal short and came here right away. Then I ran into Iida on the way, he told me the gist of what’s going on here. It made my blood boil! You kids must have been so scared. And my colleagues, they did their best. However, that’s exactly why I have to stand tall now and declare...” At this, All-Might heroically ripped off his tie.
“Fear not. I am here.”

*All-Might! And he’s not smiling!*

“So you’ve finally *come.* Worthless *hero*.”

Showing the prowess of the undisputed number one hero, All-Might defeated the few remaining fodder villains in the blink of an eye, and rescued the four students and Aizawa’s body in another.

“Everyone to the entrance, and take Aizawa, he’s unconscious, so hurry!!” All-Might commanded and Kamukura obeyed, picking up Aizawa and carrying him across his shoulder.

“You’re fast... But not as fast as *expected*.” Shigaraki breathed, “could it *really* be true? That you’re getting *weaker*?”

As Kamukura was just about to run to the entrance, he paused at Shigaraki’s words.

*Weaker?*

It’s no use All-Might!” Midoriya cautioned, “One for-I mean, my attack wasn't strong enough to break my arm, but he didn’t even flinch. Up against that you...!”

*One for...?*

“Midoriya, kid!” All-Might reassured as he charged directly at Nomu, “fear not! Carolina..... SMASH!”

All-Might leapt at Nomu and delivered a powerful cross chop at the villain’s head. Completely unfazed, Nomu counterattacked All-Might instantly, with a blazing speed that All-Might just barely was able to dodge.

“No *effect. Because he’s got shock absorption. If you really* want to damage Nomu. You’d be better off slowly ripping him apart, *piece by piece* . Not that he’ll give you that *chance*. ”

“Thanks for the info! I appreciate it!” All-Might said this as he suplexed Nomu into the ground, creating a large impact.

After moving away from the battle, Midoriya, Kamukura, and the others look on at the fight with awe

They might have a way to kill him, meanwhile we’re stuck here, helpless. Midoriya thought as he watched All-Might. Even worse, we’d only slow him down if one of us were taken hostage. No reason to speculate about the villains, I just gotta believe in All-Might.

Besides him, while carrying Aizawa over his shoulder, Kamukura trained his Ultimate Sniper eyes to get a better look at the brawl.

*All-Might is shaking. His body is nearly at his limit, yet he has only just begun fighting...*

Amidst the chaos, it appeared that Kurogiri had opened a portal in the concrete as All-Might slammed Nomu inside onto it, allowing him to squeeze at All-Might's abdomen while being stuck in an uncomfortable position.

*That place where Nomu is gripping... It shouldn’t have that much of a debilitating effect...*
“All-Might!” Screamed Midoriya as he suddenly charged into the fray.

Why would Midoriya...? Did he see it too? Kamukura wondered.

“Foolish.” Declared Kurogiri as he opened up a warp gate in Midoriya’s path.

“Get the hell outta here!! Deku!” From out of nowhere, Bakugou suddenly appeared in front of Midoriya and slammed an explosion into Kurogiri, grabbed him and slammed him onto the ground. “You ain’t all that you misty mook.”

Besides them, Nomu’s body was suddenly covered in a layer of ice.

“So I heard you guys were here to kill All-Might.” Todoroki said as he also made an entrance, “but scum like you could never kill the Symbol of Peace.”

“Hyaaahh!” As the other villains were distracted, Kirishima jumped out to claw at Shigaraki, but he dodged the attack and retreated to a safe distance, “damn, almost had it.”

With sudden reinforcements, the favour of the battle had been changed.

Or so they thought.

As Nomu’s frozen shoulder chipped off, he suddenly started to regenerate at a rapid pace.

“Get back everyone!” All-Might warns, freed from Nomu’s cutches, “I thought his quirk was Shock Absorption.”

“I don’t remember saying that’s all he could do.” Shigaraki confessed, “this is Hyper-Regeneration. Nomu is a super-powered living sandbag designed to withstand everything you’ve got.”

As he said this, Nomu aimed a punch at Bakugou who was still pinning down Kurogiri, sending a massive shockwave towards his location.

“Kacchan!” Midoriya yelled as the shockwave connected.

“Kacchan?” he asked as Bakugou suddenly appeared beside him, completely unscathed, “you dodged that? Wow...!”

“I didn’t, shut up you.”

All-Might had pushed Bakugou out of the way of Nomu’s attack, and took the blast head on.

“Anything to save a comrade , right?” Shigaraki asked, “just like earlier when, uh... That one .” He said pointing at Midoriya.

“The plain one. He came at me with everything he had . But violence in the name of saving others is admirable, Isn’t it hero?

You know what , All-Might? That pisses me off!

Heroes and villains both thrive on violence, but we’re still categorized.

You’re good. You’re evil. That’s how it is!

In the end you’re just a tool for violence, made to keep us down. And violence only breeds more
violence. I’ll show the world that by killing you!”

“What a load of hooey! Idealistic criminals have a different sort of fire in their eyes. But you’re just enjoying yourself, you big liar.”

“You got me. Saw right through me.” Shigaraki sneered, confirming All-Might’s rebuttal.

The other students declare their intent to help All-Might battle, but he just tells them to stay back.

“All-Might, you’re bleeding! And I think your time’s u- ack.”

From further away, Kamukura’s ears heard Midoriya’s almost slip up and turned to observe the fight.

His time...?

“Kurogiri, Nomu, you handle All-Might.” Shigaraki ordered, “I’ll take care of the kids .”

As he said this, All-Might leapt at Nomu and began throwing a barrage of punches, while Nomu returned in kind.

“He’s got Shock Absorption , you already saw it yourself.” Shigaraki had charged at the four students, but found himself distracted by All-Might’s seemingly idiotic actions.

“That’s right!” All-Might confirmed, “It’s absorption, not negation! So he must still have a limit, no?

Built to counter me, you say?! Made to withstand everything I’ve got?! Then I’ll just go beyond that!!”

All-Might’s spitting up blood, Izuku thought, at full power, he’s throwing it out there!

Despite still holding onto Aizawa, Kamukura watched the scene with interest.

“A hero’s always ready to smash through rubble! Tell me villain, do you know the meaning of...” All-Might shouted as he reeled back for a large punch, “PLUS... ULTRA!!!”

With one final gigantic punch, All-Might sent Nomu through the glass ceiling of the USJ, flying off into the unknown.

“Yep, I’m slowing down. In my heyday, five of those punches would’ve been enough.” All-Might bragged, “but that was over 300 punches just now.

Well villain? How about we hurry up and finish this?”

“You... Cheated...”

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Completely enthralled, Kamukura focused his gaze on All-Might towering stance.

One step and he will collapse, after pushing his limit so hard the fight is over for him.

“You’ve weakened? Not that I can see... We’re completely outmatched. How dare you do that to my Nomu. You cheated! He’s not weak at all, they lied to me?!”
But they do not see it, they are still too fixated on what he did to Nomu.

“Well, coming to get me?! What happened to clearing the game? If you think you can take me, then bring it on!”

He is unable to fight, yet is still challenging them?

“Well? What’s keeping you?!”

His eyes... That look in his eyes, like Midoriya’s... Midoriya...?

Shigaraki and Kurogiri moved to attack All-Might, while the other students started to walk away Midoriya leapt in to defend All-Might, breaking his own legs in the process.

Once again... Like me, he saw it...? Or did he... Know?

The villains turn their focus onto the newest threat, as Shigaraki was about to grab hold of Midoriya’s face, a bullet pierced through his hand and stopped the attack.

The teachers have arrived, and with that the two remaining villains escape through Kurogiri’s Warp Gate quirk.

“I couldn’t do anything.” Midoriya sobbed as he lay on the ground in front of All-Might.

“No, that’s wrong.” All-Might objected, “if you haven’t given me those few seconds, I’d be dead! You saved me again.”

Kamukura could barely make out a silhouette behind the dust and smoke, one that didn’t quite look like the pro hero standing there a moment ago.

“...”

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The students were all rounded up, all 21 students were safe and accounted for, all unharmed except for Midoriya. Aizawa’s damaged body was dropped off with one of the paramedics, Thirteen with another, All-Might and Midoriya were taken to the nurse’s office due to their less severe injuries. The students excitedly began discussing their situation in fighting off villains, where they were warped to and who they were with.

One of the police officers reported a man who fit the description of Nomu was apprehended 400 metres north of where they were.

“We’ll need to completely revamp our security systems.” Principal Nedzu mused, “teleportation quirks are rare enough. Shame one them had to go and turn evil.”

“Principal, I’d like to go over the school with a fine toothed comb if you don’t mind.” One of the police detectives asked Nedzu.

“Ah, of course. I’m sure some won’t be happy, but the police certainly have jurisdiction! Investigations are your area of expertise! Do whatever you feel is necessary.”

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At the nurse’s office, All-Might and Midoriya were lying on the beds, bandaged up and partially healed due to Recovery Girl’s quirk.
All-Might laments that he shortened his time limit again, while also reassuring a frightened Midoriya.

The detective from earlier came in and All-Might introduces him as Naobasa Tsukauchi, his best friend and someone who also knows about his secret.

Detective Tsukauchi commends the heroes for putting their lives on the line and allowing the children to come out unscathed, but All-Might corrects him saying that the students put their lives on the line as well, and that the villains picked the wrong fight.

“Because the members of class 1-A are going to be mighty heroes indeed!”

Back inside his dormitory room, Kamukura scoured the internet for videos and news articles of All-Might from the past, analyzing his actions, punches, distances traveled, time spent on screen etc.

All-Might’s physical abilities have been far superior to even a peak human. His power remained constant until here, almost five years ago.

From here, his strength seems to wane, little by little he is becoming weaker and weaker. Not only that, but in fights he seems protective of his left abdomen ever since. A weak spot.

How intriguing, with my luck they should be awake when I arrive. Knowing their personalities my suspicions will be confirmed.

FREE TIME

START!

The door to the nurse’s office swung open again that day. In the doorway stood Kamukura looking down at Midoriya and All-Might lying in the hospital beds.

“K-Kamukura? Uh, what are you still doing here?! I thought everyone was sent home after the incident.

A-and we’re actually not allowed visitors, Recovery Girl isn’t here right now but you should leave before she gets back, or she’ll be really angry.” Midoriya warned.

Kamukura shifted his gaze from Midoriya to the other figure laying in bed and studied him while answering Midoriya’s question.

“I live in the school dormitories.”

“Wha-? UA has school dorms?” Midoriya wondered, looking from Kamukura to All-Might beside him.

“Well yes but, they’re not finished. We rushed to finish one room so Kamukura had a place to stay.” All-Might sighed then looked at Kamukura, “but their existence is supposed to be a secret, along with the fact that you are staying in one of them.”

Do I want to spend time with these two?

“I suppose it’s fine, it’ll be quite some time before Recovery Girl comes back it seems.”
“I didn’t know you were living in school dorms Kamukura, but I guess it makes sense considering I’ve never seen you leave the school, I just thought you liked to stay late.”

_I sat in a chair and watched Midoriya and All-Might lying on their beds._

_Midoriya, All-Might, and I grew a little closer that day._

“Um, Kamukura? Are you gonna just sit there watching us? You haven’t spoken a word since you came here.”

All-Might silently agreed.

“You are All-Might, are you not?” Kamukura suddenly said, looking at the thin, blond man beside Midoriya.

“!” Midoriya was surprised, but All-Might just sighed.

“I knew you’d figure me out, young Kamukura. You’re too sharp not to.” All-Might immediately relented, “how did you find out?”

“I was not suspicious until that villain mentioned that you had grown weaker, from there I started to observe your body as you fought Nomu. Your actions were strained, as if you were completely out of energy, and after you punched Nomu away I could tell that you would not have been able to take a single step without collapsing. Or so I thought, but through the steam that appeared I saw the silhouette of a figure that didn’t resemble All-Might’s.

After that, through analyzing past videos on the internet, I determined that your strength had been rapidly declining for the past five years.”

All-Might relaxed in his bed while Midoriya started to freak out.

“K-Kamukura! You can’t tell anyone about this okay?! If anyone finds out about the Symbol of Peace being... It won’t be good!”

“Alright.”

“A-and All-Might! Isn’t this really bad? If Kamukura could figure out your secret just by watching you fight and looking on the internet, then...”

“Ah but young Midoriya, young Kamukura here isn’t just anyone is he? He has already told both you and young Bakugou about his abilities has he not? Only someone with the talent of the Ultimate Analyst like him would be able to figure out something like this.

However, I must agree with young Midoriya. Do your best to keep this a secret if you can, young Kamukura.”

“Alright” agreed Kamukura for the second time and he turned his head to look at Midoriya now.

“Midoriya, what is your connection to All-Might? And why do you have his power?”

Upon hearing this both Midoriya and All-Might were shocked, All-Might spat out a stream of blood onto his blanket, while Midoriya jumped a little in his bed.

“B-but how?! I mean, that’s ridiculous! I mean, there’s no way! I mean...”

“Everyone has noticed that your quirk is similar to that of All-Might’s, I am no exception.
However, I noticed that you had reacted weirdly when Bakugou mentioned that I am quirkless, and was weak to defend yourself when Tsuyu accused you of something similar.

I looked up your public registry and found that you were officially listed as quirkless until just before this school term had started.

Furthermore, the way you had acted during the incident today showed that you also knew of All-Might’s secret. Although your analytical abilities surpass most other students, they would still not be enough to deduce his secret as I have.

Finally, when cautioning All-Might about Nomu, you mentioned something about your attack. “One for-” before you cut yourself off and corrected yourself.”

In face of the evidence that Kamukura presented, Midoriya and All-Might remained silent for a little while.

“...” They said

“Young Kamukura.” All-Might began, “young Midoriya did indeed find out my secret. After fighting a villain, Midoriya followed me and saw me as I transformed into the form you see now. Like you, I swore him to secrecy and told him not to tell anyone lest Japan loses its symbol of Peace.

However... Young Midoriya’s quirk has nothing to do with my own, that his quirk somewhat resembles mine is a mere coincidence, there are a number of strength augmenting quirks out there, some are bound to behave similarly to one another.

As for being quirkless, well quirks are still not quite fully understood by today’s scientists. I’m not sure how Midoriya found his quirk after so long but you can understand why he may be a little weird around others who are also quirkless, and I can assure you that I had nothing to do with the sudden development of his quirk.

And what Midoriya mentioned today when fighting Nomu? I have no idea what he was talking about. That is all, Kamukura.”

Kamukura stared blankly at All-Might for a while before standing up.

“Alright then. That is all, thank you for your time.” He said before exiting the room and closing the door behind him.

I returned to my room after talking with Midoriya and All-Might.

After Kamukura left.

“Did he... Did he believe you?”

“I’m not sure kid, but my bet’s on ‘no’ considering who he is. Most likely he just accepted that we didn’t want to tell him the truth.”
“Do you think he will be mad?

... Are you mad?”

All-Might laughed at this and smiled at Midoriya.

“I’m never too sure what Kamukura is thinking but I don’t think he’ll be too upset by it.

And no, I’m not angry. Ever since that battle simulation class I had more or less a good feel for what kind of things he’s capable of. I thought that it would’ve been a matter of time before he found out, so this actually came as a bit of relief. Like a punch that you were anticipating finally connecting. Kamukura may be a bit odd, but I don’t think he’s dangerous.

At All-Might’s words, Midoriya smiled and relaxed on the bed.

The next day.

“Everyone! Morning homeroom is about to begin, so please take your seats.” Iida commanded.

“We’re sitting, you’re the only one standing up.” Sero noticed.

“Morning,” a muffled voice came in through the doorway.

“Sensei! You’re back already?!” The class reacted as Aizawa who was covered in bandages took his place at the front of the class

“My welfare isn’t important, because your fight is far from over.” Aizawa announced.

“Our fight?”

“Don’t tell me...”

“More villains?!”

“UA’s sports festival is fast approaching.” Explained Aizawa.

“That’s so totally ordinary!”

Chapter End Notes

My week off work is ending so chapters probably won't be coming out as fast for a while.

Kamukura analyzes! USJ wasn't a place where Kamukura would shine, he'd probably get in trouble if he jumped in and started taking on all the baddies the same way Aizawa did, but we have Aizawa for that.

But now it's time for the sports festival! And if I write it quick I can bring in what's going on in Hope's Peak Academy as well, look forward to it!

Thanks for all the support! I appreciate it a lot, especially since this is my first time writing for others. :(
Inside the UA conference room, the principal, all the teachers, and Detective Tsukauchi were gathered. They were being debriefed on the villains that attacked class 1-A, specifically Shigaraki and Kurogiri. Neither offender was found in the national quirk registry, making them members of the underground. All-Might discusses his opinion of Shigaraki, him talking about some strange ideology, bragging about Nomu’s multiple quirks, and throwing a tantrum whenever things didn’t go his way. Ultimately concluding that Shigaraki was a bit of manchild.

What was troubling however, was that over 72 villains were willingly following Shigaraki despite his supposed “manchild-ness”. The idea that those small-time villains were drawn in by pure, unaffected evil like him was discomfiting.

They end the meeting thinking that he might turn out better if he had some sort of mentor to follow.

Class 1-A.

The UA Sports Festival! A totally normal high school thing to be doing. But is it really alright after a villain attack?

“It’s necessary to demonstrate that UA’s crisis management protocols are are sound. That’s the thinking apparently.” Aizawa explained. “Compared to past years there’ll be five times more police presence. Anyhow, this sports festival is the greatest opportunity you’ll get.”

In an adapted quirk based society, events like the Olympics have long since decayed. Events like the UA’s Sports Festival has summarily replaced such events, at least where Japan was concerned. There will be a large number of pro heroes watching, acting as scouts, judging the students as potential sidekicks to recruit.

“This happens once a year, so you’ve got three chances total. If you’re hoping to become a hero, this is an event you cannot miss!”

“Which is why, Kamukura, you will not be allowed to participate in the Sports Festival.” Principal Nedzu had called Kamukura down to his office to tell him the news.

“You understand of course. If you do join the Sports Festival, your results will surely be outstanding. Placing in the top rankings or even first place would bring you large amounts of attention, which is exactly what we don’t want.”

Kamukura said nothing.

“Kirigiri called me earlier to make sure that I didn’t forget about your special circumstances, the Steering Committee will decide when you first make your public appearance so you will not be allowed to join in on the Sports Festival for this year unfortunately.”

“I understand.”
“This may be incredibly disappointing, I don’t wish to deprive any student the chance to participate in our festival, nor do I quite enjoy bending to the demands of that committee. Ah, but you are free to watch the festival from the stands of course, there are seats reserved for hero course students that are eliminated. Just make sure to disguise yourself so you are not noticed.”

“Understood.”

“That’ll be all for now, you can go back to class Kamukura.”

And so he did.

“What did Principal Nedzu want to talk with you about Kamukura?” Uraraka whispered when he returned.

“I was told I would not be allowed to participate in the upcoming Sports Festival.” Kamukura explained calmly.

Not calm enough probably, as Uraraka decided to forgo the usage of a quiet whisper.

“WHAAAAAT?!?” She shouted and quickly turned pink as the class’ attention was focused on her.

“Is something the matter Uraraka?” Cementoss, who was in the middle of an explanation, asked politely.

“Eh, well it’s just...” Uraraka stammered, “Kamukura just said he wasn’t allowed to participate in the Sport’s Festival!” She pointed at the boy hoping to shift away some of the attention.

It worked.

“WHAAAAAAT?!?” The class asked in perfect unison.

“Settle down class,” Cementoss assured while also being quite shocked himself, “this news is a surprise to be sure, but I’m sure Principal Nedzu has his reasons. You can all ask Kamukura about it after class is over, but for now I need your attention up here.”

Trying their best, the class attempted to put this new development out of their mind and tried to focus on modern literature.

Class was over and lunchtime began, Kamukura began to walk to the cafeteria but was stopped by a blockade of his classmates.

“Kamukura, is it true? Are you really not allowed to participate in the Sports Festival?” Asked Midoriya.

“That is correct.”

“Did you get in trouble or something? But even if you did, they wouldn’t punish you like that right?” Kirishima wondered.

“I am not in any trouble.”

“But the Sports Festival is a chance to show to the world our abilities as fledgeling heroes! To prevent you from doing so is completely counterproductive to becoming a pro hero.” Reasoned Iida.
“So then, why aren’t you being allowed to participate?” Questioned Ashido.

Kamukura knew he couldn’t talk about the details of the Kamukura Project, and the exact reason he was prohibited from garnering too much attention. Still, he needed a way to get his classmates off of his proverbial back.

“Surely you must have noticed by now, that our class has 21 students despite the normal class size for UA’s hero courses being only 20.”

“Now that you mention it... Yeah, that is kinda weird. Wait, don’t tell me that you’re forbidden just because of class sizes?!”

“No, that is not the reason. The reason is that I am attending this school under special circumstances, circumstances that also prevent me from making a public appearance. Me participating in the Sports Festival would conflict with that goal.” Kamukura gave a vague explanation that only Midoriya and Bakugou could understand.

Having heard this, Bakugou rolled his eyes and walked away to the cafeteria, leaving his confused classmates.

“Circumstances that prevent you from making a public appearance? Whoa, are you in the Witness Protection Program?” Guessed Kaminari.

“Idiot, if he were he wouldn’t be attending a high school for heroes.” Jirou objected.

The class then waited for further explanation from Kamukura, when they realized that none would come they slowly began to disperse and talk amongst themselves about the festival. Besides Kamukura, only Midoriya, Iida, and Uraraka remained.

“You must be pretty bummed out not being able to participate in the Sports Festival.” Uraraka commented.

“It does not bother me.” Replied Kamukura.

Reluctantly accepting this new turn of events, everyone still manages to get pumped for the Sports Festival, though a little put off by Uraraka’s weird facial expressions.

As the group walked down the hall towards the cafeteria, the topic shifts towards Uraraka’s intention for becoming a hero. Embarrassed, Uraraka admits it’s mostly for the money due to the fact that her parents’ business was struggling. Midoriya and Iida assures her that there is nothing to be embarrassed about.

“There’s nothing wrong with seeking a more comfortable lifestyle!” Accompanied with weird arm gestures, Iida said this.

Suddenly, coming around a corner All-Might appears and timidly asks Midoriya to have lunch with him.

“He’s like a schoolgirl!” Uraraka laughed.

Midoriya agreed to the request leaving the others to ponder what All-Might wanted with him.

“Wonder what he wants with Deku.”
“I heard that he dashed in to help when All-Might was attacked, maybe it’s about that. Like Asui mentioned, they have similar super-strength, maybe he has taken a liking to him.” Said Iida, “I wouldn’t be too surprised.”

Kamukura, who knew a little more than the other two, did not voice his ideas out loud.

*It is likely something related to the Sports Festival given the timing.*

Nearby, Todoroki listened in on their speculations, especially the parts that were related to All-Might and Midoriya’s powers.

In the break room, Midoriya and All-Might in his depowered form sat across from each other.

“Just fifty minutes?!”

All-Might’s time limit had once again been lowered, as a result of pushing himself during the USJ attack.

“It’s that bad? Sorr-”

“Don’t apologize!” Laughed All-Might while spitting out a little bit of blood, “we’re so alike you and I.

I wanted to talk about the Sports Festival. You still can’t regulate One for All right? So what do we do?”

“Oh! You did mention that!” All-Might remembered while sitting up, “so what was different when you attacked Nomu?”

Midoriya thought back to Thirteen’s words, about how their powers could easily kill if not handled properly.

“It was the first time I used it against someone else.”

“So you managed to pump the brakes without even knowing it. Still, that’s progress, good to hear it.

Because in all honesty, the time I have left as the Symbol of Peace is quickly running out. And not only Kamukura, but those with villainous intent have also begun to take notice.

I granted you my power in order for you to succeed me. The Sports Festival is an event that the whole country’ll be watching! And that means just one thing for us! You, the next All-Might, the fledgling Symbol of Peace! I need you to tell the world...

‘I am here!!’”

“Yo Naegi-chi!” A tall boy sporting a wild afro called to a shorter, brown-haired boy sitting at a desk packing up his things. He looked up and saw the afro-ed boy and another with red hair walking up to him.
The small boy was Makoto Naegi, the Ultimate Lucky Student, and was chosen by a lottery to attend the prestigious Hope’s Peak Academy.

“Hey Hiro, Kuwata.” Naegi responded, “what’s up?”

The boy with the large afro was named Yasuhiro Hagakure, the Ultimate Clairvoyant, who wanted to be called ‘Hiro’ for simplicity’s sake. Despite being a few years older than his classmates, because he was held back a few years he still met the requirement to be scouted into Hope’s Peak.

The teen besides Hagakure was Leon Kuwata, the Ultimate Baseball Player, despite not showing up to any practices he was able to achieve amazing results in his matches.

“We wanted to know if you had any plans in two weeks.” Kuwata asked.

“Two weeks? I usually don’t plan that far ahead.” Naegi admitted, “what’s happening in two-? Oh right, the UA Sports Festival!”

“Yeah, that’s right!” Hagakure confirmed, “we all get the day off to watch the events, Hope’s Peak is pretty great huh?”

“Well, students aren’t really forced to attend classes anyway, as long as you’re ‘developing your talent’ they don’t really care.” Kuwata winked at Naegi, “personally, I think it’s just to give certain people with a stick up their bum an excuse to go watch the festival.”

Naegi knew who Kuwata was talking about and snuck a glance to the person in question. A black-haired teen was yelling at a boy with a large pompadour about him putting his feet on the desk.

“Remove your feet from that desk! Such an action is insulting to those who came to Hope’s Peak before us as well as the craftsmen who made the desk!!”

The pompadoured student had his eyes closed and did his best to ignore the noise.

“So anyway, Kuwata-chi and I had the idea to have viewing party with the whole class, as a sorta get to know each other event.” Hagakure told Naegi.

“Oh, so you’re inviting me?” Naegi smiled at the boys, “that sounds like a great idea, I’ll definitely come!”

Kuwata smiled but then changed to a more sheepish expression as he scratched the back of his head.

“Well, this is an invitation yeah, but also... A request.” Kuwata admitted.

“A request?”

“Yeah, you’re actually the first person we’ve invited Naegi-chi,” Hagakure explained, “and we sorta wanted you to invite everyone else.”

“M-me?” Naegi responded, shocked at the duo’s request, “but why me?”

“It’s just that everybody here doesn’t really know each other all that well yet, which is why the party would help with that. But there might be a problem in getting people to come, which would sorta defeat the purpose.”

“Which is why we want you to invite people Naegi-chi! It’s just that you’re a lot more -what’s the word?- Socialable!” Hagakure announced.
“It’s sociable, and yeah that’s pretty much the reason.” Kuwata corrected, “that and the fact that talking to some of these guys freak me out.”

“Ah that makes sense. Yeah, I can do that,” Naegi said as he agreed to help.

“Thanks Naegi, we owe ya one!” Kuwata slapped the lucky student’s back and walked off with the clairvoyant, smiling.

_A viewing party does sound like a good idea_, thought Naegi, _and I sort of see what they mean about some of the others being hard to talk to._

Naegi thought back to when he first went around introducing himself to his new classmates, despite some amicable greetings, some of the other students acted anywhere from intimidating, weird, neurotic, or just downright cold. Hopefully this will go better.

_Now, who should I invite first?_

Naegi approached the two he saw arguing earlier, the pompadoured boy still had his eyes closed as the black-haired boy implored him to take his feet off the desk.

The shouting boy was known as Kiyotaka Ishimaru, the Ultimate Moral Compass, and had asked to be called ‘Taka’ in order to be seen as friendly and less formal.

It didn’t really work.

“Can’t you keep it down? I had a rough night yesterday and I’m trying to sleep.”

The boy who finally responded was called Mondo Oowada, the Ultimate Biker. Oowada was the leader of the biggest and most respected biker gang this side of Japan, the Crazy Diamonds.

“If you are tired then I implore you to go to your room and rest there, class is over for the day and you are more than welcome to leave if you so choose.” Offered Ishimaru.

“Yeah? And what if I choose to stay here? Maybe this desk is more comfy than the beds we get, so get off my nuts already.” Rejected Oowada.

As Ishimaru was about to unleash another lecture, Naegi took this opportunity to make his presence known.

“Hey Taka, Oowada,” greeted Naegi, “I was wondering if you guys were free on the day of the UA Sports Festival, Hiro and Kuwata wanted to get the class together for a viewing party.”

“A viewing party for the Sports Festival?” Taka asked, “Hm, I see. You wanted me to come to the party to supervise! That is a wonderful idea Naegi, I will definitely come!”

“Supervi- Ah, I mean, that’s great! And what about you Oowada?”

“Can’t even get a little shuteye round here,” Oowada grumbled, “yeah I’ll go, got no plans that day anyway.”

“Great! I’ll see you there!” Naegi said as he walked away.
Naegi then quickly invited some of the more cooperative students. Among them included:

Chihiro Fujisaki, the Ultimate Programmer, a shy girl who is working on a sizable project

“Thanks for inviting me Naegi, I’d love to go. The Sports Festival is always so exciting, I watch it with my Dad usually.” Fujisaki smiled brightly at the Ultimate Lucky Student

Hifumi Yamada, the Ultimate Fanfic Creator, a rotund boy who is extremely passionate about anime and fanfiction.

“Ah, the UA Sports Festival, I watch it every year for creative inspiration. Very well, Mr. Makoto Naegi, I shall graciously accept this invitation.” Yamada boomed.

Sakura Oogami, the Ultimate Martial Artist and Aoi Asahina, the Ultimate Swimmer.

“Ooh, a party? Sure I’ll come!” Asahina eagerly declared, “Cmon Sakura, it’ll be fun.”

“I was planning to watch the Sports Festival anyway, this viewing party sounds like a good idea.” Oogami agreed.

Junko Enoshima, the Ultimate Fashionista and her sister Mukuro Ikusaba, the Ultimate Soldier.

“A viewing party? For the UA Sports Festival? Well I wasn’t doing anything that day anyway... Big siiiis...? What about you, you don’t want to disappoint little Naegi do youuuu?” Enoshima teased her older sister, on what Naegi wasn’t quite certain.

“Oh yeah. Sure, I’ll go.” Ikusaba stoically responded, not quite meeting the luckster’s eyes.

Sayaka Maizono, the Ultimate Idol, a cheery girl who knew Naegi in elementary school and is now the number one idol in Japan.

“Sure Naegi, I love watching the Sports Festival every year, this party sounds like fun.” The idol happily accepted the invitation.

After that, Naegi went to ask some of his more troublesome classmates.

“Y-you don’t have to pretend to c-care about me, no one’s g-gonna ever want to h-hang out with someone l-like me.” Scowled Toko Fukawa, the Ultimate Writing Prodigy.

“A-alright, I’ll g-go. N-not like anyone w-will notice me there anyway.”

“I think not, if I hang about a crowd of that size my clothes may get dirty. And my outfit is very
delicate and expensive to wash,” Celestia Ludenberg, the Ultimate Gambler, casually rejected Naegi’s invitation while flashing a polite smile, “although I suppose I may be able to earn some money by betting on the outcomes of the events. But do not expect me to stay long.”

“Tch, I have no intention of watching the Sports Festival amidst a crowd of hooligans who will interject with cheering and hooplah at every possible interval.” Scoffed Byakuya Togami, the Ultimate Affluent Progeny, “I will be watching the festival alone, so that I may judge potential heroes of their worth. As a member of the Togami Corporation deciding which heroes to sponsor is an important decision, not that I expect someone like you to understand.”

“The whole class is watching the UA Sports Festival together? I thought that day was a holiday, am I obligated to come?” Asked Kyoko Kirigiri, the Ultimate Detective.

“Ah no, you’re not obligated. In fact, Togami chose not come as well,” explained Naegi, “but everyone else in our class has agreed to go, or at the very least stay for a little while.”

The young detective thought about this.

“Alright, I’ll go.” She said decisively and walked away.

“Really? Thanks Kirigiri!” Naegi called after her.

So 15 out of 16 students are going to come to the party, I’d better go tell Hiro and Kuwata.

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“Tell the world that I am here?” Midoriya repeated, “but how do I...?”

“You know how the UA Sports Festival works right?” All-Might quizzed.

“Yeah, of course.” Midoriya assented, “the members of the hero, support, business, and general studies courses are all combined. We get grouped by grade level and compete in a series of preliminary competitions, then the winners move onto the main event. It’s like a round robin tournament for each grade.”

‘Exactly!! So this is your chance to gain mass appeal!” All-Might pointed at his successor.

“Huh” Was Midoriya’s response.

So surprised at this lacklustre reaction, All-Might falls backwards on his sofa.

‘‘Huh’ he says!”

“No, I get what you’re saying, I’m just honestly not sure I can deal with this after what we just went through. To announce to the world that I am here, it kinda sounds like what Hope’s Peak was planning to do with Kamukura in the future, to announce that he was a success in order for them to gain more funding for research.

Although, I personally am lacking motivation to stand out at the event, I mean I already have All-Might as my mentor. As I am now it wouldn’t occur to me to make a big showing, just like with the strength tests Aizawa made us do on the first day.”
“There’s no one more dedicated to the world of nonsense than you kid!” Declared All-Might, still lying on the ground barely listening to Midoriya’s mumblings.

“World of nonsense?”

“The slight difference between those who aim for the top and those who don’t... It’ll come to matter in a big way once you emerge into society.

I can understand what you’re feeling, I won’t force you. But...

Don’t forget the drive you felt when you cleaned up the beach.” All-Might reminded.

Chapter End Notes

Arrgghh. Originally this chapter was even longer as each student had a longer interaction with Makoto but it was getting way too long.
Oh well, they'll interact more later. There's only one character that's going to be hard to write.
I saw a few predictions about how Kamukura was going to do in the festival, I can only imagine what despair this will bring.
Thanks for all the support!
At the end of the day, classes have been dismissed and there was a large gathering of students outside of class 1-A.

“No way out! What’re they here for?”

“Because we’re the class that survived a villain attack, so obviously they wanna scope out the competition.” Bakugou said flippantly much to the chagrin of his classmates, “Outta the way cannon fodder!”

*And this is him on a good day*, Midoriya thought to himself.

“Please refrain from calling people you don’t know as ‘cannon fodder’!” Iida reprimanded.

“It’s true we came to get a look but you sure are modest.” A sleepy voice cut through the crowd like a knife, “are all the kids in the hero course like this one?”

A boy with spiky, purple hair and sleep-deprived eyes walked up to Bakugou and stared him directly in the eyes.

“Gotta say, I’m a little disillusioned if this is what you’re offering. Those of us who don’t make the hero course get stuck in general studies and the other tracks. There’re quite a few of us you know? Depending on the results of the Sports Festival, we may get transferred into the hero course. And I understand the reverse is true for you.”

This statement shook Midoriya a little as he considered the possibility of being removed from the hero course if his results were unimpressive.

“Scoping out the competition? For a general studies kid like me, this’ll be the perfect chance to knock you off your pedestals.

Consider this a declaration of **war**.”

The general studies kid walked away

*To be able to transfer into the hero course, is that what they were told?*

Not only general studies but even someone from class 1-B, the other hero course class, was getting angry at Bakugou’s declarations.

“Heard you guys had a run-in with some villains, I wanted to find out more but...! All I see is this arrogant bastard over here! You better not make fools of us at the hero course at this thing!” He boldly declared.

“You lousy jerk, what do you think you’re doing?” some of Class 1-A turned towards Bakugou, who looked impassive.

“Thanks to you, we’ve got a whole mob of haters now!”
“I don’t give a crap.” Came his response, “I’m headed towards the top, why should I care?”

The whole class was shocked at Bakugou’s indifference, but Midoriya felt something else. He thought back to Iida and Uraraka’s motivations, he recalled Aizawa’s and All-Might’s words on the future, and Bakugou’s earlier declaration when school had just started.

Midoriya found the determination he needed to win the Sports Festival.

So they do not want me to participate in the Sports Festival? Even though I am quite certain of my victory over the other participants.

No, I suppose they would wish to perform more tests before allowing me to compete in an event broadcast to the entirety of Japan. It is the safer decision.

Two weeks until the festival, I have quite some time to spare. The others are focused on training while I have nothing to do.

How boring.

FREE TIME

START

*ring*

*ring*

“Kamukura, what a coincidence. I was about to call you.” Jin Kirigiri responded warmly.

Do I wish to converse with Headmaster Kirigiri?

“The decision came as a surprise to me as well, but I should probably have known that it was coming.”

The headmaster told me about the Steering Council’s decision to keep me out of the Sports Festival.

Headmaster Kirigiri and I grew a little closer.

“I tried to convince them to let you participate under a pseudonym but they just wouldn’t budge. Sorry, how are you feeling?”

“I do not feel any different from normal.”

“I can imagine, I guess you weren’t exactly looking forward to the festival anyway, not after...” Kirigiri trailed off.

“...”

“Still, I am a little disappointed that I won’t be able to watch you compete. How are you getting along at UA, did you make some friends, do you have anybody you’re close to? Are you keeping along with your studies?”
“Headmaster I am not your child.”

“Who said anything about that? Well, you’re not as cold as- I mean, I consider all the students attending Hope’s Peak my children.”

“...”

“Perhaps watching the Sports Festival together would be a good idea. I wonder if she has already made plans for that day...”

“...”

“Ah, that’s not something I should be bothering you with. I wanted to talk about what’s going to happen after the Sports Festival. Usually it would be around the time when first year students get internships at various companies and gain some experience in being a hero. Well, since you’re not appearing in the Sports Festival and you’re not quite ready to go public you’ll be transferring back to Hope’s Peak for the time being in order for the committee to ask you some questions and perform a few checkups.”

“Alright.”

“After that, you’ll go back to UA in order to become a hero so you can be announced as the Ultimate Hope.”

“I understand.”

“Though admittedly they were a little tentative about letting you study there after your class was attacked by villains the other day, they don’t want their little experiment damaged after all. But I pointed out that no students were seriously harmed during the attack, only one was badly injured and that was because of his own quirk.

But that’s only my decision, what are your thoughts on UA as of now? If you want to study at Hope’s Peak instead you can.”

“Where I attend is of little significance to me, both options would have predictable outcomes.”

“I see. Oh yeah, you’re being taught by All-Might right? What’s he like?”

*All-Might told me not to tell anyone of his secret. In that case.*

“He is... Somewhat less boring than others.”

“Oh? That’s pretty high praise coming from you. Well, I’ll call you again soon, remember to call me if you need anything.”

*click*

Friendship fragment obtained!

Jin Kirigiri (2/5).

Your report card has been updated.

-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------

“Awesome job dude, you got almost everyone!”
“Yeah, I knew sending Naegi would be a good idea.”

Kuwata and Hagakure were pleased at Naegi’s results, and were happily discussing the details of the upcoming party.

“You got almost everybody, everyone except that jerk Togami.” Hagakure summarized, “how’d you do it?”

“I just told them the details and asked them if they wanted to come.” Naegi answered truthfully.

“You just asked them if they wanted to come and they agreed?” Kuwata asked, “but you even got the Ultimate Idol and the Ultimate Model! C’mon man, how’d you do it?”

“I don’t know! I really didn’t do anything special, I’m sure you would have had the same results if you tried.” Naegi blustered.

“Hmm, I’m not convinced. Maybe your quirk is actually some kind of hypnosis, or auto-suggestion, or pheromones that make people like you.” Pondered Kuwata.

“I’m sure it’s nothing like that.”

“Well either way. You don’t gotta worry about anything Naegi-chi. Me and Kuwata-chi will deal with all the planning, you can just sit back and enjoy yourself until the time comes. In fact, I predict that everyone will have a wonderful time and we’ll all become close friends.” Said Hagakure.

“Alright, I’ll be looking forward to it.” Naegi promised.

Everyone is training due to the Sports Festival. The assigned homework has been lighter in order to allow the students more time to train.

Many school facilities have been opened up to give the students a space to train.

There are still quite some people here despite school being over for quite some time.

FREE TIME

START

“Hey Kamukura, we were just jogging to train our stamina.” Midoriya explained, “I know you aren’t participating in the festival but do you want to join us anyway?”

Do I want to jog with Midoriya, Iida, and Uraraka?

“Just a few more kilometres, Midoriya, Uraraka! Just a little longer before we take a break!”

“Haah, how come, haah, you’re not even tired, Kamukura?”

“He’s not even sweating...”

I jogged with them for a while.

Midoriya, Uraraka, Iida, and I grew a little closer today.

Right now we are taking a break from training.
“We got interrupted the last time we were talking about this, but what’s your motivation for becoming a hero Kamukura?” Asked Midoriya.

“Oh yeah, we know everyone’s except yours, so you gotta tell us!”

“I must admit I am quite curious as to what drives you to become a hero as well.”

“To become the world’s hope.” Kamukura answered decisively.

“Err, what does that mean?” Asked Uraraka.

“By becoming a hero I will be able to spread hope to the world, allowing people to continually strive for success. In doing so I will fulfill my purpose of becoming the Ultimate Hope.”

“Uh-huh...? I still don’t really understand. What’s so great about hope?”

“All-Might has made himself a name in becoming the Symbol of Peace, reducing crime rates and deterring those with criminal intent. However, the rest of the world do not utilize this peace to their greatest extent, by becoming hope for the world, people will push themselves to greater things and allow humanity to truly flourish.”

“So that means you intend on becoming a Symbol of Hope? Similar to how All-Might is a Symbol of Peace?” Asked Iida.

“That is correct.”

“How exactly does becoming a hero allow you to spread hope?” Midoriya questioned.

“My... Old teachers taught me that talent breeds hope, in using one’s talents to better the world others will be inspired to do the same. I am blessed with Talent, so it is therefore my duty to cultivate hope.”

“I see, so this is what drives you to be a hero. I am quite impressed.” Iida said.

“I do have one more question though,” Midoriya began, “why do you look so bored all the time? I don’t mean to offend you but I can’t help but wonder after all this time.”

“It is simple. I am bored of the world.” Kamukura replied.

“Oh I- Wait, bored of... the world?! How can you bored of something like the world?” Midoriya asked incredulously.

They looked at him with curious expressions.

“This world is predictable, and such predictability is boring.”

“Predictable? What exactly do you mean by predictable?” Iida wondered.

“I can accurately predict the behaviours, actions, and reactions of any person and any thing due to the Ultimate Analyst talent as well as other more specific talents for each given situation. Because of my talent the world contains very few truly unpredictable events, and even those are just tiny, insignificant ripples in a large, unmoving pond.”

“That has to be an exaggeration right?” Said Uraraka.

“I remember now, when Shigaraki attacked you during the USJ attack you said the same thing.”
Midoriya recalled, “after you flung him into the water you said that he was predictable... And boring.”

“That is all correct.” Kamukura confirmed.

“Being able to stay calm even when villains were attacking us, you thought that they were boring as well?” Midoriya pressed.

“Of course.”

“While it is indeed beneficial to be able to stay calm in moments of emergencies,” Iida mused, “to have all the excitement of life taken away from you because your quirk, that’s quite the drawback.”

“I don’t think I’d be able to handle a quirk like that.” Uraraka admitted.

“Hey wait a minute, I had forgotten due to the intensity of the situation but... Kamukura, you were smiling when we landed on that boat!” Midoriya suddenly remembered.

“Whoa, Kamukura was smiling?” Uraraka asked, shocked, “wait that was during the villain attack wasn’t it?”

Midoriya had told the others what had happened when they landed in the ocean zone but had forgotten about this tidbit of information.

“So Kamukura, do you like boats?”

“The movement of the boat was unpredictable due to the movement of the water, I had enjoyed the not knowing which way the ship would sway.” Kamukura explained, “however even such an activity would eventually become predictable after a few minutes.”

“Oh, I see... Well, just you watch, I’m sure the Sports Festival will be filled with unpredictable events!”

Having been so caught up in conversation the heroes in training had neglected to continue their exercise and found that there was no time left to warm up and start again. The four of them said their goodbyes and left to their respective homes.

Friendship fragment obtained!

Izuku Midoriya: (3/5)

Ochako Uraraka: (1/5)

Tenya Iida: (1/5)

Izuku Midoriya’s report card has been updated based on your experience with him.

Ochako Uraraka’s report card has been updated based on your experience with her.

Tenya Iida’s report card has been updated based on your experience with him.

I returned to my room after talking with my classmates.

“Ah Kyoko, how are you?.” Jin Kirigiri called out to his daughter who was sitting by herself
reading a book.

“Fine.” Kyoko replied coldly without taking her eyes off of her book.

“Is that so? Well, how are you finding Hope’s Peak so far? I put a lot of work into making the students feel welcome.” The headmaster said.

“It’s alright.” Came the detective’s curt reply.

“Ah...” Jin Kirigiri was having a tough time communicating with the daughter he abandoned, “I was wondering if you had any plans during the UA Sports Fes-”

“I have already made plans for that day, goodbye.” Kyoko closed her book and walked away, not bothering to glance at his father.

“I see...”

Most of the students have returned home, how shall I spend my time now?

“Ah Kamukura, I was expecting you.” Principal Nedzu said as Kamakura entered his office, “please take a seat.”

Should I talk with Principal Nedzu?

“Perhaps I should tell you about this year’s Sports Festival, I can’t give out all the details of course, and you can’t tell this to anyone either.”

I learned some information about the Sports Festival.

Principal Nedzu and I grew a little closer today.

“I suppose you’ll want to continue our conversation from last time.

Well, that’s fine by me. I wasn’t trying to keep any secrets from you after all, you should be one of the few who really understand me.”

“...”

“You wanted to know the extent of my abilities correct? The result of brutal experimentation and horribly unethical treatments is... Me! The cute and cuddly principal of this school!”

“...”

“Well, as you already know my quirk is known to the world as High Specs, in short I am an adorable and huggable supercomputer, capable of performing the most complex of mathematical equations in just mere seconds!”

“...”

(Of course, I am merely a prototype compared to you. To think, every single talent that Hope’s Peak Academy has ever researched is inside of you, what a truly remarkable specimen.

But to tell you the truth, I’m not sure that I believe that you are really superior to me. After all, compared to the soft and cuddly me, your presence is like a pack of hungry lions that have their
eyes set on some unsuspecting prey. Much too intimidating. I certainly don’t want an Ultimate Hope to be someone so scary.”

“... I will be leaving now.”

“Ah, please hold on a moment Kamukura. There was something I wished to discuss with you as well.”

“What is it?”

“Nomu.”

“I see. Nomu had multiple quirks similar to how I possess numerous talents.”

“That’s right, I couldn’t help but think of you when I was told about how Shigaraki acted, bragging only about Nomu’s multiple quirks, strength, regeneration, damage absorption... He was showing off his toy, or rather his creation.”

“There are a number of differences between Nomu and me, there is no purpose in talking about it.”

“Perhaps, but it is possible that someone is creating an artificial human with multiple quirks in the same way that Hope’s Peak has created an artificial human with multiple talents, and they are using it for evil.”

“...”

“Well, I don’t really have anything else to talk about. I really am sorry about the Sports Festival, but I hope you may be able to enjoy yourself in the stands. Goodbye for now Kamukura.”

Friendship fragment obtained!

Principal Nedzu: (2/5)

Your report card has been updated based on your experience.

I return to my room in the unfinished dormitories after talking with the principal.

-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------

“Izuru Kamukura, the -blech- Ultimate Hope.” Jun Ko Enoshima stood inside a small room filled with drawers, in her hands was the file containing the details of the Kamukura Project.

“My my, how very interesting.”

“I’ve disposed of the bodies Jun Ko, what do I do now.” Coming in from behind her, Mukuro Ikusaba appeared with specks of blood on her shoes.

“Ugh, you stinky sister, you don’t need to announce yourself, I can already smell you from a mile away.” Enoshima replied.

“R-really?” Ikusaba blushed at the um, praise? that her sister gave her, “so did you find anything interesting?”

“Do you need to clean out your earlobes or something? If you’ve been listening to what I said earlier, than you would know that yes, I have found something interesting.” Enoshima stuck the folder right underneath Ikusaba’s nose, “ta-da!”
“The Izuru Kamukura Project...? Umm...”

“Well you’re probably too fat, ugly, and dumb to understand so I’ll just tell you what this means.”

“Fat, ugly, and dumb!” Ikusaba counted the insults while smiling.

*She must be in a good mood today.*

“It means that we have a *wonderful* new toy to play with. And a brilliant way to spread... *Despair*.”

Chapter End Notes

Chapters will be going a little slower now that I'm a working man again.
Chapter 13

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The day of the UA Sports Festival.

Students of each class were getting ready in their designated break room while awaiting the commencement of the Sports Festival.

The seats in the stadium were packed with spectators, pro heroes who came to scout the competing students, reporters who were looking for a scoop, families of the students who came to cheer them on, and general fans of quirk based competitions all lined the seats of the event.

Every active television in Japan was tuned to the broadcast, practically every classroom, workplace, or household was on standby for the Sports Festival.

Inside the 1-A preparation room, idle chatter took place while each student steeled their nerves for the big competition.

“Wish I coulda worn my costume.”

“They’re not allowed, in the interest of fairness.”

As Midoriya took a deep breath, he was approached by Todoroki.

“Todoroki? What is it?”

“Objectively speaking, I’m stronger than you more capable.” He said this without much conviction, taking Midoriya by surprise.

“Huh? Oh sure... I guess.”

“All-Might’s got his eye on you doesn’t he? Not that I’m about to pry into what that’s about but... I will beat you.” A bold declaration came from Todoroki, drawing the rest of the students’ attention.

“Ooh, a declaration of war from the strongest in the class!!” Kaminari commented causing Bakugou to glower, “or rather... I’m not really sure who’s stronger between him and Kamukura.”

“Hey man, why pick a fight now? We’re about to go on.” Kirishima reprimanded.

“I personally don’t care, I’m not pretending to be anyone’s friend here.”

“Todoroki, I’m not sure why you felt the need to tell me that you’ll beat me...” Said Midoriya, “you’re clearly stronger and I can’t measure up to many of the others here as well...”

“C’mon Midoriya, there’s no need to be so negative!” Kirishima attempted.

“But even so! Everyone, even the kids for the other courses are aiming for the top. And lemme tell you this, I’m not gonna fall behind. I’m going for it too. With everything I’ve got!”

“... Right”
While the students of UA prepared to compete, the students at Hope’s Peak got ready to watch.

“It seems almost everyone has arrived, not counting Togami who refused, we’re only missing Enoshima, Ikusaba, and um, Miss Ludenberg.” Ishimaru took a quick attendance of the party, and had a seemingly hard time with saying Celeste’s name, “I will most certainly be writing them up for tardiness.”

“Wait Taka, this is a party! They don’t have to show up on time!” Naegi objected.

“Oh, is that so?” Ishimaru seemed surprised, “I’ve never been invited to a party before, I wasn’t sure of the usual um... Protocols.”

“Oh, well that’s easy.” Naegi reassured, “the purpose of this party is to get to know each other and make friends. You should try talking to our classmates, see if you have anything in common with them.”

The students of Hope’s Peak had gathered in a large room at the dormitories. In it was stationed a large television, some sofas, and a large number of refreshments. Hiro and Kuwata had done a great job of setting up the event.

_There’s still some time before the opening ceremony, who should I talk to?_

“Hey Fukawa, I’m glad you decided to come.” Naegi walked towards the corner of the room where the Ultimate Writing Prodigy was skulking, “but you can come hang out with the rest of us y’know, you don’t have to be lonely.”

“G-gaahhh! W-w-where did you come from?!” Fukawa shrieked, “I d-don’t have to be lonely? Hah! E-even in s-social events like this, it’s m-my duty no, d-estiny to be shunned like an o-outcast!”

“I’m not so sure about that...” Naegi said, “well, I won’t force you if you’re feeling shy.”

_I guess even coming here is a big step for someone like her, maybe she’ll learn to be a little more social with time._

_There’s still some time before the festival starts, who should I talk to next?_

“Hey Oowada, are you excited for the Sports Festival?” Naegi approached the Ultimate Biker who was munching on chips while relaxing on a couch.

“Hm, guess you could say that. Ain’t never seen the Sports Festival before so I guess there’s that.” Oowada said apathetically.

“You’ve never watched the UA Sports Festival?!” Naegi was incredulous, “but why?! It’s the biggest event in Japan, even bigger than the Olympics!”

“Cool yer jets kid.” Oowada grumbled, “I don’t need a special reason do I? I was just never really a big fan of heroes.”

“Oh, I see...” Naegi said, “Um, does it have anything to do with you being a biker...?”

“Tch, damn pro heroes, always pulling me an’ my buddies over for one reason or another.” Oowada complained, “specially when we ain’t even done anythin’!”
“That’s gotta be... Pretty annoying,” Naegi sympathized, “but I have to wonder, why did you agree to come if you hate pro heroes so much?”

“Whoa whoa. Never said I hated ‘em or anything.” Oowada corrected, “gettin’ pulled over fer no reason’s a pain an’ all but... Well nevermind that, go talk to someone else.”

*I guess I should’ve considered Oowada’s experiences with heroes before I invited him, though it did seem to sorta work out in the end. I wonder what he’s thinking about pro heroes though... I shouldn’t push him for it.*

*There’s still some time before the festival starts, who should I talk to next?*

“Hey Kirigiri, I’m glad you were able to come.” Naegi started talking to the Ultimate Detective, who was following along the others’ conversation without contributing.

“Oh, hello Naegi.” she greeted the lucky student pleasantly, “thanks to your invitation I was able to avoid making up a different excuse. So, thank you.”

“Okay.....?” Naegi was confused, “well, excuse or not you still came. Are you excited for the festival?”

“No, I usually watched alone when my grandfather was too busy with detective work so it will interesting to watch with other people.”

“Oh right, speaking of which I wanted to ask you about the Headma...s...t...er....”

Naegi froze after seeing the detective’s cold glare, smartly choosing not to continue his thought.

“Er, nevermind.”

*I thought they might have had some connection because they have the same last names, I guess from her reaction that they do. Still, it must be a bit of a touchy subject for her, I should just let her enjoy the festival for now.*

*The festival is about to begin, I’d better take my seat!*

*Still no sign of Enoshima and Ikusaba, wonder where they are. I thought Ikusaba would be on time being a soldier and all... I suppose I shouldn’t worry too much about them.*

With that, their preparation time was over and each class was called to enter the field. First was class 1-A, then 1-B of the hero courses. Then came general studies, the support course, and the business course after them.

“Whoa... what a crowd!” Unaccustomed to the attention Midoriya scanned the vast amount of people cheering for them in the stands. He quickly found the spots that were reserved for students, the seats completely empty except for one lone figure. Even while “disguised” in a Hawaiian shirt, khaki shorts, sandals, and sunglasses, Midoriya could still recognize the long-haired Izuru Kamukura.

Midoriya caught his gaze and gave Kamukura a wave. Unsurprisingly, Kamukura did not wave back and instead began studying the other competitors before beginning to write in a notebook.

Midoriya gave a little smile and felt a little more relieved.
Midnight was introduced as the referee for the first years and called on Bakugou to pledge the Athlete’s Oath.

“The Athlete’s Oath.” Bakugou walked up to the podium and began, ”make no mistake about it, I’m gonna take first place!! You’ll all make great stepping stones I’d say.”

*Stepping stones? What a wonderful way to describe it!*

From his surprising announcement the other students showered him in jeers.

“Don’t get cocky class A!”

“Why must you show contempt for the dignity of this event?!”

“You smug bastard!”

“Looking down on us just because we’re not the hero course huh?!”

“I think he’s looking down on us because he’s standing on a podium.”

“I meant metaphorically you moron!”

“Yeah? Well I meant literally, asshole!”

“That’s exactly why I called you a moron!”

Bakugou ignored the crowd and walked off the stage carrying a determined look on his face.

*The old Kacchan would have been smiling as he said that, thought Midoriya, he’s telling himself that he can’t lose, he’s pushing himself.*

“Now without delay let’s get started on the first event!” Midnight announced, “These are the qualifiers! It’s in this stage that so many are sent home crying every year!! The first event for this year... it’s an obstacle course!”

As the students take their places on the starting line the rules of the obstacle course were explained.

“Our school preaches freedom in all things! So as long as you don’t go off the course, anything is fair game!”

There weren’t a lot of rules it seems.

In the crowd, Kamukura trained his eyes on the course below.

*From Principal Nedzu’s description of the events there should not be any exciting developments. I probably would not have come here today had he not made this request.*

He thought this as he stared at the open notebook in his hands.
To tell the world that I am here... I still can’t regulate it to a reasonable extent... That’s why I have to overcome it! So just watch me!

The starting bell was rung and the students were off! The starting door was made purposefully narrow so that they had to squeeze to get through. As Todoroki rushed forward he froze the legs of the runners behind him, snagging a few of the other racers.

All of class 1-A and a few students from other classes were fully ready for the wave of ice and used various means to avoid the attack.

They couldn’t rest easy just yet as the first real obstacle appeared, it was those giant zero point robots from the entrance exam.

Not even hesitating, Todoroki freezes the giant robots in their entirety and slips past them without a care.

Two students attempt to make use of the advantage created but the robots topple and crush them underneath their metal bodies.

“Wha- They just got crushed! Are they gonna be alright?” Naegi exclaimed.

They were. Both Kirishima and Tetsutetsu popped out from underneath the robots, having activated their Hardening and Metal quirks respectively.

“It seems their defensive quirks allowed to avoid injury. But that was still far too reckless!” Ishimaru commented.

“The current leaders of the pack are overwhelmingly from class A!” Came Present Mic’s enthusiastic commentary.

“It’s not that class B and the others are bad. It’s just that class A knows there’s no time to hesitate. Each has grown from their experiences, and have forgotten how to hesitate.”

Slowly but surely, the students moved past the first obstacle and reached the next, a tightrope walk across a large chasm.

The racers each make it through without any problem, and it’s revealed that the support class are allowed any support gear that they themselves made in the interest of fairness. As shown by a flashy display from a pink haired girl clad in various support gear.

The final obstacle was a minefield, although the mines themselves weren’t dangerous, they still produced a blast.

“A minefield... How nostalgic...” Voiced a late arrival to the party.

“Ah, Ikusaba! And Enoshima too! You’re here!” Naegi greeted the latecomers and welcomed them
politely.

“Couldn’t find what we were looking for...” The soldier mumbled before being overpowered by Enoshima.

“Sorry! My makeup would not cooperate! And Mukuro stayed behind to wait for me even though I told her to go ahead without me! What a loving sister I have, one who would never abandon me!”

“Ah! Um, yeah that’s right...” Ikusaba seemed embarrassed about something, possibly about waiting for her sister.

“Well you didn’t miss much. The first round is was an obstacle course, and the students are on the final obstacle.”

“A minefield right? Although these mines seem a little weak.” Ikusaba commented.

“Oh, well I don’t think that UA would use real mines.” Naegi noted scratching his cheek.

Bakugou quickly caught up to Todoroki and the two are neck and neck fighting for first place. Near the start of the field, Midoriya was busy digging up landmines and piling them on top of one another. With a spectacular display of recklessness Midoriya blasts himself across the field surpassing both Todoroki and Bakugou. Realizing that he was beginning to lose speed, Midoriya quickly activates the landmines a second time as he lands and secures first place in the obstacle course, beating out both Bakugou and Todoroki.

“Damn, where’d he come from?!” Oowada said in surprise.

“It seems as though he used the combined effect of the landmines to launch himself into first place, a truly explosive finish!” Yamada summarized.

“He was so high up! Was he not afraid?” Maizono wondered.

“Heroes are never afraid! That’s why they’re heroes after all!” Said Asahina.

“I do not believe that is true, rather than not feeling fear, the heroes that fight for our peace and security are driven by their sense of duty despite being afraid.” Oogami theorized.

“Well either way, he was pretty cool!” Said Kuwata.

“The one who made it back to the stadium first is... None other than Izuku Midoriya!”

High up in the bleachers, All-Might grinned happily.

_The spirit of a saviour hero that lies in your core_. This Sports Festival is a competition that tests the exact opposite of that- your willingness to take down the enemy. Heroes nowadays depend on popular opinion so much, so many selfishly seek to beat everyone else. But that’s not you, that’s why I chose you. And I thought that lack of selfishness would be a weakness.

Way to prove me wrong! Sorry kid, thought All-Might, but you gotta stop crying all the time!
Sure enough, Midoriya was crying tears of joy at having made it through the first round, and achieving first place at that. He was quickly found by Uraraka who came to congratulate him, and Iida who was dismayed that he would the race even with his quirk.

After a short break, the second event was announced: it was a cavalry battle!

Each team will have people acting as horses carrying riders, they are to steal the headbands from opposing teams while guarding their own. However, not all headbands are of equal worth.

“So the student who took 42nd would have a value of 5, and the 41st would have 10 and so on.” Midnight explained, “and our first place participant is worth... **Ten million points**!”

Ten million...?!

All eyes turned towards Midoriya.

---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------

*Ah, making the first place winner have the most points, effectively turning them into a target before the competition even begins, such a brilliant hope falling into such cruel despair. But that boy... Midoriya... My intuition tells me that he will not give into despair so easily. To be able to witness this glorious clashing of hopes firsthand! Hahaha, I really am... Lucky.*

---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------

“There’s more suffering for those at the top. As you must have heard countless times since enrolling at UA, this is **plus ultra!**”

“After taking first place in the qualifiers, Izuku Midoriya has got ten million points!”

Suffice to say, he was sorta screwed.

Bakugou on the other hand...

“Team up with me!”

“Hey Bakugou, pick me!”

“He’s picking me... of course.”

Was being hounded to be a teammate.

“I don’t even know what your stinking quirks are!” He admitted.

“Forget class B, he’s too self-absorbed to even notice us!”

In the end Kirishima was Bakugou’s choice for being front, as he would be able to withstand greater amounts of punishment than regular people with his quirk. Bakugou and Todoroki both quickly formed teams with people from 1-A, leaving Midoriya scrambling for teammates.

*Everyone’s sticking to their own class! Mostly because we don’t enough about the other class’ quirks. Because of my high point total, and the fact that I haven’t shown off my quirk everyone’s avoiding me like the plague!*

“Deku! Team up with m- Whoa.” Uraraka approached Midoriya in a vulnerable moment, and as a result was drenched in his tears.
“Y-you mean it?! Everyone’s probably gonna come after me for my ten million!”

“Yeah, but you’ll still win if you can just run away.”

“I-I think you’re overestimating me Uraraka...”

“That’s fine! Who cares?” She declared, “teaming up with a friend just seems right!”

Uraraka’s straightforwardness tugged at Midoriya’s heart.

Iida on the other hand had different ideas than Uraraka.

“Ever since the entrance exam I’ve been losing to you. It’s precisely because you’re a wonderful friend that I cannot follow you now.” Iida confessed, “untempered as I am, Bakugou and Todoroki aren’t the only one who sees you as a rival, so I too will challenge you!”

Options dwindling panic takes hold of Midoriya. Until suddenly, the pink-haired girl from earlier pushes her face besides him.

“So close! Who’re you?!”

“I’m Mei Hatsume, from the support course! I don’t know you but I could be useful to someone in your position!” She said simply, “joining with you means I’ll inevitably be in the spotlight!! And then, inevitable my supercute babies will be seen by the industry big shots. They’ll have to take notice of me and my babies!”

After a quick demonstration of her gadgets, Midoriya agrees to team up with Hatsume.

*Everyone else has already decided, our formation’s just lacking some power... And the perfect one to fill that gap is...*

“**You!!!**”

Chapter End Notes

The Sports Festival's first and second parts are gonna be pretty boring because nothing's gonna deviate, but when the duels come about there should be some excitement.
Their time to prepare was up and the cavalry battle commenced!

Right from the get go, everyone’s after Midoriya’s ten million points. Which is why he’s utilizing an ingenious strategy: running like hell!

Using Uraraka’s Zero Gravity and Hatsume’s jetpack the formation can soar into the sky in a pinch and avoid close range confrontations. Meanwhile their final member, Tokoyami, uses Dark Shadow to protect against ranged attacks. The only goal was to survive with the ten million intact!

“The battle has quickly descended into chaos, it is difficult to tell how each team is doing without looking at the scoreboard.” Oogami commented.

“S’what happens when there’re so many teams on at once, and no one gets disqualified for losing their band.” Oowada explained, “gets pretty tough to tell what’s going on in the middle of a brawl.”

“Man, these guys have all sorts of cool quirks, wish I’d have a quirk that would have let me become a hero.” Kuwata lamented.

“W-well, I’m fine with my quirk as it is, I definitely wouldn’t have been able to become a hero anyway.” Fujisaki said.

“Come to think of it, we haven’t really discussed our quirks yet have we? When we introduced ourselves we only introduced our name and talents, but we haven’t told each other our quirks yet!” Remembered Asahina.

“Well, it’s not like there’s much point to it anyway. I mean, we’re not allowed to use them in public anyway.” Hagakure said.

“But even so, aren’t you the least curious about each other’s quirks? I mean, practically everyone has one, even if they aren’t suitable to becoming heroes, they’re still a part of our everyday lives!” Asahina countered.

“Part of our everyday lives huh...” Naegi said wistfully.

“Oh that’s right Naegi, you don’t know what your quirk is do you?” Maizono asked.

“Ah yeah. That’s true.” Naegi admitted while looking sheepish.

“Wait, y’mean you don’t have a quirk or something? What do ya mean you don’t know?”

“Well... The truth is that I went to the doctor as a child to tell if I had a quirk.” Naegi explained, “and they concluded that I should have a quirk, but they have no idea what it is. Of course, since then I’ve been curious about what it could be so I’ve tried various things to try and figure it out. But I haven’t been able to and now I’m here.”

Naegi gave a weak laugh after explaining his situation.
“It’s really no big deal.”

“No big deal? But aren’t you curious as to what it could be? I know I am!” Asahina argued.

“I can see it now, a secret power lies dormant within Mr. Makoto Naegi,” Commented Yamada, “and when it awakens the entire world will be shaken asunder. Hm, perhaps you will discover your power in a time of great need, and use it to vanquish a deadly foe! Ooh, my creative juices are flowing at this development.”

“I kinda doubt my quirk is all that amazing,” the luckster said, “I feel like I’d know if it were.”

“Nah, I bet it’s something totally awesome!” Said Hagakure, “I’ll give you a discount if you want me to look at your future for you.”

“I really don’t think that’s necessary.”

The 78th class talked a bit more about Naegi’s potential quirk while watching the cavalry battle on the T.V.

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Only the top four teams of the cavalry battle were going to advance, besides Midoriya’s the top teams consisted of only class B!

All of Bakugou’s headbands were stolen by Neito Monoma, who had deliberately finished the obstacle course slower so as not to draw attention and to scout out the competition. After stealing all of class A’s headbands he stopped to taunt them for getting too excited about finishing first. Bakugou was not about to take this lying down.

“Kirishina, plan’s changed.” He said with disturbing calmness, “before we go after Deku, I’m gonna murder every last one of them.”

As Bakugou was getting ready to kill, Midoriya’s team was targeted by Todoroki’s. After Kaminari unleashed a massive electric attack, Hatsume’s jetpack was destroyed, bringing their air mobility down drastically. Tokoyami attempts to use Dark Shadow to create a distraction, but it gets blocked by Yaoyorozu’s Creation.

“Kaminari’s the real problem,” Tokoyami said, “the light created from his electricity weakens Dark Shadow. This little guy’s quite fickle.

But I do wonder... I’ve told Todoroki of my quirk’s weakness, and he has no doubt let Kaminari know as well, but why isn’t he using any fire himself?”

“Who knows, but as long as we keep playing defensive we’ll definitely be able to move on!”

In order to steal the headband, Todoroki created a ring of ice around himself and Midoriya, sealing their movements in order to steal the ten million points. As the timer ticks down to a minute, Iida unleashes his secret move: Recipro Burst! Pushing his Engine to the extreme he lets loose a burst of speed and Todoroki quickly snatched up the headband.

My my, that really came out of nowhere didn’t it? Perhaps that other boy’s hope was stronger after
“We have to get it back!” Screamed Midoriya, “charge them!”

“No good, I can’t do anything against Kaminari’s lightning.” Tokoyami hesitated, “going after someone else is our best bet.”

“We can’t, we only have a minute left and the difference in points is too great! This is our only option!”

“We’re getting it back Deku, no doubt” encouraged Uraraka.

*That’s right, this isn’t just for me. They put their faith in me... All their hopes, I’m carrying them all!*  

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“Second place huh? Seems too good to be true.” Monoma grinned, “let’s focus on keeping what we got.”

“Wait just one stinking minute!” Bakugou yelled as he launched himself at Monoma before being stopped by an air barrier created by Kosei Tsuburaba.

“Persistent aren’t you? That sort of tenacity is-“

But Bakugou breaks through the barrier and nabs two headbands before being snatched up himself by Sero’s Tape.

“Damnit Bakugou, give us some warning before you jump!” Sero rightfully complained.

“We got enough points to move on, way to-“

“We ain’t done yet!” Declared the explosion maniac, “I’m not settling for some half-assed first place! We’re taking **all** our points back! And the ten million!

Soy sauce face, tape! Now!”

“My name’s Sero!” Sero shouted indignantly as he shot a roll of tape that stuck a few paces left of where Monoma’s formation was.

“Raccoon eyes! Melt us a path with that liquid!”

“It’s Mina! Mina Ashido!” Ashido corrected as she covered their path with slippery goop.

Bakugou then proceeded to propel his team forward using his quirk along the liquid, steering directly at Monoma using Sero’s Tape. With audacious speed, Bakugou snatched away the remaining two headbands as well as any chances of Monoma advancing to the final round.

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“Such a crude sport. Certainly not something as elegant as I would ever participate in. It is simply too... violent.” Said the party’s latest arrival, fashionably late and with not a care in the world.

“Celeste, you made it! I didn’t know if you were going to show up or not.” Naegi greeted the
“Well, I happen to have nothing to do after my latest gambling venture ended early. I cleaned out those gang members much quicker than expected, so I thought I might spend that time somewhere else.”

“Y-you did what?!” Naegi asked, “aren’t you afraid that they’ll come after you?”

“Hahaha, oh my. Are you perhaps worried about my wellbeing? I didn’t expect you were the type to want to “rank up”.” Celeste covered her mouth as she laughed, “my life is filled with constant danger due to my numerous exploits, the enemies I’ve made today barely scratch the surface of that.”

“O-oh, I see.” Naegi said, “well maybe one day you can tell me about your gambling wins, and your um enemies. They sound interesting.”

“I suppose to the eyes of one as ordinary as you they would.” Celeste smiled as she took an empty seat, “perhaps I shall. One day that is.”

Naegi went back to his own seat and found himself in the middle of something troublesome.

“That spiky-haired bastard,” Oowada grumbled, “here I thought he was gonna get what was comin’ to ‘im.”

“His boastful remarks were not merely boasts it seems,” Ishimaru said, “although his words were disrespectful towards the other participants it is clear that he is capable of backing them up.”

“Shut it. You really rooting for that punk?”

“I am not, I am merely acknowledging his success as the result of his talent and dedication. And to be calling him a punk seems ironic when it comes from you.”

“Whazzat? You lookin fer a beat down or something?” Oowada growled as he cracked his knuckles.

“Do not be so quick to resort to violence Mr. Oowada, and fights are prohibited on school grounds.” Ishimaru countered.

“Guys guys,” Naegi decided to intervene, “you don’t have to fight. We’re all just here to enjoy the Sports Festival, let’s not get carried away here.”

Ishimaru and Oowada looked at Naegi then at each other, before looking away in a huff.

_Only 20 seconds left in the cavalry battle, Midoriya’s team desperately charged at Todoroki’s team, wanting nothing else but to steal back their hopes of advancing._

Midoriya charges up One for All and swipes at the air, subdued so as not to injure his own arm. Todoroki’s flames were blown away and Midoriya took the opening that this gave him to grab at his headbands. He takes the one right at the top, thinking that even though the point values were hidden, Todoroki didn’t have time to rearrange the headbands.

He was wrong.
Only seventeen seconds remained and they still didn’t have enough points to advance.

Though Todoroki was stunned for some reason he wasn’t letting them get another chance, neither Midoriya nor Bakugou, who had just broken through the ice ring, were able to grab another headband from him as the time ticked down to zero.

“Time’s up !!!

Let’s see who the top four teams are...

In first place: team Todoroki!!!

In second: team Bakugou!!!

In third: team Tetsu- huh?! Team Shinso?!”

“I’m, I’m so sorry.” Midoriya apologized to his teammates. But they point excitedly at Tokoyami.

“Todoroki was clearly shaken by your first attack,” he stated, “I tried my best to nab the ten million, but I came up short.

However, I did manage to grab another one.”

Sure enough, inside Dark Shadow’s beak was a headband worth 615 points.

“In fourth place: team Midoriya!!!

These four teams will proceed to the final event!”

Filled with relief, Midoriya’s eyes transform into a fountain of tears.

Somewhere in the bleachers, a white-haired boy smiled fondly to himself.

This is exciting! He thought, It seems that boy, Midoriya was it, managed to move on. I’m so glad that I came here today, such beautiful clashing of hopes!

After the cavalry battle came lunch, the students talk amongst themselves as they leave the field, discussing their performance and various results.

“No fair Iida! Hiding that super secret move from us!” Uraraka said to Iida.

“It wasn’t a matter of fair, I simply went beyond the prescribed usage.” Iida responded, “I just really wanted to measure up to Midoriya.”

“Men, always wanting to measure their... Hey wait, where’s Midoriya? Deku?”

Uraraka looked around but the young hero was nowhere to be found.

At the hallway to the student waiting room, Midoriya and Todoroki stood with their backs to th wall, facing each other.

“You wanted to talk with me?” Midoriya asked.
Spying a familiar figure walking down the stairs to the toilet, All-Might calls out to Endeavour.

“Hey. It’s been a while, wanna grab some tea? Endeavour?”

“All-Might...”

“The dining hall will be packed if we don’t hurry...”

Todoroki glares at Midoriya, chilling him without the usage of his quirk.

*This guy’s nothing like Kacchan, a much colder sort of intimidation.*

“You overwhelmed me,” he admitted, “so much that I broke my own pledge. About not using my left side.”

“Speaking of that, you knew about Tokoyami’s quirk’s weakness didn’t you? Even so, you didn’t create any fire.”

“Weakness or not I still wouldn’t have used it. Although I suppose I should’ve let Kaminari and Yaoyorozu know, I was too caught up with my own pledge.

In any case, Iida, Kaminari, Yaoyorozu, Tokoyami, Uraraka... None of them felt it. In that instant you charged at me, I was the only one feeling that pressure.

I experienced All-Might’s full power up close remember?”

Midoriya felt his heartbeat quicken, unnerved by Todoroki’s accusatory tone.

“I felt the same pressure coming from you. So...

Are you All-Might’s illegitimate child or something?”

The absurdity of the incorrect guess threw Midoriya off his train of thought, all he could manage was

“Nah. I, well... I mean, I’m denying that, but... Obviously if I really were his kid I’d try to deny it so I realize I don’t sound very convincing here... But, no that’s not it...” After some rambling, Midoriya took control of his thoughts once more.

“So let me ask you then. Why would you think that I...”

“’No that’s not it.’ Interesting way to phrase it,” Todoroki noted, causing Midoriya to realize his slip up, “there’s definitely something you’re hiding, I’m sure of it.

As you know, my father is Endeavour, currently the second greatest hero. So if you’re somehow connected to the number one guy, then... All the more reason for me to crush you.”

“It’s been so long! Last time we talked was ten years ago, right?” All-Might cheerfully reminisced, “I spotted you and figured I should say hello.”
“Oh yeah? If that’s all then get out of my sight.” Endeavour turned around and made to leave, “as if I’d have tea with you. Ridiculous... I gotta take a leak, so get lost!”

“Why such a party pooper?!” All-Might quickly jumped in front of Endeavour, blocking his escape, “your little son, Shoto... He pulled off an impressive victory all without the usage of his left side. Guess someone’s been raising him well.”

“What’re you trying to say?” Endeavour asked.

“Actually I want to ask you... for some tips about training the next generation.”

“...? You think I’d tell you anything? Always with that damn happy-go-lucky attitude. Pisses me off.”

“Sorry then...”

“Know this much,” Endeavour said as he edged past All-Might, “I’ll mold him into a hero that surpasses you. That’s the reason I created that kid.”

“Huh?”

“Sure he’s a rebellious little brat now. But he’ll outdo you. I’ll make him surpass you.”

“My dad... He’s a powerful bastard who only thinks of becoming stronger. Yeah he’s made a name for himself as a hero, but... He’s always seen that living legend, All-Might, as a roadblock. My father could never beat All-Might on his own. So he came up with another plan.”

“Why are you telling me this, Todoroki? What’s this all about?”

“Quirk marriages, have you heard of them? They started becoming a problem after quirks appeared. Some people chose a partner for no reason other than the fact that their quirk can compliment their own, so that they can pass on a powerful quirk to their offspring.

With his wealth and fame, my father made my mother’s family agree to the marriage, all to get his hands on her quirk.

Raising me as a hero who could exceed all-Might, just to fulfill his own ambitions. I hate it! Being no more than a tool for that piece of garbage.

My mother was always crying, ‘I can’t stand to see that left side of yours’ she said before throwing scalding water in my face.

In short, not using my left side against you was my revenge on him. Never using my rotten father’s quirk... No. By rising to the top without using it, I’ll have denied him everything.”

Hearing his sad backstory, Midoriya was lost for words. He could look on in horror as Todoroki casually walked away.

From behind a corner, Bakugou thought about what he had just overheard, and about the circumstances of how his own quirk came to be.

“Your connection to All-Might... Keep it to yourself if you want. Either way, I’ll rise above you with just my left side. Sorry for wasting your time.”
With a backstory like that he’d be the protagonist if this were a comic book. Thought Midoriya. How do I respond to that?

“I’ve always had help. No matter what the situation.” Midoriya recalled his various encounters and confrontations, “I’ve only come this far because others have helped me.

All-Might... I wanna be like him. For that, I have to become the strongest. Might seem lame compared to your motivation. But I’m not gonna lose, all the people who have helped me, that’s how I’ll repay them. Let me return your declaration of war with my own...

I’m gonna beat you!”

After a weird cheerleading display from class 1-A, the afternoon events were starting.

“Between the 16 members of the four remaining teams...” Present Mic announced, “we’ll have a formal tournament!! A series of one-on-one battles!!”

Chapter End Notes

Kamukura didn’t appear in this chapter at all, weird. Eh, he'll get the spotlight again soon. Next chapter even.
Wonder who that perfectly sane person in the audience is, probably no one important.
A more creative person than me could probably give everyone in Hope's Peak a suitable quirk, unfortunately for me, I'm me.
With that, the cavalry battles are over, it's finally time for some real excitement.
“Get it Izuku Midoriya? This battle’s gonna test your strength of will. If you’ve got any kind of vision for your future, there’s no sense in worrying about how you get there.

Like that monkey babbling about his stupid pride. What kinda dumbass throws away a chance like this?”

“What’d you say?!”

“It’s my win.”

Midoriya’s first opponent in the tournament was Hitoshi Shinso, Ojiro’s teammate during the cavalry battle. Ojiro himself had chose not to move onto the next event, saying how he had no idea how he was able to win the cavalry battle. He then warned Midoriya about what Shinso’s quirk might be, a type of Brainwashing that activates by responding to him and deactivates through physical contact.

Though fully prepared not to succumb to his quirk the same way Ojiro did, Midoriya now found himself stuck in a trance, unable to move.

“Damnit Midoriya, I warned you!” Yelled Ojiro from the stands

“Hey hey, this battle’s just beginning.” Present Mic announced, “Show us some spirit! Mere seconds into the match and Midoriya’s frozen in place?!”

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“Um guys, are you two sure about this?”

Unable to contain their animosity any longer, Taka and Oowada had challenged each other to a duel as soon as the cavalry battle had ended to test their respective resolves. Taka wouldn’t condone fighting obviously, so the duel was instead...

“We’re gonna battle with all our clothes on!” Oowada declared.

“That’s idiotic! Suicidal!” Taka yelled.

“What? You afraid?” The biker taunted.

A manly sauna battle!

They went to Hope’s Peak’s very own sauna on the first floor. Oowada vowed to wear all his clothes inside of the sauna, giving Taka a handicap.

“You can take your clothes off if you want. Go ahead, I won’t judge.”

“And you can shut the fuck up and mind your own business. I mean, just look at you. Your face is all red, what’re you, one of those goddamn hot spring monkeys?”

“It just so happens that I was born with a naturally red face.”

The rules were simple, the person who stayed in the sauna the longest was the winner.
And the loser... Would be the person currently standing outside of the sauna looking in.

*Are they gonna be okay?* Naegi thought. *They’ve been in there for 30 minutes already. At this rate we’re gonna miss lunch!*

Naegi had been roped into supervising the competition by Taka and Oowada during the lunch break, and was currently worrying about his friends’ physical (and mental) health.

“Don’t you think... It’s about time... You gave up?”

“What about you? You can hardly even talk... Dumbass.”

“Say whatever you want! I’m totally good to go... In fact, I’m starting to feel... Kinda cold.”

“That’s... Prolly not good.”

*Lunch is almost over...*

“H-hey, uh... guys? I know you both wanna prove how big badasses you are but... Don’t you think you’ve done enough?”

“Shut up!” Came the boys’ voices in unison from inside of the sauna.

*Guh! I just can’t win.*

A few more minutes pass.

“Guys? You’ve both been in there for over an hour already, the Sports Festival should be starting up again soon. If we don’t go now, we’re gonna miss it. Can’t you just call it a tie for today?”

Naegi pleaded.

“Yeah, you hear him? Better crawl on back... I’ll let you know how it went in the morning! Then you can start spreading my... my legend...!”

“Come this afternoon... You’ll fall down in front of me... down to your knees. I’ll show you where to do it!”

“Big talk for someone whose face is about to explode!”

“Okay well, I’ll see you guys later then.” Naegi called out as he headed back towards the party.

*I really hope those two don’t overdo it.*

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“Midoriya’s frozen in place?! He’s not even twitching! Could this be Shinso’s quirk?!”

“Must be nice to have everything you wanted handed to you Midoriya,” Shinso stated, “now turn around and walk out of the ring.”

Midoriya obliged, slowly.

All-Might, Iida, Uraraka, Ojiro and the rest of the audience watched anxiously as the first fight looked to be ending in an unspectacular conclusion.

*My body! It won’t listen! My head... so fuzzy.. No.... Damnit! I said stop! Even after Ojiro warned*
I do get it. I am blessed.

I’m blessed by the people in my life!

And that’s exactly why...

That’s why I’m...

Not gonna lose!!!
“Shinso is out of the ring!” Midnight announced, “Midoriya moves onto the next round!”

That was... incredible!

“Man that was boring, maybe next round we’ll see some flashier quirks.”

Haah... They don’t understand at all. Not that I expected them to.

“Yeah, well at least it wasn’t a total bore. Can you imagine if the fight just ended with the kid walking out of the ring?”

These untalented spectators who can only watch from the sidelines. Despite seeing it with their own eyes, they’re completely unable to grasp the beauty of what just happened. There can be no doubt as to how Midoriya was able to break the brainwashing, I’m sure of it. It was the power of-

“Seriously. I came here because I wanted to see some action, not this humdrum grappling fight.”

They should be grateful, yet they do nothing but complain. They become mired in their own uselessness and try to drag others down along with them. Well, misery loves company, I suppose.

“You said it, I had to drive for over an hour just to get here. I don’t want to just watch two kids punching and kicking.”

But man, they’re kinda getting on my nerves.

“Shinso... why do you want to become a hero?” Midoriya asked after the fight was over.

“We don’t get to choose the things we naturally admire.” was his dejected response.

“You were awesome out there Shinso!”

“You had us on the edge of our seats.”

As Shinso walked off the arena, he was greeted by his classmates’ words of encouragement.

“You’re the shining star of us general studies guys!”

Shinso looked up in bewilderment at all the comments directed at him.

“That quirk would be amazing against villains, I wish I had it.”

“The hell was UA thinking putting him in general studies?”

He lost, but was still the centre of attention. This came as a surprise to the boy, who was often treated as a villain in the making due to his quirk.

“They’ll consider transfers to the hero course depending on the results here. Remember that.” Shinso said to Midoriya without looking back, “maybe I failed this time, but I’m not giving up. I’ll show them that I’ve got what it takes to make the hero course, and I’ll become a greater hero than all of you.”

“Right.” Midoriya said and fell under Shinso’s control again.
“I could easily mess everything up for you now but... Just promise me you won’t lose in a sorry way out there.” Shinso said.

“Right, ack.”

Midoriya went to Recovery Girl to be healed and talked with All-Might.

They discussed Midoriya’s vision during Shinso’s Brainwashing and All-Might told him that it was a sign that he was getting better at using One for All.

After that Midoriya went to the spot in the bleachers reserved for UA students.

He sat down near Iida and Uraraka who commended him for beating Shinso, and Kamukura who didn’t.

“Kamukura, did you...?” Midoriya asked and the badly disguised boy handed him the notebook that he was writing in.

“Hm? That notebook... I was wondering about that, I usually don’t see Kamukura taking notes in class. Ever.” Uraraka stated.

“Before the Sports Festival this morning I asked Kamukura to take some notes on the students in other classes fighting in the festival for me.” Midoriya explained as he flipped through the notebook, “I figured it would be a good way to gather data even though I was parti...ci...pat...ing...?”

Midoriya grew quiet as he looked through his notebook, his facial expression changed from confusion to understanding to embarrassment prompting Uraraka’s curiosity.

“Uh, Kamukura what did you do?”

“I did as Midoriya asked and took notes of the students’ quirks and their uses,” Kamukura explained, “I was unsure which information should be noted so I used what Midoriya had already written as a guideline. The result should be the same as what he would have achieved.”

Still a little confused, Uraraka took the notebook from a stunned Midoriya. She flipped through the notebook looking for what Kamukura wrote.

“Hm? Which parts were written by you Kamukura? All these notes are in Deku’s style...

Oh.”

Kamukura had copied Midoriya’s word choice, grammar, handwriting, and even those little doodles he sometimes added as visual aids.

In short, if you didn’t know beforehand, an uninformed reader would’ve assumed that everything was written by Midoriya.

“Wow, that’s really um...” Uraraka struggled, “…cool?”

Sensing some discomfort and not seeing any apparent cause, Kamukura was the next to be confused. He decided that the most prudent course of action was to wait and observe.

“Th-thanks Kamukura, I d-don’t feel self conscious at all.” Midoriya lied as he took back his
Kamukura thought about this.

The next match was Todoroki versus Sero, despite Sero’s best attempts, Todoroki finished the match in a heartbeat by freezing the entire stadium.

“That’s just overkill no?” Sero asked with his back completely frozen.

“Sorry about that, I was just a little annoyed.” Todoroki answered while thawing out his classmate.

Is it just me or does Todoroki look really sad? Midoriya thought.

Ibara Shiozaki from class B versus Denki Kaminari from class A. Another match that was over in an instant, with Shiozaki’s vines completely detaining Kaminari, rendering his high voltage discharge attack useless.

At the excitement of seeing a new quirk, Midoriya forgot about his earlier embarrassment and quickly flipped open his notebook to write before realizing that Kamukura had already filled in a section about Shiozaki. Disappointed, Midoriya quickly read over the notes.

This is basically what I was just thinking after watching that fight, so scary! Kamukura really analyzed me from just reading my notes?

“No, I don’t think that’s the case. In reality it’s probably from the fact that he’s spent so much time with all of us, so it wasn’t just from what I’ve already written. Even so, it’s quite frightening.”

Midoriya mumbled, “I keep learning more and more things about him, I’m running out of space in my notebook. Maybe I should start a separate notebook just for him? But that may come off as a little creepy... Maybe I can just ask Kamukura to write down everything about himself? Wait, that would definitely be creepy...”

Fortunately for Midoriya he was mumbling too fast for normal human ears to comprehend, and those that could didn’t really care about how creepy he seemed.

Unfortunately for him, his excited mumbling was drawing the heads of the people sitting around him.

“Your match just ended but you’re already thinking ahead strategy wise?” Uraraka asked,

”Actually, you were thinking ahead from even before the festival started right? You got Kamukura to gather information for you while we were all participating, pretty sneaky.”

“Huh?! Nah! I’m just... Well, you could call this a hobby of mine... We finally have a chance to see the quirks of people outside our own class in action... Plus, I thought it was a good idea too... Since Kamukura wasn’t really doing anything to begin with...” Midoriya reddened and struggled to form sentences, “Oh right! I’ve got everything about class A in here as well. Even your Zero Gravity Uraraka!”

“...” Uraraka was stunned, “Deku, I thought you were amazing since the day we met, but... this sports festival has brought you to a whole other level.”
Next up was Tenya Iida versus Mei Hatsume. What should’ve been a serious fight ended up turning into an impromptu infomercial after Hatsume gave Iida some of her creations and dodged Iida’s attacks for ten minutes. After which she simply stepped out of the ring.

“Phew. I believe they’ve seen it all. Nothing left to show.”

“Hatume is out of the ring, Iida moves onto the next round.”

“You deceived meee!!”

“Right... I’d better get to the prep room.” Uraraka said quietly as she exited the stands. At prep room two, Iida came in to find Uraraka feeling nervous about fighting against Bakugou, after a while Midoriya arrived as well.

Apparently Ashido beat Aoyama and Tokoyami beat Yaoyorozu while they were waiting, and now Kirishima was fighting against Tetsutetsu.

“But I can’t imagine that Bakugou would use all his explosive might against a female opponent...” Iida guessed.

“No, he will.” Midoriya said bluntly, “everyone’s competing with the dream of becoming number one. No one’s holding back, Kacchan least of all...

But you’ve helped me so much Uraraka, so I thought that I might return the favour.”

Midoriya pulled out one of his notebooks and displayed it to the other two.

“You need a counter-strategy for Kacchan, one that uses your quirk. I came up with this on the fly but it might work!”

“Thanks Deku, but that’s okay.” Uraraka rejected Midoriya’s aid, “you’re amazing Deku. You do amazing things all the time. During the cavalry battle, I thought the easiest strategy would be to team up with friends. But when I think about it I was actually just putting my faith in you.

That’s why Iida said ‘I challenge you’ and all that.”

“Uraraka...”

“That’s why I want to beat Bakugou with my own strength, you understand right Deku?”

“Right!”
While Uraraka was preparing for her fight against Bakugou, Eijiro Kirishima from class A and Tetsutetsu from class B were battling. With Kirishima’s Hardening and Tetsutetsu’s Steel, the match was effectively a stalemate, neither fighter was able to obtain any sort of advantage over the other.

“Awesome, the spirit with which those two fight, it is truly a sight to behold! Isn’t that right bro?”

“You said it bro. Watching those two go at it is really gettin’ my blood pumping!”

“That’s right bro! This is truly what the Sports Festival should be all about.”

“Ain’t that the truth, man I’m really regrettin’ not having watched some o’ these when I was younger.”

It seems that Taka and Oowada had returned just before Kirishima and Tetsutetsu’s fight had started. However, unlike when they had left during lunch, the two had returned smiling and friendly and were loudly talking with one another about the fights.

“They’ve been acting like this ever since they came back, Naegi what happened while you were gone?” Hina asked Naegi, who was just as confused as she was.

“Don’t ask me, they were still at each other’s throats when I left them there in the sauna.” Naegi responded.

“They’re referring to each other as ‘bro’ huh? It seems kind of...” Fujisaki appeared to be deep in thought.

“I know right?! It feels totally gross!” Hina said.

“G-gross? I don’t know... I mean, maybe?” Said Fujisaki carefully.

“I-I don’t know what y-you did but this is c-clearly all your fault!” Fukawa said pointing at Naegi, “s-so hurry up and turn them b-back. Th-they’re getting on my n-nerves.”

“Wha-? My fault? I told you, they became like this after I left, I couldn’t have done anything to make it turn out like this.” Naegi reasoned, “and isn’t this better than before? I mean, the point of the party was to make friends right?”

“U-unbelievable...” Fukawa sulked.

“Forget them bro! Girls simply won’t understand our manly bond.” Ishimaru boldly proclaimed, “friendship between men is stronger than blood! A woman could never understand!”

“Is that so...” Oogami considered.

“What you just said, that was cool as shit bro.” Oowada agreed.

“Ugh, this is seriously lame, don’t you agree sis?” Enoshima said dismissively.
“Oh um, yeah... It’s pretty lame.” Ikusaba said while looking longingly at the pair before back at her own sister.

“So who won the contest anyway?” Kuwata asked the two.

“Who gives a shit!?” Oowada belted out.

“Yeah, don’t ask stupid questions! What matters is that we both took part in it together!” Taka supported.

“Man, these guys are way different now. I definitely couldn’t have predicted this outcome...” Hagakure lamented.

“Speaking of... Yeah, all you bastards are comin’ to the sauna tonight. Naegi, Kuwata, Hiro, and you too Yamada! We’re all gonna strengthen our manly bonds with one another!”

“What a great idea bro! Actually, let’s make it right after the Sports Festival ends! That way we won’t have to stay out past curfew!”

“Oh yeah, you’re right! Good thinking bro! Alright, right after the festival you punks are taking a bath with us!”

“Huh? Are you really sure about this?”

“N-no way man, I still got things I need to do and...”

“Yeah! I mean, I’d be all for it but I’m not sure if it’d be all that healthy for you guys y’know?”

“That’s exactly right! Plus, my skin is fairly sensitive to heat so I wouldn’t last very long in there anyway...”

“Shut up!” Oowada glared at the boys he invited and cracked his knuckles, “what are ya fussin’ about huh? This is an opportunity for us to strengthen our bonds, so what’s the matter? Don’t you wanna become friends?”

“Gulp!”

“They are both down! We have a tie!!” Present Mic announced, “in the event of a tie, we’ll determine the winner after they recover. With a quick arm wrestling match or something.”

The boys were helped off of the stage and the contestants of the next match entered.

“In some ways, I’m most worried about this one.” Tsuyu said.

“Honestly I don’t wanna watch.” Jirou assented.

“For the last matchup of the first round! A celebrity since his middle school days... It’s Katsuki Bakugou of the hero course! Versus... My personal pick! Ochako Uraraka! Also of the hero course!

START!”

“Huh? Where are you going Kamukura?” Kamukura had stood up and was beginning to walk to the exit before Midoriya spoke up.
“I am going to the washroom.” He answered without interrupting his pace.

“Oh! Right, of course, that makes sense I mean...”

_I don’t know why I thought that... Nevermind, I probably shouldn’t finish that thought._

In the arena below Uraraka charges at Bakugou with full speed, dodging and weaving in an attempt to grab hold of him and make him float. Bakugou however just fires off explosion after explosion, negating every possible attack from Uraraka and not giving even an inch. Uraraka was undeterred and continued to charge at Bakugou despite being blasted back again and again. Uraraka slowly collected burns and scrapes from her relentless assault, while Bakugou simply stands undamaged.

“Can’t someone stop the match? This is getting painful...”

“I can’t watch this!” Someone from the crowd stood up, “hey! That's not the way someone who wants to be a hero should be acting! If you’re so much stronger than her, just throw her out of the ring and be done with it! Stop toying with the poor girl!”

“Yeah, he’s right!”

A group in the crowd had started booing. Narrowing his eyes, Aizawa grabbed his microphone and held it in front of his bandaged face. Just as he was about to speak...

“Haaaaaaaaaaaaaaah...” A long, sad sigh cuts through the crowd’s jeers like a knife. Hearing this melodramatic exhale, everyone in the audience turned towards the culprit. The noise came from a few rows behind Midoriya and the others, the students had to crane their necks to get a good look at the person who sighed.

_It’s hard to make out from here, thought Midoriya, he looks like he’s the same age as me, maybe a bit older._

The person in question was a teenage boy who was quite tall for his age, was wearing a large green overcoat, and had a head of fluffy, white hair sort of shaped like a cloud. Currently the boy was crossing his arms and looking down on the ground with a sad expression.

“How disappointing... The hopes of the common folk really are... Disappointing.”

“Huh? What’re you talking about kid?” The complaining man asked.

“If you don’t have anything intelligent to add then you should just keep your mouth shut,” the boy said condescendingly, “your pitiful comments will only end up dirtying the hope that the Sports Festival strives to create.”

The boy’s voice was soft but held a slight edge to it that allowed him to be heard over the sounds of the explosions from the fight below.

_Who is he? Thought Midoriya._

“Hope?! You call this hope?!” The man yelled angrily, “he’s just completely beating on her! There’s no hope in this situation! He’s just toying with her, trying to draw out her torment!”

At this accusation the white-haired boy turned to the angry man, raised his hand to his head, and tilted his head back as if he were looking down at him.

“Are you... a pro hero by any chance?” he asked icily, “because if you are, then I will be severely
disappointed by this country’s pro hero examinations.”

“Huh? H-how dare you?! Who do you think you are!?” The man huffed indignantly.

“Well, if you really can’t see what’s going on, then perhaps I shall explain it for you.” The boy declared.

The audience was completely captivated by the boy’s conviction, every single attendee turned their attention towards him, only barely paying attention to the fight below.

“Ah, but I wonder if scum like me is even qualified to explain the actions of those who are talented. I certainly hope I’m not taking away the spotlight of someone else who is meant to be explaining.” The boy said worryingly, “Well, I’ll give it my best shot anyway.

The boy down there is someone with amazing talent, that I can tell. Not only were they born with a powerful quirk, but took the time to train and practice with it as well.

So why is he not trying to finish the fight immediately? Well, that should be simple if you were watching closely. It’s because he recognizes the strength of the girl, and knows that there’s simply no room for mistakes or errors.

The hopes of every single student here are clashing together, in order to create an Ultimate Hope.”

*Did he just say... Ultimate Hope? Thought Midoriya, more importantly... I agree with what he’s saying, as much as I hate to admit it but Kacchan is doing this because he’s careful, not because he wants to hurt Uraraka. But that boy’s tone of voice just seems a little... off.*

“That hope is the reason why he’s doing this, why he cannot afford to hold back or get cocky. Because they are all fighting towards one hope, that they will win the Sports Festival.

Ah, but not being able to recognize that? Well I suppose it’s only natural for someone like you. What I am truly disappointed in is... Well, perhaps you should just look up.”

They did and discovered a shocking sight. High above the stage floated countless amounts of rock shards, all suspended in midair through Uraraka’s quirk. As Bakugou’s counterattacks loosened the area, Uraraka floated the debris upwards to setup an attack. She kept her assault low to the ground so that Bakugou wouldn’t discover the plan accidentally. Now that she was almost at her limit, Uraraka unleashed the rocks.

“Thanks Bakugou... Thanks for not dropping your guard.”

“Huh?”

As Uraraka pressed the tips of her fingers together all the floating rocks began falling towards the stadium. Attempting to find an opening whether Bakugou dodges or intercepts her attack she charged at the boy for a decisive strike.

**BOOM !!!**

In just one explosion, all the falling rocks in the sky were cleared out and Uraraka was blasted backwards.

“Must have been all that hanging out with Deku, huh? Knew you had some kind of a plan.”

“No way! In just one attack?! Uraraka’s secret plan went completely up in smoke!”
"That was the best I could do... But it wasn’t enough!"

"Right, time to get serious, Uraraka."

As Uraraka began to another advance towards Bakugou she collapsed onto the floor of the arena.
Midnight leaps in and holds up her hand to stop the fight.

"Uraraka is unable to continue. Bakugou moves onto the second round!"

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"So close! That match was certainly exciting wasn’t it bro?"

"Yeah man, though that guy was way too much of an asshole. I mean, guess it’s inevitable in an
event like this, but just beating on girls like that is something I can’t condone. You get me bro?"

"You said it bro! Someone like that has no place becoming a hero, I for one would never put my
faith in a guy like that."

"I shouldn’t have expected any less,” a new voice rang out, “plebeians such as you would never
truly understand the intricacies of the hero world.”

The 78th class of Hope’s Peak Academy turned to look at the newcomer.

"Togami? I thought you said you didn’t want to come.” Naegi asked, “something about scouting
out the future heroes?”

"Hmph, the first year students are hardly the most interesting bunch. Sure, there could be one with
enormous potential such as the boy that just won, but for the most part the second and third year
students are the ones to be watching out for.” Togami calmly explained.

"Hold on a minute, surely you gotta explain yourself first right?” Oowada said threateningly, “what
was all that shit you said when you came in here?”

Togami scoffed harshly at the biker’s words, and crossed his arms smugly.

"To rule out such a promising hero on account of your own illogical personal values, is that not the
height of stupidity?”

"I do not see what you mean, that Bakugou certainly had a strong quirk but was he really that
promising?” Taka inquired, “also, I’m afraid I simply cannot endorse his actions against that poor
girl Uraraka.”

"Whether or not you see their potential is meaningless to me, I have no desire to explain myself to
commoners such as you.” Dismissed Togami

"He is likely talking about Bakugou’s carefulness and desire to win in that fight,” Kirigiri suddenly
piped up, surprising the others as she had spoken very little this entire time, “despite what seemed
like an obvious power advantage, Bakugou didn’t let his guard down against Uraraka, and chose to
play defensively so that he wouldn’t make any mistakes for her to take advantage of. Of course,
that led to him being surprised by Uraraka’s plan, which is where his power comes in. Bakugou
showed off not only a strong quirk and good fighting skills but also the right mentality in a fight.
That’s why you consider him to be promising isn’t it?”

“Very impressive. Though I’d expect nothing less from the Ultimate Detective.” Togami smirked
and turned towards Taka and Oowada, “I hope that was simple enough for even you to understand.”

“Even if the first years aren’t all that important, why’d you come here anyways? You get bored or lonely or something?” Kuwata asked prompting another scoff from the Ultimate Affluent Progeny.

“Don’t be ridiculous, I was merely curious at what the peasants were doing during the festival. I can’t say I was expecting much, and yet I am still quite disappointed.”

“Well whatever man, if you wanna go then just go. There’s really no room for you here anyway.” Said Hiro.

“Oh really? Was I not also invited for this event, as unorganized and as childish though it may be, am I not still considered a guest?”

“That’s not what we mean,” Kuwata explained, “we only brought chairs for the 15 of us that said we were gonna come, there’s literally no room or you. Unless you wanna stand or grab another chair or something.”

“We’ll see about that.” Togami declared as he walked up to where Fukawa was sitting and glared down at the neurotic girl.

“Wh-wh-what are you-?”

“You’re in my seat. Get out.” He demanded.

“Wha-wha-what? Huh?!”

“Don’t listen to him Fukawa, he’s just trying to bully you into getting a seat for himself.” Hina warned.

“I said get out.” He repeated.

“Gyaaaaaaarrragghhh!” Fukawa screamed as she leapt out of her seat, and the rest of the class watched as Togami smugly sat himself down where the bookworm was just sitting. Meanwhile Fukawa grabbed her braids and was yanking at them hard.

“I kn-knew I sh-shouldn’t have c-come. Sh-should’ve known better th-than to expect a-anything else.”

“Ah, Fukawa!” Naegi exclaimed, “you can take my seat, I’ll find another chair!”

At this the Ultimate Writing Prodigy looked conflicted, although it seemed like she wanted to run away screaming and tear her own hair out, she relented and accepted Naegi’s offer.

The other students glared at Togami and looked at Fukawa in pity, the mood was spoiled until Naegi returned with another chair as he had promised.

They watched Kirishima beat Tetsutetsu in a quick arm wrestling match then got ready for the second round of the tournament.

Kamukura had returned after Uraraka’s battle was over and was greeted by Midoriya.

“Kacchan beat Uraraka, do you want me to tell you what happened?” Midoriya offered.
“No need, I can discern the events of the battle from the landscape.”

The landscape in question was currently being cleared by Cementoss, any sign of the battle should more or less be completely erased, but Midoriya wasn’t about to question the scary boy in the ridiculous outfit.

“So Kirishima and Tetsutetsu are gonna compete in an arm wrestling match, after that it’s the second round...

I should probably get going.”

“Did you want me to take notes for this match as well?” Asked Kamukura surprising the other student.

“Oh! Uh... No need, really you don’t have to! I’ll be fine, you can just... Sit there and act like a tourist!” Midoriya hastily rejected the offer.

Kamukura said nothing.

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As Midoriya made his way towards his prep room he saw Bakugou coming up the stairs.

“Whoa, Kacchan...”

“Yeah, what do you want? Looking to die, scum?” Bakugou greeted, “you suggested that didn’t you? That freaking scheme of hers, you or Kamukura. Caused me a lot of trouble out there...”

“I didn’t.” Midoriya said firmly, “and Kamukura didn’t help either. All of it was Uraraka, she came up with everything, just to beat you. So if it really was a lot of trouble for you... You can blame it all on her.”

“...” Bakugou said angrily.

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Uraraka greeted Midoriya in the prep room and the two of them talk about the fight she just had against Bakugou. She seemed to be in good spirits and the talk ends with Uraraka wishing Midoriya luck in his match against Todoroki. Ultimately...

“*hic hic*”

Of course she’s broken up about it, why wouldn’t she be? I said I wanted to return the favour but in the end I couldn’t help her at all.

But I will still march on.

“Hey.” Boomed a voice.

“End-Endeavour?! Why are you back here?” Midoriya asked as the second most popular hero cut off his path in front of him.

“I saw what you did out there. That’s an amazing quirk, creating force with just a flick of your finger! In terms of power, it seems on par with All-Might’s quirk.”

“Whaaaat are you getting at? I have no idea, I have to get going...” Midoriya tried to scootch past
the large man feeling extremely nervous.

“My boy Shoto, he has a duty to surpass All-Might.” Endeavour explained, “his match against you will be an excellent test. So give it your all, put up a good fight against him.

That’s all I have to say. Sorry for my bluntness.”

Endeavour turned to walk away but Midoriya called out after him.

“I am not All-Might.”

“Well of course you’re not-”

“Right, of course I’m not.” Midoriya interrupted, “and Todoroki... isn’t you!”

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“Now this next match shall be an interesting one.” Togami declared.

“Oh yeah, why’s that?” Oowada asked, as politely as he could.

“Shoto Todoroki, son of Enji Todoroki, also known as Endeavour.” the scion explained, “he used his money and power to find a bride with a suitably powerful Ice quirk, one that could match up to his own Hellfire quirk, and the result is Shoto Todoroki.”

“So that boy is Endeavour’s son? I wouldn’t have guessed that seeing how he didn’t use any fire.” Maizono mused.

“Make no doubts about it, that is indeed Endeavour’s son, although my intel tells me that he chooses to only use his Ice half for whatever reason. He is also a hero student with enormous potential. I hope you are watching carefully.”

― ― ―

Midoriya versus Todoroki huh? I don’t know why but I’m practically trembling with excitement! What brilliant hope will shine forth from this battle? I simply can’t wait!

Chapter End Notes

Well I think this chapter turned out nicely, certain characters got their moment to shine and speak their piece.

Next chapter will probably mark the end of the tournament arc, I wonder if you can *predict* what will happen?
“Midoriya and Todoroki both possess very powerful quirks,” Iida analyzed, “though Midoriya’s is very... Self sacrificing.”

“Ooh, I’ve got no clue how this is gonna go.” Uraraka turned to the boy with the bored expression besides her, “Kamukura, who do you think’s gonna win?”

“If they act according to my predictions, then Midoriya will be victorious in this fight.”

“Whoa! Really? What makes you so sure? I thought that Deku would be the one at a disadvantage here.” Uraraka wondered.

“I have analyzed both Midoriya and Todoroki, I know the general details of what will happen in the fight.” Kamukura explained, “Midoriya will begin the fight defensively and break his fingers one by one to smash through Todoroki’s ice. After a certain point, he will realize that he cannot win the fight in this manner and begin fighting offensively, attempting to finish the fight quickly in a burst of power. Todoroki will match this with greater applications of Ice to block Midoriya’s attacks, eventually he will reach his limit and will be unable to use his quirk without subjecting himself to frostbite. As long as Midoriya doesn’t mess up, his victory is guaranteed.”

“I see I see.” Uraraka nodded her head, only partially understanding the fight outline.

“That is quite the bold prediction,” Tokoyami said, “but couldn’t Todoroki use his fire side to heat up his body?”

“He will not. Although I do not know why, I know that Todoroki will not use his Fire. I am sure of it.” Kamukura stated.

“The battle is beginning.”

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Everything played out exactly as Kamukura had predicted. Midoriya blasted away Todoroki’s icy attacks by breaking the bones of his own fingers, he used up two fingers and an arm just to be able to stay inside the ring.

“Only defending and dodging? It’s taking a toll on you.” Todoroki called out to Midoriya, “sorry about all this, but I appreciate it. Thanks to you, Endeavour doesn’t look happy at all.

With both hands destroyed you can’t fight anymore. Let’s end this.”

Realizing the futility of playing defensively, the heir for One for All began to attack Todoroki directly instead.

“Who says I’m done?!?”

Sacrificing his right arm, he sends an airwave at the half cold hero, forcing him to create an ice wall to prevent himself from being pushed out of bounds.

“You’re shivering Todoroki.”
As expected, small patches of ice had begun to form on his right side, he was clearly nearing the limit of his Ice.

“Quirks are still just physical abilities. You must have a limit to how much you can bear!” Midoriya yelled, “but then again you could always just use your left side to thaw yourself out couldn’t you?

Everyone’s been giving it their all, To win and to achieve their goals. To make it to the top! And you wanna win with only half of your power?!

Gimme everything you’ve got! Come at me!!”

“Everything is happening exactly as you said it would. That’s incredible!” Uraraka said, amazed.

“But now comes the moment of truth, they are both reaching the limits of what they can do, but Midoriya has the advantage. It’s his fight to win.” Iida said.

*He’s not just blindly firing off his strongest attacks anymore. He’s trying to control it, even if it means weaker power. In order to win, this is the best strategy for him at this point. Even if he knows he can be healed, putting himself through all that pain takes a lot of guts.*

*Is that child really besting the son of Endeavour? And with such an unfortunate quirk as well. If only he would hurry up and grow out of that silly ‘revenge’ scheme of his, and realize the bigger picture! So he and his mother were abused at the hands of his father, it’s hardly something to be so petty about. So absurd, does he think that his is the only family with problems in this world?*

*Midoriya! Kid! Why is he going to such lengths for this battle? I always knew he was determined but this? This motivation isn’t because of what I’ve told him, no. What is it that motivates you Midoriya? Don’t tell me... Don’t tell me you’re trying to save Todoroki?! He won’t use his left side because of the conflict he has with his father... Midoriya, are you really going to...*

*Ah, now this is what I came here for! Two beautiful hopes clashing against each other, in a struggle to create the one, true hope. Which hope will win out in the end and which hope will be snuffed out? Which hope will be the guiding light for our society?*

“For why are you going this far? Your body is almost beyond repair.” Todoroki asked while dodging an attack from Midoriya’s thumb.

“I’m just trying to meet expectations!” Came the answer, “a smiling, cool, and dependable hero! That’s what I wanna be! That’s why I’m giving it everything I got! For everyone!” Midoriya headbutts Todoroki in the stomach and drives him closer to the edge of the arena. “Your past, your experiences... I can’t even begin to imagine what it’s like... But if you become the number one
without giving it your all... Then I don’t think you’re serious about denying him everything!

Just because you have the same quirk as him doesn’t mean that you have to be anything like him!
You can set your own course, pave your own path!

Your power... Is your own!”

As Midoriya shouted at Todoroki, the other boy grew quiet. Instead of attempting to attack, he
simply stared at Midoriya in shock.

*I can decide my own path, this is my power and not his, and I want to become a hero. When did I
forget that?*

“Heh, it looks like you were wrong Kamukura.” Uraraka pointed out, “Todoroki is using his Fire
after all. I guess that means Deku’s not gonna win, huh?”

“What?!?”

“Hey, don’t worry about it. We all make- Ack!” Uraraka turned to comfort her friend but was
surprised at what she saw.

“Y-y-your face!” Instead of Kamukura’s usual bored expression, Uraraka turned to one of quiet
intensity, staring hard at the fighting below, completely fixated on Todoroki’s flames.

He suddenly stood up and began to walk towards the exit.

“Huh, where are you going? The fight isn’t finished yet!”

Kamukura did not reply.

“I thought you wanted to win? So why are you trying to inspire me? Which one of us isn’t taking
this seriously now?”

Standing at the arena, beautiful flames burned brightly throughout the left side of Todoroki’s body,
slowly melting the patches of ice on his right side.

“I’ll have you know...

I wanna be a hero too.”

“Shotooooo!” From inside the crowd, Endeavour yelled triumphantly.

“So you’ve finally accepted it! Yes! Excellent!

It all starts now for you! With my blood pumping through your veins, you will surpass me! You
will fulfill my ambitions!!!”

“A sudden pep talk from Endeavour huh?! What a doting parent!”
“Incredible, what are you smiling about?” Todoroki taunted, “with those wounds and in this situation, you must be crazy. It’s not my problem what happens to you now.”

Midoriya simply grinned in response.

“Midnight, we have to stop this!” Cementoss warned, “if he takes any more damage, his body’s done for!”

The two boys charged at each other once more, Midoriya with One for All coursing through his entire body, and Todoroki with Fire and Ice bursting from his left and right side. Cement walls were erected in between their paths and Midnight’s sleeping gas drifted from her body but the two couldn’t care less, they were determined to give it everything they’ve got! As the fighters readied up their final attack, Todoroki whispered.

“Thank you... Midoriya.”

It was a good twenty seconds before all the steam that was created by the resulting shockwave could be dispersed. And as it did...

“Midoriya is out of bounds! Todoroki moves onto the third round!”

“That Midoriya. He got straight up blown away.”

“Was he just provoking Todoroki with no plan to back it up? Was he trying to lose?”

“Either way, it was quite the show. Such impressive powers from them both.”

“He’s got moxie that’s for sure.”

“Izuku Midoriya... You will definitely bring great hope in the future.”

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After the battle Endeavour caught Todoroki as he walked back to the prep room and discussed what had just happened. Contrary to Endeavour’s belief, Todoroki had not given up on his ‘childish’ rebellion, and merely forgot that Endeavour had even existed in that one moment.

“Whether that’s good or bad or something in between... That’s something I’ll have to think about.”

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“Man that hurts... Gotta get to Recovery Girl...”

Happy despite being in tremendous pain, Midoriya limped down the dark hallway in order to be healed.

“Huh? Who’s... There?”

Someone was blocking the damaged boy’s path, someone with really long hair.

“Kamukura? What are you... doing here..? !”

Midoriya slowly tilted his head upward in order to meet the other boy’s face, and in that moment he wished he hadn’t.
No sign of boredom was in his expression, instead Kamukura was glaring at Midoriya.

That’s right! I remember now, looking at Kamukura’s gaze reminded Midoriya of something, it wasn’t only during the USJ attack when Kamukura didn’t look bored, it was after the entrance exam too! I had forgotten about it since it happened so long ago, but this was the face he was making when he approached me for the very first time. It was the first time we ever met so I didn’t think it was strange then, which is why I forgot about it. But...

“Uh um, Kamukura what’s wrong?”

“Why did you not try to win your battle against Todoroki?” Kamukura questioned.

“Huh? B-but I did try-” Midoriya struggled to answer under the oppressive atmosphere.

“No.” Kamukura interrupted causing Midoriya to flinch, “you had a chance to force Todoroki out of bounds, he had no strength left for defense without using his Fire to heat up his body, you could’ve used this advantage but you did not.

Why?”

This really is just like the first time we met, back then he had asked why I chose to save Uraraka with the same expression on his face.

“Why? B-because he was hurting, his father abused him a-and his mother’s gone a-and he just-”

“You are not an idiot, you must have known that allowing him to use his Fire would lead you to your defeat. Why would you throw away your chance at victory like that?!"

“Because I want to become a hero!” Midoriya snapped at Kamukura, “I want to save people, I want to help them! I can’t just turn a blind eye to his suffering!”

Kamukura was about to ask another question when a yelling came from behind him at the other end of the hallway.

“Young Midoriya!”

The voice was familiar.

“Ah! All-” Midoriya looked at Kamukura and remembered that it was fine, “All-Might!”

All-Might ran up to the two boys in his weakened form with Recovery Girl trudging along behind him. She looked angry.

“Mr. Midoriya! I was waiting for you to arrive at the nurse’s office but you stubbornly refused to show. Fearing that you may have collapsed from your injuries, All-Might and I came here just to see you having idle chit chat with your friend! Do you have any idea how bad your injuries are?!” Recovery Girl then turned to Kamukura, “and you! From what I was told about you Mr. Kamukura, I had thought you would have more sense than to stop someone from getting the medical treatment they so duly need! Or is logic not considered an important enough talent for Hope’s Peak?!”

The two of them give their apologies and they go to the nurse’s office so Midoriya can finally be healed.

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“Hmph, you’re lucky that I came when I did, any more exhaustion and you might have suffered even worse damage.”

In the nurse’s office, Recovery Girl chides Kamukura for delaying Midoriya’s healing once more, before turning on All-Might for lighting the fire in him and making him do these reckless stunts.

Suddenly, Iida, Uraraka, Tsuyu, and Mineta burst into the office.

“De-Midori-ku-ya!!”

The arena was completely destroyed so Cementoss had to remake it from the ground up, they have quite some time before the next match could begin so they came to visit Midoriya in the hospital.

“So you’re here too Kamukura, did you have the same idea as us?” Tsuyu wondered, “you seemed quite agitated during the battle, it’s not often that we get to see that side of you.”

The visiting students could only get a few comments in edgewise before Recovery Girl made to shoo them out of the room, with Kamukura along with them.

“Pipe down! It’s fine to worry but he’s about to have surgery!”

“Surgery?!”

As his friends were being chased away, Midoriya apologized to All-Might for not being able to do as he wanted.

“Kamukura was right... Maybe if I’d just shut up... But I had to say what I had to say to Todoroki...”

“You were trying to bring it out of him.”

“It was just too sad... Maybe I should mind my own business but... I just couldn’t... I had to say something.”

“It was an unfortunate outcome indeed. And calling you a fool won’t change what happened. However, giving help that’s not asked for is what makes us a true hero.”

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I wonder what Kamukura wanted to say before he was cut off, plus he seemed really... angry? Was that anger? Was he angry that I didn’t win? But why does he care about that?

Whatever, I’ll ask him when I get to the bleachers, he’s pretty good about explaining himself. After all, he is the Ultimate Teacher.

Ah that reminds me, I should look up what sort of talents Hope’s Peak Academy had scouted in the past. That should give me more insight to Kamukura’s abilities.

Recovery Girl had told Midoriya that she would not be healing injuries caused by his own quirk again due to his dependence on it, and that he needs to find another way for him to manage his power.

All-Might walked with Midoriya for a little bit as they returned to the audience, Midoriya felt that All-Might should find someone else to become the heir for One for All and voiced the concerns he had on his own ability.
But All-Might disagreed.

“I too was born quirkless.” All-Might said, surprising Midoriya.

“It wasn’t as rare as it was now of course.

My master, they possessed a quirk that wasn’t One for All. But even so, they still believed in me and took me under their wing.”

“How come... you never told me this?”

“You never asked, though I expected you to.

At first, you reminded me of myself but... You’ve already exceeded my expectations more times than I can count.

In my heart of hearts, I believe that there is something special in you and you alone.

Anyway, the tournament’s still not over. Shouldn’t you go back and watch the rest?”

“Right!”

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It’s Kirishima versus Kacchan, so I missed the other matches... Iida beat Shiozaki and Tokoyami beat Ashido huh?

Maybe I can ask... Well, I gotta make sure he’s not angry at me first.

“Midoriya!” As the young hero was watching the fights from the sidelines, Iida approached him from behind, “I’m glad the surgery went well.”

“Right, thanks. But it’s too bad that I missed those matches.”

“It shouldn’t be too big of a deal, you should be able to watch them on video afterwards.” Iida said, “now I’m in the final four. Your match against Todoroki was quite informative for me.”

“Do you know if your brother Ingenium was watching Iida?” Midoriya asked.

“He called me earlier... but he said he was busy with work.

I’m glad though, even after coming this far I still can’t say I’m number one yet.”

Bakugou beats Kirishima’s rock hard defense through quick, successive blasts and becomes one of the final four.

“Right, here I go.” Iida says before walking off.

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Tenya Iida versus Shoto Todoroki. Despite Iida’s clever use of his engines and his finishing move Recipro Burst, Todoroki takes the win by stalling his engines and without using any Fire.

Still confused is he? Idiot.
“Hey where’s Kamukura? Wasn’t he with you guys?” Midoriya asked as he arrived back at the bleachers.

“Kamukura said he wasn’t gonna watch the final matches, we asked him why but he wouldn’t answer.” Uraraka explained.

“He’s been acting all weird since your fight with Todoroki, Midoriya. It’s really weird.” Mineta commented.

“I believe it was when Todoroki used his Fire during the fight, that was when Kamukura started acting differently.” Tsuyu recalled.

“When Todoroki used his Fire...? Hmmm...”

I guess I’m not gonna be able to ask him then, but to skip out on the rest of the festival? No, I guess he didn’t really have any vested interest in the festival to begin with...

Still, is he really that angry over what I did?

-------------

Katsuki Bakugou versus Fumikage Tokoyami.

“Stun Grenade!” Bakugou flipped over Dark Shadow and launched a brilliantly blinding blast that lacked explosive power, before pinning Tokoyami to the ground with his brute strength.

“So you figured it out...” Tokoyami muttered on the ground.

“I had a suspicion when I first fought you way back during the battle simulation training. Thought something was a bit off with your attacks. Well, it was obvious after enough hits. Bad matchup for you, what a pity.”

“Tokoyami surrenders! Bakugou moves onto the final round!”

I won the match but...

Damnit! Holding my own against two powerful quirks? What a fucking joke!

One was weak to light and the other was only using less than half his strength?! What kinda accomplishment is that?!

“Looks like our final match is set! Todoroki versus Bakugou!”

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Bzzzzzzzzz.

Iida had suddenly started vibrating quite violently.

“Whoa what’s that?”

“It’s just my phone.” Iida answered as he stood to take his call.

“Hello mother. I lost... Mother, I apologize if I’ve disappointed you...
Tensei? No I haven’t heard...

What....?”

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Blam!

The door to prep room two was violently kicked open and Bakugou entered the room.

“Huh? Why’re you in here?” He said to Todoroki, who looked just as surprised as the other boy, “ah crap, this is prep room two.”

Todoroki looked at Bakugou and simply turned without saying anything.

“Hey, I mean I get that I walked into the wrong room and everything but giving your final opponent the cold shoulder? What’s the big idea, huh? You doing a Kamukura impression?

... Look me in the eye Two Face!!”

Bakugou slammed an explosion into the table to which Todoroki didn’t even flinch.

“Midoriya told me basically the same thing,” Todoroki said, catching Bakugou’s attention, “he went out of his way to smash what was holding me back.

You’ve been friends since you were kids right? Was he always like that, Midoriya?”

“That damned nerd... who the hell cares?!” Bakugou shouted as he kicked a table, “all his stupid speeches...

And you! Your family? Your damned feelings? Who cares?! Come at me with your left side, go on.

I still remember the day of the battle simulation, you only fought with half of your strength, Birdhead was weak to my explosions and my partner was a stupid fucking exper- urk, asshole! How can I be satisfied with a win like that?

But that’s not what’s gonna happen today. You’re gonna come at me with everything you’ve got and I’m gonna beat you!

I’ll crush flames like I do everything else!”

Chapter End Notes

So there was more content in the tournament arc than I imagined, oh well. Guess I need one more chapter.
Chapter 18

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Ever since Togami had arrived, Class 78’s mood had significantly decreased.

Right now the fighting ring was being repaired by Cementoss, so the party attendees were up and about. They were talking and eating snacks and doing what one generally did at a party, but the friendly atmosphere that had been there from the beginning was slowly fading.

*It seems like it’ll be awhile before the next fight can begin,* thought Naegi, *I guess I can go talk with someone in the meantime.*

“Hey Fukawa. Um, is everything alright?” Naegi approached the writer, who was hanging out in the corner again, and looking at Togami with a weird expression.

“H-huh?! O-oh, it’s j-just you.” Fukawa turned around, “w-what did you want?”

“I just wanted to talk with you, are you feeling alright?” Naegi said politely, “after what happened with Togami I mean.”

“T-T-Togami?” Fukawa looked kinda shocked, “o-of course I feel alright, b-better than alright. Fantastic, m-magnificent even!”

“Well alright, it just looks like you’re kinda staring at Togami a lot. Are you still mad at what he did earlier?” Naegi asked.

“M-m-mad?! M-me?! Mad??” Fukawa quietly shrieked, “I-I’m not the type t-to hold grudges y-you know, I’m e-extremely laid back.”

*I kinda doubt that...*

“So just leave me alone a-and go talk with someone else already. Y-you don’t have to f-force yourself to talk to me.”

“What? I’m not forcing myself,” Naegi objected, “I wanted to get to know you a little bit, so that we can become friends.”

“What do you mean, f-friends?! You think I’m s-stupid? You’re just trying to trick me!” Accused Fukawa, “I’ve already been h-hurt before, and I’m not gonna l-let it happen again.”

*What happened to not holding grudges?*

“I’m not trying to trick you! I mean, I invited you here right? It’s so we can interact and become friends with each other.”

“I-like that means a-anything. Y-you probably just i-invited me because y-you wanted to m-make it seem like y-you cared about me, b-but in reality...”

“No that’s not it either...”
I’ll leave Fukawa alone for now, I don’t think she’s quite ready to come out of her shell just yet.

Cementoss doesn’t look like he’s finished yet, maybe I’ll go talk to someone else.

“Um, Togami? You don’t seem to be enjoying the party all that much.” Much to everyone else’s relief, the scion did not attempt to socialize with the others and was keeping to himself.

“Is that what it looks like to you?” Togami asked derisively, “I’ve never participated in such a vulgar event such as this, where the meager 99% have chosen to gather. My worldview has been substantially broadened, I suppose I should thank you.”

“That’s a little... Well, it’s not me you have to thank,” Naegi corrected, “Hiro and Kuwata came up with the idea, they only sent me out to invite people.”

“Speaking of which, I was curious about something, Naegi.”

“Oh? What is it?” Naegi wondered.

“You know, only a few of us are able to succeed in life. The 1% if you will, while the rest of the world, the 99%, will only live poor, unfulfilling lives before they waste away and die.” Togami explained, “I just don’t understand, is there any meaning to living a life like that?”

“Huh? Why are you asking me about this?” Naegi scratched his cheek.

“Isn’t it obvious?” Togami said, “it’s because you’re a part of that 99%.”

Of course...

“So tell me, how does it feel to live a life without hopes, dreams, or ambitions?”

“W-what are you talking about? I have dreams and ambitions! I mean, I’ll never be as rich as you are but...”

“And what could you possibly hope to accomplish?” Togami asked, “you don’t have a visible quirk, so you could never become a hero. Not to mention you were only invited into Hope’s Peak due to a random lottery, unlike even the others here, you don’t actually have a talent that could help bring you future success.”

“Well even if that’s true...” Naegi started, “it doesn’t matter, I can still live a happy life that’s normal and unimportant and find satisfaction with that. Sure, I’m not like you who was guaranteed success from the day you were born but-”

“Hold it! From the day I was born?” Togami suddenly interrupted, “you have no idea... You have no clue what you’re talking about!”

“What...?”

“Leave me, you clearly don’t understand a single thing, not even something as obvious as what makes me so different from the vast majority of you.”

“O-oh um, alright...”

Togami suddenly got really angry about something, but I’m not sure what I did or said that caused it...
It looks like the final match is about to start, I should take my seat.

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“Not like this! I won’t accept a win like this! Quit messing around!! Not like th...”

Bakugou fell over before he could finish his last sentence.

“Todoroki is out of bounds! Bakugou is the winner!”

Contrary to what Bakugou had wanted, Todoroki had not chosen to use his Fire half in the final match against Bakugou, and had lost to his overpowering explosions and tactics.

Bakugou was not happy.

“Now let’s move onto the awards ceremony!”

Tokoyami, Todoroki, and Bakugou had achieved third, second, and first respectively and had taken their place on the podiums.

Unlike the other two, Bakugou was chained to a post and had his hands and mouth bound and was currently violently protesting his situation.

“NNNNNNN!” He says.

“Well Iida came third as well, but couldn’t come due to a family emergency.” Explained Midnight.

Midoriya thought back to what Iida had told them, that his brother, Tensei Iida, had been attacked by a villain and is now in the hospital.

I hope he’s alright.

Here to present the medals, it’s All-Might himself, who leapt in from the open roof of the stadium.

All-Might gave each finalist their medal as well as some advice to further their hero careers. In the case of Bakugou however, he had to make do with putting the hanging the medal on his teeth.

With that, the Sports Festival was over.

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“In light of the Sports Festival you’ll have tomorrow and the day after off.” Aizawa told class 1-A after they reconvened in the classroom, “scouting reports from pros will be waiting for you here after the break, so look forward to that as you enjoy your time off.”

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As Midoriya was walking home that day...

“Kamukura?”

Izuru Kamukura was waiting for Midoriya outside of the classroom, dressed in his black suit and tie outfit.

“Come with me.” He said before turning around and walking away.
“Huh? But wait, where are we going?” Midoriya asked as he did what he was told.

“My room.” Was Kamukura’s reply.

“Y-your room?” Gasped Midoriya, “you mean your dorm room right? But why are we going there?”

“We need to finish our conversation from the Sports Festival.” he stated, “I do not want any interruptions.”

Kamukura leads the way to where his dorm room was located and unlocked the door.

I’m going inside Kamukura’s room! Midoriya thought excitedly.

The room was as Midoriya had expected, there were no posters hanging on the walls, no books lining the bookshelves, and generally not much of anything. The only things that were noteworthy in the room was the neatly made bed, and the desk with a single laptop on it. Besides the lack of decorations, there was one thing that stood out to Midoriya.

“Whoa, it’s so... clean.”

The room didn’t exactly sparkle but it held the air of being extraordinarily tidy, almost as if it had just been cleaned by a team of professional cleaners.

Or just Kamukura, he thought.

“So um...” Midoriya began, “Kamukura are you mad at me?”

A hint of surprise flickered across the Ultimate Hope’s face, before being replaced by his usual expression.

“No, I am not mad at you.” Kamukura said, causing Midoriya to feel relieved

“Well, I’m glad to hear that but... Why did you look so angry at the Sports Festival earlier?”

“I was surprised.”

“Oh.” Said Midoriya. “So what is it that you wanted to talk to me about?”

“Your fight against Todoroki, you said something to him and caused him to use his Fire side. What did you say?”

“Oh that? Well I mean, mostly I told him that his not using his Fire was an insult to those that were trying their hardest at the Sports Festival. Um, and that his power wasn’t his father’s, that they were his own.

“Is that it?” Kamukura questioned.

“Well, it was what I remember, maybe you could talk with Todoroki about it, he might remember a bit more than I do.” Midoriya suggested. “So why is this so important anyway?”

“Do you remember what I told you a few days before the Sports Festival?” He asked.

“You said that the world was boring, of course I remember that.” Answered Midoriya, “you said that was because the world was predictable...
Oh! So you the reason you got all intense was because you couldn’t predict what I did when fighting against Todoroki?”

“That is part of it,” said Kamukura, “but even if I was surprised by your actions it would have been of little consequence. What surprised me the most was that you succeeded.”

“Huh?”

“I had predicted that Todoroki would not use his Fire quirk in battle no matter what challenge was presented to him, due to a strenuous relationship between him and his father, Endeavour, who uses the Hellfire quirk.”

“You knew about Todoroki’s relationship with his dad?!” Midoriya asked incredulously.

“I had caught Todoroki looking at Endeavour quite a few times during the festival, not to mention Endeavour’s outburst when he did use his Fire quirk. That, along with the fact that Todoroki had chosen the same quirk that Endeavour has as the quirk not to use was the reason that I suspected this decision was due to familial troubles.”

“Oh uh, right. So you weren’t able to predict how the fight was gonna go, and that’s why you’re asking me this?” Midoriya summarized.

“Correct.”

“Um, I really don’t think it’s that big of a deal if you couldn’t tell how the fight was gonna go, I mean you said you were bored with the world because you could predict basically everything that is going to happen, so shouldn’t you be happy if you can’t predict the outcome of something?”

“I have already told you this, Hope’s Peak has created me to be the embodiment of talent, should I fail at something that falls within the scope of my talents then I will have failed my purpose.” Kamukura explained reasonably.

“I see...” Midoriya said, “um, can I ask you some more questions about the Kamukura Project? It should be fine right? I already know about it and I won’t tell anyone.”

“What do you want to know?” Kamukura obliged.

“You mentioned that you were created before right?” Midoriya began, “I didn’t really give it much thought at the time but what exactly does that mean? Were you born like this, with all your talents I mean.”

Kamukura hesitated a moment before speaking.

“The reason that I say I was ‘created’ is because my old self has been effectively destroyed, and is now completely replaced by my current self.”

“Your old self?” Midoriya’s eyes widened, “wait, what do you mean your old self was destroyed?”

“Part of the Kamukura Project’s process was to remove all the memories that I had of my past before implanting me with talent.” He explained, “this was done in order to make me into a ‘blank slate’, so that I will not be subject to any previous biases and so that I can be test model for Hope’s Peak.”

“What? But that’s horrible!” Midoriya objected, “so they completely erased your identity?! Why would you let them do that?!”
“I do not know, my memories of the past were erased.” Kamukura reiterated, “however, I can assume that the reason that I volunteered myself was because I was a talentless Reserve Course student that was unsatisfied with my standing.”

There was a term in Kamukura’s explanation that Midoriya had not heard of.

“What’s Reserve Course?”

“The Hope’s Peak Academy Reserve Course is a recent addition to Hope’s Peak. Its supposed purpose is to allow those that were not talented enough to be scouted into the Main Course a chance to also attend Hope’s Peak Academy. There is also the added incentive of being able to transfer into the Main Course should one prove to be sufficiently talented, and a spot is opened.”

“Oh, so it’s sorta like the General Education course at UA.” Midoriya compared.

“Its actual purpose is to further boost the funding that Hope’s Peak has to spend on its talent research. The students are charged exorbitant prices just to attend the Reserve Course, and they are not granted the same freedoms that the Main Course students have.

The Main Course does not require its students to attend any classes, as long as they spend their time developing their talent, and they are able to pass their own specialized final exam; any classes they do attend would be catered to their own talent in some way.

Although it is promised that Reserve Course students have a chance to transfer into the Main Course, that is only a lie they tell in order to get people to attend. The reality is that there is no possibility for Reserve Course students to ever enter the Main Course.

The lie, combined with the fact that they are technically attending Hope’s Peak allows the school to charge them incredibly high prices for regular schooling, while offering them no other benefit in the process.

So yes, I would consider it extremely similar to the General Education course at UA.”

“What?! UA’s general course isn’t anything like that!”

“Is it not?” Kamukura asked, “those who fail the practical portion of the entrance exam wind up in general education, having to pay a much more expensive than those that are in the Hero, Support, or Business courses.

Additionally, they are given the promise of being able to join the Hero course depending on their performance, but that is a lie. No one has ever been able to transfer from General Education to the Hero course in UA’s entire history.”

“W-what? Is that true?”

Midoriya thought back to Hitoshi Shinso, the boy who was unable to join the hero course due to his failure in the practical exam.

_He had a powerful quirk that could allow him to be a great hero! So why wouldn’t he be allowed that chance...?_

“But why would UA do such a thing?”

“The same reason as Hope’s Peak, in order to increase their funding.”
“But the practical exam was flawed, it didn’t allow people whose quirks affected humans to pass the exam.” Midoriya pointed out, “even if they could have been great heroes, are they just gonna get passed over because of one exam?”

“No single exam can test for every parameter,” Kamukura stated, “the results of the entrance exam showed 36 promising candidates for future heroes, in reality, there were probably many more that could have easily defeated the robots that were also unable to make the cut. Not just those whose quirks can only affect other people.”

“But...”

Midoriya stayed silent for a moment as he thought of the General Education students, Shinso especially, who would be unable to become a hero like he had wanted.

“You said that you had been one of the Reserve Course students,” Midoriya continued after a moment, “but how do you know that? Weren’t your memories taken away?”

“I was told certain pieces of information about who I used to be.”

“Oh.” Said Midoriya, “well what sort of information did they tell you?”

“Why are you concerned about this?” Kamukura asked.

“You said that you volunteered to this procedure, that you volunteered to have your memories taken away, I want to know why.”

“Alright.” said Kamukura, “my name was Hajime Hinata, I was a student of the Reserve Course of Hope’s Peak Academy. I possessed no talent and no quirk to speak of, but I was in perfect health, making me a perfect test subject for the Kamukura Project.”

Midoriya waited for Kamukura to continue, when Midoriya realized that he wouldn’t, he asked if there he had more information on this ‘Hajime Hinata’.

“That was all that I was told of my old self.” Kamukura stated.

“Really? And that doesn’t bother you?” Midoriya wondered.

“No. Why would it bother me?” Kamukura asked in response.

“Because they’re your memories, they’re a part of you! You shouldn’t let them just take that away from you!” Midoriya protested.

“My memories of the past are unimportant, I was nothing but a talentless Reserve Course student. Someone who could do nothing, and who would amount to nothing. Hajime Hinata was completely worthless.

Compared to my past, I am superior in every possible way. I will bring the world hope with my multitude of talents, it is not worthwhile for me to care about my past.”

“How can you say that?! Whoever Hajime Hinata was before, he was not worthless! I won’t let you say that about... about yourself!”

Kamukura’s eyes flashed with anger at Midoriya’s declaration, he noticed but did not back down from his stance.

“You have as little idea of Hinata as I do, you certainly do not have enough facts to make a
judgement.

Those without talent are worthless, I was worthless before I had all of my talents, as were you before you received All-Might’s power.”

“Wha-!” Midoriya was shocked at the sudden accusation, “w-w-what but, All-Might told you-”

“All-Might cannot lie to me, neither can you.” Kamukura declared, “I have only ever met one person who could hide their true feelings from me.”

“I... I... No! I’m not worthless without All-Might’s quirk! I-I’d still be able to help people, even if I couldn’t become a hero.” Midoriya struggled.

Seemingly ignoring Midoriya’s comments, Kamukura continued.

“Those without talents are mere parasites of society, they leech off of those with talent instead of acknowledging their true superiors. It is these untalented people that have kept society from advancing at the rate it should be, despite All-Might keeping crime at a historical low. This sense of peace and security is squandered by the masses.”

“N-no!” Attempted Midoriya, “that’s definitely not true! E-even if the rest of the world can’t be as talented as the others, they’re still helping society. Th-they’re not parasites...”

Kamukura’s anger was steadily increasing, Midoriya felt himself grow colder and colder under the Ultimate Hope’s fierce stare.

“Um, I should probably get home now, it’s been a long day and...

I’ll see you after the break!” Midoriya yelled as he scampered out of the dorm room.

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I felt my anger steadily grow more and more.

How dare he suggest that Hinata was not completely worthless. He could not possibly understand, and yet he continues to make his assertion!

“Um, I should probably get home now, it’s been a long day and...

I’ll see you after the break!”

I watch as the source of my anger runs out of the room.

If I had my memories, then I could fully determine how I am superior to my past self. How annoying.

Midoriya is a fool, he does not yet understand the truth of this world, and foolishly clings on to false ideals.

I thought that I would be able to find a source of unpredictable events, seeing as how Midoriya was at the centre of both that I had experienced during my time at UA.

Friendship fragment obtained!

Izuku Midoriya: (4/5)
Izuku Midoriya’s report card has been updated based on your experience with him.

*Even though I was able to predict his responses I was unable to stop myself from growing angry, despite having my own emotions subdued, how interesting... and irritating.*

“Morning.” Aizawa greeted the class as he entered and was greeted back appropriately.

“Glad to see your bandages off Sensei.” Tsuyu said.

“The old lady’s treatment was excessive,” Aizawa admitted, “but never mind that, today we’ve got the hero informatics class. And a special one at that...

You’ll be coming up with your hero names.”

“How awesome!”

Chapter End Notes

Oof, I hope I wrote the argument well, it’s pretty important after all.
Izuku's inside Izuru's room! How scandalous.
Well this marks the end of the Sports Festival arc for real this time, next up is the Internship arc. Should be fairly interesting.
It was the day after the UA Sports Festival and Naegi was walking to school with Sayaka Maizono.

“Well, yeah. Hiro and Kuwata were gonna try to use needing to clean up the room as an excuse but Taka offered to help was... very efficient.” Naegi recalled, “I guess I shouldn’t be too surprised. I’m not quite sure that the whole sauna thing worked out as they wanted it to. Oowada and Taka tried to get us started on some basic topics but the others kept on derailing the conversation.”

“Oh? How did they do that?”

“Well, when Taka asked us about our plans for the future Kuwata kept on talking about how much he hated playing baseball and how he wanted to be a musician of some sort.”

“Oh yeah, he sorta mentioned that during the party.” Maizono said, “but I’m not really sure he really has what it takes, apparently he would constantly ditch baseball practice to go do other stuff. He definitely won’t make it in the music industry.”

“Next Oowada tried to get people talking about their ultimate talents, so Yamada tried to explain the intricacies of the world of fanfiction to us, but I think the details just flew over everyone’s heads.”

“He does have sort of a one-track mind doesn’t he?” Maizono mused, “but I guess it’s kinda cool to be so devoted to something. Well what else happened?”

“Hiro... well he told us a story about how his hamburger was abducted by aliens?”

“Haha, what?” Maizono was amused, “why would aliens take Hiro’s hamburger?”

“Um, let’s see...” Naegi closed his eyes while trying to remember the conversation, “apparently there was some conspiracy about hamburgers not being 100% beef, and so a U.F.O tried to tractor beam the hamburger away only to give it back? I’m not really sure, but he was adamant about seeing it happening.”

“Sure sure.” Maizono skeptically said, “so it sounds like this sauna thing was a bust huh?”

“Yeah, eventually I suggested that we should just go back and Taka and Oowada just gave up,” Naegi said, “I sorta feel bad for them though, they looked pretty dejected as we were leaving.”

“Yes, I can see that.” Maizono said, “but at least the party was a success, I had a great time!”

“Really? I’m glad to hear that!” Naegi smiled, “You were talking with Enoshima and Hina for the most part right?”

“Yup! Oogami, Kirigiri, and Ikusaba were with us as well, but they don’t really talk that much.”

“Yeah, I’ve noticed.”
“Things were going to pretty great until Togami showed up, I still can’t believe what he did to Fukawa!”

“Yeah, that was pretty rude.” Naegi said, “Fukawa was neurotic enough already, she didn’t really need to experience something like that.”

“Someone should tell him that it’s not okay to treat people like that.”

“Yeah...”

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Why did I say all those things to Kamukura? If he didn’t hate me before, well now...

Midoriya was taking the subway to UA as he pondered his actions the other day. He was worried that he might have insulted his...

Friend? I do consider Kamukura my friend but... I don’t even know what he thinks of me. I thought that he hung out with us because we were friends but now that I think about it, he wanted to hang out with me because I was... unpredictable? Was that right?

I guess I thought I could help him like I did for Todoroki, but that was foolish of me. I just... couldn’t stand hearing him call himself worthless just for not having talent.

No quirk? No talent? I didn’t know who Hajime Hinata was or what he was like before the Kamukura Project but I guess we were both pretty similar huh?

Midoriya stared at his scarred arms as he thought about One for All.

Is he right? Were we both useless before we received our gifts?

“Hey! You’re Midoriya right?”

A voice suddenly snapped Midoriya out of his reverie.

“Nice going at the Sports Festival kid! That was a close one!”

He was recognized by the other passengers on the subway who all wanted to voice their congratulations to the young hero. This persisted all the way until his stop.

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I’m wiped out and it’s only morning.

“This is no time for a morning stroll!” A voice came from behind, he turned around and saw that is was Iida, “we’ll be late Midoriya!”

“Late? But we still got five minutes until the bell.” Midoriya said as he ran alongside Iida.

“The students of UA make it a point to arrive ten minutes early!” Iida declared.

And so they ran.

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Once they both made it inside, Midoriya remembered something else from the Sports Festival.
Iida’s brother was attacked by the Hero Killer! Although he’s acting pretty normal right now, he could still be all shaken up about it.

Midoriya asked and Iida stated that he doesn’t need to worry about Iida’s brother, and apologized for causing him any concern.

“**You’ll be coming up with your hero names.**”

“**How awesome!**” Cheered most of the class.

“But first... concerning the pro draft picks I mentioned the other day. It’s based on who the pros think will be ready to join after two or three years of experience. So you could say it’s a way for them to show interest in your futures.

But keep in mind that there’s still ample time for their interest to wane, and their offer to be revoked. It happens on occasion.”

Aizawa displayed the pick numbers for each student on the board, allowing the whole class to see who did or did not get chosen.

Todoroki and Bakugou were the most popular by a wide margin, while the other students received far fewer picks.

“Regardless of whether or not you got picked you will all have a chance to work alongside the pros. This is where your hero names come in, they’re only tentative but you’re still gonna want to pick something appropriate.”

“Or else you’ll know true hell!!” A female voice shouted from the doorway.

“It’s Midnight!” The class recognized her.

“And Midnight here will be assessing the sensibilities of the names you pick. I’m no good at that sorta thing.”

Fifteen minutes later.

The students each presented their names to the class and Midnight evaluated the effectiveness of each name.

“Kamukura and Todoroki, so you’re both going with just your names?”

“Can’t say I expected differently.” Mineta said and the rest of the class agreed.

“**KING EXPLOSION MURDER!”**

“Denied, try again.”
His name... He’s asking me to take on his mantle.

“You too Iida? Just your name as well?”

No. Not yet. I’m not ready for that just yet.

“Huh? You sure about that Midoriya?”

“Yeah, I always hated it. But then someone helped me see it in a new light. It took me by surprise but it made me happy.”

Even if was useless before, I’m going to change that now.

I’m no longer the Deku who can’t do anything right...

I’m the Deku who gives it his all!

“This will be my hero name!.”

“LORD EXPLOSION MURDER!”

“No good.”

“I’m going for Mount Lady!” Mineta dramatically announced.

“You’re thinking lewd thoughts again aren’t you Mineta?” Tsuyu accused.

“Am not!”

The class was discussing who their hero choices were going to be, while Midoriya distracted everyone with his inane mumblings, Aizawa took this opportunity to talk with Kamukura alone.

“As I understand it from the principal, you already have your own plans for this week.” Aizawa questioned, “he said you’ll be going back to Hope’s Peak... Though he didn’t give me more details than that.

Hope’s Peak isn’t a professional hero agency, but we’ve agreed to give you credit as if it were one nonetheless.”

“...” Said Kamukura.

“First the Sports Festival and now this. Well in any case, you’ll have your own thing to do it seems despite not taking part in the Sports Festival. I can’t say I’m particularly thrilled about giving one student this many exceptions though.”

“...”

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After school that day.
“I-I am here... In a particular pose!”

All-Might told Midoriya that he had been drafted by All-Might’s former mentor Gran Torino.

“Seriously?!”

Gran Torino was All-Might’s homeroom teacher and was a teacher at UA for one year, he also knows about One for All.

“Such an amazing guy?!” Midoriya trembled with excitement, while All-Might on the other hand, trembled with something else.

“Did he draft you because he thought that my guidance wasn’t enough? But for him to make the scouting pick using his name from back then... It’s scary, so scary!

Stop shaking leg of mine!!!”

All-Might’s literally shaking in his boots!

“Anyhow... training you is fundamentally my duty, but... he went to all this trouble so I guess I can let him take a cr-cr-crack at it...”

How terrifying is this guy?!

“You’ve all got your costumes right? Wearing them in public is strictly forbidden but don’t lose them.” Aizawa reminded.

It was the day of the hero internships, the students of class 1-A were gathered in the subway station.

What Kamukura said... Midoriya thought back to a conversation he had had with the Ultimate Hope just before leaving.

“You’re going to Hope’s Peak for your week? You won’t be working with a pro hero?”

“If I did it would invalidate me not participating in the Sports Festival, it is not my time to appear in public just yet.

Besides, I may be able to find an answer at Hope’s Peak.”

“An answer? To what?”

“Your assertions the other day. I will most likely be able to find details of my former self, then I will be able to establish my superiority over my past self once and for all with hard evidence.”

“Oh-oh! That! Uh, it’s really no big deal you know? I’m sorry for what I said that day, you were right after all, without All-Might’s help...”

“Do not apologize. You have brought up an interesting point, one I had not considered before. I will need to prove that I am superior in every way to the talentless person I was before, only then will I be deserving of becoming everyone’s hope.”
“If you say so... Well, as long as you’re not still mad...

Um, anyway! I wanted to ask about Iida, I just wanted to know if he’s alright y’know? After his brother was attacked.”

“... Are you attempting to use me?”

“What?!”

“You wish for me to use my analytical powers to tell you what Iida is feeling at the moment, despite the fact that he wishes it not to be known.”

“Well I just... Iida is my friend! Can’t you tell me what he’s thinking?”

“I do not think that he would want me to tell you.”

“Well, it’s not like he explicitly told you not to...

Please? I just wanted to confirm my suspicions, he isn’t focused at school, he’s eating less during lunch, and it seems like he’s not sleeping well at night either. I just think that Iida’s not telling me everything, that he’s more affected by this attack than he’s letting on, and that he may try to do something rash. Can you at least tell me that?”

“...Fine.

Your suspicions are correct, Iida is devastated over what happened though he does not wish to show it, and he is on the verge of doing something rash.”

“...Thanks Kamukura.”

Which is why...

“Iida!” Midoriya called out to the boy as he was walking away, “if it ever gets too much and you need to talk... Just say something. We’re your friends.”

Midoriya pleaded this as Uraraka nodded alongside him.

“Sure.” Was Iida’s only response as he smiled at his friends and continued on his path.

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“Sigh.....” A girl with mauve hair looked out of her classroom window and heaved a sigh.

“Are you thinking about him again?” A red haired girl with freckles walked up to the other girl.

“Yeah...” she said dejectedly.

“I’ve told you this before but you gotta let it go. If he’s the kinda guy that’ll just disappear on you out of the blue like that then he isn’t worth remembering anyway.”

“That’s...” The girl looked apprehensive.

“Sorry... I guess that was kind of a mean thing to say... I wanted to cheer you up, but I guess that sorta backfired huh?”
“It’s fine, I’m the class representative after all, I should be able to handle something like this.”

“Hey, just because you’re the leader doesn’t mean you have to be alone. I’ll be here for you if you need to talk, and so are the others, at least I think so.”

“Thanks.”

“Do I really have the right address?”

Midoriya had followed the address on his piece of paper and was led to a rundown building with cracked walls and broken windows.

“I’ve come from UA High... My name is Izuku Midoriya... Anyone there-

Ahhhhhh! HE’S DEAD!!!”

An old man wearing a hero costume was lying on the floor of the hallway in a pool of his own blood.

Midoriya had never seen a dead body up close before, in that moment he could only stand and look in fear.

His vision turned grainy as his gaze moved almost robotically from every single small supporting detail he could see, each limb of the body lying on the floor, the cane that was presumably dropped when the victim fell, the massive pool of blood that laid beneath the corpse, the broken glass and cutlery strewn about on the floor, what looks like the body’s own internal organs ripped out of its own stomach, before finally putting all the details together in his vision, much to his own horror.

All the while, Midoriya can hear a horrible, polluted, almost distorted sound ringing in his own eardrums, a haunting tune that grew louder with each passing moment of examining the body-

“I’M ALIVE!”

“HE’S ALIVE?!”

All of a sudden Midoriya’s vision returned to normal, the ringing in his ears stopped, and he could properly assess the situation.

*It was a lie*?!

“To slip and fall while carrying ketchup-covered sausage links... How clumsy of me!”

It was true, what looked like blood and guts was actually only ketchup and sausage links that had fallen to the ground, and was clearly not the scene of a grisly accident or murder.

“And who are you?” The old man asked Midoriya suddenly.

“I’m Izuku Midoriya. I’ve come from UA!” He introduced.

“What?”

“I’m Izuku Midoriya!”

“And who are you?”
This guy’s completely off his rocker! I’d better let All-Might know and maybe I’ll go someplace else for my internship...

“Fire off an attack! Show me your One for All! I wanna see to what degree you can control it!

Nice costume. Put it on and show me what you got!”

What’s with this sudden change in attitude?!

“Well, you see...”

“Who are you again?”

Are you kidding me?!?

“I need to get this power under control as soon as possible,” Midoriya explained, “because All-Might... he doesn’t have a lot of time left.

That’s why... I don’t have time to mess around with you sir.”

Zip, zoom, CRASH!

Suddenly Midoriya was looking up at the old man grinning at him while perched on top of his own wall.

“Then I’ll tell you once more,” He sneered, “come at me you neophyte.”

“We are very excited to have you back with us Kamukura.”

“We hope that your stay at UA was to your liking, I trust that that principal did not annoy you too much.”

“We would like to begin our tests right away, please follow us Kamukura.”

“Should you experience any pain or discomfort, please rest assured that we will take very detailed notes.”

The four current members of the Steering Committee personally greeted Kamukura as he arrived at Hope’s Peak’s secret laboratory, after which they eagerly examined their “product” extensively.

“It seems that spending all that time at UA has not dulled his physical abilities.”

“It would still be preferable to keep him here, in order to conduct daily testing.”

“It is much too late for that, UA will get suspicious if he does not go back.”

“We could always say he decided to transfer, I’m sure none of those future heroes ever deigned to get close to Kamukura. Dulling his emotions was to our advantage in many ways.”

Kamukura was tested heavily for the following few hours. First was his physical abilities, strength, speed, stamina, lung capacity, pain endurance, heat endurance and more.

Next came his mental abilities, memory, reading speed and comprehension, his ability to solve
puzzles, ability to distinguish between different noises, mental dexterity and numerous other tests.

Finally, they tested the talents themselves, Kamukura was asked to do many things related to his specific talents. Talents such as the Ultimate Speed Skater, Ultimate Archer, Ultimate Lookout, and even Ultimate Lucky Student had the extents of their ability tested.

“Very impressive Kamukura, very impressive indeed.”

“A hero who is completely talent, Hope’s Peak Academy’s researched talent, the world will tremble under our ‘Ultimate Hope’.”

“We will reshape society, reconstruct it under our ideals. Talent is the true future, quirks will be completely forgotten as a bygone era and will be completely meaningless.”

“We will see you tomorrow Kamukura, we will continue where we left off. If you wish to explore the campus at night, just make sure you do so inconspicuously.”

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It was not long after the Steering Committee left before faint footsteps could be heard outside of Kamukura’s bedroom in the hidden laboratory.

There were two pairs of footsteps, one was confident and commanding while the other was meek and hesitant.

Faint voices could be heard from the other side if you had extraordinarily good hearing, which the occupant of the room did.

“Junko... Are you sure about this? We’ve looked here eighteen times already... I don’t think that’s gonna change...” A voice weakly protested.

“Dear sister,” a pompous and regal voice boomed, “although I am loathe to have to explain myself to one of such simple mind, I shall grace you yet again with my words of wisdom.”

“Oh, um alright...”

“Have you ever heard of this?” the other voice took on a more professional tone, “they say that the definition of insanity is to repeat the same action over and over again while expecting a different result each time.”

“Oh! Yeah, I’ve heard of that. Wait, but doesn’t that mean that-”

“Well that’s completely fucking wrong!” the other voice swore, “what kinda stupid lame-ass definition is that?! Imagine if you dropped an apple from the air, and watched it drop to the ground one hundred times out of one hundred,” the voice sounded extremely sad and melancholy, “would you still say that the apple will drop to the ground on the one hundredth and first time?”

“Well, yeah...”

“Reawwy? But where’s your evidence? Huh? Huh??” A cutesy sweet voice asked, “just because the apple dropped one hundred times out of one hundred before, that doesn’t mean that it will do the same on the one hundredth and first time y’know?”

“I don’t really follow...”
“The point is, dear sister,” The voice lost all its earlier verbal tics, “is that we have finally found what we’ve been looking for. A way to turn this sickening world of hope and heroes, into one of pure, chaotic despair.”

Kamukura watched as Junko Enoshima opened the door to his bedroom, and came face to face with the one and only Ultimate Despair.

Chapter End Notes

The moment we've all been waiting for! Or at the very least, the moment I've all been waiting for.
Poor Midoriya, he'll never get to participate in a class trial if he doesn't find a real dead body soon.
Well either way, this should be a very fun time for both our protagonists.
“There’s someone here this time,” Ikusaba stated the obvious, “so this is the person we’ve been looking for? Izuru Kamukura?”

“Well... who knows,” Enoshima said flippantly.

“Eh? But you said-”

“Hello there!” The fashionista ignored her sister completely and addressed the long haired teen sitting on the bed, “do you happen to be Izuru Kamukura by any chance? The very same Izuru Kamukura who was christened as Hope’s Peak Academy’s Ultimate Hope? The one that was infused with every talent possibly imagined? That Izuru Kamukura??”

“That is correct.” Kamukura said.

“Yayyyyyyyyy!!” Enoshima rushed to Kamukura’s side and leapt with glee, “Kamukura! You’re finally here! Do you have any idea how long I’ve been waiting for you? Any idea how long Mukuro searched for you, and how much torture I forced her to endure because she couldn’t find you? Do you?”

“I didn’t mind! Reall-” Ikusaba tried to object but was cut off.

“I know everything about you too! I’m such a big big BIG fan of yours, I’ve read through your file so many times, enough to know it by heart!” Enoshima said dramatically, “do you know how many times that was? How many times do you think it was?”

“Once,” Kamukura answered.

“That’s exactly right!” She fake gasped, “but how could you possibly know?”

“You have the talent of the Ultimate Analyst, like me.”

“Correct again!” Enoshima turned to look at Ikusaba, who was struck silent by the conversation. “See? Didn’t I tell you sis? The absolute most perfect way to cause despair, Izuru Kamukura.”

“You said that... But you never let me read the file. How exactly-”

“Jeez! You’re so impatient!” Enoshima interrupted, “I was just getting to that! But first I have to properly introduce myself to our new ally, you only get one chance to make a first impression you know?

Unless the person you’re making an impression to constantly forgets you... But where on Earth are you gonna find someone like that?”

She turned back to face Kamukura.

“I am Junko Enoshima, from Hope’s Peak’s 78th class! Pleased to finally meet you!”

She took a bow. Kamukura stared at her wordlessly.
“My name is Muku-”

“Aaaanyways! Before we move onto the main topic, I should ask you one thing. Where have you been this whole time?”

Kamukura thought about the information he wasn’t allowed to release. Don’t tell anyone about the existence of the Kamukura Project, well these two clearly already knew of its existence, so there wasn’t much else he can’t talk about, besides All-Might’s and Midoriya’s secrets.

“I was attending school at UA High, to learn to become a hero.”

“A hero?” Ikusaba echoed.

“Whaaaaaa? Really?” Enoshima complained, “man, that’s lame... I knew I should’ve sent my sister, disguised as me of course, to smash through the UA exam! Divide and conquer as they say!”

“M-me? A hero?” Ikusaba was shocked as this plan was never revealed to her, “and doesn’t ‘divide and conquer’ usually refer to one’s enemies? I think the phrase for this situation would be ‘united we st-’”

"Of course, that would have meant that Mukuro would have to ace the written exam as well. Buuuut I figured she was too braindead for that, so I called the plan off."

“You weren’t going to write the exam for me?” Ikusaba pondered, “but then why go through the trouble of disguising myself?”

“Ugh,” Enoshima frowned, “becaaaaause I needed to see if you could pull it off, duh! Well, we still have many chances for you to try and emulate your adorable little sister.”

“Oh um, alright...”

“Ah but Kamukura...” Enoshima turned her attention back to the boy, “a hero? A man with your talents could most definitely do more than just becoming a hero. I’m sure that there’s something super interesting out there that you could enjoy, if you join with me that is...”

From one Ultimate Analyst to another, Kamukura recognized the emphasis on the word ‘interesting’.

“What did you imagine?” Kamukura asked.

“Maybe something like...” Enoshima’s expression quickly turned from one of joy to one of malice, “if you were to die, right here and right now. Bringing despair onto your creators.”

Enoshima lunged at Kamukura with an ice pick, but was brought down with one swift motion from the Ultimate Hope and was laying on the ground, helpless and with Kamukura’s shoe pushing down on her.

“Junko!” Ikusaba cried out and pulled out her own weapon, charged at Kamukura only to be met with the back of Kamukura’s hand, and the nearby wall soon after.

“How boring.” He assessed, “your actions are completely meaningless, like the villain that attacked USJ.”

“Ow owowow!” Enoshima cried, “don’t be so rough Kamukura dear, after all this is exactly what I wanted to show you!
My situation is so full of wonderful despair right now, it’s exactly the kinda thing you need in your humdrum life!”

“That is illogical, despair is unnecessary no matter how much I analyze it.” Kamukura rejected.

“Logic? Logic?! Logic, hah that’s a laugh! If the world is so logical then why am I in this position right now? Can you explain that with your logic?!”

Junko Enoshima... Like me, she possesses the talent of Ultimate Analyst. She should have known that her attack would be futile, and yet she did so anyway...

Known it was futile, yet acted anyway....

“So you don’t know?” Enoshima smirked despite her unfortunate position, “Even with your analytical abilities, you couldn’t figure it out?

I was just like you, once. So bored with being able to predict what lay ahead of me, I couldn’t feel anymore. Nothing was real, no feelings, no joy, no sadness, no anger, nothing. Until one day... I felt something. At first it was like a pinprick, but the more I tried, the more I could feel, until eventually it was like a tidal wave covering my entire being. Do you know what it is?”

Kamukura understood what she was insinuating, but let the girl speak anyway.

“Despair.

Despair is unpredictable, despair is chaos, despair is the only thing that brings me joy in life.” Enoshima explained, “do you understand now? You could choose to be the world’s hope, or you can plunge the world into despair. Hope is boring, predictable, despair is exciting, and something not even the Ultimate Analyst can predict.

Join with me Kamukura! Join me and I will show you a truly unpredictable world! One that is filled to the brim with despair!!”

“To abandon my purpose as the Ultimate Hope? To choose to spread despair for the chance of experiencing something unpredictable?” Kamukura mused at his choices.

“You, who has it all, and has grown bored of it.” Enoshima preached, “Izuru Kamukura, only despair can save you!”

At this, Kamukura raised his right foot and stomped hard on the Fashionista’s skull, a slight crack could be heard from across the room.

“Junko!” Ikusaba wailed as she hurried to her sister’s side, she looked at Kamukura one last time before picking up her sister.

I gave my answer to Ikusaba and watched them exit the bedroom.

Friendship fragment obtained!

Junko Enoshima: (1/5)

Mukuro Ikusaba: (1/5)

Junko Enoshima’s report card has been updated based on your experience with her.

Mukuro Ikusaba’s report card has been updated based on your experience with her.
“From what I saw at the Sports Festival, you barely have a clue as on how to use One for All correctly.” Gran Torino said to Midoriya, “that justice obsessed fool sure is a novice when it comes to teaching.”

*The same phrasing! The same way of playing dumb! This guy was definitely All-Might’s teacher!*

“So go ahead and put on your costume!”

---

Midoriya did as he was told and began sparring with the old hero. Gran Torino was dashing all over the place, not paying any heed to how much damage he may be causing his home. Midoriya on the other hand, could only watch as his teacher zipped by him and landed blow after blow.

*He’s hit me in the back twice now! Which means...*

As Gran Torino bounced off the wall, Midoriya spun around and swung a punch...

“Trying to analyze and predict? No good.”

That missed entirely and ended the match pinned to the hard wooden floor.

“So stiff,” Gran Torino said as he patted Midoriya’s arms, “and your awareness is a mess. It’s no wonder you’re just gonna end up like this.

I saw the way you fought in Sports Festival, you should’ve figured it out by now.

The respect that you have for All-Might, that sense of responsibility... They’re just shackles holding you back. You keep thinking of One for All as something unique.”

“So what should I do?” Questioned Midoriya as he got up and dusted himself off.

“You gotta find the answer to that yourself,” Gran Torino replied as he exited the building, “I’m gonna go buy some grub, why don’t you clean this place up while you think?”

---

“Usually I’m waiting for a call to come in, but right now Hosu’s in a bit of a panic.”

At Iida’s internship at Hosu City, Normal Hero was explaining the situation in Hosu to Iida. With the number of patrolmen reduced and the Hero Killer on the loose at Hosu, everyone’s work has been substantially increased.

“Sure is nice to have Ingenium’s little brother with me though.”

*The Hero Killer*, Iida thought to himself, *a serial killer that even the police are unable to catch. Like the one called Genocide Jack, no one knows anything about him, a complete phantom.*

*Unlike Jack however the Hero Killer’s targets are known, that’s why he’s named ‘Hero Killer’. Another thing that’s unlike Jack, the Hero Killer targeted my brother! For that, I can never forgive him!*
“My respect for All-Might is shackling me... And I’ve been thinking of One for All as something more unique than it is...” Midoriya thought back to Gran Torino’s words after he left the room.

“That’s why my movements are stiff... what would the opposite of stiff be? Loose? Can I make my movements more loose?

...

That’s it!”

Midoriya ran to his notebook and began to write furiously.

“I was thinking of One for All as some super secret trump card, when it really it should be used as a normal strength enhancing quirk like any other! If I want to use One for All more effectively, then I have to start with that! I have to use it more evenly!”

Outside of the apartment, Gran Torino was listening in on Midoriya’s mumblings while smiling with a hint of pride.

*Maybe you picked a good one after all, Toshinori... All-Might.*

------------------

*Gotta think about it more evenly...*

Desperate for results, Midoriya snuck out at night wearing his costume to look for more training. He decided to try and shift One for All throughout his various limbs and attempt to wall jump using that.

Try as he might, Midoriya was unable to control One for All in this form. And so he kept practicing until dawn.

------------------

“What happened to you?!?” Gran Torino asked after seeing Midoriya’s bruised and sleepless face.

“I was doing some training and I lost track of time...” Midoriya explained what he was up to yesterday.

“Every real challenge begins that way, but you’d be hard pressed to hear All-Might say that. That guy managed to control it from the very beginning, so I had to teach him a different way.

By sparring nonstop until he was ready to puke, every single day.”

*So that’s why All-Might was so scared!*

“I couldn’t half ass his training, after all, he was left to me by a dear departed friend.” Gran Torino blissfully recalled the past.

“So All-Might’s predecessor had already passed away at this point?”

“Yeah...”

Their conversation was cut short by the doorbell, apparently Gran Torino had ordered a new microwave after his old one broke for some reason.
You crushed it yourself!

Breakfast turned into another sparring session as Midoriya encountered a much needed metaphor.

“This taiyaki... it’s me!”

“No it’s not, what’s wrong with you?!”

But it was, Midoriya finally understood how to spread One for All evenly around his body, and Gran Torino decided to strike while the iron was hot.

“Can you even move like that?”

“I... Don’t know.”

“Why don’t we find out.”

Despair... So despair is unpredictable, and by spreading despair I will be able to alleviate this boredom?

If Enoshima is truly correct... Then was that despair as well? The entrance exams, and during the Sports Festival... Was that despair’s doing?

Kamukura’s thoughts were interrupted by the opening of the bedroom door, he was so deep in thought that he didn’t notice the footsteps outside.

“As you can see, our subject is perfectly fine.”

“There is no need to worry, we have performed thorough examinations of his health.”

“We care about our subject’s health quite dearly, we do not want our Project to fail any more than you do after all.”

“Time is of the essence of course, we only have a week to conduct our examinations. Please do what you need to quickly.”

Headmaster Jin Kirigiri was standing with the four members of the Steering Committee, the committee was looking at Kirigiri anxiously while the headmaster was smiling at Kamukura.

“Kamukura, it’s good to see you again.” Kirigiri greeted the boy affectionately, “you seem substantially less pale, though I suppose you do have much more opportunities to enjoy the sun when you aren’t being studied in an underground facility.”

Kirigiri turned to the Steering Committee.

“I will be talking with Kamukura in private now, please give us some time.”

They scowled at Kirigiri but acquiesced to his request and walked out of the room, closing the door behind them.

“Welcome back to Hope’s Peak Kamukura,” Kirigiri said, “I hope your stay at UA was to your liking.”

“I have no complaints.” Replied Kamukura.
“Excellent, though I do certainly trust Principal Nedzu to be quite accommodating, you know how it is with certain quirks sometimes.”

“…”

“Still as talkative as ever I see,” Kirigiri joked, “well, you can let me do all the talking if you so wish. I don’t have all that much to say, I’m sure the Steering Committee are eager to get their hands on you.

I suppose I should begin by telling you about your ‘internship’ here at Hope’s Peak, it’s not your traditional hero internship but then again you really aren’t the traditional hero.

As you expected, the majority of the internship will be spent with The Steering Committee performing various tests upon you, that is our agreement for allowing you to attend UA. Well, they shouldn’t be too horrible, they want you to succeed as much as I do.

Now, this is the important part of what I have to say. For the week while you’re here, you’ll be an honorary student at Hope’s Peak Academy, I even had the liberty of ordering you your own electronic handbook.”

Kirigiri pulled a small pad out of his pocket and handed it to Kamukura. He tapped the screen and the name ‘Izuru Kamukura’ flashed on the screen before displaying a menu with a sizable number of icons.

“That e-handbook will grant you access to all the facilities that a normal student would at this academy, you’ll need it to access places such as the changing room or the supply room. The handbook also has a number of built in functions as well, it has a map, a notebook, and you can even use it to contact other students or the staff.

That being said, you have a special version of the handbook that makes you invisible to other handbooks unless you give them specific permissions to become visible to them, so we don’t have to worry about people suddenly seeing a new handbook all of a sudden.

Another key difference is that calls made to me from that handbook are given special priority, you may contact any of the staff working here at Hope’s Peak with the e-handbook but I would recommend that you come to me first about any problems that may arise.”

Kirigiri paused to take a breath before resuming to speak.

“Of course, this means that you will not have to spend your entire week here cooped up in this laboratory, after extensive negotiations, you have been given free rein to explore the campus as you please, as long as you have completed the Steering Committee’s tests for you obviously.”

Kirigiri looked at Kamukura to gauge his reaction, there was none.

“What you choose to do is completely up to you, despite what the Steering Committee said earlier, you will have an appropriate amount of free time for you to relax.

Of course, this internship will not quite be teaching you as much about hero work as UA would like, I may recommend going to the library to read up on famous heroes of the past, or looking up some interviews of pro heroes if you have the chance. Well either way, what you choose to do with your free time will be up to you, I’m not going to force you to do something you don’t want to unlike some people.

That about wraps up my explanation, there is one more thing that I would like to mention, it’s
about the confidentiality of the Kamukura Project. Well, not much has changed regarding that matter, you still are being asked to keep all of its details and its existence a secret after all. But you have attended this school before, as a Reserve Course student that is, for a short while before you underwent the process that turned you into Izuru Kamukura. Thus, we will be restricting you from entering the Reserve Course area of Hope’s Peak, lest you be recognized by one of your old friends.

That about does it for me, do you have any questions before I take my leave?”

“What should I do if a student from the Main Course recognizes me?” Kamukura asked logically.

“Ah well,” Kirigiri looked sheepish, “we didn’t really expect you to have spent a lot of time interacting with Main Course students all that much while you were in the Reserve Course, so I believe that simply telling them they are mistaken and that you’re somebody else should do the trick.”

*I watched Headmaster Kirigiri leave the room and the Steering Committee come back in, looking impatient.*

Friendship fragment obtained!

Jin Kirigiri (3/5).

Your report card has been updated based on your experience with Headmaster Kirigiri.

Chapter End Notes

Izuru's first meeting with Junko's a little longer now, it's still pretty much the same though.
The internships are starting, not much to say really except that it'll be pretty fun.
I guess I'll give you my idea for Junko's quirk in this story, it's not really a flashy one.
Junko Enoshima
Quirk: Ultimate Despair
Effect: A much weaker version of Shisou's Brainwashing but has no activation or deactivation clause. Basically makes those that Junko talk to passively more susceptible to her ideas and agreeing with her.
Inside the Hope’s Peak Academy’s medical room, a certain pink-haired girl woke up as the sunlight shone on her face.

Where am I?

“Thank goodness!” A voice cried out to her left, “this is the school hospital. When they asked about your injuries I said that you tripped on your heels and hit your head.”

Is that so? And then my darling sister waited the whole night watching over me, worried that I might not wake up? If that’s true then...

“Ugh, you seriously stink,” Enoshima criticized, “did you not even go home and take a bath or something? I can’t believe I have to wake up to this.”

“O-oh...”

I can experience some despair. Well, it’s nothing I’m not already used to, seeing Mukuro’s face contort with sadness just doesn’t seem to do anything for me anymore. How disappointing.

“Well? What happened to Kamukura?” Enoshima prompted.

“Kamukura? Well...” Ikusaba thought back to last night, right after she ran to rescue her sister, Kamukura had given her his answer to Enoshima’s demands.

“‘When she wakes, tell her that I will be waiting’ is what he said. It seems that he hasn’t told the school about us, I was able to get you to the hospital with no problems.”

“I see I see! Well if he’s waiting then I should hurry up and pick him up!”

“You know, I’m not sure I like that guy.” Ikusaba pouted.

“Huh? I didn’t ask the opinion of a flat-chested pervert whose only talent is killing people.” Enoshima reprimanded.

“N-no, I didn’t mean it like that!” Ikusaba blushed.

“Well, you’re off duty for now,” Enoshima said, “go to class, hang out with our classmates, take a nap or whatever. Showtime’s not till tomorrow night anyway.”

“Oh, well um, alright. In that case, I’ll see you later Junko.” Ikusaba said quietly as she left the hospital room.

The first part of the plan is all set, after I’ve gathered the student council I’ll be able to show Kamukura the wondrous world of despair.

After that... Hmm, I’m gonna need more pawns than just Mukuro and Kamukura if I want my plan to succeed...

“U-um, excuse me...” A girl poked her head in from the door, “your sister said you’ve woken up?
If it’s alright with you, I’d like to perform some tests to make sure you aren’t too seriously injured.”

Enoshima turned and looked at the girl who just entered the room, she had long, purple hair that was unevenly cut, and was wearing a nurse’s outfit.

“Of course that’d be fine with me,” Enoshima flashed a smile at the timid girl, “but you’re much too young to be a nurse here, are you a student by any chance?”

“Oh! Yes, I am!” The nurse answered with a shy smile, “my name is Mikan Tsumiki, the Ultimate Nurse. I’m in the 77th class, and I volunteer here sometimes.”

“Ooooohhh, so you’re my senior then! Nice to meet you, I’m Junko Enoshima, the Ultimate Fashionista.”

“Oh! It’s nice to meet you as well!”

“Once you’re done your examinations, why don’t you entertain me for a while? I’m going to be stuck in this hospital for quite a while, I’m going to get awfully bored if there’s nothing to do.”

“Huh?! E-entertain you? But what can I do? I-I barely know any conversation topics…”

“How about you start by telling me about yourself,” Enoshima suggested, “then about your classmates, I’m sure we’ll find a lot to talk about.”

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“That’s three minutes.” Gran Torino said as he clicked a stopwatch. Midoriya was kneeling on the floor in front of him, out of breath.

“Shoot.”

Although Midoriya had been able channel One for All throughout his entire body, he was still unable to match Gran Torino’s speed and experience in a three minute sparring session.

“Just preserving this state is really hard, I’m not really there yet.” Midoriya admitted.

“Nah, analyzing my movements and trying to find my openings, you seem like the type that’s always thinking ahead. Now you just have to get used to it! But before that, we still haven’t had breakfast yet.”

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After their breakfast of taiyaki, the two continue training until it was almost noon.

“It’s almost time for lunch,” Gran Torino announced during a break, “why don’t you go buy some grub to eat and we’ll continue after, here’s some money.”

“Huh, oh um, alright.” Gran Torino plopped some cash in Midoriya’s hands and plopped onto his couch.

*He didn’t tell me what to buy, I guess that means anything’s fine?* Midoriya thought this as he walked to the grocery store.

“I guess these sandwiches could be good, oh and Gran Torino likes sweets right? Maybe this red bean paste…”
“That hair... Could it be...? Izuku Midoriya? Ah, I really am lucky!”

A familiar voice snapped Midoriya out of his muttering and caused him to look up.

“I recognize that voice... But where...?” Midoriya tried to remember as he turned around, and was greeted by a white-haired boy with a cheerful smile.

“You!” Midoriya instantly recalled upon seeing the distinctive boy, “you were in the audience at the Sports Festival!”

“Ah! So you remember me, I’m so glad!” The boy’s smile grew even larger for a moment but then turned into one of slight embarrassment, “but... you probably only remember me because of my outburst during that one match... haha, that’s a bit embarrassing to think about.”

“Oh it’s no big deal.” Midoriya tried to calm him, “I mean, what you said was all pretty much correct, and you were defending my friend who was fighting down there as well. Really, it’s nothing to be embarrassed about.”

“Really? Ah, I’m so glad that I didn’t make a fool of myself in front of someone like you,” the boy smiled again, “but where are my manners? I should introduce myself. My name is Nagito Komaeda, the Ultimate Lucky Student.”

There were two odd things in what Komaeda had just said but one caught Midoriya’s attention.

“Ultimate... Lucky Student?” The phrase was familiar, in fact it was similar to how Kamukura had described his multitude of talents, if Midoriya was correct then, “Komaeda was it? Are you from Hope’s Peak Academy?”

“!” At this question, Komaeda had started blushing and twisted his mouth to a slight grimace, “Ah, whoops. It’s a force of habit, I’ve gotten so used to giving out my ultimate talent with my introduction that I forget not to include it when I’m not at Hope’s Peak.”

*Huh, I thought that this guy was really weird and condescending when at the Sports Festival but he’s actually pretty nice. Guess I was wrong about the kind of person he is, kind of like what happened with Iida!*

“But you were able to figure out that I’m from Hope’s Peak with that,” Komaeda noted, “well I guess it makes sense, Hope’s Peak is a very famous school in its own right.”

“Yeah, it definitely is!” Midoriya assented, “so your talent is... Lucky Student? Er, what exactly does that mean?”

“Oh that? It simply means that I’m really lucky, that’s all,” Komaeda insufficiently explained, “ah, but I guess I should I give you a better explanation than that. I was chosen to be accepted into Hope’s Peak Academy through a random lottery that included every single eligible teenager in Japan. In fact, you were probably eligible to be chosen too! At first, I declined the offer, but they told me they wanted to research my luck so I accepted!”

“So... you got into Hope’s Peak through sheer luck?” Midoriya wondered and was astounded that a prestigious academy like Hope’s Peak would do such a thing.

“That’s not how I would put it,” Komaeda refuted, “it’s not quite accurate to say that I got into Hope’s Peak because of luck, instead you could say that I got into Hope’s Peak because of *my* luck, if that makes sense.”
It didn’t, but Midoriya was willing to let that go, there was something else that was odd about what Komaeda had said earlier.

“Um, Komaeda? Earlier when we first met, you said that you were ‘glad that you didn’t make a fool of yourself in front of someone like me’. What does that mean exactly?”

“It means exactly that, I’m glad that I didn’t disgrace myself in front of someone as amazing and as wonderful as you, that’s what I meant.” Komaeda smiled fondly as he said this, but Midoriya could only grow even more confused, he had received a variety of compliments for his accomplishments in the Sports Festival but Komaeda’s seems a bit... over the top.

“I wouldn’t really call myself amazing... I mean I only managed to make the top eight, and people like Kacchan and Todoroki did a lot better than I did.”

“That’s not what I mean,” Komaeda argued, his face turning to a more neutral expression, “the other students, well they were quite powerful as well, and do have the potential to become top heroes. But you Midoriya? You’re much more amazing than any of them.

Do you remember your fight against Shouto Todoroki?” Komaeda asked.

“Huh? Yeah, but I lost that fight.” Midoriyaa reminded him, still not completely understanding his point.

“That’s exactly why I think you’re amazing!” Komaeda beamed at him while saying something odd, “what you did for Todoroki in that fight, it was truly incredible.”

“What I did for Todoroki? Well I guess I did convince him to use his Fire side, even though he went on to not use it in the fight against Kacchan.” Midoriya recalled, “is that what you meant?”

“That’s exactly it!” Komaeda’s eyes lit up even further now, “you were able to break him out of the despair that he felt during the Sports Festival, you were able to give him hope! That’s something that not even most pro heroes are able to do for their citizens, so for you to be able to grant hope to your enemy in a competition is just... incredible.”

Oh yeah, Midoriya thought, he was saying something about hope during Uraraka’s fight against Kacchan as well wasn’t he? First Kamukura and now Komaeda, does everyone at Hope’s Peak value hope so much? Well it is called Hope’s Peak.

“That’s why I’m personally rooting for you to become a hero.” Komaeda continued, “I know that you’re going to become a great hero when you get older, one that will bring hope to the world.”

“Really? Thanks Komaeda.” Midoriya smiled at the boy’s praise and then remembers something else that was bothering him, “hey Komaeda? Hope’s Peak Academy is pretty far away from here isn’t it? So why are you on an internship as well?”

“Ah, no I’m not. The reason I’m not in school right now is actually because... I was suspended.” Komaeda said while looking quite embarrassed.

“What? Suspended?! What happened?!”

“It’s a bit of a long story so let me just say that I was trying to help out my classmates, but it didn’t work out as well as I had expected.” Komaeda explained, “as for why I’m here? Well, I was actually planning on travelling to Hosu to find the Hero Killer, but the bus I was taking broke down so I decided to wander around this city for a bit, that’s when I ran into you. What’s wrong Midoriya?”
“Y—you’re travelling to Hosu... To find the Hero Killer? But why?” Midoriya looked panicked as the boy he just met casually suggested something incredibly dangerous, “the Hero Killer is a serial killer, why would you want to seek them out? Are you going to try and bring them in?”

“Bring them in? Why would I do that?” Komaeda looked confused at the suggestion, “I just want to meet them that’s all, kind of like how I wanted to meet you.”

“You want to meet them?! But they’re a criminal!” Midoriya protested, “why would you want to meet a murderer?! You could get killed!”

“Ah! Is that what you were worried about?” Komaeda looked relieved as he figured out the reason behind Midoriya’s protests, “I’m really not going to be in any danger or anything. I just wanted to check out his hope.”

“His... hope?” There was that word again.

“Of course!” Komaeda smiled warmly at Midoriya, “I’m curious at what kind of hope the Hero Killer holds, and what kind of hope will blossom from his actions. I want to be there to witness the clashing of hopes between him and the heroes he kills, and the beautiful hope that blooms forth as the strong hope overcomes the weak hope.”

Nope! I was definitely wrong! Komaeda’s completely crazy!

And going to Hosu to find the Hero Killer? That’s just...

“The Hero Killer kills... well he kills heroes! That’s why he’s called the Hero Killer!” Midoriya pointed out, “how can that create hope?! I thought you appreciated heroes for the hope they brought to the world?!”

“Oh, you misunderstood me Midoriya,” Komaeda looked down at the boy in pity, “I didn’t say that heroes brought hope to the world, I just said that you’ll be a hero that can bring hope to the world. All the heroes that the Hero Killer kills are well... nothing more than mere stepping stones really. Their hopes simply aren’t strong enough if just one serial killer can take them down so easily.”

“No, that’s wrong!” Midoriya pointed and shouted at Komaeda, “how can they be just stepping stones? Those heroes have lives and families that care about them! How can you say something so horrible?!"

“Horrible?” Komaeda asked, “is it really so horrible for those talentless heroes to be used as stepping stones for a brighter hope? Their deaths will contribute to the world’s hope, it’s really a great honour!

Well, it was fun talking to you Midoriya, but I probably held you up long enough. I’ll let you shop in peace now. May our paths cross again someday.”

“Wait!” As Komaeda made to leave, Midoriya grabbed a hold of his arm and held him back, “just tell me you’re not going after the Hero Killer, you’ll be killed.”

Komaeda just smiled at him, “you don’t have to worry about me so much you know? I have a way of staying safe. And even if I do die, well, at least it won’t be a worthless death. Could you let go of me now?”

“How... how do you plan on finding him?”

“Oh, that’s simple.” Komaeda explained, “I’ll just rely on my luck.”
Not knowing what to say or do, Midoriya released his grip on Komaeda’s arm and watched him walk away.

“Why the hell were you out there? You were gone for ages!” Gran Torino’s boot collided with Midoriya’s face as he arrived back at the apartment.

“Sorry—ack!”

Unsurprisingly, Togami was in there by himself, absorbed in a book.

“H-he’s here... Ahaha... he’s r-really here! Okay, N-Naegi, go talk to him!”

“What?!”

“Stop b-being so loud! Just hurry up and g-go talk to him!”

For some unknown reason, Fukawa had asked Naegi to accompany her to the library. Once there, the writer had then asked the boy to approach Togami, who frequently habit the school library, in conversation.

“You go talk to him if you want to so bad!” Naegi asserted.

“I c-can’t! I don’t want to i-interrupt him...!”

That’s kinda crazy... Despite everything, Naegi decided to walk up to Togami at Fukawa’s request, as he was about to greet the scion...

“What are you doing back here? I hate even having to look at you.” Togami said.

“Ah- so you noticed me then?” Naegi intuited.

“Of course, now hurry up and leave.” he demanded, “and take her with you.”

At this mention, Fukawa crept out of her hiding spot and moved to where the two boys were gathered.

“Hey, um Togami?” Fukawa began, “remember when you said ‘don’t be a strong woman who dominates w-weak men, be a weak woman dominated by a s-strong man’?”

*Did Togami really say something like that to Fukawa?!

“I never said that.”

“W-well actually, I thought it sounded like something you might say...”

*Huh.*

“If you have nothing important to tell me than get out.” Togami commanded, “and go take a shower, you stink.”
“O-okay...”

Outside of the library...

“Man, he really dug into us there. Maybe he was in a bad mood or something.” Naegi pondered.

“...”

Oh man, Fukawa seems really depressed. I hope Togami didn’t upset her too much. She’s already been through enough trauma after what happened during the Sports Festival.

“T-Togami... to go that far,” Fukawa mumbled, “he must be r-really concerned about me!”

“Huh?”

“He t-told me to take a bath and everything. He must really care a-about my well-being!” Fukawa concluded.

But that may the wrong conclusion...

This probably isn’t a good development... for either party involved....

I should tell Maizono about this later.

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“Just another day of patrolling, sorry it isn’t more exciting.”

“No... It’s actually.... Better that way....”

Normal Hero Manual and Iida were patrolling the streets of Hosu City as part of their internship.

“Hey.... I really hate to ask but...” Manual began, “you’re after the Hero Killer aren’t you?”

“Well....”

“I just can’t think of any reason why you’d choose my agency. I mean, I’m thrilled that you did but...

You can’t let yourself be motivated by personal grudges. It’s only because of advances in quirk regulation that we’re allowed to use our quirks in the first place, but vigilantism is strictly against the rules. And if you’re caught going off on your own, that’s a major crime.” Manual looked at Iida, “sorry, that’s all I wanted to say. You had this really intense look in your eyes, that’s all.”

“I appreciate the warning.” Iida responded.

Though if Manual was able to peek under Iida’s helmet, he’d maybe be able to see that his words would not be enough. Underneath Iida’s helmet were eyes that glowed with determination, hatred, anger, vengeance, and despair.

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“That will be all for now. Meet us back here in the afternoon, we will continue our tests then.”

“Understood.”

Kamukura watched the four members of the Steering Committee make their exit before planning
what to do next

According to the schedule I will have some time to myself. Perhaps I shall explore Hope's Peak Academy as the headmaster suggested.

Free time...

START!

So these are the “Ultimates” my talents came from, how boring.

Kamukura was standing in the courtyard, observing the students as they went about their lunch.

“Hajime!”

Hm?

“Hajime! That’s you isn’t it?”

Kamukura turned around and came face to face with a girl with mauve coloured hair, staring quizzically at him.

“You are mistaken, I am not the person you think I am.” Kamukura attempted.

The girl dug out her phone from her pocket and searched through it, she turned the phone to Kamukura.

Hmm. This is troubling.

Kamukura stared at the phone in the girl’s hands, noting how similar he looked to the boy in the picture. Besides the hair and the eyes, he would be an exact match, which was no coincidence considering he was the boy in the picture.

“Don’t lie to me Hajime, I know it’s you!” The girl puffed out her cheeks, “where have you been all this time? Why is your hair so long?”

It seems that Headmaster Kirigiri had not been prepared for this outcome. I will have to remedy this situation myself.

“Hajime, why won’t you answer me? Did you forget who I am? I’m Chiaki Nanami, don’t you remember? We used to play video games together.”

And perhaps this situation can be to my advantage.

Chapter End Notes

Not quite how he pictured the conversation to go is it?

Well in any case, I'll give you my thoughts on Mukuro's quirk.

Mukuro Ikusaba

Quirk: Regeneration

She can regenerate her wounds much faster than normal humans. But she was never damaged once in all her years as a soldier because of how good she is, what a
worthless quirk.
Chiaki Nanami had gotten quite used to encountering strange situations. Even more so than others in this quirk filled world, for she was the class representative of Hope’s Peak Academy’s 77th class. For high school students in general, the usage of quirks was strictly regulated, successfully preventing abnormal situations that arose due to mismanagement of one’s quirk for the most part. But the students of Hope’s Peak Academy were quite well, eccentric, each in their own unique way, and this eccentricity was not regulated by society, meaning that irregular situations were quite often the norm at Hope’s Peak Academy. Nanami had been the class representative for her class for well over a year now, and she believed that she had seen all the strangeness that Hope’s Peak could ever throw at her, and that she would be able to handle all of it.

Clearly, she was wrong.

“Hajime... Is what you told me true? Y-you’re not playing a prank on me right?” Nanami asked, “because I won’t forgive you if you are! You’ve been gone for almost a year and you reappear like this...”

Knowing that attempting to argue would be pointless, and that Headmaster Kirigiri’s assumption that no Main Course student would recognize him was wrong, Kamukura had decided to spill the beans and give the girl he had just met a brief overview of Kamukura Project.

“I am not lying to you, everything I just told you was the truth.”

“But...” Nanami’s shoulders trembled as she stared at Kamukura in anger, “why? Why would you let them do that to you? Your memories, your emotions? Why?!"

“I do not know of my past intentions,” Kamukura admitted, “the most likely explanation is that I was jealous of those with talent, and desperately wanted to acquire a talent, no matter the cost.”

“No matter the cost?” Nanami repeated, “did you really want talent that badly?! You left without even saying anything, I waited for you every day for a month. I tried to contact your family, your friends, but I didn’t have their information.”

Kamukura stared at the girl standing before him, she claims to have known Hajime Hinata just before he decided to go through with the Kamukura Project, judging by her reaction I can assume that she and I were quite close. I had wanted to learn more about my past in order to prove that I with talent, am superior to who I was without talent, hanging out with this girl may help me to achieve that goal.

What would I like to do with Nanami?

“I would like to ask you some questions, about Hajime Hinata.” Kamukura stated.

“A-alright.” Nanami agreed.

I let Nanami tell me what she remembered of Hajime Hinata, I occasionally asked some questions to gain further insights.

Nanami and I grew a little closer that day.
So far it seems that Hinata played video games with her quite regularly, even though I would almost never win I would continually accept her challenges. How illogical.

“-which was his favourite game.” Nanami finished telling her story, “did you have any more questions?”

“No, this information was quite useful to me, thank you.” Kamukura said and began to analyze Hajime from the information Nanami had given him, the analysis was imperfect due to the lack of information but Kamukura was satisfied.

“You said that they removed your memories right?” Nanami suddenly asked, snapping the boy out of his thoughts, “do you have any way of restoring them?”

“It is definitely possible to restore my memories,” Kamukura answered, “I am almost certain of it.”

Nanami was relieved at Kamukura’s response.

“Really? Then we just have to jog your memory right? Well, I’ve already told you what we did when we hung out together, maybe actually playing a game would help. Here, I have one that we played all the time on me right now.”

Nanami plopped her backpack on the ground and rushed to search through it for the items she needed, she held the console up to Kamukura who just stared blankly at her.

“My memories are not locked within my brain in the same way they would be if I were to have experienced a great psychological trauma, they would not reappear by simply being reminded of my past.” Kamukura explained, “my memories were taken out of my mind by the Steering Committee, I would need to retrieve them and implant them in my mind again.”

“Oh...” Nanami looked disappointed, “that’s what you mean. It’s possible to restore your memories but we don’t have any way of getting to it.”

Kamukura tilted his head at this statement, “I do have a way of retrieving my memories.”

“R-really?!” This was incredible news for Nanami.

“The Steering Committee would likely be very cautious of causing me irreparable damage in the case that the project fails and they have to answer to their investors. It is useful for them to test the process on what is essentially a blank slate, a talentless, quirkless individual with no memories. However they would not risk having to face harsh legal repercussions should I fail, they will very likely have kept my memories intact to be restored should anything goes wrong.”

“Th-then... You can get your memories back!” Nanami smiled at the thought, that’s wonderful!”

“Why?”

“Huh?”

“Why would that be wonderful?”

“B-because!” Nanami explained, “because then you can be Hajime again! And we can play games together again, and...”

Kamukura shook his head.

“It is not nearly that simple. Even if my memories are restored, my emotions would still be
subdued due to the Steering Committee’s influence, this procedure is a lot harder to undo.”

“But you said they wanted to avoid legal repercussions!” Nanami pointed out, “hindering someone’s emotions definitely has to be a crime!”

“They deemed the procedure to be necessary, so they took their chances, that is all. And even if I undo the process on my emotions, I will still have all the talents that I was imbued with, a process which required a significant amount of time, and could only be done with the Steering Committee’s research.”

“Then...” Nanami was lost in thought for a bit before looking more determined, “then we’ll make do with just your memories! It’s the easiest one to restore right?”

Kamukura pondered this for a moment, “if I am caught attempting to restore my memories then that will be a breach of trust between the Steering Committee and myself, which will in turn lose me much of the freedoms negotiated for me by Headmaster Kirigiri. Additionally, if I am not found out, and the project continues as if nothing had happened, it has the potential to invalidate the entirety of the Kamukura Project.

So then I ask you, why is it so important for me to recover my memories?”

Nanami looked forlorn at Kamukura’s question, “I just... I just wanted to be able to hang out with Hajime again... I guess I’m just being selfish though... I thought that... Nevermind.”

“Even if it’s just for the duration of this week, I can hang out with you. I have achieved what I set out to accomplish by talking with you anyway.” Kamukura offered but Nanami simply shook her head.

“Sorry Kamukura, but... It’s just not the same.” Chiaki admitted.

“I do not understand, I am the essentially the same person as the Hajime Hinata you knew in the past. In fact, I am far more talented and will be more than a match for you in the games that you and Hinata once played. I am superior to Hinata in every way.”

“No, that's wrong!” Nanami objected, “you’re not superior to Hajime at all, just because you have a bunch of talents doesn’t mean that you’re better than him. It doesn’t.”

Nanami is saying similar things to what Midoriya was after the Sports Festival, perhaps my earlier conclusion was incomplete. I know what I must do now.

“If that is what you believe then... I will act to restore my memories,” declared Kamukura.

“What?” Nanami was shocked, “you will? But what about losing your freedoms and invalidating the experiment?”

“I will not be caught, and I do not particularly care for the results of the experiment.” Kamukura said, “I will restore my memories and systematically compare my current self with the Hajime Hinata of the past, then I will be able to prove that I am superior once and for all.”

“Well, good luck I guess.” Nanami said as she pursed her lips together.

I left and made my way to the Steering Committee’s laboratory.

Friendship fragment obtained!
Chiaki Nanami: (1/5)

Chiaki’s report card has been updated based on your experience with her.

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“It’s important to eat you know? You don’t want to be starving when a villain attacks you.”

Manual said this to Iida who had opted to skip lunch.

In truth, he had been skipping many meals lately, since the day after he visited his brother in the hospital he had been eating less and less for meals, until he started to skip them entirely. Another thing that Iida had decided to forego was sleep. Manual couldn’t know this but instead of sleeping, the engine hero had been spending his nights doing various exercises instead.

At first, this new routine was the result of grief over his brother’s forced retirement from the hero business. Iida had felt the harsh repercussions of his actions, from headaches, to his stomach threatening to digest itself, to intense drowsiness, to aches, pains, and sores all over his body. But now, it was as if his body had flipped a switch, the pains were gone, his body was no longer sending signals to his brain that try to stop his self destructive behaviour, he felt full even if he didn’t eat, he felt rested even if he didn’t sleep, he felt healthy despite, well, everything that he was doing.

\[I\text{ know when the change had happened, reminisced Iida, it was during hero name selection when I rejected my brother’s offer to become the next Ingenium because I knew that I wasn’t ready.}\]

There was one other change to Iida’s body that could be seen, it was one that has gone unnoticed by Manual, as Iida generally had his helmet on at all times, and it was one that he himself had ignored, or simply didn’t want to consider the significance of, whenever he looked in the mirror.

Tenya Iida’s eyes were no longer blue, but glowed a bright, dangerous red.

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“And that’s the story of how I got to be so good at nursing.” Tsumiki happily explained to Enoshima, “and that’s why I love caring for sick of injured people. Because they’re weaker than me, and they’ll always listen to what I have to say.”

“I see... And I suppose in this situation, that would be me. Isn’t that right?” Enoshima smirked.

“Ah! No, that’s not what I mean!” Tsumiki shrieked and started to weep, “I didn’t mean to insult you... Y-you’re not weak... Please... forgive me....”

“Alright, you’re forgiven.” Enoshima said immediately.

“Uwah?!” Tsumiki was taken aback, “really? You’d forgive me so easily? U-um, if you’re still angry you can draw on me, o-or poke my limbs with needles, or tell me to take my clothes off...”

“Why would I do that?” Enoshima flashed what looked like a genuine smile, “mistakes happen right? Well, you’re forgiven.”

“Really?” Tsumiki gasped and looked at her patient in awe, before looking like she was about to cry again, “but then I said all that gross stuff afterwards, oooh I really am just gross pig barf. I’m sorry...”

“That’s alright, you’re just nervous right? I can forgive you for that.” Enoshima spoke without any
hesitation.

“Eek!” Tsumiki pressed the tips of her fingers together and looked extraordinarily pleased, “I was forgiven so easily, and I didn’t have to let you cut my hair off, hee hee.”

“I’m not sure what you’re so happy about but whatever, I’m glad my new friend is so happy.” Enoshima said sweetly.

“F-friend?” Tsumiki looked surprised, “we only just met a-and you’re already calling me a friend!”

“Well yeah! We are friends aren’t we? Or am I moving too fast here?”

“Oh no, not at all!” Tsumiki desperately objected, “I’ve made a friend, tee hee.” The nurse looked pleased as she sang to herself, “oh but um, I just need to get some medicine from the other room, so um, please wait here.”

Tsumiki stood up from her chair and slowly began to walk out of the room, she looked back on her new friend and tripped spectacularly on the hospital floor. In the blink of an eye, Tsumiki transformed from walking normally to lying spread out on the floor. It would probably be less humiliating if that was everything noteworthy that had happened, but the actual scene was a sight to behold. Tsumiki had gotten her limbs tangled up in some loose gauze, pills and bottles were strewn about on and around her fallen body, somehow both a shoe and a sock were removed from her left foot in the commotion, and to top it all off, a blood pressure monitor had fallen in such a way that it was covering... well, you get the idea.

“I- I tripped.” Tsumiki understated as she collected her bearings, the fallen nurse quickly removed the gauze, re-equipped her footwear, and returned the fallen items to their original homes. She then returned to Enoshima’s side and stared at her with pleading eyes.

“Hm, let me guess.” Enoshima started, “You’re sorry for tripping, you’re sorry for causing a commotion, you’re sorry for being clumsy, and you’re sorry for showing me a disgusting sight. Is that about right?”

Tsumiki nodded and held her stare.

“And now you’re wondering whether or not I’ll want to pull on your hair, or rip out your eyelashes, or scratch my name onto your leg or whatever, right?”

Another nod.

“Well, you don’t have to worry about that,” Enoshima gave a friendly smile, “you’re my friend, and I’ll forgive you for any and all the mistakes you make. I will forgive everything.”

Tsumiki released a deep sigh of relief and smiled delightfully, “Y-you’re such a good friend! No matter all the stuff I’ve done, you’ve always forgiven me.”

“I feel like you don’t quite understand what I meant when I said ‘I will forgive everything’,” Enoshima brought up, “I don’t mean everything that you just did, oh no. What I meant was, everything that you’ve done, everything that you’re going to eventually do.”

“Eek?”

“Everything about you, your personality, your appearance, even the fact that you were born. Every mistake that you make, every mistake that you will make, every single thing about you, I will forgive. Forever, until the day that I die.” Junko declared.
“!" Tsumiki looked to be on the verge of tears, “Really Enoshima? Do you mean it?”

“Of course I do, and there’s no need to be so stiff and formal, you can call me ‘Junko’ if you prefer.”

“J-Junko!” Mikan pressed her fingertips together again, “hee hee, I’m so glad to have met you, Junko. If you need anything at all, just tell me and I’ll do it!”

“Oh, I’ll definitely keep that offer in mind,” Enoshima smirked, “by the way, didn’t you say that you had to get medicine from the other room?”

“Oh! Right heh, medicine... Yeah, I’ll get it right now.” Tsumiki hummed to herself as she exited the room, successfully avoiding any disastrous accidents this time around.

*This whole finding more pawns thing is easier than I thought, if this keeps up my plans will go so smoothly that I’ll fall even deeper into despair.*

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“Whassa matter kid? You’re not eating.”

Midoriya had settled into a fairly regular routine with Gran Torino, he would spar with the retired hero for the good part of six hours, before settling down for a meal that was thoroughly lacking in nutrition. Currently, it was dinner time at the Torino household, and Midoriya was stabbing at his sweets with a fork.

“Still thinking about that crazy guy you met at the store?” Gran Torino guessed.

“It’s... something like that.” The hero intern muttered.

Midoriya wasn’t stupid, once he returned to Gran Torino’s and received his boot to the head, Midoriya told the hero about his meeting with Nagito Komaeda and what he said about trying to seek out the Hero Killer.

“Suicidal idiots and villain worshippers are nothing new kid. I don’t pretend to understand it, but there’s just something about a dangerous serial killer that makes people go all gaga for them. You should see how many love letters convicted felons receive in prison every day, it’s completely mind-boggling.”

“I don’t think Komaeda was the same as the type of people you’re talking about Gran Torino. If I understood him correctly - and I really hope I didn’t - Komaeda isn’t attracted to the Hero Killer himself, or even the idea of the Hero Killer, but rather the idea of... his hope.”

“Hope?” Gran Torino repeated, just as lost as Midoriya was earlier.

“I can’t really explain it, but it seemed that he was certain that the Hero Killer’s existence would be able to create hope, or something.

I just wished that I could’ve stopped him.”

“You couldn’t have,” Gran Torino said, “you’re not allowed to use your quirk in public yet and even if you could, what are you gonna do? Detain him? Arrest him? Nothing you could’ve done to this Komaeda kid yourself, but I’ll give you some phone numbers, it ain’t much but it could help.”
Midoriya called the Hosu police department and notified them that a white-haired teenage boy
called Nagito Komaeda was trying to find the Hero Killer. The officer on the line assured Midoriya
that if they saw him, that they would try to talk some sense into him, but could not detain him
against his own will.

Midoriya also made sure to text Iida about Komaeda, and asked for him to keep a lookout for the
Lucky Student as well. The text was read but he received no response.

Now that he was having dinner with Gran Torino, Midoriya’s thoughts went back to Iida, and to a
single phrase that Nagito had mentioned during his talk with Midoriya.

‘I was actually planning on travelling to Hosu to find the Hero Killer.’

Midoriya had tried to keep track of who his friends were interning with and their locations, he
analyzed whether they would be a good fit for the agency or vice versa. Working with the Normal
Hero in Hosu had sounded okay for Iida at the time but...

I didn’t realize! The Hero Killer was active in Hosu, Ingenium had a hero office in Hosu, Ingenium
was attacked in Hosu! Midoriya mentally kicked himself for his slipup, I was too busy worrying
about Kamukura, I didn’t pay enough attention to Iida!

Midoriya ate the rest of his dinner while worrying about the people he met who had chosen to put
their lives in certain danger.

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“Unworthy.... You’re completely unworthy! Unworthy of the title of hero!”

“S-Someone... Please...”

“Calling for help? How pathetic, what would the citizens you swore to protect say if they saw you
in this state? How can you call yourself a hero in this disgraceful state?!”

Inside a dark alleyway, a masked figure wearing a red scarf around his neck was currently brutally
stabbing a fallen hero.

“A scarf as red as blood, armed to the teeth with blades. If those rumours were correct, then could
you be... the legendary Hero Killer? Haha, I guess that golf ball landing on my head was worth it
after all.”

Quick as a flash, the Hero Killer turned and brought the tip of his sword mere inches before
Komaeda’s face, leaving the injured hero on the ground of the alley.

“Whoa, you’re fast!” Komaeda looked surprised, “no wonder you haven’t been caught yet.” His
demeanor quickly changed to a more friendly one, “But could you lower your weapons please? I
get kind of nervous around sharp objects.”

“Who’s there?” The hero called out, “are you another hero? P-Please save me!”

The Hero Killer appraised the Ultimate Luckster before turning around to look at the hero on the
ground once more, Nagito followed his gaze and sighed.

“Are you really a pro hero?” Komaeda asked turning the Hero Killer’s attention back to him, “if I
were another hero, then shouldn’t you be telling me the villain’s weakness, or the secrets of their quirk? You should’ve figured out that much just by fighting right?” Komaeda spoke condescendingly, “otherwise, you should be telling me to turn back and signal for backup, not to encourage me to fight the villain alone.” Komaeda’s expression softened a bit as he looked at the pitiful looking hero, “ah but the alley is pretty dark, and you do look sort of paralyzed, so I guess I can forgive some lapses in judgement.”

The Hero Killer narrowed his eyes at the newcomer’s evaluation of the hero’s words, “who are you? You’re just some... kid, and you don’t look like a hero student.”

“Ah, well you’re right.” Komaeda admitted, “I guess I’m what you’d call a civilian.”

“A civilian...?” The Hero Killer repeated.

“a-a civilian? Quick, what’s your quirk?! M-maybe you can stop him somehow a-and-”

“Seriously?!” The Hero Killer faced the hero again and brought a sword down deep into his right leg.

“Ahhhhh!”

“You’re asking a civilian to save your hide? And a teenaged boy no less.” The Hero Killer spat, “simply despicable.” He turned to face Komaeda once again, “As for you... I really don’t want to kill a civilian who has nothing to do with my purge but...” Stain raised a sword in the air, “don’t struggle and it’ll be quick.”

“Hahaha, oh dear.” Komaeda said.

Chapter End Notes

I'm trying to be more descriptive in my writing, let me know what you think. Certainly some interesting developments in this chapter, I'm quite excited for what's coming up.
Kamukura returned to his secret room after meeting Nanami and he was subject to numerous tests until nightfall. Satisfied with the day’s results, the Steering Committee bid goodnight to Kamukura and left him alone in his temporary bedroom.

*I have some free time now, the students at the academy should still be present, but I have already decided on how to spend this time.*

FREE TIME...

START!

*I already have an idea as to where my memories are kept, and how to reimplant them.*

Kamukura exited his room and made his way to a door at the end of the hallway, making sure to conceal his presence and watch out for any other person still deliberating in the facility.

When making decisions for security features, the Steering Committee had not designed the underground laboratory to be Kamukura-proof. The main reason was because the Kamukura Project had only been a pipe dream at the time the laboratory was designed, the reason that security had not been improved to combat someone like Kamukura since then, was because the committee did not ever expect Kamukura (or someone who had Kamukura’s level of intelligence) to ever try and do something like this. As a result, for someone who possessed the talent of the Ultimate Catburglar, the Ultimate Safecracker, and the Ultimate Security Guard, finding out the weaknesses of the facility, infiltrating the data storage room, and obtaining the flash drive containing his memories was a piece of cake.

Simply having the flash drive was useless, despite what the students of 1-A thought, Kamukura was not a computer, not literally anyway. Understanding this, the talented teen made his way to a room that he had not been in for a very long time, the room containing the machine that removed his memories and repressed his emotions.

The goal was to restore the memories the Steering Committee took from him without leaving any evidence that Kamukura was there. Using the machine itself was simple, to reimplant his memories only one person was required for its operation. Using the Ultimate Hacker talent, Kamukura made sure that no records were logged for this session of the machine and began the process to restore his memories.

...  

...  

...  

*So these are Hinata’s memories...*  

Kamukura laid on his bed with his eyes closed, sifting through the new memories he had obtained.  

*I was born to a normal family and had no siblings. At the age of four the doctors discovered that I*
was quirkless, my parents were disappointed but soon learned to accept it.

I had a normal childhood, up until attending Hope’s Peak I studied at uninteresting elementary and middle schools. I achieved relatively high grades and boasted above average physical ability.

Throughout my life, I was fascinated with Hope’s Peak Academy, I would try my hardest to develop a talent but was ultimately unable to. I was ruthlessly mocked for wanting to join Hope’s Peak despite not having a talent by my classmates in middle school.

The year I graduated middle school was the year that Hope’s Peak announced its Reserve Course program, I asked my parents to let me enroll in the Reserve Course, they were hesitant due to the high cost but acquiesced eventually.

In the Reserve Course I met... Natsumi Kuzuryuu and Chiaki Nanami. Kuzuryuu died and I wished to investigate the cause of her death, I was stopped by Juzo Sakakura, who looked down on me for my lack of talent.

Nanami had been truthful in her testimony, not that she would be able to lie to me. Throughout my time in the Reserve Course, I had spent time with her on many occasions, playing video games with her despite winning very infrequently.

I had been approached by the former headmaster of the school, Kazuo Tengan, about the Kamukura Project, he had advised me not to accept the offer.

I volunteered myself for the Kamukura Project... And these memories were all taken away from me.

Kamukura took a deep breath after going through all of Hinata’s memories and opened his eyes.

How boring, everything was more or less as I had predicted. Was there even a need for me to go through all this trouble?

Thinking that, Kamukura went to sleep.

“Ka-mu-ku-ra! Are you awake?”

Kamukura watched as the door to his bedroom opened earlier than it usually did and stared at the two familiar girls that entered.

“Are you ready? Tonight’s the night you know?” Enoshima declared, “tonight’s the night that I show you all the wonders that despair can bring; and how unpredictable it is. Meet me tonight at nine in front of the Main Course building.”

“Alright.”

Enoshima grinned at Kamukura and sat down on the bed beside him while Ikusaba stood silently.

“But enough about that for now,” She said sweetly, “we get so few chances to talk, why don’t you tell me more about yourself?”

“What is it that you wish to know?” Kamukura asked without looking at her.

“For starters... What’s UA like? Is it boring and full of hope? With idiotic hero wannabes who do nothing but idolize All-Might?”
“That is an accurate assessment.” Kamukura answered, thinking about Midoriya and his other classmates.

“So in other words, it would be a wonderful place to spread despair to.” Enoshima decided, “you’re going back at the end of this week right? If you follow my instructions then we’d be able to bring glorious despair to both schools.”

Kamukura turned to look at the fashionista, “I have not agreed to join you just yet.” He reminded, “you must show me proof that despair can cause great unpredictability before I would consider it.”

“Ah right right,” Enoshima dismissed, “but we’ll need a way to communicate with one another once you go back. Not that that’s a problem, just give me your phone number.”

The two swapped cell phone numbers. Kamukura stared at the second name in his contacts list while Enoshima squealed and ran to her sister.

“Mukuro Mukuro look!” Enoshima happily held her cell phone up to Ikusaba’s face, “I did it! I got Kamukura’s phone number!”

“Um, congratulations…” Ikusaba smiled hesitantly.

Enoshima turned back to Kamukura, “remember, tonight at nine you got that?”

“Of course, I will be there.” Kamukura assured her.

“Hooray!” Enoshima exclaimed, “come on Mukuro, I gotta get ready!”

Ikusaba watched as her sister left the bedroom in a hurry, “but it’s more than twelve hours away…” She looked back at Kamukura, “Um, bye I guess.” Before following Enoshima out of the room.

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Midoriya woke up feeling sore all over his body, which was not entirely unexpected due to the intensity of the sparring with Gran Torino.

_Yep, now I definitely understand why All-Might was scared of him_, Midoriya thought as he rolled over to grab his phone. _It’s seven right now, yesterday Gran Torino didn’t get up until nine, I probably don’t have to worry about him acting like a drill sergeant and waking me up at an unreasonable hour._

Midoriya smiled and checked his messages, he read through his classmates’ thoughts on how their internships were going in a group chat, responded to a couple of messages sent from Uraraka, Tsuyu, Todoroki, and Mineta of all people, before scrolling back to his conversation with Iida.

_Still no response.... Maybe I should Uraraka and... Oh, I still don’t have Kamukura’s phone number._

_Speaking of Kamukura..._

Midoriya thought back to the day of the Sports Festival and the conversation they before leaving for the internships.

_I wonder what Kamukura’s doing right now...?_
“I know you’re there so you can quit hiding. Your stench is going to permeate the entire library.”

“I-Is it really alright? I d-don’t mind being completely unnoticed a-and be forced to simply follow a-along.” Fukawa mumbled happily, “b-but if you’re saying th-that I can stand s-side by side with you and f-face the future together... I d-don’t mind that either.”

“What are you even talking about?” Togami wondered out loud, “nevermind, just leave me out of your delusions.”

“I-I saw you talking with that princess th-the other day, I w-was watching from b-behind a trash can,” Fukawa giggled to herself.

“...” Togami said as he listened to Fukawa casually confess to stalking him.

“A-and you started talking o-on the subject of s-serial killers,” Fukawa noted.

“Hmph, what of it?” Togami snapped.

“Both y-you and that princess mentioned h-how you would like to m-meet one, a s-serial killer that is.” Fukawa continued.

“I have a certain fascination towards serial killers, normal villains that kill people only kill because of their victim had wronged them, or out of necessity.” Togami happily explained, “Serial killers are different, they have almost no personal connection with their victims, making them much harder to catch than say, someone who murdered their boss or ex-lover in revenge. Take the Hero Killer for example, why does he target heroes specifically, what are his motivations? I would quite like to meet someone like that, someone who can target complete strangers and kill them for their own ideals.”

“M-m-m-meet them?!” Fukawa gasped with expectation, “y-you don’t happen to be talking about j-just the Hero Killer are you? W-would there be any other s-serial killers that you would c-consider worthy of your attention?”

“Certainly, I find fascination with a number of serial killers not just the enigmatic Hero Killer,” Togami answered, “the famous Genocide Jack, for instance, who crucifies his victim’s horribly and writes out the words BLOODLUST using the victim’s own blood every time he kills. Or even Sparkling Justice, a serial killer who kills for their own vision of justice and is active in Spain.”

Fukawa grew excited, “I-I actually have s-something to tell you,” she breathed nervously, “um, I-I that is G-Genocide Jack that is...”

“Yes? What about Genocide Jack? Are you so incompetent that you can’t even make a proper sentence?”

“Genocide Jack is me!” Fukawa screamed at the scion.

“...” Togami was momentarily stunned by the sudden outburst but quickly regained his composure, “what are you blabbering about? I already told you not to involve me in your delusions.”

“I-it’s true!” Fukawa assured him, “A-and I can prove it too.”

Saying this the writer started to pull up her long skirt with her hands.

“What are you doing?! This is a library for-” Togami attempted to reprimand her bold actions but noticed something important, “what?! But that’s... that is...”
Fukawa had pulled up her skirt just enough to show off her skinny legs, which carried a number of holsters with scissors in them, as well as many crude markings carved in her pale flesh.

“E-each mark is a-another victim,” Fukawa explained, “and the s-scissors reappear every time, I tried to th-throw them out, or break them b-but there’s always more.”

“Those are... those are the custom scissors that Genocide Jack uses! That detail was always left out of police reports! No member of the public should know about this unless...” Confirmed Togami, “E-even so! Surely that... you can’t be...”

“Genocide Jack is m-my other personality, she’s the one that k-kills people, when she takes control, not me!”

“A split personality... very interesting, “Togami mused, almost completely over the shock, “and is there any way of reliably bringing out this other personality of yours?”

“W-why would you want that?!“ Fukawa asked.

“Because I wish to talk with Genocide Jack, not with you,” Togami said coldly, “if Genocide Jack is a split personality of yours then she is not you. Do I make myself clear?”

“I-I would never... I will never... ever let Jack take control again,” Fukawa muttered, “y-you don’t have to worry about a th-thing! I keep Genocide Jack under control, a-and you’ll agree to k-keep my secret, that’s the sort of r-romantic promise they make in those movies!” Fukawa blushed and started sweating.

“What are you even saying? Are you even bothering to listen to me?” Togami asked, knowing perfectly well what the answer was.

“D-don’t worry Master,” Fukawa giggled to herself, “I’ll protect you from m-myself, and in r-return you’ll agree to a-always protect me!”

Togami said nothing as the writing prodigy lost herself in fantasy, and watched the deluded girl exit the library, allowing him to breathe in fresh air again.

*Hmph, it doesn’t look like I’ll be getting very many answers out of her, Togami assessed, why don’t I take another look at the file on Genocide Jack, it can’t hurt to brush up on the subject.*

The heir entered the backroom of the library which contained all sorts of top secret files, after a quick search he found the file on Genocide Jack.

*As the name implies, the Hero Killer targets Heroes primarily. As for Genocide Jack’s usual targets... As his mind was refreshed on Jack’s habitual victims, one thing became abundantly clear to Byakuya Togami, I’m in great danger aren’t I?!*

Today’s testing has finished, I have some free time before the afternoon tests begin.

FREE TIME...

START!

“Ah Kamukura, you’re back,” Nanami greeted, “um, were you able to restore your memories okay?”
“Indeed I was, all the memories that were taken from me, my childhood, my parents, my memories of you have all been restored to their original state.”

“Really? Then are you Hajime again?” Nanami wondered excitedly.

“No, I have already told you, the Kamukura Project involved more than just the erasure of my memories. There is still the matter of my emotions.”

“Oh yeah, that’s right, so how can we fix what they did to your emotions?”

“Why are you so determined to transform me back into Hajime Hinata?” Kamukura asked.

“Because Hajime was my friend,” Nanami said, “and I miss him.”

“Hinata was boring,” Kamukura asserted, “I have his memories, I have seen his life before the Kamukura Project. He was talentless and insignificant, I am not.”

“No, that’s wrong! Hajime was not boring and he definitely wasn’t insignificant,” Nanami objected, “people cared about him and liked him, I liked him.”

“Your opinions hardly matter, objectively speaking I am far superior than Hinata in every way,” Kamukura stated, “I already thought as much before I restored my memories, now I can be sure.”

“Well I think that you’re boring,” Nanami said.

Kamukura tilted his head and stared at the gamer, “explain yourself.”

“Hajime would at least talk with me about stuff, like how things were going in the Reserve Course, and I’d tell him about the things my classmates would get up to and he’d laugh and we’d talk for a bit.” Nanami had a happy expression as she recalled her time with Hinata.

“I have extensive knowledge on a variety of subjects, I am also able to have conversations with others.”

“Somehow I get the feeling that people don’t usually enjoy talking to you...” Nanami mused.

“Well Hajime also played video games with me, we usually stayed after school for a bit to play together.”

“I remember that, my memories lined up with what you told me, that I would continue to play with you despite not being able to beat you for most of the time,” Kamukura stated, “I can play video games as I am now as well, if you would let me I can play against you I can show that I am superior to Hinata.”

“Hmm, alright.” Nanami decided as she pulled out two consoles from her backpack.

*I played video games with Nanami for a while. I won every round.*

*Nanami and I grew a little closer that day.*

“You’re really good at this Kamukura,” Nanami commented after her eighth loss in a row, "want to play again?"

“Why do you wish to play again? You know that you have no chance of beating me, you only hold
the talent of Ultimate Gamer, while I have that talent along with the Ultimate Analyst, Mathematician, Strategist and many more. The outcome will be the same no matter how many times we play.”

“Because playing this game is fun, even if I lost.” Nanami looked confused by Kamukura’s question, “Kamukura are you having fun?”

“No, but I consider many things that others find enjoyable to be boring simply due to their predictability.”

“Then, what do you find interesting?” Nanami asked.

“Unpredictable things. And people that behave unpredictably.”

“Have you ever met someone that you couldn’t predict?”

“I have.”

“Who was it?”

“Izuku Midoriya.” Kamukura stated.

“Izuku Midoriya... Izuku Midoriya...” Nanami tapped her chin as she thought, “Oh, that Izuku Midoriya? The green-haired boy from the Sports Festival?”

“That is correct.”

“I remember rooting for him on TV... Wait but you said that you met him,” Nanami remembered, “when were you able to meet Midoriya?”

“I am currently enrolled in UA High, I am in the same class as Midoriya.” Kamukura explained, “I am staying at Hope’s Peak for a week for my internship.”

“Really? They’re making you study to become a hero?” Nanami asked incredulously, “but a hero is supposed to be someone that people can look up to, someone that everybody loves and can rely on and...”

“...” Kamukura showed no visible change in expression as Nanami trailed off.

“Nevermind,” Nanami abandoned her train of thought, “you said that his actions were unpredictable? How so?”

“Midoriya is generally incredibly easy to predict,” Kamukura said, “but in certain moments I have been surprised by the actions that he took.”

“Mmm, I see.” Nanami said not really understanding what Kamukura meant, “Um, is there really no way of fixing your emotions?”

“Why are you asking this now?”

“I was just wondering, I know you said it would be harder, but it wouldn’t be impossible right?” Nanami reasoned, “with your talents you should be able to figure something out right?”

Kamukura was silent as he thought about what Nanami said, “perhaps, but I will have to do it without the Steering Committee growing suspicious of me, and it will likely take quite some time, with no guarantee that it will be a success.”
“Oh but I’m not asking you to do it if you don’t want to,” Nanami explained, “I was just wondering if it would be possible for you to do. Just in case the Steering Committee decides to abandon their experiment or something. You said that they didn’t have any way of restoring your emotions if that happened, so I was wondering...”

“...”

“Lunch is almost over, it was nice playing with you Kamukura. If you’re still willing to tomorrow then maybe we can try coop.” Nanami said as she left.

I watched Nanami walk away before going back to my bedroom.

Friendship fragment obtained!

Chiaki Nanami: (2/5)

Chiaki’s report card has been updated based on your experience with her.

------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------

“You’re the type that I hate the most you know that? To think that you almost held my interest for a second there.”

Inside a bar at an unknown part of town, the Hero Killer Stain faced the villains who masterminded the attack on UA High, Kurogiri and Shigaraki. Kurogiri had found Stain in Hosu and asked him to join the League of Villains and meet their leader, Tomura Shigaraki. Shigaraki had detailed his goals as a villain, which boiled down to destroying anything they don’t like, including All-Might and a green-haired teenage boy.

“As if I’d team up with some temper-tantrum throwing child,” Stain spat, “bloodlust without conviction is meaningless. Even that civilian I met understood that.”


“That civilian I met last night, he found me as I was in the middle of fighting a hero,” Stain recalled, “he understood the reason for my purge, he understood that the title of hero only belonged to those who are worthy, people that spread hope, according to him at least.”

“Hope huh? Sounds boring, and catching you in the middle of the act? You killed him at least right, he was probably scared shitless and said whatever he could so you’d let him go. You’d better have killed him.” Shigaraki criticized.

“Didn’t have a choice, had to let him go,” Stain said with remorse, “but that’s not gonna happen with you.”

Stain suddenly turned and slashed Kurogiri who was standing behind the bar counter in the arm, brought the sword up to his face and jumped onto Shigaraki, pinning him down with two swords stabbed into each arm.

“To truly accomplish anything one needs will and conviction,” Stain lectured, “those without it, the weak ones will be weeded out, it’s only natural.

That’s why you’re about to die.”

“Ha ha ha... Ow! So strong .” Shigaraki cried out in pain, “Kurogiri! Quickly, send him away!”
“I can’t move! It’s probably to do with the Hero Killer’s quirk...”

“The word ‘hero’ has lost its original meaning in this corrupt society, rife with fakers and shams. Criminals who aimlessly throw their weight around too, so hopeless... You’re all targets of my purge.”

Stain moved one of his swords so that it was next to one of Shigaraki’s hand-shaped masks, set to pry it off his face before killing him. The childish villain quickly moved his right arm and grabbed hold of the blade, causing the sword in his right shoulder to dig deeper into his flesh, but Shigaraki showed no sign of additional discomfort or pain.

“Whoa whoa whoa, hold on.” Not this hand, not this one.” Shigaraki cautioned, “I’ll kill you.”

“!!”

Stain watched as the villain disintegrated the jagged sword he was holding.

“You sure talk a lot... conviction, huh? Nah, I’ve got nothing so grand as convictions. But if I have to say what drives me.” A twisted grin appeared on Shigaraki’s face, “I’d say it’s All-Might. That piece of garbage, and the society that worships him. I wanna watch them all crumble into dust, that’s my conviction.”

Next, Shigaraki reaches for Stain’s body but the Hero Killer quickly jumps off of Shigaraki and out of his range.

“My wounds from last time had just healed... And we don’t have a healer in our party, y’see. So how about you take some responsibility for what you’ve done?”

“You first...”

“Huh?”

“Our respective goals couldn’t be further apart, but...” Stain explained, “destroying the status quo, that’s one ambition we do have in common.”

“Huh? What are you even talking about now? Get lost! Just go home and die. You are the type you hate the most or whatever.”

“I was just testing your sincerity,” Stain continued, “people show their true colours when death is staring them in the face. You are an odd one, but your will... I can see the twisted seed of some warped conviction within you, just like with that civilian. I wonder what your seeds will yield...

I’ll deal with you properly once I’m through, it might not be too late.”

Shigaraki winced as he touched the cut on his shoulder, “deal with me...? Can’t say I really want this crazy guy as a member of our party...”

“Tomura Shigaraki, our negotiations were successful!” Kurogiri commented as he began to regain control of his movements, “he’ll add some much needed firepower to our ranks.”

“Hmph, so we’re done here,” Stain grunted, “send me back to Hosu. There’s still plenty I need to take care of there.”

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“Hmm... Keep fighting against nothing but my old tactics and you’ll develop some bad habits”
Gran Torino commented as he knocked Midoriya to the wall for the fifth time that day.

“It’s time for phase two.. The actual internship! Now go get dressed kid. We’re going villain hunting.”

“What? Already?”

Midoriya did as he was told and left the house with Gran Torino, both clad in their hero costumes.

“We’re supposed to be giving you work experience after all! You need to try your hand at fighting all sorts of different foes.” Gran Torino explained.

“I get what you’re saying... But I don’t think my heart’s ready for this sort of thing,” Midoriya said as he felt his heartbeat.

“You’ve already fought against real villains haven’t you? This won’t even come close to how bad that was.”

Gran Torino hailed a taxi and explained to Midoriya that crime would be more frequent in more densely populated areas, so they’ll be riding the bullet train to Shibuya.

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“Is it okay that we’re getting in at night?” Midoriya asked Gran Torino while sitting on the train.

“Night’s perfect! All the big villains come out at night, it’ll be more fun!” Gran Torino gave Midoriya his sage advice.

“I don’t know about more fun but I hear ya!” Said Midoriya, palming as he pulled out his phone.

He read it but there’s still no reply, Iida usually replies within three minutes after reading a text.

Along with the warning about Komaeda that Midoriya had sent, he had sent another one saying that he’ll be passing by Hosu. The app indicated that the message was read but there was still no response from Iida.

“Attention all passengers, please remain seated, we will now be making an emergency stop.”

BOOM

The wall of Midoriya’s cart suddenly collapsed as a person fell backwards onto the floor of the train. Before anyone could figure out what’s going on, a tall, intimidating figure landed on the edge of the broken train car.

Nomu?!

The figure had blank, unfocused eyes, and a large exposed brain. Quite similar to the Nomu that attacked class 1-A at USJ.

“Stay right there kid!” Gran Torino called out as he tackled the Nomu-like creature off the train and far into the city.

“Gran Torino!”

Midoriya surveyed the outside using the train’s new giant window. There was an ominous, black figure flying across the sky, buildings were going up in smoke, and the sounds of fighting can be
heard even from the train.

This is Hosu isn’t it? What’s happening? Iida!

Fix what the Steering Committee did to my emotions? That thought has never crossed my mind before.

The reason they subdued my emotions in the first place... They did not even attempt to hide it, it was so that they could control me. They left just enough so that I could function in society, a desire to stay alive mostly. But I could still feel emotions if pushed hard enough, yes... I felt anger when I talked to Midoriya after the Sports Festival. It was... an interesting feeling for a bit, but I grew bored of feeling angry at him, so I stopped.

They attempted to control me, yes. After their failure with Principal Nedzu they needed to take certain precautions, this was by far the easiest option, given their personalities. And the fact that I was just as smart as Principal Nedzu was, and far more physically capable would definitely make them afraid.

But to fix my emotions... Would that help or hinder me? Feeling anger may have been interesting for a while, but who could say whether that interest would last with other emotions...

Let me try a different line of thinking. To be able to fix what the Steering Committee did to me would require me to design and build the part myself, it would take quite some time to say the least, even for me. If I lose access to this laboratory and to that machine, then I would have to recreate the entire machine from scratch. It is possible that I could even fail to create such a device, that thought is troubling.

Kamukura blinked and got up from his bed.

I will give this some more thought later, in the meantime I need to meet Enoshima in front of the Main Course Building.

FREE TIME...

START!

“Kamukura! You came, and right on time too! I knew you wouldn’t let me down!”

What do I want to do with Enoshima?

“Oh, I’m here too.”

And Ikusaba?

“Finally ready to start our date? Geez you’re so impatient, girls aren’t gonna like that you know? But, how can I say that? After all, I spent so long preparing for this day to come, so that everything would go absolutely perfectly. Ah, but what am I saying?”

Enoshima swung a baseball bat with wild inaccuracy at Kamukura who dodged every attempt. “It’s like I’m trying to make you feel indebted to me or something.”

She gestured towards the building, “this is where I’ll show you the absolute wonder of despair!”
Enoshima dramatically opened the door to one of the classrooms, although it was nighttime, there were still people inside who turned to look at the opened door. These people were in fact Hope’s Peak Academy’s student council, who all received threatening messages that told them to meet in this classroom at this time. After confirming that they were all there, Enoshima gestured to Ikusaba, who walked into the classroom carrying a large duffel bag and placed it on the podium at the front of the room.

“Hey, you guys!” A boy shouted at Ikusaba, “were you threatening us by sending us those messages?!”

“And were those videos real?” Asked a girl.

“I can’t believe we have to come out so late.”

“Wh-why do we have to?”

The general sentiment of the room was apathy, confusion and wanting to go back to their dorm rooms, it was a school day after all and the student council usually doesn’t stay after school this late.

“Student council members, we will now have you kill one another.” Ikusaba announced.

“Seriously? Why’s this happening now of all times?” Manual asked as he surveyed the panic around Hosu, “Tenya! To the scene!” He shouted as he ran away.

But Iida wasn’t listening, he was distracted examining a small corridor in between two buildings.

_I feel like... I can hear something..._

Down the dark alleyway, Stain looked towards the sounds of the frightened citizens with disdain, “that flashy idiot, what is he doing?” Before turning his attention back to the paralyzed hero he was holding.

“I’ll take care of him later, but for now... I’ll do what I came here to do.”

“I can’t move! You bastard! I’ll get you for this!” The hero cried.

“If you’re really a hero, then you should choose your last words carefully.” Stain judged.

Suddenly, a figure rounded the corner and came running up to the Hero Killer, a quick slash of his blade pushed the figure back, and knocked off its helmet as well. Iida and Stain came face to face in that dark alley, much the same as Komaeda had just one day prior.

“Another kid? This time in a costume... Who are you?” Stain asked, “get out before it’s too late, this is no place for children.”

“Raaagh!” Iida growled and leapt to attack Stain, narrowly dodging another slash and giving him a kick of his own. Stain wasn’t as quick as Iida and the hit scraped his thigh as he tried to dodge. Dropping the hero Stain was holding, the Hero Killer turned his full attention towards the newcomer. He stared directly into Iida’s eyes, they glowed an unnatural red and was brimming with hatred.

“Your eyes... You’re out for revenge aren’t you? But the fact that you’re wearing that costume
means... You’d better watch yourself, I won’t hesitate to cut down even a child like yourself.”

But Stain’s words only made Iida angrier, “Listen up, criminal! I am the younger brother of the hero you attacked, and I have come to stop you in my brother’s stead! So remember this name, for the short time you have left!

I am Ingenium! And I will be the one to take you down!”

“That so?” Stain asked, “time to die!”

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“Student council members, we will now have you kill one another.” Ikusaba announced.

“Huh?! What are you saying?! Are you off in the head?!” A red-haired girl stood up and asked.

“Don’t let her get to you!” A black-haired boy warned, he seemed to be the president of the student council, “If we, the student council, panic here, then we’ll be playing right into their-”

BANG!

“Huh?”

A splash of pink blood coated the boy’s cheek as he watched the red-haired girl get shot in the chest and collapse backwards onto the floor.

“Ahhhhh!” The remaining members of the student council screamed.

“You may choose between two options,” said Ikusaba now holding a gun, “kill each other, as I asked. Or be killed by me.”

“Hello everyone! I am the lovely Junko Enoshima.” The other Ultimate Despair cheerfully introduced herself while pushing in a cart of briefcases, “I brought something nice for you indecisive people.”

“Th-those are...”

“What you guys need the most right now! And also... Money, family, secrets, grudges, and more. Super heavy stuff, in more ways than one, a mass of motivation for that final push.” Enoshima smiled sweetly as she opened up the first suitcase, which contained folders with each council member’s name written on them. “Oh, and that’s right. What should I do with these?”

She opened the second case and dumped out its contents onto the floor.

A pile of weapons were gathered on the floor, there were swords, knives, spears, a chainsaw, frying pans, and even a sickle.”

“Wh-what is this?” A scared looking girl asked.

“Just a little something to even out the playing field,” Enoshima said, “I know not all of you have a combat related quirk and it would be so terribly boring if those people were the only ones who dominated in our little killing game.”

“Everyone stay calm!” The president yelled, “Killing each other would be absurd! We’re the Hope’s Peak Academy student council!”
“He’s right! We’re all friends here! Friends don’t kill friends!”

Unbeknownst to the others, a girl with glasses was staring intently at one of the folders labeled “Karen Kisaragi’s Secret (3)

“The symbol of Hope’s Peak, the student council, will engage in a game of mutual killing.” Enoshima countered, “naturally it’s going to be entertaining.” She turned to her sister and held out some sheet music in front of her, “here you go!”

“Huh?” Ikusaba took the sheet and read the title, “‘Give Me Wings’?”

“Alright, go!” Enoshima demanded.

Ikusaba blushed and began to sing as the members of the student council started to panic.

“F-first, we need to find a way to escape together!”

“What are you doing?!?” A boy with fiery looking hair asked.

One of the members took out a shotgun from the weapons pile, “I’m gonna kill those two! I’m gonna avenge her!”

“Stop this!”

“Let go! Don’t you trust me?!”

“Hey! Both of you, stop fighting!” The president called out.

The fiery-haired boy looked embarrassed and let go of the shotgun, causing the other boy to stumble backwards due to the momentum...

And was pierced through the chest by a sword.

“Y-you! Kisaragi, what are you doing?!”

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“Everyone please remain calm! Please return to your seats! We need to stay calm and wait for the heroes to- Hey! Where are you going?!)

The train security guard yelled after Midoriya as he hopped out of the train and towards the direction of Hosu.

“Sorry, but I’ve gotta go!”

This one had a different body but the brain and the eyes were the exact same. Maybe they’re siblings?! Anyway, I’ve got to find Gran Torino!!

As Midoriya got further and further into the city, there were more and more people running away.

They’re all running from the centre of the commotion! I need to get a closer look, make sure Iida’s okay! If that Nomu was as powerful as the one back at the USJ attack, then the whole city’s in trouble!

“Tenya!” A yell grabbed hold of Midoriya’s attention, “how could he run off at a time like this?!”
That’s Manual, Iida’s supervisor! Why is he saying Iida ran off?! The always super-serious Iida?!
Why would he...

No! No!

“My brother was attacked by the Hero Killer.”

“You’re going to work with Manual in Hosu Iida? That’s kind of an odd choice.”

“...travelling to Hosu to find the Hero Killer.”

Hero... Killer...!

Although he had guessed it from the very beginning, Midoriya finally listened to the voice at the back of his head. Iida took on an internship in Hosu so that he could take down the serial killer, that thought was planted there by Komaeda, and Midoriya had been trying not to think about it but...

It was the only thing that makes sense.

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“Hero Killer!”

Despite lacking in training Iida was fairly evenly matched against Stain, dodging between sword slashes and giving Stain a couple of kicks in return.

“I’m much stronger than I used to be,” Iida said while throwing a punch, “I’ve been feeling in top form recently, even if I don’t know why.”

“Ingenium’s brother huh? I just used him to get the rumours going.” Stain said as he vaulted over Iida, “but you’re not as weak as I thought, stronger than your typical high school student at least.”

Stain planted his spiky boots into Iida’s shoulder but Iida doesn’t even wince, and dodges Stain’s follow up attack while simultaneously moving to a better position.

“If only all the heroes I go up against are as strong as you,” Stain lamented, “but even with that strength... You clearly don’t have the heart to become a hero! Posers like you and your brother are why my purge is necessary!”

“Shut up evildoer!” Iida yelled as they begin fighting again, “the damage you did to his spinal cord means he’s probably going to be crippled for life! He’ll never work as a hero again! My brother’s saved so many people! How could he be anything short of a great hero?!”

Iida goes for a wide kick aided by his engines and Stain jumps back just in time, he cuts at Iida’s leg but only manages to scratch the armour.

“He’s a great hero... Who inspired my dreams!”

Iida revs himself up and closes the distance between them, Stain readies his swords in a defensive position, Stain goes in for a slash but Iida dodges and nails Stain in the stomach with a knee, gritting through the pain, Stain manages to make a cut on Iida’s shoulder before he’s knocked backwards.

Stain takes a look at his sword and smiled at the drop of red blood on the tip of his sword.
“It’s your loss.” Stain said as he brought the sword close to his face.

“What are you talking about?! I’ll kill you for- Gurk!” As Iida was approaching for another attack, he suddenly stopped moving and fell to the ground, paralyzed.

“Save him first.” Stain said, “forget about yourself for one second and try saving others. Don’t wield your power for your own sake.

Because getting trapped by your own hate and acting solely out of despair makes you the furthest thing from being a hero.

That’s why... You have to die. Consider yourself a humble offering to the betterment of society.”

“Shut up! Shut up!” Iida’s eyes filled with dark swirls as he stared up at the Hero Killer’s sword, “it doesn’t matter what you say now! You’re still just a criminal who hurt my brother!!”

From the top of the roof to the ground in a flash, a burst of green lightning arrived and punched Stain right in the jaw.

“Midoriya?!” Iida was incredulous and the swirls in his eyes faded ever so slightly.

Midoriya looked down at his friend who was lying on the ground, “Iida, what are you doing?!”

Kisaragi let the boy she impaled slide off her sword, she looked up at everyone with tear stained eyes, a single photograph of a middle aged woman who hung herself laid at her feet, “My mother... my mother is... my mother... my mother... my mother...!”

So this is Enoshima’s plan to cause despair? By targeting the most unstable member of the group, and watch as they all get dragged down alongside each other? I would hardly call this... unpredictable.

Kamukura made his way to the front of the room to get a good look at what was going on in the classroom, using his Ultimate Spy talent, he was nothing more than a pebble to the eyes of the Student Council.

No matter, I will wait and see how this ends. All the previous unpredictable moments I have experienced thus far had begun predictably after all.

“Midoriya?! But why?!”

“It was on TV! How 60% of the Hero Killer’s victims were found in deserted back alleyways. So I’ve been scouring alley near the Normal Hero agency, close to the centre of all the trouble! To look for you!

Can you move?! Make for the main road and get the attention of one of the pros!” Midoriya commanded.

“I can’t move... It happened after he cut me, that’s likely his quirk!” Iida told him.

“I’ve heard about that... So he needs to cut you to make it work...”

“Midoriya! Don't interfere! It’s my brother... my brother he’s... it was my brother that was
attacked! This has nothing to do with you!” Iida shouted.

“What are you saying...?” Midoriya looked at Iida in surprise, “and your eyes... weren’t your eyes blue? Why are they red? And what’s with those... swirls?”

“A friend shows and says... ‘I’m here to save you’. A good line to be sure, but it’s my duty to kill these two.” Stain stated, “So if we’re forced to fight, then naturally... The weaker of us will be culled.”

A shiver ran up Midoriya’s spine as he stared into Stain’s eyes. With his fingers trembling, he pulled out his phone from his back pocket, and without looking Midoriya presses a few buttons and puts it back in his pocket.

“No!! I told you to leave yourself out of this Midoriya! This is my fight and mine alone! It’s none of your business! I don’t care if I die here!” Iida yelled desperately.

“What’s a hero supposed to do when you say crap like that? I-I’ve got a lot to say to you but that’ll come later! Because it’s like All-Might said...

Giving help that’s not asked for... is what makes a true hero!”

“Aah!” Stain’s face lit up and a smile twisted across his face.

“And I’m not going to just save you from the Hero Killer...

I’m going to save you from your own despair!!!”

Chapter End Notes

Man this chapter is long, took a while to write too.
Some changes here or there due to the alternate universe, you can expect more changes along the way as well.
Also, the fights are happening at the same time! Aren't I lucky that they both took place during nighttime?
“Yep... Well done, my *Nomu* .” Shigaraki mumbled as he stood atop a large building, surveying the damage his minions are causing. Civilians are panicking, heroes are struggling to control the damage that the Nomu are mindlessly causing, the entire city is in a frenzy.

“I take it you’re not joining the fray?” Kurogiri asked.

“I’m *hurt* you idiot, that’s why I brought *them* .” Shigaraki retorted.

Before the carnage began Shigaraki had communicated with his “Sensei” about unleashing the Nomu in Hosu. There were none that were as strong as the one that Shigaraki had brought when they attacked UA, but they were powerful nonetheless. This Sensei had given him three Nomu to set upon the city, and hopes that Shigaraki will use this opportunity to learn something.

“Ha ha ha ha ha ha! By tomorrow morning, the whole *world* will have forgotten about you, Hero Killer!”

“♫ Please give me white wings. ♫”

As Ikusaba sang beautifully, the members of the student council watch Kisaragi attack another student with her sword but miss and cut open a desk instead. The fiery-haired boy Sosuke Ichino kneels to pick up a spear, making sure to keep Kisaragi in his vision.

“♫ I want to spread my wings to the sky. ♫”

In another corner of the classroom, a boy with glasses known as Asukasei Hino was firing spikes out of his hands at two other students, a small girl wearing a yellow hoodie named Aiko Umesawa, and a large, muscular boy Tomohiko Goryoku.

“No no no no no!.” Umesawa yelled as she attempted to block the spikes with a frying pan found in Enoshima’s stack of weapons, “I don’t want to die!”

“I don’t want to die either!” Hino shouted and shot another spike directly into the pan, “if it means I have to kill you here then I’ll do what must be done!”

“♫ and fly away. ♫”

“It will be alright.” Goryoku put his hand on the girl’s shoulder, his other hand was wielding a knife and he was staring at Hino with a determined expression.

“♫ To the free sky where there is no sadness. ♫”

Umesawa looked up at the boy with a hopeful expression, all of her faith was placed into him, so what he did next was even more surprising.

Goryoku tightened his grip around the girl’s shoulder and activated his quirk, a quirk that allowed him to break bones through physical contact. Umesawa gasped as her shoulder bones snapped, and shrieked as Goryoku’s expression twisted and drove the knife he was holding into her gut.
Shocked, Hino unleashed a torrent of spikes from his palm at the body that was flung towards him, which were unfortunately unable to stop the momentum of Umesawa’s body and was knocked onto the floor.

“♩ I want to flap my wings. ♪”

Grinning, Goryoku rushed over and grabbed Hino’s skull and neck with both his hands, but before he could activate his quirk again and break his neck and skull Hino grabbed the knife from the Umesawa’s stomach and plunged it deep into Goryoku’s throat. With his throat sliced, his grip on the Hino weakened to the point where he couldn’t activate his quirk in any capacity and dropped to the floor.

“♩ and go there. ♪”

“Die! Die! Just die!” Hino screamed as he stabbed Goryoku’s dying body over and over.

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Midoriya activates his Full Cowling and rushes at Stain with full speed hoping to close the distance between his long sword. Stain slices low at Midoriya but he ducks in between Stain’s legs and doges the attack, Stain quickly turns around with a wild slash directed at the ground but finds nothing there. Midoriya had already leapt upwards to avoid the attack, “five percent... Detroit... SMASH!” he yells as he punches Stain’s face. Anticipating this, Stain makes a quick slash with his sword as the punch connects. Midoriya quickly distances himself from the Hero Killer after his punch to think about his next move.

*It worked? It worked! My full cowling worked! I can fight like this!*

Stain raises his serrated sword to his face and licks the blade, Midoriya quickly gasps.

*I can’t move! How? Did he graze me? A scratch I can’t even feel is somehow enough?!* Midoriya looks closer at Stain from his paralyzed position, *no that’s not it! It’s blood!*

“You lack power,” Stain said to Midoriya as he walks towards Iida, “but you did track my movements, you exploited my blindspot and planned to bring me down, that’s how you moved.

So many fools out there are nothing but talk... But you are worth keeping alive.

Unlike these ones.”

“Oh crap! No don’t!”

Stain walked up to Iida’s prone figure and brought his blade to his neck, before he could stab downwards a torrent of Fire burst down the alley and Stain jumped backwards to avoid the flames.

Midoriya and Iida both craned their necks to look at the source of the Flames.

“One after another, so many interruptions today...” Stain grumbled.

“Midoriya... Learn to write more specific directions.” Said Shoto Todoroki, “I was almost too late.”

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“♩ The dreams I dreamed in childhood. Even now I still dream. ♪”

“Rahhhh!” Ichino was being chased down the hallway by a girl with pink hair known as Kiriko
Nishizawa, who was wielding a shovel and screaming angrily. Ichino stopped running, turned around and stared directly into Nishizawa’s crazed eyes, stopping her in her tracks just as she had her shovel raised ready to strike.

“Why?” Ichino asked as he watched Nishizawa contort against his quirk, her eyes still glaring in anger and madness at Ichino. “I loved you.”

Without blinking, Ichino pierced Nishizawa’s chest with his spear and maintained his gaze as Nishizawa’s eyes turned from anger to sadness to lifeless disks.

“Why...?” Ichino closed his eyes and let Nishizawa’s corpse flop backwards onto the floor.

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“Todoroki, you’re here too?” Iida asked.

“But how’d you find us?” added Midoriya.

“‘How?’ That’s my line. Took me a few seconds to figure it out, that group text to everyone with nothing but your location. Because sending out a totally meaningless message isn’t your style, I figured it had to be a call for help.” Todoroki coated the ground with Ice and spread it towards Stain who leapt up to dodge it, as well as Midoriya and Native.

“Don’t worry, in just a few minutes the pros will be here.” Todoroki then sent out another stream of Flames which Stain also dodged, but was able to maneuver Midoriya and Native to his side by melting the Ice.

“You’re not killing these guys today Hero Killer.” Todoroki declared.

“Don’t let him draw blood!” Midoriya warned, “pretty sure he paralyzes his opponents by ingesting their blood! That’s how he got us!”

“Explains all the blades, just gotta keep my distance.” Todoroki said as a knife flew by his head, making a small cut on his cheek.

“You’ve got some good friends Ingenium!” Stain commended as he rushed to close the distance. Todoroki blocked a thrown katana with a wall of Ice and pushed Stain back with his Fire.

“Why? Both of you... Just stop it...” Iida cried, “I’ve inherited my brother’s name, I have to do this. He’s mine to take down...”

“Inherited his name? That’s weird, because the Ingenium I knew never faces like that. Guess your family also has a dark side to it.”

Stain broke through the Ice that Todoroki had set up and threw two knives that lodged into his left arm, stopping his Fire. Then, the Hero Killer jumps up and readies a downward stab against Todoroki. Suddenly, Midoriya appears besides Stain in the air and drags him away from his friend.

“Midoriya!”

“Somehow I can move just fine again!” Midoriya shouted back.

“So it has a time limit?” Todoroki wondered out loud.

“No, he was the last of us to get hit and I still can’t move.” Native informed him.
“So he tasted our blood and paralyzed us, but I was the first to break free somehow.” Midoriya said.

“I can think of three possibilities of why that is, maybe it gets weaker the more people he uses it on, it correlates to how much blood he’s ingested or

It’s effectiveness changes based on blood type.”

“Blood type... That’s right.” Stain confirmed their suspicions.

“Knowing that isn’t going to help us,” Midoriya mumbled.

“We need to get these two out of here” Todoroki reminded, “he’s quick enough to dodge both my Fire and my Ice, and I don’t see any openings. Until the pros get here our best hope is to keep him at bay and keep dodging.”

“You’ve got too much exposed blood, Todoroki. I’ll draw his attention while you provide rear support.”

“Pretty risky plan... But yeah. The two of us will protect them.”

“Two on one huh? At least you’re not naive.” Stain commented.

_Ever since your brother got taken down, I’ve got my eye on you Iida._ Todoroki thought to himself as he fought Stain, _all that pent up resentment was written in your face, I know that when I see it. I know just how much grudges like that can cloud a person’s vision._

_I was shocked at how fast my mom went from crying and apologizing to smiling and forgiveness. I’ve been able to move on, eyes unclouded and full of hope because she wanted me to be happy and help people._

_At any point before that, I never would’ve considered choosing my father’s agency for my internship. It’s not that I forgive him, I doubt I ever will. It’s just that I want to know what makes him the number two hero out there._

_It was so simple, all of it! So simple and I couldn’t see it! “Your power is your own!” That simple thought!!_

------------------

_I want to spread my wings to the sky._ ♪

“We don’t need to follow their awful example.”

“Let’s bring this to a beautiful end.”

“Yes.” Far away from the carnage in the classroom, Taro Kurosaki and Tsubasa Kamii hugged each other tearfully before both of them aimed a gun at each other’s chin.

_“and fly away.” ♪_

But before either one could pull the trigger, Kurosaki suddenly coughed a spatter of pink blood onto Kamii’s face.
“Wh-why?” Kamii looked down and saw the tip of a spear protruding from her boyfriend’s chest before his body fell forwards and pushed her onto the ground.

“♪ To the free sky where there is no sadness. ♪”

“You guys...” Ichino growled behind them, with tears streaming down his face he raised the shovel Nishizawa had and slammed it down onto the end of the spear driving it deep into Kamii’s chest, “Shut up!!”

“It- It hurts...”

“♪ I want to flap my wings. ♪”

“It hurts... It hurts... Stop...” Kamii pleaded to Ichino, her body started to glow in an attempt to use her quirk but Ichino slammed the shovel down a second time, causing the spear to fully pierce through both of their bodies and Kamii’s light quickly faded.

“♪ In the vast sky, I want to spread my wings and fly away. To the free sky where there is no sadness.. ♪”

Slowly taking in what he’s done, Ichino started wailing uncontrollably. Behind him, the buzz of a chainsaw revving up could be heard. Kisaragi approached without attempt to remain inconspicuous or to protect herself from Ichino’s quirk, but Ichino paid no attention to her and kept on crying.

“♪ I want to flap my wings. In this vast sky, I want to spread my wings and fly away. ♪”

Behind a pillar, Kamukura watched as Kisaragi stopped Ichino’s tears and killed another member of the student council.

“♪ To the free sky where there is no sadness. ♪”

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Iida could do nothing but watch as Midoriya and Todoroki fought so hard to protect him, his eyes still glowed red but it looked a little dimmer than before, the swirls that had previously clouded the whites of his eyes could no longer be seen, for the first time in a long while Iida felt something that he had not felt for a long time.

“Stop it... I can’t take it...” Iida whispered.

“If you want to stop this then stand up!” Todoroki roared, “never forget about who you want to become! Set your eyes on the man you want to be!!”

A hero, me? Some hero I am! Needing protection from my own friends! Letting them bleed and get injured for me!

It’s just as you said Hero Killer. I’m different from them, I’m an amateur! I can’t even hold a candle to them! If I don’t stand up here and now, then once again these guys will outpace me! And I’ll never be able to catch up to them!

As Iida thought this the Hero Killer’s quirk started to wear off, he stood up and charged at Stain with a Recipro Burst, knocking him away from Todoroki.

“Iida!” Midoriya happily shouted his friend’s name.

“So the effect ended, bastard’s quirk ended up big no big deal really.” Todoroki commented.
“For wrapping you two up in something you have nothing to do with, I truly apologize.”

“Again with that?” Midoriya asked.

“And that’s why I cannot allow you to spill any more blood.” Iida said with determination.

“Don’t make me think you’ve had a change of heart,” Stain said, “even if your eyes seem better than before, a man’s true character doesn’t change so easily. You are nothing more than a fake who succumbed to despair! You are the cancer of society, warping the word ‘hero’.”

“Don’t pay him any attention Iida.” Todoroki warned.

“No, he’s right. I’m not qualified to bear the title of hero... Nevertheless, I can’t afford to fold here. For if I were to fold then Ingenium would die!”

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“No, spare me... No!” Back inside the classroom, Suzuko Kashiki begged for her life as Hino approached her, ignoring her pleads for mercy Hino aimed and shot a single spike through her neck and watched her collapse onto a puddle of blood.

“♫ and fly away. ♪”

From across the classroom Daiki Kubo had mauled Shoji Yoko using his Lion quirk. Kubo had then turned to Hino looking for more prey to ravage, he shouted “Let’s go!” before pouncing towards Hino at full speed.

Having learned his lesson from last time, Hino dodged the attack and fired his spikes into Kubo’s body until he stopped moving.

The door to the classroom opened and there stood Kisaragi, still wielding her chainsaw and smiling maniacally. She charged wildly at Hino and raised her chainsaw above her head but was stopped by a single spike to the throat. Kisaragi collapsed to the floor and dropped the chainsaw by Hino’s feet.

“I did it... I survived... Screw all of you.” Hino laughed crazily as he surveyed the scene in front of him before pausing to vomit out some blood. He looked behind him and quickly raised his hand in a panic, readying another spike.

“Who are you?” Hino asked the bored-looking Kamukura, who came back to the classroom following Kisaragi.

“You cannot defeat me,” was Kamukura’s only response.

Hearing this, Hino lowered his arm and picked up the chainsaw that laid by his feet. He started it up and charged at Kamukura while screaming angrily. Kamukura dodged a horizontal slice of the chainsaw and kicked Hino backwards into the wall.

Hino bounced off of the wall and landed face first into the running chainsaw. Kamukura watched as Hino’s head was sawed open, then turned to walk away.

Soshun Murasame is the only one still alive, I suppose that means the game is over. Kamukura thought, despair is something that I cannot predict? Ridiculous, everything that just happened was well within my scope of- What?!
As Kamukura was walking away, Hino still had some life in him apparently. He shakily raised his left arm and fired a single spike from his palm, making a small cut in Kamukura’s right cheek. Kamukura wiped off the blood with the back of his hand and stared at it, before looking into the security camera. His cellphone rang and he held it up to his ear.

“Hope is harmony, a just heart moving towards the light, that is all.” Enoshima said while watching the entire killing game from the school’s security office, “Despair is hope’s polar opposite, it is messy and confusing. Despair swallows up love, hatred, and everything else. Because not knowing where you will end up is despair. Despair is something that even you cannot predict, only despair’s unpredictability can save you from a boring future.

Well, did that excite you?” Enoshima smirked, “because you haven’t seen anything yet... Of despair’s wonder. We’ll do something even bigger, I won’t bore you. Tee hee.”

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“You idiots! The Hero Killer is only after me and the white armour guy here!” Native shouted, “don’t fire back and just run!”

“Do you see him giving us any opportunity to do so sir?” Asked Todoroki.

He’s clearly shifted moods from before... The bastard’s feeling the heat too. His quirk’s not that powerful once you know its limitations, plus he’s fighting against three people by himself. Sure we’re not too experienced but we still possess powerful quirks.

So why? Why is he so determined to kill that guy and Iida? The police profiles Endeavour showed me said that he was the type that’s quick to run away, so this isn’t like him at all. Were the reports just mistaken, or did something change him? He’s got a crazed tenacity...

“Todoroki!” Iida shouted snapping Todoroki out of his assessment of Stain, “can you cool down my engine without clogging the exhaust pipes?”

“Yeah, I should be able-”

“Out of the way!” Stain shouted as he threw a knife at Todoroki, which Iida intercepted, causing the knife to lodge into his arm.

“You stop too.” The Hero Killer threw a dagger this time at Todoroki’s foot, which Iida again graciously accepted into his arm.

“Iida!”

“Don’t worry about it, just do it!” Iida responded.

Todoroki obliged and Iida pulled out the blades in his arm with his teeth. From the other side of the alley, Midoriya readies another attack with One for All.

As Stain charges Iida again, Midoriya and Iida unleash a desperate group attack onto Stain, with both Midoriya’s punch and Iida’s kick connecting at the same time. Dazed, Stain unleashes an uncontrolled slash at his surroundings.

“We will defeat you!” Iida announces, dodging the wild attack, “But this time, with you as the criminal and me as the hero!” Iida gives Stain one final kick to the ribs, and the serial killer collapses onto the ground.
“Did we do it?” Midoriya asked, “is it over?”

“Looks like all that damage finally knocked him out, is there anything to bind him with?”

“Let’s remove all his weapons just in case.”

“Right, now we just gotta stay here until the pros show up, huh? Iida?! What’s wrong?!”

As Todoroki and Midoriya were discussing their next moves, Iida followed Stain’s example and fell unconscious onto the ground.

“Was Iida hit anywhere major?! We need to get him out of that armour!” Midoriya gasped.

“Let me help, I want to at least do something to help you guys.” Native said, standing up for the first time during the entire fight, “I still gotta thank you kids for saving me.”

The three worked to tie up Stain and remove Iida’s costume so they can get a better look at him, they tied cloths to the two stab wounds on Iida’s arm but besides a few additional cuts and bruises, those were all the injuries that he had sustained in the battle with Stain.

“But then why did Iida fall unconscious?” Midoriya wondered, “he looks completely fine.”

“We should get him to a hospital, then a doctor can check him out,” suggested Native, “I’ll can carry him, someone needs to get his armour and the Hero Killer.”

“Right.”

“What the hell are you doing here boy?!” An elderly voice shouted from the opening of the alley, a yellowish figure moved quickly from the opening to Midoriya’s face, giving him a solid boot to the nose, “I told you to sit still didn’t I?”

“Gran Torino!”

“Well, I don’t know what happened but... For the time being I’m glad you’re alright.”

“Sorry Gran Torino...”

“The Narrow Lane... Hey! There are kids here!”

From behind the elderly hero, a group of people in colourful costumes entered the dark corridor.

“We received a command from Mr. Endeavour to send assistance but...”

“Kids?!”

“They’ve got awful wounds, and one of them’s fainted! Call an ambulance right away!”

“Hey, is that the Hero Killer?!”

The pro heroes from Endeavour’s agency were in a frenzy, but Todoroki noticed something, “that he, I mean that Endeavour isn’t here, does that mean he’s still in a fight over there?” He asked the pros.

“Ah right! Nomu’s brothers!” Midoriya remembered.

“Yeah, we were sent here because our quirks wouldn’t work against those villains.”
“I see, can any of you take a look at our friend? He collapsed after we took down-”

“Duck!” Gran Torino suddenly called out.

“Huh?”

Soaring across the sky, a winged creature that resembled Nomu appeared and suddenly dove at the group of heroes.

“The villain! Mr. Endeavour what are you...”

The winged villain swooped in, grabbed Midoriya by its talons and flew away as suddenly as it came in. Some of its blood landed on the face of one of the heroes.

“Did it flee after getting damaged?”

“Midoriya!” Todoroki called out.

Suddenly, Stain stood up and licked the face of the hero who had blood on her face, activating his quirk and paralyzing the flying Nomu. The Nomu dropped Midoriya and both of them started to fall to the ground. Stain broke his restraints easily and leapt up to follow them, catching Midoriya in his arms and stabbing the Nomu in the head with his knife.

“The phonies that have overrun society, and the criminals who so aimlessly sprinkle around their ‘power’. Those are the targets of my purge. All of this is for the sake of a just world!”

“As for you... I really don’t want to kill a civilian who has nothing to do with my purge but...”

Stain raised a sword in the air, “don’t struggle and it’ll be quick.”

“Hahaha, oh dear.” Komaeda said.

Stain held his sword in the air, but simply paused without bringing it down to strike.

“What the...” Stain said, still holding his weapon up, “don’t tell me...”

“Ah, I’d prefer not dying here in this dark alleyway if you don’t mind.” Komaeda admitted jovially, “it just seems like such a depressing place to die. And I don’t want to die a meaningless death.”

After thinking a little bit, Stain lowered his sword and stared at Komaeda, “If I understand it correctly then you certainly have an interesting quirk, but not one that you could use to stop me from killing this hero. So just go home ‘civilian’, you’re not a hero anyway.”

“Ahaha, don’t worry I’m not gonna try and stop you from killing that hero.” Komaeda laughed.

“What?!” The hero asked.

“And I’m not here to distract you or turn you over to the police either, really I’m not.” the Lucky Student assured him, “I just wanted to see the legendary Hero Killer up close and personal for once, you know? I wanted to see what kind of person you were.”

Stain turned to look at the paralyzed hero he left on the ground, damnit, he thought, as long as this civilian’s quirk is active I can’t kill that hero, and the paralysis will wear off eventually. I can’t use force, I have to- hmm, convince him to leave.
“What kind of person I am? So you’re one of those villain worshippers huh?” Stain licked his lips, “the kind of poison that I seek to eradicate from society with my purge.”

“Ah no, you’ve got it all wrong,” Komaeda said, “I’m not a villain fanboy, or a hero fanboy for that matter. The kind of thing that I worship, what I truly look up to... is hope.”

“Hope?” Stain asked, “and what does that have to do with me?”

“Your murders, or ‘purge’ as you call it, I think that you will be able to bring about great hope to the world.”

Stain narrowed his eyes and waited for Komaeda to continue.

“Ah, you look... confused, like you don’t understand what I’m talking about.” Komaeda deduced, “well let me put it this way. Each hero that you’ve killed or brutally injured, they have families and friends that care about them right, people that love them, people that depend on them, they might even have fans. And when you kill or maim that hero, those loved ones would feel despair right? All the people that look up to them, who wanted to see them succeed, whose lives are made better simply by having that hero around, they would feel the greatest, most agonizing despair.

Do you know what happens next?”

“...” Said Stain

“...” Said the hero.

“Hope.

By overcoming their despair, hope is created, a dazzling, radiant, shining hope that can only be created by defeating despair. So that’s why you kill heroes, so you can flood the world with despair and bring-”

“You’ve got that wrong,” Stain interjected, “you make it sound like I kill heroes simply because they’re heroes, but that’s incorrect.

I only target false heroes, ones who have ruined the word ‘hero’, people who take on the mantle of hero not for the sake of protecting others but merely to bask in the riches and glory that comes with being a hero.”

Komaeda held his hand to his chin considering the Hero Killer’s words, “hmm, I see.” Komaeda smiled at Stain, “even so, I do hope that you’ll consider the hope that you’re cultivating with your ‘purge’. By continuing to bring despair in the way you do, any hero who defeats you will be heralded as a beacon of hope, that people will be able to look up to.”

“And what if no hero ever stops me?” The Hero Killer asked.

“Ah, in that case I suppose that just means these heroes’ hopes simply aren’t strong enough.” Komaeda answered happily.

Yes... Stain thought about Komaeda’s words, if the heroes can’t defeat me then it’s because they lack resolve, that’s exactly right. And if a hero were to kill me... It can only be him, I will only allow him to defeat me!

“I had also wanted to offer my assistance to you, I’ve been suspended from my school for a while, and I needed something to do,” Komaeda said, “but I can see that you probably wouldn’t want
someone like me helping you out.”

“Hmm,” Stain considered his words for a moment, “there is one thing you can do that would help me.”

“Really? What is it?” Komaeda eagerly asked.

“Leave.” Stain demanded, “with your quirk active I can’t kill this hero, and the paralysis can wear off at any moment.”

“H-huh?! Wait, is that true?! Kid, you gotta stay then!” The hero begged, “if you do then we can capture the Hero Killer once and for all. A-and then despair will be defeated and the people’s hopes or whatever will be shining and-”

“Stop.” Komaeda said dismissively, “Only a truly powerful hope can be enough to crush overwhelming despair. If your hope isn’t strong enough then you’ll only be snuffed out, that’s the way that the world works. Oh, and if you don’t understand what I’m talking about, please don’t try and manipulate me with it, it’s kind of insulting."

Saying this, Komaeda turned around and walked away, leaving the Hero Killer to continue on his purge.

Chapter End Notes

The student council killing game, now quirkier than ever.
I used to get nauseous watching that part of the show, but after watching it again and again I feel sort of... desensitized.
Anyway, let's talk about what quirk I've decided to give Nagito.
Name: Nagito Komaeda.
Quirk: Pacifism.
All people around Nagito lose their desire to hurt or injure others if he chooses to activate it. Nagito himself is immune, but he's not exactly the best fighter out there.
I decided on this quirk because it forces people to have to talk to Nagito, which as we all know is heaps of fun.
Chapter 25

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“The phonies that have overrun society, and the criminals who so aimlessly sprinkle around their ‘power’, those are the targets of my purge!” Stain declared menacingly at no one in particular. In one hand he held a bloodied knife used to kill the flying Nomu, in his other he held Midoriya’s arm, who is currently lying on the ground. Todoroki, Native, Gran Torino, and the pro heroes from Endeavour’s agency watched Stain carefully as he made his declaration, eyeing him carefully from a safe distance and not willing to make any sudden moves.

From the top of a building, Shigaraki watched the scene unfold with his binoculars.

“Whoa there buddy, what the fuck are you doing?” He asked, “why did the Hero Killer just kill that Nomu? And why are those little shits here in Hosu? I can’t even find the words for this. Why... Why won’t it all just go as I want???”

“He saved him? Did the Hero Killer just save that kid?” One of Endeavour’s heroes asked.

“No you idiot, he’s his hostage!”

“Just shut up for now and assume battle positions!”

The heroes were beginning to move when a voice boomed from around the corner, “Why are you all just standing around?! He must have fled over there by now!” Endeavour had arrived on the scene.

“Endeavour!” One of the heroes shouted, “it’s the Hero Killer! He took care of that Nomu but now he has a child hostage sir!”

“Endeavour...” Stain mumbled under his breath as he turned to look at the newcomer.

“The Hero Killer!!” Endeavour cried out in surprise and began to charge up his Hellfire.

“Wait Todoroki!” Gran Torino shouted a warning at Endeavour.

Stain had had his back turned to Midoriya to look at Endeavour, and was no longer holding his arm. Seeing a chance for a sneak attack, Midoriya activates Full Cowling and-

“Another phony.”

-Froze up on the spot.

“The fakes must be rectified--- Someone must stain themselves in their blood--- ”

Along with every other hero in the nearby area. Endeavour, his employed heroes, even Gran Torino was chilled to the bone and unable to move a finger.
Stain takes a single step forward, his spiked boots slamming into the sidewalk, “come!! Just try it you pretenders!” An unspeakable malice radiated from Stain as he took a few more steps forward. Everyone else was completely frozen in fear, not breathing or blinking, Stain was the only one capable of making any movement.

“The only one who can defeat me... The only one allowed to kill me... Is All-Might!!”

...

A few seconds pass.

...

The heroes keep their eyes on Stain, not daring to move even a muscle.

...

Stain remains stationary.

“He... He lost consciousness.” Endeavour was the first to break out of Stain’s hold and speak up, the other heroes breathed a sigh of relief.

“Huh.” Todoroki said.

All around Hosu, the panic was beginning to recede. Not only was the Hero Killer stopped, but the Nomu that Shigaraki sent in were taken down and defeated. Parts of the city were in shambles and there were many injuries to both heroes and civilians, but the incident was resolved, and there were no casualties that day.

“Let’s go home.” Shigaraki commanded.

“Were the results to your satisfaction, Tomura Shigaraki?” Kurogiri asked.

“Idiot, that all depends on tomorrow.”

After watching the student council murder each other, Kamukura returned to his secluded bedroom.

Friendship fragments obtained!

Junko Enoshima: (2/5)

Mukuro Ikusaba: (2/5)

Kamukura studied the wound on his cheek in the mirror.

_The cut is not too deep, a small mark may be left once it heals but it should not draw too much attention._

Kamukura brought a finger to his cheek and gently drew it along the length of the cut, focusing on the pain that coursed through his body. He did not grimace, nor did he wince, Kamukura’s expression remained as neutral as ever.
Closing his eyes, Kamukura replayed the events of that night.

Hino was charging at him with a chainsaw, he dodged the attack and kicked Hino back. Hino landed in the running chainsaw after bouncing off the wall. Hino’s head was split open, Kamukura turned to leave...

**With his last remaining strength, Hino shot a spike that cut open Kamukura’s cheek.**

No, go back.

Hino bounced off the wall and fell head first into the running chainsaw, cutting his head in two. Kamukura turned around and began to walk away...

No, again.

Hino bounced off the wall and began to fall head first into the chainsaw. Hino was falling... Falling... His eyes, his eyes were filled with regret, fear, and anger. He was falling, closer to the blades. His eyes were full of... despair... yes, that is the expression of despair, he resigned himself to die.

Hino’s head contacted the whirling blades and was cut open, there he laid on the ground lifeless, brain split into two. The scene in Kamukura’s mind paused at this point, was there anything in this image that held a clue of what was going to happen next? Anything that Kamukura might have missed on his first glance, however small it might be, however unlikely it might be.

*No... There wasn’t.*

Kamukura opened his eyes, he ran his finger across his scar a second time.

*When was the last time I felt pain? The Steering Committee’s pain tolerance tests aside...*

*So this was the unpredictability of despair, as Enoshima had promised. It was certainly unpredictable, however... Should I really agree to work with Enoshima and work to spread despair to the world?*

Kamukura’s phone beeped and he pulled it out, Enoshima had sent him some texts.

*So? What did you think? I still need to hear your answer you know?*

*Hey hey, answer me already. Don’t just ignore me after our special moment.*

*Are you asleep or something? Fine fine, I’ll come by in the morning.*

No more messages appeared, Kamukura put his phone away.

*Tomorrow then, I will decide tomorrow.*

The next morning, at Hosu General Hospital, Midoriya, Todoroki, and Iida were lying on hospital beds and covered in bandages.

“Looking back on it, what we did yesterday was pretty impressive.” Midoriya stated.

“Yeah,” Todoroki agreed, “after how the entire night ended I’ve come to realize that we’re pretty lucky to have survived.”
“Looking at my leg, I think that if he wanted to kill me then he definitely could’ve.”

“Dude, you were faced with such intense bloodlust, and yet you managed to stand right back up and face him. Pretty badass,” Todoroki complimented Iida, who was fully awake now, “I was supposed to come to your rescue, but ended up having to be rescued myself.”

“No... No, I’m not badass at all.” Iida said, “I wasn’t in the right state of mind when I decided to find the Hero Killer. I felt like I was a prisoner in my own head, like I was barely in control of my own actions. But I was, I just didn’t care what happened to me, or anyone else for that matter, I was driven completely by my own desire for revenge.”

The room was silent for a few moments before Midoriya chimed in, “hey Iida, your eyes are back to normal now!” He pointed out.

“Huh? My eyes?” Iida asked.

“Yeah! When I first arrived and saw you lying there in the alley, your eyes were all red and swirly. But now they’re back to being blue again.” Midoriya noted, “and the weird swirly bits are gone too.”

“Huh? Oh right,” Todoroki remembered, “I was wondering about that, that was a pretty scary face you were making yesterday. Didn’t know your eyes were blue though.”

“Huh? What are you guys talking about?” Iida asked, “there was something wrong with my eyes?”

“Yeah, they were red and sort of glowing.” Todoroki answered, “did you eat anything strange recently?”

“No, I haven’t eaten anything recently. And are you sure about that Midoriya and Todoroki?” Iida asked, “I feel like I would have noticed something like that when I looked in the mirror.”

“Wait, hold on Iida. What did you mean when you said that you haven’t eaten anything recently?”

“Oh right, I forgot to tell you.” Iida looked ashamed of himself and calmly explained, “The reason I collapsed yesterday after defeating Stain was because of exhaustion, I haven’t eaten anything or slept in about five days.”


“That can’t be possible!” Todoroki added alongside Midoriya, “forget exhaustion, you should be dead! How were you even fighting on an even footing against the Hero Killer?!?”

“That’s... That’s what I’m not sure of as well.” Iida admitted, “you know what I told you about feeling in control but not in control at the same time? Well, during that time I never once felt hungry or tired enough to eat or sleep, I’m still not too sure on what happened myself, but the doctor said that it might have something to do with my emotional state at the time, and when that emotional state changed it’s what caused me to fall unconscious.

To put it simply, I was willing my body to continue on without food or sleep through willpower alone, but when you guys saved me my cognition changed, and the lack of food and sleep caught up to me.”

“That’s insane...” Todoroki muttered.

It was at this point that the door to the hospital room opened, and in walked Gran Torino, Manual,
and a unknown adult with a quirk that makes them look like a dog.

“Ooh, so the hurt locker’s already awake!” Gran Torino walked up to Midoriya’s bed and looked at him solemnly, “unbelievable. I want to grumble my heart out, but... well... Before that you’ve got a visitor.

The chief of the Hosu Police Precinct, Tsuragamae Kenji.”

“The chief of police!” Midoriya was shocked.

“Don’t worry, you can remain seated. I know you had it quite ruff!” Kenji assured the injured children, “so you’re the ones who stopped the Hero Killer! You’re UA kids alright!

Actually, regarding the Hero Killer, he sustained several burns, bone fractures, and other serious injuries and is currently undergoing treatment for them.” Here, Kenji paused for a bit so that the boys could absorb that information, Iida and Todoroki felt like they knew what was going to come next, and dread slowly built in their stomachs.

“Since the dawning of the Phenomenon... The police have emphasized leadership and protocol and made it a point not to wield the quirks of individuals as weapons. So then heroes rose up to fill that gap, becoming a profession of equal validity. Of course, such individual weaponization is a force that can cause injury very easily. So the reason that the public can recognize such a prospect that, normally, would face due censure is because their forebears adhered strictly to rules and morals, and the like. On the other paw, those who aren’t qualified yet might harm others through the use of their quirks without the direction of their guardians or supervisors. Even if their opponent were, say, the Hero Killer himself, this is nevertheless a top caliber violation of the rules.

You three pups, and all the pro heroes, which is to say Endeavour, Manual, and Gran Torino, you six must all be handed down an adequately impartial judgement.”

Wait, hold on sir.” Todoroki interrupted with an almost neutral expression, “if Iida hadn’t moved in on him, then Native would’ve gotten killed. And if Midoriya hadn’t arrived, then the both of them would have died! At that time nobody had noticed the Hero Killer’s appearance yet, sir.”

Todoroki’s expression twisted to that of anger, “so are you saying we should have followed the rules and simply let everyone die?!”

“Wh- what are you-” Midoriya attempted to calm Todoroki down.

“So if the end results turn out alright you think we should just fudge the rules, is that it?” Kenji countered.

“...Saving... Saving people is what heroes do! It’s their job!” Todoroki insisted.

“Good grief, this is why they call you ‘eggs’... Your education at UA, and from Endeavour, is hatching you well.” Kenji said.

“You damn mutt...” Todoroki got off his bed and started to walk towards the police chief.

“Stop it please Todoroki!” Iida cried out, mostly out of guilt, “he has a point...”

While Gran Torino held out a hand moved in between Kenji and Todoroki, “wait... maybe you should listen to the rest of what he has to say first.”

“Well, that was my opinion as a member of the police force. As for the rest of what I have to say...” Kenji began, “well, at the end of the day, punishment or what have you is only meted on official
A public announcement would invite the praise and admiration of the people for you. But it would also necessitate punishment. If, however, I were to fail to go public with the true dirt of the affair, then it could be concluded from the Hero Killer’s burns that Endeavour was the man who took him down, and back up that version of events. Fortunately the number of witnesses were extremely limited.

What I’m saying is that we can bury your violation like a bone in the yard. However, this means no one can ever know of your dogged decisions and fetching feats! So which will it be? Personally, I really don’t want anybody barking at you for such a glorious ‘misstep’, especially since you youngsters still have a promising road ahead of you!!”

“At any rate, we need to take responsibility for our negligence as supervisors.” Manual added.

“I’m so sorry sir...” Iida bowed to his supervisor and apologized, and received a knock on the head, “Alright! You caused other people a heap of trouble! So if you understand then never do it again!”

The feeling in the hospital room was solemn as the three boys bowed their heads to the police chief, “Thank you... Thank you, sir.”

“Through the cheats of grown-ups, the calls of praise you should have received are now no more... But at the very least, I, as a fellow human who strives to keep the peace... Give you my thanks!”

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The words “incoming call” and “Kizakura” flashed on the cell phone, the woman who the phone belonged to had been woken up by the ringing. Sleepily, she took the call.

“Hello? This is Yukizome.“ The woman answered.

“Ah, g’morning Yukizome, you haven’t heard yet have you? About the ‘incident’ that happened last night.” Koichi Kizakura’s voice came through on the other side.

“Incident? No, I just woke up. What happened?”

“The student council was brutally murdered last night.”

“Oh, I see... Wait what?!”

“Make sure the students don’t find out.” Kizakura said as he ended the call. Behind him, angry yelling can be heard coming from the headmaster’s office.

“What do you mean you want to cover it up?! How can we cover up a massacre?!” Kirigiri yelled.

Inside the headmaster’s office, there were six people in total. Headmaster Kirigiri sat at his desk, and was addressing the four members of the Steering Committee in front of him. At the side on a small couch, the previous headmaster of Hope’s Peak Academy, Kazuo Tengan, sat patiently.

“Doing so is the only way for the school to survive an incident as big as this one, surely you can see that.”

“It is for the sake of the school, headmaster, your school. Or did you want to abandon all your hopeful young students?”

“You may simply let us handle the cover-up story, don’t worry, we’ll make sure none of it can be traced back to you or the school.”
“You really don’t have much of a choice in the matter, headmaster, so just sit back and relax, we guarantee that absolutely nothing will happen to the reputation of Hope’s Peak Academy.”

The four men all said different things, but held the exact same sentiment as if their minds were connected. Kirigiri knew that he was powerless to defy the Steering Committee in this situation, not unless he wanted Hope’s Peak to be torn apart by the media and fall into ruin.

“Fine,” Kirigiri relented, “and what about Kamukura?”

“Kamukura will remain under our care for the time being, that means he will not be allowed to explore the campus anymore.”

“Until his ‘internship’ week is up, we will make sure that he keeps out of sight of anybody unrelated to the Kamukura Project here. Then, he may go back to UA and continue to study to become a hero, as per your suggestion.”

“I expect that you would choose not to tell that Nedzu at UA the details of the incident, I’m sure your ‘friend’ would be quite disagreeable to housing our test subject if he knew.”

“This event has been a minor setback in the progress of the Kamukura Project, we must admit. But it is nothing that we can’t overcome. We still expect great things to come.”

Kirigiri sighed reluctantly, “fine, do as you wish.”

The Steering Committee left the headmaster’s office and Kizakura came in, sitting on the couch opposite of Tengan.

“So, have they done as we expected?” Kizakura asked.

“Mmhmm.” Kirigiri mumbled an answer.

“And Kamukura?”

“Kept in their clutches for the rest of the week, then sent back to UA with Principal Nedzu none the wiser.”

“Hmm,” Kizakura thought, “we’re not sure that it was him right? Considering all the security tapes were stolen, and since we’re not getting the police involved we can only do so much of an investigation.”

“Even if it wasn’t Kamukura,” Kirigiri said, “how can I, as headmaster, just let them cover up the murder of the entire student council? It isn’t right.”

“If I may,” Tengan spoke up for the first time since he came into the office, “if you’re thinking about the school then it really is the best thing to do.”

“Still...”

“The Kamukura Project was already inhumane enough, if this incident were to become public, Hope’s Peak would be finished. A cover-up is the only way for this school to continue.”

“Even so, I...”

“I have already retired,” says Tengan, “but I will help you the best that I can. But I will leave the rest for you, as headmaster, to decide.”
Saying this, Tengan stood up and exited the office, leaving Kizakura and Kirigiri alone together.

“Damnit...” Kirigiri muttered, “what’s all this for?!”

“Try to calm down,” Kizakura placated, “level-headedness had always been one of your strengths.” Kizakura poured a glass of whiskey and handed it to Kirigiri, who looked down at the drink in his hands and then the picture that he kept on his desk. It was a picture of himself playing with his daughter, Kyoko Kirigiri, when they were both younger.

“Hey,” Kirigiri said, “if anything happens to me, look after my daughter.”

“Oh fine...” Kizakura grinned, “I’ll marry her for you.”

Kirigiri chuckled and drank from his glass, “I’ll never give her to you.”

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After the adults left, the three hero students were alone in their hospital rooms once more.

“A cover-up so that we don’t get in trouble huh? He really should’ve said that from the very beginning” Todoroki grumbled, “I made a fool out of myself getting angry.”

“It wasn’t foolish at all, I thought it was pretty cool the way you stood up for us.” Midoriya assured him.

“Ah, that’s right. Midoriya, if I recall correctly, you sent me a weird text a few days ago, didn’t you?” Iida asked.

“Huh? Did I?”

“I didn’t really pay attention to it the other day because of my emotional state but you mentioned how someone else was also looking for the Hero Killer.” Iida reminded him, “looking back on it now, I should’ve at least told Manual about it.”

“Oh right, now I remember!” Midoriya suddenly remembered his weird conversation with Nagito Komaeda at the grocery store, and how he was so worried that he contacted the Hosu police department and Iida as well.

“I’m a bit lost here,” Todoroki cut in, “there was someone else looking for the Hero Killer?”

Midoriya gave them both a quick recap of his meeting with Nagito Komaeda, about how he became Midoriya’s fan after watching his battle against Todoroki, about his weird obsession with hope, and about how The Hero Killer’s killings can somehow create hope for the world.

“Well... I suppose he wasn’t wrong.” Todoroki mused.

“What?!” Midoriya cried.

“Not about the weird hope stuff later on, about how you gave me hope in that fight during the Sports Festival.” Todoroki explained, “thanks to you I went to go see my mom for the first time in years. And I was able to abandon my act of rebellion against my dad, use my Fire half and go to his place of work for my internship. All because of what you said to me in that fight, so... thanks.”

“Ah, really it was nothing, don’t mention it,” Midoriya looked sheepish, “and what about the rest of the things that Komaeda said?”
"He sounds completely insane." Todoroki stated bluntly.

"Right..." Midoriya said, "so you haven’t seen him around Iida? He had poofy white hair and a green jacket."

"No, sorry. I haven’t seen anyone with that description during my patrols." Iida admitted sadly, "but now with the Hero Killer apprehended maybe it’ll be alright. He won’t be able to put himself in danger anymore"

"Yeah, maybe."

Enoshima will be arriving shortly, I need to give her an answer, do I join with her to spread despair or refuse her offer and stay on my current path?

Last night had shown... yes, despair can make someone unpredictable. In that one moment, I didn’t feel any boredom, I felt... excitement.

But is that enough? Is that one moment of unpredictability enough for me to accept her proposal to help her spread despair to the world? I do not particularly care what happens to the world, but to abandon my purpose as the Ultimate Hope and choose to spread despair instead... No, it is not enough, I will choose to decline her- hm?

Kamukura’s e-handbook beeped and he read the alert that popped up with it, “Hero Killer Arrested”, the title of the headline read. Unconsciously, Kamukura swiped through the article and absorbed all the information that written there.

"Eight heroes and three high school students, who also happened to be at the scene, were about to face him when Endeavour arrived to bring him down."

That sentence makes it sound like Endeavour did all the work, but looking at this picture of the Hero Killer apprehended... If Endeavour was the only one who fought him then the wounds shown here do not quite match up. If the unknown heroes also helped the fight then there should be no concern but it doesn’t say that. The media does not hold Endeavour in high regard, but to openly lie and say that Endeavour was the only person who the Hero Killer fought... there must be a reason for this lie.

This article is lying and Endeavour did not take down the Hero Killer single handedly, but why lie about that? Why not say that the heroes on the scene helped out? It is an understandable practice for the high school students but why bother to keep the other eight heroes anonymous? Would their identities also reveal the identities of the students?

I know that Todoroki is interning with Endeavour so he could be one of the three mentioned, Iida’s intern location was in Hosu, is it possible that he was also on the scene?

Iida... His brother was attacked by the Hero Killer during the Sports Festival, and it happened in Hosu as well. Iida then chose a hero agency that was situated in Hosu for his internship...

If that’s how it went down then...

Perhaps I will accept Enoshima’s proposal after all.
Iida, what have you done?
Don't worry, this will be good for Kamukura, trust me.
I forgot to mention this last chapter but if there is anything weird or off in my writing please tell me, I want to improve as a writer.
Thanks to everyone for reading :)
True to her word, Enoshima came by Kamukura’s room early in the morning to ascertain his position on joining her and aiding Ultimate Despair. After hearing his response, the fashionista clapped her hands together and cheered overenthusiastically, she then quickly gave Kamukura an overview of what she wanted him to do when he got back to UA, namely:

Do not tell anyone that he was working for Ultimate Despair,

Cause a large distraction at UA that will get the media’s attention, as large an incident as possible in order to keep their focus away from Hope’s Peak, and

Keep checking his phone for more instructions.

Shortly after Enoshima left, the Steering Committee returned to tell their Ultimate Hope about his new situation. Due to a safety incident within the school, Kamukura would no longer be allowed to freely traverse the school during his free time, instead he was to stay hidden underground until his internship week was up and is sent back to UA, more security measures will be implemented and Kamukura would be watched carefully. The Steering Committee watched Kamukura closely as they told him this information, gauging his reaction. Ultimately, a soft “okay” and a slight nod, combined with his infamous bored expression told them nothing of his supposed involvement of the student council killing incident.

“IZuru Kamukura, of the Kamukura Project. That’s who they suspect killed the student council,” Chisa Yukizome, the homeroom teacher of class 77 and former Ultimate Housekeeper, told this to Kyosuke Munakata, her friend since high school, “that’s what I think at least. They don’t know that I know about Kamukura’s existence, but if the Steering Committee is covering it up then it must have something to do with one of their projects right?”

“Hmm...” Munakata thought, “I do believe you have a point Yukizome.

IZuru Kamukura... Hope’s Peak Academy’s ‘Deus Ex Machina’, they must still believe that they can control him in some way, bend him to their ideals despite this... incident. ”

“What are we going to do, Kyosuke? If this Kamukura Project turns out to become a threat, then what will happen? Heroes would try to stop him I suppose, but...”

“Possessing every single talent that Hope’s Peak has ever researched could prove to be quite dangerous, even for professional heroes.” Munakata finished Yukizome’s thoughts, “if a monster like that were to become hostile to humanity, then what would happen? Or what if someone malicious used him?

Hope would turn into despair, and it would a strong enough despair to threaten the entire world.”

“The entire... world?” Yukizome repeated, “surely someone will be able to stop him right? All-Might will be able to... right?”

“You shouldn’t rely too much on All-Might,” Munakata cautioned, “even if it All-Might, there are
still far too many forces at play.

In any case, I will be going over there immediately. Take every caution until I arrive, trust no one but Sakakura, even if it’s a student. Also, from here on out you should take care not to say Kamukura’s name.” Munakata advised.

“Got it.”

“Oooh, what about this one? He looks like he’s in some sort of costume, what’s he like?”

Enoshima and Tsumiki were sitting together on a bench, looking at a yearbook containing all the photographs of class 77th from the previous year.

“That’s Tanaka,” Tsumiki explained, “his talent is the Ultimate Breeder, and um.. He sort of talks weird.”

“Oh?” Enoshima was intrigued, “what sort of things does he say?”

“Um, just stuff like ‘I am the great Gundham Tanaka, and I will rule the world!’” Tsumiki raised her arms to her side and scrunched up her entire face in what she thought was an intense expression, but instead it looked like she was about to cry, and yelled out her quote in a volume unbefitting of the quiet atmosphere that surrounded them, before turning red and looking quite embarrassed, “l-like that.”

Enoshima considered this information and asked, “so he’s a chuuni?”

“Um, huh?” Tsumiki blinked, “what’s that?”

“It means he’s delusional,” Enoshima explained, “or pretends to be to get attention, doesn’t really matter which one. Though he sounds like someone who would be quite lonely...”

“Oh, no I don’t think he’s that lonely,” Tsumiki said, “he often brings animals that he’s been taking care of into the classroom for us to admire and interact with. He calls them ‘hell beasts’ and says that we’ll be cursed if we stare at them for too long, but I think they all enjoy the attention.”

Tsumiki smiled and tapped the tips of her fingers together, “oh and I think he and Sonia are pretty close too.”

Enoshima tilted her head at Tsumiki’s statements but then looked back down at the pictures of class 77th, “well what about... this one!” she raised her hand and moved it across the page before pointing to a different photograph. Tsumiki looked down at where Enoshima was pointing to.

“Oh, that’s Saionji, she’s the Ultimate Traditional Dancer,” Tsumiki explained, “she looks a bit older now than when that photo was taken though.”

“So she’s a Saionji huh?” Enoshima smirked, “what’s she like?”

“Well, she’s kind of mean,” Tsumiki recalled, “and she cries a lot when things don’t go her way, but she’s doing that a lot less recently.”

“So basically she acts like a brat,” Enoshima concluded, “this Saionji girl sounds like she’d have trouble making friends due to her personality, plus she’s a Saionji so her worldview might be a little warped...”
“Um, actually Koizumi hangs out a lot with her,” Tsumiki said, “they’re extremely close and hang out all the time. I-I think she also goes to Mioda’s concerts a lot, but I don’t know if they’re all that friendly with one another.” Tsumiki then looked wistful, “and there was the time we investigated the school together.”

“Eh? What the heck?” Enoshima changed to an expression of irritation, “c’mon, there’s gotta be someone in your class we can use. Though that investigating the school stuff sounds interesting, you should tell me all about it some time.” Enoshima scrunched up her face and took another look at the photos, she pointed to a smiling girl with mauve hair, “well what about her?”

Tsumiki’s face suddenly lit up, “oh, that’s Nanami, the Ultimate Gamer, she’s our class representative. She’s really nice and friendly with everyone in the class,” Tsumiki blushed, “e-even me, in fact she’s the one that helped everyone in our class to be friends with one another.”

“Wait really?” Enoshima looked surprised, then changed to an unreadable position, “Mikan, can you tell me more about this Nanami person?”

Tsumiki excitedly did.

The final few days of the internship week pass by much more smoothly than the first, as no more incidents regarding serial killers or student council massacres occurred, the students could enjoy their internships in relative peace and quiet. Although a certain murderous fiend still had to be dealt with, that was not the concern of Midoriya nor Kamukura, nor any of the other students of UA for that matter.

Midoriya continued to spar and train to use One for All with Gran Torino, while Kamukura stayed firmly locked up by the Steering Committee and continued to jump through their excessive hoops and heed their every demand until finally it came time to part ways with their internship supervisors and go back to UA to continue their pro hero training and lessons.

“Thank you so much for looking after me, even if it was a short time,” Midoriya was standing outside of Gran Torino’s home carrying his hero costume in a suitcase and the rest of his stuff in a backpack. He was being sent off by the former pro hero and was grinning happily, “I feel like it was because of your lessons and all the round-the-clock sparring that allowed me to face off against the Hero Killer.”

“Against a Hero Killer who was still using kid’s gloves you mean!” Gran Torino yelled snappily, “well... I suppose I gotta say that I’m glad you didn’t aim for a 100% power sure-kill punch and miss.

But don’t tell me that arm hasn’t got any fractures boy! You went over the 5% limit at the last moment! You let your power control slip in your haste, always maintain your nerves and composure! If you really mean what you say about becoming like All-Might and claiming the mantle of the strongest hero, then you still got a lot to learn kid.”

“Yes sir!” Midoriya straightened up and shouted.

As Gran Torino turned to go back inside, Midoriya called out to him, “um. I just wanted to ask one more thing! If you could, please. Truth is, I wanted to ask you this whole time. But I thought it would be rude, and I could never find the right moment...”
“Spit it out already kid, I wanna eat me some damn Taiyaki!”

“It’s just... you’re so strong, strong enough that you trained All-Might to be the number one hero. And yet, in our society ‘Gran Torino’ is a no-name, sir. I was wondering why that is.”

“I just never had much interest in the hero life,” Gran Torino said dismissively, “I once had need of using my quirk freely towards a certain goal. That’s the only reason that I got certified in the first place. But forget about asking me, you can go and hear the whole story from Tosh- I mean, All-Might.

Well, if that’s all then you should get going. Fare thee well.”

“Ah yes! Thank you for everything!” Midoriya bowed politely and began to walk away. But before he could get too far...

“Hey kid!” Gran Torino called out with a dopey expression on his face, “who’re you?”

“What here?” Midoriya was dismayed, “I told you, it’s Izuku Midor-”

“No it ain’t.” Gran Torino interrupted.

“Huh?” Midoriya was confused for a moment before realizing what Gran Torino was asking him, “it’s Deku!”

Gran Torino smiled and waved him off.

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Kamukura stood at the front gates of Hope’s Peak Academy with a single suitcase in hand, behind him stood Jin Kirigiri, who came to see him off.

“Sorry if it seems like we’re being a bit too... overprotective.” Kirigiri said, “but due to certain... circumstances within the school we had no choice. Were you able to meet anyone interesting during the first few days at least?”

“Yes, I did indeed meet someone... interesting” Came Kamukura’s answer and Kirigiri smiled softly.

“That’s good to hear.”

A moment of silence passed and the Hope’s Peak headmaster checked his watch and clicked his tongue, “when is that taxi driver going to get here?” Kirigiri looked at Kamukura, “we had to hire a different taxi driver this time, one from a company that cares a bit more of their client’ privacy. These guys are going to be your taxi drivers from now on when you’re being transported to and from UA.”

“Alright.”

More silence.

“So are you sure you wanted to wear that suit as your hero costume?” Kirigiri seemed quite intent on making conversation, “it’s quite sophisticated I admit, but maybe you’d prefer something flashier instead? Or something more functional?”

“That is not necessary, I do not need any costume adjustments.” Kamukura decided.
“I see. Well maybe we can make some modifications to the suit you’re currently wearing, make it more durable or more flexible to fight in?”

“That does not matter to me.” Kamukura stated.

“Hm, well I’ll see what I can do about that,” Kirigiri said, “what about your hero name? Did you pick a cool name for yourself? Like, what are people going to be yelling when you come in and save them from a villain?”

Kamukura turned his head and stared at Kirigiri, “I was named ‘Izuru Kamukura’ by the Steering Committee after the founder of Hope’s Peak Academy. I decided it would be best if I chose that as my hero name as well.”

“Oh er, right,” Kirigiri looked embarrassed, “I suppose that makes sense.”

Thankfully for Kirigiri, a taxi drove up at that exact moment, and saved Kirigiri from having to come up with any more questions. The taxi driver rolled his window down and a middle-aged man wearing a serious expression turned to Kamukura and Kirigiri.

“I am here to pick up someone who was described as ‘a teenager with extremely long, black hair’, no name was given.” The taxi driver looked Kamukura up and down, “would that be you?”

“Ah yes, that’s correct, that would be this boy here.” Kirigiri said, capturing the driver’s attention, “Hello, I’m Jin Kirigiri, headmaster of this high school here. May I have your name?”

“My name is... Suzuki” Suzuki stated, “the destination is UA, correct? The famous hero school?”

“Yes, that’s right.” Kirigiri answered and braced himself for a question wondering why Kamukura would be transported between two of the most famous schools in Japan but none came.

Suzuki simply nodded and looked back at Kamukura, “is that all of your stuff? You can put it in the trunk, we’ll go whenever you’re ready.”

Kamukura did and entered the taxi, and the two of them drove off in the direction of UA.

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“We’ll be ready in just a few minutes, please take a seat while you wait.”

Iida looked up from where he was sitting and saw a tall teen with a solemn expression walk away from the receptionist and sit down across from him before looking down again. After the incident with the Hero Killer, Iida had decided to visit his brother again in the hospital. He knew that he couldn’t tell him the full details of the Stain fight, but he wanted to come anyway, if only to be able to show Tensei that he was alright.

Am I alright now? Iida looked at his hand, the one that suffered permanent damage due to the Hero Killer’s attacks, I had fallen into... such a deep state of despair, so desperate for revenge that I actively ignored my own wellbeing.

“Hey.”

But Midoriya and Todoroki both saved me, when I was in trouble they saved the life that I was so willing to throw away. They showed me what it meant to be a hero, Midoriya for the second time.

“Yo, I’m talkin’ to you.”
Now that I can think clearly again, if I look back and reflect on my actions... Can I call myself a hero from this point on? Compared to people like Midoriya and Todoroki, maybe I really am just a false hero, nothing like them... or my brother.

“Buddy, can ya hear me?” Iida was shaken from his thoughts, quite literally, by the teen who had just arrived. Iida looked up and studied the boy who had tried to talk to him. The most prominent part of him was the hair, it was styled in the shape of a pompadour and looked like it took quite a bit of work to keep from drooping down.

“Sorry, I was just thinking about something,” Iida flashed a friendly smile and apologized, “um, do I know you?”

“Nah, you shouldn’t at least,” the boy rubbed the back of his head, “but I think I know who you are. Tenya Iida, yeah? Of UA High?”

“Oh, that’s right, but how did you...?”

“I saw you in the Sports Festival,” the pompadoured teen explained, “thought I recognized ya.”

“From the Sports Festival... I see, that makes sense.” Iida said.

“Name’s Mondo Oowada, Ultimate Biker Gang Leader, nice to meet ya.” Oowada didn’t look particularly happy as he said this, but extended a hand which Iida shook and sat down besides him.

“Ultimate Biker Gang Leader? Does that mean you’re from Hope’s Peak Academy?” Iida wondered.

“Huh? Oh, yeah that’s right.” Oowada said, “you heard of it?”

“ Heard of it? Of course I’ve heard of it,” Iida said as he moves his arm up and down like a lever, “Hope’s Peak Academy is one of the finest institutions in our modern era, much like UA, to think that anyone would be unfamiliar with a school of such standing is unheard of!”

“Heh,” Oowada smirked, “ya kinda sound like my friend. Think you two would get along pretty well.”

“Is that right? Maybe you should introduce me some time,” Iida chuckled as he said that, “what about you? You said that you were a biker gang leader? If you don’t mind me asking, why did you decide to speak to me in the first place? You already knew I was training to become a hero, and I... I know that gangs such as yours would have run-ins with people from law enforcement, none that would result in any particularly fond memories.”

“Haah,” Oowada huffed and looked down before responding, his large hair obscuring his face, “Yeah, I mean you’re right. Me an’ the boys, we’d get into some fights with asshole heroes now an’ then. But...” Oowada raised his head and looked Iida in the eyes, “I don’t hate heroes, no.”

Iida stays silent at Oowada’s confession and waits for him to continue.

“You’re the little bro of the Turbo Hero, Ingenium ain’t ya?” Oowada asked, “Sports Festival announcer mentioned that. Y’know, when I heard that I was kinda rootin’ for you to take the win, but I guess third place ain’t too bad.”

“You were?” Iida asked, “but why? You hardly even knew me. Did it... did it have something to do with my brother?”
“Heh, you’re pretty smart you know that?” Oowada grinned, “you an’ my bud would get along just fine.” Oowada’s face turned solemn again, “but yeah, Ingenium, he helped me out a while back. Did a favour for me that I could never even hope ta repay.”

Iida thought about this piece of information, his older brother had been fairly open about the various rescues and fights with villains that he’s had while being a pro hero, shared around the family dinner table, Iida looked forward to those stories every night as a child. Hearing Oowada talk about his brother helping him out, Iida wondered if Tensei had ever told them this particular story before.

“If you don’t mind me asking, what did Tensei- I mean, Ingenium do to assist you?” Iida asked the biker.

“To put it bluntly well…” Oowada looked down and let his hair cover his face, “he saved my brother’s life.”

“What?! He did!?” Iida asked, “but you don’t look too happy about it…”

“No. Cause it was all my fault that he was in danger to begin with,” Oowada admitted sadly, raising a fist to his chest and gritting his teeth.

“Your fault…? What do you mean by that?”

“My big bro Daiyo an’ I, we lead the Crazy Diamonds, biggest an’ baddest biker group in all of Japan. He was the big boss an’ I was the number two, together we were known as th’ Diamond Brothers.” Oowada clenched his teeth in frustration, “but I was always livin’ in my bro’s shadow, I was never as highly respected as he was, all the other members would laugh at me behind me an’ my bro’s back.

So one day, it came time for Daiyo to retire and the leadership of Crazy Diamonds would fall to me. But no one respected me, not even a bit, so I had to come up with a way to prove myself to the others, show them I was just as capable as my brother was.”

Iida stayed silent as he absorbed Oowada’s story, showing an expression of compassion.

“So I challenged him to a race, if I won, that’d prove to the others that I was better than Daiyo an’ worthy of their respect. Pretty simple, yeah? But during the race, I became reckless, I drove straight into incomin’ traffic without any regard for my personal safety, I was only focused on winning the race at all costs. But… Damnit! It’s because of that that… Daiyo saw me taking a rough turn, and pushed me out of the way of a car with his own bike, he pushed me out of the way but… Daiyo was the one who ended up colliding with that car.”

“…” Iida couldn’t think of anything to say at this, being so closely reminded of his own mistakes.

“My bro was bleedin’ out, and I was holdin’ him in my arms, all the traffic on the road had stopped.” Oowada looked up at Iida, “that was when it happened. Some guy in a white armoured costume with jets comin’ outta his arms came runnin’ up through all the cars on the road, I knew it was a pro hero but I didn’t pay them attention. Not till they shouted at me ‘hey, give that guy ta me, I’m gonna take him to a hospital!*’. I musta looked completely dumbfounded or somethin’, cause the guy just grabbed Daiyo’s body outta my arms and ran like hell. Took a few seconds for me ta register what he just shouted, I was just kneelin’ there on the highway not knowin’ what to do, not till the rest of my gang and the cops arrived and took us down to the station. We were detained there till the morning, then I went straight to th’ closest hospital in the area, wanted to see if that hero did what he told me he was gonna do, if he even made it in time.”
“And... did he?” Iida asked.

Oowada nodded, “he did, doc told me that the hero, ‘Ingenium’ his name was, barely made it in time to prevent him from bleedin’ out completely but...

My bro still hasn’t woken up yet, he’s been in a coma since then.”

“I see...” Iida said, “and what happened to your gang after that?”

“Those guys...?” Oowada rubbed his neck, “Well, in a sense the race worked, the boys all started to respect me after that but... that’s cause they don’t know the truth of what happened in that incident, they all thought that Daiyo ran into that truck cause of his own lack of skill, an’ that I won that race because I was better than my bro. And having to be saved by a pro hero, the guys who we’re always scrappin’ with, they took that as a sign of weakness. My bro, who had done so much for the Crazy Diamonds, was turned into a laughingstock in just one night!”

“That’s... that’s horrible.” Iida frowned in sympathy at the injustice that Daiyo and Mondo had suffered, “so you didn’t tell them the truth?”

“No, I made a promise to Daiyo, right before Ingenium showed up, as I held him in my arms. Daiyo, my bro... he said to me, told me to keep the Crazy Diamonds alive, and lead them to greatness in his stead. Made me promise, and I always keep my promises... He also told me not to blame myself for the accident, Ingenium did too.”

“Huh? Ingenium did?” Iida asked.

“Right after I visited Daiyo the next mornin’, apparently he told the receptionist to call him when someone came in lookin’ for the guy he brought in yesterday, he was waitin’ for me right there in the waitin’ room with his helmet off. I met him after I saw my bro and listened to what the doc had to say.”

“...”

“Ingenium he... he wasn’t like other heroes, y’know? He didn’t treat me like just some street punk, like some sort of troublemakin’ delinquent who don’t know wrong from right. He treated me like someone who just lost an older brother, guess it makes sense now that I know he’s got a younger brother of his own. None of the other guys came, for reasons I already told you about, so I was the only one he talked to. It was that moment, just talkin’ with him, that my opinion on heroes changed. Of course, that was just another secret I had to keep from the boys, in order to fulfill my bro’s wishes.”

For a long time, Iida said nothing, and the two younger brothers held a moment in silence.

“Thank you,” Iida began, “for telling me all of that. Your brother sounds like a wonderful person, I would have liked to have known him.”

“He is.” Oowada agreed, “but your bro’s amazin’ too, when I heard about what happened to him in the news I couldn’t believe my ears.” Oowada made a fist, “I was so angry I wanted to track down that goddamn Hero Killer and give him a piece of my mind.”

Iida could do nothing but let out a hollow laugh at the statement, “yeah, me too.” He said.

“Even if Ingenium’s gone, you’re aimin’ to become a hero too ain’t ya? I just know yer gonna be great one day.” Oowada praised, “unlike me, a weakling of a biker gang leader who got his own bro put in a coma, an’ now my classmates come to me lookin’ for courage, thinkin’ I’m someone
strong.”

“I... I was wondering about that actually, before you came up to me.” Iida admitted, “a pretty big incident just happened where I screwed up, a hero related incident, one where I put my friends’ lives at risk. I’m not sure if I could ever match up to my brother, let alone become a hero now.”

“What the fuck? What’re you talkin’ about?” Oowada looked surprised, “you got third place in the Sports Festival, tied with that bird dude! And that wasn’t just blind luck either, that was pure talent, you got what it takes to become a hero, I just know it. Don’t listen to a single person if they tell you you ain’t got what it takes, they don’t know jack shit!”

“What about you?” Iida wondered, “even in your brother’s absence, you led the Crazy Diamonds to become the number one motorcycle gang in all of Japan. And telling me all of what happened during that race? It definitely took a lot of strength to admit all that, especially to a stranger. Whatever problem your classmate has, I’m sure you’ll be able to help them through it.”

“Maybe... Fuck man, maybe you’re right.” Oowada grinned at Iida, “alright, how bout this? Promise me that you’ll become a top hero, and not just compared to your bro either, I want you to become a hero on your own terms, without trying to match what Ingenium was. And me? I’ll do the same thing, sound good?”

“That sounds... that sounds like a wonderful idea,” Iida said, matching Oowada’s grin with his own, “it’s a deal, just make sure you keep that promise.”

“Heh,” Oowada said, “Ever since I was a kid, I grew up with my older brother pounding this into my head... ‘When a man makes a promise, he has to keep it, even if it kills him.’ So don’t you worry bout a damn thing man, ain’t no way I’ll ever give up on this, I’ll keep this promise no matter what circumstances come my way!”

“It’s a deal then.”

“Hell yeah.”

Oowada raised his fist to Iida, to which Iida responded by making his own fist and tapping it to Oowada’s. For the first time in a long time, Iida smiled with hope in his heart.

Chapter End Notes

And with that, the Hero Killer arc is concluded. Next up will be the Summer Camp arc, and Kamukura will finally be reunited with class 1-A.
In the beginning I wanted to give Kamukura a whole bunch of different taxi drivers, because he's going to go back and forth between UA and HPA a few times, but I decided against it. Oh well, enjoy 'Suzuki' who will only be a reference and not play a larger role in the story, even in *that* part later on.
The Tenya and Mondo scene was one of the few scenes that I planned to have since the creation of the story, I hope you enjoyed it.
Chapter 27

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“AHAHAHA, for real?! No really, for real, Bakugou?!”

“Don’t laugh! It’s stuck and washing it isn’t fixing it!”

It was 1-A’s first class after everyone had returned from their respective internships, and everyone was busy discussing what they did during them.

Bakugou went to Best Jeanist’s hero office, who tried to alter the boy’s prideful nature. Best Jeanist’s attempts to humble Bakugou include but are not limited to a complete change in hairstyle, to which he was being ridiculed by Kirishima and Sero.

“I said don’t laugh dammit! I’ll fucking kill you!”

Uraraka went to Gunhead’s hero office, and was taught the basics of Gunhead Martial Arts.

“It was very... fruitful...” Uraraka said as she maintained a battle pose, eyes completely focused, and chanted ominously before firing off a powerful punch at the air.

“She’s transformed so much over just one week,” Kaminari commented to which Mineta wagged his finger.

“Transformed? No, don’t you understand? Women... are demons from the outset, they’re just hiding their true selves.”

“Just what did you see at Mt. Lady’s? Dude, stop that.” Kaminari asked then turned around to where Midoriya, Iida, and Todoroki were chatting, “but y’know, the people who transformed the most are these three!”

“Dude yeah! The Hero Killer!” Sero added.

“I was worried for you,” Yaoyorozu said, “they say you got rescued by Endeavour.”

“Yep, rescued,” muttered Todoroki without looking.

“I saw it on the news, they say that the Hero Killer and the Villain Alliance were connected,” Ojiro mentioned, “can you imagine what would’ve happened at USJ if he came along with the other villains?”

“He was pretty scary right? But did any of you watch that video?” Kaminari asked, “I dunno if it was his one-track mind, or tenacity or whatever. But don’t you think that he was kinda cool too? He was just so determined.”

“Kaminari...!” Midoriya attempted to stop him.

“Huh? A-ah, Iida... I’m sorry...”

“No... It’s alright,” Iida assured while looking at his arm, “he was certainly a man of conviction, so I understand if people look up to him and find him “cool”.

However he chose to advance his cause by means of a purge, that alone is an error. So, in promise
to a new friend, and to our society, I shall proceed down the path of becoming a hero anew!” Iida declared as he swung his arm downward.

“It’s so noisy here in the morning.” Tokoyami complained.

“Hmm, but I don’t think it’s just those three who changed,” Hagakure said, “just look at Kamukura, don’t you think that he’s changed too?”

“Not really,” Jirou disagreed while turning to observe the Ultimate Hope, “he kinda looks the same as he always does.”

Kamukura, for his part, was too busy sitting at his desk and facing the front of the classroom to participate in the group discussions that was going on behind him. He did not bat an eye when several members of the class turned their attention in his direction.

“Really? I swear there’s something about him that’s different,” Hagakure insisted, “just look at the way he’s sitting, or maybe it’s how he does his hair.”

“Maybe he just grew a few centimetres,” Jirou reasoned, “we are teenagers after all.”

“And maybe he’s trying out something new with his hair,” Yaoyorozu added, “it does look quite hard to maintain.”

Coming from you, the rest of the class thought.

“You know, I really don’t think you guys should be talking about him like that when he’s right there,” Kaminari pointed out, “kinda rude don’tcha think?”

“Hmm, maybe you’re right,” Ashido rubbed her chin thoughtfully, “oh, I know! We can just whisper about him!”

“I don’t think that’s better...” Midoriya said softly.

But Ashido was not to be deterred, grinning slightly, Ashido cupped her hands over her mouth and whispered, “Kamukura, can you hear me?”

“I can.” He replied without turning around.

“Eek!” Ashido and the rest of the class all jumped slightly at suddenly hearing Kamukura talk after being silent for the entire morning.

“Hmmph! Well that’s nothing,” Ashido pouted and put her hands on her hips exaggeratedly, then proceeded to walk to the back of the classroom and cupped her hands over her mouth again, “Kamukura, what’s my name? When’s your birthday? Why are you more of a robot than Iida?”

A few silent moments passed and Ashido was ready to celebrate her victory until...

“Mina Ashido. January 1st. I am not a robot, and neither is Iida.” Kamukura answered her questions.

“What?! Seriously?!” Ashido was flabbergasted.

“Ashido, why did Kamukura mention my name just now?” Iida asked.

“Dude, who cares about all that?” Kirishima interjected, “Kamukura’s hearing must be insane if he could hear all that.”
“I was whispering really quietly too.” Ashido nodded in agreement.

“What did you say your quirk was again?” Yaoyorozu asked, “I don’t quite see how ‘talent acquisition’ would allow for you to gain better hearing.”

“Oh, well that’s um…” Midoriya quickly leapt to defend Kamukura’s secret, but was unable to think of anything to say.

“Certain talents train and condition my hearing,” Kamukura explained without emotion, “any music related talent for example, those along with the Ultimate Audio Engineer, Ultimate Pilot talents and more all require a strong sense of hearing.”

“Hmm, I see.” Yaoyorozu contemplated Kamukura’s answer with her chin in her hand.

All this fucking attention for Kamukura, and for what? Just cause he’s got good hearing? Bakugou thought while attempting to ignore the rest of the class, people with Bat quirks have good hearing, you don’t see me gushing over them.

Class 1-A’s first hero training class after their internship weeks was a simple obstacle course race to the middle of a construction site. Nothing particularly noteworthy happens during it except for Midoriya’s race.

“What are those moves?!”

Showing off the newfound control Midoriya has over his quirk, the green-haired hero-in-training zips and dashes across construction beams and railings using Full Cowl. The spectators could not help but be amazed (Kamukura excluded), as they watch Midoriya’s movements.

They’re my moves! Bakugou thought, while I was wasting time with Best Jeanist, Deku’s done it again... Yet again...

Unfortunately, as Midoriya hopped onto a narrow beam, he lost his footing and slipped, causing him to come in dead last in the obstacle race.

“Young Sero was number one, but all of you have learned how to use your quirks more broadly since you first entered the academy!” All-Might announced proudly, “now keep at it and begin preparing for the end of term test!”

“Oh, is it end of term so soon already?” Midoriya wondered aloud as he picked himself up off of the floor.

“You surprised me, almost didn’t recognize you out there, young Midoriya,” whispered All-Might to Midoriya, “when this lesson is over please come to my place. I have something important to tell you, about me and... One for All.”

After the lesson, as instructed, Midoriya went to go visit All-Might in his office. He stepped in to see All-Might sitting quietly on his couch in his weakened form, a solemn look on his face.

“Lock the door.” All-Might said grimly.

This atmosphere... is so foreboding!
“You’ve been through a lot,” All-Might began, “I’m sorry I couldn’t be by your side.”

Midoriya stammered as he sat down on a chair, “n-no All-Might, you don’t need to apologize... But what was it you said before, the story of One for All?”

All-Might explained to Midoriya that the quirk could only be transferred if the current quirk holder wishes it, meaning that even though the Hero Killer had swallowed some of his blood, Midoriya would still keep One for All.

“It’s a special quirk, you know. And the same can be said for its origin,” All-Might continued, “One for All is derived from a separate quirk which has existed since the beginning. All for One, it robs others of their quirks and makes them belong to the user. Additionally, it can be used to give others the quirks that it stole.”

All-Might breathed a sigh and looked downwards, getting himself ready to explain the whole story, “during the phenomenon when society was still adjusting to humans developing quirks, there rose a figure who gathered people together. You might have heard the rumours. He stole people’s quirks and gave them to those he trusted in order to foster loyalty, slowly rising in power using this method. Over time, his influence spread across Japan.”

“All for One... and One for All...” Midoriya muttered, “but how are the two quirks connected?

“All for One had a little brother who was quirkless, the brother was weak and frail, but harboured a strong sense of justice. He stood against All for One and what he was doing. So All for One forced a quirk onto his little brother, a quirk that stockpiles power. Whether that was out of kindness or an attempt to bend him to his will, we don’t know.”

“No way...” Midoriya said, realizing where this was going.

“Yes, while people had thought him to be quirkless, the younger brother did indeed possess a quirk. A quirk that could pass itself to another! So the two quirks combined, one that stockpiles power, and one that passes itself on... That is the origin of One for All!

It’s pretty ironic. Justice always stems from the bowels of evil.”

“W-wait, hold on... I, uh... I understand how it was born but...” Midoriya said waving his arms wildly, “about All for One, how could he be still...”

“He can steal quirks remember? A quirk that stops aging, a quirk that slows down the aging process, he could’ve stolen himself a quirk in that category. He’s a symbol of evil that will live on indefinitely... And no one has been able to stop him, no one has even come close. Slowly, One for All has been passed down generation after generation, in the hopes of one day stopping his evil once and for all.

And I was the successor to finally beat him! Or so I thought... But he’s still alive and once again on the move, this time as the brains behind the group known as the Villain Alliance! One for All has been passed down through generations to defeat All for One! Which means that you too might have to confront that man, that great evil, in a showdown...”

“I’ll do my best!” Midoriya declared, “whatever task you give me... I’ll answer your call All-Might! As long as you’re with me I can do anything... I can feel it! I know it’s true!”,

“!” All-Might was too stunned to say anything at Midoriya’s bold statements, you have to tell him , his inner voice said, you have to tell Midoriya!
“...Thanks.” Was all that he could manage.

That you probably won’t be by his side when that time comes...

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That was... quite a talk from All-Might, Midoriya thought to himself as class was dismissed for the day, to fight an enemy that can steal quirks... he probably has hundreds of quirks stolen by now, who knows how powerful they’ll be... What if I’m not ready when the time comes, and All-Might... No, I’ll be ready, I’ll make sure of it!

With that said... I wanted to speak with him today.

FREE TIME START!

“Do you require something?” Asked Kamukura as Midoriya stood nervously by his desk.

I wanted to talk with Kamukura, I just have to walk up to him and ask right?

“...Alright.”

We walked to a secluded place in the school and I spent some time with Kamukura.

Kamukura and I grew a little closer... I think.

“Um...”

“...”

“So...”

“...”

I guess I have to be the first one to talk, well okay, here goes.

“Um, so Kamukura how was your week at Hope’s Peak Academy?”

“It was fairly uneventful.”

Midoriya waited for Kamukura to say anything, but that was apparently all he had to say.

“Um yeah, same here,” Midoriya lied, “so what did you do during your week?”

“Various tests were performed on me to evaluate my physical and mental abilities.”

“Oh...” Said Midoriya, “was that all you did?”

“It was the only thing worth mentioning”

That was the only thing worth mentioning?!

I’m not gonna get anywhere like this, I should just come out and say it.

Midoriya looked around for any passersby before opening his mouth to speak, “Kamukura, do you remember what we talked about after the Sports Festival? About my quirk?”
“Yes, I do.”

“About how you said that I would be worthless without All-Might’s quirk.”

“Indeed.”

“Well, I thought about it a little a-and... I’ve come to the conclusion that maybe you’re kinda right, in a sense. I-I mean, All-Might’s quirk in and of itself is really amazing, if you knew the whole history of it you’d probably be impressed too. Or maybe you wouldn’t, but anyone else definitely would. Anyways, I was born quirkless; and if I understand it correctly, you were too. I guess I would’ve been considered talentless too, the only thing close to a talent I had was my extensive knowledge of heroes I guess. So in that sense I guess I was kinda worthless, if you think about it logically I mean. Even if I would go on to do all sorts of great things without a quirk, I’d never have been able to become a hero.

But... All-Might still saw potential in me, if he chose to give me his power, then he must have thought I was worthy of it, right? So, even if I was useless before I had a quirk, I’m definitely not the same now as I was before.

I made you leave before when I told this to Bakugou, but now I’m gonna say it to you too. I’m going to make this quirk into my own, and become a great hero with it!”

“...” Said Kamukura.

“...” Said Midoriya.

After realizing that Midoriya had finished, Kamukura simply said, “alright.”

“...alright...?”

“Was that all you wanted to say?”

“U-um, yeah...” Midoriya admitted, “um, so... what do you think?”

“I do not particularly care where you received your quirk or what you choose to do with it. You were worthless before, but because of your quirk you may contribute to society now unlike before. That is all.”

“Oh, right, of course.” Midoriya felt the wind leaving his sails, “in that case, I’ll just leave you alone for now.”

*I left Kamukura feeling slightly embarrassed and made my way home.*

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Friendship fragment failed to obtain!

Izuku Midoriya: (4/5)

*I went back to my room after talking with Midoriya.*

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“Let’s see here... right, summer break is fast approaching, but of course it stands to reason that none of you can relax just yet.” Aizawa announced to the class, “so we’ll be going to a summer break lodge.”
“YEAAAAAH!!!” The class cheered.

“Let’s give each other dares!” Ashido suggested.

“The baths! The mixed baths!” Mineta anticipated.

“The fireworks.” Tsuyu added.

“A chance to eat curry.” Iida pondered.

“However,” Aizawa silenced the class with a glare, “should any of you fall short of a passing grade for the end-of-term test, then you will be stuck in school, otherwise known as ‘Remedial Hell’.”

“Let’s do our best everybody!!” Kirishima encouraged.

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“I haven’t studied at all!!!”

Some time has passed since Aizawa’s announcement and it was now June, one week before the end of term tests and class 1-A was in a frenzy.

“With the Sports Festival and workplace experience and everything I never stopped to study!” Kaminari moaned.

“Indeed.” Agreed Tokoyami.

“The midterm exams didn’t cover much, but now... The end-of-term exams are gonna be way tougher.” Sato reasoned to Koda, who nodded along in agreement.

“Man, the fact that there’s also a practical test is pretty tough isn’t it?” Mineta, who was ranked in the upper half of the class, smirked at his panicking classmates.

“I thought you were one of us!” Ashido pointed accusingly at Mineta.

“A guy like you is supposed to be a lovable idiot!” Kaminari agreed with Ashido, “now who’ll like you?”

“Oh, I don’t know. Everyone.” Mineta said.

“Ashido, Kaminari. Let’s do our best!” Midoriya smiled at the two less studious students in an attempt to encourage them, “I mean, I want to go with everyone to the lodge! Right?”

“Yeah!” Shouted Iida in agreement.

“If you just attend classes normally then you won’t get any failing grades,” Todoroki stated bluntly.

“Mind your words!”

Upon hearing all the commotion in the classroom, Yaoyorozu called out to the struggling students, “hey, you two. I might be able to help you out with the classroom lecture stuff.” She smiled softly as she said this. Then, whispering to herself, “the practical test though, not so much...”

Suddenly, a group of students huddled around Yaoyorozu’s desk, looking at her with pleading faces. Jirou, Sero, and Ojiro all gathered to ask her for tutoring help.
“You guys...” Yaoyorozu gasped, “but are you sure you wouldn’t want to seek help from Kamukura instead? He’s doing better than I am in all subjects...”

“No, I’d personally prefer it if it was you.” Jirou stated.

“Yeah, no offense to Kamukura I mean, but...” Sero said, “he’s kinda intimidating the way he acts.”

“Yeah...” Ojiro agreed.

The four of them peek at where Kamukura was sitting, a desk near the front of the class. Despite all the commotion going on in the classroom, Kamukura was perfectly still, staring at the front of the room, and not bothering to interact with anyone.

“Oh, well in that case...” Yaoyorozu said as she turned back to face the other students, “absolutely!”

“Yaaay!” They cheered.

From another corner of the classroom, Kirishima and Bakugou watch the encounter go down, “talk about a gap in personal virtue,” Kirishima smirked at Bakugou.

“I’m plenty virtuous, too, fuckmunch! Why don’t I tutor you till you’re a pile of blood?!!”

“Ooh, I’ll take you up on that!”

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During the lunch break, Midoriya was harassed by Monoma from class 1-B after hearing about their escapade with the Hero Killer during their internship week. Monoma was karate chopped by Itsuka Kendo, class 1-B’s representative, who also revealed that she heard from the upper years what the practical portion of the end-of-term exams would involve. Apparently, they would be pitted against the same robots they faced during the entrance exam and the Sports Festival.

“What, really? If it’s just those robots again, then this’ll be a walk in the park!” Was the general sentiment among class 1-A after hearing the news.

“Who cares if it’s humans or robots, it’s all the same when they’re blown away. Walk in the park my ass.” Bakugou huffed as he was about to exit the classroom, “right?! Deku!” He called capturing Midoriya’s attention. “I dunno if you’ve come to understand a little about how to use a quirk. But you’re really trying my goddamn nerves, shitrag.”

“Is Bakugou talking about his moves during the race?” Uraraka asked.

“Let me tell you right now, I don’t want the same hollow-ass result as the damn Sports Festival,” Bakugou’s face twisted in anger, “by the end of next term, we’ll see by our grades just who the better man is... whether you like it or not!” He pointed directly at Midoriya, “I’ll annihilate you, leave you in the dust with the gap between us, and then I’ll fucking murder you!”

Bakugou looked around at the spectators in the classroom, eyes settling on two in particular, “Todoroki and Kamukura...! You too, assholes!” Before slamming the classroom door behind him.

Outside of the classroom, hiding behind a corner, Aizawa observes the explosive student as he walks away. Bakugou... He’s gotten worse than I thought, Aizawa evaluated as he wrote on his clipboard.
There is less than a week before the end-of-term exams, the other students are likely using all of their free time to study or train. What should I do?

FREE TIME

START!

“Oh, hey Kamukura. Yaoyorozu’s hosting a group study session at her house, a bunch of people are going.” Midoriya said, “um, how’s your studying coming along? Maybe you should come along.”

“There is no need for me to study the course material, my knowledge far surpasses the lessons that have been taught in our classes.” Kamukura stated.

“O-oh... um, well maybe you should come anyway?” Midoriya smiled nervously.

Do I want to go to Yaoyorozu’s study session?

“Um, did you want to bring a notebook or something? No...?”

I observed Yaoyorozu’s study session intently.

“U-um, I think you kinda scared Yaoyorozu and the others...”

Midoriya and I did not grow closer.

The next day.

“What the fuck do you want?” Bakugou asked as Kamukura approached him after school.

What do I want to do with Bakugou?

“What, seriously? I’ve got shit to do, get lost.” Bakugou immediately declined.

I returned to my room after talking with Bakugou.

The next day.

“Hey, Kamukura. Did you want something?” Todoroki was studying in the library when Kamukura approached him.

What do I want to do with Todoroki?

“...really? Well I was thinking of taking a break anyway. Let’s go down to the cafeteria.”

I watched Todoroki sip his tea for a while.

Todoroki and I grew a little closer that day.

“You know, I’ve heard people say that we’re kind of similar.” Todoroki said inbetween sips, to which Kamukura tilted his head a little.
“Apparently we’re both quiet and generally have a bored expression most of the time,” Todoroki explained, “though I guess you’ve got that part down more than me... no offense, of course.

Though if you compare us to someone like Bakugou or Kirishima...” Todoroki took another sip of his tea, “so... did you want to talk with me about something, or did you just want to watch me drink tea? Not that I mind either way.”

“I wanted to ask this earlier, about what Midoriya said to you during your fight at the Sports Festival.” Kamukura stated.

“Oh? It’s been a while since then, I’m not sure if I can still remember.” Todoroki admitted, “why is this important exactly?”

“I wanted to get a better idea of what Midoriya said to you that made you decide to use your Fire. Despite your relationship with your father.”

Todoroki was momentarily stunned, then took another sip from his cup, “how did you find out about that?”

“I observed Endeavour and you during the Sports Festival, both of you held animosity towards each other. Endeavour’s outburst after you used your Fire helped me to understand what was going on.”

“... I see. Well, Midoriya said a lot of things to me during that fight, but the most important part I suppose was when he said that my power was my own, not my father’s. That was what snapped me out of my rebellion against Endeavour, and made me decide to use the full extent of my quirk during that fight. He gave me hope.”

“Hope?” Kamukura focused onto the word.

“Oh, right,” Todoroki looked embarrassed, “apparently Midoriya met someone during his internship that watched the Sports Festival that was kind of obsessed with hope, or the idea of hope. He said that Midoriya gave me hope during the Sports Festival, I guess that idea was stuck in my mind.”

“He gave you hope, and so you chose to fight with your Fire, and forget about your father.” Kamukura said softly.

“Yeah, pretty much,” said Todoroki, not noticing Kamukura’s subtle change “for most of my life, I hated him, and I hated the fact that I had his quirk, but in that one moment during the Sports Festival, I forgot all about my father, and stopped considering it ‘his’ quirk.

I should probably get back to studying,” Todoroki said as he got up, “you’re welcome to join me if you like.”

“No, I have no need for studying, and there is something that I must consider.” Kamukura declined.

“’No need to study’? Is that because of your quirk? Maybe next time you can tell me a bit about how it works.” Todoroki smiled softly, “see you, then.”

Friendship fragment obtained!

Shoto Todoroki: (1/5)

Your report card has been updated based on your experience with Todoroki.
I returned to my room after talking with Todoroki to think about a certain part of our conversation.

After everyone wrote their exams, there was only the practical test left to consider. The students were gathered in the UA parking lot wearing their hero costumes.

“Kamukura, you’re really fighting in that suit? What if it gets ripped again?”

“Then I shall replace it.”

“Big spender, huh...”

Standing across from the students were the teachers of UA.

“5... 6... 8 of them? Why are there so many teachers?” Jirou asked.

“I’ve no doubt you all attempted to try and learn as much as you can of the practical test beforehand, so I think you all already have a vague notion of what to expect.” Aizawa said, looking completely disinterested.

“Just like the entrance exam! It’ll be a beat-em-up with the robots!” Kaminari shouted.

“I can already see the fireworks! The curry! The dare sessions!” Ashido cheered.

Suddenly, Aizawa’s scarf wriggled and out popped Principal Nedzu, shocking the entire class.

“Sorry, I’m afraid not! Due to various reasons, we’ll be changing the contents of the test, starting today!”

“...” came the shocked silence from Ashido and Kaminari.

“What do you mean...?”

“Well...” the principal climbed off of Aizawa, “fears in a surge of villainy, you see. From now on, we’ll focus out tests more on person versus person battle activities. And emphasizing a teaching environment closer to that of a real battle!

Which is why, boys and girls, we will have you form pairs to engage in combat with one of these here educators!”

“With our teachers...?” Uraraka was hesitant.

“Forming pairs? But with the amount of people we have...”

“Right you are, Iida!” Nedzu exclaimed, “because of the odd number of people in your class, there will be one group of three!

Now, who you will be grouped with and the teacher that you will be fighting have already been decided. The way you move, your grades, and your level of familiarity... We personally judged how you’ll be pairing up based on all sorts of things, and we’ll list the matchups now.

First off is who will be in the group of three! For that group, we will have Izuku Midoriya...”

So I’m in the group of three! Wonder who I’m assigned with.

“Katsuki Bakugou...”
“What?!"

“Huh?!”

“Aaaaaand... Izuru Kamukura!” Principal Nedzu raised both of his paws in a grand gesture as he announced the first team.

“Ka-Kacchan and Kamukura?”

“Deku and... him ?!”

“...”

The three who had their names called out looked around to find and assess their partners.

“As for who you’ll be facing off against...”

“I AM HERE TO OBLIGE!” All-Might shouted as he dropped from the sky, “now cooperate, and come at me to win... you three!!”

Chapter End Notes

If Kamukura were anybody other than Kamukura, I'm sure he'd be frustrated at not being able to finish Midoriya's FTEs.
Big crazy fight happening next chapter, Kamukura finally getting in on the action again, and me having to get creative again. Look forward to it!
I'm back in school again, I think this weekly releasing will be my schedule, hopefully I'll stick to it.
Chapter 28

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

After that, the rest of the student-teacher teams were revealed:

Yaoyorozu and Todoroki against Eraserhead.

Ashido and Kaminari against Principal Nedzu.

Aoyama and Uraraka against 13.

Kouda and Jirou against Present Mic.

Asui and Tokoyami against Ectoplasm.

Sero and Mineta against Midnight.

Hagakure and Shoji against Snipe.

Satou and Kirishima against Cementoss.

Iida and Ojiro against Power Loader.

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Riding on the bus to the test site, All-Might nervously looks back at the three students sitting behind him. Between Midoriya’s quiet nervousness, Bakugou’s seething rage, Kamukura’s unwavering calm, and All-Might’s awkwardness, the bus housed a wide range of emotion.

“Wanna play ‘shiritori’ or something?” All-Might asks, hoping to relieve some of the awkward tension between the four of them. Midoriya gives no response, continuing to stare forward with wide open eyes, while Bakugou shifts a little in his seat.

“No thanks.” Said Kamukura, turning his head slightly towards All-Might while maintaining his bored expression, “I am preparing for the upcoming practical exam mentally, I would suggest you do the same thing.”

“Ah...” All-Might looked deterred but then quickly became cheerful again, hoping to use this response as a springboard for conversation between the other students he continued, “ah, but you want me to me to be less prepared for the test? It’d be less of a challenge like that.”

Kamukura stared at All-Might for a second before turning his head back to a neutral position, “if it were easy,” he said, “then what kind of test would that be?”

Upon hearing his words, Midoriya and Bakugou immediately turn to look at the long-haired boy, possibly awaiting further explanation. When none came, Bakugou let out a low growl before turning around, while Midoriya simply stared at Kamukura.

“A-ah, right...” All-Might agreed.

These teams that Aizawa set up...
A couple of days ago, in the UA teacher’s meeting room, a panel of teachers were gathered to discuss the details of the practical portion of the end-of-term exam.

“Let’s look at who we’ll put in the group of three first,” Aizawa looked down a piece of paper, “it’ll be the most important group to get right, not only in terms of power but in what sort of challenge they’ll be facing.” Aizawa explained.

“Well, the three students I’ve chosen to put together is Midoriya, Bakugou, and Kamukura. And the teacher they’ll be facing,” Aizawa looked up from his paper and at the person sitting across from him, “that’ll be you, All-Might.”

“Three of the strongest students in class 1-A,” All-Might mused, “you certainly have a lot confidence in me Aizawa.”

“You’ll be fine,” said Aizawa, brushing off any possible concerns that might have been raised, “the reason I’ve grouped them together is because...

They’re on horrible terms with each other!! ”

All-Might raised his eyebrows at Aizawa in surprise, “well, Bakugou I can understand but... young Midoriya and young Kamukura are fairly close to one another aren’t they? At least, as close as one really can be to someone like Kamukura.”

Aizawa shook his head, “close is one thing, but that’s part of why I put them together.

Midoriya, in general, has excellent judgement and decision making skills, and it seems like he finally has a handle on his quirk, which means he’s quite powerful as well. Despite all that, it seems he’s still insecure about his ability as a hero, that’s why being on the same team as Bakugou and Kamukura is a good choice. Bakugou is arrogant and rash, even without their personal histories it’d be unlikely that he’d listen to what Midoriya had to say, Kamukura’s personality is the exact opposite, but the same problem is there. From what I’ve heard of your first ever class, Kamukura can also be the type to forego teamwork and act on what he believes is the best strategy. With those two as teammates, there’s also a decent chance that they’ll both come up with completely different ways to win, leaving Midoriya having to choose between the two of them. Since Midoriya has a personal history with Bakugou and is friendly with Kamukura, there might come a situation where he’ll have to choose between the two of them. Hopefully, this’ll teach the kid to be more commanding, lest he be dragged under by the current.”

“Ah yes, I see what you mean....” All-Might blushed as he recalled his first ever class with 1-A.

“Bakugou on the other hand, he has a history with Midoriya and a grudge against Kamukura because of that training exercise, a grudge that couldn’t be settled because Kamukura was unable to participate in the Sports Festival. There’s not much I have to say about him, as you’d expect, I want Bakugou to learn humility, that he can’t conquer all situations with just his own smarts and strength. Being on the same team with the two strong people that he hates will help to further that goal.

Lastly, Kamukura. The issue with Kamukura is his personality, the same as the other two.”

“Kamukura’s personality?” All-Might asked, “what about it?”

“To be perfectly honest... from the results of the quirk aptitude test, he was the one I was considering expelling the most. Though, in the end, I decided not to in order to get a better grasp of
his abilities.”

“Oh?” Principal Nedzu tilted his head, “I hadn’t heard these concerns of yours before, Aizawa. What was it about Kamukura that made you think this way?”

“His scores, as you’d expect, were excellent,” Aizawa said, “he came fourth overall in the class, seemingly without the use of a quirk. I had my suspicions so I stealthily used my Erasure on him during one of the events, he didn’t even falter and still managed to produce one of the highest scores in the class.”

“Er, was that the reason that made you want to expel Kamukura?” All-Might looked bewildered, “because, well, we have an explanation for his ability now.”

“No,” Aizawa explained, rubbing his eyes wearily, “that was the reason I didn’t go through with the expulsion, that, along with the fact that the principal had personally recommended him. I thought that there must be more to this ‘Ultimate Hope’ from Hope’s Peak Academy than could be deduced from that test, so I decided to monitor him more closely. In the end, I had decided to allow him to stay.

No, I had no problem with his ability, it was his personality that was the problem.” Aizawa admitted, “yes, more of a problem than someone like Bakugou. The problem I had with Kamukura is that... I couldn’t sense the drive of wanting to become a hero from him. Every other student, Midoriya, Bakugou, all of them, I could tell from their actions that they were absolutely determined to score well on the aptitude test, to push themselves to their absolute limit, and beyond.” Aizawa stressed the last part as a reminder of the school’s motto, “but I didn’t get that same sense of drive from Kamukura. For each test no matter what the test was, Kamukura participated with the same bored expression on his face. For every test he completed, he would not glance at the other participants, or at me, or make any indication of being relieved or distraught or proud or dissatisfied with his own performance.”

Aizawa took a deep breath before continuing, “and that is why I have matched him up with Bakugou and Midoriya. Those two... in contrast to what I felt from Kamukura’s performance, those two have a stronger desire to become heroes than anyone else in 1-A. I hope that by sticking Kamukura with them, their strong desire to become heroes may rub off on him, and convince him to give it his all as well.”

“I... I see...” All-Might was stunned at Aizawa’s brilliant analysis, and could think of no possible objections to the team he had devised.

“And of course, the reason that I’ve chosen you as their opponent,” Aizawa concluded, “it’s partly due to the strength factor of such a team, but... Midoriya and Bakugou both have you as their idol, it’ll be good for them to take that into consideration when fighting against you. Kamukura however... maybe you can show him what it means to be the number one hero.

You’ve taken quite a liking to Midoriya, haven’t you? Please guide him responsibly.

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Back on the bus, All-Might thought of their conversation as he studied his three opponents.

Aizawa, my man... you’ve been keeping such an awfully sharp eye out!
the bus. Behind him was a locked gate that led to a large, artificial, metropolitan city, filled with skyscrapers and assorted densely packed buildings.

“Ummm... by fight... you don’t mean that you want us to actually beat you, right, All-Might...?” Midoriya gulped, “I mean, there’s no amount of struggling... there’s just no way...!”

“Why so hasty, Mr. Pessimist!” All-Might grinned and wagged his finger at Midoriya, “I’ll explain it all now.

The time limit for this test is thirty minutes! And your win condition is either to pin these on me,” All-Might pulled out a pair of large handcuffs from his pocket as he said this, and held it up for the boys to see, “or, alternatively, for either one of you to escape from this stage through this adorable gate!” All-Might gestured to the gate that displayed a cardboard cutout of the principal, smiling and in a running pose.

“This time around, the conditions of the test will be extremely close to an actual battle. Please think of us as villains in the flesh! If you happen to stumble upon a villain, if you can fight and win, then that’s great. But if the gap in power is simply too far, then it would be far better to run away and call for backup.

I’m sure young Midoriya understands that very well...” All-Might said cryptically.

“!* So that’s what this test’s about... The Hero Killer... Thought Midoriya, “win by fighting, or win by fleeing...”

“That’s right! This’ll be a test of your judgement!” All-Might loudly announced, “however, with this setup, you might be thinking that running is the only option. Well, we commissioned the support department and had them make us this!” All-Might held up two large bracelets and two large anklets, “super compressor weights! In total, they equal to half our body weights, each teacher will be wearing one! It’s a simple handicap, but it will make it harder for us to move and wear us down faster!

Oh crap, heavier than I thought...

Incidentally, this design is young Hatsume’s selected by competition!”

“Is that all just to let us consider fighting?” Bakugou grumbled, “you’re looking down on me.”

“Hahaha!” All-Might laughed jovially, “I wonder...!”

=================================================================================

After each teacher explained the rules of the exam, the student groups were sent out to the center of their respective battle arenas and were told to wait until the beginning of the test was announced.

“GOOOOOO!!!”

And the countdown began.

“Follow me!” Bakugou said to his teammates while looking around the fake city for a sign of All-Might, “it’s fucking obvious I should just knock him out!”

Midoriya nervously followed after Bakugou while Kamukura watched the both of them with little interest.
“A-and I’m telling you that we should avoid battle at all costs!” Midoriya objected.

“I’ll lead him around the nose up until the final moments, and then I’ll smash him when he’s tuckered out! Me!” Bakugou declared.

“Just who do you think All-Might is?” Midoriya turned to their other partner, who was walking slowly behind them, “Kamukura, what do you think we should do?”

“Assuming that we do not cooperate with each other,” Kamukura said, “the strategy with the best chance for success would be to overwhelm All-Might with our numbers and attack as three.”

“Y-you want to fight him too?” Midoriya was feeling outnumbered.

Hearing this, Bakugou stopped walking and turned angrily, “you two won’t do a damn thing!” He shouted and pointed at the two of them, “I will fight him, alone!” Before turning back around and continued to walk away.

“But Kacchan!” Midoriya shouted, causing a twinge of irritation in Bakugou, “no matter how many handicaps, the idea that you’d beat him is just-”

CRACK!

Quick as lightning, Bakugou turned and backhanded Midoriya with a vicious strike, knocking him onto the ground.

“Not another goddamn word,” he threatened in a low tone, “just because you’re doing halfway decent. Don’t you dare say another word, or I’ll get pissed.”

“Urgh, I’m just telling you,” Midoriya said as he got off the ground and rubbed his cheek, “so all three of us can pass the test. So listen-”

“I told you, I don’t need any help from you to pass, asshole!”

“Would you stop yelling!! This is why we can never have a proper conversation!”

“Watch out,” Kamukura suddenly said before he quietly hopped a couple meters to the side, off the road and behind the wall of a nearby prop building.

“Huh?”

THOOM!

Midoriya and Bakugou were blown back by the sudden shockwave that ravaged an entire district of the fake city. Bakugou managed to stay on his feet but Midoriya was pushed backwards a short distance. When he looked up, he saw Kamukura standing perfectly still behind his cover holding a hand out to shield his eyes from debris.

“Now then, brace yourselves!” Came All-Might’s booming voice, “for here I come! Collateral damage to the city, who cares?!”

What the hell is this? Thought Midoriya.

“If you’re thinking about this as just a test, then you’re in for a world of pain,” All-Might promised, “I am a villain, oh heroes. Come at me and put your whole hearts into it!”
Having said that, All-Might leaned close to the ground and propelled himself forward at the three students, with dark eyes and a menacing, bloodthirsty smile.

“This is bad,” Midoriya said, flinching from fear, “we can’t fight him head on, let’s run!” And began running.

“Don’t order me around!” While Bakugou raised his gauntlet, ready to fire.

“Stun Grenade!” Bakugou released an attack that was more flashbang than explosion, causing All-Might to pause and cover his eyes.

“All-Might! You didn’t need to tell me...” Bakugou shouted while jumping towards the stopped All-Might with the aid of another explosion, “that was my plan from the very start!”

Behind the two of them, Kamukura came out from behind the building and spotted Midoriya running, “where are you going?”

“W-we have to get away!” Midoriya yelled in panic, in contrast to Kamukura’s calm.

“I told you where our best chances of winning lie, did I not? We need to fight right now in order to maximize our chances of victory. Otherwise Bakugou will be hurt, and our prospects will decrease significantly.” Kamukura explained as he watched All-Might grab Bakugou’s face.

“I get what you’re saying but...”

“You admire All-Might too much, you put him on a pedestal. You cannot fathom the idea of fighting your idol.” Kamukura analyzed.

“That’s...” Was all Midoriya could say as he recalled Gran Torino scolding him for the same thing during his internship.

“Then run,” Kamukura ordered, “go to the exit.”

“Huh?” Midoriya was shocked by his words, but had no time to think about them as Kamukura suddenly jumped over Midoriya’s head and landed next to All-Might, who was holding Bakugou’s head in his hand. While Bakugou unleashed a series of explosions at All-Might general direction.

“Hm?” The hero asked in response to seeing Kamukura suddenly land beside him.

Kamukura said nothing, and immediately began to launch a number of punches at All-Might’s midsection.

Wait, is Kamukura... Midoriya shook his head, *no, no time to think about that right now. I gotta find the exit while All-Might’s distracted*, and ran off.

*Ow ow ow ow ow! Is he seriously targeting my injury?* All-Might thought while taking hits from both students, *I know that you want to pass but... That’s a little too much, don’t you think?*

All-Might quickly flung Bakugou’s body at Kamukura who quickly sidestepped and continued to unleash a flurry of punches. Now, without having Bakugou’s head in his hands and explosions in his face, All-Might turned his attention onto Kamukura, blocking blow after blow with his arms, and going for a few punches himself.

“Hah! Hah! Judging by that stance and the way you’re punching, that’s the power of the Ultimate
Boxer talent isn’t it?” All-Might asked, “but what would you do if I did this?!”

All-Might suddenly reached out and grabbed Kamukura’s suit by the collar and lifted him up. Kamukura responded by quickly trying to attach the handcuffs onto his arm. All-Might saw this and reacted by dropping Kamukura and quickly pulling his arm away. The moment Kamukura’s feet touched the ground, he steadied himself almost immediately and aimed a knee straight into the part of All-Might’s stomach his injury was located without mercy.

“Oof!” All-Might said before sending out a wide slash that forced Kamukura to jump backwards to avoid getting hit. Kamukura landed right besides Bakugou, who was beginning to get up.

“I told you, I didn’t want your damn help.” Bakugou said through gritted teeth.

“Is that all you’ve got?” Taunted All-Might, “a feeble flurry like that barely hurt me at all! And now...” All-Might turned and looked towards the exit, before jumping off in its direction.

“Fuck, we’re not done here!” Bakugou shouted and quickly chased after him, explosions blasting out of his palms. Kamukura silently followed.

Midoriya was running through the city at full speed with Full Cowl, the exit was in his sights but still quite far away.

_I’m almost there! If Kacchan and Kamukura can stall All-Might for long eno-

“You’re gonna abandon your team and run, Midoriya my boy?” Said All-Might as he landed right in front of Midoriya, who would have almost bumped into his chest if he hadn’t stopped in time.

_This intense pressure! Why am I suddenly being reminded of the Hero Killer?! What do I do now?

Still using Full Cowl, Midoriya quickly leaped backwards to try and put some distance between All-Might and him.

“Whoa, that... that’s not a good idea.” All-Might evaluated.

Also soaring through the air and in the opposite direction was Katsuki Bakugou, who had almost caught up and launched himself forwards in an attempt to close the distance between him and All-Might. Unfortunately for Midoriya, he was travelling along the same trajectory as Bakugou in the air.

“You! Move!” Warned Bakugou.

“Huh? Kacchan?!” And the two collided in midair, knocking both to the ground.

All-Might simply scratched his head looking at the sorry pair, _there’s still a student missing, Kamukura’s nowhere to be found... Of all the students to lose track of, I’m worried about his stealthiness most of all. Still, if I’m here guarding the exit, then it should be fine right?

Over where the two students landed, Bakugou quickly pulled himself up and dusted himself off before storming off in the direction of All-Might.

“I’m telling you! There’s no way you can win just hitting him up front!! Can’t you see?!” Midoriya yelled while rubbing his head.
“Shut up,” Bakugou growled, “I will win. Because that’s what a hero does.”

“That’s all the more reason to take this battle seriously,” Midoriya said while grabbing onto Bakugou, “and where’s Kamukura, I thought he was with you?”

“How the hell should I know? I’m not his keeper,” Bakugou answered, “and let go of me! Don’t touch-”

“For the time being, a present for the boy who would run!” All-Might said as he appeared in the sky with a broken guardrail and trapped Midoriya to the ground as if it were a staple. Bakugou quickly tried to fire off a backhand but was simply punched in the gut and thrown back a surprising distance.

“Kacchan!”

Having all the air forced out of his lungs, Bakugou laid on the ground wheezing, while All-Might simply strolled up towards him.

“I understand, it’s because of young Midoriya’s sudden growth, is it not? But you know, if you compare someone at level 1 to someone at level 50... then the pace at which they grow at could hardly be equal, now can it? And I know that you and Kamukura have had your differences, mostly because of the battle simulation incident. But he was just doing what he could in order to win, don’t look at it like manipulation or trickery, but rather making the best of your rash decision making.

What you’re doing now, it’s such a waste! Even you can grow so much! But what needs to grow isn’t your strength...”

“Shut your mouth... All-Might...” Bakugou shakily stood up, clutching his stomach, “if I ever need to borrow that weakling or that weirdo’s strength, then it’d be better to lose altogether.”

“...... Is that so?” Asked All-Might, “then don’t regret this.”

All-Might readied up an attack as Bakugou watched, “damn... goddamn...!” Moments later, a large punch connected with his face and knocked him far away from All-Might. But instead of taking All-Might’s attack, Midoriya was the one who threw out the punch mere moments before All-Might’s attack connected.

“Don’t ever say you’d rather lose! You, of all people!” Cried Midoriya as he picked up Bakugou up off the ground and carried him away.

“Let me go, fuck! Enough already!” Bakugou thrashed and complained.

All-Might watched the two of them run off into the distance, stunned, and was about to chase after them when...

SNAP!

“Whoa!!” All-Might jerked his arm back so violently that he almost fell over. While he was distracted with Midoriya’s sudden reappearance in the fight and carrying Bakugou away, Kamukura had decided that it was the perfect moment to strike. Hiding his presence as the Ultimate Hunter, Kamukura had attempted to sneak up without All-Might noticing and attach the handcuffs on him.
He was too fast... Thought Kamukura.

“A surprise attack hm? Can’t say I expected differently from you, young Kamukura” All-Might said.

Wordlessly, Kamukura dashed towards the exit, to which All-Might responded by jumping to place himself between Kamukura and the exit just as he did with Midoriya.

“Nice try but- whoa!” Before All-Might even landed, Kamukura had prepared the handcuffs and was ready to attach them to All-Might’s leg as soon as he landed, but All-Might pulled away just in time before they could be clicked in place.

“So, you wish to try and win this battle without your teammates’ help do you?” All-Might asked, “that’s certainly commendable, but not recommended!” All-Might launched a large punch at Kamukura’s midsection, Kamukura twisted his body just enough that he avoided being hit, and quickly brought the handcuffs near again.

“Hey, stop that!” Said All-Might as he quickly retracted his arm from the brink of disaster once again. Once again, Kamukura was too slow, but he showed no signs of giving up. The two proceeded to battle each other near the exit gate to a stalemate. For every attack that All-Might would throw out, Kamukura would nimbly dodge with the slightest of movements. For every attack that Kamukura would try, All-Might blocked or shrugged off completely. Neither of them gave an inch.

Far away from the fight, behind some undamaged prop buildings, Midoriya set down Bakugou after carrying him all this way.

“I... I can’t think of a way to beat All-Might, and I can’t think of a way to escape him either!” Midoriya admitted.

“Ahhh?!” Was all Bakugou could say.

“But why don’t you try using me before you give up? Don’t say you’d rather lose! Aren’t you the kid who never gives up on winning?!” Midoriya asked forcefully.

“So what if I am?” Bakugou yelled back, “huh?! I’ll show you, both of you... I’ll fucking do it all by myself...!”

“I’m telling you you can’t! You can’t do everything by yourself, you’re going to have to rely on other people. Even if it’s not now, there’ll eventually be a challenge that you can’t face by yourself. Where you’ll need someone to bail you out, are you gonna just reject the hand that’s offered to you? Even if it means your death?”

“...” Bakugou frowned and looked away.

“So please, let’s work together to face All-Might, and pass this exam so we can all go to the summer lodge.” Midoriya stared hard at Bakugou, with no sign of the same nervousness as before, “I know that I’ll never be as strong or as smart as you, Kacchan. I accept that, but even so, is accepting help from me really that much of an insult to you? Please...”

“...” Bakugou slowly inhaled a deep breath and said his answer with a single exhale, “...Grrrrrraaa... Fuck, fine. Fine, we’ll cooperate. Happy? We’ll fucking do this together.”
Midoriya exhaled a sigh of relief, “thanks Kacchan.”

Kamukura’s eyes widened as he heard Bakugou’s words, All-Might threw out another lightning fast punch, Kamukura twisted to dodge the blow but...

*I got him! I mean it was barely a scratch but still, I got him!* Thought All-Might as his attack grazed the side of Kamukura’s cheek just barely.

*Midoriya... He convinced Bakugou to cooperate. Just like in the Sports Festival, he did it again...* Kamukura’s expression turned serious and he deftly leapt backwards, creating a gap between him and All-Might.

“Oh?” All-Might said in surprise, “retreating because of a measly scratch? Here I thought that you’d be more persistent than that! Or do you understand now, young Kamukura, that you will not be able to surmount this trial by yourself.”

Kamukura wordlessly stares at All-Might for a brief moment before turning around and running away.

*I should catch my breath for now, after that I’ll go search for my students.* All-Might decided as he watches Kamukura sprint into the distance.

“What about Kamukura then?” Asked Bakugou, “we just gonna ignore him?”

“O-oh right, Kamukura!” Midoriya remembered, “he couldn’t have gotten too far right?”

“Fuck, we gotta search for him?” Bakugou groaned.

“I am right here,” said Kamukura after seemingly appearing out of nowhere, causing the two of them to jump.

“What about you?” Midoriya asked, “and how did you find us?”

“I was fighting All-Might,” Kamukura replied, “and I heard you. Talking.”

“Where’s All-Might now?”

Kamukura pointed at a direction, and slowly turned his finger through the air, “he just left guarding the entrance and is searching for us.”

*Alright, fine, maybe super-hearing is useful after all.* Thought Bakugou.

“Kamukura, you said that if we don’t cooperate, our best bet was to attack All-Might as a group of three and hopefully overwhelm him with numbers.” Midoriya recalled, “but what if we do cooperate?”

“If the three of us fully cooperate,” answered Kamukura, “then there should be no possible chance of failure.”

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*Gotta keep an eye on the exit in case one of them tries to sneak past me,* thought All-Might as he
ran around the fake city, man these things are really slowing me down!

“Where are you looking, All-Might?!” Came Bakugou’s voice from behind a corner, accompanied with a loud explosion.

“An attack from behind, eh...” All-Might said to himself before turning around to face the source of the yelling, “huh? But I was sure that-”

“Right here!” Yelled Bakugou as he fired off a devastating explosion using his grenade gauntlet, staggering All-Might a little.

But how? I was sure that the voice came from behind me! No time to think about that now. “Hah, don’t think that that’s enough to stop me!

“We’re not done yet!” Bakugou said as he used a regular powered explosion which All-Might blocked.

“Sorry about this All-Might!” Came Midoriya’s voice from nearby, along with the distinct crackling of his quirk.

“Hm?” All-Might once again turned to face the sound, readying a counterattack, but... “where did he- Huh?”

All-Might looked up just in time to see his pupil dropping from the sky to deliver a massive punch to the side of his face.

“Now!” Yelled Bakugou to Midoriya and the two of them quickly ran away in opposite directions, much to All-Might’s confusion.

“Employing hit and run tactics are we? Well, we’ll see how far that gets you against me!” All-Might declared as he shook off the punch and ran off in the same direction that Bakugou did.

Young Bakugou ran in the direction of the exit, and young Midoriya in the other direction. I don’t know what Midoriya will be up to but... for the time being I need to chase after Bakugou to prevent him from reaching the exit!

Just what are they planning...?

Bakugou soared through the air propelled by a number of calculated explosions.

Damnit, this plan better work!

“Now then, young Bakugou. Sensei’s gonna give it his all!” Said All-Might as he appeared right beside the running boy and swung a large karate chop at his back, knocking him down and onto the ground. Next, All-Might pressed his foot onto Bakugou’s back, preventing him from getting up.

“Damnit....” Grumbled Bakugou from the ground, “Deku! You’d better be ready!”

“Please move aside, All-Might!” Came Midoriya’s voice from above them, All-Might turned and saw a figure clad in green flying across the sky, arm reeled back preparing an airborne punch.

“Calling out your attacks, Midoriya? You still have a lot to learn it seems,” All-Might taunted as he caught the boy’s arm and sent a large punch into his gut.

“Arrggh!” He coughed then sputtered and drooped lifelessly in All-Might’s grip.
“Now then...” All-Might looked around cautiously as he had one foot on Bakugou’s back, and held the other boy out by his arm, “only one of you is left.”

As he said this, a figure wearing a stylish black suit and black tie appeared behind the shadow of a building and began to slowly draw near.

“So there you are!” All-Might said, “it’s too late I’m afraid, Kamukura my boy. Your teammates have been taken out, and we know that you can’t beat me by yourself.” The figure said nothing as he walked closer and closer, slowly coming out from the shadow of the building and out into the light.

“But do not fret, my pupils- huh?”

Snap! As Midoriya revealed himself from the cover of the building, Kamukura attached and closed the handcuffs onto All-Might’s outstretched arm, securing the three students the victory in the end-of-term practical exam.

“Congratulations! Midoriya, Bakugou, and Kamukura has cleared the exam.” Was broadcast on the announcement system.

“Can’t believe it... Stupid plan actually worked.” Bakugou mumbled from under All-Might’s foot.

All-Might glanced back and forth between the person he was holding and person who just came out from the shadow of the building. Kamukura, dressed in Midoriya’s hero costume and with hair styled in the shape of Midoriya’s, limply hung in his grasp, gazing at All-Might with a bored expression. While Midoriya was dressed in Kamukura’s black suit, tie, and dress pants, and was running up to them with dress shoes that were clearly too big for him.

“All-Might, the exam is over,” Kamukura stated, “please let go of me.”

“Ah, sure...” All-Might obliged and also took the liberty of stepping off of Bakugou, who slowly pulled himself up and dusted himself off.

“We did it!” Midoriya said as he attempted to run in his oversized dress shoes, “the plan worked!”

“Midoriya and Kamukura, you... switched costumes?” All-Might was totally bewildered and was trying to understand what was going on.

“Yup!” Midoriya responded happily, “first, Kamukura imitated our voices to get you vulnerable for our attacks. Then, after splitting up, we knew that you’d go after the person closer to the exit. So Kamukura and I had time to switch costumes and run back to near the exit. Kamukura would get close to you by pretending to be me and pretend to get taken out, then attach the handcuffs while your attention was on me.”

“Don’t ever imitate my voice again, you hear?” Bakugou threatened.

“We can change after we get back to the school, if that’s okay.” Midoriya said to Kamukura.

“Alright.” Kamukura agreed to both of their requests and fixed his hair.

“You tricked me,” All-Might said after some thought.

The students look back at their teacher, “was that not allowed?” Midoriya asked nervously.

“No, no. It’s allowed,” All-Might shook his head and smiled at the boys, “I was just... surprised.
So this is what it feels like to be outfoxed so thoroughly. Well done, my boys. Well done indeed.”

Chapter End Notes

Were you surprised? Or did you realize what was up when I stopped using their names.
I thought this fight turned out pretty well all things considered, pretty hard to write a three person battle after all.
Next chapter should contain something pretty cool and Danganronpa related, wonder if you can guess what it is.
Well obviously there’s the voice and the hero costume... All-Might snuck a quick peek to Kamukura and Midoriya, who were still dressed in each other’s hero costumes and were sitting next to each other on the bus ride back to school. But what about the parts that couldn’t be changed, like the facial features and the height difference? Well... Midoriya, I mean, Kamukura attacked me from the sky while shouting with Midoriya’s voice, it’s kinda hard to gauge your attacker’s height while they’re in midair. Also, looking back on it now... I didn’t actually see his face clearly did I? No, I remember now, the sun was behind his head when I looked, I only thought it was young Midoriya because of the voice and the hero costume.

All-Might shook his head, chuckled softly, and looked back at the students on the bus. Still, it was certainly quite an impressive plan, not bad for a couple of teenagers.

When they arrived back at the school, Recovery Girl quickly got to work on Bakugou’s injuries. Overall, the trio had suffered very little damage in their battle against All-Might, having passed the test through sheer wit and trickery instead of full-on fighting. After Recovery Girl had finished working on Bakugou, she moved onto Kamukura, who took a full force punch from All-Might to his stomach, and then to Midoriya, who only suffered a few scrapes and bruises.

“Personally, I think it’s nothing short of a miracle,” Recovery Girl commented, “here I thought our number one hero would be unable to restrain himself and cause irreparable damage to you kids. Seeing you kids all so healthy, I can still hardly believe it.”

All-Might simply coughed nervously at Recovery Girl’s words and turned his head to avoid meeting her eyes.

After being healed up, the three changed back into their school uniforms. Bakugou left without a word to the others, while Midoriya went back to Recovery Girl’s tent with Kamukura.

“Um, Recovery Girl, is it okay if I stay and watch the rest of the exams here?” Midoriya asked, “it’s just that there aren’t usually many chances to watch and analyze fights involving pros and others, so...”

“Hmm... that should be okay. If you had took more damage during the fight I might have given a different answer but seeing as you’re pretty much fine... Yes, that should be alright.”

“Thank you so much! To be honest it’s partly just a hobby of mine...” Midoriya turned to Kamukura, who had followed him into the tent, “ah, Kamukura, did you want to watch too?”

“No, the fights and their outcomes would be predictable and boring.” Kamukura answered, “what I wanted was to talk with you about what happened during the practical exam.”

“Oh, um, alright.” Midoriya agreed, “can you wait until after the exams are done? I kinda want to watch and see how our classmates fight.”

“I can.”

“Then... do you want to watch the exams with Recovery Girl and me?” Midoriya asked.
“Alright.”

Recovery Girl, Midoriya, and Kamukura all sat in the observation room watching the spectacle that was being shown on the screens. Yaoyorozu and Todoroki had passed their test against Aizawa earlier, and were currently resting in beds within the school grounds. There were still eight tests underway. Midoriya focused on Tsuyu and Tokoyami’s fight against Ectoplasm, and had a brief discussion with Recovery Girl about Tokoyami’s weakness in close range combat, and Tsuyu being an emotional pillar of support.

I remember back at USJ, seeing Tsuyu and Kamukura act so calmly in such a dangerous situation helped to calm Mineta and me down. Midoriya turned to look at Kamukura, whose face was hidden behind his long, dark hair. Though, at that time, I didn’t know that Kamukura was simply bored because of what Hope’s Peak did to him. Was our miraculous escape that day predictable to him, what about our victory against All-Might today?

Deciding that it wasn’t worth dwelling upon, Midoriya looked back at the battle and saw Tokoyami and Tsuyu being trapped in a large, gooey Ectoplasm clone. Tokoyami attempted to send Dark Shadow past the gate but Ectoplasm was too fast to get by. Tokoyami then called Dark Shadow close to Tsuyu at her request and they did something that Midoriya couldn’t quite make out from the footage. Dark Shadow rushed at Ectoplasm one last time and... snapped the handcuffs over their math teacher’s peg leg, allowing them to pass the exam.

“Dark Shadow and Frog fit together really well it seems.” Midoriya mused.

“Team Asui and Tokoyami have cleared the exam!” The announcement system broadcasted.

Turning his attention to a different monitor, Midoriya saw Kaminari and Ashido rush to avoid a falling concrete pipe, a result of Principal Nedzu’s careful wielding of a wrecking ball. As the two of them were struggling to maneuver around in the ruined construction area, the UA principal was sitting in the wrecking ball machine sipping on a cup of tea menacingly.

“Is Kaminari and Ashido gonna be alright?” Midoriya wondered, “going up against the principal seems really tough.”

“In the past, Nedzu was the subject of brutal experimentation by humans and toyed with in various ways. I’m sure Kamukura understands what I mean,” said Recovery Girl, “in times like these, his true nature comes through inadvertently.”

Kamukura understands...?

Deciding that Kaminari and Ashido’s test wouldn’t be very interesting to watch, Midoriya looked around on the other screens. He settled on Jirou and Kouda’s battle against Present Mic.

“Both Jirou and Kouda’s quirk involve sound, so it’s pretty easy to see what the challenge is here. They’ve gotta find a way to win against a quirk that overpowers their sound.”

Midoriya watched the sound quirk users struggle against Mic’s volume, until Jirou blasted open a rock with her earjacks and Kouda commanded the bugs hiding under there to attack Present Mic. Suddenly, the ground opened up near Present Mic’s foot and almost a thousand bugs crawled out and onto Mic’s body causing him to faint.

“Guess even pros will have a hard time with that ...” Midoriya commented, “Kouda’s really harsh...

In any case, it’s incredible! They’re all clearing the exam one by one, everyone’s an outstanding student of UA, never giving in or surrendering~”
“No, it looks like that kid is giving up and second now.” Recovery Girl said as she pointed to a monitor.

Midoriya saw a small purple figure running across the exam field with tears streaming down his face, “Mineta?!”

“If he keeps that up then it’ll be rough going.”

“Why, Mineta? You wanted to go to the forest more than any of us... and yet...”

“Hm, it might be a real doozy for a kid like that to survive this. UA has a policy of always laying out a series of uninterrupted walls with a policy of making students overcome them. What’s that boy going to do to overcome this trial?”

As Mineta ran away, several other teams have passed and the announcements are being broadcast.

“Team Iida and Ojiro have cleared the exam!”

“Team Hagakure and Shoji have cleared the exam!”

“Team Uraraka and Aoyama have cleared the exam!”

As it turns out, Mineta’s teammate, Sero, had prevented Mineta from getting hit with Midnight’s sleeping gas, but was struck by it himself, leaving Mineta alone to pass the exam for both of them. Midnight had gotten bored of waiting for Mineta, apparently, and has chased after him while cracking her whip and laughing. Suddenly, Mineta turned around and ran straight towards Midnight with Sero’s tape covering his mouth, Midnight lashed out her whip but Mineta dodged and launched a torrent of sticky balls, locking the whip to the ground and Midnight’s hand to the whip. Having secured Midnight far away from the gate, Mineta can easily get to the gate and pass the exam.

“He’s a shrewd one, that boy. He certainly had me totally fooled!” Recovery Girl said.

“Team Mineta and Sero have cleared the exam!”

“Time’s up! The end of term exam is now over!”

In the end, everyone except for Kirishima, Sato, Kaminari, and Ashido had passed the end of term practical exam.

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I need to speak with Midoriya about what happened during practical exam.

“Ah, Kamukura, did you want to watch too?”

What do I want to do with Midoriya?

“Can you wait until after the exams are done? I kinda want to watch and see how our classmates fight.”

“I can.”

“Then... do you want to watch the exams with Recovery Girl and me?”

I watched our classmates fight in the end of term practical exams in Recovery Girl’s surveillance
tent with Midoriya.

The results were completely predictable.

Midoriya and I grew a little closer.

“It’s too bad that not everyone could pass the exam, hopefully they’ll still be permitted to go to the lodge.” Midoriya lamented, “what do you think the chances are that they’ll be able to go, Kamukura?”

“Very high.”

“Whoa, really? You’re not joking around are you?” Midoriya paused for a second to consider what he just said, “but do you really think that they passed even though they couldn’t complete the practical exam?”

“That is unlikely.”

“Huh? Wait, what are you saying? They’ll go to the lodge even though they didn’t pass? Kamukura, what do you mean by that?”

Kamukura shook his head, “I should not say any more regarding this matter.”

“Alright then... so what was it that you wanted to talk to me about? Something about the exam?”

“Yes,” Kamukura looked at Midoriya, “truthfully, I had not expected Bakugou to be open to cooperation with the two of us. I was quite surprised when I heard him agreeing to work together. Your actions granted us a better chance of success.”

“Oh, it was nothing,” Midoriya blushed at Kamukura’s words, “I mean, you should really be thanking Kacchan, not me.”

“Perhaps,” Kamukura said, “but I wished to ask you about your actions during the exam.”

“My actions?”

Kamukura nodded, “Bakugou had claimed that he wanted to beat the exam through his own power, without any help from either of us. I had not expected him to go back on his word and accept our help under any condition, hearing Bakugou say that he’ll work together was quite... unpredictable.”

“Unpredictable... just like what happened during the Sports Festival you mean,” Midoriya slowly realized what Kamukura wanted.

“Indeed, from what I heard of your conversation you asserted that Bakugou would not be able to do everything by himself and pleaded for him to use you. Bakugou eventually acquiesced and told you that he would be willing to cooperate,” Kamukura recounted the events as he heard them, “I believe it was similar to what happened with Todoroki during the fight at the Sports Festival. You managed to convince both of them to give up their grudges and work harder towards victory. For Todoroki it was the usage of his Fire, for Bakugou it was accepting the idea of working together. I tried but could not determine how you were able to do so, according to my analysis, neither of the two should have had such a drastic change of heart merely because of what you said to them. So, do you know what you did that could have caused this?”

“I...” Midoriya carefully thought about his words before attempting to speak, remembering what happened last time he spoke to Kamukura about this topic, “I just wanted to help them, I saw that
they were struggling, so I wanted to help them. Todoroki’s anger against his father making him hate his own quirk; Bakugou hating the idea of accepting help so much that he’d rather lose. That’s what being a hero is about right, to help those in need?”

“There are many facets to being a professional hero in our society, though it mainly involves fighting against people who are using their quirks illegally.” Kamukura stated.

“Right, well... In any case I’m not sure that I did anything special in either of those situations. I just did what I could to help them. I’m sorry Kamukura, I don’t really know what I did.”

“No, you do not.” Kamukura agreed, “which is why I wish to observe you more closely from here on out.”

“Huh? What do you mean by that?”

“You have been at the center of many unpredictable events during my time at UA, even if you do not understand it yourself, I may be able to understand the causes of these events if I pay closer attention to your actions.”

“Um, alright... wait, you’re not going stalk me from the shadows or follow me home or something are you?” Midoriya waved his hands in front of him in panic.

“No, that is not my intention. You should not notice any particular difference in my actions, I assure you.”

“Notice any difference... that still sounds kinda like you’re gonna do something shady,” Midoriya noted, “but, I guess I can trust you.”

“Good, I appreciate your cooperation.” Kamukura started to walk away when Midoriya called out to him.

“Wait, Kamukura.” Midoriya hesitated a little, “I’ve been wondering since the Sports Festival, what do you think of me?”

Kamukura turned back around and faced Midoriya, “you are a source of unpredictability for me.”

“I know that, but I meant like, do you think of me as a friend?”

“No, I have no reason to make friends with anyone. My only purpose is to become a hero and fulfill my title of being Hope’s Peak Academy’s Ultimate Hope.”

“Yeah, I kinda thought that you’d say that,” Midoriya flashed an awkward smile, “even so, I consider you as a friend, Kamukura.”

“That is of no concern to me.”

“Yeah, I expected that too,” Midoriya admitted, then remembered something, “oh right, I still don’t have your contact information, do you have a cell phone?”

Kamukura wordlessly pulled out his cell phone, unlocked it, and handed it to Midoriya.

“Jin Kirigiri, that’s the headmaster of Hope’s Peak isn’t it? I guess it makes sense that you’d have his number,” Midoriya said, looking at Kamukura’s phone, “hmm, who is ‘Junko Enoshima’, the name sounds familiar.”

“Nobody important, just someone I met during my week at Hope’s Peak.”
“Alright,” Midoriya said as he finished swapping information and handed back Kamukura’s phone, “well, I’ll see you tomorrow in class. Thanks Kamukura.”

I bid farewell to Midoriya and went back to my room.

From my interactions with Midoriya, I have come to understand him a lot better. Right now, he thinks of me as a friend and a person he can trust, even if I do not reciprocate those feelings. As a source of unpredictability I will make certain to keep a close eye on him, and hopefully my life here will become less boring.

Friendship fragment obtained!

Izuku Midoriya: (5/5)

Midoriya’s report card has been updated based on your experience with him!

You’ve received a present! You can check it out in that e-handbook Headmaster Kirigiri gave you!

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Report Card
Name: Izuku Midoriya
Height: 5 ft. 5 in. (166 cm.)
Weight: 142 lb. (64 kg.)
Chest: 31 in. (79 cm.)
Blood Type: O
Date of Birth: July 15th
Likes: All-Might
Dislikes: Giving up
Special Ability: One for All

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Info
Midoriya is easily rattled and has a curious habit of mumbling while speaking. He knows about the Kamukura Project and has been sworn to secrecy about it. Except for his actions during the entrance exam, Midoriya is predictable and therefore... boring.

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Info
Midoriya knows of All-Might’s secret and also has his quirk. They were willing to be truthful to me about the former but not the latter.

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Info

Midoriya promised that there will be unpredictable events at the Sports Festival. I find that unlikely. I was not going to attend but he asked me to do him a favour.

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Info

An unpredictable event occurred during the Sports Festival due to Midoriya, I questioned him about it in my room. He said that people aren’t worthless just because they don’t have a quirk or a talent, then ran away. I will prove him wrong.

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Info

Bakugou agreed to cooperate because of what Midoriya said to him. I have decided to keep a close watch over him, to find a pattern in how he causes unpredictability. Midoriya then told me that he considered me to be his friend. We then exchanged our contact information.

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Midoriya’s Undergarments

Midoriya’s favourite underwear. The sheer amount of All-Might merchandise he owns is positively astounding! All-Might’s smiling face is printed prominently on the front of these briefs. Plus Ultra!

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The following day in class 1-A.

“Oh my god... you guys... I’m totes looking forward to... all your stories...” Ashido sobbed in the front of the classroom with Sato, Kirishima, and Kaminari gloomily stood by her side.

“D-don’t despair! You don’t know, there could totally be some unexpected twist! I mean, I asked Kamukura yesterday and he said that there was a very high chance of you getting to go to the lodge anyways.”

“Those who fail the exam don’t get to go to the forest lodge and will be stuck in remedial hell!” Kaminari said as he pointed at Midoriya accusingly, “and we never cleared the practical! I don’t care if it’s Kamukura or God himself who says it! If you don’t get it then your own grade level is sub-par, you bastard!”

“Calm down dude, that was some tirade!” Sero attempted to placate the fighting, “I mean, I don’t know either, man. Thanks to Mineta we both technically cleared it, but all I did was sleep. So, like, as long as it’s still not clear how we’re being graded...”

“If you’re gonna show us pity then why don’t you give us more than that, huh?!”

“When the bell rings, then you take your seats.” Aizawa said this in his normal voice as he slammed open the door, the students all scrambled to their seats.

“I hate to say that some of you have failed. And as such...

Everybody’s going to the forest lodge!” Aizawa announced with as much cheer as he could
possibly muster, which wasn’t a lot.

“**What a twist!**”

“Maybe Kamukura really is a god after all,” Kaminari muttered.

“There were zero failing grades for the written exam,” Aizawa continued, “for the practical, Sato, Kirishima, Ashido, Kaminari, and Sero all failed.”

“But we can still go, sensei?” Kirishima raised his hand and asked.

“For the exam, we ‘villains’ left you a way to win while gauging how you faced the challenges we set for each of you. If we hadn’t, then you’d have all run into a dead end before the challenges even really began.

The forest lodge was a boot camp to begin with. So the students who failed are going to need it most. It was a logical ruse!” Aizawa smiled cheerfully with tired eyes.

“A logical ruse?! ”

“But it’s not as though it was all a pack of lies. Failing grades are failing grades. So you five that I mentioned have all earned yourselves remedial periods. And to put it bluntly, they’ll be harder than they would have been had you stayed on campus.”

The failing five turned as white as a ghost upon hearing Aizawa say that.

“Now, I’ll hand out these lodge guides so pass them back.”

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After classes have ended for the day.

“Well, everything being equal, I’m happy that we all get to go.” Ojiro said.

“A one week boot camp, eh?” Iida pondered.

“Looks like we’ll need some pretty big bags for all the stuff we need to take,” Midoriya surmised as he read through the pamphlet.

“I don’t have a bathing suit and stuff. I’ll need to buy a ton of items,” Kaminari said.

“Ah, in that case, since tomorrow’s free and exams have ended, let’s like, go shopping together! C’mon everyone in class A!”

“That’s actually a great idea!!” Shouted Kaminari, “actually, won’t this be the first time?!”

“Yo, Bakugou, you should come too!” Kirishima invited.

“Like I could stand going shopping...” Bakugou mumbled.

“You should come too Todoroki!” Midoriya said.

“I visit the hospital on free days,” Todoroki declined.

“Would it kill you dudes to join in on the fun for once?!” Mineta complained.
“What about you, Kamukura? Are you going to come along?” Uraraka asked.

“That should be fine, though I may have to wear a disguise.” Kamukura stated.

“You’re going to wear a disguise just to go shopping at the mall?” Uraraka was confused, “what kind of secret life are you living?”

The morning of the next day, before the time class 1-A was scheduled to meet at the mall.

Kamukura checked his phone and saw that he had unread messages.

“Hey Kamukura, whatcha up to??”

“You haven’t responded in a while, just wanted to check on what you’re doing...”

“You remember I told you to cause a big scandal at UA and get a bunch of news reporters swarming? How’re you doing with that...?”

Kamukura tapped at his phone’s screen and sent a message back to the Ultimate Despair’s leader.

“I am working on it.”

Kamukura was about to put his phone back in his pocket, when he immediately received another message.

“Okaaaay! I was just wondering, cause, y’know, it’s been a few weeks since you’ve gone back and I still haven’t heard anything from you. Just checking in!”

“Aaaand, just so you know. If there’s nothing from you by the end of today, I’m gonna just move on with the plan. Sooooo, clock’s ticking!!!”

Chapter End Notes

Couldn't find all the information I needed on the wiki for Midoriya, so I just made up likely sounding numbers.
To the mall we go, couldn't fit as much as I wanted to into this chapter, but this seems like a good place to end off.
Inside a dim, run down old bar, a young man gazed intently at a photograph of a boy held in his hands. The boy in the picture was Izuku Midoriya, it was a photo taken of him during the Sports Festival. The man did not look at the photograph with a sense of longing, or remorse, or even hatred, there was a blank, unreadable expression on the man’s face as he stared at the picture.

A knock sounded outside the bar, “Mr. Shigaraki!” A cheerful voice called out to the villain. Shigaraki Decayed the photo and looked up, two people entered while a smoking, middle-aged man with a goatee and round glasses smiled to him at the door, “you, my friend, have been the talk of the town for days on end. Everybody’s been buzzing about how something big’s about to happen. And how you are going to be at the centre of it”

“Is that right? So, who’re they?” Shigaraki casually glanced from the broker to the people he brought with him. One looked like a bright and cheerful high-school girl, wearing some school’s uniform and bounced up and down on her feet while staring at him. The other had a bored expression, which vaguely reminded Shigaraki of someone, though he wasn’t sure who, as well as scarred and burnt skin around his eye, neck, and hand area.

“Seeing you in the flesh, you look creepy as hell.” The bored-looking one stated.

“You’re a buddy of the great villain Stainy, right, hand dude? Tell me who you are!” The girl shook her arms excitedly and blurted out, “let me join, too! Let me join the villain alliance!”

Shigaraki studied the two carefully then turned to the person standing in the bartender’s position, “Kurogiri, fling these fuckers off somewhere. It seems that the two types I hate the most came as a goddamn set. A snot-nosed little shit, and some asshole who doesn’t understand respect.”

“Say what?” The girl was stunned.

“Now now... our guests went through all the trouble of coming here.” Kurogiri calmly said, “if nothing else, let us at least listen to what they have to say, Tomura Shigaraki.”

“Yo, I don’t particularly care what you end up choosing to do, just cough up the service charge, would ya?” The broker, Giran, added, “and you might as well listen to their introductions.” Giran gestured a thumb to the girl, “first up, this cute high-school girl. The media’s keeping her face and name under thorough wraps as she’s on the run for a number of blood related serial killings.”

“My name’s Toga! Himiko Toga! Life is hard! And I want a world that’s easier to live in! I wanna become the great Stainy! I wanna kill Stainy! So c’mon, let me join, Tomura!” Toga smiled creepily.

“First the Hero Killer, now Genocide Jack, is this becoming a den of serial killers or what?” Shigaraki shook his head and muttered.


“... Yo Giran, what the hell?”
Noticing Shigaraki’s confusion, Giran chuckled, “ah, I can see how the misunderstanding came about. Toga being a high-school aged girl with a fondness for blood an’ all. But no, she ain’t got no relation to that _other_ serial killer. Trust me, if I could my hands on her, I’d tell you right away, believe me.”

“Huh? What’re we talking about?” Frantically looking around, it was now Toga’s turn to be confused.

Shigaraki sighed, “guess I’ll explain it so _everybody’s_ on the same page. Genocide Jack, serial killer, victims are usually found crucified with the _words_ “Bloodstain Fever” written nearby with the victim’s blood. That’s what the _public_ knows, but the police don’t _release_ everything they know. Among other things they’ve identified Genocide Jack to _potentially_ be a teenage girl attending high-school.”

“Whaaaat? Jack’s actually a girl my age?” Toga looked back at Giran and puffed out her cheeks in anger, “if you knew that how come you never told me about it? We could’ve been buddies.”

Giran casually shrugged, “you never asked. And there’s really no reason for me to tell my clients about random info leaked from the cops is there?”

“So this _isn’t_ Genocide Jack,” Shigaraki confirmed, “Giran, are you really saying that there’s not one, but at least _two_ high-school girls with a creepy fascination for blood going around serial killing in their spare time? Surely, this isn’t just some trendy new _fad_ that’s been going around?”

Giran shrugged again, “your guess is as good as mine. But don’t worry about Toga, she’s no slouch when it comes to fighting and infiltration, and she can hold a conversation, more or less. She’ll surely come in handy.

Next up, this man has committed no crimes that have stood out but he’s taken to the Hero Killer’s ideals quite a bit.” Giran stepped forward and friendly slapped the charred man’s back.

“I don’t know about this... Does this group really follow a cause?” The man asked, “you’re not even the crazy little _shit_ over there managed to spit out her _name_. You’re a proper adult, aren’t you?”

“Whoa buddy,” Shigaraki held out a hand, his own, not one of the ones attached to his body, “even the crazy little _shit_ over there managed to spit out her _name_. You’re a proper adult, aren’t you?”

“Mmph, fine. Right now I go by Dabi.” Said Dabi.

“I don’t want what you _go by_, I want your real name.”

“I’ll tell you when I need to. In any case, I’ll be the one to fulfill the Hero Killer’s will.”

“There’s no need to run your _mouth_ about shit I never asked you,” Shigaraki said in a low voice as he got out of his seat, “will _anybody_ shut up about Stain already? Stain _this_ , Stain _that_ ...”

“No, Shigaraki.” Kurogiri warned.

“I’m not feeling this, _not at all_ ...” Shigaraki lunged forward with both of his arms outreached, aiming to Decay the both of them right then and there, “you’re _both_ no good! No good at all!”

Seeking to protect themselves, Toga thrust forward with her knife, while blue flames appeared on Dabi’s outstretched hand. In an instant, everyone stopped. Kurogiri had opened up Warp Gates for each attacker’s arm and placed each limb in a place where they could not harm another person. Giran simply took another puff of his cigarette while watching the scene.
“Please calm yourself, Tomura Shigaraki,” Kurogiri placated, “if you truly wish to carry out your desires, then the expansion of our organization is indispensable.” Kurogiri floated his head closer towards Shigaraki and whispered, “and odd though it may seem, our opportunity to expand is now. After all, at the moment, all eyes are upon us. Do not reject them out of hand, Tomura Shigaraki. If you don’t make use of them then everything, including everything he left us, will-”

“Shut up,” Shigaraki angrily pulled his hand out of the Gate and stormed to the exit.

“Where’re you-” Giran tried to ask.

“Shut up!” And he was gone.

“Well, anyway, don’t wanna say this about a client but... he’s young, way too young.”

“Might we ask you to wait for a reply in the days to come,” Kurogiri turned towards Toga and Dabi and asked, “you see, he actually does understand what it is he ought to do. After all, it is precisely because he understands that he left without saying a word. After All-Might and the Hero Killer, he was humbled twice.

I’m certain we’ll come to an understanding with both of you fine folk.”

“Kyahahahaha!” a piercing laugh rang out from the hallway, “Master! You were talking about me again weren’t you, Master? I could tell since my ears, heart, body, and tongue were all burning up! And that only happens when someone’s talking about me!”

“What are you babbling on about now,” Huffed Togami, an annoyed expression masking his uneasiness, “if anyone’s been mentioning you, it’d be that detective, Kirigiri. Go bother her if you’re so inclined.” And he began walking away at a brisk pace.

“Ah, but Master!” Genocide Jack jumped and somersaulted over Togami’s head, landing directly in his path, “why would I talk to some boring detective when I could be watching you instead? So lead on, Master, and I’ll follow you to the ends of the Earth!”

“Maybe if you weren’t standing in my way, I would.” Togami stated and brushed past Genocide Jack to get to his next class.

The plan to reveal Genocide Jack worked, and my life is seemingly no longer in any danger.

Togami’s face twisted into a grimace that he made sure no one could see, I won, but somehow... it feels like I lost.

It was some time just before noon that class 1-A had arrived and all met up with another at the Kiyashi-Ward shopping mall. The members of the shopping trip included almost the entirety of the class, save for Todoroki and Bakugou. Each student was dressed in their casual clothes, and were cheerfully greeting each other and talking excitedly about their upcoming summer vacation.

“Kamukura, you really came,” Uraraka greeted, “and you weren’t kidding about the disguise. Are those the same clothes you wore for the Sports Festival?”

Kamukura looked at her behind his oversized sunglasses, “admittedly, my wardrobe for disguises is rather limited. However, I would not be worried about someone from the Sport’s Festival recognizing me. Their focus is more likely to be placed on one of you who actually participated.”
“That’s really not what I was worried about...” Uraraka tilted her head and gave a pained smile as Kirishima approached the two.

“Yo, Uraraka,” he greeted, “hey Kamukura, Nice outfit.”

Kamukura turned to look at Kirishima without saying anything.

“You know, I was kinda doubting that you’d show up to something like this,” Kirishima scratched the back of his head, “I kinda thought you’d be the type of person who likes to stay in their room all day.”

“That is accurate,” Kamukura said, “I generally do not leave my room except for school and certain other activities.”

“Thought so,” Kirishima chuckled, “so what do you do in your room all day, anyway? You play any video games, read comics or something? Or do you just study all day?”

“Nothing,” answered Kamukura, “I do not have any hobbies to speak of.”

“Eh, nothing? You can’t really mean that, can you? What, do you just lie on your bed all day and stare at the ceiling?”

“Aside from occasionally cleaning my room, yes.” Kamukura affirmed.

“Y-you’re joking, right? Right?” Kirishima was taken aback.

“Somehow, I don’t think he is.” Uraraka sighed.

“You three ready over there? It’s time to get a move on!” Over from the main group, Ashido wandered over to the three to tell them that they were ready to explore.

The group wandered around for a bit, observing the different shops and boutiques the mall had to offer. Every so often, a salesman would call out to one of the less “human looking” of the group to try and sell them specially designed items or clothing. Other times, people would recognize them as UA students, having seen them compete in the Sports Festival. As expected, everybody completely ignored the oddly dressed Kamukura in favour of the other students.

After a while, the students realize that they’re all in need of different things, and they decide to split up. Each group goes their separate ways until only Midoriya, Uraraka, and Kamukura were left.

“Wow, everyone’s so quick-paced.” Midoriya noted, “what will you do Uraraka? I really want some heavy-ish wrist weights.”

“I need, uh, bug repellant...” Uraraka began to answer Midoriya before beginning to falter, “buh... bug repellant!” Uraraka screamed as she ran off away from Midoriya.

“I’m a bug?!” Midoriya asked while pointing at himself incredulously.

Kamukura watched the entire exchange go down and began to follow after Uraraka.

“Kamukura, you’re leaving me too?”

“I am in need of bug repellant as well. None of my talents help me ward off insects, after all.” He answered.
“A-ah, right, that makes sense.” Midoriya said as he watched Kamukura walk away after Uraraka, “I came alongside everyone but ended up by myself...”

“Whoa, if it ain’t a UA kid! Badass!,” a raspy voice came from Midoriya, “gimme your *signature* !”

“Huh?!?” Midoriya felt a bony arm wrap around him from behind in an aggressively friendly manner.

“You’re the kid who got all *wrecked* at the Sports Festival, right?”

“Aagh... yes, that’s me...” Midoriya felt awkward at being referred to as such but went along with it anyway

*Man, UA’s incredible. I’m being watched and remembered by tons of people.*

“And wait, ain’t you the one who ran into *Stain* in the Hosu incident, too? Damn, you’re so *cool* .”

“You know so much sir... but I thought my identity was being kept anonymous from that incident...”

“Y’know, I really *can’t* believe it! To think that I’d meet you again in a place like this!” Saying these words, Tomura Shigaraki quickly grabbed Midoriya’s throat with his right hand using four fingers, still keeping the arm wrapped around his body, “I’m thinking this must be *fate or destiny* or something like it. Though to you, I guess the last time you saw me was the UA invasion.

Let’s go have some *tea*, shall we? Izuku Midoriya.”

*T-Tomura Shigaraki!*

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Several paces away, Uraraka was nervously fanning herself.

*I didn’t mean to sprint away at full speed, but I got so flustered!* She thought. *Deku must have no idea what happened, it’s all Aoyama’s fault with what he said to me during the exam! I really need to go back and apologize... Right, I’ll just turn around and apologize-*

Uraraka turned on her heels and almost crashed into Kamukura, who was following behind her.

“Ah, Kamukura!” Uraraka yelped, “you followed me?”

“I require bug repellant.”

“Right, that makes sense,” Uraraka said absentmindedly, “um, look, I kinda have to just go back, really quick for a second... I kinda forgot something, I mean...”

“You wish to speak with Midoriya?”

“H-how did you know?!”

“Your heart rate increases whenever you look at him, and your voice shifts to a higher pitch when the two of you converse. Since this is also happening now, I can deduce that you are thinking of him currently.”

“Whaaaat?!?” Uraraka immediately turned a magnificent shade of crimson and put her hands to her
face, “y—you’ve got it all wrong, it isn’t like that at all. I mean, it’s just cause of the heat cause it’s summer and all...” Uraraka’s voice grew tiny.

“My observations are not wrong.” Kamukura stated without a hint of emotion.

“Ooh...” Uraraka said as she clutched her face and shook her head, “you’re wrong you’re wrong you’re wrong...”

Kamukura simply stared at Uraraka until she slowly began to regain her composure.

“Um, Kamukura... if it’s not too much to ask,” Uraraka began, “can you come along with me when I go to Deku. I mean, I feel like I’d be too nervous to go about it alone.”

“Alright.” Kamukura agreed.

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“Act natural, we’re just old friends, so act accordingly.” Shigaraki commanded with his hand around Midoriya’s throat, “and don’t even think about making a racket, you hear me? Calm down and control your breathing. I just wanna have little chat is all. And what happens if you show the slightest odd behaviour, you ask? Simple, the moment all five of my fingers touch your neck you’ll start crumbling, from the skin of your throat on down... And within seconds your neck will be nothing but dust.”

“I-if you do, then a hero from the crowd will come and c-capture you...!” Midoriya reminded him.

“Of course!” Shigaraki gestured his free arm towards the crowd of unknowing civilians, “but take a look! Even though any one of them could brandish their quirks like a weapon at any moment... why do they gather, why do they laugh? At heart, they all think ‘oh, nobody would ever do such a thing’. Y’know, I could kill 20, no make that 30 people before getting captured.”

“... what do you... what do you want to talk about?” Was all Midoriya could say.

“Hahaha, that’s the spirit.” Shigaraki laughed as he led Midoriya to a bench.

“To tell you the truth, I hate mostly everything. But the number one thing on the list right now is the Hero Killer.”

“But isn’t he with you guys?” Midoriya choked out, not daring to look the villain in the eyes.

“I never agreed to him joining, but he’s one of us according to society. And that’s the problem. Nearly everyone seems to be going gaga over the Hero Killer. The UA invasion, and the Nomus we released at Hosu... All of it’s been swallowed up by that bastard’s fame. Why is nobody looking at me? No matter how much he puffed himself up, in the end he was just destroying what he didn’t like, same as me. Between the two of us, what do you think is the difference, Midoriya?”

“The...difference?”

------------------

Kamukura and Uraraka walked back to where they had last seen Midoriya, but as expected, he was no longer there.

“He said that he wanted to buy some arm weights, maybe we should try checking a sports shop?” Uraraka suggested.
“He is this way,” Kamukura pointed in a direction, “I can hear his voice.”

“Really? Okay then, lead the way.”

The two of them walked in the direction Kamukura pointed at and eventually came upon Midoriya sitting on the bench with a mysterious hooded figure with his arm around him.

“Eh, who’s that with Midoriya?” Uraraka asked.

“That is Tomura Shigaraki, one of the villains that attacked us during our class at USJ.” Kamukura answered.

“Oh, I see,” Uraraka nodded, before slowly realizing what Kamukura had just said, “wait, what?!?! If that’s true, then isn’t that super bad?! Why’s a villain at the mall?! He has his arm around Deku, is he threatening him? We have to help him!”

Kamukura looked silently from Uraraka and over to Midoriya, “alright,” he said and began to walk toward the two that were sitting on the bench.

“H-huh? Wait, Kamukura, what are you doing?” Uraraka whispered.

“Helping Midoriya,” Kamukura stated.

Uraraka stared at Kamukura in shock before gritting her teeth and pulling out her cell phone.

*You really shouldn’t be engaging with a villain in this sort of situation... But I’m gonna trust that Kamukura won’t do something to put Deku in danger. Meanwhile, I’m gonna call the police.*

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“What’s the difference between you and the Hero Killer?” Midoriya repeated the question with a dry throat, “I neither understand you, nor do I accept you...

But the Hero Killer... I don’t accept him either, but I think I can understand him... Both the Hero Killer and I, we... we both started out by watching All-Might. And back then in Hosu, I was saved by the Hero Killer... so at the very least, I don’t think he destroys because he simply wanted to. And he didn’t give up so easily either.

His methods were wrong, but he tried to live up to his ideals, I think.”

Hearing this, Shigaraki stayed silent for a long time. Midoriya, not knowing what the villain was thinking about, simply stared forward while trying not to move a single muscle, not even attempting to lick his dried lips. After what seemed like an eternity, Shigaraki began to speak again.

“Ahhh ... My head feels much clearer now... like a bunch of dots suddenly formed a line. I feel like I get it now... Why the Hero Killer pisses me off, and why you’re so goddamn annoying.”

Shigaraki turned his head to look at his captive directly. Midoriya, sensing this change, gathered his courage to turn his head and face his captor as well. What he saw was a grotesque smile, that spread across Shigaraki’s pale skin and chapped lips. Inside his tired, sleep-deprived eyes, a faint glint of excitement shone through.

“Huh...?”

“Of course... of course it’d all lead back to him in the end. Ahh... what was I so bothered over?!
The reason that all these people are spending their days laughing, smiling as if they haven’t a care in the world... it’s because of All-Might too! It’s because of him, always grinning like there was never anybody he couldn’t save!!

Ah, I’m so glad we were able to chat! This is great! Thank you, Midoriya! I was right all along!”

Shigaraki’s grip on Midoriya’s neck grew tighter and tighter the more excited he got, until slowly, he was beginning to choke him. Midoriya fought away the urge to try and peel Shigaraki’s hand off his throat, as that would likely be the last thing he does before he breathes his last. Midoriya’s panic slowly built up as he struggled to breathe another breath, while Shigaraki’s grip grew ever tighter until...

“The hell?”

A hand reached out and tightly grabbed a hold of Shigaraki’s middle finger, preventing him from using his Decay on Midoriya’s neck. Shigaraki’s grip loosened slightly, and Midoriya used that reprieve to quickly take in some much needed oxygen.

Quicker than Midoriya could blink, Shigaraki pulled his left arm out of his pocket and placed it over Midoriya’s stomach, with one finger not touching, the same as before.

“How were you able to sneak up on me like that, I wonder,” Shigaraki mused, “and right as I was getting to the good part too. How annoying. But maybe you shouldn’t have been so hasty to act, dear hero. I still have another hand, remember?” Shigaraki pressed four of his fingertips into Midoriya’s stomach, causing him to squirm.

“I do not care about Midoriya’s stomach, only his throat. You are unable to cause permanent damage fast enough to the stomach as opposed to the neck. Do not attempt to do so.”

That voice! Midoriya thought, “Kamukura?”

“That voice...” Shigaraki slowly craned his head to look up at Midoriya’s supposed rescuer, “I know that voice... where did I hear that voice before...? And why is it making me so irritated...?” Shigaraki said to himself as he slowly looked over every inch of Kamukura, “and what the hell are you wearing?”

Shigaraki paused and stared deeply into Kamukura’s sunglasses, studying the bored expression that the shades tried to hide.

“Wait, I remember now...!” Shigaraki’s eyes lit up with recognition, “you were at the UA invasion too! You flipped me into the water and then you called me boring. So your name’s Kamukura, is it?”

“...”

“Yeah... I was wondering why you didn’t show up in the Sports Festival,” Shigaraki recounted, “you’re not a student are you? You’re some sort of assistant or something, huh? You’re responsible for these kids, ain’t ya? Chaperoning their field trip, making sure they don’t get in trouble. That’d explain a lot, truth be told.”

“...” Said Kamukura.

“Which means I ain’t dealing with just a student here, but you’re not quite pro hero level either, are you?” Shigaraki grinned, “either way, how about a deal? Let go of my finger, and I’ll release the boy, sound good?”
Kamukura stayed silent for a while before speaking, “you are not working for Ultimate Despair, are you?”

“Hm, what?” Shigaraki was caught off guard, “Ultimate Despair? What’s that?”

Wordlessly, Kamukura released Shigaraki’s middle finger. The villain then uncoiled his arms from around Midoriya and stood up.

“Whatever, see ya,” said Shigaraki as he turned to leave, “and you do know what’ll happen if you give chase don’t you?”

Shaking, Midoriya slowly got on his feet, “Shigaraki...! What is All for One’s ultimate goal?”

Without turning around, “dunno, it’s whatever,” he answered, “but you should focus on taking care of yourself. Because the next time we meet, it’ll be because I decided to kill you.”

And he slowly faded into the crowd.

After a few moments, Uraraka ran up next to Midoriya, “Deku, are you alright?”

“Y-yeah, I’m fine. But the police, we have to-”

“I already called the cops, they should be here any second. But do you think they’ll be able to catch him?”

“That is unlikely.” Said Kamukura.

“Oh, well...” Uraraka lamented, “at least you didn’t get hurt, right, Deku?”

“Yeah, though I’m pretty sure his motive for coming here wasn’t to hurt anyone,” Midoriya said as he thought over Shigaraki’s words, “Oh, and Kamukura, thanks for saving me,” Midoriya turned to face Kamukura, “sorry I blurted out your name when you’re trying to stay hidden and everything.”

“No need to apologize, that name will likely mean nothing to him.”

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As a result of the incident with Shigaraki, the police showed up and the mall was closed for the day. They searched the mall for the villain named Tomura Shigaraki but nothing turned up, he had gotten away successfully.

Being the villain’s target, Midoriya was taken to the precinct to be questioned by the police while the other students were sent to their respective homes.

A villain showed up at the mall and held a UA student hostage, thought Kamukura after returning to his room, this will definitely turn the media’s attention to UA, albeit not as Enoshima wanted. And I also confirmed that he was not working with Ultimate Despair, which means he was not a part of Enoshima’s plan. Could this be the result of my luck? If that is the case, then does that mean it will be beneficial for me to continue aligning myself with Ultimate Despair?

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“Earlier today, a villain was spotted at the Kiyashi-Ward shopping mall and had apparently grabbed and threatened a student, who shall remain anonymous, from the hero school UA High. The villain’s name is Tomura Shigaraki, and his quirk allows him to Decay anything that he touches with all five of his fingers. Shigaraki is a known member of the same villain group that the
Hero Killer Stain was in before his arrest. If you have any information about this villain, please call this number immediately. Thankfully, there were no casualties or injuries during this incident, and the UA student was physically unharmed—"

The television was turned off and Enoshima sighed, “maaan, was that really the best Kamukura could do? Disappointing, so disappointing, really, how much of a disappointment can someone be? I told him to do something that puts the focus on UA, and what happens? Some villain gets all the attention and UA is barely even in the footnotes. Ah, whatever.”

Enoshima quickly sent another message to Kamukura and went to her laptop.

“I’m not gonna wait any longer, time for the next part of my plan. I’ll topple this boring and hopeful society of heroes, and replace it with a society of despair! But before I take on the heroes directly, I’ll need to put a stop to anyone who’s also waiting to replace them. To do that, I’ll blow the whistle on the rotten state of Hope’s Peak Academy,” Enoshima declared and masterfully tapped a few keys on her keyboard, before theatrically jabbing the the enter button with a large skewer, “to, who else? The victims themselves!”

Chapter End Notes

Really, Toga and Genocide Jack have some remarkable similarities.
Coming up next, the start of summer vacation, and a nice, friendly parade in Izuru's honour. It's a shame he'll have to miss it.
“Wh-what’s the meaning of this!?”

“Yo, everyone else got this email too, right? It wasn’t just me?”

“This has to be fake right? There’s so much blood...”

“Fake? You think the student council would pull a prank like this? On the entire Reserve Course? Do they hate us that much?”

“But if it’s not fake then... does that mean they’re actually dead?”

“N-no, that can’t be it, it has to be a prank then, right?”

“But we haven’t seen the student council for some time now...”

The next morning, the Reserve Course classrooms were in a complete uproar. Enoshima’s email contained a single video, describing what Hope’s Peak Academy’s higher ups had been doing behind the scenes.

Simply put, Hope’s Peak had been secretly conducting human experimentation, in an attempt to overthrow the current society of hero worship, and change it into one of talent instead. What’s more, was the fact that all of their funding had come from the Reserve Course students’ tuition, and were the reason that costs were so high. Indeed, the sole reason that the Reserve Course was created was simply to fund this experiment.

While this was bad enough, the first and only subject of this experiment, the “Kamukura Project”, had gone rogue and murdered thirteen members of Hope’s Peak’s student council. This had occurred about a month ago, and Hope’s Peak had attempted to cover it up by claiming that the missing student council were on an overseas vacation. All to protect the existence of their human experimentation, Izuru Kamukura, and to hide their failures.

Accompanying this was the graphic footage of the student council being slaughtered, most of it carefully edited so that you couldn’t see who it was doing the killings. Until finally, the scene of Kamukura kicking Hino into a wall and rebounding onto a running chainsaw. The video ends with Kamukura wiping blood of his cheek and staring directly into the security camera.

In essence, the only reason the talentless Reserve Course were allowed to attend Hope’s Peak was so that they could be milked for their money. All so Hope’s Peak could fund their unethical experiments. And when their experiment turned out to be a failure, they would cover it up and leave the general populace none the wiser.

“This is fucking bullshit!” one of the students yelled while punching a wall with his fist.

“We need to calm down, getting angry won’t solve anything.” another student placated.

“Shut up!” the first student said as he punched the other student in the stomach, sending him flying across the classroom.
When it looked like an all out brawl was going to occur in the classroom, one of the students restrained the violent boy and held him back, “no, we mustn’t fight amongst ourselves!”

“Then what do you suggest we do, huh?!”

“We need to go down to the Main Course and demand answers from them, about where our money is going, and what this video is all about.” The student suggested.

“That’ll never fucking work! That security guy, Juzo Sakakura, is a goddamn hardass about Reserve Course students entering the Main Course areas. And that’s where they’re all fucking hiding.”

“Then we’ll all go together,” the student said, “we’ll gather every Reserve Course student here and we’ll all go down to the main office together. They won’t be able to stop us all.” the student turned to look at everyone else in the classroom, “who’s with me?”

“YEEEEAH!!”

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From a single classroom, to a whole hallway of classes, to the entire Reserve Course building, each and every Reserve Course student joined in the frenzy and marched to the gates separating the Reserve and Main Course.

“Explain this video!”

“Admit us to the Main Course!”

“Never forgive the outrageous school fees!”

“If you won’t open the gates, then we’ll force our way in!”

Angry and motivated, the students at the very front of the mob began to climb over the gate, while some were pushed back by the security staff, others were able to make it over onto the Main Course side.

“Quit your whining!”

Where they were greeted with an uppercut from former Ultimate Boxer and current chief of security, Juzo Sakakura.

“After paying for admission, don’t go start talking about talent now.” Sakakura reprimanded as he fought off angry Reserve Course students from all sides with a series of well-aimed punches to the gut.

_Damnit... he thought, we’re not gonna be able to hold them off much longer..._

Sakakura narrowed his eyes as he surveyed the field of Reserve Course students who scaled the large gate, judging their number and his chances in stopping all of them. Standing before them, Sakakura suddenly started inhaling deeply, drawing a large breath as well as the attention of the crowd. Several students froze in place and raised their arms to shield themselves from the inevitable attack. Sakakura finished inhaling, and was about to blow away all the Reserve Course students when a hand grabbed his shoulder tightly. Sakakura turned to look at the newcomer.

“Munakata!” standing behind him was Kyosuke Munakata, the former Ultimate Student Council
President, and trusted friend of Sakakura.

“Don’t use your quirk, or they’ll do the same,” Munakata advised, “although they are outraged, it seems they still hold some respect for the law regarding quirk usage. If you use your quirk on them now, they’ll likely return the gesture. If they do so, we’ll be outmatched, and it’ll be a lot harder to keep this quiet.”

“Right, sorry.” was all Sakakura could say.

“No, I’m the one who should apologize,” Munakata said, “I’m the one who pushed all the dangerous work onto you two.”

“Don’t say things that are out of character.” Sakakura smiled politely.

“I’ll help you with holding them off for now, with these numbers, we should be enough. Once this situation dies down, we’ll meet up with Yukizome.”

“Got it.”

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“The situation has grown to be quite troubling.”

“I never expected the Reserve Course would grow this agitated.”

“Something must have caused this sudden outburst, I wonder what it could be.”

“That is secondary, our primary objective must be to protect the school’s reputation.”

Kirigiri peeked out from behind the shutters at the protest while he listened to the Steering Committee discussing amongst themselves.

“They have not used any of their quirks yet, have they?”

“No, and that is quite fortunate for us.”

“Indeed, if they had then it would have been much more difficult to cover up, and it would have been difficult to keep the police from getting involved.”

“For now, we shall call this a ‘parade’ started by the Reserve Course students, and cover it up accordingly.”

Kirigiri stepped back from the window and turned to look at the four members of the Steering Committee, “another cover up? First the student council massacre and now this. What happens if this cover up gets out? Will you cover that up too?” Kirigiri angrily asked the Steering Committee.

“There is no need to be worried, Headmaster Kirigiri.”

“The students will eventually wear themselves out, this is much simpler to deal with than the previous *incident.*”

“As long as they hold off on using their quirks, the media will barely give this a passing glance.”

“This is hardly more than a tiny, insignificant ripple in a large pond. Nothing will be affected by this.”
Kirigiri sighed wearily, “do as you wish.”

All-Might frowned as he sat in the teacher’s lounge and read the headline on his newspaper, “Deadly Villain Spotted in Shopping Mall Harassing Hero Student”, and sighed.

*Young Midoriya... you must have been so frightened,* All-Might thought as he recalled the scene of greeting Midoriya with the Officer Tsukauchi, *but to be able to talk with him for so long, and without a single scratch on you, you are a brave boy indeed.*

All-Might took a sip of tea as his eye caught onto a headline containing a familiar name below that, “Reserve Course Parade Starts at Hope’s Peak Academy”, it read.

“A parade, at Hope’s Peak Academy?” All-Might wondered as he read the headline, “I guess it must be for summer break.”

“Did you say parade?” Principal Nedzu walked over and asked, “could I see that newspaper fora second?”

“Sure,” All-Might handed the principal his newspaper.

“Hmmm,” Nedzu said as he read the article with a neutral expression.

“Is something the matter, sir?” All-Might asked.

“Oh? No, I was just curious about the parade, that’s all,” Principal Nedzu said as he handed back the newspaper.

“Really? I didn’t know you enjoyed that sort of thing.”

“But of course. After all, what point is there to being a cute and fluffy mascot-like character if you’re not shown off prominently in a parade?” Principal Nedzu puffed up his tiny chest and proudly declared, “now if you’ll excuse me, I have an important phone call to make.”

All-Might watched Principal Nedzu walk away toward his office and looked back at the article, *strange, there don’t seem to be any of pictures of the parade. And something else about this article seems off as well... It’s probably nothing,* All-Might shrugged and flipped to the next page.

“-And that’s the plan! You got all of that Mikan, or should I go over it again?” Enoshima asked cheerfully.

“Um, so the entire plan is that I skip school for a few days?” Tsumiki asked nervously, “it doesn’t sound like I’ll be doing a whole lot... um, not that I’m against it or anything, I just wanna help you with your plan to ‘change the world’ as much as I can.”

“And you’ll be doing that,” Enoshima reassured her, “for the plan to succeed your absence is is of the utmost importance.”

“Um, alright,” Tsumiki nodded with resolve, “wait, how long am I going to be staying home from school?”

“It shouldn’t be longer than three or four days, and definitely before summer break starts,” Enoshima promised, “and to keep you from getting bored, I’ll leave Mukuro here to accompany
“Eh? I’m skipping class as well?” Ikusaba asked.

“But of course! You wouldn’t want our friend to be cooped up in a room all by herself with nothing to do, would you?” Enoshima dramatically put her hands on her hips, “well, you girls have fun. I wouldn’t want to be late for class.”

The soldier and the nurse watched Enoshima leave, then turned around and stared blankly at each other.

“Wanna play ‘shiritori’ or something?” Ikusaba asked.

“Alright, I’ll leave guarding the gate to you,” Sakakura addressed the other security guards stationed at the gate, “if they start acting up again, call me immediately.”

“Sir, yes sir!” The guards saluted in unison.

Sakakura and Munakata had successfully held off against the preliminary waves of Reserve Course students without using their quirks. Seeing the futility of trying to vault over the gate, the Reserve Course had settled on chanting loudly in front the gate, demanding an explanation for the video they had all received. Sakakura and Munakata had decided to use this respite to reconvene with Yukizome so that they can be briefed on the situation at Hope’s Peak.

The three of them were currently meeting in Sakakura’s security office, which was currently empty as all the officers were out dealing with the “parade”.

“I understand that classes are starting soon so I’ll try to make this quick.” Munakata declared.

“Thanks Kyosuke,” Yukizome said while looking determined, “with the protest happening out there I need to make sure my students are safe and assured, so I need to be there for them.”

“There haven’t been any new developments on the investigation on the Kamukura Project,” Sakakura said, “and this protest had to happen at the worst possible time.”

“It is poor timing to be sure, but it is also a lead. If we can find out who’s behind the protest, then we may also find whomever was behind the student council killings.”

“What? Didn’t we agree that it was Kamukura who killed them?” Sakakura asked.

Munakata shook his head, “Kamukura was the one who killed them, yes, that much is true. But I have reason to believe that there is another power behind Kamukura, someone who is manipulating his actions.”

“Someone who is controlling Kamukura...” Yukizome repeated recalling the details she read about the school’s proclaimed Ultimate Hope, “but if they’re able to control someone like that, then they must be very powerful.”

“Yes, that’s why we need to be very careful in this investigation,” Munakata affirmed, “we’ll put the investigation into the Kamukura Project on hold for now, and focus our attention on the cause of the Reserve Course protest.”

“Got it.”
“Alright.”

“That’s everything for now, you are both dismissed.”

“So, given what happened we’re all on the lookout for these villains,” Aizawa told the class that morning, “and we’ve had to cancel our usual accommodations, we won’t reveal our actual destination until the day we depart.”


“That’s precisely the point, the school can’t control who learns or how.” Yaoyorozu explained, “at least they’re not cancelling the trip altogether.”

On the first day of UA’s summer break, both first year classes were gathered outside the school with all of their luggage. After a brief conversation with Monoma of class B, they boarded the buses and were on their way to their undisclosed location.

“We’ll be stopping in an hour,” Aizawa announced, turning around in his seat to look at his class, “after that we’ll-”

“Hey, gimme some pocky.”

“Let’s listen to some music! Something summery!”

“Seats are meant to be sat in, sit down everyone!”

“No way, nothing beats Carol’s ‘End of Summer’ in the summertime.”

“But it’s not the end of summer.”

“Hey, I said gimme some pocky.”

“How boring.”

Aizawa stopped his announcement upon witnessing this chaotic scene, oh well, I guess this is their last chance to have some fun.

One hour later, the bus stopped and all the 1-A students got off the bus to look around and stretch their sore limbs. It appeared that they stopped at an empty parking lot that overlooked a large forest.

“Hey, where are we?” someone asked, “why’s this place so empty, and where’d class B go?”

“We are approximately 50 kilometres away from our desired location,” Kamukura said, “and class B’s bus took a different turn around 5 minutes ago.”

“Eh, why 50 kilometres? And I thought we weren’t being told where we were going?”

“I presume that our destination is that lodge at the base of that mountain,” Kamukura pointed off in the distance at a faraway mountain.
“Really?” Kaminari squinted in the direction Kamukura was pointing, “I don’t see anything though, it must be super far away.”

“He said 50 kilometres, remember? So we’ll be there in time to unpack and eat lunch, then. Still, I don’t see why we’d stop all the way out here.”

“Of course, we stopped out here for a reason,” Aizawa announced.

“Hey there Eraser!! We haven’t seen you in a while.” a voice called out from behind them and the students turned to see two women wearing cat paws and some mechanical headgear designed to resemble cat ears, and a young boy.

“Rock on with these sparkling gazes!”

“Stingingly cute and cat-like!”

“**We’re the Wild Wild Pussycats!!!**” The women yelled in unison while the boy stared at them with disdain.

“These are the pro heroes who’ll be helping us out this time, the Pussycats,” Aizawa said, looking unimpressed.

“They’re a four member hero team who work under a single agency!” Midoriya exclaimed, with excitement contrary to Aizawa’s, “they’re a veteran team who specializes in mountain rescue operations! They’ve been in the business for 12 years now-”

“We’re 18 at heart!” One of the Pussycats jammed a pawed hand in front of Midoriya’s mouth while the other addressed the students.

“This whole area’s our territory,” she explained, “and as your friend guessed, your lodging is at the foot of that mountain over there!” she pointed a claw off in the distance.

“It really is over there then?”

“Huh, then why’d we stop halfway?” Uraraka asked.

“Let’s... just all go back to bus... quickly...”

“It is now 9:30 A.M.,” one of the Pussycats announced, “I’m thinking it’ll be around noon at the earliest...”

“Aw crud...”

“No way...”

“To the bus, quick!”

But their shouts were in vain as the ground trembled beneath them, rising up and throwing them off the cliff down to the forest beneath.

“Kitties who don’t make it by noon don’t get any lunch!”

“Sorry kids,” Aizawa lamented, “your training’s already begun.”

“This is our private territory so feel free to use your quirks!” one of the women called out, “you’ve got three hours to reach the facility on foot... and make it through the Beast’s Forest!”
Down below the cliff, besides Kamukura, who landed on his feet, the students quickly pulled themselves off the ground and cleaned themselves off.

“The Beast’s Forest?” Midoriya repeated the name.

“Seriously, what’s with that Dragon Quest sounding name?” Kaminari asked.

“UA’s got a few too many places like this.”

“No point in complaining, let’s just get moving.”

Before they could take a single step, the ground shook and a creature peered out through the trees of the dark forest. The creature was easily over 3 metres tall, bore a giant mouth with enormous teeth, and walked on limbs as thick as tree trunks.

“An actual beast!” Several members of the class screamed.

The beast lowered it’s head to be on eye level with most of the students, then let out a magnificent roar, staggering most of the students back except a certain few.

“How boring.”

Chapter End Notes

Classes are starting to pick at my university, I'll try my best to keep to the schedule but I won't make any promises.

Sorry in advance if I miss a deadline or two!
“How boring.”

The beast lumbered slowly towards Kamukura and the rest of the group.

“Calm yourself, oh mighty creature! Please back down!” Kouda yelled, hoping to use his Anivoice to pacify the monster. But the forest beast continued its pace while completely ignoring Kouda’s command, it raised a limb prepared to crush Kamukura.

“Watch out!” Midoriya cried and leapt to Kamukura’s defense, channeling Full Cowl and punching the beast backwards.

Kamukura looked towards Midoriya, “what are you doing?” he asked.

“Uh,” Midoriya looked back towards Kamukura, “rescuing you?”

“I did not require your assistance,” Kamukura stated.

“Giving help that’s not asked for, that’s what makes a true hero. Isn’t that right, Midoriya?” Iida said, grinning and joining the battle with roaring Engines and a flying kick to the beast.

“He’s right, you know,” Todoroki affirmed while sending a blast of Ice at the downed beast, “you don’t have to be so uptight all the time, Kamukura.”

“Whoa, Todoroki’s calling someone uptight,” Ashido commented.

“Who gives a shit about who needs help? Just fucking blast these assholes!” Bakugou yelled, jumping in and firing off a large explosion, turning the beast into dirt.

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Back at the ledge, Aizawa was conversing with Mandalay and Pixiebob of the Wild Wild Pussycats.

“It’s a pretty crazy pace you’ve got in mind for these kids, Eraser,” Mandalay commented, “they’re really gonna have their work cut out for them.”

“Well normally these are skills that they wouldn’t learn until the start of second year,” Aizawa admitted, “but we’re here now because they need to learn them sooner than that. Hence the sped-up pace.

They need provisional permits for quirk use in emergencies. Those limited licenses allow them to act as heroes in certain situations. The villains are really starting to move now, so even our first-years need self defense skills.”

He looked toward the other Pussycat, who activated her goggles and was smiling with glee, “you take over from here, Pixiebob.”

“Ooh, leave it to me! My fur’s standing on end!”
Mandalay turned to the accompanying little boy by her side, “it’s time to go, Kouta.”

The boy, Kouta, took a single glance over the cliff before turning to follow Mandalay, “... ridiculous,” he scowled.

------------------

The first hour.

“Kamukura said around 50 kilometres, right? How are we supposed to make that in three hours?” Ojirō asked while knocking down a forest beast with his Tail.

“The average running speed of a human is about 45 kilometres per hour,” Yaoyorozu said, “I guess they must be combining that with the fact that we have to fight off these dirt golems.”

“Hah, these golems are a joke,” Kirishima boasted, charging directly into one and causing it to crumble, “we’ll be at that lodge in no time!”

“Remind yourself that overconfidence is a slow and insidious killer,” Tokoyami said mysteriously.

------------------

The second hour.

“Man, these guys just keep on coming, huh?” Kaminari said.

“Is it just me or are they getting stronger?” Uraraka asked while clutching her stomach.

“I think it’s just that we’re getting more tired.” Tsuyu said.

“But we gotta be getting close now, right?” Ashido said optimistically, “we’re probably almost there!”

“We have traversed approximately 21 kilometres,” Kamukura stated, “we have 29 kilometres left to go.”

“What?! You’re kidding me, right?” Ashido asked incredulously.

“It’s Kamukura,” Uraraka reminded gloomily, “I think we both know the answer to that question.”

------------------

The third hour.

“Graaggh! Goddamnit you assholes! Just stay down!” Bakugou yelled while blasting apart another one of Pixiebob’s endless devil beasts.

“This ain’t good, even Bakugou’s Explosions have less force behind them now,” Kaminari noted.

“Worry about your own damn quirk first!”

“These beasts just won’t let up, they just keep coming and they don’t stop coming,” Kirishima assessed.

“Uh, guys? I don’t mean to be the bearer of bad news but... that marks three hours,” Hagakure announced while showing everyone her phone.
“E-even so, the idea that UA would deny us nourishment... c’est impossible,” Aoyama speculated.

“Let’s hope you’re right,” Shoji mused, “maybe this is another one of sensei’s logical deceptions.”

“Hey Kamukura, how much further?” Ashido asked.

“We have 20 kilometres left to go,” Kamukura answered.

“We’re a little over halfway then. Keep it up, everyone!” Midoriya cheered.

------------------

The fourth hour.

“Does anyone have any snacks by any chance? I’ll eat anything, even granola,” Ashido begged.

“Um, I have a few packets of sugar,” Sato offered, “they’re for my quirk but I think I can spare a few.”

“Sugar...” Ashido drooled, “but if it’s for your quirk then I think you should keep it.”

“I’m so tired...” Dark Shadow moaned while clawing through a beast.

“Sorry Dark Shadow, but it’s just for a little while longer, I promise,” Tokoyami placated.

“How long can this go on?!” Mineta yelled while throwing sticky orbs at the forest beasts.

“Kamukura, what’s our distance?” Jirou asked.

“38 kilometres, we have 12 kilometres left,” Kamukura reported.

“This is... hell...” Sero mumbled.

------------------

The fifth hour.

“O-oh winged f-friends soaring in the s-skies,” Kouda rasped while trying to call out to the birds above.

“Detroit... Smash....!” Midoriya called out while punching down a beast.

“Die... Damn you... Just stay dead...!” Bakugou yelled wearily.

“I don’t get it, how can Todoroki and Kamukura look so normal when the rest of us are completely exhausted?” Kirishima pointed to the two who are now walking at the front of the group while the rest of the class wearily followed behind.

Todoroki looked to his classmates, who were hunched over and out of breath, with dirt stains over their school uniforms. Then he looked at Kamukura, who stood as he normally did, still wearing the same bored expression, and with not a single blemish on his clothes.

“I don’t know about Kamukura but... compared to the training my father put me through, this is nothing,” Todoroki stated.

“This is no challenge,” Kamukura said simply.
“Goddamnit, you two,” Ashido moaned, “save some badassery for the rest of us.”

“Haah... how much longer, Kamukura?” Jirou asked.

“5 kilometres,” he answered.

“We’re almost there!” Iida yelled while straightening his back and waving his arm up and down, “just a little bit longer and we can rest!”

------------------

The sixth hour.

Breathing heavily and on the verge of collapse, class 1-A stumbled out of the forest and at the entrance to the Pussycats’ Catnip Inn.

“Needless to say, you guys didn’t make it in time for lunch,” Mandalay announced as the class staggered forward.

“‘It’ll only take three hours.’ Yeah, right,” Sero complained.

“So hungry. Gonna die...” Kirishima moaned.

“Sorry, that’s how quick we would’ve made it.” Mandalay corrected.

“Flaunting the power gap in our faces...? That’s cruel,” Sato said.

“Mew mew mew,” Pixiebob laughed, “we actually thought it’d take you longer. Much longer.

And you dealt with my golems pretty easily too. Not bad, especially you four,” she pointed to Midoriya, Bakugou, Iida, and Todoroki, “I’m guessing your past experiences allowed you to act without hesitation?

And let’s not forget the MVP of this exercise,” Pixiebob turned to Kamukura.

“Huh? Kamukura’s the MVP?” Midoriya asked.

“But of course,” Pixiebob grinned, “I noticed it when I was tracking all of you, your group never strayed off course, not even once. It was if you guys were a laser guided missile, headed straight for the lodge... and it was all because of this one here! Mew mew mew, without him... well, who knows, but I’d estimate it’d take you a whole two hours more to get here!

I’m gonna have fun three years from now! I’m marking them as mine!!” Pixiebob suddenly began to pounce in a circle around the five she pointed out.

“Hey Mandalay... was Pixiebob always like that?” Aizawa asked while pointing to the weird scene in front of him.

“She’s worried about being a spinster forever...” Mandalay explained.

“Hey, I’ve been wondering...” Midoriya pointed to the boy they saw earlier, “that boy. Whose child is he?”

“Oh, he’s actually my nephew,” Mandalay said, “Kouta! Come over and say hello. You’ll be spending the next week with these guys, after all.”
Midoriya walked over to Kouta and extended a hand in greetings, “Hi, I’m Midoriya from UA High’s hero course. Nice to meet you.”

Kouta, without saying a word, raised his fist and punched Midoriya hard in the crotch.

“Ugh!”

“Midoriya!” Iida yelled and went to his injured classmate, then turned to Kouta who was walking away, “why on Earth would you punch Midoriya like that?!”

“I can’t abide jerks who wanna be heroes,” Kouta glared at class A menacingly.

“Heh, kid thinks he’s an adult,” Bakugou smirked.

“You two are a lot alike,” Todoroki commented.

“What the hell? We’re nothing alike!” Bakugou angrily denied.

“Enough of this sideshow, go get your luggage from the bus,” Aizawa commanded, stopping the argument between Todoroki and Bakugou before it began, “drop your things off in your rooms, then come to an early dinner in the mess hall. After that, you’ll bathe. There should be about two hours before bedtime, I advise you to use that time to rest and recover. Real training starts tomorrow. Now hurry up.”

------------------

“Delicious! This rice is amazing!” Kirishima cried as he stuffed his face.

“The flavour’s seeping into every part of me!! Each grain’s just as good as Lunch Rush’s!! Wish I could munch on this stuff forever!!” Kaminari assented.

“You boys sure get weirdly excited when you’re hungry.” Pixiebob commented, “don’t expect this pampering to continue. It’s for today only so eat your fill now.”

“Ah, Kouta, can you haul those veggies for me?” Mandalay asked.

Kouta harrumphed and did as he was requested, oblivious to Midoriya’s curious gaze.

Once they were done preparing the early dinner, off to the side, Eraserhead and the Pussycats sat and watched the students eat with amusement.

“Hey, hey Eraser,” Pixiebob whispered to Aizawa, “I got a question for you about that long-haired one of yours.”

“His name’s Izuru Kamukura,” Aizawa answered instantly without looking up.

“No no, that’s not what I meant- wait, Izuru Kamukura?” Pixiebob tilted her head, “that name’s kinda familiar, is he named after someone famous?”

“I don’t know,” replied Aizawa.

“No, I’ve definitely heard it before,” Mandalay agreed with Pixiebob and put her gloved hand on her chin, “not a celebrity but someone prolific had that name...”

“Well, putting that aside for now, he’s pretty unique, isn’t he?” Pixiebob continued to badger Aizawa, “I mean, he’s definitely different than the other first years you’ve got here. Just look at
him eat, you’d think he were eating army rations or something, plus there was his performance in today’s exercise. There’s gotta be something special about him, so c’mon, out with it.”

“He’s a regular first year student, like the rest of them,” Aizawa responded.

“You’re definitely lying!”

Aizawa sighed, then turned to Pixiebob, “look at this rationally, there’s no reason for me to tell you anything about these students before they begin their training. You’ll get preconceived notions about how you think they’ll behave, and that won’t help their training. You’ve only received a glimpse of what each student here has to offer, you’ll get a lot more chances to observe them in the future. If I feel like you need to know something about them then I’ll tell you.”

“You’re so mean, Eraser.”

“I’m rational, there’s a difference.”

------------------

After their meal, class 1-A went to the hot springs for a much needed bath after the day’s arduous exercise. Divided by large wooden wall, they all entered the baths anticipating a nice relaxing soak with their friends.

One student, however, was busy anticipating something else.

“They’re really there... guess they don’t have girls and boys bathe at different times, nowadays,” Mineta mused out loud, drawing the attention of most of the occupants of the bath, “an accident... yes, we might just have a little accident here.”

“!!” several students who cared enough to listen to Mineta’s ramblings turned their head.

“Stop that at once, Mineta!” Iida roared loudly and gestured wildly at him, “what you’re considering would bring shame to both yourself and our female classmates!”

“So strict... but we’re here to overcome those walls! Plus ultra!” Mineta shouted as he began Popping Off sticky orbs and scaling the wooden wall separating the two baths.

“Don’t defile out school motto like that!” Iida called out, watching helplessly along with the rest of the class as Mineta excitedly climbed the wall.

Then, as he almost reached the top, Kouta popped up from behind the wall and pushed Mineta off, “a hero, really? Try learning how to be a good person first.”

“You little brat!!” Mineta howled with anger as he was tossed off the wall, Kouta simply looked down with disgust.

“Thanks, Kouta!” a voice came from behind the boy and he turned around to find exactly what Mineta had wanted to see, the girl’s bath. Shocked and dazed, he began to tip over on his ladder and fall backwards to the other side.

“Kouta!” Midoriya yelled and leapt to catch Kouta before he hit the ground.

------------------

After catching him, Midoriya carried the boy straight to Mandalay, still wearing his towel.
“He must’ve passed out from fear of falling,” Mandalay explained, “we put him up there on guard because Eraser told us one of you was the ‘embodiment of lust’.”

“I’m just glad nobody got hurt,” Midoriya said, “Kouta... he seems pretty opposed to heroes. All my life, I’ve been surrounded by people who wanted to be heroes... so I did too. Isn’t it unusual for a kid his age to be like this?”

“Right. Naturally, there are people in our society who don’t think much of heroes. He’d probably look up to them too if he’d been raised normally.”

“Normally?”

“Mandalay’s cousins were Kouta’s parents,” Pixiebob said as she entered the room “they were heroes who died in the line of duty.”

“Oh...”

“They died protecting civilians from a villain, honourable deaths. But to a boy who only had his parents, he couldn’t understand that. He couldn’t understand why society kept praising them when to him, all they did was abandon him.

I don’t think he likes us very much either, but with no other relatives to rely on, he cooperates. To Kouta, heroes are just nasty people he can’t understand.”

Midoriya could find nothing to say after hearing this explanation, recalling the time he met Shigaraki in the mall.

_Smiling wide, as if to say there’s no one he can’t save! Shigaraki was fixated on that point. And now there’s Kouta too, I keep hearing about these other viewpoints and there was nothing I could say in reply._

-------------

“Well, that was something else,” Kirishima commented after Midoriya carried Kouta away.

“I hope you understand now, Mineta, how you need to be more mindful of your actions!” Iida lectured.

“Yeah, yeah,” dismissed Mineta who was now peacefully sitting in the bath along with the rest of the students minus Midoriya, “but in my opinion, if that kid didn’t wanna fall then he shouldn’t have climbed up that wall in the first place.”

“Have you learned nothing?!” Iida asked angrily.

“Hey, I fell from that wall too,” Mineta reminded, “you don’t see me complaining.”

“The kid’s like, a third your age,” Todoroki pointed out.

“What I’m saying is, I scaled that wall knowing full well what consequences could await me, a painful fall from dizzying heights, or a bountiful view that men can only dream about.”

“You fell on my face...” Iida mumbled.

“I accepted the consequences!” Mineta declared, “the possible risk and the reward! Which means that kid must have too! If he didn’t, then he had no right to climb up there! We engaged in a battle of manly hopes! But in the end, there is only cruel despair.” Mineta sighed.
“Whatever man, you still shouldn’t have climbed up there,” Kaminari said.

A battle of hopes? Thought Kamukura, silently observing the scene that unfolded before him, I do not know why, but I feel that this was not the type of hope that Hope’s Peak Academy wanted me to bring to the world.

------------------

After the baths were done.

There is still some time before our designated bedtime. Most of the students have finished unpacking and are mulling about. What should I do with my free time?

FREE TIME

START!

“It’ll be nice not having to go home for a bit, even during my internship I still had to stay with Endeavour. This will probably be a nice change of pace.” Todoroki mumbled to himself, “hm? Oh, hey Kamukura. Did you want something?”

What do I want to do with Todoroki?

“I wanted to walk around for a bit, to get to know the place a little better. You can come if you want.”

I walked around the lodge area with Todoroki.

Todoroki and I grew a little closer.

“Oh yeah, I wanted to ask you about your quirk a little more,” Todoroki recalled, “you don’t mind, do you?”

“Ask me whatever you wish, I will answer if it within my capacity to.”

“Mm, right,” Todoroki paused to think, “well, the last time we talked you said that you didn’t need to study. Could you tell me what you meant by that?”

“My knowledge far exceeds the material that is being taught in our classes, there is simply no need for me to study.”

“And that’s because of your quirk? Talent?”

“That is correct. I have the talents of the Ultimate Mathematician, Ultimate Historian, and others that provide me with knowledge of the material that is covered in our normal courses.”

“So you don’t have to study,” Todoroki considered this, “I guess I’ve never seen you taking notes in class either, is your memory that good?”

“My memory is perfect.”

“Hm, I also remember you taking down some of those forest beasts with a single punch, and you got fourth place in Aizawa’s quirk test on the first day of classes. That means your physical ability isn’t that bad either, right?”

“Correct.”
“So that means you’ve got a few strength related talents too, hm...” Todoroki paused, “how exactly does it work? Your quirk, I mean. I can sort of understand the whole ‘perfect memory’ thing helping out with studies, but there are some things I don’t really get, like your strength, your hearing, your eyesight, or how you were able to keep us on track when travelling through the forest. How did you get those talents in the first place, did you train?”

“The explanation is rather complicated,” Kamukura said.

“Try me.” Todoroki shrugged.

“My quirk allows for the seamless integration of talents within my own body, as well as being able to store them perfectly. No training was necessary for me to be like this.”

“That sounds... pretty overpowered,” Todoroki commented, “so do you just go around collecting talents?”

“There is no need for me to do so, I already have every talent at my disposal.”

“... what?” Todoroki asked, “you mean that you have every talent in the entire world?”

“Correct.”

“Wow, I guess I can see why you’d say everything is boring.”

“...”

“I think it’s about time I get out of your hair. Uh, no offense. I still got a few more questions about your quirk but they can wait until next time.”

Friendship fragment obtained!

Shoto Todoroki: (2/5)

Your report card has been updated based on your experience with Todoroki.

We walked back to the lodge and parted ways.

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There is still a little time before bedtime. What should I do with my free time?

FREE TIME

START!

“Whoa, Bakugou, that sleeping bag looks super expensive!” Kirishima exclaimed, “do you use it often?”

“None of your damn business,” Bakugou growled.

“Aw, don’t be like that,” Kirishima jokingly said, “hm? Oh, hey Kamukura. Did you want something?”

“The hell are you doing here?”

What do I want to do with Bakugou and Kirishima?
“Hey, alright! We weren’t planning on doing much anyway because of that whole trek through the forest.”

“I don’t wanna hang out with him.”

“Hey come on, aren’t you a little curious about what Kamukura’s like? This is a great opportunity.”

“Fine, whatever.”

_Kirishima, Bakugou, and I sat around for a little bit._

_Kirishima and I grew a little closer._

_Bakugou and I grew a little closer._

“Man, we were really lucky to have Kamukura weren’t we? We were able to stay on the path to the lodge for the entire exercise without getting lost or turned around or anything.”

“Hmph,” Bakugou merely rolled his eyes at Kirishima’s comment.

“Uh... hmm...” Kirishima looked back and forth at his two companions, one untalkative by nature, and one who was hyper-competitive in almost everything, and wondered what the best way to start a conversation was.

“So uh, you guys excited for the training tomorrow?” Kirishima attempted.

“Hpmh, it’ll probably be some lame exercise like back in school.” Bakugou said dismissively.

“Well, well what about you, Kamukura?”

“I have no doubt that it will be extremely boring.”

“Well, right...” Kirishima pondered his next course of action, “so Kamukura, what’s the deal with all that hair? Is your power stored in it or something? I saw a movie like that once.”

“No, my hair has nothing to do with my quirk.”

“Tch,” Bakugou clicked his tongue, “your quirk.”

“Hm? Bakugou is something the matter?” Kirishima asked, not knowing what Bakugou meant, “is there something wrong with Kamukura’s quirk?”

Bakugou glanced at Kamukura, studying his expression. It was the same bored expression that he
always wore, one that told him nothing.

“No, nothing,” he lied, “fucking shitty quirk that no one cares about anyway.”

“?” Kirishima was confused but undeterred, “so Kamukura, why do you call everything boring, anyway?”

“My talents allow me to analyze and predict the outcome of everything. Hence, everything is boring.”

“Everything? Even people?”

“Yes.”

“So, you could predict that Mineta was gonna climb the wall in the bath this afternoon?”

“Yes.”

“And that Kouta was gonna push him off?”

“Of course.”

“And the words I’m gonna say out of my mouth?”

“Indeed.”

“Whoa...”

Bakugou stood up, “you know what else is boring? This conversation. I’m gonna get ready for bed.”


“I know!”

Kirishima watched Bakugou walk away then turned back to Kamukura, “uh, sorry about that. I guess Bakugou really doesn’t like you, huh. I wonder why.”

“It is because of the secret I told him, and asked him to keep near the beginning of the school year.”

“Huh, a secret? What is it?” Kirishima asked excitedly.

“I cannot tell you.”

“Seriously? You’re gonna tell me there’s a secret between you two and then not tell me?”

“You wanted to know why Bakugou does not like me.”

“Well yeah, I guess...” Kirishima scratched the back of his head, “well whatever, this was pretty cool, let’s hang out some again sometime, alright?”

“If you wish.”

Friendship fragment obtained!

Eijiro Kirishima: (1/5)
Katsuki Bakugou: (1/5)

Your report cards has been updated based on your experience with them.

*I left Kirishima and went back to our rooms.*

------------------

After a while, it was time to go to bed. Bakugou was already sleeping by the time everyone came back to the room. Everybody made sure to keep quiet as they got ready for bed, partly out of politeness and partly due to not wanting to find out what Bakugou was like when he was woken up.

Eventually, everyone was ready for bed. Before getting into the sleeping bag Kirigiri had picked out for him, Kamukura pulled out his cell phone and checked his messages.

Junko Enoshima: I know you probably tried your best or whatever, but that was seriously not good enough.

Just like before, get the media focused onto UA High, preferably if it was some sort of big crazy scandal or something. But I’ll take whatever.

Do this, and we’ll be one step closer to a truly unpredictable despair.

Chapter End Notes

Everyone knows you don't attempt to peek on girls without a special item from the Monocoin machine. How long has it been since we had an honest to goodness free time event? I remember wanting to include some every few chapters, maybe I can get back on that. Next chapter: some training and a look at what's happening back at Hope's Peak.
*brrring* *brrring*

Kirigiri groaned and buried his face in hands. He had been fielding phone calls all morning from various sponsors of Hope’s Peak Academy who were questioning the validity of the “parade” mentioned in the news. He was exhausted and he hadn’t even ate breakfast.

But Kirigiri knew that he couldn’t give up, preserving the school’s reputation was the duty of the headmaster after all, and he wanted to see this school succeed above all else, even if it meant lying to the general public.

“Hm?” Kirigiri looked at the number displayed on the phone and felt a worry lift off his shoulders, only for it to be replaced with an entirely new one.

“Headmaster Kirigiri speaking,” he said as he answered the call and pushed a weary smile onto his face, “to what do I owe this pleasure, Principal Nedzu?”

“You’ve been working all morning now, haven’t you?” Nedzu guessed correctly.

“Ah... you can tell?”

“I’ve worked with teachers that have had to deal with not just with teenagers, but teenagers that have almost completely free reign on their quirks for quite some time,” Nedzu chuckled softly, “I can tell when someone’s exhausted going by just the sound of their breathing.”

“Ha, if you want to talk about tired, you should see some of our teachers after dealing with an entire year’s worth of Ultimates. I bet at least none of your staff come in hungover every other day.”

“Ah, you would be referring to... Kizakura, correct? No, thankfully for that. But speaking of hungover, you should have seen some of the teachers the day after Aizawa was discharged from the hospital. I was half considering cancelling classes for the day considering the state most of them were in. In all of my 10 years teaching here, I’ve never seen them behave less professionally. Only All-Might was fit enough to teach that day.”

“Has it really been 10 years already?” Kirigiri reminisced, “it seems like only yesterday I was arguing with the Steering Committee about their experiments and the ethics of a... certain project. Haah... it seems that even after 10 years I’m still being forced to clean up after their mistakes.”

“The Steering Committee...” Nedzu’s voice grew serious, “to be completely honest, that’s actually the reason I’m calling today.”

“Ah...” Kirigiri felt his worries creep up inside of him, “this is about Kamukura isn’t it?”

“Hm? Oh no no, that’s not what I’m talking about,” Nedzu quickly corrected.

“Oh?”

“Is there something troubling you about Kamukura?” Nedzu asked.
“Oh, not at all,” Kirigiri lied and hoped that Nedzu wouldn’t be able to pick up on it, “it’s just that... even with all that the Steering Committee did to him, I want Kamukura to succeed. Despite what their intentions may be for him, he is still his own person, and deserves to live out a happy life. Or, in his case, a life that isn’t boring and predictable. I just thought... considering his personality and all... that there might be some problems with his integration into a hero classroom.”

“Oh, you don’t have to worry about a thing, he’s been getting along quite splendidly with his class, and I’m told that he even has someone that can be considered a close friend” Nedzu reassured,

“Oh? That’s good to hear,” Kirigiri smiled, “so, what is going on, Principal Nedzu?”

“What I wanted to talk to you about was what I read in paper today. A parade it said, started by the Reserve Course students?” Nedzu confirmed, “and if I’m not wrong, I think I can hear the festivities going on outside.”

“Ah... you can hear that?” Kirigiri swiveled around in his chair and looked out the window at the massive crowd of Reserve Course students gathered outside of the Main Course gate, “it certainly hasn’t been all sunshine and roses over here.”

“Calling a riot a parade... this has the Steering Committee written all over it,” Nedzu surmised, “may I inquire as to the theme of this parade?”

“Do you remember when I told you that Hope’s Peak Academy was going to be developing a Reserve Course? That it would be modelled after UA’s General Education course? An education program that would be open to students who despite not being able to meet the requirements to enter the main course, they’d still be allowed to attend a prestigious academy, and be given a chance to get transferred over to the Main Course, should they prove to have exceptional talent that Kizakura overlooked.”

“Yes, if I remember correctly, Hope’s Peak’s Reserve Course opened up just last year, did it not? It certainly made quite a few headlines.”

“Yeah well, about that,” Kirigiri furrowed his brow and pinched his nose, “when I pitched the idea at the board meeting, I was expecting some pushback. What I didn’t expect was the Steering Committee to be so enthusiastic about the idea.”

“Oh, oh dear,” Nedzu said, anticipating what was coming next.

“They said, “Kirigiri, that is a fantastic idea.”, “Offering spots to the general public will allow us to fund our experiments much easier.”, “We’ll be able to charge an exorbitant amount for tuition and they’ll happily pay up for a chance to attend our school.”, and “advertising the fact that they may be allowed into the Main Course will draw in even more desperate students, you truly are brilliant, headmaster.””

“The best laid plans of mice and men...” Nedzu quoted sorrowfully.

“Often go awry.” Kirigiri finished, “I tried to stop what they were trying to do, but it was no use. The Reserve Course opened up the following school year and we had admitted over 1000 students.”

“That many students?!“ Nedzu was shocked.

“Yes, and around similar numbers this year as well. In total, 2360 Reserve Course students were admitted.”
“That’s... really quite a lot of students,” Nedzu said, “and the promise that they might be moved to the Main Course?”

“The Steering Committee never intended to keep it, I tried my best to implement some kind of system that allows for scouting of talented students from within the Reserve Course, but the Steering Committee said that would just be a waste of our resources. And the classes themselves are nothing to write home about either, we only hired cheap or inexperienced teachers to teach them,” Kirigiri sighed and looked back out of the window, “and as you can hear, the result is our ‘parade’ here.”

“Hmm, I believe I understand your current situation a lot clearer now,” Nedzu smiled and raised a paw, “if there’s anything that you need to help with this situation, Kirigiri, do know that you can rely on me. If there’s anything I can do to help just say the word!”

Kirigiri chuckled at the rodent’s declaration, “thanks, but summer break for our school starts in just a few days, we should be able to hold off until then. We just need to make sure the news doesn’t notice what’s going on here. Perhaps... it would be very helpful if you could focus the media’s attention away from Hope’s Peak Academy if possible, so that The Steering Committee can work to sweep this entire incident under the rug.

Ah, I’m just joking, Principal Nedzu. By hiding Kamukura, you’re already helping me out tremendously, I couldn’t possibly ask more of you.”

“Hiding Kamukura... you mean keeping him away from the Steering Committee, correct?” Nedzu nibbled on his whiskers, “I wouldn’t really call that hiding per se.”

“Ah, of course. I mean that you’re keeping him out of their clutches, of course.” Kirigiri quickly corrected himself.

“Hmm,” Principal Nedzu considered this, “Kirigiri, is there about Kamukura that you aren’t telling me? I already know all the details of the Kamukura Project, so if there is something about Kamukura that is important it would be best if you told me.”

“Ah, that’s...” Kirigiri thought back to the day after the Student Council Massacre and inwardly sighed, “no, it’s nothing.”

“I see. Well, alright then. I wish you good luck with dealing with this ‘parade’” Nedzu said.

“Thank you, may we talk again some other time.”

*click*

To get the news focusing on UA High so that they don’t uncover the secret of the parade at Hope’s Peak Academy, I wonder if it’s even possible for us to do such a thing, Principal Nedzu showed an amused smile, but quickly replaced it with a worried frown, though, Kirigiri seemed dodgy when I broached the subject of Kamukura.

Nedzu turned around and looked out of his window and observed UA’s peaceful campus, but perhaps it’s just from being overworked. Having to deal with the problems the Steering Committee cause day in and day out, I sure don’t envy him.

The next morning, at the summer camp.
Waking up bright and early in the morning, Aizawa addresses class 1-A and informs them that their training will begin.

“To start... here, Bakugou, try throwing this,” Aizawa tossed a spherical object towards him.

It was the training balls used on the first day of classes, ones that can measure the distance that they’ve been thrown. Aizawa asks Bakugou to throw it using his quirk, just like in the field test.

“Here we freakin’ go,” Bakugou got ready for the pitch and... “GO TO HELL!!!”

A couple seconds later, Aizawa’s device beeped and he read out the score to everybody. It was 709.6 metres. Compared to the 705.2 metres he scored in the field test, it wasn’t much of an improvement.

“Yes, you have been through a lot in the last three months. Undoubtedly you’ve all grown,” Aizawa explained, “but it’s only your techniques and minds that have matured, and your bodies a bit.

But as you’ve all just seen, your quirks haven’t kept up with the pace. There won’t be any hero scenarios in this camp, no. Starting from today you’ll be focused solely on training your quirks.” Aizawa flashed a sadistic smile, “this’ll be so harsh that you’ll wish you were dead. So do your best to stay alive.”

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Shortly after that, Aizawa explained how the training was going to work. Those whose quirks have a maximum limit will strive to push their limit higher. Metamorphic quirks will train their mutant body parts and extra appendages. Those with a strength based quirk will work with Tiger to boost their strength output and spar occasionally.

After Aizawa divided everyone up to their training locations, there was only one student left.

“Right, Pixiebob,” Aizawa said, “you’ll be in charge of Kamukura’s training.”

“Eh? Really, Eraser? You’re giving him all to me?” Pixiebob questioned excitedly.

“If that’s how you want to put it, then sure,” Aizawa dismissed her comment, “but remember what I told you yesterday?”

“That you’re not gonna share information unless it’s absolutely necessary?”

“Yeah, and that’s now,” Aizawa said, “Kamukura’s quirk ain’t like these other quirks, he isn’t going to be activating it today.”

“Eh??”

“It’s a quirk that helps train his body, apparently. Makes it easier for him to develop skills.” Aizawa casually explained.

“So it’s sorta still like a strength quirk, right?” Pixiebob made the connection, “why not let him go train with Tiger?”

“Because it’s not just a strength quirk, it’s... well, you’ll understand in a second.” Aizawa said handing a small sack to Pixiebob.

“Hm, what’s in here? Marbles?” Pixiebob wore a confused expression as she peeked inside the
“Kamukura, here.” Aizawa handed an item to Kamukura, it was a blindfold, “don’t put it on yet.”

Aizawa then explained the training he had in mind for Kamukura to the both of them. Pixiebob would create a large, moving arena of earth for the marbles to roll around in. While Kamukura, who would be blindfolded, would attempt to grab all the rolling marbles and put them back in the bag, all while balancing and moving about the shifting arena. Once all the marbles are collected, Kamukura will raise his hand and Pixiebob will stop, Aizawa will then record the time he took to complete his task. Then they would repeat it until the day was done.

“That should be good enough to start you off, but I’ve still got a couple ideas to make this training more difficult if I feel it’s required.”

“Alright,” accepted Kamukura.

“Uh... Eraser, are you sure about this?” Pixiebob asked with some trepidation, “I can see why you’d need me for this but... this training seems a little...”

“If it’s too much for him I’ll let him go train with Tiger,” Aizawa promised, “but just trust me on this. Since the beginning of the school year, I’ve wanted to see what Kamukura’s limits are, this will be a good chance for that.”

“Just yesterday you were saying he was an average first year student! This seems anything but!”

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After a while, Aizawa called Kamukura over.

“Here, put these on,” Aizawa handed Kamukura two cotton balls which he stuffed in his ears.

“Geez... I know the kid’s good and all but now you’re limiting his hearing? With no sight and no hearing, how will he know where the marbles are now?” Pixiebob wondered.

“By the vibrations they make on the ground,” Kamukura answered without emotion.

“Whoa, huh? You can still hear?” Pixiebob’s eyes widened in shock.

“No, I cannot,” Kamukura stated.

“Then how do you know what I’m saying?”

“I can read lips.”

“...”

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Some time later, Aizawa got Mandalay to use her Telepath ability to call Kamukura over once again.

“Take a short break,” he said, handing a bottle of water to Kamukura and then turned to face Pixiebob, “next, I want you to create some boulders that are going to roll around in the arena with him.”

“I can definitely do that but...” Pixiebob looked at Kamukura, whose clothes weren’t even dirty
after a few hours of his training, then back at Aizawa, “eh, you’re probably right, it’ll be fine.”
“It should go without saying, but you’re not allowed to break the boulders.” Aizawa warned.
“Alright.” said Kamukura.

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“Alright, now wear these gloves,” Aizawa handed Kamukura some gloves after taking his blindfold off.

“What’s so special about the gloves?” Pixiebob asked.

“It’s pretty thick,” Aizawa said, “but apart from that? Nothing. Now I want you to create some marble sized rocks to roll around in the arena. The gloves will prevent him from differentiating them by touch.”

“Yup, got it.” Pixiebob said instantly.

“You sure have adapted fast,” Aizawa commented.

“I’m a pro hero, it’s part of the job.”

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In a classroom in Hope’s Peak Academy, class 77-B gathered nervously around the window and watched the Reserve Course students’ “parade”.

“They’re still out there even today, huh?” Koizumi mumbled to herself.

“It’s so annoying,” Saionji complained, “how are we supposed to develop our talents if those guys are out there being loud?”

“Huh? But I thought Hiyoko liked loud things, she often comes to Ibuki’s concerts after all,” Mioda pointed out.

“This and that are two totally different things,” Saionji rebutted.

“It appears that Tsumiki did not show up to class again today, how interesting” Togami noted.

“What’s with her? Did she get sick or something?” Soda asked.

“She’s probably scared of the Reserve Course and is lying under her bed covers, whimpering,” Saionji smirked, “I can just imagine her going ‘waah waah, leave me alone!’.”

“I went to Mikan’s dorm room yesterday. I knocked on the door but no one answered,” Koizumi said.

“What, is she so sick that she can’t get out of bed or something?” Kuzuryuu asked.

“So sick that she can’t move, you say? I have some experience with this back home. Perhaps I should go over and comfort the poor girl,” Teruteru offered, “I’ll even make her some of my special soups.”

“Despite your words, you make no attempt to hide your malicious intent,” Tanaka commented, “not even one as horrid as I could stoop to such villainy.”
“You said it,” Nekomaru agreed, “if anyone’s going to check up on her, it should be me. After all, it’s a team manager’s duty to check up on their athletes.”

“An athlete? I did not know that nursing was a professional sport here in Japan,” Sonia said, confused by Nekomaru’s words.

“He just means it metaphorically,” Pekoyama explained, “still, we are assuming that Tsumiki is sick based on the fact that she has not shown up to class, and is not answering her door. But there could still be other possibilities that explain her disappearance.”

“Such as?” Togami questioned, his interest piqued, “if you’re going to tell us that our logic is flawed then why don’t you provide a counterexample?”

“Well, we haven’t actually seen Tsumiki in her room,” Pekoyama stated, “all we know is that she is not at school. Perhaps she may have gone elsewhere.”

“Whoa, you don’t think the Reserve Course got her, do you?” Mioda asked cheerfully, “she’d be totally scared at being surrounded by all those angry people.”

“Don’t say shit like that!” yelled Soda, “always imagining the worst case scenario, it’s just like something he’d do.”

“I agree with Soda on this,” Nanami spoke up.

“Yeah, right? It’s definitely something that guy would do to creep us all out,” Soda said, overjoyed that he was being agreed with.

“No, not that,” Nanami shook her head calmly, “I mean that we shouldn’t speculate on what happened to Tsumiki like this. As far as we know, she could be taking a couple of days off school for personal reasons.”

“Yeah, she’s right,” Kuzuryuu said with his arms crossed, “we oughtta wait a bit before going round saying something bad’s happened to her. Like, if she got disappeared by a rival family for example.”

Nanami puffed her cheeks and stared at Kuzuryuu.

“Hey, I’m just saying,” he raised his hands to defend himself, “it was just an example. Scumbags who can’t pay off their debts or go against the family’s orders get ‘dealt with’ all the time. But she ain’t any of that so...”

“Yup! Ibuki thinks it’s a good time for you to stop talking!” Mioda announced cheerfully.

A hush fell over the classroom.

“Arrgh, this is so frustrating!” Owari yelled, being the first to break the silence, “instructor Yukizome ain’t here either. If she’s not here in the next 15 minutes, I should be allowed to leave.”

“She was the one who asked us all to attend class in the first place,” Pekoyama added, “it is quite irresponsible to not keep your own promises.”

“I’m sure she’ll be here soon,” Nanami offered, “and that she has a good reason to be late. Maybe it’s related to what’s going on outside.”

“Of course, it is only natural to worry for those close to us,” Togami said while shifting his body
around, “I suspect that most of our classmates’ words come from a place of concern.”

“Of course, I understand.” Nanami said.

“Speaking of people who are not here, when’s that guy coming back, anyway?” Mioda asked.

“Ugh, why do you have to bring him up again?” Owari groaned.

“That guy... you mean Komaeda?” Nanami guessed, “sensei told me that his suspension would be over after summer break.”

“Aw man, I’m gonna miss these days when he’s not here,” Saionji sighed.

“That man... his intentions were truly enigmatic,” Tanaka said, “and calamity would follow in his footsteps like a harbinger of destruction.

“I’m sure if he were here right now, he’d be saying something how our hope will be stronger because of this event. Or something like that,” Soda smiled.

“Indeed, he was... a difficult person to understand sometimes,” Sonia said thoughtfully.

Nanami smiled at the class, “either way, let’s all welcome him back when we return from summer break, okay?”

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“Nothing, nothing... still nothing,” Yukizome mumbled while tapping away on a keyboard, “well, this person’s clean, guess I’ll start looking at the next one,” Yukizome sighed and rested on her arms in front of her computer, she sat up when she glanced at the clock, “Ah, I’m late for class!”

“Can’t you stay a little while longer? We’re very close to pinning down the culprit,” Munakata asked, “Sakakura is currently overseeing the second day of the Reserve Course’s parade, the investigation will go much faster if you could stay to help.”

“But in times like these, isn’t it a teacher’s job to make sure the children are safe?” Yukizome countered, “they’re my responsibility as a teacher, I have to make sure nothing happens to them.”

“They aren’t just any children, Yukizome, they’re students of Hope’s Peak Academy. Nothing bad will happen to them if you’re not there for a little bit,” Munakata reassured her.

“I know that Kyosuke, they’re wonderful and hardworking kids,” Yukizome complimented them, “but lately I’ve been getting this feeling.”

“What sort of feeling?” Munakata asked, looking concerned, “if you’re not feeling well then you should tell Headmaster Kirigiri, have him appoint a substitute so you can go home and rest.”

“No, it’s not like that. I keep getting this feeling that something truly awful is going to happen to them, and it’s all going to be because I wasn’t there for them.” Yukizome explained.

“Hmm, that does sound upsetting,” Munakata considered this, “perhaps you should check up on them for now. But it would be helpful to have you here for the investigation.”

“Alright, Kyosuke, I’ll see what I can do,” Yukizome promised and left in a hurry to her classroom.

Munakata watched his friend leave and turned back to his own computer. He clicked on a window and the profile of a pretty pink-haired girl popped up on his screen.
Junko Enoshima ... Munakata thought to himself, *all the evidence we have points to her, it would be surprising if she turns out to be innocent. Still, we have to be diligent about this investigation and not jump to conclusions. We must examine each possible culprit with a critical lens.*

Munakata minimized the window and went back to what he was doing.

It was 4 in the afternoon when the students’ training ended. Class 1-A made their way back to the lodge only to be greeted by a large pile of ingredients stacked on various picnic tables.

“Like we said, the pampering ended yesterday!” Pixiebob shouted with a gleeful smile.

“Wanna eat? Then you gotta cook for yourselves, today’s dish is curry!” Ragdoll announced beside her.

After some initial dismay, the class was rallied by Iida into a cooking frenzy.

“Yo, can we get some fire over here, Todoroki?”

“Bakugou, you can’t make fire with explosions.”

“Just watch me, damnit!”

“Whoa, Kamukura made a fire by hitting two rocks together!”

“But we all knew he could do that, he did it during our first hero lesson.”

“Yeah, but seeing it up close like this is cool. It’s like this is a real camping trip!”

“This *is* a real camping trip...”

Soon, each student was chowing down on their own cooked curry.

“If I got this at a restaurant or something I’d probably send it back. But after all that effort we put into this it tastes amazing!” Kirishima said as he wolfed down his food.

“You guys finished off the first batch pretty quickly,” Tiger said as he carried over a large pot and set it on the table, “now, who wants seconds?”

Kaminari patted his stomach, “nah, I’m goo- hm?”

As Tiger uncovered the pot, every single student suddenly stood at attention.

“What is that mouthwatering aroma...?”

“That smells really good...”

“Why didn’t you serve that pot up first?”

Tiger peered into the pot and sniffed its contents, “meow... that *does* smell good.” He turned back to the students, “I was told that this batch was made by a single student, that long-haired one.”

Tiger pointed to Kamukura, “well, if you kids have had enough to eat, then I’ll just serve this to your teachers and the rest of the Pussycats. Otherwise it’s first come first served.”

Besides the student in question, who decided he had ate enough, all the students rushed over to get
a taste of the Ultimate Cook’s cooking.

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“Ooh... that was too good.”

“I definitely ate too much... my stomach’s gonna burst”

“I couldn’t stop myself, I just kept eating until it was all gone.”

After dinner was free time for all of the students, barring the ones who were taking remedial lessons with Aizawa and Vlad King.

Kamukura sat on a couch while casually looking around the break room at the rest of the students.

*There is still some time before our bedtimes, how should I spend my time?*

FREE TIME

START!

Chapter End Notes

Wonder if that training sounds alright, it took a while to come up with something convincing that Kamukura could do.

Don’t worry Chisa, I’m sure your students will be just fine. Nothing to worry about at all.

Also, sounds like poor Nagito is gonna miss out on all the... fun. What a shame.

Next chapter: some free time events and a shocking revelation, if I can fit it in.
FREE TIME

START!

“Hmph, so that fucker can cook, so what?” Bakugou grumbled, “what the- you! How long have you been standing there?”

What do I want to do with Bakugou?

“Ugh, whatever, do what you want.”

I sat down with Bakugou while he tried to ignore me.

Bakugou and I grew a little closer.

Bakugou stared at Kamukura with disdain while Kamukura stared back with indifference.

“Say something goddamnit!” Bakugou yelled, finally getting fed up with the silence.

Kamukura blinked once and began to speak, “Bakugou, do you remember what I told you near the beginning of the school year?”

“Of course I do, dipshit. Some sort of stupid experimental project, what about it?” Bakugou huffed indignantly while also looking around for anyone who might have been listening in.

“I had told you the circumstances of my ability because you had seemed dissatisfied with my explanation during the start of the training exercise,” Kamukura said, “I had not known that that information was meant to stay strictly confidential until later.”

“So what are you saying? You worried that I’ve been going around and telling people about your stupid secret?” Bakugou asked angrily, “I haven’t told anyone, you got that?” Bakugou said as he slammed the table.

“I don’t care about you nor that other quirkless fuck, or about how you got your powers,” Bakugou crossed his arms and continued to rant, “and I ain’t just gonna blab about something that don’t mean shit to me.

And why are you asking me about this, huh? You think I’m the one who’s more likely to just blurt it out randomly like some kinda goddamn moron? Is that what you goddamn think, you and everyone else in the class! Treating me like some kinda idiot or something.

Oh yeah, and what the fuck did you say to Kirishima? He was over my goddamn ass all day asking about it. The hell did you do?”

Kamukura waited for Bakugou to calm down before speaking, “to address your concerns, I do not suspect that you would tell anyone about the Kamukura Project. Kirishima had asked why you and I were not on good terms, I gave him my opinion on the matter.”

“Seriously? Do you even think before telling people about random shit?” Bakugou grumbled,
“always leaving others to clean up your goddamn mess, do you think it’s funny or something? You said everything was boring to you, is this how you make your goddamn fun, annoying the crap outta people?!”

“I find no amusement in your annoyance with me,” Kamukura answered simply.

“Then why the fuck do you constantly pull this shit?”

Kamukura was silent before speaking, “As long as I have not been forbidden to do something, I will attempt to help others if they request it. I gave you a brief explanation about my abilities when you were dissatisfied with my earlier explanation, and I answered Kirishima’s question when he asked me.”

“Have you... I dunno... ever considered the consequences of your own goddamn actions?!” Bakugou exploded.

“I do,” Kamukura stated, “it is very easy for me to do so.”

“And so what? You just don’t care, is that it?”

“If the results have no immediate negative consequence towards me, then it is irrelevant to consider.”

“... Irrelevant,” Bakugou repeated blankly, “and you don’t give a shit about anyone else’s suffering?”

“That is correct.”

“Why do I even bother to talk to you? It’s like talking to goddamn brick wall,” Bakugou rolled his eyes, “just stop doing shit that’s annoying, got it?” Bakugou commanded as he got up to leave.

“Alright,” Kamukura accepted as Bakugou left.

Friendship fragment obtained!

Katsuki Bakugou: (2/5)

There is still some time before bedtime, how should I spend my time?

“Not just intense and targeted training, but also lessons on how to conduct ourselves as heroes,” Iida mumbled to himself, “that’s UA for you, it’s easy to see why this is the number one hero school in Japan.

Ah, Kamukura,” Iida said when he noticed him, “I must commend you for your excellent cooking today. If it is alright, do you have a few spare moments to talk with me?”

What do I want to do with Iida?

“Excellent. Please, take a seat. I promise I won’t take up too much of your time.”

Iida and I talked for a while.

Iida and I grew a little closer.
“The curry that you cooked was delicious,” Iida commended, “where did you learn to cook like that?”

“It was at my previous school,” Kamukura answered.

“Oh, it must have an outstanding institution. Can you tell me its name?”

“No, I cannot,” said Kamukura.

“You... can’t tell me about your school?” Iida questioned, “why not?”

“It is not that I cannot tell you the details about my old school, you most likely have already heard of it,” Kamukura explained, “rather, it is that I must not be connected to that school at the moment. For issues regarding the media”

“I... I see,” Iida’s face grew serious, “is that why you were transferred here to UA? And the reason that you weren’t allowed to participate in the Sports Festival? Because of a cover up to prevent unsavoury news from leaking to the public?”

“That is partly the reason, yes,” Kamukura affirmed.

“I understand,” Iida nodded solemnly, “I know what it’s like to have to keep information from the public.”

“You are talking about how it was Midoriya, Todoroki, and you who actually defeated the serial killer Stain, and not Endeavour,” Kamukura said casually.

“Wha-what? What are you talking about?” Iida was momentarily stunned at the question, before regaining his composure. He leaned in close to Kamukura and kept his voice down, “no, I suppose it makes sense that you would know. How long have you known?”

“Since I read the article in the newspaper,” Kamukura answered, “though I did not know that Midoriya had a hand in the incident until after I returned to school.”

“And you didn’t ask Midoriya or Todoroki about it? The details of that incident?”

“No,” Kamukura paused, then turned to face Iida, “should I have?”

“No no, it’s fine,” Iida relaxed and sat up straight again, “you really are different than other students. Most people would want to know all about the details of an incident like that.”

“I already know all the details of the incident from what I saw in the newspaper, and my observations of you three. There would be no need to gather more details as I hold little interest in the matter.”

“Little interest?” Iida repeated, “you don’t care at all about what happened to the Hero Killer, who he is, his philosophy about killing heroes?”

“In the end, he was a man with simple motivations,” Kamukura concluded, “compared to your actions Stain was boring and of no interest to me.”

“My actions?”

“Your actions before the incident occurred. Choosing to intern at the city that Stain was last sighted and attempting to confront him alone and without any backup, driven by the grief of knowing that your brother was attacked.”
“Y- you know all of that? Just from the newspaper article?” Iida asked.

“That and my observations of you before the internship week.”

Iida looked at Kamukura with a serious expression, “what I did that night was something that no hero should ever even have considered. I was lucky to escape with almost no repercussions, when I could have lost my spot in UA as a hero student or even my life. Not to mention risking the lives of my classmates and my friends,” Iida clenched and unclenched his teeth, “and then when it was all over, I still had to return to my classes, greet all of my other friends and classmates as if I had done nothing wrong. Pretend I was simply at the wrong place at the wrong time, and that we were rescued by Endeavour. I still had to act as class representative, the one people look to for leadership and guidance. I didn’t know whether or not I’d be able to look my classmates in the eyes and just lie to them about what happened. But I knew that I couldn’t tell them the truth either, as that would jeopardize Midoriya and Todoroki’s futures as well. If I hadn’t met him in the hospital when I was visiting my brother then I don’t know if I could’ve handled all that. It all just felt so... hopeless.

Midoriya and Todoroki rescued me from despair that night and opened my eyes to the truth of what I was doing.”

“rescued from despair,” Kamukura repeated, “Midoriya and Todoroki ...? I see. Perhaps this is worth looking into.”

“Worth looking into?” Iida asked.

Kamukura nodded faintly, “I think I will ask Midoriya and Todoroki for more details regarding this incident.”

“What? No, wait,” Iida reached out and grabbed Kamukura’s arm.

Kamukura did not move and sat still, “please let go of me,” he said in a neutral voice.

“I apologize,” Iida removed his hand and stood up in front of Kamukura, bowing deeply he pleaded, “I understand that this may be a selfish request but I ask that you not to go and talk with Midoriya and Todoroki about this. In fact, I would appreciate it if you never brought it up ever again. It’s just that... I don’t want to take any chances that this gets out and prevents the two of them from becoming heroes. It would all be because of my actions on that night. I don’t want them to have to worry about something like that. So please, if you don’t have to, don’t bring this up again.”

Iida raised his head and stared intently at the bored Kamukura, “alright,” he said.

“Thank you,” Iida smiled softly and sat back down.

_Iida and I sat in silence for a while._

_I will not discuss this topic with anyone, but from what I have learned in this conversation it seems that I have made the correct choice in getting close to Midoriya._

Friendship fragment obtained!

Tenya Iida: (2/5)
The third day of training, the class is repeating their exercises from the previous day to strengthen their quirks.

“No matter what you do, always be aware of your starting points. Your origins,” Aizawa announced to the students in the middle of training, “that’s what progress is all about.”

“That reminds me, sensei, I know it’s already day three but...” Midoriya approached Aizawa with his head tilted, mumbling what seemed to be a question, “is All-Might not... ah, I mean the other teachers not coming to the camp?”

“As I said before, we’re operating under a need to know basis so that villains don’t catch onto our every move,” Aizawa explained, “and that goes all the more for All-Might. We’ve learned that he is one of the targets of the villains, so of course we wouldn’t have him come with us.”

“Ah, I see,” Midoriya looked down, “it probably is for the better...”

“Putting that aside, guess what we’re doing this evening,” Pixiebob made the next announcement, “a class against class test of courage! After intense training comes intense playtime! This is what they call ‘the carrot and the stick’!

All of which is to say... right now you need to give it your all!”

“Yessir!”

“Sensei didn’t show up again today either?” Kazuichi asked, looking around the classroom only to be met with confused faces.

“I think I heard that she was calling in a substitute teacher today,” Nanami said, “but I’m not sure.”

“And it seems that Mikan isn’t here today either,” Mioda noted.

“So basically the same crap as yesterday then,” Kuzuryuu grumbled.

“The first to discover the Student Council Massacre in the school building 1A, Junko Enoshima,” Munakata read aloud from the case file in his hands to Yukizome and Sakakura, “she must be investigated further.”

“So she’s the one?” Sakakura smirked.

“Yeah. All evidence leads back to this student. I can say that she’s guilty with almost total certainty.” Munakata concluded.

“It’s nice to know that this is close to all being over,” Yukizome smiled with relief, “in a few days this’ll all be like a bad dream.”

“We can’t say that this case is over quite yet,” Munakata warned, “we still need to interrogate her thoroughly before we make any conclusions.”

“Hmph, and we’ll be the ones handling that I take it?” Sakakura got to his feet, “I’ll go bring her in. Get ready for an interrogation.”

“Try not to go too far,” Munakata reminded.
Sakakura turned to face Munakata and narrowed his eyes, “that’s an order I can’t follow,” he said before exiting the room.

“Junko Enoshima... she’s just a high school student, right?” Yukizome noted, “what’s going to happen to her if she really is guilty?”

“First and foremost if she is in any way related to the Student Council Killings or the Parade then she could be expelled on the spot. Depending on the role she played in the Killings she may also be arrested,” Munakata explained, “if that happens then she’ll go to trial. She’s still a minor but she will likely be tried as an adult due to the seriousness of the crime.” Munakata sighed, “but that’s only if she’s guilty. The evidence that we have is not quite enough to pin all of the blame on her. That’s why we’re hoping for a full confession in the upcoming interrogation.” Munakata narrowed his eyes, “for the sin of laying a hand on my school, she will pay the price.

“I see,” Yukizome nodded and got to her feet.

“Yukizome? Is something the matter?”

“Oh, no. I was just thinking that I should go back to my class. Now that we’re pretty much finished with the investigation.”

Munakata tilted his head, “I thought you called in a substitute teacher for them.”

“Oh, I did but...” Yukizome faltered and looked down, rubbing her hands together, “summer break is starting tomorrow, so today and tomorrow are going to be the last days that I get to see them in a while.”

“Your dedication to them is really quite commendable,” Munakata smiled then looked away, “but I was hoping that you could also take part in the interrogation. Sakakura and I... we’re less adept at handling others compared to you. I thought that with you here, the interrogation will go much more smoothly than if it were just the two of us. Plus, you may be needed to stop Sakakura from getting too violent.”

“So you’re saying it’s because you’re too cold and Juzo is too rough,” Yukizome concluded with a smile, “alright, but only if you take us out to dinner afterwards.”

Munakata smiled, “heh, we could use a little celebration after all that has happened.”

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“Looking at all of these Reserve Course Students, you can tell. They’re all your minions now, aren’t they?” Sakakura found Enoshima strolling outside surrounded by an army of Reserve Course Students on both sides, with two of them holding up umbrellas for her so she doesn’t get rained on.

“Hmm, and... who are you again?” Enoshima asked sarcastically while rubbing the back of her head.

“Hmph, no less from Munakata,” Sakakura smiled, “you really are guilty then.”

“You just figured that out?” Enoshima returned with a cheerful smile of her own, “you guys are way too slow! How am I supposed to have fun around here?”

“Hmph,” Sakakura huffed and tossed his jacket aside, getting into a boxing stance, “get ready because this will be my thanks for the runaround you gave us. I won’t hold back against you.”
Sakakura charged at Enoshima, but the Reserve Course Students that were lined up beside Enoshima stepped in front of him to block his path.

Sakakura knocked down wave after wave of Reserve Course Students like bowling pins, but more kept jumping into the fight. Eventually, Sakakura was overwhelmed by the sheer number of students. Exhausted, he fell on his back while breathing heavily.

“Damnit,” he mumbled while staring up into the sky, raindrops pelting his face, “you gotta be kidding me.”

“Wow, Sakakura, you suck!” Enoshima laughed and pointed at the fallen security guard, “geez, it’s like I didn’t even need to take advantage of your weakness.”

“Weakness?”

“Yes, it’s true. Juzo Sakakura harbours a forbidden love deep within his heart,” Enoshima clasped her hands to her chest and had a wistful expression, “the person he loves is one of his friends that he’s spent years with!”

“What are you talking about?!”

“But that person is in love with his other best friend... ‘how could I be so wrong as to fall for them despite of that?’ he asks himself. ‘If I knew that it would feel this terrible, then I never would have fallen in love!’” Enoshima exaggeratedly wailed in front of the downed Sakakura.

“If you’ve got something to say then say it, you little bitch!”

“The subject of your forbidden affections is...” Enoshima paused dramatically before pointing down at Sakakura, “Yukizome Chisa!”

So she doesn’t know after all, thought Sakakura, relieved, it’s just a bluff-

“Juuuust kidding!” Enoshima interrupted his thoughts, “It’s actually... Kyosuke Munakata!”

Sakakura’s eyes widened with shock at Enoshima’s correct accusation.

“Would it kill you to be a little more cautious?” Enoshima taunted, “you didn’t even notice your room was being monitored? What a terrible head of security!”

The Ultimate Despair pulled out her cell phone and showed it to Sakakura. On it were pictures of Sakakura staring happily at pictures of Munakata, all taken from right outside his bedroom.

“Yes... you fell in love with your best friend!” Enoshima exclaimed, “I wonder what Munakata would think if he saw these?”

“Don’t!” Sakakura reached out to grab the phone but Enoshima pulled it away at the last second.

“Huh? Don’t?” her tone grew serious, “do you understand the position you’re in? If you really want me to stop, then you’ve gotta ask me real nicely!”

“Please... don’t,” swallowing up his pride and grimacing all the while, Sakakura begged the high school girl in front of him not to reveal the person he liked.

“Well... I’m not a monster. So if you really want it that badly I’ll keep my mouth shut!” Enoshima smiled maliciously, “but in exchange... you have to betray Munakata. I mean, you were looking for me because he told you to, right? So just tell him that you investigated me and report that Junko
Enoshima was found to be IN-NO-CENT!

“F-fine... I’ll tell him you’re innocent...” Sakakura said weakly while glaring at Enoshima with intense hatred. To which she ignored and began to walk away.

“Where... where are you going?”

“I’ve got a main dish waiting up ahead,” Enoshima smiled sweetly, “I don’t have any more time to waste on appetizers.”

Enoshima and the Reserve Course Students that were still conscious slowly began to clear out, leaving Sakakura lying there in the rain.

Slowly, he raised his fist off the ground, “AAAAAHHHH!!” unleashed a guttural scream and slammed his fist onto the sidewalk, chipping the cement and causing his hand to bleed.

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“And so there you have it, we’re executing the next part of the plan right now,” Enoshima announced, “c’mon, chop chop, we gotta get moving.” Enoshima dragged Tsumiki off of Ikusaba’s bed as her sister watched with bewilderment.

“Oh, h-huh? Junko, what’s going on? Where are we going?” Tsumiki squirmed in Enoshima’s grip nervously, “and why are we starting the next part of the plan?”

“Eh? Why you ask?” it was Enoshima’s turn to look baffled, “didn’t you understand my explanation?”

“Um, Junko, you didn’t provide us with an explanation,” Ikusaba pointed out, “the first thing you said was ‘and there you have it’ and just started to drag Tsumiki away.”

“Because time is of the essence,” Enoshima sighed at her pawns’ inability to understand this basic fact, “and I say that it’s time to go so it’s time to go.”

“Um, but I still think we should know why we’re going to the next step of the plan now,” Ikusaba said, “did Kamukura do what you told him to?”

Enoshima sighed and looked down at the floor dramatically, “this really is so... so... despair inducing...! If I take the time now to slowly explain the next steps of my master plan, and then find out that our timing is ruined because of it! Ah... such despair,” Enoshima wriggled around for a bit then straightened up to address a confused Tsumiki and Ikusaba.

“It has come to my attention that certain groups in the school have been trying to find the cause of the Student Council Killings and the cause of the Reserve Course Parade.”

“Student Council Killings?” Tsumiki asked.

“It’s not important,” Ikusaba dismissed.

“And, unfortunately for us, they’ve correctly identified the culprit behind both of these crimes,” Enoshima paused for dramatic effect, “me.”

“Huh? Isn’t that extremely bad? We’ll get found out and expelled!” Ikusaba worriedly asked.

“U-um, expelled? Why would we get expelled? I don’t wanna be expelled!” Tsumiki wailed with tears in her eyes.
“Now now, keep your pants on. We’re perfectly safe for the time being. Through a bit of strategic blackmail I’ve managed to keep the wolves at bay.” Enoshima slammed a fist into her palm, “but that’s why it’s exactly the perfect time to strike! Right now when they’re all convinced to stay away from me it’s the perfect time to execute the next part of the plan!”

“So Kamukura-”

“Noope! Not yet, anyway,” Enoshima made a cross with her arms and shook her head, “that disappointment still hasn’t done what I told him to. Buuuut, I dunno why, I’ve got a good feeling about today, call it intuition.”

“You still haven’t told us what you asked Kamukura to do...” Ikusaba noted.

“Um, and who is this ‘Kamukura’ person?” Tsumiki asked meekly.

“He’s not important,” Ikusaba dismissed again.

“And so there you have it, we’re executing the next part of the plan right now,” Enoshima repeated from earlier, “c’mon, chop chop, we gotta get moving.” Enoshima grabbed Tsumiki’s arm and started to drag her away again.

“W-wah, but Junko, I still don’t know what you want me to do!” she protested.

Enoshima paused again and sighed, “alright, listen carefully...”

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“Welcome back, Juzo,” Yukizome smiled as the drenched Sakakura entered the room.

“How did the investigation go?” Munakata asked, “Enoshima isn’t with you, were you unable to find her?”

Sakakura stayed silent and stared at Munakata, narrowing his eyes to study his expression.

“Is something wrong? What is it?”

After deciding that Enoshima had kept her word and had not leaked the photos Sakakura relaxed a bit, “sorry... it’s nothing.” Sakakura dismissed, “Junko Enoshima is... innocent.”

“Innocent? Really?” Yukizome’s eyes widened.

Munakata, on the other hand, stayed stoic, “are you certain about this?”

“Yeah, there’s no doubt,” Sakakura stated, “all the evidence was circumstantial, nothing tangible. She’s also got an alibi.”

“An alibi? Didn’t she discover the crime scene?” Yukizome wondered.

“She was the most likely culprit too...” Munakata noted.

“Are you doubting my investigation?” Sakakura asked.

Munakata pondered his friend’s words, then his face softened, “I guess you’re right. But this leaves us in a tricky situation. I had hoped to solve this case before the school’s summer break started. Now it will much easier for the real culprit to slip between the cracks and for the school’s administration to sweep these incidents under the rug. At any rate, it seems that our investigation
isn’t over just yet.”

“Yeah...” Sakakura winced.

“Ah, Kyosuke...”

“Yukizome? Oh yes, you can check up on your class if you want to,” Munakata guessed what she was thinking. “the investigation has come to a standstill, you should be fine to check up on them. You can come help out once summer break starts.”

“Thanks, Kyosuke!” Yukizome smiled and rushed out the door.

She quickly made her way to class 78-B’s classroom and was greeted with...

“Hm? There’s no one here.”

Total silence, the classroom was completely empty. It was a little past one so where would they be besides the classroom, the cafeteria? No, Kuzuryuu and Tanaka usually ate their lunches in here. At the very least, the substitute should have been here. Yukizome scanned the classroom for a hint of where they all could’ve gone.

“All of their backpacks and personal belongings are still here... it looks like they left in a hurry...?” Yukizome felt her nervousness creep up inside of her. Breathing steadily and shaking away her fear, she pulled out her cell phone to call Munakata.

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“Ahhh, I’m up I’m up already,” Kizakura yawned as he crawled out of bed, rubbing his head and wincing, “man, what a night last night. I was dragged into this bar by some girl and then someone at the bar just kept on buying drinks for the house. I definitely drank too much.”

Kizakura checked the clock which displayed the time as a little past one in the afternoon. He stretched his sore limbs and put his fedora on over his uncombed hair, “now... why do I get the feeling that I’m forgetting something?”

Chapter End Notes

This chapter actually ended up being a lot longer than I thought it would be, so I wasn’t able to get to the part that I wanted. So now it has to to be pushed back to the next chapter.

Chisa’s story is a little bit different this time around compared to what happened in DR3, just like a certain aspect of class 78. This basically means that that part of DR3 won’t happen, hopefully it’ll turn out alright.

Juzo’s reason for not bringing in Junko is unchanged, even though it seems a little ridiculous that no one would care about Junko literally commanding an army of Reserve Course students.

Also, while rewatching Side:Despair I noticed that Juzo reminds me of Endeavour, it’s mostly the scowl.
Next chapter: a nice, relaxing, and peaceful test of courage where absolutely nothing bad happens.
Chapter 35

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

After another exhaustive day of quirk training, dinner was being prepared by class 1-A. Todoroki, who spotted Midoriya carefully stacking firewood inside the fire pit, approached him.

“Did you have some kind of business with All-Might?” Todoroki asked, “you were talking with Aizawa about him earlier.”

“Ahh, yeah... it was about Kouta.”

“Kouta? Who’s that?”

“Huh? He’s that kid over there...” Midoriya turned around and pointed at an empty picnic table behind them, Todoroki followed his finger then looked at Midoriya with a curious expression.

“Oh, he’s gone again,” he shrugged.

He must be at his hideout, he really hates heroes doesn’t he?

Midoriya recalled the events of last night, when he tracked Kouta by following his footsteps and delivered a bowl of curry to him.

“That kid, he hates heroes,” returning to the firewood, Midoriya lamented to Todoroki, “he even hates the world of superhumans, and quirks in general. And I couldn’t think of what I should tell him for his sake.

If All-Might were here, I’m sure he’d have a quote or inspirational speech or something.”

Satisfied with his placement of firewood, Midoriya looked up at his friend, “what about you, Todoroki? What would you say?”

Todoroki paused to think for a suitable answer.

“... It depends,” he said after a moment’s deliberation.

“Right right, of course it depends but-”

“Even if he’s told all the right things, if you don’t know his background, you’ll only succeed in annoying him. If words alone are enough to move him, then that means it didn’t weigh heavily on him in the first place,” Todoroki paused to consider his next words, “the important thing is... the person saying it, what they’ve done and what they’re doing now. I think that... words are more impactful when they’re accompanied by deeds.”

Midoriya stopped to think about Todoroki’s words. He thought back to his first ever meeting with All-Might. When All-Might told him that it was his attempt to save Bakugou that spurred him into action.

“You’re right. I guess I did come across as some bystander spouting nonsense,” Midoriya admitted.

“I don’t know what you’re gonna do with that kid. But sticking your nose into a delicate subject so bluntly...” Todoroki pondered this, “then again, you are surprisingly good at making something good come from that.”
“Hey…”

After dinner was eaten, the test of courage was set to begin. But before that...

“UWAAA! Forgive us! Let us go scare them!!”

The students taking remedial lessons were dragged off by Aizawa.

After a brief explanation of how the test of courage was going to work, the students were divided into pairs by drawing lots.

Midoriya was paired with Kamukura, much to the former’s excitement.

“Looks like we’re matched together, huh, Kamukura?” Midoriya approached Kamukura cheerfully after learning the pairings.

“Yes, it was the outcome that I desired,” Kamukura stated while turning to face Midoriya.

“Huh? Are you saying that you wanted to be matched with me for the test of courage?” Midoriya was confused.

“I told you that I wanted to observe your actions closely.”

“Oh yeah,” Midoriya rubbed the back of his head as he remembered his conversation with Kamukura, “I guess we were pretty lucky then.”

“No, this result is purely the result of my own luck,” Kamukura corrected.

“What do you mean by that?”

“One of my talents is the Ultimate Lucky Student. My desired outcome was to be paired with you, and so it was the outcome that occurred.”

“Oh, I see. That makes sense,” Midoriya blinked as he slowly processed what Kamukura just said, “wait, what?”

“Hm?”

“U-um, Kamukura, can you clarify what you just said?” Midoriya asked politely, not fully believing that he heard him correctly.

“Among the talents that have been given to me from Hope’s Peak Academy, luck is one of them,” Kamukura explained quietly, “because of my luck, the outcome of any chance based event will always be the one that benefits me the most. Because I wanted to be paired with you for the test of courage, I was.”

“Come again?”

“Because I am blessed with luck-”

“No no no, wait!” Midoriya interrupted Kamukura and waved his arms frantically, “maybe we should take this explanation one step at a time.

You said that ‘luck’ is a talent given to you. How was it given to you?”
“Even if I explained it to you, you would not understand. The procedure requires advanced knowledge of human biology and medical science.”

“M-m-medical science?! You’re saying that a surgery increased your luck?!”

“Yes.”

“Is that even possible?” Midoriya balked.

“... Yes.” Kamukura answered.

Midoriya was baffled.

“Okay, so you have better luck than other people,” Midoriya sort of but not really accepted the explanation offered to him, “but how does that allow you to control the outcome of the draw?”

“If I am not more favoured in random events, then what is the point of being lucky?” Kamukura answered Midoriya’s question with an inquiry of his own.

“O-okay, I get that but...” Midoriya trailed off. Kamukura pointed to their classmates and Midoriya looked in their direction.

“Observe our classmates who are lacking in luck.”

Midoriya saw Bakugou angrily asking Ojiro to switch with him so that he did not have Todoroki as a partner. And over in a corner, Mineta asking Aoyama to switch with him so that Yaoyorozu was his partner.

“No, I mean I get what you’re trying to say but...” Midoriya raised a hand to his chin and began to mumble to himself, “the idea that every single person has a luck stat associated with them like in an RPG is definitely not something I can accept right away. And the idea that a person’s luck can be increased with surgery is frankly baffling. But calling that into question would be assuming that Kamukura is lying to me or playing some kind of prank on me? I guess that could be a possibility but I don’t think he’d be the type to do that. But does that mean that I can assume that everything Kamukura said just now was the truth, even if it’s completely off the wall? Have I ever encountered a situation involving someone’s luck before? Kamukura mentioned Ultimate Lucky Student right? I seem to remember that from somewhere... Ah, that’s right, I met someone who called himself the Ultimate Lucky Student when I was interning with Gran Torino. He said that he wouldn’t be in danger if he found the Hero Killer because of his luck... Does that mean that he has the same luck that Kamukura mentioned? Speaking of which, I wonder if he’s alright. He was also from Hope’s Peak Academy so maybe Kamukura has met him.”

Midoriya looked up from his reverie to see Kamukura staring intently at the forest they were supposed to enter.

“Ah, Kamukura, I was wondering,” Midoriya tugged Kamukura’s sleeve, grabbing his attention, “have you ever met someone named Nagito Komaeda at Hope’s Peak Academy?”

“I have not met anyone with that name before,” Kamukura answered, still staring deep into the forest.

“Ah, well it’s no big deal, I suppose...” Midoriya trailed off and studied Kamukura’s expression as he stared off into the distance. If someone else had been asked to judge the face that Kamukura was making at the time, they would say that he looked bored. But Midoriya was the person who Kamukura had spent the most time with, and as such, was able to determine the tiny details in
Kamukura’s expression that others wouldn’t be able to.

To Midoriya, Kamukura looked not bored, but slightly intrigued.

“Is something the matter?” Midoriya asked.

“It seems that this will be an interesting night,” Kamukura stated.

“Huh, I didn’t know that you were excited for the test of courage,” Midoriya smiled cheerfully, “I thought you would just locate where all of class 1-B is and avoid their traps with your hearing or something.”

“I do know where all of class 1-B is located, their traps can be easily avoided if you wish.”

“Ah, no, that’s okay,” Midoriya declined quickly, “wait, but if you know where they all are then why do you say that this will be an interesting night?”

Kamukura did not respond to Midoriya’s question and simply stared into the forest.

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“Why...? We were... we were supposed to be perfectly safe...! So why... why are there villains here?!”

Shortly after several groups had started on the test of courage, the villains who had been hiding in the forest made their move.

“Little house cat got in my way,” a villain grinned as they stared down at Pixiebob, who had been sent flying and knocked unconscious.

“Pixiebob!” Several students cried out in horror.

“Oh no...!” Mandalay muttered.

Kouta!

Midoriya was the only one who understood. Kouta was all alone in his hideout right now, if a villain were to attack him he would be completely defenseless.

“Yo, UA High! How do you do?” a reptilian villain wearing a mask asked boisterously, snapping Midoriya out of his thoughts, “we’re the Villain Alliance: Vanguard Action Squad! My name’s Spinner and this is Magne, and we’re the ones who’ll be spinning Stain’s dream into being!”

After a quick exchange of words, a large battle erupted between Tiger and Mandalay of the Pussycats and Spinner and Magne of the Villain Alliance.

Iida had been given the order to escort the students who hadn’t started the test of courage yet and bring them back to the lodge safely.

“Iida, go on without me,” Midoriya yelled, already starting to run off in another direction.

“Midoriya, what are you saying?!”

“Mandalay!” Midoriya yelled, “I... I know!” and he ran off.

Mandalay turned worriedly to Midoriya’s words then focused her attention back to the fight.

“Midoriya, where are you going?! This is a serious situation!” Iida called out but to no effect, he
was already gone. Iida shook his head and turned to the rest of the students, “alright, I’ll trust that Midoriya knows what he’s doing, as for the rest of us, we’ll go back to the lodge as instructed. Kouta, Ojiro, Mineta, and Kamu-...” Iida looked around frantically, “where’d Kamukura go?!”

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Towards a nearby mountain, Midoriya activated Full Cowl and was running at breakneck speed. Not relenting even a little, for he was the only one who knew where Kouta’s hideout was and he was the only one who would be able to make sure that Kouta was okay.

Unbeknownst to Midoriya, he was being closely followed. Not making a single sound as he dashed behind him, and not showing any sign of fatigue or exhaustion, Kamukura stealthily tracked Midoriya without him even noticing.

“Papa...! Mama...!”

*CRACK*

As a large villain brought his arm down, Midoriya jumped in and caught Kouta in the nick of time. Behind them, Kamukura watched with a bored expression, completely unnoticed by the hooded villain.

“Hmm? You were on the list,” the large villain grinned as he watched Midoriya and Kouta tumble on the ground from Midoriya’s tackle.

Kamukura watched Midoriya get up off the ground as fast as he could, then sneak a glance to a destroyed cell phone lying on the ground. He did not expect a villain to be here when he rushed over, and now that his cell phone is broken, Kamukura surmised.

Kamukura watched Midoriya sneak a glance to the boy, who was crying. Though he couldn’t see his face, there was no mistaking the salty smell in the air.

“It- it’s okay, Kouta. I’ll protect you no matter what,” Kamukura blinked as Midoriya made this declaration and turned back around to face the villain. He observed the green lightning emitting from his body and the fighting stance that Midoriya had adopted.

So his first instinct is to fight, that was... expected. But the amount of confidence his voice carried was... somewhat surprising. Kamukura shifted his focus from Midoriya to the smirking villain, that man is known as Muscular. I read about him in Hope’s Peak’s library during the internship week. His quirk is Muscle Augmentation and is a renowned murderer known for having killed many strong heroes, including this boy’s parents. From just a cursory glance, it is easy to tell that Midoriya has no chance of victory in this fight.

“You say that you’ll save him no matter what?” Muscular laughed uproariously at this, “that’s an aspiring hero for you, I guess! Always showing up everywhere with those smug looks of righteousness.”

Midoriya said nothing as he stood in front of Kouta.

“So you’d be the one named ‘Midoriya’ then? Awesome, because I’ve been notified to take the initiative and kill you on sight,” Muscular threw off his cloak and began channeling Muscle fibers onto his arm, “I’m gonna take my time wrecking you! So show me some blood!”
Both Midoriya and Muscular readied their arms for a punch. As Kamukura had predicted, the difference in strength between the two of them was too great, and Midoriya was sent flying into the nearby wall.

“Ah, almost forgot,” Muscular had the look of just remembering something unimportant, as if he remembered that he was told to buy brown eggs when he had already bought white. He leaned downwards to make himself eye level with Midoriya, “if you know, then tell me. Where is the kid named ‘Bakugou’? Gotta do my work requirements first.”

Kamukura watched Midoriya’s face contort with shock and confusion as Muscular asked about his childhood friend. After a moment, Muscular impatiently let loose another punch sending Midoriya flat onto the ground.

“Can I put you down for an ‘I dunno’? That okay? All righty then... now we can play!”

Gritting his teeth, Midoriya got up and launched himself with One for All and sent a 5% punch straight at Muscular.

“That’s it? That’s your quirk?” Muscular asked as he blocked the punch with his arm, completely unfazed, “well, it’s speedy enough but...” the villain backhanded Midoriya a couple of meters away, “it don’t got enough power!”

Kamukura watched Midoriya get thrown onto the ground, breathing heavily and not getting up. By now, Midoriya’s confidence is slowly fading away, replaced with the knowledge that he cannot win this fight despite his best efforts. Kamukura saw Muscular raise his fibrous arm straight above the fallen Midoriya, aiming to finish the fight in one blow. But he is not the only one in this fight.

Eyes red from crying, a rock flew from Kouta’s hands and struck Muscular in the back of the neck, “The Water Horses... papa... mama... were they both... tortured like that when you killed them...?!”

Muscular’s face contorted with disbelief before an evil grin spread across his face, “what the...? No, you can’t be serious. You’re the kid of those heroes?” he lumbered to where Kouta was cowering, Muscle fibers wrapping around his arms, “well call this fate. The Water Horses were the duo who made me need this artificial eye! And now...”

Muscular turned around and Midoriya leapt towards him, “here he comes, like I knew you would, wipeout boy.”

*He predicted that Midoriya would come for him if he threatened the child, Kamukura noted, but Midoriya... the more he is pushed into a corner, the more determined he becomes. He plans to wedge his arm into Muscular’s exposed muscle fibers so he won’t be thrown off, from there he can attack his head directly. A risky, self-sacrificing strategy, but possibly one of his only options.*

Muscular scoffed as Midoriya did just that, “and? You plan on hitting me with that other weak-ass arm?”

“It’s got nothing to do with whether you can do it or not,” Midoriya shouted while reeling his arm back, “it’s a hero’s job to put his life on the line and act up to his words! One for All: 100%! SMAAAASH!!!”

Kamukura moved to steady himself as the ground rumbled beneath him, the force of Midoriya’s punch sent Muscular flying into the rocky wall while Midoriya and Kouta were sent in the opposite direction.

Kamukura glanced at two of them talk about their plans to head back to the lodge, then at the body
lying on the cracked mountain wall.

_It is just as I predicted_, thought Kamukura as Muscular got back up much to the horror of Midoriya and Kouta. They watched as Muscular picked himself up and retracted his Muscle fibers back into his body.

Kamukura could sense their hopes slowly fading away.

_Midoriya is too weak to win a fight against Muscular, he will die here, and then so will the boy._ Having decided that he had seen enough, Kamukura turned to leave, but before he could take a single step...

...then... help... him...

What? Kamukura looked around for the source of the voice he just heard, it didn’t match any of the three people fighting in front of him, and he didn’t hear anyone coming up. _Who...? Was I just hearing things?_ Kamukura shook his head and focused on the battle in front of him, _and what was it saying? “Help him”? Help... Midoriya? But his fight does not concern me, Muscular has not attacked me and Midoriya has not requested my assistance. There is no reason for me to aid him in any way._

Having decided upon that, Kamukura put his focus back onto the fight. Muscular had swapped his prosthetic eye out, having declared that that was the eye he wore when he got serious. Midoriya grabbed Kouta and attempted to flee the scene, but Muscular simply jumped and landed in front of them, blocking their escape.

Still unnoticed, Kamukura watched Midoriya with renewed diligence.

“Stand back, Kouta,” he warned, “but not too far, or else you’ll become a target. How about 7 paces, yeah, 7 paces away from me. If the punch lands, then bolt back to the facility with everything you’ve got.”

_Midoriya..._ Kamukura narrowed his eyes, closely examining his stance and voice, _how can he still choose to fight? Both his arms have been broken and will undoubtedly suffer permanent damage. He is much weaker compared to when the fight started, against an opponent that is fighting much more seriously as well._

“It’s okay.” said Midoriya as he sent another 100% Detroit Smash into Muscular’s wall of muscle fibers.

“Oooh, whassa matter? That was weaker than before!!” Muscular laughed.

“It’s okay. It’s okay,” Midoriya repeated, tears stinging his eyes, “it’s okay. Because I won’t let him go an inch past this point! So now’s your chance! Run!! Run now!!”

“Well now, you little shit,” Muscular taunted, “ain’t we having a goddamn blast? Show me some blood, baby!”

Kamukura watched as Midoriya struggled to hold Muscular back. His right finger began to twitch but he was too focused to notice. Kamukura kept his attention focused solely on the battle in front of him. Midoriya was being pushed into the ground by Muscular, while he was still holding on for dear life.

A large stream of water suddenly splashed onto Muscular’s face, both Kamukura and Muscular looked toward the source.
“S-stop!” Kouta shouted with his arm outstretched, water dripping from the palm of his hand.

“Sit tight, kid, I’ll come kill ya right after this,” Muscular promised but then looked down in surprise.

Kamukura’s eyes opened wide, not possible, he thought, Midoriya should not have this level of strength. He should be completely powerless with the damage sustained to his arms. But his power is actually rising?

“You think I’m gonna let you?!?!” Midoriya screamed at the top of his lungs, “One for All: 1000000%! Delaware... Detroit... SMAAAASH!!!”

Midoriya broke through the shield of muscle fibers with one punch, then sent Muscular flying into the mountain with a second. Midoriya waited for Muscular to get up, but he remained motionless on top of the rubble.

“AAAAAAAAHHHHH!!!” Battered and bruised, arms completely broken, Midoriya let out a primal yell straight into the sky, he yelled loud and hard until his throat hurt.

Kouta was watching Midoriya with awe, but Kamukura was looking at something else entirely. Muscular’s body rumbled, then slowly got back up, a hand holding his chest and a face twisted with pain.

“No...”

“Haah... haah...” Muscular breathed shallow breaths and trained his good eye on Midoriya, “that’s three... maybe four broken ribs... not to mention my back’s pretty sliced up because of all those rocks. Yer lookin’ kinda blurry, maybe a concussion on top of all that...?”

Muscular paused to cough up some blood which he wiped away with his left arm, he was using his right to steady himself with the mountain wall.

“Suppose... the smart thing to do is... retreat... not move too much in this condition. Hell... maybe even feign unconsciousness and wait for you to run away... then get out before the authorities showed up.” Muscular took a tentative step forward, scowling, “but I... made a promise. Promised I would kill ya both. An’ I keep my promises.”

“No...” mumbled Midoriya, too weak to even stand up right, he watched Muscular approach with terror.

This is it, the battle has reached the expected outcome, thought Kamukura, Midoriya’s and Kouta’s deaths, they’re inevitable. Their lives will end here by the hands of this villain, no one will be able to save them, no help will come. If that’s the case... if that’s the case then...

If that’s the case then what are you doing just standing there?! HELP HIM!!!

A breeze blew past Kouta and Midoriya, and suddenly in front of Muscular stood a figure, dressed in a pitch black suit and adorned with an equally black tie, red eyes almost glowing with determination in the pitch blackness of the night.

“Who the hell-”

Before he could finish posing the question, a punch shot out in the blink of an eye and landed right into his ribcage. A roar of pain came from Muscular as he took a step back. Not giving him a chance to recover, Kamukura landed blow after blow on his chest, until Muscular spread out more
Muscle fibers from his arm as shield.

From there, Muscular attempted to backhand Kamukura as he did to Midoriya, but Kamukura dodged with ease and moved to set up another barrage of attacks.

*It’s... it’s Kamukura! He’s here to save us!* Midoriya was filled with awe as he watched Kamukura perfectly dodge each of Muscular’s powerful attacks and retaliate with perfect and precise counterattacks of his own. There was nothing Muscular could do against him, Kamukura moved as if he had predicted each and every possible move that Muscular was going to make. And knowing Kamukura, he probably did.

Watching the battle between Muscular and Kamukura, Midoriya slowly realized something. *He’s always dodging to the same three locations, no matter what Muscular’s attack is. But he’s slowly picking up on the pattern, his attacks are getting closer and closer to connecting!*

“Got you now!” Muscular shouted triumphantly as he deployed a low sweep with his arm and attacked the area he predicted Kamukura to be. His attack hit the wall and let loose some debris.

“No!” gasped Midoriya and Kouta at the same time.

“Wha-?”

“Ah!” Midoriya’s eyes widened as he realized Kamukura’s ploy, *by dodging in a pattern he made Muscular believe that he could predict his movements. Then, when he tried to attack where he thought Kamukura would be... he was so sure of his attack that he made himself vulnerable!*

Exactly as Midoriya had analyzed, Muscular’s attack had forced him to be lower on the ground than he was used to. Realizing his mistake, he quickly tried to move his head back to avoid the attack. But it was too late, Kamukura shot out a punch, an uppercut, that connected at Muscular’s exposed chin and continued straight up as if it were nothing. Muscular’s brain rattled inside his skull, and he was out before his body had even hit the ground.

Kamukura stared at the unconscious villain on the ground, his expression now back to normal.

Muscular had been defeated.

Chapter End Notes

Kamukura: What part of my explanation about luck do you still not understand?
Midoriya: All of it.

Midoriya: What part of “being a hero is about helping others” do you not understand?
Kamukura: All of it.

If I had to name the unluckiest kids in UA, it would be Bakugou in first and Mineta close behind.

Kamukura has mastered the ability of standing so incredibly still that he’s become invisible to the eye.

The mountain fight was also one of the scenes that I had planned out since before I started the story. Originally it was slightly different, but I changed it to the version
above. I thought it ended up pretty well, let me know your thoughts.

Next chapter: Kamukura reflects on what happened and we find out what happens to Bakugou if we have enough time.
"That was amazing!" deciding that Muscular was 100% defeated this time, Midoriya staggered forward towards Kamukura, ignoring the pain coursing throughout his entire body.

Kamukura stared at his hand, not noticing Midoriya and completely engulfed in his own thoughts.

My body moved on its own... Why...? How could I lose control of my own body? Kamukura thought, and what was that voice I heard? It was so loud, but... he turned around to scan the area, it could not have come from anyone here.

"Huh?" Midoriya noticed Kamukura looking around, "is something the matter?"

"No, there is no one else here," he mumbled.

"Ah, that’s probably a good thing," Midoriya sighed, relieved that they wouldn’t have to fight any more villains. He then looked up at Kamukura, “but seriously, that was amazing! The way you dodged and finished the fight with a single punch!”

"But if you came sooner then he wouldn’t have had to get all beaten up," Kouta mumbled with tears in his eyes, not facing the two heroes, “I mean...” he trailed off.

"Kouta, it’s alright," Midoriya smiled, “I’m sure Kamukura didn’t mean to come so late,” he turned to the person in question, “right?"

"If you had said something then I would have acted much sooner," Kamukura stated.

"Ah, yeah..." Midoriya winced, “I didn’t tell anyone where I was going because I didn’t expect a villain to be here. I thought I could grab Kouta and get back to the lodge quickly. But luckily you were able to find us in the nick of time!"

"No, that is not what I had meant," Kamukura said.

"Oh?"

“I had followed after you the moment you separated from the group, and arrived here at the same time you did. I watched you fight Muscular from a distance, unnoticed by the three of you. I was only spurred into action just now after you had greatly damaged both of your arms,” were all words that Kamukura had been prepared to say. But when he opened his mouth nothing came out.

Confused, Kamukura tried again, but try as he could, the words he wanted to say would not come out.

“Uh...?” Midoriya waited for Kamukura to explain himself, and stared at Kamukura in confused silence.

“Nevermind, it’s not important,” Kamukura dismissed hastily and began walking away.

“O-oh, um, hey!” Midoriya called out after Kamukura, causing him to stop walking and turn around, “I was wondering if um... if you could take Kouta back to the lodge for me.”
“Alright,” Kamukura accepted without question and walked back to where the kid was standing. He knelt down and let Kouta climb onto his back.

“Wait!” Kouta said as Kamukura began to leave a second time, stopping him in his tracks once again. Kouta turned and looked at Midoriya’s battered body, “you’re coming too, aren’t you?”

“Ah, no, I’m not,” Midoriya smiled a weary smile at Kouta’s worried expression, “I’ve still got something I need to do.”

“What the hell do you mean ‘something you need to do’?! You’re completely beat up!” Kouta yelled on Kamukura’s back.

“I gotta tell Mandalay that you’re safe,” Midoriya explained, “and I gotta tell her that the villains’ target is Kacchan. Kamukura will take you back to the lodge, you’ll be safe with him.

Plus, there’s something that only you can do.”

“Something only I can do?”

“They set fire to the forest, and as long as it’s burning then we have no way out. Get what I’m saying? We need your Water quirk.”

Midoriya stumbled past where Kamukura was standing and started to activate One for All in his legs.

“You... you can still move with those injuries...?!”

“I made sure that my legs didn’t get damaged in the fight,” Midoriya turned to Kouta and then Kamukura, “I’m leaving Kouta’s safety in your hands, alright? Make sure he gets to the lodge safely.”

“Of course.” Kamukura promised.

Midoriya ran off, a few sparks of green lightning shooting from his legs, broken arms flapping behind him in the wind.

“Let us go,” Kamukura said after a while. He set off running in a controlled speed so as not to make Kouta uncomfortable on his back.

“W-why?” Kouta whispered while Kamukura carried him through the forest, “in a situation like this, he’s still trying to help someone else, isn’t he?”

“He is,” Kamukura affirmed Kouta’s suspicions.

“And he saved me but I... I punched him! Right in the crotch! But, even still...! Still he wrecked himself to save me! And I still haven’t even said sorry, or even thanked him...!” Kouta whimpered, “I wanted nothing to do with him, or any of those heroes. He knew that, but he still fought so hard against that villain!”

Kamukura said nothing and continued to run.

“Do you... do you think his arms will be okay?”

“Okay?” Kamukura repeated, “not likely. By pushing himself to the limits that he did, he broke through the natural limiter that exists in a human body. Doing so puts great stress on the body that is not easy to recover from. Additionally, this is not the first time that he has broken his arms in
combat, nor is it the first time that he has continued to fight with already broken arms. Repeatedly breaking his own arms like that gradually wears down the ligaments, which is what connects bones together. If his ligaments deteriorate too much, then his arms may become permanently paralyzed.”

“P-p-paralyzed?!” Kouta shouted, “he risked that much for me...?”

“Midoriya is likely unaware of exactly how much damage he has suffered. Right now adrenaline is preventing him from feeling the full extent of his injuries. That is the only reason he is still able to move in this scenario.”

Kouta was silent for a while as he took this in.

“Um... people... people like Midoriya,” Kouta asked in a tiny voice, “are all heroes like him?”

Kamukura pondered the question. He thought back to what had happened on the mountain, how he had simply watched as Midoriya was almost beaten to death, and how Midoriya’s first instinct to the villains’ appearance was to go to where he thought Kouta would be.

“No, they are not.” Kamukura stated decisively.

“I see...”

Kouta was quiet for the rest of the trip back.

Eventually, as they approached the lodge, they met up with Aizawa who was outside. Aizawa, spotting Kamukura, ran over them.

“Kamukura, where did-” Aizawa spots Kouta riding on his back, “so that’s what you were doing. I guess, given the circumstances, I won’t scold Midoriya and you this time. Is Kouta alright? Midoriya was with you, I presume? Where is he now?”

“Kouta is unhurt,” Kamukura answered, “Midoriya was with me but is now heading towards where Mandalay was.”

“I see, is Midoriya alright?” Aizawa asked casually, looking Kamukura up and down and noting that he seemed to be unhurt.

“No, there was a villain at Kouta’s hideout. Midoriya broke both of his arms subduing him and will possibly suffer catastrophic permanent damage.”

Aizawa blinked, unsure if he had heard Kamukura correctly. He asked Kamukura to repeat himself and he did.

“If Midoriya is as heavily injured as you say he is, then why is he going back into the danger?”

“The adrenaline coursing through him is allowing him to ignore the pain. He is solely focused in saving Bakugou, and is ignoring all the signals his body is giving him to stop.”

There was more than one thing in what Kamukura just said that was worth noting, Aizawa decided to tackle one detail at a time, “Bakugou? What do you-”

“One of the villains’ goals has been made clear! It’s the student named ‘Kacchan’!” Mandalay’s voice suddenly rang out in everyone’s ears. Aizawa and Kouta looked up at the interruption while Kamukura stayed still.

“Got it ‘Kacchan’?! As such, this ‘Kacchan’ should avoid battle as much as he or she can! If
you’re alone, then don’t move!”

“The villain that Midoriya fought revealed that one of their goals is Bakugou, from what he said to Midoriya it seems that they want Bakugou alive.”

“Hm? What else did they say to Midoriya?”

“They said that Midoriya is on the priority kill list.”

“What?!” Aizawa lost all semblance of composure, “knowing that, you still let him go to where the villains are at? If he’s as damaged as you say and you’re completely fine then why aren’t you going over there instead?”

“He asked me to take Kouta back to the lodge,” Kamukura explained.

Aizawa calmed down slightly, “hmph, so he was just trying to ensure Kouta’s safety?” Aizawa was still bothered but it looked like he accepted this explanation. Kamukura was unhurt and would therefore be better equipped to deal with any danger that they encountered from the hideout to the lodge.

“No,” Kamukura shot down, “he just didn’t realize that letting me go in his stead was an option.”

“What?” their homeroom teacher looked annoyed again, “you are the height of irrationality.”

Kamukura said nothing and quietly accepted this, much to Aizawa’s annoyance.

“I’ll deal with you later,” Aizawa shook his head, “go to the lodge and meet with Vlad King. Stay inside where it’s safe.” Aizawa said this and ran off in the direction of the fighting.

Kamukura did as he was told and entered the lodge where Vlad King ushered them both to the classroom where the students who had made it back safely were hiding out.

Iida spotted Kamukura and walked up to him, he scolded him for being so reckless and just like Aizawa asked where Midoriya was and whether or not he was okay. Just like with Aizawa, Kamukura had not sugar coated his explanation and told him his honest assessment of Midoriya’s state.

Iida responded with a worried “I see” and went back to where he was sitting.

Kamukura glanced at the students who were in the classroom, along the five students who were taking supplementary lessons were the students who had not yet entered the forest for the test of courage. They were huddling about, looking at the windows nervously or at their feet in glum silence.

Not caring about the tense atmosphere, Kamukura walked over to the nearest desk and sat down.

“Everyone in class A and B!” came Mandalay’s Telepathic voice a second time that night. Everyone except Kamukura instinctively looked up, even though there was nothing to see, “on the name of the pro hero Eraserhead, you are hereby permitted to battle!!”

Following the announcement, Iida, Kirishima, and Ashido walked towards Vlad King. Vlad King, who could sense their intent simply said, “no.” in a gruff voice.

“They’re after our bro here, c’mon! Please let us go!” Kirishima pleaded.

“No!” Vlad King repeated.
“If it’s unclear how many villains there are then would it not be advisable to increase our strength in numbers, if only a little?!” Iida brought up a point.

“Even Aizawa told us we could fight!”

“Yeah, to protect yourselves. So that you can all come back here.” Vlad King refused to budge a centimetre from his position.

Outside of the classroom, the sound of a door being kicked open could be heard.

“Hey, sensei’s back. I’ll go ask him directly,” Kirishima decided and turned towards the exit.

“No... no, wait!”

Vlad King tackled Kirishima back as the door to the classroom was engulfed in flames, both of them narrowly avoided the fire.

Everybody turned their attention onto the newcomer, a plain looking man with charred flesh on his face and arms. He was the villain known as Dabi, though the class didn’t know that. He held up his hand and started to gather more Flames to throw, but was pushed into the wall by Vlad King.

“You’d just waltz in here and attack us without a strategy? You must be underestimating us something fierce!” streams of Blood shot out of Vlad King’s wrist attachment and moved to pin the Dabi onto the wall.

“What’s there to overestimate? You’re all behaving just like I thought you would,” the villain smiled despite his position, “the second you fell a step behind us, you lost. The pinnacle of education in heroics, and the Symbol of Peace, All-Might. The two most trusted rocks of hero society. Just what should happen if that trust is stirred? The shockwaves will spread toward society as a whole.

Take tonight for instance, where the faculty of UA were careless enough to let multiple ambushes happen, and the school was weak enough to have one of its students stolen away by a gang of villains on top of that.

Just look at us! They’re so few of us, and yet we’ve driven you all into a corner!”

“Don’t waste your time with him, Vlad,” said Aizawa as he kicked the restrained Dabi in the head.

Aizawa proceeded to stomp him into a gooey black paste, explaining that the one they saw was actually a copy of the real thing.

After a quick exchange between Aizawa and Vlad King, the students started clamouring once more for a chance to help their friends who were still in the forest, fighting against the attacking villains.

But Aizawa shot that idea down, saying that even if they had the numbers advantage, they still didn’t know if Bakugou was villains’ only goal.

“For the time being, our win condition will be making sure every one of us comes out of this mess safe and sound.”

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“Target acquired, release ‘em.” Dabi commanded as he sank back into a portal.

“The hell was that laser?” muttered a masked villain named Mr. Compress, “ruined my entire show
it did.”

Compress snapped his fingers, and two people popped out of two tiny orbs.

The orb in Shoji’s hand turned into Tokoyami.

While the orb in Dabi’s hand...

“Kacchan!” Midoriya cried out as he leapt at the closing portal.

Dabi’s hands closed around Bakugou’s neck and slowly pulled him into the portal. His eyes burned with intensity as he watched his childhood friend struggle to close the distance between the two of them.

“Stay away... Deku.” was all he said before disappearing into the portal. Soon after that, the portal disappeared as well.

“Ah.. ah...” Midoriya fell to the ground, the pain and exhaustion of the night was slowly catching up to him, but none of it compared to the pain of watching his friend be snatched away right in front of his eyes.

Tired, hurt, and utterly defeated, Midoriya let loose a scream into the night sky that was filled with despair.

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Deep inside Hope’s Peak underground facility, two girls were inside a room containing a large amount of screens. One girl sat in front of a control panel, engrossed in her phone and tapping a few buttons every so often without looking. The other girl stood by, watching the girl tap buttons with great curiosity.

“Junko, are you sure you know what you’re doing?” Ikusaba asked, watching class 77 walk around confused on the large monitors. Every time Enoshima pressed a button, the layout of the facility would change. Although they had all started together, the class had been completely separated because of Enoshima’s shenanigans and were now trying to find their way around the maze she had created.

“Hmm, nope, not really.” Enoshima replied, still entranced by her cell phone. She tapped a button with her pinky and a large steel door slammed shut in front of Nidai, causing him to curse and turn around in frustration.

“Eh?” Ikusaba was startled.

“I only just started using this thing, do you honestly expect me to know what to do immediately?” Enoshima sighed, “but if you’re bored I’ll bring someone over.”

“Huh? Bring someone over? Do you mean...?”

A door behind them slid upwards, a young girl wearing a white apron was standing at the doorway. She looked around the room she found herself in, spotted the two girls at the centre of the room and raced over.

“Ah, Junko, Mukuro! I found you two!” Tsumiki smiled, “I brought my class as you said. But um...” she pressed the tips of her fingers together, “the walls kept moving around and I got separated from them!” she brought her hands up to her head as if to block an attack, “I—I’m sorry!
Please don’t hate me!

“Hm? Hate you? Why, did you do something wrong?” Enoshima turned around in her chair and asked.

“Y-you told me to bring my class here to see you, but I ended up getting separated and now I don’t know where they are...”

“Oh, that? Don’t worry about that. I decided that it would be beneficial if they waited a bit before I meet with them,” Enoshima gestured to the monitors behind her. Tsumiki looked and saw her classmates wandering down various corridors and hallways alone and confused.

“O-oh, I see...” Tsumiki blushed.

“And Mikan,” Enoshima crossed her legs and stared hard at the nurse with a serious expression, “I told you that I would forgive you for any mistakes you may make. You’re new to this whole thing, so it’s only to be expected. So, don’t worry. No matter how wrong you feel it is, you don’t have to worry about a thing. Because I’ll forgive you no matter what.”

“R-right!” Tsumiki accepted and looked around the floor, familiar backpacks and coats littered the floor, “is this our stuff?”

“Uh, yeah,” Ikusaba answered with a shy smile, “Junko asked me to bring your guys’ stuff in from the classroom.”

“Okay!” Enoshima hopped out of her chair and looked to her underlings, “we’re almost there, we just need to wait for one more person to arrive!”

“One more person?” Tsumiki asked.

“I thought Mikan was the only one from class 77 that you befriended,” said Ikusaba.

“Of course you wouldn’t understand...” Enoshima sighed dramatically, then help up her cell phone so that they could read what was on it, “take a look at this!”

“UA first years attacked at summer camp, villains abduct hero student...?!” Ikusaba read aloud.

“Ah, UA was attacked again?” Tsumiki hugged her her arms to her chest nervously, “I really hope they’re alright...”

“It has been reported that UA first years, during their summer training camp, was attacked by the League of Villains. Although there were no casualties, a number of students were injured by the attack, and one has been captured. UA Hero Course first year student, Katsuki Bakugou, was abducted by the villains-”

Enoshima put her phone in her pocket, interrupting Ikusaba’s reading, “well, you should get it now. I’ll be going to welcome our last guest personally.”

“Wait, when did we start working with the League of Villains?” Ikusaba pondered.

“Huh? We’re working with villains?” Tsumiki looked scared at the unexpected development.

“What are you two talking about?” Enoshima looked at the two in confusion, “when’d I say anything about working with villains?”

“Uh, just now you said that our last guest was coming, then showed us that the League of Villains
abducted a Hero Course student.” Ikusaba explained her reasoning, “aren’t you trying to imply that our last guest is the student who just got kidnapped?”

Enoshima looked to Tsumiki who nodded her head, implying that she agreed with Ikusaba’s deduction.

“Seriously?” Enoshima sighed, “you all saw this Bakugou kid at the Sports Festival, why would I want to bring someone like him here? Do you think he’d be the type to want to join us? Whatever, if you can’t figure it out then he’ll just have to be a surprise. Later.”

Enoshima started to walk off but then stopped to look back, “oh yeah, and you two man the controls. Make sure that none of them escape or find this room.”

“Wait, what? But I don’t know how to use these controls,” Ikusaba called out in a panic.

“Weren’t you watching me? Teach Mikan and you two can take turns,” Enoshima dismissed her sister’s worries and casually walked away.

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A hand slammed down on the headmaster’s desk. “Unacceptable, this is completely unacceptable!”

Kirigiri took a look at the news report on his phone, then stared the Steering Committee member dead in his eyes, “you’re right. Villains attacking UA first years during their summer camp? Absolutely dreadful. Those children must have been awfully scared. And the child that was abducted? I’m sure their parents are worried sick for their son.”

The second member of the committee stepped up, “that’s not what we meant and you know it,” his voice almost growling. “Need I remind you, Kirigiri, that sending Izuru Kamukura to UA was your idea?”

“I hope you’re not insinuating that I wanted something like this to happen. That I wanted to send your little project into certain doom.”

“It does not matter what the intent was,” the third member spoke up, “what matters is the result. Izuru Kamukura’s safety has been compromised, there is no reason to continue allowing him to attend UA.”

“Compromised? How do you figure? Though it is a fate that I do not wish upon any person, Kamukura was not the student that was abducted by villains.”

“He was not the one abducted, no. No doubt thanks to his own talent, rather than any of the staff at UA.” The last member of the Steering Committee spoke, “but this incident speaks volumes about the safety situation at UA. What if more villains attack? Can we rely on the teachers at UA to protect their students?”

“This was not the first time UA was attacked by villains, if you recall,” Kirigiri kept his calm while speaking, “there had been another attack before that, before this year’s Sports Festival.”

“And that villain attack was repelled by All-Might without a hitch,” the Steering Committee sneered at the mention of his name, “we were loathe to the idea to allow Kamukura remain at UA even after that incident. But seeing as how nothing had happened to the students, we decided to let it be.”

“That is not the case with this incident, however. A student has been kidnapped, and UA failed to
stop it.”

“All of our hopes rests on the Kamukura Project succeeding. And need we remind you, Kirigiri, that your fate as headmaster of this school also largely rests on it.”

“We will bring him back to Hope’s Peak Academy where it’s safe. You will call Nedzu and we-”

The fourth Steering Committee member was interrupted by a laugh from Kirigiri, he laughed loudly and without any mirth or cheer behind it.

“I’m sorry, have you forgotten what happened at our school just a few weeks ago? Or have you started believing your own lies and really do think that the student council is just on an ‘overseas trip’?”

“That event is irrelevant,” the Steering Committee dismissed, “we will keep him safely hidden underground. We won’t have him roaming wherever he likes.”

“What a magnificent education he’s going to have,” Kirigiri commented sarcastically.

“Make the call, Kirigiri. Or we will make it for you.” The Steering Committee’s eyes narrowed, “tell Nedzu to prepare Kamukura to be sent over right away. After that, arrange his transportation with that company, you know the one.”

The Steering Committee left the headmaster’s office, leaving Kirigiri to sigh heavily and pick up the phone.

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“I’m sorry for asking this favour of you, I know how tired you are of being jerked around by the Steering Committee.”

Kirigiri put down the receiver and sighed. Principal Nedzu was understanding, of course, he had predicted that something like this was coming the moment he got the news about the villain attack.

Kirigiri felt bad for him, he had joked that getting the media’s attention away from Hope’s Peak would’ve been helpful, but not like this. Not only was a student taken from under the nose of so many heroes, but as heroes it would be their responsibility to clean it up. And whether or not they succeed, UA will still be in the media’s crosshairs for allowing something like this to even happen.

That was the problem when society was so dependent on heroes, they start to be the first target for criticism.

“There’s just one more call I need to make,” muttered Kirigiri as he lifted the receiver again.

After a few rings, a deep voice answered, “Suzuki here. How can I help you, Headmaster Kirigiri?”

“Got a bit of an emergency here. They want you to pick him up from UA, and drive him to Hope’s Peak Academy. As fast as you can, they say.”

“I’ll hurry, but I won’t drive recklessly. If it’s a real emergency you would’ve called an ambulance,” Suzuki reasoned.

“That’s fine, take as much time as you need.” Kirigiri assured, “just wondering, have you seen the news recently?”

“I don’t own a television at my apartment, and I generally leave the radio off in my car. Why, is
“No, I was just wondering. Don’t you have a cell phone? In fact, aren’t you using one now?” Kirigiri noted.

“I’m afraid I haven’t quite got the hang of using my cell phone for more than just calling and texting.” Suzuki admitted, “I suppose that’s what happens when you get old. Technology starts to become foreign to you.”

“Ain’t that the truth.” Kirigiri smiled for a moment, “well, I won’t keep you for much longer. They still want you to deliver him quickly.”

“Right then, I’ll be off.”

Outside of UA’s grounds, a single flame could be seen in the darkness of night. Standing outside of his vehicle, Suzuki inhaled from his cigarette, and exhaled a lungful of smoke. He turned and saw his passenger arrive, carrying a heavy suitcase and a bored expression.

“Are you ready?” Suzuki asked.

“I am.” Kamukura replied.

“Let’s get going then,” the driver extinguished his cigarette on a neary ashtray, and threw it into the garbage can. Kamukura and Suzuki entered the car, and together they headed off in the direction of Hope’s Peak.

Chapter End Notes

Not much happened this chapter. Well, I guess Bakugou got kidnapped. But aside from that, not much.

The scenes of Midoriya running through the forest and trying to save Bakugou has been heavily trimmed because nothing in them changes from canon. In return I was able to fit in some Hope’s Peak scenes.

Next chapter: Kamukura rides to Hope’s Peak Academy with Suzuki, and Midoriya wakes up in the hospital.
“Is there something troubling you? If there is, you can talk to me about it.”

The drive to Hope’s Peak had started out quiet, with Suzuki driving along the highway while Kamukura stared out the windshield looking bored. There were no words exchanged between the two, just like the first time when Taichi Suzuki had been requested to transport Kamukura from Hope’s Peak to UA. But then the driver suddenly said this to Kamukura, who turned his head silently to study him.

“It’s fine if you don’t want to,” Suzuki added quickly, “I know that there are some details about your situation that are supposed to remain confidential. It’s just that it seems like there’s something on your mind.”

Suzuki studied the driver. His hair was short and slicked back, and although it was mostly black, there were a few white hairs mixed in. His face, which generally wore a stern, serious expression, seemed to have sharp features in his youth but was beginning to wrinkle in his old age. Underneath his uniform seemed to contain an immense amount of strength. Judging by how he drove, however, he was still relatively new at this job, having been a professional driver for possibly no more than three months.

“I suppose. Ask me whatever you like, I will answer to the best of my ability,” Kamukura responded noncommittally, turning away from Suzuki and returned to observing the road.

“Alright,” Suzuki nodded, keeping his eyes trained on the road, “perhaps we should start with the details. What exactly happened that you’re feeling off about?”

“I watched as a person who considers me a friend get attacked and almost killed,” Kamukura explained.

“Hmm, I can see how that might be troubling,” Suzuki frowned and talked in a sympathetic voice, “did you try to help them?”

“No... not initially.”

“But you did help eventually?” Suzuki asked stoically, “why didn’t you help from the beginning? Were you afraid?”

“No. I was not afraid.” Kamukura answered honestly.

“Was there a reason you didn’t help your friend, then?”

“He is not my friend,” Kamukura corrected, “I merely said that he considers me a friend. And the reason I did not try to help him was because I was not involved in the fight initially.”

“I see,” Suzuki said, “so you helped him out after being made involved.”

“No.”

“No?”
Kamukura held up his hand and studied it, “I do not know why I helped him. My body simply moved on its own.”

“And that is what’s troubling you?” Suzuki snuck a glance to his passenger, who pursed his lips in response.

“If you were attending UA, then you would be studying to be a hero, yes? Though, I suppose I can’t make those kinds of assumptions,” Suzuki mused to himself, “still, I would think that acting to save someone who was in trouble, even if you weren’t technically involved in the fight, would generally be a good thing to do.”

Kamukura was silent as he considered the driver’s words.

“But then again, I don’t know much about your current situation. I doubt I’m the most qualified to comment on it,” Suzuki admitted. “How about this, would you have been alright with allowing that person to die?”

“I-” Kamukura began to give his answer, but his mind thought back to his memories of Midoriya. The memories of eating lunch, training, and watching him compete in the Sports Festival filled his mind. He shook his head slightly and continued, “it does not matter to me if he lived or he died.”

“I see. So when you jumped in to save him, you did not do so out of concern. And that is why you are conflicted.” Suzuki summarized.

“Indeed.”

“You know...” the taxi driver’s eyes became wistful, as if remembering a long forgotten past, “there have been times in my life where I lost control of myself and desperately acted to save the people I cared about. I didn’t give a single care what would have happened to me as long as I could have helped,” Suzuki smiled fondly, “it didn’t always work out for the best in the end, though.” Suzuki sighed at this, as if remembering a more bitter memory.

“But I did so anyway because I had a strong desire to help people. I guess you could say that I was simply headstrong in my youth, but I don’t think my increasing age has quashed that desire of mine.” He took another brief glance at Kamukura before returning his eyes to the road, “what about you? Do you have that same desire to help others?”

Kamukura turned to look at the passenger window. In the darkness of the night, he could somewhat see his reflection in the glass. He studied the spot above his forehead that was covered by his long hair. Even if his hair wasn’t covering it, he knew that the markings made by Hope’s Peak would not be visible to anyone who wasn’t looking specifically for it. He was their pride and joy, after all, and they wouldn’t want their masterpiece to look imperfect for the media.

A flicker of annoyance flashed across Kamukura’s face.

“A desire to help others... no, I was not... born with that trait,” Kamukura answered.

“I see. Don’t worry, that's nothing to be ashamed of,” Suzuki nodded compassionately, “let me ask you this, then. Regardless of if you were in control of your body or not, do you regret saving that person?”

Kamukura pondered this carefully. After great deliberation, he arrived at an answer.

“No, I do not.”
“I see. That’s good at least.”

Midoriya felt strange, like he was floating, but still strangely rigid. His eyes darted back and forth, taking in his surroundings.

This is... Kouta’s hideout? Why am I back here? Midoriya moved his gaze forward. There’s Kouta... Muscular... didn’t we defeat him? And that’s... Oh, I see. So this is a dream.

Midoriya’s mind snapped into focus as he saw himself, green hair and shirtless body, from behind, taking blow after blow from Muscular.

Why am I having this dream? I could understand it if it were a nightmare about Muscular but this... this just feels like I’m watching a movie of my own life.

Midoriya watched his own body take another strike from Muscular without any emotion. He didn’t wince in sympathy for his past self, nor did the spot that dream Muscular had struck flare up in pain.

This is rather... boring, is it not? I already know what’s going to happen, there’s really no point in watching it again, Midoriya thought. He attempted to turn his head and found that he could. He looked down the path of the mountain, he could almost feel his foot take a step away from the fight going on behind him.

I wonder... if I could just leave myself here? Go off and explore for a bit... Midoriya turned his head around, surveying his own dream. This place is quite detailed, isn’t it? It really feels like I’m back at the hideout.

Midoriya turned his attention back to himself. If I remember correctly, then this is around the time that...

Midoriya watched as his past self looked back at Kouta, though his eyes were filled with fear, he had still been smiling. Though Midoriya couldn’t really hear anything, he knew that his dream self had told Kouta to stand a few paces away from him, then to run if the punch connected. He watched Kouta panic and cry, but ultimately did as he was told to do.

Midoriya felt something inside his chest as he watched himself stand his ground against Muscular. He felt himself tighten as he sent two blows back to back against the villain, filled with overwhelming force.

Whoa, did I really do that? Midoriya was shocked at his own actions. He could feel his eyes widening, which is strange because he should be asleep right now. Midoriya watched his past self let loose a wild scream of victory that he couldn’t quite hear.

But it’s not over yet, thought Midoriya grimly. He looked at himself, then at Kouta, then at the mess that he made in the rubble with Muscular’s body.

He could feel the tiniest bit of dread build in him as he watched Muscular rise again. Dizzy from the impact, Muscular stumbled forward to dream Midoriya. He watched his past self get up to his feet once more. He was shaky and scared, horribly injured and was in no condition to still be fighting.

Midoriya felt a twinge of sympathy for his past self.
No, he felt a lot of sympathy for his past self.

It doesn’t matter if this was only a dream, it doesn’t matter if the events that were happening in front of him weren’t real.

*Why am I just standing here?* Midoriya asked himself, *I have to help him- I mean, me!!*

As the young hero thought that, he could feel his legs propelling himself forward. In an instant, he zoomed past dream Kouta and Midoriya and came face to face with dream Muscular, who looked at him with a confused expression.

Midoriya felt himself raise his arm for a punch, he reeled back and...

“OW!!! Owowowowow... ow...”

A searing pain flashed through his arm, and in an instant Midoriya was jolted awake, heart pumping and covered in a cold sweat. He blinked and stared in confusion at his own arm. Although it was dark, he could see that his own right arm was raised in the air and encased in a large cast.

“Owowowowow... ahhh, it hurts so much...” muttering to himself, Midoriya slowly lowered his arm onto the bed he was lying on.

After the pain had subsided, took a few deep breaths to calm down. Immediately, he could tell that he had a fever, as his entire body was burning up. He raised his head a little bit and saw that not just his right arm, but both of his arms had casts on them. He wiggled his arms a little and confirmed it.

Looking around him, Midoriya saw that he was actually in a hospital bed.

*So they took me to the hospital after all of that, huh? After... Kacchan got taken...* Midoriya shook his head, *no, I can’t think about that right now. I still don’t know what happened after I blacked out. Maybe... maybe the class made it out okay...*

Sighing, Midoriya plopped his head back onto his pillow. He closed his eyes again until he discovered that he felt a little chilly. Gingerly, he raised his head again and looked down at his feet.

*My blankets are all the way over there,* they were no longer covering his legs and seemed to be just a little bit out of the reach of his feet, *did I kick them off when I dreamt I was running?*

Using dexterity that he didn’t know he had, Midoriya wiggled his body down a bit, grabbed the blanket with his foot, and kicked it up repeatedly until it had covered most of his body, including the casts. Satisfied, Midoriya wiggled back up and placed his head back onto the pillow.

*That’s better,* he smiled triumphantly, *now... what was that dream I just had?*

Midoriya thought back to the strange dream where he was watching himself fight Muscular.

*The events that happened in the dream were basically what happened before Kamukura arrived,* Midoriya tried to match up what he saw in the dream and what had happened in real life, *so then near the end of it, when I rushed up to attack Muscular... That was when Kamukura joined the fight, right...? So then, was I meant to take the place of Kamukura at the last point? Could I have changed the dream if I acted earlier?*

Midoriya sighed and shook his head, he was feverish and very injured. He wasn’t going to lose sleep trying to decipher a dream he had while delirious.
Thinking this, Midoriya relaxed and promptly went back to sleep.

Zooming across the highway at a safe but brisk speed, Suzuki and Kamukura went about their trip in silence.

That is, until Suzuki decided to talk to his passenger once more. “You haven’t told me everything about what’s been bothering you, have you?” Suzuki asked, “it seems like there’s still something on your mind.”

“No, I suppose there is something I have been thinking about,” Kamukura admitted.

Suzuki nodded, “why don’t you tell me about it? It may make this long trip less boring.”

“I doubt that could be the case,” Kamukura paused, then relented, “while I was watching that person fight, there was a moment before I aided him in the fight when his action was... unpredictable.”

“Unpredictable?” Suzuki repeated the word, not quite understanding its significance, “is that a good thing or a bad thing?”

“I... do not know,” Kamukura admitted.

“Hm, I remember an old friend of mine. He was famous in our circle for acting unpredictably. Even I wasn’t able to tell what he was thinking most of the time,” Suzuki smiled fondly at the memory, “what about this person of yours? What about him was unpredictable, exactly?”

“In what should have been his final moments, when he was drawing on the last vestiges of strength. His attack was far stronger than it should have been, given how badly injured and close to death he was.”

“Is that so? Perhaps he drew out some dormant strength from simply being in a life or death situation,” Suzuki suggested, “that has been known to happen on occasion.”

“No, I have accounted for that possibility in my predictions. His strength was still far greater than it should have been.”

Suzuki shrugged, “well if that’s the case, I don’t know what to tell you. Maybe his hope gave him strength.”

“Hope? You’re suggesting that the source of this unpredictability was hope?” Kamukura asked.

“Just a theory,” Suzuki brushed off, “we’re almost there.”

An audience. Midoriya turned his head around and examined the other members of the audience.

Teddy bears? All the other audience members are teddy bears? Is this another dream? Midoriya turned back around and faced the stage, wait, stage? This has to be a dream, right?

Midoriya watched as the curtains were raised and three spotlights illuminated the stage. A single person stood there, looking disinterested and addressing the audience.

I... know that person.
Midoriya was enthralled as Kamukura began talking.

“Life is predictable.

The world is predictable.

The actions of humans,

The reactions that are caused by those actions,

So on and so on.

They are all predictable.

How each action ripples out and shape the world,

How the world changes in each and every passing moment.

From tiny, miniscule details, to grand, cataclysmic events.

It’s all so predictable.

So predictable it’s boring.

So boring it’s painful.

So painful it’s...

...

Though, I’ve long since become numb to that pain.

Despite that numbness, I seek relief to this pain.

I seek unpredictability.

Any unpredictability.

No, that’s not right. I am not satisfied with just any unpredictability.

I feel nothing from the small, insignificant events that change nothing in the world.

What I seek is unpredictability of a much larger scale.

What I seek is a world that cannot simply be predicted by my analytical skills.

If I were able to choose who shall aid me in my goal...

Who better than those who share my boredom?

Who better than another with the talent of the Ultimate Analyst?

Who better than Junko Enoshima?

In the end, is there any question as to why I joined Ultimate Despair?”

...
Midoriya opened his eyes and blinked at his own grogginess. “Ultimate Despair?” he whispered. Where had he heard that phrase before? Actually, why did he even say it in the first place? “Did I have a dream about something?” Midoriya muttered to himself, “I don’t seem to remember what it was about. But Ultimate Despair... I think... I heard that name before... somewhere. But where?” Midoriya decided it was best not to think too much about it for now. He looked to his left and saw a bowl of fruit left on the nightstand next to his bed. In front of the bowl was a card with his mother’s handwriting. “Please eat these when you wake up, then call me.” was written on it. Midoriya looked down at the casts on both of his arms, not sure I can do either of those things at the moment. He turned his head to the right and saw a magazine lying on the ground, just below the window. From where he was lying, Midoriya could somewhat see the cover of the magazine. There was a pretty girl, a model perhaps, pictured on the front cover. “Junko Enoshima,” Midoriya squinted his eyes and read the name, “that name sounds familiar as well. Maybe one of the girls in class mentioned her. She does seem pretty famous.” The door to the hallway opened a bit, and Midoriya turned to see who it was. “Ah, Midoriya! You’re up,” it was Kaminari, “morning, bro.” “Huh?” Soon, a horde of students flooded through the door. Mineta was gleefully holding a melon above his head. “Everyone in class A came... just for me?” Midoriya was shocked at the sudden liveliness of his hospital room. “No, Jirou and Hagakure are still unconscious from the gas,” Iida explained, “Yaoyorozu is also here at the hospital after suffering serious head trauma. Kamukura is... well, we couldn’t reach him. No one knows where he lives or has his phone number. That’s why those four couldn’t make it.” I have his phone number, and I know where he lives. He lives in the unfinished UA dorm rooms, Midoriya thought to himself, but that’s supposed to be a secret. “All of us makes 15 people...” Uraraka faltered. “Because Bakugou is gone,” Todoroki finished for her. “...” Midoriya was stunned. He struggled to speak his next words, “so... he really was taken... by
the villains?”

Todoroki nodded, confirming Midoriya’s fears.

“I... my hands, they could’ve reached him! I had to save him, I was supposed to save him without fail!” Midoriya began to tear up. It was in front of almost all of his classmates, but he didn’t care, “that’s the reason my quirk exists! That’s what it’s for! But it all went like sensei said it would... My body couldn’t move...”

“Then let’s go save him this time around,” Kirishima suggested way too casually.

“What?! ” The rest of the class asked.

Kirishima explained. Apparently, he and Todoroki came yesterday to visit the injured as well. Together, they overheard All-Might and the police speaking to Yaoyorozu. She had made a tracker and stuck it onto one of the villains with the help of Awase from class B, then she made a receiver so that the police could track the signal.

“So I take it that you want her to make another one of those tracking devices?” Iida looked sternly at Kirishima, who at least had the sense to look somewhat ashamed about the idea. “We should do as All-Might said! We can only leave it to the pros now! This isn’t the place for us, you fool!!”

“I know that!” Kirishima fired back, “but there was nothing I could do! When I heard that they were targeting Bakugou, I didn’t do anything! If I can’t move now, then it’ll be the death of me as a hero!” He turned to face Midoriya, “you understand, don’t you, Midoriya? Your hands can still reach him!!”

After that, the other members of the class all voiced their own opinions on the matter. Aside from Todoroki and Kirishima, everyone else that was there was fully against the plan to go rescue Bakugou by themselves.

The one who felt most strongly about it was Iida, who was still haunted by his own illegal actions during the internship week.

The discussion was cut short by Midoriya’s doctor, who shooed out all the visitors for Midoriya’s physical exam.

The last one to leave was Kirishima, who told him that the plan was going to be taking place that very night if he wanted to participate.

After the class had left, the doctor removed the casts on his arms and explained to Midoriya his current physical condition. How much he damaged his own body, and about how his arms might end up paralyzed if he suffers more injuries like that again.

“But, you were able to save somebody’s life,” the doctor says as he pulls out a piece of paper and hands it to Midoriya.

Midoriya read the letter. It was Kouta, writing to thank Midoriya for saving him from Muscular and apologize for punching him. Midoriya smiled, then remembered something he wanted to ask.

“Ah, um, can you wait a second?”

“Sure, what’s up?” the doctor was about to exit the room when Midoriya spoke up.

“Um, I was just wondering,” Midoriya rubbed the back of his neck, “is it possible to increase
someone’s luck with a surgery?”

“Hm?” the doctor raised his eyebrows, “what’s this about, kid? You’re trying to be more lucky?”

“No! I mean, I was just wondering... a friend of mine told me something about it...” Midoriya trailed off, knowing full well how silly he sounded.

“Your friend must be pulling your leg, then,” the doctor had an amused smile on his face, “no matter how far medical science has gone. It’s still pretty impossible to increase an unquantifiable attribute of someone’s with something as simple as a surgery.”

“Ah, yeah, I was thinking the same thing,” Midoriya’s cheeks were crimson as the doctor walked out of the room.

Midoriya thought back to the conversation he had with Kamukura, so, was it really just a joke after all?

A sleek, grey car drove up to Hope’s Peak Academy’s parking lot and parked inside one of the stalls. Hope’s Peak campus was silent this time of night, all staff, students, and protesters that would normally be out and about causing a ruckus had gone home for the day.

Suzuki turned to Kamukura as he stepped out of the car, “this’ll be where we part ways for now. I hope you’ll be able to find an answer to your problems. Though, in my experience, it’s much harder to find an answer if you’re not sure what question you want to be asking in the first place.” Suzuki smiled at the Ultimate Hope, “well, in any case, I wish you the best.”

The car drove off, leaving Kamukura alone with his suitcase. After a short while, a smiling, young girl walked up to Kamukura.

“Hello!” she greeted enthusiastically, “you’re the guy I’m waiting for, right? Long hair, red eyes... yup, you fit the description. I’m like, your escort or something. Follow me, I’ll take you to your room.”

The escort guided Kamukura along the familiar path to the statue of the original Izuru Kamukura, pressed a button and descended the to the underground facility. From there, they made their way to the same room Kamukura stayed in during the internship week.

The escort pulled out her keys and...

“Huh? The door is open...” she turned to Kamukura with a serious expression, “stay there, I’ll check this out.”

Kamukura did as he was told and watched his escort cautiosly walk into the room.

“Anyone here...? Hey, you’re not supposed to be- gack! ack...”

Kamukura watched as the escort dropped to the floor, her neck sliced open, slowly choking on her own blood. He looked up and saw the killer smiling from inside of his room, having come out of her hiding place.

“Not supposed to be... what? This pretty? This adorable? This hopelessly fashionable? Ah, but I am. Doesn’t that just fill you up with despair?” Junko Enoshima stepped over the dying girl and flashed a smile at her guest of honour, “ahhh, you’re finally back, Kamukura! I felt like I was
waiting forever! Follow me, there’s something you’ve just gotta see!”

Chapter End Notes

The second Midoriya scene here happens the day after Kamukura arrives at Hope’s Peak.
So it’s not exactly in chronological order.

Kamukura theatre, a healthy part of every good dream.
Inspired by some other Danganronpa fics that give a ‘theatre’ moment to important characters. You may have read some of them.

Next Chapter: Enoshima puts on a show for her subordinates (and Kamukura)
“Getting villains to attack your class and kidnap a student! I don’t know how you managed to pull it off but that really was a stroke of genius!” Enoshima lauded Kamukura with compliments as they walked down the corridor together, “I mean, how does one even pull that off? Something like that seems so out of the realm of probability it’s almost like it happened out of sheer coincidence!” Enoshima turned back to grin at Kamukura, “but I’m sure that that wasn’t the case, riight?”

“Right! Of course it wasn’t!” Enoshima pumped her hand in the air and answered for him, “well, even if it was, it doesn’t really matter. What matters is that UA gets shoved directly into the spotlight.”

The pair arrived at a door at the end of the hallway. Enoshima dramatically shoved the door open and walked in.

“Yoo-hoo! I’m back!” she called out as she re-entered the control room.

Ikusaba and Tsumiki began to turn around to greet her but paused when they noticed the figure following along behind her.

“Eh? Why is he here?” Ikusaba questioned, “isn’t he supposed to be at UA right now?”

“Huh? S-so this is the kidnapped student, K-Katsuki Bakugou?” Tsumiki asked Ikusaba nervously.

“Oh? No, Mikan, this is-”

“This is Izuru Kamukura!” Ikusaba started to answer but was interrupted by Enoshima, “and Kamukura, this is Mikan Tsumiki, the Ultimate Nurse of class 77th. She’s working with us.”

Kamukura turned and stared coldly at the girl.

“U-um, nice to meet you,” Tsumiki started to quiver under Kamukura’s gaze and held her hands up to her face to presumably shield herself from sight, “I-I hope we can get along...” she stammered.

Enoshima went to her desk and Kamukura followed. Tsumiki let out a small “eep!” as the intimidating figure of the Ultimate Hope walked past her. Enoshima took her seat at the controls while Kamukura stood by her side.

“Are you alright, Mikan?” Ikusaba asked, concerned for her friend.

“Um, yeah, I’m fine. I was just a little scared,” Tsumiki blushed, “and, um... isn’t Izuru Kamukura the name of the founder of Hope’s Peak Academy? Why does he have the same name?”

“Maybe it’s a coincidence,” Ikusaba looked away and pursed her lips.

“Oh.” Tsumiki accepted the explanation but didn’t look satisfied, “and what did you mean when you said that he should be at UA right now?”

“Um, I’m pretty sure that he’s supposed to be attending UA as a hero student. I’m not really sure why he’s back here,” Ikusaba explained then turned to where Enoshima was sitting, “Junko?”
“What? Can’t you see I’m busy here?” the fashionista spun around to face her sister with an annoyed look on her face, “if this is about why Kamukura is here, it’s because I asked him to create a huge scandal at UA and now the Steering Committee got pissed and had him sent back here to Hope’s Peak.”

“Huh? So that kidnapping thing was Kamukura’s doing?” Ikusaba was shocked.

“Sure was!” Enoshima replied cheerfully, to which Tsumiki looked at Kamukura with fear and apprehension.

“So the entire point of causing a scandal at UA was to get Kamukura back here?” Ikusaba stared at the Ultimate Hope nervously, “I’m sorry but I don’t really see the point-”

“Idiot! You utter and complete moron…” Enoshima stared at her sister disappointingly.

“Obviously the goal was to get UA into the media’s spotlight. Making it so that school and heroes in general come under scrutiny and people’s faith in them are lowered. Which is something that needs to happen for this plan to ever get off the ground.

Doing so also lessens the burden on the administration of Hope’s Peak Academy, as the media outlets and the reporters are going to be focused on UA instead. And if Hope’s Peak is getting less attention, then I’ll have more freedom controlling the Reserve Course students. I can make them do riskier and more daring things without fear of the school getting shut down because of bad publicity or whatever.

Kamukura getting sent back here was just a bonus.”

“O-oh, I see... that makes sense,” Ikusaba said, holding her head low.

Enoshima turned back to the facing the monitor and began to play with the controls.

“Alright! That’s enough distractions, let’s finally get this show rolling!”

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Why was this happening?

This is completely wrong, why was this happening?

This wasn’t what she wanted at all.

Tsumiki bit her lip as she watched the scene unfolding on the multitude of screens before her. She was shaking. She couldn’t stop shaking.

Tsumiki had watched as the rest of her class had all been gathered into a large room by Enoshima’s controls. At first, they were happy that they were able to find each other after being trapped for what seemed like hours inside of that moving maze. They quickly greeted one another and resolved to escape together, but that hope was gone when they realized that they had been locked in.

That was the start of Tsumiki’s worries. When she asked Enoshima about why her class had to be locked inside, she said it was because she had something that she wanted to show them. Something very special for their friendship. She also told Tsumiki not to worry, as not a single person in that room will suffer any physical harm.

Tsumiki had nervously accepted this explanation at the time and nervously watched the screens.
This will be fine, she thought to herself, nothing bad will happen. This will be fine. No matter how bad this looks, Junko would never do anything bad to my friends...

Tsumiki paused. She scanned the monitor that showed her classmates, hoping that she simply missed seeing that person upon her first glance. That that person was simply hiding out in a corner, maybe sitting down on the cold, metal floor, tired after wandering around for so long.

Tsumiki’s hopes were shattered as Enoshima activated a different screen. In this one, a single girl stood in the middle of a long hallway.

“Nanami!” Tsumiki whispered in a low voice that no one in the room (except one person) could hear.

“Upupupu... the prelude to a fantastical tale of despair,” Enoshima announced to the caged class, “it’s punishment time!”

“P-punishment?” Tsumiki wondered aloud, that doesn’t sound good, she thought. She was right.

Tsumiki watched with abject terror as the Ultimate Gamer made her way through the maze. She was running for her life through the dungeon, clutching her bleeding arm after it had been sliced by a trap that Enoshima had activated.

“No... no no no no no... why is this happening?” Tsumiki held her hands to her mouth, she wanted desperately not to have to look at her classmate’s suffering. But found that her eyes could not be torn away from the gruesome sight.

What’s... wrong with me...?

She flinched as a row of jagged spikes impaled Nanami’s foot, and stifled a scream when a spinning saw blade came out of the wall and sliced through her arm. The nurse fought back the urge to vomit and felt her knees go weak.

Tsumiki steadily lowered her gaze and she looked to her sides. She turned to Ikusaba and Kamukura’s to see how they were reacting to the events on the screen.

How can they be so calm...? They’re watching a person get tortured and mutilated right in front of them... Why is this happening...?

Tsumiki then turned to look at the screen that showed the trapped class 77th. She saw Nidai, Owari, Tanaka, and Pekoyama all attempt to break down the doors that locked them in. She saw Koizumi, Togami, and Kuzuryuu waving their cell phones around, hoping desperately for a signal that reached into the underground so that they may be able to call for help. She saw Mioda, Hanamura, and Saionji scream at the monitors in the room, screaming for Nanami to dodge the traps and escape. She saw her class doing everything they can to help their class representative.

That’s right...! I need to do everything I can... too...!

I need to stop... stop Junko...

Thinking this, Tsumiki gingerly took a step forward. Ikusaba turned around at the sudden footstep and their eyes met. Tsumiki must have looked completely haunted because Ikusaba’s brow furrowed with concern.
“Mikan? Are you feeling alright?” Ikusaba asked with worry for her friend, “are you feeling faint? I can get you a glass of water.”

“N-no, that’s alright…” Tsumiki politely declined and stepped backwards. Ikusaba looked at her for a bit, then shrugged and went back to watching Nanami on the screen.

I can’t… I can’t do anything… Not to Junko… not to Mukuro… they’re my friends…

But so is Nanami… right?

Tsumiki felt her heart skip a beat when she looked up. Her mouth hung open as she assessed how much more damaged Nanami had become in the short span of time she had taken her eyes off the screen. Blood was staining her entire body, her hoodie had been ripped apart, and tears were running down the gamer’s face as she muscled on despite all the pain and injuries.

This is all my fault…! I told them to follow me into the facility… I made them come here… What Junko’s doing is wrong but… if I helped, then that means what I did was wrong too… Nanami, all of my classmates, my parents… please forgive me.

I was wrong. Forgive me…

I was wrong… I was…

Huh? Tsumiki stopped her train of thought abruptly. This is all my fault. I did something I shouldn’t have, I did something… wrong. But Junko, she…

Tsumiki straightened her back and stared at the back of Enoshima’s head, she stared at the fashionista while she was pressing buttons and narrating every sordid detail of what was happening to Nanami to Tsumiki’s anguished classmates.

She said that she’ll forgive me for anything, everything. No matter how wrong it seems, no matter how wrong I feel it is.

Tsumiki shivered, she shook, then slowly looked up at the Nanami again.

This means I don’t have to worry, right?

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A dozen or so spears pierced through all edges of Nanami’s body, and in an instant, all hope was lost.

Kamukura exhaled the moment that it happened, he hadn’t realized that he was holding his breath. Kamukura knew it was coming, of course, he saw the controls on Enoshima’s panel. He fully anticipated that Chiaki Nanami was going to die.

So then why…? Why do I feel so… what is this that I am feeling? Disappointment? Kamukura asked himself.

Kamukura moved his gaze away from the screen and looked at the other occupants in the room. Enoshima had minimized the window showing Nanami’s injured body, and was now gleefully addressing the distraught class 77th. Ikusaba was standing off to the side, her gaze never once leaving Enoshima. Tsumiki was standing behind them, wobbling back and forth, her eyes were dazed and unfocused, a small bit of drool formed at her mouth.
Boring, thought Kamukura as he moved to the exit. Not that it mattered to him, but he exited silently, unnoticed by the room’s other occupants, and made his way down the long, twisting corridors of Hope’s Peak’s underground facility.

Kamukura had not been given a map of this facility, and had only ever been allowed in a few select rooms. His bedroom, the testing room, the room where they worked on him, just to name a few. As such, he had no idea what the exact layout of the facility was.

Additionally, because of the Steering Committee’s desire to stay secretive, all the walls were fully soundproof, and every hallway looked exactly the same. There were no signs on any of the doors to indicate which hallway connected to which room.

But that didn’t matter to Kamukura, for he was not relying on his memory, nor his senses to get where he wanted to go.

He was relying on his luck.

Kamukura walked down to the end of a hallway and opened the door. He walked to the center of the large room and looked down. There, on the floor, lay the dying body of Chiaki Nanami.

“Hinata...?” Nanami looked up at the figure who had just entered her field of view. She whispered her words, she was too weak to do more, but it was enough for Kamukura to hear.

“Or rather... Kamukura, now...”

“...” Kamukura said nothing and stared at her.

“You... you’re back... did you come back for... summer break?” Despite her serious condition, Nanami’s words were casual, carefree almost, as if they had met in the school courtyard during lunchtime. She gently tilted her head so that enough of Kamukura’s face could fill her vision, and forced the corners of her mouth to move upwards, so that she was smiling.

“You are dying, Nanami.” Kamukura ignored her question and stated the obvious.

“Haah... so I am...” Nanami said this as if it were a surprise, as casually as if she had been told that she had been wearing her shirt inside-out.

“Hinata... no, you’re Kamukura now.” Nanami corrected herself. “I’m... sorry...”

Kamukura tilted his head, “what for?” he asked.

“The first time... I met you... I hated you... I hated who you are, I hated what Hinata had done... to himself...” tears welled up in Nanami’s eyes, “because of that, I... I pushed you... I wanted to bring back... Hinata... I made you restore your memories... I wanted you... to restore your emotions... even though you told me it was risky.”

“...”

“But that was selfish of me...” Nanami continued, “I was just thinking of myself... I just wanted to bring Hinata back... so we could play games together... just like we used to..."

I wanted to apologize... I wanted to give you a chance... I waited there, the next day... but you didn’t show up again... I thought... you had left...”

Nanami clenched her teeth and attempted to pick herself up off of the bloody ground. She slowly
pushed herself up and got to her knees, but as soon as she began moving, her leg slid on the blood and she fell down, lying flat on the floor.

“I guess... I really can’t do anything... to help you...” Nanami cried, “I’m sorry...”

“In a situation like this, you’re still trying to help someone else?” Kamukura asked.

“I mean... I... everyone... I love you all!” Nanami spoke louder, and more desperately now, “I don’t... I don’t want to die...! I wanted... to stay with my classmates... I wanted to play... with Hinata... again...”

Nanami made one final action before her body went limp. Kamukura stared at her but it was clear that that was all that she could manage.

Beside her head, a small hair clip rested in a pink pool of blood. It was shaped like one of the player-controlled spaceships from Galaga. Kamukura knelt down and picked it up.

He held it up to examine it. Observing the pin closely, he could see that...

He could see that his vision was getting sort of blurry.
And he could feel something wet trickling down his face.

That unmistakable smell... just to be sure, Kamukura raised his other hand to touch his face...

“Eh?”

Kamukura re-entered the control room just as strathily as he had left. If any of its occupants had noticed that he was gone, then they didn’t show it. Enoshima was still addressing the trapped students, Ikusaba was still watching her sister stoically, and Tsumiki was watching the two of them with a grin on her face.

Kamukura noted the subtle red glow that emanated from Tsumiki’s pupils, but otherwise ignored her and returned to Enoshima’s side.

“Well, that’s that,” said Enoshima as she pressed a button on the panel and unlocked the door for class 77th, “another job well done! Good work, everyone. Who wants smoothies? Mukuro, you’re buying.”

“Ah, um, right...” Ikusaba stood at attention, “so, um, what’s gonna happen next?”

“Smoothies, weren’t you listening?”

“Ah, no, I mean what’s the next step on the plan?” Ikusaba explained, “class 77th didn’t seem like they were in despair just yet...”

“You don’t have to worry about a thing, my dear, useless big sister,” Enoshima sighed, “I’ll visit each of them personally during summer break. Once the break ends and we come back, we’ll start the plan that I was telling you about.” Enoshima held up a notebook and tossed it to Ikusaba, “take that and practice with Mikan over the break, make sure you’re absolutely perfect for when school starts up again.”

Ikusaba flipped through the notebook and quickly skimmed its contents, she looked up at her sister, “so this is the plan involving Matsuda then...”
“Yup! Oh, and one more thing,” Enoshima continued, “take Kamukura back to his room, there’s a body there that needs disposing of. I’ll be taking Mikan back home.”

“Alright,” Ikusaba turned to say goodbye to her friend, but stopped when she took a closer look at her. She rushed to Tsumiki’s side worriedly, “Mikan? What’s wrong? Hey, say something.” Ikusaba shook the nurse’s shoulder but she just stood there, her gaze unfocused. Ikusaba turned back to Enoshima, “hey, what’s wrong with her? Junko?”

“Eh, she’ll be fine,” Enoshima said as she walked over, “she just needs some rest. It’s been a long day for her after all. You just worry about getting Kamukura back to his room without being seen.”

“Um, alright...” Ikusaba was reluctant, but ultimately relented as Enoshima guided Tsumiki out of the room. She turned to Kamukura, who was watching her with a bored expression, “let’s go, I guess.”

Ikusaba and Kamukura walked back in silence. Ikusaba had attempted to make conversation with the Ultimate Hope, to hopefully get to know him a little better, but ultimately gave up after he responded to every single one of her questions by calling them boring.

Once they arrived, Ikusaba got to work, cleaning up the dead body Enoshima had left with great efficiency. While Kamukura simply laid on the bed that Hope’s Peak had provided him and stared at the ceiling.

“I’ll see you later I guess,” Ikusaba called out to Kamukura after finishing wiping up the dried blood. She waited for a response but Kamukura simply turned his head to look at her, then turned back to staring at the ceiling.

Ikusaba left and Kamukura was alone.

He reached into his pocket and took out Nanami’s hairpin. He wiped off some of the pink liquid that stained it and twirled it around in his fingers.

Kamukura thought back to the moment he picked up the hairpin, to the moment that he realized he was crying.

Once he had touched his face, he had understood what had happened. He had understood but had not expected it. In short, another unpredictable event had occurred.

So much unpredictability in such a short timeframe, Kamukura thought to himself, I should be elated, and yet... I’m not?

Kamukura sighed and lowered his arm onto the bed, he breathed deeply and closed his eyes. He decided to go over the facts from the beginning.

Midoriya’s victory against Muscular. No matter how much I look at it, there was no way that he could have drew out so much of his quirk’s power given the state he was in. And yet he did. How?

This was not the first time that Midoriya’s actions were unpredictable, there was the time in the entrance exam, and again in the Sports Festival. All three events involve Midoriya, but why? Why do these unpredictable events happen around Midoriya? What makes him special?

Kamukura thought back to his very first meeting with Midoriya, how he had explained why he saved Uraraka from danger, despite knowing that doing so would not get him closer to his
objective of attending UA.

He thought back to watching Midoriya fight against Todoroki in the Sports Festival. Todoroki had been dead set on not using his Fire quirk that he would have accepted a loss as long as he didn’t use it. Midoriya was about to win the match but kept talking with Todoroki, and eventually convinced him to use his Fire side. Midoriya lost because of that.

Kamukura then thought back to the most recent event. When Midoriya unleashed a powerful attack against Muscular, even though his body should not have been able to handle such an attack.

_In all of these events, besides Midoriya, what else do they have in common?_

Kamukura then remembered the conversations he had had with Todoroki and Iida, there was one word in common that the two of them had used.

Hope.

Midoriya had given them hope. That’s what they had said.

Kamukura considered this.

_Midoriya rescued Uraraka in the entrance exam because of his hope. Midoriya convinced Todoroki to use his Fire by giving him hope. Midoriya was able to push past his limits... because he had hope?_ Kamukura shook his head, that explanation was absurd. But it was the only explanation that made sense.

Hope was unpredictable.

And that hope, in turn, makes Midoriya’s actions unpredictable.

If that was the case, if that was indeed the truth. Then there is only one logical next step. Despair, as Enoshima had promised, was unpredictable. Hope, as seen by Kamukura himself, was also unpredictable.

When one is looking for an answer, one must know what question they want to ask. Kamukura had been seeking an answer for all this time, since the very moment he had acclimated himself to this boring world. He had been looking for an answer without knowing what question he had wanted to ask.

Now, he had a question.

_Which is more unpredictable, hope or despair?_ Kamukura smiled softly. _yes, the answer to that is what I seek._

A few moments passed, and Kamukura’s expression returned to that of his usual bored self.

_Now then,_ thought Kamukura as he opened his eyes and held the hairpin in front of him once more, _now, there is one more matter to resolve._

_I know you are there, I know you are listening to me, watching me, judging me. I know it was you who took control of my body during Midoriya’s fight against Muscular. I know it was you who made me take this hairpin._

_Answer me, Hajime Hinata. You are there, are you not?_

A couple of seconds passed where nothing happened. Then, a voice appeared that could be
described as familiar yet unfamiliar at the same time. A voice that could be heard from all
directions, that seemed to come from nowhere. The voice of Hajime Hinata rang out in
Kamukura’s mind.

Yeah, I’m here.

Chapter End Notes

There are... a lot of... ellipses... in this chapter...
I hope it’s not too annoying to read. Characters are just pausing a lot.

Next chapter: We take a look at what Midoriya is getting up to.
Iida sighed as he recalled Kirishima’s words that morning, about how he and Todoroki wanted Yaoyorozu to make a second tracker so they could go after the villains themselves.

“How could Todoroki... how could he of all people even agree to such an idea? It was him... him and Midoriya that saved me when I ran off and did the exact same thing! Getting all of us very nearly killed in the process!”

Iida looked around. There was no one else home right now, his parents were out shopping, his grandparents were taking a walk, and his brother... Ingenium was still in the hospital.

Iida felt anger and self-loathing well up inside him. When he walked into Midoriya’s hospital room, when he saw Midoriya all beaten up, battered, and bruised lying there on that hospital bed, he just couldn’t stop himself from picturing the image of his brother, all bloody and defeated, onto him.

The rescue mission would be happening tonight, that’s what Kirishima had said, and anyone who wanted to join in was to meet the two of them in front of the hospital.

“Iida here,” he greeted.

“Yo, you know it’s me. Why ya gotta be so formal?” the gruff voice of Mondo Oowada, the Ultimate Biker Gang Leader, and more importantly, Iida’s friend, filled his ears. Iida smiled at the response.

“I can guess,” Iida’s face grew grim.

“I saw the news. That villain attack on your summer camp... and one of your classmates getting kidnapped... I wanted to see if you were doing alright,” Oowada said.
“I... I came out unscathed, several of our class did, in fact,” Iida explained, “we hid out in the lodge while Vlad King protected us.”

“Yeah, it’s just that I heard that your teachers gave you permission to fight the villains when they attacked,” Oowada sighed, “that’s why UA’s gettin’ crucified in the news right now.”

“That is correct, we were given permission to fight the villains by Eraserhead. Though only in order to get back to the safety of the lodge,” Iida lamented, “they wouldn’t let us go back out to help our classmates who hadn’t made it back.”

Iida shook his head sadly, “you must think I’m a weakling, if I couldn’t even protect my classmates when I’ve been given permission to battle.”

“HELL NO!!!” Oowada’s roar came as a surprise to Iida. He quickly moved his cell phone away from his ears.

“Ah shit, sorry about that,” Oowada apologized, “I got a bit loud there.”

“Ah, no. That’s quite alright,” Iida assured, wincing. He moved the phone to his other ear and rubbed the one that had suffered the brunt of Oowada’s yell, “but... so that means that you don’t think I’m weak?”

“Fuck no!” Oowada growled but in a much more tolerable volume this time, “I mean, lettin’ one of your classmates get nabbed is seriously rough, I ain’t denying that. But you can’t go around beating yourself up over it, that ain’t bringing him back.

Besides, those hero types are pretty big sticklers for the rules, they didn’t let you guys go fight after you got rounded up, did they?”

“Sticklers for the rules... yes, I suppose you could say that,” Iida bit his lip sadly and remembered the conversation he had this morning with Kirishima.

“Also, I didn’t call to make sure that you were alright. I said that I called to make sure you were doing alright,” Oowada corrected, “I was sure that you’d be feelin’ like shit over not being able to protect your classmate, and wouldn’t you know it, I was right.”

“I suppose that’s true too...” Iida admitted.

“I mean, I wanted to call earlier but, you know. Had to make sure that shit was sorted out here first,” Oowada huffed.

Iida grew confused, “what...? Are you having trouble over at Hope’s Peak?”

Iida heard a panicked gasp come from over the line, “shit! I mean... It ain’t any trouble with Hope’s Peak! It’s just, uh... the boys! Yeah, that’s right! The Crazy Diamonds were gettin’ restless ever since I started attendin’ and I was making less and less time for ‘em an’ we had to sort it out. Nothing wrong with the school, nuh-uh.”

“I... see?” Iida wasn’t sure why Oowada was getting so defensive. Perhaps Oowada may have thought that he was insulting his school, Iida shook this thought out of his mind.

“And who was the kid that got taken again? Baku... something or other?”

“Bakugou, his name is Katsuki Bakugou,” Iida corrected and accepted this abrupt change of topic. He wasn’t sure why Oowada didn’t want to talk about Hope’s Peak, and he wasn’t about to pry.
“Shit, yeah. Bakugou. He was that... he was the angry blond kid in the Sports Festival, yeah? The one with the Explosion quirk,” Oowada recalled, “he was the one that was actin’ all cocky at the beginnin’, and callin’ the other competitors ‘stepping stones’.”

Iida felt the corner of his mouth raise slightly at the memory, “yeah, that was him.”

“If I remember correctly... he got so angry near the end that he had to be restrained during the awards ceremony,” Oowada gritted his teeth, “wonder what they wanted with a nutjob like him.”

“That... I actually haven’t thought about that,” Iida admitted in surprise, “I haven’t considered why the villains had wanted to take Bakugou, nor the fact that the Sports Festival was the only chance that people from the outside had to see him, any of us even.”

“That so? So... what, you’re saying he’s not usually the way he was actin’ at the festival?” Oowada asked.

“No, he’s usually a bit more... restrained,” Iida said cautiously, “but that’s not important right now. I think... I think I know what the villains are looking to do with Bakugou now.”

“Shit, you do?” Oowada was surprised, “I mean, ‘course you do! You’re just like my bro here, after all.”

“Well, it’s only just a theory at this point,” Iida admitted, “but I think the villains want to convert him into becoming a villain himself.”

“Wha-? You’re fucking kidding! Can that... can that really happen? He’s studyin’ to be a hero ain’t he?”

“No, I don’t believe that he would conform to their ideals so easily,” Iida stated, “but if all they saw of him was from the Sports Festival, then... it’s likely that they only have a shallow understanding of Bakugou’s character.”

“Hmph,” Oowada grunted, “y’know, he kinda rubbed me the wrong way at the Sports Festival. But that doesn’t mean that I wanted to see him kidnapped. An’ I mean, guy in our class was talkin’ about how he’s got pretty great potential as a hero. He’s a smug asshole, sure, but I can trust his judgement.”

Iida and Oowada was silent for a while as they thought about Bakugou’s situation.

“Sorry man, I just... I don’t know what to say at times like these. I wanted to call you to make sure everything’s okay but...”

“It’s fine,” Iida smiled, “just being able to talk to someone about this is very helpful for my mental state. I already feel less tense than I was a few minutes ago.”

“Yeah? That’s good to hear,” Oowada smiled as well.

“Shit man,” the biker mumbled, “if it were one of my boys that got nabbed, by a rival gang or villains or whatever, I’d gather the rest of the gang an’ go right after ‘em in a heartbeat.”

“Hmm,” Iida considered this, before he could stop himself he found himself asking, “but what if the rest of your crew don’t agree with that decision? What if they think it’s a bad idea to go after them?”

“Then I’ll just go alone!” Oowada declared, “those fuckers can sit back and watch for all I care.”
“You’ll just go alone, huh...?” Iida muttered under his breath, too soft for Oowada to hear. “But what if the situation is reversed, what would you do then?”

“How? Wait, what do you mean ‘reversed’?”

“Like, say for instance that you know for a fact that the person who was taken was being used as bait to lure your gang into a trap or something. But you’re the only one who knows that and the rest of the gang all wanted to go, and you couldn’t convince them otherwise. What would you do then?”

Oowada sucked in air through his teeth, “shit man, that’s tough. If talkin’ to ’em isn’t gonna work, then I guess I just gotta convince ’em with force.”

“Wait, so you’re saying that you would use violence your allies?” Iida asked.

“Course! How else am I gonna make sure that they know I’m serious?” Oowada said, “sides, your words have always gotta be backed up with strength, that’s just how it is with us, the person that hits the hardest gets the final say in the end. And usually, that person is me.

Course, if that didn’t work, then there’d be nothing else I could do.”

“Does that mean that you would give up at that point?” Iida asked cautiously.

“Fuck no, man,” Oowada denied, “if words don’t work, and punching ’em don’t work, then I’d have to honour their conviction. I’d see their decision through with them, I’ll go with them to rescue the person that was taken.”

“Now wait, you understand that this is a bad idea-”

“Shut up! Of course I fuckin’ know that!” Oowada shouted, “but letting one of my guys knowingly wander into a trap would be a goddamn shitty thing to do. And besides, I’m their leader, so it’s my duty to make sure that everyone gets home safe. Even if it means putting my own life on the line. You get me?”

Iida was stunned for a moment as he considered the biker’s words.

“I... I understand completely,” Iida said, smiling with newfound confidence, “thank you, Oowada. I think I know what I must do now.”

“How? Oh, sure, no problem...” Oowada was confused at Iida’s words, “well, talk to ya later, man.”

“Yeah, it was nice talking to you. Tell that ‘bro’ of yours I said ‘hi’”

“Shit man, that reminds me,” Oowada laughed, “I gotta introduce you two sometime. Man, I can practically imagine how that would go. Later dude.”

They both hung up and Iida let out a sigh as he stood up.

Oowada’s right, of course. Everything he said was right. Iida shook his head, talking isn’t going to work in convincing Kirishima and Todoroki, so I have to do this. As the class president... and also their friend.

That night, Midoriya, Kirishima, and Todoroki met outside of the hospital as they had planned, they were talking with Yaoyorozu about the plan when Iida arrived.
“Wait,” Iida called out to the four of them.

“Iida, you’re here too...?” Kirishima grew visibly nervous at the sight of their class president’s angry expression, but it wasn’t directed at him.

“Why of all people are you going?!” Iida was talking to Todoroki and Midoriya, “I’m still grateful that you told me off for the actions I took while I was in despair. So why are you trying to make the same mistake that I did?!”

Todoroki and Midoriya solemnly looked at one another and then at Iida while Yaoyorozu and Kirishima stood off by the sides, confused at what their class president was talking about.

“We’re still kids. We’re still being looked after. And the situation at UA is bad enough as is,” Iida grit his teeth, “tell me, who do you think is going to have to take responsibility for your actions?!”

“No, Iida! It’s not like that!” Midoriya countered, “we’re not going just to break the rules-

Midoriya was interrupted by a punch across the jaw. The other students stared at the two in shock.

“You don’t think that I’m sorry?! That I’m worried?! Of course I am! I’m class president! It’s my job to worry about my classmates!” Iida shouted while Midoriya rubbed his jaw, “but it’s not just Bakugou! Seeing you with all those injuries, I projected the image of my brother on you. My brother, lying down and beaten on the floor!

If all you achieve by going rogue like this is you ending up like my brother... ending up irrecoverable ... are you saying that you don’t care about how much I wring my hands over you?” Iida put his hands on Midoriya’s shoulders, “are you saying that you don’t care about how I feel at all?”

“Iida...” Midoriya mumbled.

“Iida.” Todoroki called out, grabbing their attention, “look, it’s not like we plan on busting in through the front door.”

“Yeah!” Kirishima chimed in, “a stealth mission! That’s the kind of rescue mission available to us hero eggs. A way to fight without breaking any rules.”

“As for me, I trust Todoroki,” Yaoyorozu said, “however, in case the worst should happen, I have decided that I will also go to accompany all of you.”

“Yaoyorozu, not you too...” Iida cried in anguish.

“I don’t get it myself, but when Kirishima told me that my hands could still reach him... I just couldn’t push the thought away,” Midoriya admitted, “I can’t help but think about saving him!”

“I see... so in the end he was right after all...” Iida mumbled.

“He?” Todoroki asked.

“Mere words aren’t enough to stop you, and the idea of fighting my friends doesn’t sit well with me.” Iida continued, ignoring Todoroki’s question, “I can see that you are all very determined. And there’s nothing in my power I could do to convince you otherwise.”

“Like I said, we’re sor-”

“So!” Iida interrupted Kirishima’s apology, “if that’s the case... then I shall be going along with
The five hero students then set off to where Yaoyorozu’s tracker led them to. They rode the trains and arrived at the nearby city without a hitch.

“We’re here, this is Kamino,” Yaoyorozu announced.

“Alright, where are they? Where are the punks that took Bakugou?!” Kirishima asked while running off in a random direction.

“Will you wait?!” Yaoyorozu asked, visibly annoyed, “we can’t be too careful! If you remember, the villains know our faces.”

“Right, we need to be covert!” Midoriya agreed while shielding his face with both of his arms in an X-shape.

“But at this rate, we won’t be able to move around the area,” Iida pointed out.

“I actually have a suggestion, if you don’t mind.” Yaoyorozu said as she pointed to a nearby store.

Yaoyorozu’s plan involved dressing up in disguises so that people wouldn’t recognize them. They emerged from the convenience store looking like entirely new people. Now they should be completely safe and no longer have to worry about being recognized-

“Hey, isn’t that UA?” A man shouted in the distance.

“Ora?!” Midoriya turned his head so fast his fake goatee almost flew off. He and the other students relaxed when they saw that the man wasn’t talking about them, but about the UA press conference being broadcast on a large public television.

The press conference was being held by Principal Nedzu, Aizawa, and Vlad King. The three teachers sat at a large table inside a large room, and was being bombarded with questions from reporters at all sides.

In general, the theme of the press conference was that of an apology. They apologized for their inadequacy on allowing their students be injured during the training camp, for being negligent and allowing villains to attack them when they’re vulnerable, and for allowing one student in particular to be taken from them.

They were asked what they were going to do to protect their students now that this crime has taken place. And what their stance is for the school’s security. Although it still hadn’t changed from the USJ attack, Nedzu reiterated that their primary concern is protecting the students and have buffed up campus security as a result.

Aizawa was made to field several more questions. Why he allowed the students the use of their quirks to battle against the villains. What he meant when he said that he was avoiding ‘the worst-case scenario’, and what the future for the kidnapped student, Katsuki Bakugou, would be.

All in all, people didn’t really care about what UA had to say. They just saw an easy target to blame
for this recent tragedy, and so have painted UA and its staff as an incompetent school. The press conference wasn’t held to give a chance for UA to try and salvage their reputation, but rather as a way of putting UA into the public’s crosshairs.

Well, they weren’t the only ones who were using the press conference for a hidden agenda.

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“Ahhh, damn... this is just too disappointing... I wanted this despair to last, the despair of being hated by the general populace. Hated for their pathetic failures.” Enoshima sighed as she slumped on the hotel couch. Her sister turned to her with a worried look on her face.

“Huh? What do you mean? Isn’t getting the public critical of heroes what you wanted?” Ikusaba asked, “this press conference looks like they’re doing exactly that.”

Since it was summer break, students were given a few weeks off of school to take time off and spend time with their families. Enoshima and Ikusaba didn’t have much of a family to go back to, so they were spending the break staying at a fancy hotel instead.

Enoshima sighed dramatically then started changing channels with the remote, “would it kill you to look beyond what’s in front of you from time to time? Or has being a soldier dulled all your ability to think?”

“Ah, did I say something wrong...?” Ikusaba looked devastated while Enoshima simply rolled her eyes.

“They were lying,” Enoshima stopped on a random news site broadcasting some bake sale, “they were lying to deceive the villains. In reality, the investigative team are all ready to storm the villains’ hideout and take back the kidnapped student.”

“Really?” Ikusaba was surprised at Enoshima’s deduction. She looked at the channel they were watching and turned to face her sister again, “um, so what are we watching now?”

“We’re watching the news, can’t you tell?” Enoshima asked.

“Um ah... alright...” Ikusaba looked like she wanted to press for further details but didn’t want to make her sister angry. She sighed and began watching the news with her sister.

Still, it’s nice to be able to spend time together again, Ikusaba smiled fondly, I can’t remember the last time we were able hang out like this not doing despair stuff, just... spending time normally.

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Midoriya and the others followed the tracker to what looked to be an abandoned warehouse. According to Yaoyorozu, the tracker hadn’t moved from this spot for the entire day. Iida took this chance to remind everyone that he won’t hesitate to cancel the mission if he catches even a whiff of danger. The others nodded and Midoriya started to think about their options at this point.

The five of them snuck behind the building through the back alleyway in order to get a better vantage point, and to avoid being seen by onlookers. Once they were there, Kirishima revealed that he had bought a pair of night vision goggles for the mission, much to the others’ surprise. Todoroki and Iida boosted Midoriya and Kirishima up on their shoulders in order for them to look into the window. What they saw inside...

“Nomus?!”
The terrifying creatures that were present at the USJ attack and the Hosu incident. They were seemingly incapable of speech and appeared to possess multiple quirks. Kirishima and Midoriya could see quite a few of them being contained in vats of strange liquid, their exposed brain and lifeless eyes peeking out just a bit at the top. But the five of them didn’t have time to process what this meant as just a second later, a mighty stomp crushed the roof of the abandoned building, sending the ground shaking.

“What’s going on?” asked Iida.

“Look, it’s Mt. Lady, and Gang Orca... and there’s even the number four hero, Best Jeanist,” Kirishima pointed to the source of the destruction.

The others looked and saw that a group of heroes were standing outside of the building, accompanies by a squad of police barricading the area.

“It seems that the pro heroes moved faster than we were anticipating,” Todoroki said.

“Phew, alright, then let’s get out of here,” Iida sighed with relief and smiled at his classmates, “there’s nothing more we need to do here.”

“They mentioned All-Might’s group, I guess Kacchan must be wherever they went then...” Midoriya mumbled.

“If All-Might is with him then he should be okay,” Yaoyorozu said, “let’s hurry on home before we get in the heroes’ way.”

They moved to evacuate the scene stealthily until...

“Hold on, Jeanist! What if he’s a civilian!” they heard Mt. Lady shout.

“You need to read the situation. A moment’s hesitation can sway the field of battle,” Best Jeanist replied, squeezing the newcomer harder with his quirk, “do not let the villains do anything at all.”

There was a terrible, deafening noise.

“After so much work I’ve finally gotten Tomura to think on his own. To lead on his own,” an unknown voice called out, “so if you could, I’d very much like it if you ceased your interference.”

There was a terrible, deafening silence.

Midoriya and the others didn’t move an inch. They had their backs pressed up against the wall, holding their breaths. They felt their hairs stand on edge and fought back the urge to puke. They didn’t move- no, they couldn’t move. For they were utterly terrified.

They could hear the strange man clapping, they could hear him commend Best Jeanist for acting so quickly against his attack, for saving the other heroes in just a split second.

They could hear the man say that he has no need for Best Jeanist’s quirk, that it simply wouldn’t suit someone like Tomura.

They could hear the man send an attack into Best Jeanist’s stomach, they could hear his anguished cry of pain perfectly in the silence of the night.

Moments later, a splashing sound came from behind them and then a voice.

“Oh god, this shit reeks...” it was a familiar voice, “the fuck is this shit?!”
“We interrupt this broadcast to bring you a special report at the Kamino Ward area.”

Ikusaba sat up to get a better look at the screen, while Enoshima stayed still.

“And there it is. See? I told you” Enoshima commented.

“There are so many heroes and policemen... this is all for that Bakugou guy?”

“Those heroes are eager to protect their public image at all costs, they want to make sure this rescue goes perfectly so that people will believe in them again.”

“Huh? Isn’t this bad? For us I mean,” Ikusaba questioned, “you said it yourself. You got Kamukura to cause a scandal at UA so that people will become critical of heroes. If Bakugou gets saved this easily, then wouldn’t that mean that all his effort was wasted?”

“Not bad, Mukuro. So you can think for yourself, I’m honestly quite surprised,” Ikusaba blushed and smiled at the compliment her sister gave, “however... the failure that UA has suffered, their stained reputation... nothing they can do tonight will be able to truly erase that. It will always be on the back of the public’s minds, the doubt will always be there. We have Kamukura to thank for that.”

“Ah, I see,” Ikusaba nodded as Enoshima shared her wisdom.

“Oh?” Enoshima made a sound and focused on the scene that was being broadcast. She grinned evilly as her eyes locked onto the figure on T.V. A man wearing a suit and a strangely intricate black mask.

“Upupupupu... Perhaps tonight won’t be so boring after all. Perhaps I will be able to enjoy some truly delicious despair.

The despair of a **hero**.”

Chapter End Notes

If this chapter seemed shorter than usual, it’s because I’ve been diverting most of my attention to finals. If it didn’t seem shorter, then pay me no mind.

Big battle coming next week. Lots of despair and a surprise guest makes a minor reappearance.

The summer training camp arc is nearly over. Hype!
I need to act! Kacchan is just six or seven metres away from us! He’s so close and yet… Midoriya grit his teeth as he and the other students cowered behind the wall. He could feel every single muscle inside of him tense uncontrollably and his heart was pumping like a jackhammer. Despite all of his resolve, all of his bravery up to this point, Midoriya was completely paralyzed with fear. A torrent of sweat dripped down his face, drenching his neck and t-shirt.

Midoriya let go of the breath he hadn’t realized he was holding, he closed his eyes and inhaled deeply.

He still couldn’t stop shaking.

Despite this, Midoriya whipped his head back, observing the height of the wall, gauging the distance he’d have to jump with Full Cowl.

Fighting off his nervous twitching, Midoriya moved his leg into position, he crouched down and...

A hand snapped onto his arm. He turned and saw Iida, clutching his stomach in an effort to stop himself from vomiting, reaching over to grab him.

He could read Iida’s pained expression perfectly.

I swore! I promised to protect you! I’m not letting you risk your life like this.

“Ah… there you are…” the source of their fears, the strange masked man, suddenly said from behind them causing the students to all tense up.

“Never fear! Why? For I am here!” a booming voice announced his entrance and although they couldn’t see well over the wall, the kids knew that All-Might had arrived, “and I’ve come to stop you… All for One!”

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“Come now…” the villain taunted as he caught All-Might’s forceful smash and the ground erupted underneath them, “that was far too slow for someone like you.”

Everything around them was blown away by the force of All-Might’s attack. The villains and Bakugou were sent tumbling off to the side, and a nearby wall was almost knocked over.

The hero and the villain exchanged venomous greetings before jumping at each other’s throats. In an instant, All-Might was sent flying through several buildings with an Air Propulsion shot from All for One. The villain took this time to tell his subordinates, including Tomura Shigaraki, to leave before All-Might returned.

Shigaraki began to protest but acquiesced to his sensei’s demands, he and the other villains crowded around Bakugou in order to make sure that he’s taken with them.

“Bakugou, my boy!” All-Might called out and attempted to dash to where the kidnapped student was, behind All for One and fending off against a number of villains, “I’m coming!”
“I won’t let you,” All for One said as he intercepted All-Might’s movements by slamming him into the ground, “in fact, that’s why I’m here.”

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“Goddamn pain in the ass...”

Bakugou dodged, ducked, and weaved around using his Explosions for maneuverability. Making a point of avoiding Mr. Compress’s hands lest he be made into another compression orb. Toga’s sharp knife and Shigaraki’s Decaying hands were no joke either, Twice and the measuring tape he was using as a whip... okay, they’re sort of a joke.

But even so, Bakugou knew that he couldn’t slip up to any of them. This was the best chance he had to escape the villains’ clutches, all he had to do was hold out...

Hold out until All-Might...

No! Hold out until he saves himself and All-Might just happens to be there.

Bakugou blasted Mr. Compress away with a moderately sized explosion and the villains paused their attack to evaluate the situation. Bakugou took this opportunity to do the same thing.

All-Might isn’t fighting that villain with everything he’s got... he’s focused on rescuing me! He’s taking blow after blow just trying to get close to me. Damnit, I don’t need rescuing! Just focus on taking that masked asshole down!

Is what I want to say but... Bakugou looked at his surroundings, honestly this is looking pretty grim. I’m outnumbered and I’m slowly being backed into a corner. And I still don’t know what half these guys’ quirks even are.

All I can do... All I am right now is a piece of deadweight dragging All-Might down!

Bakugou tensed as a loud noise erupted from behind him. Bakugou raised his hands and readied his Explosions but paused when he realized that the villains tensed too. Was this not one of their attacks? They were staring up at something. Curiosity got the better of Bakugou and he looked up as well. What he found...

“Take my hand!” Kirishima yelled while soaring across the sky in an arc.

Why the hell was he here?!

There were two people hanging onto him, but Bakugou didn’t pay them any mind. In an instant, his mind cleared, all the fatigue and stress he felt from being kidnapped was gone. He grinned maniacally and launched himself upwards with a series of controlled Explosions, graciously accepting the hand that was extended to him.

Kirishima, Iida, Midoriya, and Bakugou all flew off towards safety while Todoroki and Yaoyorozu ran out of the alley while the villains were distracted.

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“What the- where’d those guys come from?!” Ikusaba shouted at the sudden development unfolding on the television screen.

Enoshima, on the other hand, narrowed her eyes and focused on the boy with green hair hanging
onto his friend.

Izuku Midoriya... that kid from the Sports Festival who kept on breaking his own bones, Enoshima recalled. The analyst snuck a peek at Ikusaba, who didn’t seem to notice anything, then went back to watching Midoriya sail across the fight.

How very interesting, she thought, I’m gonna have to keep an eye on that one.

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Inside of a large mansion, a teenage boy almost spilt his drink as he watched the UA students rescue Bakugou with a daring aerial performance.

“Is that...? Is it really him?” the boy breathed out the words carefully as if trying to avoid making noise for the dwelling’s other occupants. A fruitless gesture, as there was no one else living there. The boy got up from the couch for a closer look, “it is! Izuku Midoriya!

First the son of Endeavour, now the first place winner of the Sports Festival!” the boy’s breathing grew harder and his voice became louder and raspier, “this is exciting! Ah, if you keep this up, then I might just become your number one fan!”

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After their little “distraction” All for One had no choice but to send Shigaraki and the villains away while he battled All-Might. They traded punches, hits, and barbed witticisms back and forth, with neither of them giving even an inch.

Suddenly, All for One tilted his masked head, “ah, that’s right, I had wanted to ask you something.” he said casually, “have you heard of the name ‘Ultimate Despair’ somewhere before?”

All-Might narrowed his eyes, unsure of his foe’s intentions, and unwilling to take the bait if there was one.

“It’s just that Shigaraki mentioned it to me once, he asked me if I’d heard of it before,” All for One continued once he realized that All-Might wouldn’t respond, “I said that I haven’t heard anything like it before in my life. I asked him what this was about and he said that it wasn’t important.”

All-Might struck as All for One paused again, only half listening to his spiel and concentrating on the man in front of him. The villain repelled his attack effortlessly and continued to speak.

“‘Ultimate Despair’,” All for One repeated, “doesn’t it sound like the name of a villain group?” he chuckled, “though, quite a childish one for that matter. So melodramatic. Though I suppose us villains do have a penchant for being ‘over the top’ sometimes.

In any case, I ask because if this ‘Ultimate Despair’ is indeed a villainous organization, the fact that I haven’t heard of it makes me quite annoyed. For you see, I quite like being in the know. I enjoy being able to keep tabs on all the villains in my employ.”

“Grah!” All-Might shouted as he launched another ineffective attack against All for One. The villain took the blow and pushed the hero back.

“You understand, do you not? For you were the one who crushed each and every one of those comrades with those fists of yours,” All for One’s voice grew dark, “and I had to watch as the empire I had built up crumbled from beneath me. All while the world sang your praises as the ‘Symbol of Peace’. The vista you view while standing atop a mountain of our fallen soldiers must
be nice, surely?"

“Shut up!” All-Might shouted as he grabbed All for One’s arm, “always toying with others! You destroy them! Rob them! Use them and dominate them! All the while sneering down from your wanton perch at those who live their day to day lives!

I will never allow such evil!!” All-Might declared this and sent an impressive smash straight into All for One’s mask, breaking the mask and revealing a horribly damaged face underneath.

“How awfully sentimental, All-Might,” All for One remarked, “though, truth be told. I’ve heard those exact same lines from the mouth of a previous wielder of One for All.

You remember her, don’t you?” the edges of All for One’s face twisted upwards, though All-Might couldn’t see his mouth, it was obvious that the villain was smiling, “I’m talking about Nana Shimura.”

“I don’t want to hear master’s name coming from your mouth!” All-Might roared and prepared for another heavy blow. But All for One countered with an Impact Inversal quirk that sent the hero flying.

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“I didn’t get rescued, you got that?!” Bakugou exploded at his rescuers, “you guys just happened to be the best escape route at the time!”

“Can’t argue with that!” Kirishima flashed a toothy grin and gave a thumbs up at his friend. Midoriya watched the exchange with a slight smile of his own.

“I just didn’t want to be in All-Might’s way,” Bakugou muttered.

_Yeah, we’d only be getting in his way,_ Midoriya thought solemnly, accepting the fact that they were still too inexperienced to help out in a real villain fight. Midoriya turned to a nearby television screen displaying All-Might’s fight with All for One, _with this, we’ve done all we could, right? It’s fine to leave it in your hands now, right?_  

Midoriya observed the fight unfold on the large television screen with bated breath. He watched as All for One launched another massive Air Blast at where All-Might was standing, throwing up all the dirt and debris around the area and causing the action to be temporarily obscured by a massive cloud of dust.

Midoriya, Bakugou, and all the citizens who were gathered outside watching the showdown simultaneously held their breath. There was a collective sentiment in the crowd of over a hundred people. _Surely All-Might avoided that attack, right? All-Might is way faster than that, that attack shouldn’t even have clipped him. And even if he didn’t dodge it, it wouldn’t have done anything, right? All-Might’s taken hits from way bigger opponents._

Slowly, the dust started to settle and the crowd all pushed forward for a closer look. What they saw... what they saw was...

“Huh?” Someone spoke up, “who’s that skeleton?”

“That can’t be.. that can’t be All-Might, can it?”

Midoriya’s blood turned to ice. That form of All-Might’s, that form that could best be described as an ‘emaciated skeleton’. The form when he could no longer maintain One for All. All-Might’s
weakened body, obtained from a fight with a powerful villain five years ago, the body that he made sure never to reveal to the public, lest they lose faith in their Symbol of Peace.

“But that’s... still secret...”

The hollowed and bony body of All-Might was currently on display for all of Japan to see.

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One for All laughed uproariously at the situation. He had sent out a devastating Air Blast directly at All-Might. As the crowd had predicted, it was an attack that he could have easily dodged. But if All-Might had dodged, then who would save the people trapped underneath the rubble behind him that would be caught up in the blast?

“Your hollow cheeks, your sunken eyes! What a scrawny Symbol of Peace you’ve become!” All for One taunted, “but don’t be embarrassed, that’s your true form is it not?”

“Is that how you see it?” All-Might took a step forward, his large, stretchy hero costume hanging off of his scraggly form, “well, however much my body may be withered away... and however much that’s been exposed for all to see... my heart is still the same! And that heart isn’t something you could ever take away from!”

“How magnificent!” All for One crowed, “how could I forget that childish obstinacy of yours.” the villain raised a finger, “but I wonder... if your heart will remain unscathed after you hear this. Tomura Shigaraki, my disciple and leader of the League of Villains, is your dear old master Nana Shimura’s grandson.”

“...” All-Might froze.

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“All-Might?” the boy whispered, showing a concerned expression as he watched the fight on his television, “you... you can’t be...! No, not someone like you...”

The boy squinted worriedly at the bony figure of the number one hero on the screen, “what did he say to you, All-Might? Whatever he said it doesn’t matter. Not if it came out of the mouth of someone who fights for despair,” Nagito Komaeda clenched his fists together and scowled at the suited man, “All-Might... you’re Japan’s hope! The Symbol of Peace! You can’t succumb to evil... you mustn’t fall into despair...!”

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“You lie...” All-Might struggled to force the accusation out of his throat.

“Oh, but it’s the truth. Surely it sounds like something I would do, doesn’t it?” All for One used his thumbs to push the sides of cheeks upwards, “how odd... whatever happened to that smile of yours, All-Might?”

“You... you bastard!” All-Might shouted, blood spilling from his mouth.

“Just as I thought, how delightful! I did manage to rob a piece of your heart!”

“Aaaaaahhh!!!” All-Might screamed with despair as he dropped to his knees.

All-Might knelt on the ground, while All for One watched with delight. If the villain still had a
mouth, there was no doubt it would have been smiling at that moment.

There was no hope, not anymore. How could he win? How could anything that happens here be a win for him? His late master’s grandson, Tenko Shimura, was transformed into Tomura Shigaraki, the leader of the League of Villains. The despair was overwhe-

“Don’t give up... All-Might... please...!” a tiny, fearful voice came from behind him. It belonged to a woman, trapped underneath the rubble, crying and afraid of her life. “You can’t give up!”

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“Haaah... how disappointing. And I was really beginning to enjoy myself too,” Enoshima sighed, grabbed the remote and turned off the television, “really, this entire night was just one disappointment after another.”

Ikusaba looked at her in surprise, “eh, Junko? The fight’s not over yet, why’d you turn off the TV? Don’t you want to know what happens next?”

“I already know what happens next,” Enoshima stated.


“The hero, bruised, weakened, and on the verge of death, still continues to fight with a burning determination. But then, through the twisted words of the villain, the courageous hero crumbles and is plunged into the depths of a bottomless despair,” Enoshima narrates, “however, when the situation looks the most dire for our beloved hero, he finds the strength to stand up and continue to fight even stronger than before. Overcoming his despair through the power of friendship or determination or hope or whatever...”

“Umm...” Ikusaba tilted her head and waited for Enoshima to continue.

“Seriously! These cliches are so boring! Boring, predictable, unoriginal, and dumb. I mean, come on! ‘The hero, on his final embers, loses hope but then rises back up stronger than ever’? Who the hell is writing this thing? Soooo totally lame!”

“Wr-writing?” Ikusaba asked, “who’s writing what? What do you mean by ‘writing’?”

“And to think, I was enjoying myself too. All-Might’s weakened body. His sunken eyes, being filled with despair as he crumbles to the ground, grieving over who knows what.” Enoshima lamented as she stood up and went to her room.

Ikusaba watched her sister slam the door shut, then turned back to the remote and the TV.

So All-Might wins the fight then? I sorta want to watch... nah, I’ll just take Junko’s word for it.

The soldier smiled as she stood up and got ready for bed herself, during that fight, when All-Might fell into despair, that was the happiest I’ve seen Junko in a long time. So thank you All-Might and mysterious masked villain, for putting a smile on my sister’s face. I’ll make sure to work hard to do the same.

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“You were right, All for One,” All-Might smiled, “heroes always have so many things, so many people to protect!! That’s why they can’t afford to lose!”
“Oh? So you can still move? Very impressive,” All for One taunted as he rose into the air, “but for this next attack, make sure you really do use all of your might. After all, that next swing will be your last.

Ah, but wounded heroes have always been the more fearsome ones. I suppose I should watch out for swings two and three, as well.”

All for One was interrupted by a large torrent of Flame at his side, which was repelled by an Air Blast with minimal effort.

All-Might turned to the source of the Fire and found Endeavour shouting angrily at him. It wasn’t just him it seemed, as Edgeshot, Kamui Woods, and Tiger also arrived to help the hero out.

While Endeavour provided firepower, the other heroes worked to evacuate the injured people in the area and getting them to safety.

“How annoying,” in an instant, All for One unleashed another powerful Shockwave that blew away all the other heroes except for All-Might, “let us put aside your talk of ‘spirit’ and talk about reality.

It seems that there’s no guarantee that I’ll kill you off with just the power of the Shockwaves I’ve been using up until now,” All for One said as his right arm mutated monstrously into an amalgamation of various quirks, “so in order to assuredly kill you I’ll simply hybridize all of the best and most suitable quirks I have at the moment and strike you with them.”

All for One flew at All-Might with his enhanced arm, eager to strike him down in a single hit.

“‘Izuku Midoriya’,” the villain called out, “that’s the name of the man you transferred One for All to, correct? He came with no qualifications, no, he hasn’t even mastered using it, has he?” All for One’s voice took on a sadistic tone, “today you die not only as a hero, but also as a teacher. I hope you die nursing plenty of regrets, All-Might.”

All-Might met All for One’s punch with his own, stopping him in his tracks.

“That’s right,” All-Might declared, “as a teacher I must be there to scold him! Which means I won’t die here! And until I raise him properly, I won’t allow myself to die!!!”

As he said this, All-Might empowered his left arm and delivered a devastating hook to All for One’s side.

“Was that all?” All for One shrugged off the attack, “you’ve gotten so weak.”

“That’s because I didn’t put my back into it!” All-Might shouted as he channeled the last of his strength into his right arm this time. He reeled back and proceeded to punch the villain with all of his might, “good riddance, All for One!

United States of SMASH!!”

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Several moments passed.

The crowd outside was silent. No one made any noise, each person was holding their collective breaths as they watched the television screens.
All for One was lying at the bottom of a crater created by All-Might’s smash.

All-Might was standing before him, hunched over and breathing heavily.

Suddenly, the slightest bit of movement came from the injured hero. Slowly, almost painfully slow, All-Might raised his fist up to heavens. A non-verbal declaration, proclaiming ‘I am the victor!’.

“All-Might!!” The crowd cheered uproariously. Tears were shed, hugs were given, not a soul alive wasn’t celebrating the villain’s defeat.

After a short while, more heroes arrived on the area. All for One was being taken away in a large, durable cage while the rest of the civilians around the area were being rescued. The reporters and cameras were able to get on the ground for a closer look at the scene.

All-Might, noticing this, suddenly pointed a finger at one of the cameras.

When he knew he had had their attentions. When he knew that all eyes were on him, All-Might spoke plainly and clearly. His declaration was heard throughout the country.

“You’re next.”

When Midoriya saw that, tears streamed from his face faster than he could wipe them away, while Bakugou and the others watched him in confusion.

To the people in the crowd, the message seemed like a threat to all the villains that may have been watching. But to Midoriya, it meant something completely different.

“I’ve used up all I had. Now, you’re next.”

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“You’re next,” Komaeda repeated with awe, then giggled excitedly, “how inspiring, how incredible, how hopeful. All-Might's words never fail to send a chill down my spine.”

The boy excitedly walked up to the television and touched the screen with his pale hand, “I know what you’re talking about, All-Might. You’re talking about Midoriya!”

“Ah, how could I not have seen it sooner?” he slapped his forehead, “from how he acted at the Sports Festival, to his actions in Hosu City and now here at Kamino. It was so obvious!”

“But... this is all so very exciting,” Komaeda squealed, thinking back to a recent memory and barely able to contain his excitement, “I can’t believe I’ve already met with the future Symbol of Peace. He even touched me!”

The lucky student stroked his chin contemplatively, “hmm... but I can tell that he’s not quite ready to be a Symbol of Peace the way he is right now. He’s a little too... what’s the word... jumpy? Yeah, compared to the tall and majestic oak that All-Might was, I’d say Midoriya’s no more than a sprout or a sapling at this point. He’s going to need plenty of nurturing.”

“How exciting!” Komaeda’s face lit up with glee, “to think that I’m going to be able to witness the growth of the newest Symbol of Peace right before my very eyes. This is almost too much for me to handle.”

“Actually... perhaps I can aid him in his growth somewhat,” Komaeda said contemplatively, “I
know that he’s already got All-Might as a mentor, and is attending school at one of the best hero academies in the nation so it may be presumptuous for someone of my standing to say that I can help. But if I can... if I can push Midoriya to be able to overcome any kind of despair... then in the future, his hope will be able to shine even brighter than All-Might’s ever did! I’m getting goosebumps just thinking about it.”

“There’s still a little bit before school starts and my suspension is lifted. I should have plenty of time to go and show Midoriya the wonders of hope personally! I wonder if he still remembers our meeting that one time. No, it’s probably too optimistic for me to think that he’d remember someone as small and forgettable as me, I’ll probably have to reintroduce myself all over again. Then, I’ll find a way to cause an event that makes him despair. The hope that he’ll feel when he overcomes it...” Komaeda trailed off in thought, then shook himself, “no, I suppose it’s a little too soon for something like that, isn’t it? After all, he just saw his mentor lose all of his strength to defeat a villain. So he’s bound to be feeling a bit of despair at this point.

I’ve decided then, I’ll allow Midoriya to get over the despair he's in now, and to rest up a little. Then, after summer break is over and school starts up again, I’ll work on nurturing his hope.”

Komaeda beamed with pride, “that should be a perfect plan. And truth be told, I’ve been wanting to see my classmates again.”

Chapter End Notes

And with that, the summer camp arc is over.
Next up: the provisional license examination arc.

The surprise guest I mentioned last time was Komaeda. Wonder if you saw that coming.
Chapter 41

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

The next day, society was in havoc. Every single newspaper, TV report, and media outlet were talking about one thing and one thing only. All-Might’s fight against All for One. Most notably, All-Might’s true form, the result of taking a grievous wound five years ago during battle against a villain. Although he had tried to hide it, this secret had been revealed to the public at last.

No one took the news well. How could they? After all, their country’s number one hero, their shining star, their Symbol of Peace had just been forced into retirement.

Inside a tall building, the effects of the Kamino Ward incident were being discussed. The Nomus were still being investigated. The entire incident had provided little information on their specifics. How they were made, how they came to possess multiple quirks, or why they don’t respond to human stimuli.

The Villain Alliance had all gotten away safely with the notable exception of their leader, All for One. Now, after a loss like that, they would be in hiding and waiting to recuperate their losses before taking more action. In short, hunting them down will be difficult for the time being.

But the most important outcome that occurred during that incident was the loss of All-Might. Japan had lost their Symbol of Peace. All-Might’s true form has been exposed to the world, and the hero that no one thought could ever fall, the hero that every single person in Japan looked up to was gone in a single night.

Though this was a harrowing time for everyone, there was a single person who was taking the loss of All-Might particularly hard.

“I swear, Shouto, I can barely believe what’s going on!” cried Fuyumi Todoroki, Shouto Todoroki’s older sister as she watched him change his shoes, “since you left for the hospital last night you never messaged me back! I was so worried!”

“I’m sorry, Fuyumi.” Todoroki bowed in deference to his sister.

“And then when I was watching the fight, I saw a bunch of kids rescue that kidnapped student,” she continued, “I recognized a few faces from the Sports Festival, they were UA students, no doubt about it.”

Todoroki said nothing as he waited for Fuyumi to continue.

“Tell me, Shoto. You weren’t also with them, were you? Were you at that dangerous place yesterday?”

Todoroki thought back to the events of yesterday night. He had created a ramp made of ice for Iida and Midoriya to boost Kirishima into the sky with. Of course the news helicopters had picked up on those three while ignoring Yaoyorozu and him, who were hiding behind the wall.

He glanced at his sister’s worried face, then looked down. Just because he wasn’t captured on a
camera doesn’t mean that there was no evidence that he was there. That giant ice ramp hadn’t just disappeared after a single use. In fact, it was probably still there now, half melted by the dawning sun.

A ramp made of ice, plus the fact that other UA students had used that ramp to rescue their classmate. Who else in UA had an Ice quirk? It wasn’t going to be hard to pin him at the scene.

Plus, Kirishima and him told practically everyone else in their class that they were going. All anyone would have to do was ask one of them. There was no way out of this one it seemed.

Todoroki’s thoughts were interrupted by the resounding sound on training plates crashing onto a wooden floor. Accompanied by the unmistakable sound of his father shouting in anger.

He looked up at Fuyumi who gave a weak smile and pointed into their home, “he came back a little while ago... and he’s been like that the entire time...” she looked at Shouto, “maybe you could try... I dunno, talking to him?”

Grateful for the distraction, Todoroki walked off in the direction of the family training room.

*If All-Might, the previous number one hero, had suddenly retired then the position of number one would automatically go to...*

With the sneaking skills acquired from growing up with Endeavour as a father, Todoroki opened the door silently and cautiously peeked into the room.

The home gym was in utter shambles. Equipment was tossed around, there was a large crack in the wall accompanied by scorch marks, there was a hole in the *floor*, and patches of the entire room was *on fire*.

And to top it all off, Endeavour was sitting in the middle of the destroyed room, muttering, “not like this! I won’t accept it!” over and over again.

Todoroki wordlessly slid the door closed.

Strangely, talking didn’t seem to be the best option here.

“Welcome home, sweetie,” Inko Midoriya greeted her son as he came home, “things seemed... rough out there for All-Might, and what about you, Izuku? You must have had trouble coming home, right?”

“Ah, yeah, um...” Midoriya looked at his mother in surprise, “say, mom, how much of that fight did you watch exactly?”

“I’m pretty sure I turned on the TV around the time All-Might broke that villain’s mask,” his mom put a finger on her chin thoughtfully, “I know that I wasn’t able to catch the start of the fight. Why, is something the matter dear?”

“Oh, um... no! I was just wondering, that’s all!” Midoriya stuttered and reddened. It seemed that his mother hadn’t seen him fly through the sky while hugging Kirishima and Iida. Which explained why she wasn’t smothering Midoriya at the moment, hugging him close to her chest and crying tears of worry.
Thank goodness for small mercies, Midoriya thought.

Well, there was no doubt that she would find out what happened eventually, so there was no point in trying to hide it. Midoriya was going to tell her all about his escapade last night... just maybe not at this moment.

Tomorrow. Yeah, definitely tomorrow. For now, Midoriya was too exhausted to deal with anything too stressful. He went straight to his room and plopped onto the bed, not even bothering to take his dirty clothes off. He closed his eyes and...

Midoriya was awakened by the buzzing of his cell phone. He had quite a few text messages it seemed. Groggily, he read who they were from.

Midoriya stomped down the stairs in a hurry and rushed to put his shoes on.

“Wait, where are you going? Dinner’s almost ready!” Inko called out from the kitchen.

“Later mom!” was all Midoriya said in reply.

The hero-in-training raced down the block towards a familiar beach. In the pitch darkness of the night, he spotted a single figure standing on the sand.

“All-Might!” Midoriya called out while running towards him.

“Oh, there you are!” All-Might turned around, “you’re late, kid.”

All-Might ran to meet Midoriya with one of his arms outstretched, his other arm was in a cast. Midoriya followed suit, he ran with both arms out eager to embrace his mentor.

As All-Might drew nearer, he suddenly pulled back his free arm. Before Midoriya knew what was coming...

“Texas... SMASH!” All-Might yelled while socking his pupil square in the jaw. Midoriya was so surprised that it took a second for him to register the pain and fall over.

“You really just never do as you’re told, do you?” All-Might asked. “Everything was on the verge of reverting back to zero! Exactly like a certain someone I could name.”

Midoriya simply rubbed his jaw and stared at the ground, not saying a word.

“Midoriya my boy. I uh... I’m all but retired, unable to fight another day.”

To prove his point, All-Might suddenly transformed into his muscular form, punched the air a couple of times before reverting back to his regular form and spitting out blood from his mouth, much to Midoriya’s distress.

“The embers of One for All inside me are gone... I cannot maintain my muscle form anymore,” All-Might lamented sadly then turned to address the kid. “And yet time and time again, you fly into the thick of things no matter how many times you’re told not to...! And no matter how many times you’re told not to, you keep on wrecking your own body!

And this time...!”

All-Might gestured towards Midoriya who was still on the ground. Midoriya flinched and looked away from his hero, eyes filled with shame.
“This time you made it out of danger without hurting yourself, and that makes me so happy,” All-Might, much to Midoriya’s surprise, reached down and hugged Midoriya with his good arm. His voice swelled with pride as he recalled the boy’s actions the day of the incident.

“From this point forward, I will dedicate myself to your education. Let’s do our best, the both of us, just like this.”

“Hrrk... All... All-Might, I...” Midoriya started to say but something caught in his throat. Having received All-Might’s praise and hearing his words, Midoriya began to sob uncontrollably. “Ahh... *sniff*.”

“You really... never do as you’re told, do you?” All-Might chuckled softly as he held the boy close to him, “I told you to stop being such a crybaby!”

In the wake of the events that have occurred, Principal Nedzu has begun to take action in order to further preserve the safety of the students that were attending UA.

At the beginning of the year the planned dormitories for UA were still unfinished, but due to special circumstances, a single person was allowed to stay inside one of the rooms that had been nearly completed. Now, the on-campus dormitories were finally all ready, and was available to house all students currently in attendance at UA.

Of course, given the amount of dangerous occurrences at UA already, it would be foolhardy to expect the children’s parents to readily allow their children to not only continue attending, but to also live at UA away from home.

Still, they needed to try. Aizawa and All-Might would visit the students of 1-A while Vlad King and Nedzu would visit the students of 1-B, and together they would see if those parents were okay with allowing their kids to live at UA.

“I can’t help but notice that there’s a name missing from this list,” Aizawa noted after skimming through the papers that Principal Nedzu handed to All-Might and him. “Does this have to with that student’s special circumstances?”

Nedzu nodded sadly. “That is correct. I will be contacting Jin Kirigiri and Izuru Kamukura’s... guardians personally after we are all finished visiting the other students. Though I can already guess as to what their decision will be...”

Aizawa narrowed his eyes at the principal but did not say anything.

In response to his action, Principal Nedzu smiled gently at the teacher. “I know this must be frustrating, Eraser, but please bear with it for now.”

“Whatever,” Aizawa said as he turned around and began to walk away.

“Let’s get going then.” All-Might as he chased after his partner.

All-Might and Aizawa were currently sitting inside their car, which was parked in front of Midoriya’s house. After having already gone to Jirou’s and Bakugou’s households the next person
on the list was the Midoriya family.

Aizawa peered suspiciously at his coworker as he got out. While they were travelling, All-Might had offered to meet with the Midoriya family alone. “You sure you’ll be alright by yourself?”

“Yes!” All-Might said, giving Aizawa a thumbs-up, “we need to make the rounds by day’s end, right? At the rate we’ve been going so far, it’s getting dangerously close to dinnertime! So I’ll handle young Midoriya, and you can go ahead and visit the others.”

Aizawa grunted noncommittally and drove off.

“All-Might said as he watched Aizawa drive away, then turned to Midoriya’s house.

So this is where young Midoriya lives, huh? Thought All-Might as he walked up to the front door and knocked lightly. Come to think of it, I don’t know that much about his personal life, do I? What sort of life he lives when he’s at home.

The front door opened and All-Might was greeted by the sight of his pupil and a shorter woman with green hair. They were both sweating bullets.

“P-p-p,” Midoriya’s mother started, “c-c-come in, please!”

All-Might looked around the home as he was guided to the dinner table. He noted the astounding amount of All-Might merchandise that decorated the place.

“All-Might... he’s in my home...!” he heard Midoriya’s mother whisper to his son.

“C-calm down, mom!” Midoriya whispered back, not sounding all too calm himself.

A feeling of awkwardness took hold of All-Might, but he shook it off.

After they were seated, All-Might began to talk about the UA dormitories. “Ehm, I believe you’ve been notified in advance, but regarding UA’s boarding policy...”

“Yes, about that, um...” Inko looked up with a determined expression, “I can’t allow it.”

Midoriya turned around in shock. “Mom?! But you said yesterday that-”

“And then I thought some more about it, okay?! And I can’t let you!” She turned to face All-Might again. “Izuku never manifested a quirk but he still grew up idolizing you.

And now... ever since he’s miraculously manifested a quirk and entered UA, he keeps on getting battered and broken. Did you hear about his arm? They say that if he gets any more injured than that he could get paralyzed...!

I saw your battle on TV, and as a civilian, I’m so very grateful. But as a mother, I was so scared. And Izuku looks up to you. So if he’s going to wind up with the same blood-drenched fate. I thought to myself...

Wasn’t he happier back when he was quirkless, and he was looking at heroes from afar with that happy glint in his eyes?”

“Mom!” Midoriya suddenly stood up and shouted.

“Izuku,” Inko looked down at the table, refusing to meet his son or All-Might’s eyes, “I told you that I’d be cheering you on, but still be worried sick over you, right? I know you still want to go to
Inko stared hard at All-Might, tears dripping from her eyes. “As things stand with UA right now I just can’t muster the nerve to hand him over.”

“Mom...”

“It doesn’t matter how amazing a hero you may be. You can’t continue conducting lessons when you’re constantly attacked by villains... and you can’t stop the students from getting badly wounded. I have no intention of letting go to a school like that, I really don’t.”

All-Might was silent as he took in Inko’s words. He knew where she was coming from, what kind of mother wouldn’t be worried for their son after they went through everything that he did? Heck, he could even feel the lump in his throat whenever he saw Midoriya do something reckless, and he barely knew the kid! One could only imagine what his own mother felt.

“Izuku!” Inko called out as Midoriya ran at full speed out of the room and closed the door behind him.

Since you looked up to me, and chased after me. The idea of studying at UA must mean the world to you, All-Might thought apologetically, to cut you away from that would...

“I’m so sorry, I’ll call him back.” Midoriya’s mother stood up and started to follow after Midoriya.

Suddenly, the door reopened, with Midoriya holding a piece of paper in his hand.

“It’s alright if it’s not UA,” he said to the shock of his mother and All-Might. Midoriya held the piece of paper up, “look at this. I got a letter from the boy I saved at camp. Nevermind heroes, he hated quirks themselves, so for him to thank me... If only for a moment... this boy made me his hero. And that made me so happy...!

So I don’t care if it’s UA... it can be anywhere! Because I’m gonna be a hero!”

Ah, I see now , All-Might thought as he listened to Midoriya, you’ve already stopped chasing after me! You’ve changed!

In an instant, All-Might swelled up, turning into his muscle form to the surprise of both Midoriya and his mother. Then, to their further surprise, All-Might crouched down and knelt on the ground, performing a dogeza in front of both of them.

“I’m truly sorry that this went in the wrong order,” All-Might stated, his forehead pressed onto the floor, “I believe that young Izuku is worthy to succeed me... or, in other words, to become the next Symbol of Peace.”

“Huh?! Please, All-Might. There’s no need.”” Inko stammered as she saw the number one hero bow to her in her own home.

“As the former Symbol of Peace, I must apologize. I apologize profusely for taking advantage of his admiration and allowing myself to neglect his education...!”

Both Izuku and Inko Midoriya almost had a heart attack as All-Might poofed back into his regular form.

The hero continued, not even flinching as he transformed. “And as a teacher of UA, I’m pleading you. You’re absolutely correct that my path was drenched in blood. But that’s the very reason that I
won’t allow him to walk the same path. Instead, we would be standing side by side, walking that path together.”

“All-Might...”

“You can’t help but feel anxious over UA as it stands now. I understand that. But the heroes of UA understand that things can’t continue this way... they’re going to- no, they must change!

So could you find it in yourself to look not at UA as it stands now, but the UA of the future...!? Could you please let me pour my all into young Izuku?! I will protect and raise him even if costs me my life.”

“I’m sorry... I can’t allow that.” Inko said as she dropped to her knees as well, kneeling on the floor in front of All-Might.

“After all, you’re the light of Izuku’s life. I don’t hate UA... I just want Izuku to be happy, that’s all.” At this, All-Might raised his head in surprise the two of them looked each other in the eyes.

“So don’t give up your life. Please keep on living so you can protect and raise him. If you can promise me that then I will back down.”

All-Might looked at Inko with awe, then brought his head back down onto the floor. “I promise.”

“And Izuku. If you’re going to be living at UA, then... you understand don’t you...?”

I... I promise!” Midoriya said as he wiped away tears from his eyes, “I promise I won’t make you worried again!”

“You’re back. So, how’d it go?” Vlad King was sitting on the couch in the teacher’s lounge when he noticed Aizawa and All-Might walk in.

“Ah, Vlad King!” greeted All-Might, “our side went well. All of the students in class 1-A were allowed to live on campus. Though things were a little touch and go for a few households.”

“Good to hear it,” the 1-B homeroom teacher replied, “class B was the same. Some parents were a little apprehensive, and rightly so. But in the end they were all on board with the idea.”

“Good.” Aizawa stated while glancing at All-Might, “world needs more heroes now that our number one is out of commission. Gonna need someone competent to fill the void that was left.”

“Aizawa...” All-Might was speechless at his coworker’s words and stared at him in awe.

“Anyway, where’s Principal Nedzu?” Aizawa asked as he looked around the lounge, either not noticing All-Might’s reaction or not caring.

Vlad King jerked a thumb at a closed office door. “He’s in there making a phone call to Kamukura’s guardians.”

“A phone call?” asked All-Might with an arched eyebrow. “Aren’t we supposed to be visiting the students personally?” He paused and looked hesitant. “Er... speaking of which. Where is Kamukura living now? He’s not still on campus is he?”
“Apparently his guardians demanded that he be sent home after the villain attack on the summer camp.” Vlad King explained. “Nedzu told me just now. Though I wasn’t told where exactly he went.”

“How long has the principal been on the phone?” Aizawa asked.

“Not too long, probably a few minutes before you guys came back.”

There was a lull in the conversation and the three teachers could barely hear some voices coming from inside of Principal Nedzu’s office.

“No, I understand... Yes, that’s fine... I understand... Yes, of course...” and other such phrases could be heard occasionally.

“Sounds like it’s not going well.” Vlad King commented, breaking the silence.

“No... it doesn’t.”

“Speaking of Kamukura, actually,” Aizawa spoke up, “what are all of your thoughts on him?”

“Hm?” All-Might looked surprised at the sudden question, “my thoughts? What do you mean? I think he’s a skilled student and has great potential as a hero. Even if he acts a little strange from time to time.”

“I don’t spend a lot of time with the boy, so you’re better off not asking me.” Vlad King said.

“No, that’s not what I meant.” Aizawa corrected. “I mean on his situation as a whole. Being a transfer student from Hope’s Peak to here, and learning how to become a hero of all things. Doesn’t that strike you as strange? I mean, Hope’s Peak Academy isn’t even a hero school. It’s a private school that scouts people with talent.”

“Well his quirk is talent related, right?” All-Might offered, “maybe he was scouted because of that, and then they transferred him here because they thought it was a better fit for someone like him.”

“Hmm.” Aizawa looked thoughtful as he pondered this. “There was also the issue with the Sports Festival as well.”

“The Sports... ah, you mean that.”

“That’s right. I’m talking about how he wasn’t allowed to participate in the whole event.”

“Well that’s...” All-Might paused, not quite sure of how to answer.

“What reason did Principal Nedzu give again? Something about not wanting to appear in the media or something?” Vlad King tried to recall what happened months prior.

“He was pretty vague about it...”

“And furthermore, during the internship week, instead of joining with a hero agency, he was sent back to Hope’s Peak instead.”

“That is odd...” All-Might agreed as he considered the points that Aizawa brought up. “Have you spoken with Principal Nedzu about this?”

“We talked about it a few times now. Mostly about the points I just mentioned” admitted Aizawa, “but he mostly dodges the question or gives me vague answers.”
“Mmm,” All-Might pondered this, “are you suspicious of Kamukura or Principal Nedzu?”

“No, not... suspicious,” Aizawa half-heartedly denied, “just a little uneasy about affording a student so many liberties. Even if it is one as capable as him.”

“I get where you’re coming from, Eraser.” Vlad King voiced his assent as well. “I’m honestly not sure what the principal is thinking half of the time.”

Their conversation ended there as the door to Nedzu’s office opened and the rodent principal stepped out into the lounge area. The teachers all turned in anticipation at what the news would be.

“Thank you all for waiting. It seems that Izuru Kamukura will not be continuing his education at UA for the upcoming term,” he announced, much to the suspicion and slight disappointment of the teachers gathered outside.

“I see... That’s too bad,” All-Might frowned, “young Kamukura was an exceptional student, if a little... odd at times.”

Aizawa eyed All-Might. “At times?”

“Well, mostly all the time,” All-Might corrected his statement, “but still, he had a lot of potential. I would have liked to see his growth personally. But I’m sure that he’ll make a fine hero no matter which hero institution he’s attending.”

Aizawa turned back to Nedzu. “Is he attending a different hero school?”

“I’m afraid I wasn’t told,” Nedzu replied, a trace of annoyance in his voice, “his guardians are rather... secretive about things.”

“That reminds me,” Aizawa interjected. “I’ve been meaning to ask you about this, But what kind of person is Kamukura, exactly?”

“Hmm,” Nedzu chewed his whiskers thoughtfully, “there’s a lot I’m not at the liberty to divulge. And it hardly matters anymore, considering that he won’t be attending classes here in the future.”

“Just... what can you tell us, then?”

The principal studied Aizawa, then looked at All-Might and Vlad King, who were trying to hide their curiosity as well.

“I never knew him personally but...” Nedzu looked contemplative, “I think that Izuru Kamukura was a boy who desperately wanted to become someone special. That’s my assessment at least.”

“A boy who...” Aizawa repeated.

“Desperately wanted to become someone special...?” All-Might finished.

“What in the world does that mean?” Vlad King asked the question that was on all three teachers’ minds.

“I suppose it might not make sense as things are right now,” Nedzu shrugged, “but I’m afraid it’s all I can say for the time being. Sorry, Aizawa, I couldn’t be more helpful in my answer.”

“Whatever.”

“Well, that’s enough of the gloomy mood around here.” Principal Nedzu said as he cheerfully
clapped his paws together, “twenty out of our twenty-one first years have agreed to stay on for next term. We should be celebrating! How about we go out for drinks?”

A girl stomped loudly across the hallway of the hotel. She stopped in front of one of the doors to the rooms, then raised her hand to grab the doorknob, but stopped when she heard a voice coming from inside the room.

“Ah, GROSS! It’s seriously gross! But you should have more faith in the... what is it... now? Right, faith in the now! Just because out in the rural areas you might have been considered hot properly- ack, property, when you come out to the city you don’t compare to anyone but you still want to be noticed so you take off your clothes—” a quick inhale could be heard while the girl paused for breath, “for anyone when in reality they can see she’s just a girl with a hot piece of ass who they can easily take the virginity from!!”

The girl outside waited for the voice to continue, but instead of more words she could only hear deep breathing and the soft thump of a body collapsing onto the couch.

In one swift motion, the girl turned the knob and entered the room with a flourish. “I’m home!” Enoshima announced loudly while Ikusaba scrambled off of the couch to meet her sister.

“Ah, welcome home, Junko! How did the um... home visitation go?”

Enoshima ignored the question and scanned Ikusaba’s current attire from top to bottom. A blonde wig styled in pigtails covered her usual short black hair. Her freckles were hidden with makeup and she was dressed in a gaudy outfit. In short, she was dressed up as Enoshima.

“Hmm?” the Ultimate Fashionista spoke after a moment’s deliberation, “and who are you supposed to be?”

“Huh? It’s me, Mukuro, your sis- Er, I mean...” not knowing what answer Enoshima was expecting, Ikusaba backtracked. “My name is Junko Enoshima and I’m the Ultimate Fashionista! Sometimes I’m a charismatic model... um...”

Ikusaba paused and glanced down at the notebook she was holding in her hand, but Enoshima slapped it away.

“Seriously? Who do you even hope to fool with an act that bad?”

“U-um, well... that’d be... you,” Ikusaba looked embarrassed as she answered.

“Exactly! And at the rate you’re going, you’re never going to accomplish that goal. Ugh, how disappointing, and to think I had such high hopes for you too. But not even being able to disguise as me? What kind of twin sister are you?”

“I’m sorry, Junko. I... I promise I’ll work hard and get all my lines right!” Ikusaba declared as Enoshima ignored her and headed to her bedroom.

“See that you do. Oh, and also,” Enoshima turned around, “the home visitation was a complete success. Every single student in Class 77-B is now a loyal member of Ultimate Despair. Loyal to me, of course.”

“In just one day? Wow, Junko, you’re amazing!”
“I know, I know. That’s the difference between you and me.” the Despair said casually. “I’ll be entrusting them to you for when the term starts. Make sure they don’t get into trouble at school and that no one gets suspicious of them.”

“Eh?! Me? Why me?”

“Because I’m not gonna be able to remember them. In case you already forgot.” Enoshima sighed, “you’re technically their senior, so make sure you act like it.”

“Got it!” Ikusaba straightened her back and saluted.

*I’ll be ready for it once the break ends, I’ll make sure of it!*

Enoshima went to bed as Ikusaba rehearsed her lines throughout the night.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry for missing last week. Finals into a power outage completely killed my motivation.

We now head into the next arc of the story.
For UA it’s the license exams.
For Hope’s Peak it’s... something else.
For Kamukura it’s boredom.

Apparently the UA dormitories were actually fully constructed in only three days, not a whole term. Well, it’s not a big difference either way.

I’ve discovered the ability to add a horizontal line. Hopefully that looks better than what I was doing before.

Next chapter: Students return to their respective high schools. Though a certain student in each school finds something to be amiss.
Chapter 42

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

After the events that occurred, the rest of the students’ summer break passed without much fanfare and before they knew it, they were getting ready to go back to school.

On the campus of UA just five minutes away from the main building stood the students’ new living spaces, dubbed “Heights Alliance”.

“It’s so big!” Cried the 1-A students as they gathered in front of the building, completely in awe at the size of their new living space.

While most of class A stared with their mouths agape, Aizawa walked up in front of everybody and began to address them. “First things first, Class 1-A,” Aizawa said with a tone of voice that suggested he had just woken up, “we couldn’t be more glad that you’re all safe and sound, and back together again. Well, almost all of you.”

“Now that you mention it...” Todoroki muttered to himself as he surveyed his classmates.

“That guy’s not coming back, is he?” sighed Hagakure.

Tokoyami crossed his arms. “Quite a shame, they were an exceptional student.”

“Now then, I’ll be giving you all a brief explanation of how the dorms will work.” Aizawa announced, gathering the students’ attention. “But before that... We need to address how we’ll be moving forward to acquire the provisional licenses we’d planned to get at the lodge. Also, this is important so listen up. Todoroki, Kirishima, Midoriya, Yaoyorozu, and Iida... on that night, the five of you headed to that place to rescue Bakugou.”

The five whose names were called out suddenly stiffened, as did the rest of the class who were told of their plans.

“And judging by your individual reactions, the rest of the class knew about it too,” Aizawa continued, “let me say this clearly. Had All-Might not been forced to retire, then save for Jirou, Hagakure, and Bakugou, I would have expelled every single one of you. The five of you who went goes without saying. But the twelve who knew about it but didn’t stop it wouldn’t have gotten away scot free either. Whatever reasons you may had, it doesn’t change the fact that you betrayed our trust.

So I’d be grateful if you could restore that trust by going through the proper channels and hero-ing legally.

That is all! Now, let’s head inside with a spring in our step.” Aizawa finished his announcement with just as much enthusiasm as he had started, then turned and began to walk indoors, but paused when he noticed the gloomy atmosphere surrounding the students.

He and the other kids watched as Bakugou dragged Kaminari into the bushes against his will. Then after a few moments of silence, the bush erupted with electricity and out came a bumbling Kaminari, much to the surprise and amusement of the class.
Seconds later, Bakugou came out and handed a stack of money to Kirishima, who begrudgingly accepted the cash. It turns out that Bakugou got the information that Kirishima bought a really expensive pair of night-vision goggles from Kaminari and wanted to pay him back.

Aizawa watched the students laugh themselves silly at Kaminari’s antics. *I suppose a farce like this is okay once in a while.*

Aizawa introduced the students to the dorms’ facilities and let them get started with unpacking. Before they knew it, it was evening and most of the students were lounging about in the group living room.

Things were pretty relaxed until Ashido came by with a suggestion.

“Why don’t we have a competition to show off our rooms?”

After thinking about it, the boys decided it was a good idea.

As they were about to begin, Midoriya asked for them to wait a moment and walked off in the direction of one of the rooms. Confused by his actions, Kaminari and Ashido followed him.

Midoriya knocked on the door in front of him and patiently waited for a response while Ashido and Kaminari looked at each other.

“Um, Midoriya? What are you doing?” asked Kaminari, not exactly sure about what his classmate was up to.

“I wanted to ask Kamukura if he wanted to participate as well,” Midoriya replied happily.

The pair behind him looked at one another again. Ashido turned to face Midoriya.

“Um, Midoriya... Kamukura isn’t going to UA anymore.” she delivered the news as gently as she could.

“Huh?”

“Yeah, I think Aizawa mentioned that during the announcement this morning. Something about how his guardians were disappointed with the security of the school, so they were transferring him somewhere safer.” Kaminari surmised.

“What?” Midoriya looked distraught. “But I didn’t...”

“You must have spaced out or something,” Ashido offered, “I know you were fairly close with the guy, so I can imagine this coming as a bit of a shock.”

Midoriya couldn’t believe it. Kamukura wasn’t going to be attending UA? Midoriya was at a loss for words. Sure, Kamukura wasn’t the friendliest of people. But Midoriya still considered him one. He answered Midoriya’s questions, he was patient whenever Midoriya started rambling, and he was an interesting guy. If you knew how to talk to him, that is.

“Also, Midoriya?” Kaminari interrupted the boy’s train of thought and gestured behind him with his thumb, “why did you come knock on *this* door? Even if you didn’t hear that Kamukura wasn’t going to be here, why did you think that he lived *here*? And did you really not notice that Kamukura wasn’t with us this whole day?”

“Uh... that’s...” Midoriya stumbled for words as he suddenly realized his folly. He couldn’t tell...
them that this was the room that Kamukura was staying in before the dorms were finished, that was supposed to be a secret. Nor that he knew about this because Kamukura had once invited him here to talk to him. And certainly not the fact that the reason he didn’t think it was strange to not see Kamukura during the morning announcement nor the time they were unpacking was because he knew that Kamukura already had his stuff (little as it may be) in his room, and was not coming out because, well, he was Kamukura.

“Hey, are you guys done yet? Let’s get the competition started already!” Uraraka suddenly appeared from behind them as Midoriya was sweating nervously.

Midoriya sighed as the easily distracted Kaminari and Ashido dropped their line of questioning and reconvened at the lounge.

Midoriya took one last look at the empty door before following them. Kamukura... are you really gone? Didn’t you say that you wanted to observe me or something? I still had things I wanted to discuss with you.

Komaeda smiled as he arrived at the front gates of Hope’s Peak Academy. Finally, his suspension was over and he was allowed to return to school. Now he can observe the hope of the Ultimates up close once again as the next term started. As one would expect, he was positively elated.

The time he spent his suspension was fine, of course. He wasn’t ever bored for long. He went to the UA Sports Festival in person, something he couldn’t have done if he were still living on campus at Hope’s Peak. Additionally, he was able to meet with the person that stood out the most to him at the festival and a prolific serial killer the night before he was arrested, he really was lucky!

Komaeda made his way to the Main Course building as he was reflecting on his own suspension. He clicked his tongue in annoyance when he saw the protesters that stood angrily outside the gate that separated the Main Course from the rest of the school. They were shouting various things regarding the inequality of Hope’s Peak and them being Reserve Course Students.

Since when were there things like this? Komaeda wondered as he snuck past the rioters, mastering the ability to seem weak and unimportant. Exactly how much did I miss from my time away?

He wasn’t worried, though. Even if sneaking by didn’t work, he still had his Pacifism quirk to stop any confrontations.

Komaeda took one last disdainful look at the horde of angry Reserve Course Students as he walked off to his classroom. Really, just when will they learn? No matter how much they beg or plead or whine, they will not become talented. That is the truth of the world.

Komaeda brushed off these thoughts as he entered the classroom. He could trust in Hope’s Peak’s security, there was no way those measly Reserve Course Students could hope to pose any sort of problem against them. No, their efforts to bother the Main Course will be crushed, and they will be reminded of their place in life. That is the only possible outcome for them.

Komaeda walked to his desk and got ready for class. He smiled at his classmates who were already here as well as the ones who trickled in afterwards. As expected, they didn’t pay him much attention and went about their business.

I’ve missed out on a lot during the time I was away. Everyone seems so different now. I wonder if anyone will even pay attention to me? They probably forgot all about a lowly worm such as me.
Komaeda shrugged off his worries with a carefree smile. He looked around the classroom and was confused.

“Is Nanami late? She’s usually one of the earliest ones here,” Komaeda said out loud to no one in particular.

Several other members of the class turned around as he said that, they looked at him weirdly and then went back to what they were doing.

“Ah, that’s right, Komaeda. You weren’t here for a while so you probably haven’t heard about what happened yet.” Tsumiki approached the lucky student and spoke politely. “Some things happened and Nanami isn’t with us anymore. I’ve taken the role as class representative for the time being.”

“Oh, I see...” Komaeda studied Tsumiki carefully, “um, what happened to Nanami, exactly?”

“Hm? Oh, it’ll take a while to explain and classes are starting soon. I’ll tell you about it during lunch if that’s alright with you.”

“Yeah, that’s fine. Just...” Komaeda looked carefully at Tsumiki, then smiled. “You’ve gotten much more confident since I last saw you. It’s kind of surprising.”

“Thank you, that’s kind of you to say.” Tsumiki thanked Komaeda then went back to her seat. Komaeda thought he saw something in the nurse’s eyes when they were talking, something that gave her a vaguely distant and lifeless look. Komaeda shrugged off the feeling, he was probably just seeing things.

A middle-aged man with balding, white hair walked in and introduced himself as their temporary substitute homeroom teacher. He explained that Yukizome will be unavailable for the time being as she was otherwise preoccupied with other matters.

There was... no, he was just imagining things again. Komaeda thought that there was a weird atmosphere in the classroom as their substitute teacher said those words but it was gone before he could pinpoint what it was.

Class had started and there were no further developments.

“As I told you all yesterday, our first priority is to acquire provisional licenses.” Aizawa explained to the class. “The exam to receive qualification is very hard. The average yearly passing rate is only about 50 percent. So starting today, each one of you will be devising at least two new super moves.”

As Aizawa said this, teachers Midnight, Ectoplasm, and Cementoss entered the classroom. Together they explained that their class today will be about developing super moves at the Gamma gymnasium with the help of their teachers. Cementoss would move the earth to create arenas while Ectoplasm would create copies of himself that the children can spar against without any problem. They would also oversee the students’ progress along with Aizawa and Midnight.

But before they could begin, the teachers gave a quick rundown on what exactly a super move was. Super moves were more or less an attack or a skill you can deploy in the heat of battle that gives you the sudden edge in a fight. To that end, each student would be developing their own in order to boost their chances in combat scenarios.

As they started, most of the hero students already had an idea of how they wanted to approach this
exercise. Because most of them grew up used to how their own quirks worked, they all had a general idea of how they could make a super move out of them.

Midoriya, on the other hand, due to his unique situation, was at a loss.

“Happy to see everyone going at it!” a boisterous voice rang out from the gym’s front entrance, interrupting Midoriya’s discussion with Ectoplasm about his self-destructive quirk. Everyone turned to find All-Might standing at the doorway in his depowered form.

“Never fear...” he suddenly transformed into his muscular form, “for although I wasn’t asked to come, I didn’t have anything else to do! So I am here!” he said before deflating like a souffle to his regular form.

After being chided by a couple of teachers about needing to recover, he noticed Midoriya and walked over.

“You’re still trying to imitate me, kid.” Was all he said towards Midoriya before going off to find another student to talk to, leaving the boy to mull over his cryptic words of advice.

“Ah, Owari, did you forget to bring your lunch?” as everyone began to eat, Komaeda noticed that the gymnast was staring hungrily at the others’ lunches. “I can share some of mine if you wish.”

“Huh?” Owari’s eyes refocused and she looked up at Komaeda, confused. “What are you talkin’ about?”

Komaeda raised his hands in a defensive position and smiled. “Sorry to bother you. It’s just that it’s lunchtime and I remember you usually start eating around this time. I just didn’t want to see you go hungry...”

Owari relaxed and started to pick her ear with her pinky finger. “Man, you just don’t get it, do you?”

“Haha, I guess I don’t.” Komaeda chuckled at Owari’s dismissal. “So are you not hungry then?”

“Well of course I am.” Owari said. “I haven’t eaten anything for almost week now. Anyone would get hungry after something like that.”

“Haha, that’s true- Wait, what?” Komaeda took a second to process what she just said, “did you just say that you haven’t eaten anything in a week?!”

“Yeah, what about it?”

“I’m pretty sure that’s not healthy.” Komaeda stated worriedly. “And I don’t think a human being can even last that long without food.”

“Ugh, seriously annoying. I forgot now that he’s back we have to deal with all of his annoying talks again.” Saionji called out from the back.

“Hey, Komaeda’s missed out on a lot due to his suspension.” Koizumi reminded her. “It’s going to take some time before he’ll be able to catch up.”

“Hmph, it was his fault that he got suspended anyway.” Saionji pouted. “Why do we have to put up with it?”

Tsumiki walked up to the confused Komaeda. “Perhaps this would be a good time to talk about
what you’ve missed. Can you come with me?”

“Oh um... sure. I guess...” Komaeda reluctantly agreed and followed the nurse out into the hallway.
“What exactly is going on with Owari?”

“Hm? Oh, that.” Tsumiki looked disinterested but responded courteously. “There are a lot of things
that I need to explain but I suppose we can start with that. Owari usually loves to eat, so by forcing
herself to go hungry and watch others enjoy their meals she can experience despair in her own
way.”

“Oh, that makes sen- huh?” Komaeda paused.

“Is something wrong?”

“Uh, why would Owari want to experience despair, exactly? I don’t really get it.” Komaeda smiled
nervously.

“And this was why I wanted to start from the beginning.” Tsumiki lamented, a dangerous glimmer
in her suddenly lifeless eyes. “That way you’ll be caught up much quicker.”

“Um...” Komaeda felt a twinge of fear. Cold sweat ran down his back.

“That way we won’t make trouble for Junko. After all she’s doing right now so that her plan can
succeed, we can’t bother her.”

“Who’s... who’s Junko?” Komaeda repeated. “You... you and Owari... you’ve fallen into despair...
haven’t you?”

“Teehee. Owari... and me?” Tsumiki giggled and looked down at the panicking boy. “No, there’s
much more than that.”

“Not just you two...? Then...” Komaeda suddenly recalled what happened in the classroom.
“Saionji and Koizumi as well?”

“I had worried that something like this might happen.” Tsumiki sighed. “The entire class is going
to leave you behind if you don’t catch up, you know?”

“Th- the entire class?! N-no! That can’t be...!”

Tsumiki grabbed Komaeda’s hands with both of hers, not even bothered by how cold they were in
contrast to her own. “Of course, you weren’t there when Nanami was killed. Nor will you be
receiving lessons from Junko. So it’ll be difficult for you to catch up.” Tsumiki displayed a smile
that would have appeared sweet if her eyes weren’t currently glowing red and filled with swirls.
“But as the new class representative, I’ll make sure that you won’t be forgotten or left behind. I’ll
make sure that you can fully appreciate despair and one day be a vital part of Junko Enoshima’s
Ultimate Despair.”

“Ts-Tsumiki, please let go of me...!” Komaeda struggled against her grip but the nurse,
strengthened by despair, would not loosen her hold.

“You don’t have to worry so much, Komaeda. I’ll take very good care of-”

“I said let go!” Komaeda yelled and activated his quirk. Tsumiki let go of Komaeda’s hands then
stared down at her own with a confused expression. Komaeda took this chance to run away.
“Huh? Where are you going?” Tsumiki called out from behind him. “Did you have to go to the washroom?”

Komaeda didn’t stop running.

“You’re still trying to imitate me, kid.”

All-Might’s words echoed in Midoriya’s mind as he walked down the hallway to the support department laboratories. He was deep in thought, mulling over what All-Might meant when he had said that to him. Although he didn’t understand what All-Might meant when he said this, Midoriya could feel that there was something to the advice that his mentor had given.

The reason for why he was headed to the support department was because of the other part of their class’s lessons, thinking of upgrades for their hero costumes. Currently, Midoriya was thinking of finding a way to let him use One for All without breaking his arms, as well as avoiding them becoming paralyzed from overuse.

He wasn’t the only person who thought about upgrading his gear as it turned out. A girl’s voice called out from across the hallway. “Ah, hey Deku!” Midoriya turned and saw Uraraka walking with Iida, both in their hero costumes as well. Uraraka ran towards her friend excitedly.

“Ah, hi Urara-”

BOOM!

But Midoriya was unable to finish his greeting for in the next moment, he exploded.

Chapter End Notes

To that one commenter who guessed what was going to happen to Komaeda: good on you, I’m impressed.

Next chapter: We find out what happened to Midoriya as Nagito tries to find help for his class.
Komaeda’s feet slapped against the ground as he ran away from Tsumiki. Consumed with fear, he ran with no particular direction in mind. All he knew was that he had to get away from... from despair as quickly as possible. He looked over his shoulder as he was fleeing.

_They’re not chasing after me, are the-

*WHUMP*

Sheer momentum sent Komaeda sprawling onto the ground, causing him to land directly on the hard pavement.

“Ow!”

“Whoa!” A similar whump and exclamation could be heard in front of him, as the person he rammed into also got knocked down.

“Ah! Are you alright? I’m so sorry, I wasn’t watching where I was going.” A soft but panicked voice filled Komaeda’s ears as the other person scrambled to get back up. He raised his head and saw a short boy with brown hair and a worried expression looking down at him and holding out his hand.

Slightly dazed, Komaeda wordlessly accepted the proffered hand and pulled himself up. “Uh...” he stared down at the boy he ran into. Now that they were both standing, it was somewhat disorienting how much he towered over the other boy.

“I’m Makoto Naegi, the Ultimate Lucky Student.” Naegi introduced himself. “I think you’re from the class above us, right? I’ve seen you around before.”

“Um, right. My name is Nagito Komaeda...” Komaeda glanced behind him again to check if there was anyone following him, then looked back at Naegi as his words reached his brain. “Did you say that you’re also a lucky student?”

“Yeah, I- also? Does that mean you’re a lucky student too?” Naegi looked shocked.

“Yeah... that’s right.” Komaeda wanted to leave this pointless conversation and continue his search to find help. Maybe Naegi could...? No, no way. What was he thinking? There was no way a lucky student could help cure his classmates of despair. But he couldn’t just walk away.

“Hey, Komaeda, are you running away from something?” Naegi asked suddenly. “You keep looking behind you.”

“Huh? N-no, it’s just...” Komaeda didn’t want to tell the boy that he was running away from his classmates, who may or may not be chasing after him at that moment. “I’m... looking for someone, that’s all.”

“Oh, who are you looking for?” Naegi asked, eyes looking wide and innocent. “I may have seen them around.”
“Oh, uh...” Komaeda groaned inwardly, why did this Naegi person have to be so nice? Komaeda racked his brain for a name, until he remembered something that Tsumiki had said “Um, have you heard of someone named ‘Junko Enoshima?’”

Naegi’s entire face lit up when he heard that name. Even Komaeda felt a little calmer upon seeing his reaction. “Oh, you’re looking for Enoshima? She’s in my class!”

“She... she is?” Komaeda was surprised to hear that. So the person who turned his entire class into despair was also a student at Hope’s Peak Academy? And someone who’s a year younger than them at that? “Then do you know where they are? I need to talk to them about... something.” Komaeda looked away and bit his lip as he said that.

“I’m afraid she’s not here today.” Naegi looked apologetic, even though it wasn’t something that he had any control over. “Um, but I can relay your message for you if you want.”

“Huh? She’s not here?” Komaeda repeated then thought about Naegi’s offer. It was tempting... wait, no it wasn’t. “No. This is something I need to talk to her about in person.” After all, how could he tell Naegi that his entire class had fallen into despair?

“Something that you have to talk to her about in person?” Naegi looked thoughtful. What could he be thinking about? There’s no way he’d figured out Komaeda’s inten-

“Oh!” Naegi suddenly cried out, interrupting the other boy’s thoughts. Komaeda stared down carefully at him. “Oh. Oh...” his eyes widened as he stared up at Komaeda. What was this all about? And was he... was he blushing?

“U-um, about Enoshima.” Naegi started stammering now. “I-I think she likes most food items, except the rations...” Naegi winced as if remembering a bad memory. “Oh, and accessories like hairpins and perfume should be good too.”

_Huh? What was Naegi talking about? “Naegi, what are you talking about?”_ Komaeda asked what was on his mind.

“They’re gifts! Gift ideas, I mean.” The boy’s blush grew. “So your um... talk goes well.”

“Gift...” Realization dawned on Komaeda. _There’s no way... does he think that I want to talk to Enoshima because... Komaeda mentally shook himself. There’s no point in correcting him. Naegi coming to his own conclusion, even if it’s the wrong one... it’s actually kinda fortunate for me, if I’m being honest. This way I don’t have to feed him some lie and hope he believes it._

The older boy forced a polite and friendly smile onto his face. “…Thanks, I’ll keep that in mind.” Naegi beamed as Komaeda said this. “I’m sure it’ll go great. I was kind of scared of her at first, but Enoshima’s actually really nice.”

“Really nice, huh?” Komaeda repeated, carefully hiding the suspicion in his tone.

“Yeah. Both her and her sister.”

Komaeda perked up. “Her sister?”

“Oh yeah, Enoshima has a twin sister, Mukuro Ikusaba, the Ultimate Soldier.” Naegi explained. “Oh, but you don’t have to worry about mistaking them for each other. They don’t look that similar.”
Komaeda considered this. “And what does this Ikusaba look like, exactly?”

“Oh, she has short, black hair and freckles.” Naegi answered earnestly then looked down. “I um, I actually should probably go now. I promised Maizono that I’d eat lunch with her.”

“Hm? That’s fine,” Komaeda dismissed, “what you’ve told me just now was quite helpful.”

“Really?” Naegi smiled. “I’m glad. Good luck, Komaeda. I’m sure everything will be fine.” and then he ran off.

Komaeda watched as Naegi departed, feeling strangely serene. *How weird, why did talking with him calm me down so much? I should still be panicking because my class is in trouble, and yet I don’t feel the slightest bit... worried?*

As he recalled the reason for his being scared, Komaeda felt his calmness dissipate and his panic reappearing.

*What’s going on?* Komaeda looked in the direction Naegi ran off to. *Was it him? Did he use his quirk on me or something?*

Komaeda shook his head. *Whatever, there’s no point in thinking about it now. Right now I need... Well, if Enoshima isn’t here then I should talk with someone else who might know something about what happened to my class. That lead Naegi gave me sounded promising.*

*I need to look for Enoshima’s sister, Mukuro Ikusaba.*

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Midoriya was launched backwards by the force of a large explosion that originated from the support laboratory. Uraraka and Iida rushed over to see if he was alright.

Apparently, the student named Mei Hatsume was the cause, as evidenced by the support department teacher, Power Loader.

Hatsume worked with Midoriya and fought against Iida during the Sports Festival. Though it was a memorable event for the two of them, it seemed that Hatsume had forgotten all about it.

After reintroducing themselves, the inventor girl gave a quick farewell and made to go back into the partially destroyed lab.

“Oh, wait...” Midoriya called after her, “I kind of wanted a few words with Power Loader regarding a costume upgrade.”

“Did you say costume upgrade?!” Hatsume whirled around and blinked back to where Midoriya was standing. “I’m listening!”

And so Midoriya and his friends were invited into the lab. After a bit of prodding from Hatsume, she equipped Midoriya in a power suit.

“I’d be okay with just arm supporters, though...” Midoriya protested weakly as Hatsume activated the suit. “Oh wow, it’s moving on its own...

Huh, wait, it won’t stop...

Owowowow, my hips!”

“Looks like I messed up while programming its range of motion. My bad!” Hatsume said as she
stopped the suit.

Next on the list was Iida, it seemed. He wanted something that could cool off the Engines in his legs faster so that they could be used more often. Hatsume overheard this and brought out another gadget.

She attached boosters to Iida’s arms, much to his protest. She pressed the button and sent the class rep flying into the ceiling.

“You do know that my quirk is in my legs?!” Iida cried out after falling back to the ground.

“Well, that’s exactly what I was thinking.” Hatsume smiled, ignoring Iida’s pain. “If you want to cool down your legs, why not use your arms instead?”

“!” the moment she said this, Midoriya had a spark of inspiration.

*I think I’m... kind of getting it...?! What All-Might meant when he said that to me...!

Standing in front of one of the large buildings of Hope’s Peak Academy was a single teenage girl. She stared up at the tall building expressionlessly, her arms crossed.

The girl pulled out her cell phone and sighed, she stared at the message she had received on it, the reason that she was here. Her expression did not change, and the girl put her phone back in her pocket.

Without a hint of hesitation, the girl strode purposely into the building. She walked to the elevator and pressed the button for the highest floor. After reaching her floor, she walked briskly to her destination, she stopped in front of a door no different from any other. No difference, that is, except for the plaque that read “Principal’s Office” stuck in front of it.

The girl pushed the door open without knocking. The man inside grumbled then looked up, his expression instantly changing to one of delight.

“Ah, Kyoko. Welcome. You’re here because you received my message, haven’t you?” Jin Kirigiri smiled as his daughter came in and sat on the soft chair directly across from him without a word in response.

“You said that you wished to hire me,” Kyoko confirmed coldly, “as the Ultimate Detective.”

“Straight to business, I see. I like that.” Jin continued smiling despite the detective’s unfriendly demeanor. “Izuru Kamukura, that is who I want you to investigate.”

“Izuru... Kamukura,” Kyoko repeated the familiar name, “you mean the founder of Hope’s Peak Academy?”

“Ah, no, I’m afraid not.” Jin shook his head. “This Izuru Kamukura simply happens to share a name with the founder of our school. Though there is absolutely no relation between the two of them.

“I see. Kyoko responded. “What else can you tell me about them?”

“Nothing.” Jin responded blankly.
Kyoko blinked. “Nothing? Not their age, their appearance, a general profile... Not even their gender? Or why you want me to investigate them?”

“I’m afraid I can’t tell you anything like that.” Jin shrugged. “That’s why I’m hiring the *Ultimate* Detective.”

“Do you really not know anything about this Kamukura person?” Kyoko interrogated her father. “I find that hard to believe.”

“Well, you have no choice but to believe it, I’m afraid. It’s true.” Jin chuckled. “I want you to find out as much as you possibly can about the person. Their personality, their daily activities, their criminal history, anything really, then report whatever you find back to me.”

“So you wish for me to find out everything about this person... From just their name. Is that about right?” Kyoko surmised.

“That’s right.” Jin said happily. “And be sure to keep the fact that I’m the one who hired you a secret. Naturally, you’ll be compensated well for this difficult request.”

The corner of Kyoko’s mouth twitched in annoyance at his father’s words, though it was too quick for either of them to notice. “...Naturally.” The detective repeated.

“Well, if you have nothing more to tell me, I’ll be going now.” Kyoko stood up and started to make her way out of the principal’s office.

“Ah, wait.” Jin called out after her.

Kyoko spun around quickly, seemingly in anger though her face was completely neutral. “What?” She asked.

“You haven’t told me if you’re going to take the case yet.” Jin pointed out.

“Right.” Kyoko said. She paused and turned around again facing away from her father’s expectant expression. “I’ll think about it.” And she left the room, walking away from the office without a second glance.

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Ikusaba skulked across Hope’s Peak’s campus, hidden from sight, completely unnoticed by the students and faculty alike. Junko’s plan had been progressing along perfectly. Everything her sister had written down, every line Junko had devised, every action she had scripted, Ikusaba was following to the letter.

After all, obeying orders was all an Ultimate Soldier like her would be good for, as Junko made clear on numerous occasion. So she might as well be good at it.

What she needed to do right now was simple. Ikusaba had just finished breaking into one of the dormitory rooms and stole every single notebook stored inside it.

Now, she was on her way to isolate and murder one of the four members of the Steering Committee. It didn’t matter which, any one of them will do for the plan. It was their corpse that was important.

Or so it said in her sister’s notebook. Junko had referred to it as “killing two birds with one stone”,...
but Ikusaba didn’t quite understand the point of stringing up a dead body for display after she had killed them.

Well, it didn’t matter if she understood the plan or not. What mattered was that she could carry it out, and she could. Ikusaba was absolutely confident on that front.

Even now, as she made her way to find the Steering Committee member she had been tasked to kill, Ikusaba utilized all of the skill and experience as a soldier to move undetected across the campus. For anybody to be able to notice her, it would require a great deal of skill, or perhaps luck-

“Are you Mukuro Ikusaba?” a weak, breathy voice called out at the soldier’s side, causing her to jump imperceptibly. Ikusaba turned and saw a tall boy with messy, white hair, staring at her with an unfathomable expression.

“Yeah... I am. Why?” Ikusaba responded calmly despite her surprise, how had this person seen her? And why does he know her name? “How do you know my name?” she asked.

“Naegi from your class told me about you.” The white-haired boy answered simply.

Ikusaba internally relaxed. If Naegi knew them then they should be of no danger to Junko’s plans-

“I’m looking for your sister, Junko Enoshima.” the boy interrupted her thoughts. “Do you know where I can find her?”

Okay, calm down. Just because they’re looking for Junko doesn’t mean that they suspect her of doing anything. He might just be a fan... of sorts. Ikusaba looked the boy up and down, noting the messy hair, incredibly pale skin, and ripped coat. Was that large, green hoodie considered fashionable? She really didn’t know a thing about fashion beyond what her sister normally wears.

“Who are you, exactly? Junko didn’t come to school today due to some health concerns, why exactly are you looking for her?” Ikusaba asked what one would normally ask when encountering a stranger for the first time.

“My name is Nagito Komaeda. My talent is the Ultimate Lucky Student.” The boy, Komaeda, introduced himself. “The reason I’m looking for Enoshima is because someone in my class mentioned her.”

“Your class?”

“Yeah, Class 77-B.” Komaeda answered. “They were acting kind of... weird.” Komaeda hesitated a little at the end of his sentence, but Ikusaba noted something much more important.

“Wait, Class 77-B. As in that Class 77-B? As in, you’re saying you’re in that class?” Ikusaba asked this calmly, with no emotion on her face outside of minor curiosity. Inside, however, she was panicking.

“Um, yeah, that’s right.”

I thought Junko got all the members of that class to fall into despair...! Who is this Komaeda person then? Why are they completely normal?

“Um, Komaeda, was it? Were you ever away from your class for an extended period of time?”

“Hm? Oh, yeah, I was actually.” Komaeda looked as if he remembered something. “I got suspended for a while in the previous term.”
“That would explain it...” Ikusaba muttered to herself.

So that’s why they weren’t there for when Nanami was killed. But... Mikan must have mentioned him to Junko, right? So she wouldn’t have overlooked this person’s existence in her plan to turn that class into despairs, right? No, she must have known about him...

No... it can’t be. Was that Junko’s plan? Ikusaba thought of a possibility that scared her, but made a lot of sense in her mind. Is Komaeda here as... as a test for me?

Junko did say that I had to keep the other despairs out of trouble and suspicion. Was she talking about Komaeda specifically?

Furthermore, she never mentioned him in her notebook. That means that she must have wanted him to be a surprise. An obstacle that I had no way of preparing for. I should have known that Junko wouldn’t have given out all the details of her plan.

And now, if I can’t deal with Komaeda, the state of that class will be found out and her plan will be ruined. And she’ll be in despair... that’s why...

“Um, sorry? What exactly would that explain?” After a brief moment, Komaeda interrupted Ikusaba’s thoughts once more.

“That would explain why your class seems to be acting weird.” Ikusaba responded easily. “After all, you were gone for quite a while, it’s only natural that the people you knew up to now would change in some way.”

“Huh? No, I really don’t think that’s it...”

“Then maybe they were playing some sort of joke on you.” Ikusaba offered.


“Your entire class coordinated together and is playing a prank on you. If you were suspended for a long time, then they would have ample time to prepare.”

For an excuse thought of on the fly, it’s not completely unbelievable, right? Ikusaba thought nervously as she waited for Komaeda to respond. You’re not laughing at me, right Junko?

“A joke, huh...? A joke...” Komaeda repeated those words as he mulled carefully over the possibility that Ikusaba raised. The soldier could feel her heartbeat pumping away in her chest. Then, he came to a conclusion.

“A joke! So that’s what it was!” Komaeda smiled brightly as he said this. Ikusaba suppressed the urge to sigh in relief and kept staring at him, without any change in expression. “Of course! How could I be so foolish? Thank you, Ikusaba, you’ve been a great help.”

Ikusaba watched Komaeda walk away, presumably in the direction of his class. Once he was out of sight, she started to sprint.

That lie will only hold up for so long, I need to find a way to deal with him for good.

Komaeda slapped his head as he sauntered back to his classroom. How could he have been so foolish? To think that his classmates, who were Ultimates, would fall to something as horrid as despair. It was unthinkable.
Yet, he was tricked. Well, how could he not have been? They were his classmates, after all. They knew what Komaeda was like from sharing the same class with him for so long. They knew the kind of things that would set him off, and they acted accordingly.

Right now his classmates were probably gathered around in the classroom, laughing at his overreaction. I mean, come on, running away like a scared little child? Was he really that much of a coward?

It was at that point that Komaeda’s stomach growled. He laughed again at his own foolishness. In his fear and panic, he spent almost the entire lunch period running and left all the food that he had packed back on his desk.

Well, it was probably still there, right? Or... maybe not if Owari saw it and no one thought to stop her. Actually, come to think of it, that did seem like something she’d do.

At this thought, Komaeda hesitated. Should he... should he go to the cafeteria before returning to class?

Yeah, that was probably a smart decision. Komaeda decided this and changed his path, completely oblivious to the Ultimate Soldier that followed him close behind.

Around four days had passed since the start of Class 1-A’s super move training. All things said, the students were coming along nicely with skills and techniques that could potentially turn the tide of battle.

Most notable of all was Bakugou, who was staring angrily at a thick wall that Cementoss had created for him.

The boy held his palm up and cupped his other hand in front of it. He concentrated and...

BOOM!!!

“ Armour piercing shot!” Bakugou yelled as he launched a thin Explosion at the slab of concrete. Instead of blowing away the entire thing, a hole was made in the middle of it, and the surrounding edges were intact.

In short, Bakugou had focused his Explosion into a small area, reducing its spread but increasing its damage. “Hahaha! Fuck yeah!”

“Bakugou’s battle sense seems to be sticking out as prominently as ever,” All-Might noted to Aizawa as they observed the student’s progress. All-Might turned to study the other students, while something shifted above him.

It was a rock. Namely, a large piece of debris that Bakugou had accidentally knocked loose and was now hurtling dangerously towards All-Might’s head.

“Ah, hey! Look above you!” Bakugou warned with the same anger as before. All-Might was stunned as he saw the chunk fall towards him.

When it looked like the rock was about to hit, just before it made contact, a green flash zoomed past them and knocked the rock away.

When All-Might saw who it was, he grinned. “Correct answer.” was all he said to his student’s newfound growth.
If using his arms was giving him trouble, then he would just use his legs instead. That was the idea Midoriya had received when he went to see Hatsume at the support department. After receiving some upgrades to his costume, Midoriya was finally ready to debut his new ability.

One for All Full Cowl. Shoot Style!

Four days had passed since Jin Kirigiri had tasked his daughter with the case to investigate Izuru Kamukura. Of course, the headmaster had expected Kyoko to take the case, but what he hadn’t expected was how much she’d be able to uncover in just a short amount of time.

The Biggest, Most Awful Tragedy in the History of Hope’s Peak, the murder of Hope’s Peak’s entire student council, Izuru Kamukura’s supposed involvement in that incident, and the catalyst behind the Reserve Course’s students’ ongoing “parade”.

Jin was proud of his daughter, he really was.

But he hadn’t liked everything that he had heard from Kyoko’s report. According to her, a Steering Committee member was murdered. If that wasn’t enough, it happened right in front of her, and then the culprit tried to kill her as well. If it hadn’t been for her quirk, then...

Jin watched as Kyoko finished her report and got up to leave the room. With a stone faced expression, she turned and walked to the door.

“This may be a dangerous request.” Kyoko stopped unintentionally at his father’s words. “More dangerous than I had expected it to be, I mean.”

“So what?” She asked with her back still towards him, only turning her head to look at him. “I’m a detective.”

“Well, if you say so...” Jin paused and Kyoko took a step out of the room before he continued. “However, the Reserve Course’s “parade” has been getting more serious by the day. Somehow their timing is too good and I don’t think that incident is entirely unrelated. That’s why... I’m saying...” Jin cleared his throat in an attempt to sound normal. “... be careful.”

Kyoko didn’t reply at all and left the office.

After ensuring that the door was closed, Kirigiri took a deep breath and sighed. A smile remaining on his gloomy face.

*She really has a magnificent talent*, he thought to himself. But he didn’t have the time to be proud of her as he heard a gentle knocking on his office door.

There was only one person it could be. Only one person who would be so polite as to knock before entering his office. “Come in, Kizakura.”

Koichi Kizakura grinned as he popped his head into the office, without a word he made his way in and plopped lazily on the chair in front of Kirigiri’s desk.

“You look like you’re in a good mood.” Kirigiri noted. “And you’re not even drunk. Busy day?”

“I’ve had worse. But that’s not why I’m here.” Kizakura lazily dismissed, then leaned in close and said in a whispering tone. “Now you may not have heard about this already, and I wouldn’t blame you if you haven’t, seeing how you have your hands full dealing with our little “parade” out front. But get this,” Kizakura paused for dramatic effect. “I’ve been hearing rumours that your daughter,
the Ultimate Detective herself, is currently investigating the student council killings.”

Whatever Kizakura had been expecting from his friend, it certainly wasn’t what he said next. “Ah, that. Yes, I know about that already.” Kirigiri nodded. “In fact, it was I who requested her to do it.”

“Y-you what?!”

“Well, let me amend that statement. What I actually requested of Kyoko was to investigate the person known as Izuru Kamukura. It just so happens that he is one of the suspects for the student council incident.”

“Listen, you haven’t been hitting the bottle in my absence, have you?” Kizakura asked. “Why on earth would you decide to do something like that? If she finds out about what happened with Kamukura, or, heaven forbid, actually finds Kamukura, then we’re pretty much all done for.”

“Actually, that’s what I’ve been trying to avoid.” Kirigiri smiled smugly, much to Kizakura’s confusion. “The reasons of why I’ve hired my daughter to investigate Izuru Kamukura are twofold.”

Kizakura sat upright with his arms crossed. “Well then, let’s hear ‘em.” He demanded.

“For starters, she was always going to be sticking her nose in the shady activities occurring at Hope’s Peak. She can’t help it after all, she’s a Kirigiri.”

“And they do have a certain penchant for raising cain.” Kizakura noted sarcastically. “Go on.”

“So if she’s going to be getting into a case like that, then I thought I might as well be the client that hired her. That way I get to keep an eye out on her progress.”

“Oooh, I think I’m startin’ to get it.” Kizakura stroked his goatee sagely. “But what happens if she doesn’t take the case?”

“I’ve thought of that too, naturally.”

“Naturally.”

“The request I’ve made was to investigate and find out as much she could about someone named Izuru Kamukura. Of course, that name was all the information I’ve given her, which means it would stand out in her mind.”

“Of course.” Kizakura gave his assent.

“Should she choose not to take the case for whatever reason. Spite towards me, perhaps, then all she would know was the name Izuru Kamukura.

That won’t matter for some time, until she stumbles across another, more intriguing case. One that involves Hope’s Peak to a great degree.”

“You’re talking about... that case, aren’t you?”

“The student council killings.” Kirigiri nodded. “The Steering Committee covered it up as best they could. But they’re no match for the instincts of the Ultimate Detective. She’ll start to look into this case and who do you think she finds on the suspect list.”

“... Izuru Kamukura.” Kizakura laughed as the realization dawned on him. “You certainly are a crafty one, Jin. I’ll have to give you points for that.”
“Once she sees that name, she’ll stop her investigation in a heartbeat.”

“Man,” Kizakura chuckled, “you sure know how to manipulate your own daughter.”

“Don’t say it like that.” Kirigiri frowned indignantly and Kizakura laughed even harder. “I grew up following a detective, I just happen to know how they think, that’s all.”

“Well, manipulative or not, it certainly sounds like a good plan.” Kizakura complimented earnestly. “But you said that there was a second reason, yeah? What’s-”

Before Kizakura could finish posing his question, the door to the office opened suddenly and in barged two men. They were wearing pitch black suits, adorned with pitch black ties. They were two of the four members of the Steering Committee.

Kirigiri was nonplussed. “Did you need something? I’m sorry but I’m kind of in the middle of something right now.” He gestured to Kizakura in front of him, who gave a tiny wave to the men in black suits.

The Steering Committee simply stared at the fedora wearing man and he gave a tiny shrug at Kirigiri before standing up.

“We’ll finish this later, yeah?”

“Of course.” Kirigiri promised and watched as his friend left the room. The Steering Committee made sure that the door was closed before standing menacingly in front of the desk.

“Would you like to take a seat?” Kirigiri gestured to the chair in front of him. “There’s only one at the moment, but you’re welcome to take turns.”

The Steering Committee ignored his joke and drew themselves up to their full height before they started talking.

“Are you aware that your daughter has begun to investigate the student council killings?”

“I don’t suppose you know what caused that?”

“You’re saying that Kyoko is investigating that horrible incident that occurred last term?” Kirigiri replied calmly and decisively. “Well, she is the Ultimate Detective for a reason. Perhaps her instincts drew her to an unresolved case. If I recall, I was asked to let the four of you handle the covering up of that incident. Or is there something you’re accusing me of?”

“She’s your daughter.” One of the committee members repeated. “You’re really saying that you had no involvement in this development?”

“I swear on my life,” said Kirigiri as he raised his right hand, “that I did not ask my daughter to investigate the student council killings.”

The members glared at him with saying anything for a while, then continued. “Well, either way, you’re going to have to tell her to stop.”

“I do?” Kirigiri feigned a shocked expression, “and why is that?”

“Why do you think?” Growled the Steering Committee. “She’s getting close to Izuru Kamukura. If she should happen to find him, then...”

“The whole Kamukura Project would be for naught. Especially if he gets wrongfully accused of
“Hmm,” Kirigiri pretended he was thinking hard about what he had just heard. “That certainly is a conundrum, isn’t it? If only there was a place where we can hide away Kamukura while also making sure that his education isn’t being neglected. One of the top hero schools in the country, perhaps?”

“Absolutely not.” Denied one of the committee members.

“No? What a shame.” Kirigiri shook his head in sadness mockingly. “You do know that Principal Nedzu hasn’t yet revoked Kamukura’s admission to UA, right? That option is still very much open if you want to guarantee your project’s safety.”

“Under no circumstance will we allow Kamukura to fall under the supervision of that animal again. It was one thing when you not only helped him escape and found a school for heroes. It’s another to keep actively sabotaging our plans.”

“If you say so.” Kirigiri shrugged, as if their words didn’t really affect him. “Oh, and by the way. Weren’t there more of you before? What happened to the rest of the committee? Or am I just misremembering things?”

“I’m afraid that is none of your concern.”

Having said what they came to say, the two members of the Steering Committee exited the room. Kizakura, who was waiting outside came back in, closed the door behind him and sat down in front of Kirigiri.

“Man, I’m impressed. How’d you even manage to come up with a crazy plan like this?” Kizakura asked.

“Oh? Weren’t you still wondering what the second reason was for asking Kyoko to investigate Kamukura? Or did you happen to overhear our conversation just now? And here I thought this room was soundproof...”

Kizakura waved a hand in front of his face. “Didn’t need to. Figured it out for myself.” He replied assuredly. “If Kyoko’s putting the pressure on the Steering Committee by trying to track down Kamukura, then at some point they’ll give up trying to keep him here and send him back to UA just to keep their secrets.” Kizakura looked at Kirigiri expectantly. “So? How’d I do?”

“Full marks.” Kirigiri complimented. “Though I’m not surprised you were able to figure out that much.”

“But seriously, I gotta ask. How’d you come up a plan so devious and... manipulative?”

“Not sure what to tell you.” Kirigiri scratched his cheek. “It sorta just came to me when I was thinking about how to pressure the Steering Committee into sending Kamukura back, and how to prevent Kyoko, as clever as she is, from discovering the truth behind the incident.”

“Well, it couldn’t have happened at a better time.”

Kirisgiri nodded. “Very true. Plus, if we’re lucky, then Kamukura will get sent back just in time to make it for the Provisional Hero License Exams.”

Chapter End Notes
Name: Kyoko Kirigiri
Quirk: Sense Death
As Kyoko mentioned herself in the first game, she can sense when a person is about to die, which was how she saved Makoto from being murdered in his sleep.
I thought this was neat, and saves me from having to make up my own quirk for her.

By the way, can you guess what Makoto’s quirk is? I’ve probably given out enough hints already. Can you figure it out?

Work quick, Kyoko. The more pressured the two surviving members of the Steering Committee feels the faster Izuru can be sent back to UA. And he’ll finally get to appear in the story again.

Next Chapter: The Provisional License Exam approaches.
“Ugh.” With a groan, Komaeda woke up from his sleep and pushed himself off of his dormitory bed. He yawned and stretched himself.

Komaeda did not have a restful sleep. He hadn’t had one for the past few days, in fact, and it was all due to his return to Hope’s Peak Academy.

Don’t get him wrong, the dormitory bedrooms were fine. The walls were completely soundproof, the bed was soft and fluffy and easy to fall asleep on.

No, the problem stemmed from his classmates. As it turned out, they weren’t playing some sort of weird joke on Komaeda, they really had all fallen into despair.

Komaeda recalled what had happened to him as he got ready for school. He had finished his lunch and went back to the classroom, he had expected to be laughed at and ridiculed for his reaction, not more or less ignored.

Ikusaba was wrong, that much was clear from what he had saw. It was the little things, Saionji calling Tsumiki names, Soda attempting to garner Sonia’s attention only to be rebuffed. These events were common even before he had been suspended, but the way that they had reacted to them was... telling.

Komaeda unconsciously shivered at the memory as he poured his cereal.

What happened after class was worse. He had left the classroom quickly, eager to get away from despair and had run into Ikusaba outside.

Without warning she had tried to kill him, thankfully Komaeda activated his quirk just in time to stop her knife from piercing his ribcage. Komaeda recalled his would be killer’s surprised expression when he explained why she wouldn’t be able to hurt him. It wasn’t much, but it at least told Komaeda that the people he was trying to fight against weren’t all powerful and hadn’t planned for everything. That knowledge gave him some hope.

Now, Komaeda is keeping his Pacifism active for whenever he wasn’t inside of his room. It didn’t take a lot of effort, but it certainly took its toll over the course of a day.

Komaeda poured in the milk and thought back to what happened over the next couple of days. He had tried to convert his classmates back from despair whenever he got the chance. He would talk to them about the beauty of hope, how their status as Ultimates would allow them to bring about a shining, pure, dazzlingly brilliant hope that would illuminate the world through the darkness of despair, how they could use someone as insignificant as him as a mere stepping stone to reach that hope.

Komaeda honestly wasn’t sure why it wasn’t working.

To make matters worse, he was thoroughly outnumbered. Just as Komaeda was fervent about hope, each of the others were just as passionate about despair and were just as eager as he is to try and convince Komaeda to join them. He’d be flattered that Ultimates such as them even wanted someone like him if he wasn’t so busy freaking out.
Komaeda could only endure so much before he left. As soon as he did, he found Ikusaba waiting outside for him yet again, though not attempting to kill him.

The soldier asked what Komaeda was planning to do and Komaeda declared that he was going to break his class out of despair and guide them back to the light of hope.

Hearing this, Ikusaba had gotten quite flustered. She mentioned something about how Junko had entrusted the safety of class 77-B to her while she was preoccupied with her plan, and that she didn’t want to let her sister down.

Komaeda didn’t care about this and said as such before walking away.

That was several days ago. Komaeda had stopped going to classes and has been trying to find a way to return his classmates back to normal. Much to his chagrin, he’s made no progress and found no leads thus far.

Komaeda stared at down at his cereal. How long had he just been sitting there? The cereal’s gotten all soggy and he hadn’t had a single spoonful.

Whatever, he wasn’t hungry anyway. Komaeda poured the milk down the sink and scraped the soggy cereal into the trash then left his room.

“You’re late.” A stern yet soft voice addressed Komaeda as he neared the campus. It was Ikusaba, who seemed to have been waiting for Komaeda to arrive. “What were you doing?”

“Why should I tell someone who willingly aids despair?” Komaeda retorted with his chin tilted up at her. Because of the nature of his quirk, it was necessary for Ikusaba to find another way of stopping Komaeda, one that didn’t require brute force.

*Junko... did you take into account this guy’s quirk when you made him my obstacle?* Ikusaba thought to herself as she trailed after Komaeda. *A quirk that nullifies aggression, you’re definitely revelling in my despair right, now aren’t you?*

Since strategy wasn’t her strong suit, Ikusaba opted simply to follow Komaeda wherever he decided to go in order to keep an eye on him, much to both of their annoyance.

“Where are you going? That way is to the faculty building, students aren’t allowed to go in there.” Ikusaba pointed out as she noticed their path.

“I won’t be able to cure my classmates by myself. I need to find our teacher, Yukizome, she’ll be able to convince them to stop being in despair.”

“What? You’re going to explain to them what happened?” Ikusaba was nervous. Her sister had tasked her with preventing the class of despairs from being discovered or getting into trouble. She was lucky so far that this Komaeda person hadn’t immediately gone to the principal or the police or a hero of some kind and was content to try and deal with this problem by himself.

But now it appears that her luck had run out. With Komaeda keeping his quirk up at all times, there was no way to stop him from telling whoever he wanted to about the state of his class. Junko’s plan will go up in smoke and it’ll be all her fault.

The two of them walked towards the forbidden faculty building until they were stopped by a large man wearing an even larger jacket.
“You two.” Juzo Sakakura addressed the students. “What do you think you’re doing here?”

“I was hoping to talk to my teacher, Yukizome. Do you know where she might be?” Komaeda asked the man.

“She’s busy.” Was all Sakakura said in response to his question. “Now get lost. Students aren’t allowed here.”

“Please, it’s about my class!” Komaeda pleaded with the large man while Ikusaba watched from behind.

“You’ve got a substitute, don’t you? Go ask him for help instead.” Sakakura stated, obviously not caring about Komaeda’s plight.

“But...! At this rate, Junko Enoshima will-”

“What was that?!” Sakakura said suddenly.

“Junko Enoshima. She-”

“Go away! Leave before I throw the both of you out!” Sakakura roared, his face red and his eyes wild.

Wordlessly accepting his failure, Komaeda and walked away sullenly while Ikusaba internally sighed with relief and followed after him.

“What now?” The soldier asked stoically while Komaeda frowned.

“I don’t know.” He admitted. “I’ll think of something.”

“Why don’t you just give up already?” Ikusaba asked with a concerned look on her face. “You’re not going to stop Junko’s plan no matter how hard you try. It’ll be easier if you just give in to despair.”

“No, that’s wrong! Hope will always win in the end. Because hope is a light shining in the darkness! Hope is pure! Hope is just! Hope is... hope.”

“To be honest, I don’t really get it.” Ikusaba said plainly in response to Komaeda’s ramblings.

“Of course you don’t. I wouldn’t expect someone who chose to ally with despair to understand the true beauty of-”

“Then what about your classmates?” Ikusaba suddenly asked. “They chose to ally with despair as well. Why are you still trying to help them?”

“What... that’s...” Komaeda stammered. “It’s different. They weren’t always like that. They weren’t always... despair.”

“And I was?” Komaeda scowled at Ikusaba’s words but said nothing. “To be honest, I don’t really understand the appeal of despair, either.”

“Huh? But you’re aiding despair.” Komaeda pointed out.

“No, I’m aiding my sister.” Ikusaba corrected. “And she is aiding- no, she is despair. There might not be a difference to you, but there is to me.”
Komaeda frowned. “Are you saying that you’re helping despair simply because you love your sister?”

“See, that’s what I don’t really understand.” Ikusaba lamented. “You make it sound like it’s some really big deal.”

“It is a big deal.” Komaeda insisted. “You killed Nanami, you turned my entire class into psychopaths, you tried to kill me! All for your sister’s despair.”

Ikusaba tilted her head. “So, it would be fine if I did those things in the name of hope instead?”

“Well, yeah.” Komaeda stated. “I’m worthless so all I can ever hope to achieve is to become a stepping stone for help. If a murder could bring hope to the world, then I would offer my own worthless life in order for that to happen.”

“I see.” Ikusaba said, not really understanding at all.

“I have nothing more to say to you.” Said Komaeda as he began to walk away.

Ikusaba shrugged and resumed tailing him.

After a harsh day of training, the majority of class 1-A were lounging about the shared living room of their dormitories.

They had been discussing the progress they made on their super moves and how they were excited to try them out in the license exams.

After a while there was a quiet lull in the conversation in which no one talked. Breaking the silence, Kaminari spoke up. “Man, with how quiet it is, it’s almost as if Kamukura never left.”

The other students all turned to look at him. “What? I’m just saying.”

“Probably not a good idea to bring him up around you know who.” Smiling devilishly, Ashido pointed towards Midoriya who turned to the both of them.

“Huh? What are you talking about?”

“Oh come on, everyone knew that you were the closest to Kamukura when he still went here.” Ashido said. “And sometimes I even catch you staring at the spot in the classroom where he used to sit.”

“Wha-” Midoriya’s cheeks tinted red. “I just forget he’s not here sometimes. The way you put it, it makes it sound like…”

“Like whaaaaat, Midoriya?” Ashido giggled and teased the boy.

“Hey, come on. Quit it, you guys.” Kirishima said suddenly, trying to protect his friend.

“No, it’s fine.” Midoriya said. “I mean, it’s not like he’s dead or something. He’s just not attending UA anymore.”

“Oh yeah. Do we know which hero school he’s going to now?” Kaminari asked.

“No, we were only told that he wasn’t returning to UA.” said Todoroki.
“Man, I feel bad for whoever gets him in his class.” Ashido giggled.

Mineta nodded sagely “Indeed. The way he never talked and just stared at you with those cold, unfeeling eyes. It was quite creepy.”

“I don’t think you get to talk about what’s creepy, Mineta.”

“Mark my words! Someone who’s that secretive has got to be a closet pervert.”

“... Moving on.” Yaoyorozu changed the topic elegantly. “I quite liked how Kamukura never talked down to anyone, despite his ability.”

“Unlike a certain someone I could name.” Sero grinned as he talked about a certain explosive blond who went straight to his room after the day’s training was finished.

“Well, that’s cause he didn’t talk much at all.” Kaminari noted.

“He spoke only when he needed to, and no more than was necessary.” Tokoyami surmised.

“Indeed, and someone as talented as him will surely make a fine hero in the future.” Iida added. “No matter which institution he might happen to be attending.”

“Well, I’m sure he’s got the saving people and fighting villains thing down.” Uraraka said while tapping her chin thoughtfully. “But I can’t possibly imagine him getting too many sponsorship deals.”

The class snickered as they imagined their stone faced classmate attempting to sell a company’s product.

“I don’t think he’d be the type to seek out a sponsorship deal, to be fair.” Todoroki noted. “And anyone who contacts him should know what they were getting into.”

“Yeah, that’s for sure.” Midoriya smiled as he remembered the time he spent with Kamukura.

“What do you think will happen if he becomes the next top hero? Will kids try and copy the way he acts like they did with All-Might?”

“This is boring. You are all boring.” Ashido suddenly changed her expression and spoke in the deepest voice she could manage. “I am so very bored.”

The class laughed at Ashido’s poor imitation of Kamukura, including Midoriya.

“I don’t think that’s very accurate.” Kirishima pointed out. “For one thing your hair’s way too short.”

“Oh, that’s right. I almost forgot about Kamukura’s hair.” Yaoyorozu held her hand to her face.

Ashido’s face contorted to an expression of half confusion and half amusement. “How could you forget about hair like that? It reached all the way down to his ankles!”

“Seriously. I didn’t even know guys could grow hair that long.” Uraraka added.

“Y’know, Bakugou and I asked him why he grew out his hair so much and didn’t get it cut.” Kirishima said. “Could you guess what he said?”

“No, what’d he say?” Midoriya inched forward in his seat, eager for the answer.
“Get this. He said that getting it cut...” Kirishima paused for unnecessary dramatic effect, “would be boring.”

“What the heck? What does that even mean!?” Uraraka asked, barely containing her laughter.

“That’s what Bakugou said! Though with a bit less swearing.”

Midoriya grinned as he listened to his classmates discuss Kamukura’s eccentric qualities. He pulled out his cell phone and looked at the name in his contacts list. He called the number once before, but had only received the automated message telling him that the number he dialed was not available. Midoriya had not attempted to call again.

Wherever he was, Midoriya hoped that Kamukura was happy.

Or at the very least, not too bored.

“And so there you have it. That’s pretty much all of what happened in the past couple of days.” Jin Kirigiri sat with his hands steeped under his chin, he spoke firmly to the telephone machine on his desk.

“I see. And are you absolutely certain that all four members of the Steering Committee were killed?” Principal Nedzu’s voice came from the telephone machine’s speakerphone, sounding strangely happy.

“I am.” Kirigiri confirmed. “Though their bodies weren’t discovered, the other board members have reason to suspect that they have met with foul play and have been presumed to be dead. In addition, I have my own reasons to trust that their assumption is an accurate one.” Kirigiri said this while recalling the conversation he had with his daughter, Kyoko, just a few days ago.

“Is that so? What excellent- er, I mean terrible news.” Nedzu squeaked with suppressed joy over the telephone.

“Now now, don’t get too excited just yet.” Kirigiri warned the other principal. “The deaths of those four have created a void in the school board, one that others are eager to fill. More Steering Committee members are going to rise into power to replace the ones that have been lost.”

“Yes yes, of course I know that. But I’m sure I have no personal history with the Steering Committee members that are going to take their place.”

“Hmm, no I suppose not.”

“Though, that being said. Is there a specific reason that you called me, Kirigiri? I don’t believe that you would reach out simply to tell me the good news.”

“That’s correct. The reason I’m calling today is because of Izuru Kamukura.” Kirigiri admitted. “It’s his circumstances that have changed the most drastically due to the recent events.

There have been no guarantees so far. But the rest of the school board, particularly those who are next in line to be a part of the Steering Committee, have been talking about abandoning the previous members’ past projects. Specifically, they want to cut off all ties they have with the Kamukura Project.

In fact, the Kamukura Project has been all but officially cancelled. Hope’s Peak Academy will no longer be connected to the Ultimate Hope, Izuru Kamukura, going forward and all information and
evidence regarding the existence of the Kamukura Project has been carefully erased... at least, that’s what I’ve been told.” Kirigiri sighed. “That’s good and all but...”

“You’re concerned about what’s going to happen to Kamukura now that the project’s been cancelled.” Nedzu guessed accurately, causing Kirigiri to smile at his friend’s intuition.

“Now that the project’s been cancelled, there’s no longer any more need to hide him. Not from the Steering Committee themselves nor the general public. He could very well attend Hope’s Peak as a Main Course student here. He happens to fit our requirements perfectly.”

“But you were hoping to be able to send him back to UA, right? I’d be fine with that, personally.” Principal Nedzu offered.

“Really, you would?”

“Of course. Kamukura’s education hasn’t been completed yet, and it’ll be much easier for him to get to accustomed to an institution he’s already attended in the past, right?” Nedzu explained his reasoning to Kirigiri.

Kirigiri relaxed, as if a weight had been lifted from him. “Thank you, that would be extremely helpful.”

“But of course. However, on the topic of Kamukura, since the Kamukura Project has been cancelled, will the procedures that the Steering Committee conducted on him also be reversed? Specifically... his emotions?”

Kirigiri breathed out a deep sigh. “No, I’m afraid not. When I asked about it they said that they wish to have nothing to do with the failures of the previous Steering Committee. Apparently, this includes fixing what they did to Kamukura. By not doing it, they guarantee that they are in no way connected to what the previous committee had done.”

“I see.” Came Principal Nedzu’s soft reply.

“Of course, I’d like nothing more than to do everything in my capacity to allow Kamukura the ability to live a normal life, one free from the clutches of that corrupt committee. But I’m afraid that there’s little I can do.”

“It is indeed too bad.” Said Nedzu. “But in any case, you should send him over as quick as you can. If he makes it by tomorrow morning, he’ll be able to participate in the provisional license exams and be one step closer towards becoming a hero.”

“Is that so? In that case, I’ll contact Suzuki right away.”

“And I’ll tell Aizawa the good news.” Nedzu paused for a moment. “Though I suspect he won’t see it as such.”

At an almost deserted parking lot, far away from Hope’s Peak Academy a man in a grey uniform stood beside his car. He took a long puff of his cigarette then exhaled as if he was expelling all his worries along with the smoke.

His head jerked to the side, he spotted someone walking towards him in the distance and quickly put out his cigarette.

Taichi Suzuki smiled at his passenger, who returned his gaze with an expression of boredom.
“Hello again. Are you ready to go?”

“Of course.” Kamukura replied quietly then entered the car. Suzuki threw away his cigarette at a nearby trash can then climbed into the driver’s seat. He buckled his seatbelt then made sure that Kamukura had his on as well. When he saw that he did, he turned his attention towards Kamukura himself.

“You seem different, somehow.” Suzuki gave his assessment. Kamukura turned his head with a casual movement, as if questioning his judgement without actually saying anything.

“I feel no different.” He stated.

“Hm, well it’s just a feeling that I got.” Suzuki shrugged his shoulders softly, a frown creasing his already wrinkling face. “You seemed to be troubled the last time. Did you maybe find an answer during the time you were at Hope’s Peak?”

“No. Better.” Kamukura returned his gaze to the front. “I found a question.”

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Lying on his bed, Midoriya stirred, blinked his eyes, then opened them carefully. He glanced at the All-Might alarm clock sitting on his nightstand. Three in the morning, it was officially the day of the license exams. He should get as much sleep as he could so that he was well rested for the event.

Before that, however, he needed a drink of water. Midoriya silently got up and walked to the kitchen area, making sure not to make too much noise as he found and filled up a cup from the tap.

Gulp gulp gulp. Ah, that was better.

His thirst quenched, Midoriya made to go back to his room when he suddenly heard an odd noise outside.

It sounded strangely like footsteps and... mumbling? No, it sounded annoyed, more like grumbling if you ask him.

“This is utterly ridiculous. And right on the day of the license exams, as well? Unbelievable. I’m going to have a serious talk with Principal Nedzu, one that he won’t be able to weasel out of so easily.”

Midoriya tilted his head. That was easily recognizable as Aizawa’s voice, sure. But what was he doing here at the 1-A dorms this time of night? He could hear the footsteps getting closer and closer as they ascended the short staircase that led into the building.

It looks like I’m gonna get an answer pretty soon, Midoriya thought as he watched the doorknob rotate. For some reason, he was feeling strangely excited, though he couldn’t quite pinpoint the reason.

Aizawa stepped into the dormitory building and scanned the area, locking eyes with Midoriya and grimacing slightly at the unfortunate timing.

“Midoriya.” Aizawa muttered.

“Um. Hi sensei. Is there something-”
Midoriya’s question was left unfinished as a person moved out from behind his teacher.

Even in the darkness of night, that person was instantly recognizable. Black hair that reached down to his ankles. A bored expression contrasted by bright red eyes that seemed to glow in the dim lighting of the dorms.

Midoriya blinked. No, they weren’t actually glowing, were they?

Midoriya blinked again. Wait, there was something more important than that!

“Kamu-!”

“Shh!” Aizawa pressed a finger to his lips and shushed Midoriya, who instantly covered his own mouth with both hands.

Aizawa sighed and shook his head in annoyance as Midoriya gingerly approached the two of them.

“Kamukura, is that really you?” Midoriya asked the familiar boy.

“Yes, it is.”

“Are you going to be attending UA again?”

“I am.”

“And are you-”

“That’s enough, Midoriya.” Aizawa interrupted the two of them. “You can ask questions tomorrow. Right now, I need to take Kamukura to his room. You should go and get some sleep too.”

“Right!” Midoriya agreed and excitedly walked back to his room. As he was about to turn the corner, he took one last glance to the two of them and smiled before continuing onto his room.

After Midoriya had left, Aizawa turned to Kamukura and sighed again. “Right, follow me.”

Sleepless, Komaeda tossed and turned as he attempted to fall asleep. Though he wished for rest, his heart was pounding like crazy and his entire body was drenched in a cold sweat.

No matter what he did he couldn’t calm down.

“No... despair... why...?” Komaeda muttered obsessively as he turned over in his bed, in the hopes that sleeping on his other side will yield some results.

It didn’t.

Komaeda jolted and sat upright in an instant. Hesitantly, he pushed himself off of his bed and walked slowly to his own washroom.

“Maybe... some water...” Komaeda turned on the tap and wet his hands under the running water. He rubbed the water on his face in an attempt to wash away the sweat that had been forming.

Feeling slightly more refreshed, Komaeda raised his head and looked at his own reflection in the mirror.
“No... no no no...” His gaze was focused on one particular place, his eyes, which were no longer their usual gray-green colour, but had changed to a despair inducing shade of red.

“But if I fall into despair too... then who will save the class...?” Saying this, Komaeda felt a sharp pain across shoulder blades as if someone drove a knife through them. He staggered and gripped the edges of the sink to balance him. Instinctively, he activated his quirk, but after looking around he realized there was no one there.

“Why am I so weak? Why was I born so weak? If I was born with a better talent or quirk then maybe...” Komaeda breathed deeply. “If my own luck wasn’t so useless... No, my luck... saved me from being forced into despair at the same time as everyone else. My luck gave me the chance to save them... Which means... I’m the one who’s useless.”

Komaeda pushed himself up for another look into the mirror. His normally fluffy hair was drooping down onto his face, its usual warm creamy colour washed out and was beginning to gray. His face was... was that even possible? He looked even paler than usual.

Komaeda thought back to his class. They all talked about Junko Enoshima. About how great she was for showing them despair. For enlightening them... for helping them come to terms with... with Nanami’s death. But it’s despair. How could anyone like despair?

“I haven’t even met Enoshima.” Komaeda brought up. “But I already know that I hate her... I hate everything about her...! Someone who devotes their life to despair... someone who caused my entire class to fall into despair.

If one person... did that... then why can’t I... save even... one...?”

Komaeda paused and stood still, he looked himself carefully in the mirror. A strange expression crept onto his face.

It was a smile.

“Haaahahahahahaaaaa haaaah... That’s right! I can’t even save a single person from despair, I’ve been nothing but a worthless human being from the very beginning!” Komaeda laughed and laughed. “Why did I even begin to think otherwise?! Because I was spending so much time with these Ultimates I nearly forgot my own place in life! Just imagine. Me! Being able to help an entire class of Ultimates who fell into despair. It’s laughable, it’s incredible, it’s the height of arrogance for someone like me!” Komaeda laughed until he was out of breath, and even then he continued to wheeze sordidly.

“I’m worthless, that’s something I’ve known from the very beginning. It’s something that I’ve forgotten due to the time that I spent with them. But... In the end, nothing can change how utterly useless someone like me is.

So what’s wrong with becoming despair? If all I can hope to be is a stepping stone for hope, then what does it matter in the end? Despair will clash with hope, just as they’re meant to, and hope will prevail. Hope will prevail...”

Komaeda took one last look in the mirror. His pupils were red and glowed brilliantly, completely unlike the faint glimmer from before. In what were previously the whites of his eyes swam an almost uncountable number of dark swirls.

Finally satisfied, Komaeda exited the bathroom and went back to his bed.

For the first time since the term started, Komaeda slept soundly.
The day of the Provisional Hero License Examination has finally arrived. Currently, all of class 1-A were gathered outside of the national stadium in Takoba. Each student was restless and chatting amongst themselves. All of them except Kamukura.

“Ugh, I’m getting so nervous.” Jirou muttered.

“Man, I wonder what they’re gonna have us do.” Mineta asked himself. “I hope I can earn a-”

“Mineta.” Interrupted Aizawa from behind him. “There is no “I hope.” Return back with your license.”

“R-right! Of course!”

“Remember, if you can just pass this exam and obtain your provisional license then you will cease to be mere hero eggs. You will hatch into chicks… and semi-pro heroes as well.”

Aizawa looked at each of his students with something akin to admiration. From where they were at the first day of class, each one of them has demonstrated immense growth and are starting to somewhat resemble a pro hero.

Aizawa let his gaze linger on Kamukura. As could be expected, Kamukura was wearing the same sort of bored expression one would have when waiting in line at some government office. Unlike the other students, nervous and fidgeting, he was standing stock still, seemingly completely uncaring and looking very out of place.

Aizawa could feel a headache coming on.

He could hardly understand how it happened. It was late at night while he was in his office, going over his class’ examination registration when Principal Nedzu, completely out of the blue, came in to let him know that Kamukura would be returning to UA after all.

Which was good news, don’t get him wrong. But then Nedzu had said that he would be returning today, and would be participating in tomorrow’s license exam, and that he wouldn’t have to worry about registering him as Nedzu himself had done it already.

Aizawa shook his head. There’s no use dwelling on what happened. Plus, he’ll be more useful if he’s in good shape. Aizawa planned to look over his students’ performances and give them feedback accordingly-

“Eraser, is that you?!” a cheerful female voice called out from behind him.

Ah, there was that headache.

Chapter End Notes

So ends Komaeda’s mini arc. In the end, the results are the same, but I hope you enjoyed how he got there.

Kamukura is finally back after taking so many chapters off! Now the spotlight can return to him.
Next chapter: Class 1-A takes the license exams
“The time that elapses between an incident materializing and its resolution has become very swift indeed. When you obtain your provisional licenses, you throw yourself into that raging torrent. To be blunt, it will be very harsh on those who can’t keep the pace.” The tired man, Mera, announced this to the heroes in training below while simultaneously stifling a yawn. “As such it’s your speed that will be tested in this exam. Only the first 100 will make the cut.”

“What?! You’re kidding!”

“There’s 1504 of us here! That ain’t a fifty-fifty pass rate!”

“Only 100 people? That’s way too few!”

“No way...”

“This is utterly hopeless...!”

Kamukura lazily looked around at the crowd of panicking students. Worrying over such a trivial matter. These people are exceedingly boring.

After watching his classmates be accosted by several students from other schools, Ketsubutsu and Shiketsu in particular, Aizawa led them into the examination hall, where Class 1-A changed out of their school uniforms and into their official hero costumes.

Kamukura, as expected, was wearing his black suit and black tie combo. Though, it wasn’t so much as formal wear as it was an outfit that was well-suited for hero operations. The material’s durability was enhanced so it won’t tear easily and will soften the impact of direct attacks. The suit was also perfectly tailored to his body’s measurements so it was comfortable and easy to move around in. All in all, it was an odd look for an aspiring hero and often drew some sideways glances from the other students, but its functionality is nothing to scoff at.

“So... the terms of the exam are as follows.” Mera resumed speaking and the noisy students began to quiet down. “Each examinee will receive three targets, which they will be allowed to place on their body however they like, so long as it’s open and visible. So no soles of the feet or armpits. In addition, you will carry six balls on your person.

The targets are built to only respond to the balls. If you’re hit in all three targets, you’re disqualified. If you hit someone’s third target, you’ll have defeated them. You pass on the condition of defeating two people in this manner.

Those are all the rules. We’ll distribute the balls and let everyone spread out. The exam will start one minute after everyone is ready.”

As Mera said this, the walls of the examination room began to rumble and shake. No, they were collapsing! The walls of the room fell outwards and revealed a massive field, outfitted with several different terrains. This wasn’t an examination room, it was a gigantic examination arena!

After the balls were distributed, the students began to spread out, searching in favour of the environment that they liked the most.
“If only the fastest to defeat the others get to pass the exam then there won’t be any infighting amongst the schools.” Midoriya analyzed and conveyed his thoughts to his fellow classmates. “Teaming up with people whose powers you know is the best way to win! Don’t stray too far from each other! Let’s move as a group!”

“You fuckers can pour each other tea if you want, but this ain’t a goddamn picnic!” Bakugou yelled and ran off in some direction.

“W-wait! You idiot!” Kirishima shouted and followed after him.

“I’m out too.” Todoroki announced as he ran in a different direction as Bakugou. “The larger the group, the less leeway I have to use my power.”

“Todoroki!” Midoriya shouted as he watched his teammate leave him. “Well, at least Kamukura is... where is Kamukura?” Midoriya asked as he looked around.

“He left before you even started speaking.” Mineta pointed at the spot where Kamukura stood a few moments ago, now inhabited by pure nothingness. “Sorry, dude.”

“Seriously...?” Midoriya asked, exasperated. He looked around the enormous arena. “Where could he have gone?”

Kamukura was in the city biome when the examination started. Tall skyscrapers stood all around while he walked down an empty road. There were cars parked on the side of the street but none driving on the road, guess the test makers couldn’t make the city too realistic.

“The most important thing is too pass the exam, there is no need to stay with the others.” Kamukura said out loud as he walked, seemingly to no one in particular. “It is not my responsibility to make sure the others pass.”

Kamukura wandered around the test arena for a few minutes before hearing footsteps and whispers from behind him. A group of four other students, discussing how they should go about passing the exam. It was boring, so he didn’t pay them too much attention.

The group of students suddenly stopped talking and separated into different directions. Tracking their movements, it seemed that they were trying to surround Kamukura.

How boring.

Well, he still needed to pass the exam, he supposed. He may as well use this opportunity to do so.

He watched as the students stepped out from behind their various hiding places in almost perfect synchronicity. They probably wanted Kamukura to feel threatened by their teamwork, coordination, and the fact that he’s surrounded and outnumbered. Kamukura, however, remained completely impassive.

He surveyed the four students that appeared. There were two males and two females and they all looked eager to tussle with Kamukura.

“Oh ho? What’s this? Guess UA students are pretty tough, mentally speaking. And here I thought you were going to freak out, or whatever. Well, it doesn’t really matter, in the end.” The one who said this was wearing a bright yellow hero costume, adorned with touches of orange and red near the end of his limbs. On his chest was a circle that was surrounded by thinner circular outlines. All in all, there was nothing threatening about this person whatsoever.
Oh yeah, a bunch of rocks and examination balls were flying in circles around him at high speeds, with him as the centre. But besides that, nothing threatening.

“Well, that’s to be expected, Kido. He did decide to go alone, after all. And in a team based competition like this, one would expect to be outnumbered if you do something like that.” One of the other students pointed out as she neared Kamukura. She was wearing a purple costume decorated with a spider web design that stretched across her body. There was nothing else particularly interesting about her.

I mean, besides the fact that she had eight glowing red eyes and four long spider legs growing out of her back accompanying her usual limbs. Nope, nothing interesting whatsoever.

“You must be very brave... or very foolish. To act alone in a competition such as this, did you believe that your classmates would only slow you down? Or were you that eager to pass on your own. Either way, you shall be cut down.” Said the third student that was surrounding Kamukura. He was wearing a simple white and blue costume with a simple symbol of crosshair on his chest. Actually, it wasn’t a crosshair at all, it was the symbol for centre of gravity.

“We didn’t really want anything to do with the “UA Hunt” thing that happens in these types of exams. In which all members of opposing schools team up specifically on UA students just because they’ve already seen their quirks from the Sports Festival.” The last student spoke after letting her teammates go first. From her confident gaze, to the way she moved, it was obvious that she was the leader of the bunch.

She was wearing a costume that was coloured completely black, so black that it felt like it was impossible for your gaze to latch onto it, that it would just slide right off. In addition to her reality defying costume, she had a black mask that covered the upper portion of her face, revealing eyes that were as cold and heartless as the far reaches of outer space.

“It’s completely useless in this case, too. Its entire point is to get other people out, when what they should be focusing on is making sure that they pass.” The girl shrugged and held up a ball. “You’re from UA too, aren’t you? I saw you with them outside, so you must be. Did you split off from the group because you knew what was coming? But how interesting, I don’t believe I remember seeing someone like you in the Sports Festival. Did you get disqualified in an early round or something? Surely someone in the hero course isn’t so weak they’d lose to the kids in General Studies.

Name’s Kankaku, by the way.”

Kamukura said nothing and simply stared at the the girl, Kankaku, who stared back and smirked, unblinking and making direct eye contact with him. The four other students stopped their advance at what they must have thought was an adequate distance away from Kamukura. There, they readied their balls and waited for Kamukura to act.

“Nothing to say? You must really be confident in your abilities then.” Kankaku said after observing Kamukura for a while.

“Talking is boring, let’s just take him out already!” Said Kido.

“Yup, the faster we get him out, the faster we can pass.” Agreed the Spider.

“Prepare to face your unmaking.” The gravity guy warned.

“Kido, Kumo, Juryoku, attack!” Kankaku yelled. And they did.
A torrent of attacks was launched on Kamukura as the three of them activated their quirks at once. Kido pushed out the objects that surrounded him in a way such that Kamukura would be hit by an assault of orbiting rocks and balls. Kumo shot a multitude of webs at the area where Kamukura was standing which surrounded the ground around him. Juryoku mimed pushing an object downwards, and Kamukura found himself experiencing a higher gravity than normal.

In response to the attack, Kamukura deftly dodged the barrage of orbitals, nimbly maneuvered to avoid getting stuck on the spiderwebs at his feet, all while carefully adjusting his own strength to match the new force of gravity that was acting on him. With not even a ruffle on his suit nor a hair out of place, Kamukura came out of the attack unscathed, much to the surprise of his attackers.

“What-? Impossible!”

“What were those moves?!”

“How was he able to withstand the effects of my quirk?”

The three students exclaimed at the ineffectiveness of their attack. They stared at Kamukura from afar, apprehensive at their chances at launching another attack.

“My my. What impressive athletic ability.” Kankaku praised Kamukura smugly. “To be able to evade a combined attack from those three, it is most impressive. It seems that we were right about your ability.”

“You are simply too weak, not to mention boring.” Kamukura said, dismissing his attackers completely.

“Don’t be like that. Our quirks are plenty powerful.” The leader stretched her lips into a thin smile. “The Tiny Planet quirk allows for one to make a number of small objects orbit one’s body at any given speed or distance they choose, it’d be extraordinarily difficult to dodge all that when they’re flying at such high speeds.

The Spider mutation allows our teammate to do a number of things that spiders can do, such as creating sticky webs for trapping other examinees like flies.

Being the subject of Gravity Manipulation is also tricky. Your personal gravity is changed, making it very difficult for one to move as they did before. Then, when they start getting used to the new gravity, he can just change it back to what it was before, making the victim fumble in their steps.

To be able to overcome such trials... UA students really are just leagues above the rest, aren’t they?” Kankaku asked, to which Kamukura said nothing.

“Well, this was fun. But there’s no way for you to win now, I’m afraid.” Kankaku smiled and looked directly at Kamukura. “From the moment you looked into my eyes earlier, your fate was sealed.”

In one moment, Kamukura was still standing in faux city that had been constructed for the hero license exam, in the next moment, everything vanished. The cars, the trees, the buildings, the people. No, more than that. The road, the sky, everything. Everything that was previously there was gone and replaced with pure darkness.

In the face of such an extreme turn of events, Kamukura felt something close to shock.

“How do you like my quirk? With this, you’re completely unable to see.” Kankaku gloated. “You get it now? With me here, you didn’t have a chance from the start.”
Despite his initial surprise, Kamukura recovered and his face went from one of mild surprise to one of extreme boredom once again. “How boring.” Kamukura said as he held up a ball. With a flick of his wrist, Kamukura tossed the ball so fast that not a single person was able to react. It hit one of the targets on Kankaku’s body and it lit up.

“How boring.”

“Removing my ability to see is hardly a handicap.”

The girl stared down at her target then up at Kamukura, her smile wavering. Then, with renewed confidence, she pressed on. “Who said that all I could do was remove your ability to see? My quirk is Sensory Deprivation! I can activate it on anyone who looks into my eyes. Those who are affected by it will have their senses robbed from them over the course of three minutes. First, your sight will be gone, and all you see will be nothingness. Then, in the second minute, you lose your sense of hearing. Finally, in the third minute, you lose your sense of touch. After that, well... you get your senses back and become immune for 24 hours.” Kankaku faltered as her explanation ended anticlimactically. “But! You’ll have been disqualified long before then! In fact, you can’t hear a word I’m saying now, can you?”

The leader looked at Kamukura, who was standing still as a statue with his eyes closed. He made no sign of having heard what she’d said, nor any sign of moving to attack them.

“Good.” She turned to her teammates. “Let’s finish up here and find other contestants. This fight is taking way too long.”

Her three classmates nodded and surrounded Kamukura once more, still keeping a bit of distance between them.

“He may lash out, so make sure to bind him.” She turned to Kumo. “Got it?”

“Yeah, yeah. I got it.” She replied and shot out a string of web, to which Kamukura easily dodged by stepping to the side.

“How is he still- Everyone, back in formation!” Kankaku shouted and all of them obeyed without hesitation.

Just like before, the students launched their attacks onto Kamukura. They tried to buffet him with orbitals while simultaneously attempting to bind him with web and disorient him with changing the effect of gravity. Just like before, it had no effect on Kamukura, who evaded their attacks with incomprehensible grace.

“He- he should have lost his sense of touch now.” Kankaku called out. “He should have no idea what’s happening. He should have no idea where anything is. He shouldn’t even be able to balance on two feet, they’re usually sprawled out on the ground or standing still waiting for it to be over. How is he still able to dodge?!”

Without saying a word, Kamukura threw another two of his balls at her. Like the previous one, they hit the targets placed on her shoulder blades and both of them lit up, signalling that they had been hit.

“I-I’ve been disqualified...?” The girl muttered to herself and the rest of her team turned towards her.
“No!” Kido shouted.

“How is this possible? We were supposed to be an unstoppable team!” Asked Kumo

“We underestimated our opponent, that mistake was our downfall.” Juryoku said sagely.

“Y-you guys! Don’t turn around, keep your eyes on him!”

They turned back around and Kamukura was gone. In an instant, he was standing beside Juryoku, with a few precise and quick movements he tagged his remaining three balls onto the other examinee’s targets.

The targets on Kamukura lit up green and made a noise, indicating that he passed the first round.

It was at this moment that Kamukura blinked and reopened his eyes. He stared at his hand then made a fist, making sure his senses had fully returned to him without any complication. Once he was satisfied, he turned and started to walk in the direction of the waiting area.

“Wait!” Kankaku called out after him and Kamukura turned around. “You’ve passed already. So why don’t you tell us... how were you able to move like under my quirk? Did you resist it?”

“Nothing like that.” Kamukura dismissed her assumption. “Your actions were simply too predictable. That was all.”

“Too predictable? What do you mean?”

“From when you were whispering behind me, sneaking around and trying to surround me, and when you launched your first wave of attacks, I was analyzing your behaviour. Through that analysis I was able to predict what each of you would do while I had lost my senses and react accordingly. Perhaps if you had used your quirk sooner, I would have had more trouble.”

“So it was my fault, in the end...? I was too cocky.”

“Possibly. Though, I trust that my luck would have aided me in some way.” Kamukura stated.

“Your luck? I don’t get it at all.” The girl laughed with great melancholy. “Please, tell us one more thing before you leave. What’s your name?”

“My name is Izuru Kamukura.” Kamukura said as he turned around and walked away.

“It looks like one student has managed to pass already. Just *yawn* ninety-nine more to go before the second round starts.” Announced Mera sleepily over the intercom. “After that, I can finally go to sleep.”

“Someone’s passed the exam already, have they? Man! It seems like I’m not the only one who’s pumped up today. They must have some hot blood! Everyone’s fighting so heated! I love it when things are heated!” Inasa Yoarashi spoke loudly to himself while standing atop a lofty skyscraper. He then used his Whirlwind to gather up all the balls from the students that were fighting below him. “Please!! Please let me in on the heat! Let me join in on this battle!” As he said this, Yoarashi launched all the balls that he gathered right back down at the students below him. “I hope you all won’t mind, please!!!”

“Ahh, it looks like a second examinee has passed- what?!” Mera’s shocked voice could be heard
overhead. “120 examinees are now out! 120 have been taken out by a single person!”

“Alright, I won!” Yoarashi pumped his fist happily.

Yoarashi stepped into the waiting area with high spirits. After passing and getting his targets taken off he went straight to the designated room with no detours. Being able to come in second was no easy feat, but to think that he was this close to coming in first. Well, he’s just gotta meet with the person who beat him, even if it was just by a hair.

And speaking of hair, man did this guy have a lot of it. It’s nothing compared to Mora’s Extend-o-Hair quirk which had the side effect of creating hair that covered his entire body, but it was still a sight to behold.

Right now the long-haired guy that came in first was standing next to the water cooler. He must be looking to rehydrate after the first round. Inasa could feel his own fiery spirit igniting at the sight of others taking good care of their body.

If he remembered correctly, that person was with the other UA students when they arrived, so he must be in UA too. Man, was UA an awesome school or what?

Yoarashi walked up to Kamukura. “Hey, I’m Inasa Yoarashi from Shiketsu High. Nice to meet you...”

Though he had sensed Yoarashi had entered the room and knew that he wanted to talk with him from the way his gaze lingered on his back and how his breathing quickened, Kamukura waited until Yoarashi had greeted him before turning around.

Kamukura stared at him with the same bored expression he always wore. Not saying a word, Kamukura stared at Yoarashi in silence.

His eyes! Thought Yoarashi as Kamukura turned around. They’re just like...

“So! Uh... what’s your name?” Yoarashi coughed and redirected his thoughts back to Kamukura. He hoped that the other boy hadn’t noticed his trepidation. He had, of course, but Kamukura didn’t really care.

“My name is Izuru Kamukura.”

“Ah, right, cool cool.” Said Yoarashi. They hung out in silence for a bit.

When Yoarashi realized that Kamukura wasn’t going to continue speaking, he did instead. “So you were the first to pass, huh? That’s pretty cool.”

In response, Kamukura said nothing.

Yoarashi pressed on. “Who did you get out?”

“It hardly matters.” Said Kamukura. “They were too boring to remember.”

“... Right. I think I’ll just go over there now.” Yoarashi pointed in a direction and walked away, the wind completely taken out of his sails.

Slowly but surely, more and more people passed the first round, and the amount of people in the waiting room grew ever larger.
Midoriya, Uraraka, and Sero had apparently passed together and were walking with one another when they spotted Bakugou, Kirishima, and Kaminari.

While the other four celebrated their passing the first half, Bakugou walked up to Midoriya.

“So you made it. Deku, you fuck.” Bakugou greeted him as politely as he was able to.

“Kacchan...! I... Yeah...!” Midoriya mumbled in response.

*Oh man, it’s been so long since he last picked on me. Ever since Kamino, he’s done it less and less...*

“I guess you would, with a power like that.” Bakugou stated as he walked past.

“What did he say? Midoriya was incredulous, he thought maybe he didn’t quite hear him correctly.

“You made that ‘borrowed power’ your own already?” Bakugou asked and walked away, not waiting for an answer.

“Kacchan...” Was all Midoriya could say as he watched Bakugou disappear into the crowd.

*What could he have meant by that?* Midoriya thought to himself. *When I said “borrowed power” I said that near the beginning of the school year... Could it be that he still remembers what I said back then...*

“Oof.” With his head down from pondering Bakugou’s words, Midoriya bumped into someone while walking. “Sorry about that- Oh, Kamukura!”

Kamukura stared down at Midoriya with a bored expression, showing no signs of being bothered by Midoriya walking into him.

“How’d you do in the exam?” Midoriya asked.

Kamukura tilted his head. “The fact that I am here means that I passed.”

“No, that’s not what I meant.” Midoriya smiled awkwardly. “I meant how did you find the first round?”

“It was boring.” Answered Kamukura.

“Ah, I should have seen that coming.” Midoriya sighed.

After all 100 examinees passed the first round, all the others who weren’t quick enough to pass and were still in the arena were asked to leave. After that was done, the people in the waiting room were shown a direct feed of the stadium which was then blown sky high with explosives.

*Why?! Just about everyone was shocked at the sudden development.*

“This next exam will be the last.” Mera’s sleepy voice announced from the speaker system. “You will all act as bystanders and conduct rescue operations at a disaster site. Of course, you will not be acting as ordinary citizens, but as people who have already secured a provisional license. This will be a test of your aptitude for rescue operations.”

Mera then explained the rest of the exam in great detail. People from the Help-Us Committee (or
HUC for short) have been hired to act as victims of the disaster and will be the primary targets of rescue in this scenario. The test ends when all the HUCs have been rescued.

Participants will be graded on a points based system, if you have enough points when the test ends then you will be rewarded with a provisional license.

After the explanation was completed the walls of the waiting room had fallen over just like at the beginning of the first exam, signalling that the second round had begun!

“For the time being let’s head towards the city!” Midoriya shouted to the classmates that followed him. “And move as a team as much as possible!”

“You say that but...” Mineta spoke up while running alongside him. “Bakugou’s group is already gone. And Kamukura as well.”

“They’ve abandoned us already?!”

Kamukura walked down the destroyed street, looking through the collapsed buildings while following the distant sounds of HUCs pretending to cry and call for help.

“To treat these fake cries of distress as real and act accordingly, do you truly believe that I am incapable of such a feat?” Kamukura asked out loud, though there didn’t seem to be anyone that could hear or respond to him. “Then I shall demonstrate.”

Kamukura ran into a collapsed building where a HUC was calling for help in the most panicked and shaky voice he could manage.

“H-heeeelp mee. Waaaah!! Please save me!” To Kamukura, who possessed the talent of the Ultimate Actor, it wasn’t convincing at all.

“My leg is trapped under the rubble! I think it’s broken!” It wasn’t.

“My hand got sliced up from a mug that broke when the bombs hit! I’m bleeding!” He wasn’t.

“But my sister’s upstairs! You have to go save her first!” Analyzing the speech patterns and overall heart rate of the man, it was clear that he was lying about that person being his sister. However, judging by the soft breathing coming from upstairs, there was indeed someone there.

Thinking all of this, Kamukura moved to aid the man who was pretending to be trapped under the rubble. He grabbed a fallen beam and lifted...

“What the hell are you doing?! Points docked!” The man shouted suddenly.

Kamukura paused and stared at him.

“I just told you that my sister needs help upstairs! You’re not even gonna ask about her condition or check whether she’s safe?!”

Hearing this, Kamukura looked up at the ceiling for a moment then looked back at the man.

“Your sister is in no present danger. She is unconscious but there are no signs of a concussion. She is not trapped underneath anything, nor is there a chance that the floor will collapse.” Kamukura stated the facts that he had gathered. In truth, the person upstairs was only pretending to be unconscious, but he was right about everything else. “Since your condition is more deleterious I will take you outside before securing your sister.”
“Hmph, better.” The man muttered and resumed his panicked blubbering. Kamukura, in turn, resumed his rescue operation and once again made to move the fallen debris.

The Kamukura Project not only augmented his mental capabilities but also his physical ones as well. In order to support the talents that he had obtained, his strength and other physical attributes were increased. Utilizing the talent of the Ultimate Weightlifter, Kamukura moved all the debris that was ‘trapping’ the man deftly and without error. Once ‘free’, Kamukura began to apply a bandage to his ‘bleeding’ hand and a makeshift cast to his ‘broken’ leg with materials that were handed out at the start of the second round. Kamukura’s work was on par with a seasoned professional, he treated all of the man’s false injuries with perfect care.

“What the hell’s with that face?! Points docked!” The man shouted again.

Needless to say, Kamukura did all of that with the same expression that he always had, which was one of complete and utter boredom.

“It’s good to be calm in a situation of crisis, but that’s going a little too far! How are you going to reassure the hearts of the displaced victims with a face like that?! Is this rescue scenario boring to you?!”

Kamukura blinked.

“You’ll be safe here. Stick with your parents and wait until the trouble is over. If the villains come close the heroes will rush over to protect you. Don’t worry, when this is over it will just seem like a bad dream.”

“Thanks mister! You’re the best!”

The hero smiled warmly at the child as he brought them to the designated safe zone. In response, the kid thanked the hero and eagerly ran to the comfort and safety of his mother and father, who immediately embraced in a group hug.

“Erm- If I could have your attention please.” Mera announced. “All stationed members of HUC have been safely evacuated from the crisis area. With that I now bring the license exams to a close!!

After we tally the scores I will present you all with the results of the examination to you all. Those who have suffered injuries, please direct yourself to the medical office. The rest of you, please change back into your normal clothes and await further instructions. Thank you all for your cooperation.”

Kamukura listened to the announcement and blinked, his smile fading and his face slowly changing back into its familiar expression of intense boredom.

“Do you see now?” He said to himself before walking in the direction of the changing rooms.

The contestants chattered non stop as they exited the waiting area and went back inside the arena in a frenzy, each of them grouped up with others from their own school and discussed how they thought their performance went in the second round.

“I wonder how I did...”

“We did everything we could... but I have no idea how they were judging us...”
“I think my elbow bumped one of the HUC members as I was helping them, I hope they don’t take off points for that...”

“Times like these are the absolute worst.”

“Does anyone know how long it’s going to take for them to finish marking?”

“So long as you gave it your all, I’m sure everything will be okay.”

Discussions such as these could be heard from various students as they gathered around the podium set up in the middle. Midoriya listened in on a few of the conversations as he waited, then turned around and looked for Kamukura.

He spotted him standing around nonchalantly, he raised his head and made eye contact with Midoriya, then returned back to looking at nothing in particular.

Midoriya decided to approach him.

“Kamukura!” The boy called out and Kamukura turned at him once more, his face still the perfect picture of stillness and tranquility. Honestly, it was calming Midoriya’s nerves just looking at him. “How do you think you did in the exam?”

“I did as well as could be expected.” Kamukura replied. There was no emotion in his voice, but the familiarity of hearing it help calm Midoriya down even further.

“Did anything interesting happen?”

“Not at all.”

“Yeah, I thought you’d say that.” Midoriya smiled. “But do you know what happened over on our end?”

“Todoroki and Yoarashi from Shiketsu got into a fight.” Kamukura stated.

“Yeah, how’d you know?” Midoriya asked.

“I heard them arguing during the exam.” Kamukura replied.

“Whoa, really? Where were you?”

Their conversation continued like this for a while. After a few minutes, Mera approached the podium with a piece of paper. All of a sudden, the crowd went silent and waited for the sleepless man to tell them about the results of the examination.

“Hello everybody and thank you for waiting. You have all worked hard.” Just like in the beginning, Mera slurred his words and seemed to struggle not to yawn in between each breath. “I will now present the results of the examination. But before that, I have just a few words.”

Mera lifted his hand and raised two fingers. “In terms of how we went about evaluating you... we had two systems of point deduction that were combined to evaluate your performance. In short, we were examining both the quality and the nature of your conduct in situations of crisis.” Mera pointed to the large screen situated behind him. “The names of those who passed will be displayed here in alphabetical order. With that in mind, please go ahead and review the results yourself.”

“Whoa, there’s more people than I thought!”
“My name is there! Yay!!”

“My name’s not... wait, I was looking at the wrong column! It’s there!”

Excitement washed over the crowd, the few groans of disappointment could barely be heard over the cacophony of cheers. It seemed that the majority of contestants had passed the exam.

“Mi... Mi... Mi...” Midoriya carefully combed through the “M” section of the large list of names.

“Mi Mi Mi Mi Mi...” Beside him, Mineta did the same thing.

After carefully looking through the list, Midoriya stopped on one name in particular. He blinked his eyes to make sure he was reading it right.

He was.

“I passed!” Yelled Midoriya to his delight, barely even able to hear his own voice amidst all the noise.

From the sounds around him, it seemed that most of his classmates had found their names on the list too. Most of them...

“Where’s my name, damnit?!?!?” Shouted akugou from the side.

Meanwhile, Todoroki could only glumly stare at the spot in the list at where his name should be.

“Todoroki, you failed?” Ashido asked, concerned.

“You’re tellin’ me that our top two didn’t make the cut?!?” Sero added as well looking at both Bakugou and Todoroki.

Seeing the results of the second exam, Midoriya turned to the the person beside him. “Hey, Kamukura, is your name on there?”

Without looking at Midoriya, Kamukura responded. “No, it is not.”

“Oh, yeah, of course it wo- huh?!” Midoriya quickly scanned the “K” section of the list.

Sure enough, the name “Izuru Kamukura” was not there.

Chapter End Notes

Whoa, Kamukura isn’t on the list? Whatever could it mean?

That’s going to be the last time Kamukura ever acts like a proper hero, I’ll tell you that much.

Making up names is hard, so I just used Google Translate. If you didn’t like those characters then you’re in luck, because they’ll likely never show up again.

Next chapter: Will also end on a cliffhanger, probably.
Midoriya’s gaze furtively darted to Todoroki, then Bakugou, then back at Kamukura again. “A-are you saying that... you didn’t pass the provisional either?” He asked worriedly.

“No. I passed.” Kamukura responded simply, clearly, and decisively with no hesitation in his speech, yet Midoriya was still sure that he had misheard somehow.

“What do you mean you passed? Your name’s not on the list! I checked and you even said so yourself!” Midoriya frantically pointed at the screen that displayed the names.

Kamukura glanced at the screen again, then looked down at Midoriya, eyes filled with boredom. “Do you remember what I told you near the beginning of the school year?”

“Huh? Oh, uh...” Midoriya racked his brains at Kamukura’s sudden question. “You were in something called the ‘Kamukura Project’...? It’s been so long, I don’t... Oh! You said that you had to stay out of the public’s eye for a bit until you were ready, that’s why you couldn’t participate in the Sports Festival.”

“That is correct.” Kamukura nodded softly and pointed to the screen, Midoriya followed his finger the best he could. “Though there have been some changes to that restriction recently.” Kamukura explained. “Previously, I would not have been allowed to participate in a public event such as this. Now I may, though certain circumstances must still be kept a secret.”

Midoriya looked at where Kamukura was pointing to. It was the ‘H’ section of the names. Skimming through the names, something caught Midoriya’s eye. There was one name in particular that looked somewhat familiar.

“Hajime Hinata.” Midoriya read the name slowly, racking his brains, then turned back to face Kamukura. “That’s your name from before.”

“Yes, that name is what is written on my legal documents. Therefore, I must be registered as ‘Hajime Hinata’.”

Midoriya thought about this for a moment then puffed out his cheeks in annoyance and glared at Kamukura. “You deliberately phrased it so it sounded like you failed. You tricked me.”

“I have done no such thing.” Kamukura shook his head at the accusation. “You specifically asked me if my name was on the list. Since I do not consider ‘Hinata’ to be my name I answered truthfully. If you had asked whether or not I had passed, I would have said yes.”

“Did I really...? Well, whatever, I’m glad you passed, Kamukura.” Midoriya relaxed and smiled at his friend. “Oh! That’s right! I have to show this to All-Might and my mom!” Midoriya excitedly pulled out his cell phone and snapped a photo of his license. He tapped a few buttons then grinned with satisfaction.

Midoriya was so focused on his task that he didn’t notice being stared at. He didn’t feel the quiet gaze on his back, nor could he perceive their thoughts as they watched him eagerly send his picture.
I’m glad you passed too, Midoriya.

After the license examination had finished, class 1-A had went back to the dorms where they talked and chatted with one another until it was almost nighttime.

“Hey,” Bakugou growled in a low voice to Midoriya as he walked past him. “Come outside later, it’s about your quirk.”

“No. I have no obligation to help either Bakugou nor Midoriya.”

Kamukura said this while standing in his room. There was no one in the room apart from Kamukura, so there was no one that could hear him apart from Kamukura himself.

Which is just fine, since those words were meant for one person only.

Kamukura himself.

Midoriya considers you as his friend. And friends help each other out when they’re in trouble. A voice spoke inside of Kamukura’s head.

“Only Midoriya thinks of me as a friend. To me, he is a person of interest, nothing more.” Kamukura retorted.

Well, to me, he’s my friend. It really feels like we’ve been through a lot together, you know? I even saved him from a villain once.

“Midoriya does not even know of your existence.” Kamukura pointed out.

That doesn’t stop me from considering him my friend, and right now, my friend needs help.

“…” Kamukura remained silent as he thought about this. “What do you wish for me to do?”

Do you even need to ask? Hinata’s voice echoed within their shared mind. You can predict it just as well as I can. Bakugou and Midoriya are going to start fighting and the security cameras will detect them. Aizawa will go to stop them and they’ll have no time to reconcile with each other.

Bakugou will still harbour lingering feelings of guilt because he thinks that he was the one who caused All-Might to retire. While Midoriya will still be on rocky terms with Bakugou due to their shared past and his newfound quirk.

So make sure that doesn’t happen.

Without a word, Kamukura sat down in front of his laptop. He tapped a few keys and Midoriya and Bakugou appeared on the screen. They were walking together with Bakugou angrily leading the way while Midoriya followed behind with his head tilted downwards.

In a few seconds, Kamukura changed the feed of the security cameras so that it no longer showed the two students but rather a loop of the normal nighttime scenery.

“There. Are you satisfied?”

Not just yet. Go to them.

For the first time in a long while, Kamukura felt annoyed.
“Who else knows about you and Deku’s relationship?” Bakugou asked while sitting on the pavement. Many scratches and bruises covered his body and he was breathing quite hard.

Once night had fallen, Bakugou led Midoriya to Ground Beta, the site of their very first hero training activity at UA. It was the first time Midoriya had fought Bakugou as an equal, and through employing a self destructive strategy with Uraraka, was able to take the win from him and Iida.

Now, Bakugou challenged Midoriya to another fight, much to Midoriya’s shock. At first Midoriya was apprehensive about fighting Bakugou out of the blue like this, but realized that Bakugou had been keeping all his emotions pent up this whole time. Midoriya understood that the fight had no meaning, but agreed to fight him with everything he got.

During the fight, Midoriya discovered that he was able to use One for All up to 8% now, but still lost to Bakugou’s superior maneuverability and combat skills.

After the fight was over, All-Might appeared and they began talking about the burden that had been placed on Bakugou, as well as Midoriya’s “borrowed” quirk.

“All-Might said in response to Bakugou’s question. “Among the students... there’s only you... I think.”

“You think?” Bakugou asked.

“Well... there could be another...” All-Might contemplated.

“I know as well.” Kamukura said softly as he made his presence known. The others jumped at his sudden appearance.

“Huh? Kamukura, you were here too?!” Midoriya yelped.

“The fuck did you come from?!” Bakugou yelled.

“Kamukura? When did you arrive?” All-Might raised his eyebrows in shock.

“Just now.” He answered, turning to All-Might. “I also know about your relationship. Do not think that that time at the nurse’s office was enough to fool me.”

“The fuck’s he on about?” Bakugou asked, feeling like he was being left out of the loop.

“Ah, you’re talking about... After the USJ attack, when you came to visit Midoriya and me in the nurse’s office, yes?”

“That is correct.”

“Oh yeah! I almost forgot about that.” Midoriya’s face lit up as he remembered then turned to Bakugou. “He was asking about All-Might’s body and why I had the same quirk as him. We tried to lie to him, but I guess he saw through us.”

“So what you’re saying is...”

“You and Kamukura know, among the students at least.” All-Might summarized.

“Tch. Fine. Whatever” Bakugou spat and got up from the ground. He looked at All-Might. “You don’t want others finding out, do you? Since you’ve been trying to hide it, I won’t say anything to anyone. I won’t go blabbering like shithead Deku over here, okay? This secret stays with us.”
All-Might extended a hand to Midoriya and helped him up before beginning to speak again. “Seeing how things have turned out, I should give Bakugou and Kamukura a proper explanation.”

And so, All-Might told Bakugou and Kamukura all about the details of One for All as they walked back. He explained how it’s a quirk that has been passed on from generation to generation to fight against evil. How it was the power that allowed him to become the number one hero in Japan, and the Symbol of Peace.

He talked about the injury he sustained while fighting and the resulting limitations on that power.

He also told them about how he chose Midoriya as his successor.

After listening to all of All-Might’s explanation, Bakugou and Midoriya started arguing over surpassing each other while Kamukura watched them silently from behind them. Much to All-Might’s delight, it seemed that the two of them had become proper rivals.

After several minutes of walking, they finally arrived back the student dormitories. Gingerly, All-Might entered, and the three students followed suit.

“It doesn’t seem like anyone’s noticed your disappearance.” All-Might said as he looked around. “I thought for sure that Aizawa would, at the very least.”

“He did not. I made sure of that.” Kamukura stated. “I hacked the security cameras to stop him from interfering.”

“Huh?!” Midoriya and Bakugou asked at the same time.

“You did what?!” All-Might followed up with a question of his own. “Why would you do such a thing?”

“I did not wish for him to interrupt Midoriya and Bakugou’s fight.” Kamukura explained. “In order for their relationship to begin mending, they needed to fight without interference.”

“So you helped us, Kamukura?” Midoriya checked to make sure. “But why would you do that? Don’t get me wrong, I’m not complaining or anything. I just didn’t expect you to do something like that is all.”

Kamukura looked at Midoriya, then turned away as if to hide something. “It’s because you are considered a friend... in my mind.”

“Really?!” Midoriya smiled excitedly and ran up to Kamukura’s side. “This is the first time you’ve called me your friend!”

Kamukura said nothing and continued to look away.

“Tch, whatever.” Bakugou clicked his tongue and began walking away only to be stopped by All-Might.

“Ah, wait a second.” All-Might called out with his arm extended. “Technically speaking, you did all leave the dorms after the designated time and get into a fight while on school property. And there’s the problem of Kamukura hacking into the school security system as well...”

Bakugou and Midoriya froze while Kamukura stared at All-Might impassively.

“First of all, Kamukura... about the security system...”
“The school’s security system reboots itself every 30 minutes to prevent what I did from affecting safety for too long. By now, the system has already gone back to normal and no trace of my hacking will be detected.”

“I see...” All-Might nodded then turned to the other two. “In that case, for the two of you... Bakugou and Midoriya... no, Kamukura as well. All three of you took such actions because of me and my own failings as an instructor. So... I suppose... I can let you three off with just a warning this time around.”

“Th-thank you, All-Might!”

“... Thanks.”

“...”

All-Might smiled sadly at the students. “That will be all for tonight. Get some rest while you still can. If your injuries are still causing you trouble the next day, you can go to Recovery Girl for healing. Good night, students.” Then he left.

For a short while, no one moved. Then Midoriya yawned. “We should probably do as All-Might said and get some sleep. We went through the entire license exam today. And to top it all off we had that fight...” Midoriya started to walk away. “So, in that case...”

“Wait.” Bakugou called out as Midoriya awkwardly attempted to leave. “Y’know, about your Shoot Style...”

“...” Midoriya said nothing while he waited for Bakugou to continue. When it looked like he wasn’t going to, he spoke up. “What about it?”

“...” Bakugou stayed silent for a while. “Your wind up motions are too big. Even with your speed-up I was just barely able to react in time. It’s not well-suited for a slug-fest.”

“Is that so...?”

“And it doesn’t mix well with punches.” Bakugou added. “And it pisses me off!”

“I see...! Thank you!” Midoriya said as he walked to his room.

Now, it was only Bakugou and Kamukura that were still there in the living room. Bakugou turned his attention to Kamukura, who wasn’t giving him any in return.

“... Thanks.” He muttered before storming off to his room.

Kamukura watched the boy leave before doing the same as them. Once he was back in his room, he spoke to himself.

“Are you satisfied now?”

Very.

The very next day, the entire school attended the opening ceremony for the new term, in which Principal Nedzu mentioned something about hero internships, which left some members of class 1-A quite confused.
After the ceremony was finished, Tsuyu asked Aizawa what these ‘hero internships’ were. Aizawa sighed, then explained.

Simply put, these hero internships were hero activities similar to the internship week that happened after the Sports Festival in that they allow students to train to become a hero by gaining field experience. Those with provisional licenses were able to participate in them as long as UA was okay with it. Unlike the internship week, however, these internships were not a part of school, and students must find time to do them on their time.

“Because you have acquired your provisional licenses, you are eligible to participate in longer, more formal activities.” Aizawa concluded. “You’ll be expected to write a report about your activities during these internships too, but I’ll explain them in more detail another time.” Aizawa said and left the room, allowing Present Mic to make his entrance and start English class.

Fast forwarding three days later, Aizawa, as promised, was ready to officially talk about these hero internships.

“Let’s hear firsthand from those with personal experience how these internships are different from field training. They have made time in their busy schedules to come talk with you all, so listen to what they have to say.” Aizawa introduced in his usual sleepy manner. “These three third-years rank among the top of all UA students...

They’re known as... The Big Three.” As Aizawa announced this the classroom door opened and three students walked in.

The one leading the way was blond and had a confident look about him as he walked in. The girl in the middle had light blue hair and a pretty face, her eyes lit up as she scanned the classroom of first years. The last of the three to enter had dark hair and was walking slightly hunched over, his eyes were sharp and his mouth was twisted in an awkward grimace.

The three of them lined up side by side in front of the classroom while Aizawa stood near them.

“Alright, could you all give us a brief self introduction then?” Aizawa asked. “Starting with you, Amajiki.”

The one with dark hair, Amajiki it seemed, took a step forward. He focused his gaze onto the students and they instantly froze in their seats. After a few seconds of pressuring the class with the intensity of his gaze...

“I wanna go home...” Amajiki turned around and pressed his head against the wall, refusing to make eye contact with the rest of them.

"Huh?!"

“This guy’s at the top of UA’s Hero Course, right?” Ojiro wondered.

“Hey, Amajiki! Listen to this! Apparently, that’s called being chicken-hearted! Even though you’re a human! Weird, huh?” The blue haired girl suddenly spoke up, teasing her classmate as he tried to press himself even further into the wall. The girl then turned back to the class and started speaking. “This guy’s Tamaki Amajiki, The Chicken! And my name is Nejire Hadou! We’ve come here today to talk to you about ‘hero internships’!

But but... hey, hey, by the way! Why’re you wearing a mask? Do you have a cold? Or is that the latest fashion?” Hadou suddenly walked up to Shoji and asked him a question that was completely unrelated to what she was talking about before.
“Well, a long time ago, I-”

Losing her interest as fast as she gained it, Hadou turned to Todoroki instead. “Oh, and you! You’re Todoroki, right?! Why do you have a burn on your face like that?!”

“...?! Well that’s-” Todoroki was stunned by the sudden question about his scar but recovered and started to respond just in time for Hadou to move onto the next person in her sights.

“What, your hair’s super long!” She stopped in front of Kamukura. “Hey, hey, why’s your hair so long? Is it because of your quirk? Hey, hey, what do you do to maintain it? How long does it take for you to wash it each day?”

Kamukura simply stared at Hadou silently until she moved onto the next person in her path and completely ignored Kamukura. Which was just fine, since Kamukura went back to completely ignoring Hadou.

Hadou went around the classroom like this, asking various questions about a specific student then moving onto the next person as if it were nothing.

Aizawa turned to the blond boy and glared. “I can see you’re all lacking any sort of rationality.”

“Please do not worry, Eraserhead. I am the key performer today, after all.” Said the third-year who has yet to interact with the class.

He then leaned over the front desk and cupped his hand to his ears. “The journey ahead...?!”

The entire class went silent as the boy yelled this out.

“That’s where you’re supposed to say: ‘will be full of difficulties’!” The boy leaned back and laughed as if he had just told a joke no one understood. “Alright! You utterly fail at grasping the point of the conversation!”

“...” Said the class in perfect unison.

“Well, I can see from your faces that you've all got no clue what’s going on.” The blond correctly read the atmosphere of the room. “So how would you all like to team up and fight against me?!”

“Huh?!” The class said for the second time in that same day.

“POWER!!!” Mirio Togata shouted as he laid waste to the entirety of UA’s ranged attackers.

“POWER!!!” He shouted again after dealing with all of UA’s close-ranged attackers as well.

All except one.

Izuru Kamukura stared at the person who took down all twenty of his classmates in just five minutes with a look that can only be described as apathetic.

“His quirk was insane!” Midoriya muttered as he sat down. “I thought I had the upper hand when I predicted his movements but he just countered me completely.”

Midoriya thought back to just a few moments ago, when he had aimed an attack backwards at where he predicted Togata was going to attack from, only to be met with a swift punch to the gut for his trouble.
The rest of the class except for Kamukura moved to the bench after they had been struck in the stomach by Togata’s weird quirk and were now watching the fight between the two remaining combatants.

“Whoa, that long haired kid is lasting against Togata.” Hadou spoke up as she watched the fight with interest. “He must really be something.”

“That’s Izuru Kamukura.” Iida explained as he pushed up his glasses. “I can safely say that he is the top student in our class. Both physically and academically.”

“Ooh, really? This is getting interesting, then!” Hadou squealed excitedly.

“Yeah! Go Kamukura!” Kirishima cheered. “Show senpai your moves!”

“You’re cheering for him?” Bakugou asked while clutching his stomach, having also been taken out by Togata easily.

“You’re not?” Asked Kaminari. “I get that you don’t really like him, but our class’ pride is on the line here. We gotta cheer for our classmate!”

“That’s right!” Uraraka agreed and pumped her fist in the air. “Go Kamukura! Analyze that weird teleportation quirk and beat him with your talents!”

“This will be the first time that I’ll be able to see Kamukura fight seriously.” Yaoyorozu noted. “I wonder what it’ll be like.”

“You haven’t...? Oh yeah, that’s right. I’m one of the few people who’s seen him fight.” Midoriya recalled the events that happened in the past. When Bakugou and him teamed up with Kamukura during the final exam, and when Kamukura appeared at Kouta’s hideout and defeated Muscular.

Kamukura’s fighting is actually pretty interesting to watch. Thought Midoriya. I’m glad I’ll be able to see it without worrying about my grades or my life for a change.

“If Kamukura’s at the top of the class... Our top students then are...” Ojiro thought out loud while clutching his stomach.

“Kamukura, Todoroki, Bakugou... and Midoriya?” Ashido listed out their names. “But that isn’t exactly ‘Big Three’ though...”

“Then they can be the Elite Four!” Uraraka decided.

“I’m pretty sure that’s copyrighted.” Mineta pointed out.

“Pfft! Can you imagine someone like Bakugou or Kamukura doing something like this for the first years when they get into third year?” Kirishima laughed.

“What’s that supposed to mean, asshole?!” Bakugou grabbed Kirishima’s collar.

“You’re kinda proving my point, dude!”

“Well, at least we have two normal people to balance them out.” Kaminari pointed out.

Todoroki, who had opted not to participate in the fight because he hadn’t earned a provisional license yet, looked up from where he was sitting. “Does that mean-?”

Ashido smiled and gave him a thumbs up. “Yup, you’re normal. Feels pretty good, huh?”
Though he didn’t really show it, inwardly, Todoroki felt relieved at being called normal by his classmates.

“C’mon! Attack already! What’re you waiting for?!” Bakugou yelled at Kamukura as he started getting more into this.

Kamukura, on the other hand, seemed to be content just dodging all the attacks Togata sent out as he popped in and out of the ground.

The rest of the class turned their attentions back to the fight as well, they saw Kamukura zip, dive, duck, and dodge out of the way of all of Togata’s attacks while making no move to counterattack on his own.

Stopping the fighting for a moment, Togata popped out of the ground across from Kamukura, taking a slight break while also reevaluating the long-haired student.

Although they had been physically exerting themselves for quite some time, neither of them seemed the least bit fatigued or even sweaty.

“You’re pretty good.” Complimented Togata as he rocked back and forth on his feet. “Are you predicting all of my attacks?”

“That is correct.” Answered Kamukura, staring disinterestedly at his senior.

“And I guess that means you have a pretty good idea of how my quirk works too, yeah?”

“Indeed.”

“And here I thought that long hair was a part of your quirk.” Togata tapped his head to illustrate his point. “But I thought something was weird when you didn’t use it to attack me earlier.”

Kamukura remained silent and immobile at Togata’s words.

“Allright! Then I guess it’s time for me to get serious about this!”

“He wasn’t serious before?!” Some members of the class asked, still recalling how Togata was able to take out the entire class minus Kamukura in such a small amount of time.

More shouts of encouragement for Kamukura could be heard from the benches. Kamukura turned to look at his classmates then at Togata’s smiling face.

“That will not be necessary.” Kamukura declared. “This battle is at its end.”

“Is he saying that he’s going to end the fight in a single move?!”

“Well then, let’s see what you’ve got.” Togata said as he raised his fists in a defensive position.

“Very well.” Kamukura turned and began to walk out of the arena. “I forfeit.”

“You’re not even gonna try?!”

“Well, he certainly did end it in a single move.” Todoroki noted dryly.

Chapter End Notes
Told you there was gonna be another cliffhanger. Or maybe this doesn't count as much of a cliffhanger.
Either way, wonder what Kamukura’s up to this time.

Next chapter: Kamukura goes to a job interview
“You’re not even gonna try?!” The entire class shouted at Kamukura after he made the bold declaration of forfeiting the match to Togata.

“What the hell’re you givin’ up for?! Fight seriously, damnit!!” Snapped Bakugou, now completely invested in the fight.

Upon hearing Kamukura’s words, Togata was so shocked he nearly fell over, but quickly regained his footing before anybody else noticed. He extended an arm to the boy who was busy walking away. “Wait, hold up a second!”

Kamukura stopped and turned around. “What is it?”

“You’re really going to concede the match? Just like that?” The puzzled third-year ran up to Kamukura and asked him directly.

“Yes, that is correct.” Kamukura said and resumed walking away.

“But why?”

“Why?” Kamukura repeated the question as if didn’t matter to him in the slightest. “There is no point in continuing the fight.”

“No point? Kamukura, what do you mean?” Kirishima asked from the crowd.

“The goal of having Togata fight our class was to demonstrate the skills that he obtained from participating in the hero internships. More specifically, the combat experience that allowed him to predict the actions of our class. Togata was able to display that skill by taking down the entire class except me in just over five minutes, a strong and unforgettable feat. Because the purpose of the fight has been achieved, there is no reason for me to continue. My eventual victory here would not change that fact.”

“Your eventual victory? Big words for someone who just forfeited the match!”

“But you can’t just let it end like this! It’s gonna look bad for our class if you don’t win!” Kirishima turned to Aizawa for support. “C’mon, sensei, Kamukura can’t just quit the fight can he?”

“He can.” Aizawa immediately dashed the other students’ hopes and stood up. “In fact, I was going to call the fight just moments before Kamukura conceded on his own.” He looked to Kamukura. “So you can make rational decisions, I’m impressed.” He said, not sounding very impressed despite the fact that he was.

“Aw man...”

“And I was quite excited to watch the two of them do battle with one another.”

“I wanted to see some bloodshed, goddamnit!”

“You know, it doesn’t really sound like a joke when you say it.”
“Who’s joking?!”

Class 1-A voiced their complaints until Aizawa glared at them to shut up. Once they did, he addressed the now fully clothed Togata. “Anything more you’d like to add?”

“Well, that was a bit more of an anticlimactic victory than I had expected, but I’ll take it!” Togata said happily as the class turned to look at him. “Your classmate’s explanation of why I asked to fight all of you guys was on the mark too, but I think I’ll still talk about things in a little more detail. Ah, but before that...

What did you think of my quirk? Was it strong?”

“Way too strong!” Yelled Sero as the class’ attention shifted from Kamukura forfeiting the match back to Togata’s weird quirk.

“It’s unfair!” Ashido added to the complaint list. “Not only phasing but teleportation too? Are you one of those hybrids like Todoroki?!"

Upon hearing those complaints, Hadou raised her hand and waved it around eagerly. “Oh, oh! I know about his quirk! Let me tell them! Let me! It’s Perm-

“Hadou, right now it’s Mirio’s time.” Amajiki interrupted her in a quiet voice.

“No, I’ve only got one quirk. It’s called Permeation.” Togata explained while quickly apologizing to a pouting Hadou. “The movements that you guys saw was just an application of my quirk!”

Togata explained how Permeation worked. He can make any part of his body Permeable and allow it to pass through solid objects as if they were nothing. Then, if he removes that Permeability while mostly inside of a solid object he gets pushed back out forcefully. This was how Togata was able to sink into the ground and pop out wherever he wanted, as well as how he was able to negate all of class 1-A’s attacks.

“Sounds like a video game glitch.” Ashido pouted.

“What a perfect way to put it!” Guffawed Togata.

Togata then explained how difficult it is to use Permeation effectively. When his head is Permeable, he can’t see nor hear. If his lungs are made Permeable then he won’t be able to breathe either. Whenever he falls through the earth he’s only conscious of the feeling of falling. Even a relatively simple action such as passing through a wall would require a series of complex operations.

“And that’s exactly why I challenged you all to a fight!” Togata announced. “Just like your classmate already said, it was to demonstrate the experience that I had earned from my internship! But adding on to what he said, in these internships we’re no longer treated like ‘guest’, but rather we act as sidekicks for the pros! It is an invaluable experience that you cannot get in school. With the experience that I gained from my internship, I was able to transform my powers and reach the top! And for that reason, scary or not, it’s an experience that you can’t miss out on, first years!”

The class applauded Togata’s detailed yet concise explanation and thought back to their own internship week.

“It’s true that we were treated as guests during our field training...” Said Kaminari.

“They avoided making us do anything dangerous too...” Jirou recalled.
“So yeah, basically all of what your classmate said was correct.” Togata punctuated his praise with a thumbs up.

Tsuyu raised her hand and asked. “Even the part about his eventual victory?”

“Hahaha! I wonder!”

After finishing up with their ‘presentation’, the Big Three of UA High walked together back to their scheduled class. Amajiki walked in front with his head tilted downwards, an expression that was a mixture of disappointment and relief over not being too needed for the explanation of hero internships. Togata and Hadou followed along behind him, discussing the first years they had just become acquainted with.

As they walked down the hallway, Hadou turned to Togata and asked, “that long-haired guy was pretty cool, wasn’t he? The way he was dodging all of your moves, up to the way he just quit the fight out of nowhere! That really caught me by surprise!”

“He certainly made an impression on me, that’s for sure.” Togata agreed. “But there’s someone else that I’m also interested in...”

“Whoa, really? Who? Tell me, tell me!”

“The green-haired kid with freckles. Although not on the other one’s level, he was able to analyze my first move and react accordingly...” Togata looked contemplative for a second before smiling. “They might like ‘Sir’.”

A few days after Togata’s fight with class 1-A, Aizawa came back with the results of the discussion about the internships from the other teachers. Apparently the consensus among the majority of the teachers were that first years should not be allowed to participate in the internships given the number of dangerous occurrences recently, much to the class’ disappointment. Aizawa then explained that some teachers were afraid that the students would not grow up to become effective heroes like this, and so they rectified the decision to only allow students to intern at agencies with an excellent track record.

As classes finished for the day, Midoriya went back to the student dormitories when he saw Kamukura.

“Kamukura, wait.” Midoriya called out to the long-haired individual as he was about to walk upstairs. Although Kamukura had been given a room on the ground floor when the dormitories were yet to be finished, because of the Steering Committee’s decision to pull him back to Hope’s Peak, Kamukura was assigned a different room on a different floor after he returned.

“What is it?” Kamukura asked, turning to face Midoriya.

“Um, are you going up to your room already? School just ended for the day you know?”

“I am.” Kamukura responded without much interest.

“Um, well.” Midoriya looked nervous. “I kinda wanted to talk with you about something. If you have the time, I mean.”

“Alright.” Kamukura agreed readily and began heading to the lounge with Midoriya following behind. Kamukura sat down on one of the couches and Midoriya took a seat on a different one next
Midoriya looked down at his hands before looking nervously to Kamukura. After a few moments of silence, and a few sneaky glances around to make sure no one was listening in, Midoriya spoke.

“I wanted to thank you, for um... saving me back at the training camp.” Midoriya blushed as he continued. “I wanted to earlier but I didn’t really get a chance to during the break. And then I found out that you weren’t coming back for this term... and then you did come back! But it was the night before the exams and I was worried about passing so I didn’t say anything then... And then there was what happened with Kacchan... Oh yeah, I wanted to thank you for that too.” Midoriya looked up as he remembered. “You did something risky to prevent the both of us from getting in trouble. So, thank you.”

Kamukura studied Midoriya’s expectant face for a while then looked away. “Thanking me is not required.”

“Ah, you mean because we’re friends, right?” Midoriya asked.

No, he just means that it isn’t him you should be thanking.

“But I still feel grateful for what you did, so I feel like I should thank you.”

Kamukura turned to Midoriya’s face. He was still blushing slightly but was smiling a slightly wavering smile as he tried to maintain eye contact with Kamukura.

Go on, say “you’re welcome.”

“Alright then.” Kamukura replied. “You are welcome.”

Midoriya’s face lit up when he heard those words, while Kamukura’s remained the same as it always was.

“Is there something else?”

Midoriya looked surprised at Kamukura’s words, then thoughtful. “Well, a couple things I guess...” He rubbed the back of his head. “You stay in your room a lot, don’t you? In fact, I don’t think I ever see you outside of your room except when classes are over and we’re coming back from school.”

“That is true. Unless there is a particular need for me to be elsewhere, I do not leave my room.”

“Oh.” Midoriya said as his suspicions were confirmed. “Doesn’t that get lonely at all? You should come out and hang out with us here every so often. It usually gets pretty lively here in the afternoon. Um, if you want to, that is.”

You should do it, it’s been a pretty long time since you spent free time with anybody, hasn’t it?

“Perhaps I will.”

“Really? That’s great. Uh, you don’t need to push yourself if you’re not comfortable.” Midoriya added.

Kamukura said nothing.

“Oh yeah, I wanted to ask why you weren’t allowed to to attend UA anymore, and what happened that you were allowed again.”
Kamukura looked at Midoriya. “It was because of the villain attack at the camp. They were worried that my position here was unsafe, and so they declined to allow me to stay.” Kamukura explained succinctly. “Then, as I have mentioned, some circumstances have changed and my permissions were increased accordingly. Those increased permissions include being allowed to return to UA and participate in the license examination.”

“Wait, so does that mean...?”

“Correct. I will no longer have to disguise myself when I venture into public, nor will I be required to shy away from the media. I will also be allowed to participate in the Sports Festival next year should I choose to.”

“Really? That’s great news!” Midoriya pumped his fists excitedly. “Aren’t you excited... or, I guess not, huh?”

Kamukura said nothing and shifted slightly in his seat. Midoriya scratched his cheek awkwardly in response.

A few moments passed.

“Um, have you given any thought to the hero internships they mentioned? I guess you’d be able to participate in them now that you’re allowed to show your face in public, right?”

“I would, if I desired it.” Kamukura responded.

“Yeah, I guess I don’t really know what I should do about it, myself.” Midoriya admitted. “I mean, they said that they didn’t want first-years to take hero internships from hero agencies without good track records... I know they’re doing it for our safety and all but I really want to become a good hero! That’s not selfish of me, is it?”

Midoriya’s pretty fired up about this, isn’t it inspiring to watch?

Kamukura turned his head to get a better look at Midoriya’s features. After a cursory glance, he made his decision. “Not at all.”

“You agree with me! I mean, getting an internship just seems so useful for becoming a hero so it’s just natural for me to want to get one, right?” Midoriya continued, unaware of the discussions happening inside Kamukura’s mind. “So I called Gran Torino and asked if he would take me for another internship, but he said no. He told me to ask All-Might to introduce me to Sir Nighteye for an internship instead and I was kind of considering it.”

Hey, this sounds like a good opportunity. Why don’t you ask Midoriya if you can apply with him together?

“Why would you want that?” Kamukura asked out loud, much to Midoriya’s surprise.

“Eh, why? Um, well I guess I have a whole bunch of reasons. Getting an internship at Nighteye’s would probably grant me loads of important experience, not to mention he was All-Might’s old sidekick. But I’m not too sure if I should go for it or not...”

You wanted to observe Midoriya in order to find out whether hope or despair was more unpredictable, right? Since these internships treat the students as if they were actual sidekicks, there will be many situations where Midoriya has a chance to do something hopeful. If you work with him then you’ll get many chances to observe his unpredictability.
“Alright.” Kamukura accepted this explanation and looked at Midoriya. “Will you allow me to apply with you?”

“Oh yeah, that’s sounds like a good- HUHHH?!?!?”

The bullet train whirred and lightly rumbled as it flew across the tracks. Sir Nighteye’s hero agency was an hour away by train and Midoriya and Kamukura were currently on their way to hopefully earn his approval and be able to work with him as hero interns.

Kamukura was sitting besides Midoriya. One was the perfect image of tranquility and stillness while the other was restless and sweating nervous bullets.

But it wasn’t just the two of them on the train, no. Sitting across from them and barely able to contain his glee was third-year student Mirio Togata. He smiled wide as he compared Kamukura and Midoriya and how different each of them were reacting.

After some initial surprise from Midoriya, double checking and then later triple checking that Midoriya had indeed heard Kamukura right and that he definitely said that he wanted to apply together with Midoriya, the two of them went to All-Might to ask if he could introduce the pair to Nighteye’s for an internship.

At first, All-Might had declined their request, saying that he was one of the teachers who voted for first-years to not have their internships this early in fear for their safety and general lack of experience compared to the upper years.

He also mentioned that things were awkward between the two of them, though he was jeered at by Present Mic for using an excuse that was clearly just personal.

However, it seemed that even though All-Might was unable to introduce them, there was someone who could. As it turned out, Togata had been interning under Sir Nighteye for a full year now and was set to be made his sidekick after graduation.

And so the three of them were now speeding down the tracks towards Nighteye’s hero office.

“Man, you couldn’t imagine how surprised I was when I got told that All-Might himself wanted to see me.” Togata said cheerfully. “And then I saw the two of you there too. I never would have guessed that both of you would have wanted to intern at Sir’s at the same time! Isn’t this an amazing coincidence?”

“Y-yeah!” Midoriya looked up at Togata’s words and agreed. “I could hardly believe it myself. Kamukura, what do you think?”

“I suppose. Though given your burning desire to become a great hero and the strong showing Togata demonstrated in front of our class, the chances that he was linked to your wishes were quite likely.” Kamukura stated.

“Really?” Asked Midoriya.

“Indeed, it is a common trope in stories to introduce a character with a spectacular feat of strength to establish them as important, then involve that character in several storylines before ultimately discarding them.” Kamukura explained.

“Huh? But this isn’t a work of fiction though.” Midoriya pointed out the obvious.
“That hardly matters.”

“Wha-? It matters a lot!”

“Bwahaha!” Togata laughed at their exchange. “That was pretty good. Keep that up and you’ll be in Sir’s good graces in no time.”

Midoriya turned his puzzled look from Kamukura to the jovial third-year. “What do you mean, Togata? And what are we supposed to be keeping up?”

“The comedy!” Said Togata.

“... Comedy?”

“Yeah, comedy.” Confirmed Togata. “Sir Nighteye is a very strict hero and he always looks super serious. But despite that, or maybe because of it... he respects humour above everything else. If you want to make sure that you’re not turned away at the door immediately, then you’ve gotta make him laugh at least once.”

“Make him laugh...?” Midoriya turned to Kamukura and studied his bored expression with one of worry. That exchange between them just now... any humour that came from it was purely accidental. He was just interacting with Kamukura how he normally did. Now, Togata’s told him that he’s gotta be prepared to tell jokes on the spot?

“Kamukura, what do you think about that?” Midoriya asked. Kamukura had not changed his expression at all. There was no sign he had even heard what Togata had said.

“There should be no problem.” Kamukura replied serenely.

“That’s the spirit!” Encouraged Togata as the train rolled to a stop, not calming Midoriya’s nervousness in the slightest. “Looks like we’re here. Shouldn’t be too long of a walk.” He said as he got up.

Together, the three of them exited the train station and made their way to Sir Nighteye’s hero offices. They rode the elevator upwards and made their way to a foreboding door at the end of the hallway.

“Introducing you two will be all I can do for you. It’s Sir who’ll decide whether he wants to hire you or not. I wanna help you out, but... the only way is to get Sir to acknowledge you by your own efforts.” Togata said to the pair as they neared their destination. He gestured to the door. “Right, it’s just beyond there! If you want to get stronger, then push it open yourself!”

Midoriya did, and so he did as he was asked and pushed open the door. After witnessing a bizarre scene unfold in front of him involving an outrageous contraption, Midoriya was faced with the pressure of Sir Nighteye’s intense glare. Swallowing the lump in his throat and heeding Togata’s advice from earlier, Midoriya did his very best to make his first impression one that would make Nighteye laugh.

Concentrating hard, Midoriya scrunched up and contorted his face the best he could and unleashed his absolute best All-Might impersonation.

“My name is Izuku Midoriya!”

“Are you mocking All-Might?!?”
After Midoriya’s less than optimal first impression, Nighteye challenged the boy to a test of prowess. In order for Midoriya to earn a spot at Nighteye’s offices, he had to be able to snatch the stamp from the pro hero’s hands in under three minutes.

To make matters more difficult, Nighteye had used his quirk, Foresight, on Midoriya, allowing him to see all of Midoriya’s actions clearly for the next 24 hours. Meaning that the chances of Midoriya being able to complete the challenge was next to impossible.

Now, Kamukura, Togata, and Bubble Girl, one of Sir Nighteye’s sidekicks, were standing in the hallway outside of Sir’s office, waiting for the three minutes to resolve.

“Man, it sure is getting noisy in there isn’t it?” Togata asked as various sounds could be heard from within the office. The distinct sound of office equipment and scattered papers carried through the wall, as well as odder sounds such as a person jumping around on the walls and ceiling. He turned to Kamukura, who was standing at their side. “You nervous?”

“No at all.” He replied.

“What do you think of Midoriya’s chances? Will he be able to take the seal from Sir?”

“No, it is impossible for him.”

“Not a very optimistic person, are you?”

“Hey Mirio, who are these two kids you brought here, anyway?” Bubble Girl asked, a bit confused by all that was happening.

“Ah, you mean Midoriya and Kamukura, yeah? They’re UA students that wanted to intern under Sir for their hero internships, so I brought them here to introduce them! The green haired kid in there right now is Midoriya. The long haired one here is Kamukura.” Togata gestured to Kamukura as he said this.

“Nice to meet you...” Bubble Girl greeted Kamukura while looking him over. Kamukura, in response, merely glanced at the sidekick showing nothing but his normal bored expression.

Bubble Girl turned to Togata with a worried look on her face. “Um Mirio, are you sure about him? It doesn’t look like he fits Sir’s requirements at all.”

“Well, who knows, really...” Togata rubbed the back of his head while smiling. “I don’t know why but I get the feeling that they won’t be turned down so easily.

Also... it’s been three minutes, hasn’t it?” Togata said as checked the clock on the wall. He opened the door and the three of them walked back into a completely ruined office. Books and papers were strewn across the floor, various footprints and markings could be seen on the walls. Kamukura took a brief look around the room and then at Sir Nighteye.

Well done, Midoriya. Hinata’s thoughts immediately filled his mind. See? I told you this was a good idea.

“Mirio, good timing.” Nighteye said as they walked in. “He’s hired. Please take him and wait outside, I’ll interview the other one as well.”
“Whoa, alright!! Awesome!!” Togata cheered gleefully.

“What?! But I couldn’t pass your test!” Midoriya blurted out.

“I told you to take the seal and stamp the paper yourself.” Nighteye explained. “But I never said that if you couldn’t, I wouldn’t hire you.”

Nighteye dropped the seal onto Midoriya’s hands and he stamped the form. Following this, Midoriya left with Togata and Bubble Girl, and now Kamukura was the one left alone with Nighteye.

Nighteye sat down at his desk and gestured to the chair in front of him. “Please, take a seat. I do apologize for the mess, our new hire can be... quite a handful.” Nighteye pushed up his glasses up at the end of his sentence, as if punctuating the joke.

Kamukura, to Nighteye’s immediate displeasure sat down without so much as a smirk and Nighteye’s intense stare bored into him, much to his own nonchalance.

Nighteye huffed softly, barely concealing his disappointment, then spoke. “Perhaps you should start with your name.”

“Izuru Kamukura.”

“And why... Kamukura, do you wish to work here?” Nighteye steeped his hands and furrowed his brow at the student. “Though it may not seem it, I place quite a bit of value in humour. Though, I am certain that Togata has mentioned this beforehand considering what Midoriya did the first time he stepped into my office.”

Kamukura responded to Nighteye’s pressure with an almost overwhelming amount of apathy. “The reason I wish to intern at your agency is because Midoriya wants to.”

Nighteye blinked, then immediately regained himself. “Come again?”

*Perhaps this is his idea of a joke? Thought Nighteye. An absurd statement coupled with a deadpan delivery... I’ve seen better, I’ll admit.*

“As I said, I wish to intern here because Midoriya has expressed a desire to intern here.” Kamukura repeated. “And I wish to observe his unpredictability.”

Nighteye raised an eyebrow. “His... unpredictability? You are making very little sense. Do explain.”

“From the time that I have known Midoriya, I have found that he is prone to behaving in unpredictable ways in certain intense situations.” Kamukura explained. “I wish to observe Midoriya’s hope and the unpredictable events that happen as a result of that hope.”

“Hope?” Nighteye repeated the word as if it’s unfamiliar. “What do you mean by hope?”

“In the trial you presented Midoriya just now, he did something that you were unable to predict, did he not? Even despite the fact that you used your Foresight quirk on him.” Kamukura stated. “Even though at first it seemed that Midoriya had been growing desperate to win, and had been losing his cool growing more and more reckless in his attacks, he was able to maintain a sound mind and act according to his own strategy. Being able to stay calm despite knowing that all odds are stacked against you, *that* is the hope I wish to observe. It will serve a great deal in finding the answer to my question.”
“...” For a moment, Nighteye was at a loss for words. Slowly, he smiled “Unpredictability... Kukuku. Yes, I suppose you could describe it as such.

Well, I suppose I have a sufficient understanding of your motivations, odd as they may be. Now, why don’t you tell me about your ability, starting with your quirk.”

“My quirk allows me to absorb and retain talent.” Kamukura lied.

“Talent?”

Kamukura gave Nighteye an all encompassing explanation of his made up quirk. Though the Kamukura Project was effectively cancelled, Kamukura was still under obligation to explain the talents he had obtained from the project as a simple quirk. As Hope’s Peak had attempted to sever all connection with his existence, it would not bode well for the school to explain his talents as the culmination of Hope’s Peak’s research efforts.

Kamukura explained the fictitious process of being able to ingrain a talent into himself, how he gained all the knowledge, muscle memory, and physical characteristics that the talent would require. He explained how his talents offered many benefits, including enhanced eyesight, hearing, memory, brain processing speed, and most importantly, analytical ability.

Once he was finished, Nighteye spoke. “I see, now that I have adequate understanding of your motivation and your skills, I will announce my verdict.” Nighteye’s face loosened a little as he unfurrowed his brow and weakened his stare. “At first, I had thought you to be unfit for this agency. Despite your qualification, due to my history of working with All-Might, I am a man who values humour above all else, and the idea of hiring someone with an attitude such as yours did not sit right with me. Even if it were the result of your quirk.

But then I realized something. Even though I had been searching and training someone that could take All-Might’s place in the future, as the number one hero and the Symbol of Peace. I had put little consideration into the other side of All-Might’s relationship. That is, someone that can act as a Nighteye to a future All-Might. Someone that can act as the brains behind the brawn. Someone to guide the and support the shining beacon that is the Symbol of Peace. Someone to manage the paperwork that comes with All-Might’s tendency to jump in whenever there may be trouble, even if it’s supposed to be his day off.” Nighteye stared hard at Kamukura. “I trust that you care little of fame and fortune?”

“That is correct.” Kamukura answered. “Right now, all I wish is to find an answer to my question. Currently, I believe that can be accomplished by closely observing Midoriya.”

“Hm, good. And I won’t pry into what this question of yours is if you do not see fit to tell me.” Nighteye responded. “In much the same way that I see Mirio as being a worthy successor to All-Might, I will allow you a chance to become something akin to the next Sir Nighteye, should you choose to work here. Do you accept? Keep in mind that you will be given an arduous amount of work, managing data, filing papers, work that is a pro hero usually relegates to another as well as regular hero duties. It will not be an easy task, and from what you have told me about your quirk, I will expect perfection.”

Kamukura nodded. “I accept.”

“Very good.” Nighteye said and handed Kamukura the seal, who delicately stamped the form approving his internship.

After calling in Togata, Midoriya, and Bubble Girl and alerting them all of the good news, Togata
took Midoriya and Kamukura back to UA with a smile on his face. While Bubble Girl stayed behind as she was still on duty.

“Hiring two interns just like that? I’m totally surprised.” Bubble Girl voiced her shock after Togata left the building.

“It may seem like a snap judgement, but rest assured those students will be of great use to us.” Said Nighteye as he adjusted his glasses. “Now, tell me more about the actions of Chisaki and the other members of the Eight Precepts.”

“Yes Sir!”

Outside of a very traditional looking Japanese style set of buildings, a young boy and girl stood waiting. They looked no older than high school students, yet the way they stood hinted that they were something much more dangerous. The boy looked the buildings up and down and sneered, while the girl watched the boy with a vague expression.

“Look at this dump.” The boy tilted his chin at one of the main buildings. “This is all the Yakuza’s been reduced to. Over centuries of tradition, crumbled away into a sad dreary existence, as if begging not to be left behind by the world.”

“Indeed, the current state of-”

“Shut the hell up!” The boy yelled as the girl started to talk. “I didn’t ask you to speak, I asked you to look! You shut your mouth unless I tell you otherwise, got that?!”

“Understood.” The girl bowed in apology for her mistake.

Just a few moments later, a man wearing an oversized plague doctor’s mask came out of the building. Looking at the mask, one could almost make the mistake of confusing him for a large bird.

The man walked up to the pair of teenagers standing out in the yard and bowed deeply. He addressed the boy only, ignoring the girl. “Sorry for the wait, young master Kuzuryuu. We, the Eight Precepts of Death, welcome you to our base of operations. Kai Chisaki is waiting for you inside. I trust that you two will have much to discuss.”

Chapter End Notes

Man, could that last bit of dialogue be more expository if it tried?

For readers who have read the manga of Boku no Hero, you may notice that I have been rushing through and even skipping certain canon scenes and just summarizing them.
I’m mostly doing this for scenes in which little has changed from Kamukura’s existence in order for the story to move along quicker.
I used to include important scenes involving Midoriya as he is the secondary protagonist of this story, but as you can see in this chapter, I skipped a very important scene involving him and Nighteye. It still happened of course, just off screen.
I was wondering how people feel about this and if you think the pacing of the story
improves or deteriorates as a result. Or if you plain don’t care.

Next chapter: The Yakuza form an alliance
“Right this way.” The masked Yakuza didn’t even bother to glance behind him as he guided Kuzuryuu and Pekoyama down the winding, twisting hallways of his boss’ hideout. “Our base has many routes connected underground. It is because we take these kinds of precautions that the Eight Precepts have survived to this day.”

“Is that right?” Kuzuryuu asked, almost scoffing at the minion’s words.

The two Ultimates walked down the corridors in almost complete silence. Pekoyama walked behind Kuzuryuu, as was expected of someone of her status. She stared at the back of his his neatly trimmed head with a look of grim determination.

Pekoyama did not know what Kuzuryuu had planned to do here in the home base of the Eight Precepts of Death. He had stopped telling her about his plans more and more, ever since Nanami died in front of them, ever since that woman showed up in their lives.

Pekoyama took a look around at the empty hallways they wandered around in. Kuzuryuu and Pekoyama both belonged to the Kuzuryuu Clan, the largest clan of Yakuza in Japan. Not that size meant much for Yakuza anymore. Everyone knew that the Yakuza have been in sharp decline since the existence of quirks had brought about the heroes and villains that took their place, a fact that that woman was very eager to point out in her home visitation.

Pekoyama also knew that Fuyuhiko was the heir of the Kuzuryuu Clan, making him a very important person to all the Yakuza that serve their clan.

So why then, were they currently in the home base of the Eight Precepts of Death, Yakuza loyal to the Oda Alliance, the second largest Yakuza clan, and their biggest enemy?

Internally, Pekoyama shook her head. No, it doesn’t matter that they were in enemy territory. She would trust that her master knew what he was doing. And in the case that things go south, she would trust that she was skilled enough to get them out safely.

No matter what, she would follow her young master down whatever path he so chose. Even if that path was despair.

For that was her purpose as a tool.

After around thirty minutes of walking, the three of them arrived at a small room with almost no decorations, save for a small black poster hanging on the wall that displayed the symbol of the Eight Precepts of Death.

Besides the three of them that just arrived, there were a total of eight other people that were waiting in the room. A single man was sitting on one of the two couches set up near the middle of the room, while the seven others remained standing. They were all wearing masks of some sort.

“Ah, young master Kuzuryuu. Welcome to our hideout.” The man sitting on the couch looked up and addressed the Ultimate Yakuza as he walked into the room.
He didn’t stand.

Kuzuryuu ignored this and sat himself on the couch directly opposite of the man. “First things first, cut it with all that “young master” crap. That was for when I was a kid, and I’m not a kid anymore.”

“Of course... Kuzuryuu.” Kai Chisaki gave a tiny bow where he sat. “To what do we owe the pleasure of your visit? I must admit, I was quite surprised to hear that the only surviving heir to the Kuzuryuu Clan had called to personally request a meeting with me.” Chisaki stressed the word “surviving”, deliberately referencing the incident with his sister and watched Kuzuryuu carefully.

Kuzuryuu, to his credit, made no particular reaction to Chisaki’s goading. He continued. “If I recall correctly, you recently became of age. Now would be about the time that you’re given lackeys of your own to control so that you can rise up in the Yakuza ladder. But that hasn’t happened yet, and you’re nothing more than a figurehead at the moment, isn’t that right?”

“Got it in one.” Kuzuryuu commended drily. “But you still agreed to meet up with me, didn’t you? You, Kai Chisaki, the most trusted lieutenant in Oda Alliance, second hand man to the Boss himself, and the leader of the legendary Eight Precepts of Death. You still took time out of your day to meet with the likes of me, or are you so free that you’ve got nothing better to do?”

“As the Kuzuryuu Clan and the Oda Alliance are currently each other’s greatest enemies. I was quite curious as to why you would so willingly wander into the proverbial lion’s den, as it were.” Chisaki calmly explained.

“I’ll get to that. But first, how’s the Boss doing?” Kuzuryuu shifted from a taunting tone to one of slight compassion. “It’s been a few months since he suddenly collapsed, yeah? Is he showing any signs of getting better?”

Chisaki’s eyes widened at the mention of their Boss, the Chairman of the entire Oda Alliance. Since he fell mysteriously ill a few months ago and became bedridden, Chisaki had been made the temporary leader of the Precepts.

That much was common knowledge around the Yakuza grapevine. But there was a shocking truth that people didn’t know. Chisaki had used his quirk, Overhaul, to force the Boss into a comatose state. Overhaul allowed Chisaki to disassemble and reassemble any particular thing he wished, including people. And Chisaki was very skilled at reassembling people.

He was so grateful to the Boss that took him in as a child, so eager to prove his vision to him, to bring the Yakuza back to their former glory, he used his quirk to make sure the Boss couldn’t get in his way while he carried out his plan.

No one knew this, but Chisaki himself.

Chisaki stared hard at the short, blond boy sitting in front of him. There was no way he could have found out, could he? No, that was impossible. His statements came from a place of respect for his elders, nothing more. Chisaki convinced himself of this and calmed himself.

“Yes... His condition is stable, but he’s currently showing no signs of recovering.” Chisaki told him the truth, for he knew exactly how to cure him, and planned on doing it once his plan came to fruition. “It’s a shame that he would be unable to witness the results of my plan.”

“Oh? And what plan would that-.”

“Enough.” Chisaki interrupted Kuzuryuu’s question. “Let’s get back on topic. What is the reason
for your visit? It can’t be about clan matters, they would have sent someone of lieutenant level. Not someone like you.”

“Course it ain’t.” Kuzuryuu affirmed Chisaki’s suspicions. “The rest of the Kuzuryuu Clan doesn’t know that I’m here.”

Chisaki raised his eyebrows in mock surprise. “Is that so? That is quite the risky move, Kuzuryuu. With no one in your clan knowing that you’re here, we could take the both of you out without the fear of starting a war between the Kuzuryuu Clan and the Oda Alliance.”

It wasn’t so much of a threat as it was a prompt for information. Chisaki wouldn’t be so rash as to kill the two guests in front of him without hearing them out first. And they both knew that.

“You could do that. But you’re gonna want to hear me out first.” Kuzuryuu smirked.

“Oh, and why is that?”

“Two reasons.” The gangster held up two fingers. “One, I came here to make a deal with you. Y’know, I heard that the Eight Precepts of Death were being investigated by several big hero organizations and the police. Seeing how careful you guys are acting, I’m guessing those rumours were all true, weren’t they? You’re starting to feel the squeeze coming in from those heroes. They’re going to be busting through that door of yours any day now.”

“A deal...?” Chisaki mulled this over. “And what is your second reason?”

Kuzuryuu’s smile grew cold. “Just because the Kuzuryuu Clan doesn’t know that I’m here, doesn’t mean that no one does. If my allies don’t hear back from me, they’re gonna come knocking on your door. And the way I look at it, you’ve got no time to deal with something like that. Am I wrong?”

“Hmm.” Chisaki hmmed. “Why don’t you tell me more about this deal of yours? You say that you can get the heroes off our backs? That would be quite... helpful.”

“But of course.” Kuzuryuu gave a vicious smile. “The way I look at it, it’s quite simple. You guys need strength now in order to deal with the heroes nipping at your heels. While those allies I mentioned and I am going to need manpower later on in order to enact my own plan. So the deal’s going to be simple, I loan you some of our guys so you can deal with the heroes who are no doubt getting in position to conduct a raid on this place, and once you’re done with that we’ll borrow some of your guys. Sound good?”

Chisaki considered the deal that Kuzuryuu had proposed. There was some merit to the deal, to be sure. They had just lost two of their members recently.

One from that disastrous meeting with the Villain Alliance, where one of those uncouth villains started attacking just because he was saying something he didn’t like. Then there was the underling who made that grievous error the other day and was punished accordingly.

Yes, to be able to replace those utterly replaceable henchmen would prove useful. And once they’ve weathered the storm, loaning some of his own men to Kuzuryuu is hardly a risk.

Chisaki would very likely be accepting this deal. These terms were far more favourable than the ones the Villain Alliance had been suggesting. Though, that was to be expected of someone who understood how the Yakuza worked. All that was left was the matter of prying a little more information out of him.
“And who exactly will you be loaning to us?” Chisaki asked. “Bear in mind, we won’t take just anyone with a flashy quirk.”

“Thought you’d never ask.” Kuzuryuu said as he turned around in his couch. He caught the eye of the girl that was standing behind him, intently following the conversation “Peko, Introduce yourself.”

“!” Pekoyama was not entirely surprised, from what she had been gathering from the gangsters’ conversation this was the natural conclusion.

But that didn’t mean that she was happy about it.

*So this is your plan, young master...*

Pekoyama diligently faced Chisaki and introduced herself almost immediately. “I am Peko Pekoyama, the Ultimate Swordswoman and the Kuzuryuu Clan’s tool. It is a pleasure to meet you.” Pekoyama ended her introduction with a slight bow. Kuzuryuu grunted and turned back around to face Chisaki.

“Ah yes, I’ve heard of you. The bodyguard and hitman that has been raised from birth to serve the Kuzuryuu Clan.” Chisaki looked to Kuzuryuu. “She has quite the reputation among the Yakuza, she will do nicely. Who else do you have?”

Kuzuryuu took a picture and slid it across the table to Chisaki. He picked it up gingerly with two fingers and saw a brown-haired girl with red eyes that was wearing a peculiar expression. He notes the clothes that she was wearing.

“Mikan Tsumiki, the Ultimate Nurse.” Kuzuryuu explained. Chisaki looked up sharply at the word “nurse”. “She’ll be able to take care of the Boss for you. She won’t be helping out directly, but just having her here will be able to free up your other men. As the Ultimate Nurse she can-”

“No.” Before he knew it, the words were out of Chisaki’s mouth. Kuzuryuu stared at him, frowning. They were both surprised but Chisaki regained his bearings quickly. “No, that will not be necessary.” He said as he put the picture back on the table and wiped his fingers on his coat.

“Huh? Why not?” Kuzuryuu’s face twisted up in surprise. He hadn’t been expecting such a quick rejection, he hadn’t been expecting to be rejected at all. “Look, you haven’t registered him in a hospital, everybody knows that. And I understand why. It’s because he’l be too vulnerable in a hospital, from other attacking clans and the police. He’d pretty much be a sitting duck in there.

So you put him someplace secret. He’s hidden, yes, but he also won’t get the best care in the world. I know for a fact that underground hospitals kinda suck.” Kuzuryuu explained his reasoning. “So that’s why someone like Tsumiki will be helpful to you guys. She can work under the table and she’s extremely skilled to boot.”

Kuzuryuu sniffed. “I mean, sure she’s got this tendency to inject random drugs in her patients now and then for her despair, but she won’t do that here if I ask her not to. Probably.” Kuzuryuu said something terribly frightening, to which Chisaki paid no mind as he was lost in his own thoughts.

Kuzuryuu was mostly right in his speculation. The Boss wasn’t sent to the hospital and needed to be guarded for the very reasons that he had mentioned. Right now he was kept safe in a secret room inside this very hideout, but only he was allowed to enter the room and care for the Boss due to the nature of his “condition”. Even the guards that attended outside of the secret room weren’t
allowed in. Chisaki had no doubts that a medical professional would be able to tell what was wrong with the Boss right away, even if that medical professional was only a teenager. And then his secret would be out.

Outside of the Eight Precepts of Death, most other members of the Oda Alliance didn’t hold Chisaki in high regard. The Boss, that was who they respected, the way he was resolute in sticking to the old ideals of the Yakuza, the way he held firmly onto those beliefs. Chisaki was merely tolerated in their eyes, due to his high ranking position. But if this secret got out, he would be finished.

“It isn’t good to be so pushy.” Chisaki said calmly, carefully disguising his nervousness. “I have no need for a nurse, that is final.”

“Wha-? But...” Kuzuryuu stammered as he lost control of the conversation. Beads of sweat trickled down his neck and his dark red swirls began appearing in his eyes.

Mentally, he racked his brain at who else he could possibly use as a bargaining chip.

Komaeda? His quirk was useful but required immense coordination to work around. Plus, he was still super creepy, even in despair.

Nidai or Tanaka? They were plenty strong but their personalities would clash with the stoic Yakuza.

Soda or Hanamura? Their quirks were weak, and they’d require too many materials to be useful. And he doubted that their talents would even be considered useful here.

The Imposter? No, he was far too vital of an asset in Ultimate Despair’s plans, he couldn’t take that kind of risk.

“That’s enough about that for now.” Chisaki interrupted Kuzuryuu’s thoughts. “You mentioned that you had a plan, didn’t you? Tell me more about your goals and about this plan of yours and I’ll consider whether you’re deserving of borrowing my men.”

“Well, the goal is to restore the Yakuza to their former glory. Instead of this sad state that they’re in right now.”

That’s the same goal that I have. Chisaki noted internally, looking nonplussed as Kuzuryuu declared this.

I suppose that’s only to be expected of people our age.

“And how will you achieve such a feat?” Chisaki leaned forward. “Considering the fact that you hold no rank as of yet, and that you claim to require manpower... you plan on overthrowing the clan, don’t you? A hostile takeover of the entire Kuzuryuu Clan, that’s your move.”

“That’s exactly right. I’m tired of the old guard desperately trying to cling to the old ways. Even the Mad Dog himself feels like he’s being kept on society’s leash. We need to change in order to become relevant again. That guy was our last, best hope for the Yakuza to return to their former glory, ever since he left...”

“If I recall correctly, your father, Sohei Kuzuryuu, was one of those people.” Chisaki stated, simply letting the unspoken question hang in the air.

“Whoever doesn’t agree with me will be taken out, even if they’re family.” Kuzuryuu smiled
evilly. “After all, we can’t all get lucky with our superiors getting sick all of a sudden, now can we, Chisaki?”

Chisaki froze. He glared at Kuzuryuu behind the mask. “What do you mean by that?” He asked in a low tone.

“Eh?” Kuzuryuu looked confused. “I’m saying you got lucky, didn’t you? I mean, it’s sad that the old man is sick, don’t get me wrong. But he was one of those guys who was opposed to change, wasn’t he? And now that he’s all but out of the picture, you’ve been taking the Oda Alliance into a radically different direction. That’s what people have been saying at least.”

“Ah, yes. Of course.” Chisaki muttered and calmed himself.

“So, do you accept?” Kuzuryuu asked. “Along with Peko, I can decide later who else would be-”

“Just Pekoyama will be fine.” Chisaki said quickly. “And in return I will give you Rappa once matters here are settled.” He gestured to a big, burly man with a plague mask who nodded at the high school student. “That should make a fair trade.”

“Yeah, that sounds good.” Kuzuryuu said, studying the one Chisaki called “Rappa”. “Looks like we’ve got a deal.” He said as he began to stand up.

“Yes, thank you for coming.” Chisaki added.

Kuzuryuu stood up and faced Pekoyama. “Alright Peko, you belong to Chisaki for now. Obey and protect him as you would me. You got that?”

Pekoyama looked down at her young master. She no longer flinched when she saw the swirls appearing in his eyes, but they were deeply disturbing nonetheless.

Through Junko Enoshima’s influence, he was changed into a member of Ultimate Despair. But she still believed that some part of the old Kuzuryuu was still in there somewhere. The part of him that made him want to stand tall as a Yakuza. The part of that looked up to that man, his idol. The part of him that she knew from when they were children.

Pekoyama still had hope.

The Swordswoman swallowed and replied with the only thing she was allowed to say at a time like this. “I understand.”

“Heyyy, wait uuup!” A teenage girl’s cheerful voice called out from down the hallway. A different girl, likely the target of the first girl’s shout, stopped walking and looked behind her. A cheerful girl with a toothy smile waved and ran up to the other girl while being followed by her companion.

“Did you need something?” The girl crossed her arms cautiously and asked the two who approached her.

“I just wanted to introduce myself.” The cheerful girl admitted. “Besides, I didn’t expect to see someone like you here. You wouldn’t believe how surprised I was when I saw you earlier with everyone together.

I mean, I was told that I was supposed to be working with boring, old Yakuza here. So naturally I’d be wondering what another teenage girl was doing here, and one not wearing one of those silly bird masks, either.” Himiko Toga said this and looked expectantly at Pekoyama. Pekoyama stared back
at Toga and then at Twice, who followed along with her.

“Me, personally, I’m not curious at all.” Twice denied. “I’d really like to know as well. So tell us, won’t you?!”

Pekoyama stayed silent and considered the two villains in front of her. Right after Kuzuryuu left her at the hideout, Chisaki asked her about her swordsmanship and her quirk. She had answered honestly, not being needlessly humble nor embellishing her own feats. Then, she was grilled on her trustworthiness.

One of the Precepts, Shin Nemoto, apparently had a quirk that forced people to tell the truth. He had used it on Pekoyama to find out if Kuzuryuu had been keeping anything from them. Like if he told her to betray them, steal from them, or spy on them for example.

Pekoyama answered honestly. She had not been told to do any of those things. Hearing this, the Precepts were satisfied.

After the interview, Chisaki told her that they would prepare a room for her to stay in and that she would be allowed to leave and return to the hideout whenever she wished. With the caveat that she was careful not to be spotted leaving and entering. This was because her connection to the Yakuza was still a secret. For all intents and purposes, she was a normal high schooler.

That was a few days ago. Since then, there have been no dramatic developments until one of the higher ranked Precepts, Mimic, had told her that she needed to gather in that meeting room once again. To her surprise, Tomura Shigaraki of the Villain Alliance had been there to meet with Chisaki.

From what she gathered of the meeting, it seemed that Chisaki and the Eight Precepts of Death had met up with the Villain Alliance a few days before she arrived. They had had some kind of disagreement and a single person from both sides were killed as a result. Now, Shigaraki was here to discuss the terms of the two parties teaming up with one another.

Another thing that was brought up in that meeting, which Pekoyama already knew, was that the Eight Precepts had created a dart that could erase quirks, and was attempting to refine the process to make the effect permanent.

A couple of days after that meeting, Himiko Toga and Twice showed up and Pekoyama was called into the meeting room again. Apparently, the deal made with the Villain Alliance had been pretty much the same as the deal with Ultimate Despair and more temporary members had joined the Yakuza’s rankings.

Pekoyama had observed the two villains at the meeting room carefully. She certainly didn’t miss Toga’s eyes lighting up when she saw Pekoyama standing there among all the other Precepts. Shortly after, they caught up with Pekoyama and now the three of them were alone in the hallways of the Precepts’ hideout.

“I suppose you want me to introduce myself.” Pekoyama said without much emotion in her voice. “My name is Peko Pekoyama. My talent- I mean, I am a swordsman for the Kuzuryuu Clan. The reason I am here is because of a deal made between my master and Chisaki. For the time being, I work for the Eight Precepts.”

“For the time being? So you’re like a temp, or a transfer?” Twice asked. “So you’re not really with that Chisaki guy, are you?”
“That’s pretty much correct. I do not hold any allegiance towards Chisaki nor the Precepts. I am here as part of a deal my master made with him.”

“Hey, that’s why we’re here too!” Toga was delighted. “Well, I wouldn’t really call Shigaraki my master, but he is our leader.

Peko, huh? That’s a cute name. My name is Himiko Toga, and I’m from the Villain Alliance. But you probably knew that already.” They turn to Twice. 

“I don’t know who you are, but if you’re working with the Yakuza, then I don’t like you already!” Twice proclaimed his venomous hatred of the Yakuza to Pekoyama. “I’m Twice, pleasure to meet you.”

“... Likewise.” Pekoyama was only momentarily taken aback by Twice’s weird speech patterns. “Well, if you’ll excuse me, I’ll be taking my leave now.”

“Huh? You’re going somewhere?” Toga asked.

“Just to my room.”

“You’re not going to chat with us a little longer?” Toga asks, looking hurt.

“Why should I?” Pekoyama asked. “Just because we are the same age?”

“You don’t wanna?”

“That’s not it.” Pekoyama dismissed. She closed her eyes and breathed deeply while pondering her options. If this were back at Hope’s Peak, her master would likely tell her to make friends and be social. Though, that was before he fell into despair.

What should she do now? These were villains that belonged to the infamous Villain Alliance, not schoolmates she could just idly chat with. Even so...

“What do you want to talk about?”

“Ooh, we can talk about all kinds of normal girl stuff. The people you’ve killed. Your favourite type of weapon. What boys you like.” Toga got quite excited as she rambled.

“Hoho, this is getting interesting!” Twice said excitedly. “Seriously, why am I even here?”

“Those aren’t normal things at all...” Pekoyama muttered. “Boys, huh...?”

“You wanna know who I’m interested in? Izuku Midoriya.” Toga started getting excited and was breathing heavily. “I just want to see him bloody and beaten into a pulp... it’s so exciting just thinking about it!”

“Izuku... Midoriya...? You mean the green-haired boy that appeared in the Sports Festival.” Pekoyama repeated the familiar name and grimaced at a memory. “I know of him. Komaeda speaks about him often. Very often.”

“Eh?” Toga was surprised. “Who’s this Komaeda you’re talking about? Could they be a rival of mine?”

“For Midoriya...? No, Komaeda is a guy. And...” Pekoyama chewed her lip while she thought about the question a bit more. “I... don’t think so? No, I don’t think that’s the case.”
“So, who’s this Komaeda guy, anyway? Sounds like a total nutjob.” Twice commented. “He sounds great!”

“So, what about you, Peko?” Toga grinned wildly, ignoring Twice’s comments. “You have someone you like, too. I can tell just from looking at you.”

“You can? I... suppose that I do have someone that I like.” Pekoyama admitted. “Though, it is pointless to think about it now.”

“Huh? What are you talking about?”

“I’ve known him since we were children. But recently, he’s been... changing. All of my classmates have, and I can’t do anything about it. For if I did, it would mean betraying him.”

“I know just what you mean.” Twice nodded sagely. “Yep, I don’t get it at all.”

“You said ‘classmates’. So you’re still in school?” Toga fixated on that word.

“That is correct.”

“Whoa, really? I quit my old high school because it was boring and I was on the run.” Toga said. “But you’re working for the Yakuza while also in high school? What sort of school would allow that and give you enough free time to do that?”

“That is...” Pekoyama debated whether or not she should give up Hope’s Peak’s name to the two villains she just met. “What do you wish to do with that information?”

“I just wanted to get to know you a bit better.” Toga looked disappointed. “Well, whatever. We’re basically friends now. C’mon Twice.”

Toga started walking off with Twice following after her. “Don’t just tell me to follow you wherever you go. Wait for me!”

Pekoyama watched the two villains leave as abruptly as they came. She pondered their conversation just now.

“What was the point of all this?”

Chapter End Notes

This chapter is all about the Yakuza. We’ll be returning to our regularly scheduled heroes soon, don’t you worry.

Next chapter: We get a look at how the internships are progressing
The heroes and the police were all gathered in front of where the Eight Precepts’ hideout was rumoured to be. They took their positions carefully while the detective in charge read through his instructions. Every group was given a list of names and dangerous quirks to memorize before they headed in. Once he finished reading out the arrest warrant, the heroes and the police were to charge immediately so that none of the Yakuza had a chance to escape.

Midoriya looked around at the impressive amount of law enforcement that were gathered here for this mission. For weeks he had been awaiting this moment. Ever since he and his classmates had been called down to be briefed on the raid that they'll be conducting on the Yakuza base, Midoriya had been looking forward to this day.

On the very first day working for Sir Nighteye, Midoriya and Togata had ran into Chisaki during their regular hero patrols. During the encounter, they also met a frightened young girl named Eri, who seemed to have been very scared of Chisaki. Togata and Midoriya had no choice but to let Eri go that day, in favour of keeping Nighteye’s investigation of Chisaki a secret.

Days later, Midoriya, Kamukura, and a bunch of his other classmates were informed of the large-scale investigation that was being launched into Chisaki and the Eight Precepts of Death. It was there that they learned about the existence of a quirk erasing bullet that seemed to have originated from the Eight Precepts. It seemed that the bullet contained a large amount of human skin cells and blood and it was theorized that the girl Midoriya and Togata had met, Eri, was used to create the bullet.

Midoriya and Togata both took that excruciatingly hard. After all, they could have saved Eri from the inhumane experiments Chisaki had been performing on her, but they didn’t.

Now, it was time for them to right that wrong. They were going to take down Chisaki and his Precepts and save Eri.

“The pros are being so cool and calm.” Kirishima noted. “Guess they’re used to stuff like this, huh?”

“Yeah, though it’s not just the pros.” Midoriya said as he looked beside him. Kirishima followed his gaze and they locked eyes with Kamukura, who looked exceedingly bored.

“Yo, Kamukura!” Kirishima waved at him. “Man, I thought for sure you’d be at least a little excited about this. I mean, this’ll be our first big mission as professional heroes. Isn’t this what you’ve been training for all this time?”

“It is.” Kamukura agreed with no change in his expression.

“Well, no matter what, we can’t forget our most important goal here. Rescuing Eri.” Said Midoriya.

“Right you are, Midoriya.” Kirishima nodded. “We’ll save her from the Yakuza’s clutches.”

“Yeah!” Midoriya nodded.
The raid had commenced and the heroes had all stormed into the building. Meeting with surprisingly little opposition, they went into the main building and entered the secret passage that Nighteye had found through extensive reconnaissance.

From there, things have begun to take one catastrophic turn after another.

First, one of the Precepts, Irinaka, was shifting and contorting the walls so that they couldn’t make their way through. Togata decides to split off from the rest of the group by Phasing through the walls as if they were nothing. He opted to go on ahead of them in order to stop Chisaki from escaping with his prisoner.

After that happened, they were dropped into a large room where three Precepts were waiting for them. Because of their pressing need for time, Amajiki boldly declared that he was going to take on all three of them by himself, allowing the other members of the raid to continue following after Chisaki.

Irinaka, the one controlling the walls was beginning to panic, and started to target Eraserhead for his ability to Erase quirks. Both Kirishima and Fat Gum pushed Eraserhead out of the way of one of Irinaka’s wall shifting attacks and ended up separated from the group as well.

Now, the Nighteye group was down to just five heroes, Sir Nighteye, Eraserhead, Midoriya, Kamukura, and Rock Lock, along with the rest of the police officers they came in with. They were currently progressing through the shifting tunnels using Rock Lock’s quirk, Lockdown, to prevent the walls from moving around too much.

Suddenly, the walls opened up and divided them all up.

“Deku!” Eraserhead yelled and tried to catch Midoriya with his capture tool, but the walls moved too quick and he was gone. “Damnit!”

Eraserhead watched the closed wall that Midoriya had disappeared into, waiting for him to smash through the wall with Full Cowl as he had done so before, but he didn’t.

“There is no point in waiting for him here. We must continue our advance.” Eraserhead looked behind him and saw Kamukura, there was no one else there with them. Nighteye and Rock Lock had both been separated from them as well.

“If Deku isn’t smashing through the wall then he must have encountered trouble on the other side.” Eraserhead said while patting the wall for any sign of weakness. “You’re strong, can you break down the wall?”

“No, I cannot. Despite my increased strength, it is nowhere on the level of Deku’s.” Kamukura shook his head and replied. “Our goal is to rescue Eri, we need to keep moving.”

Eraserhead took one last look at the wall before following Kamukura. “Fine.”

Midoriya saw the wall close off behind him and sealed himself in. He was about to use Full Cowl to break open the wall when he felt a threatening presence moving in from behind him. Following his instinct, he jumped to the left...

*Slash*

And narrowly avoided getting sliced in two by a sword. Midoriya had no time to think as his attacker pivoted and brought the sword to him again. Midoriya kicked out with his boots and
stopped the blade right as it was about to slice him.

*Clang*

*Thank goodness for the iron soles in my boots*. Midoriya thought.

His attacker jumped back and Midoriya took this brief respite to carefully take in his surroundings.

Midoriya observed the person who attacked him. She was carrying a sword... wait, she? Midoriya blinked and looked again. Yes, there was no doubt that his attacker was a woman based on the shape of her body. But a woman in the Yakuza was fairly rare... No, there was no point in thinking about that now.

In addition to the sword, she was wearing some kind of face mask. It wasn’t quite the same as the plague doctor masks the other Precepts were wearing. It looked like one of those masks people wore when they get sick. Probably because it was one of those masks people wore when they get sick. The mask was hiding her mouth, but Midoriya could still make out her red eyes and silver hair.

Red eyes, just like Kamukura...

As for the room they were in, it seemed to be shaped as a regular room. Though, most regular rooms had some sort of furniture or carpet or something, this place was less of a room and could be more accurately described as a box. The most striking thing about the room, however, was how low the ceiling was. It felt almost as if Midoriya could touch it if he jumped high enough.

The last thing to note was that the hood part of Midoriya’s costume had apparently been flipped onto his head when the wall grabbed him. It was hardly an inconvenience, but it did do a pretty good job of hiding his face.

“Hm!” The swordswoman leapt forward and slashed at Midoriya once more. Channeling One for All into his legs, Midoriya leapt out of the way of the swing. He sensed his attacker moving past him and hitting the wall. Midoriya chose this time to reposition himself as it would be a few moments before she could attack again-

“Ack!”

It wasn’t a deep wound, but getting cut in his back still surprised him. Midoriya scrambled out of the way of a second attack and looked back behind him.

“!?” The swordswoman was looking up at him, as if Midoriya was standing above her instead of a few metres to her side. “I... I see! So that’s your quirk!”

Even in a life-threatening situation, Midoriya was excited to see a new quirk, especially one that had so many potentially creative uses.

“You can walk on walls! That’s why you came at me with that reckless leap, because you wouldn’t crash into the wall if you missed, you’d land on it! That way you don’t need as much time to recover before making your next attack...” Midoriya’s habit of muttering to himself appeared as he analyzed his attacker’s actions and the way she used her quirk. While he was doing this, the woman stared up at him from her position on the wall.

Wordlessly, the swordswoman ran up the wall and onto the ceiling, and began running at Midoriya while upside down.
“A strike from above? No...” Midoriya muttered as he tensed his legs. “That’s what you want me to think... after seeing your quirk for the first time, I’d naturally be wary of weird attacks. So then... from the ground!”

The swordswoman did exactly as Midoriya had predicted and jumped down from the ceiling as she got close, gracefully flipping around in midair and landing, before dashing at Midoriya with another slash.

“Guh!” Although he had predicted her movements exactly, Midoriya had not thought far enough ahead as to know what he should do to actually avoid the attack. He sidestepped clumsily and was caught by a glancing slash that cut off the left “ear” of his hood.

“This is bad...” Assessing the fight, Midoriya fought back the panic welling inside of him. From the start of the encounter until now, Midoriya had been fully on the defensive. He was struggling just dodging the swordswoman’s attacks and had yet to throw out a single attack of his own. He was thoroughly outclassed.

“This is nothing like when I fought against Stain...” Midoriya felt dejection as he thought about the only other sword user he fought against. “I guess he really was holding back...”

The swordswoman gave no respite and launched another series of attacks. Running up the walls and attacking from the side. Leaping onto the ceiling and sending out slashes while she was upside down. Midoriya toiled to avoid her attacks and ended up surviving this round with only a few small cuts and the other side of his hood being cut off.

Despair was beginning to creep into Midoriya. The futility of the battle was becoming clear to him. There was simply no hope for him to win this, their skill in combat was simply far too great.

“Damnit...” The swordswoman muttered while standing on the ceiling and Midoriya looked up. It was the first time he heard her talk. “Where’s Irinaka? He was supposed to be helping me.”

“Irinaka, that’s...” Midoriya felt his blood ran cold. Irinaka was the person who had been moving the walls of the underground base. The reason the swordswoman wanted to know where he was obvious. If his ability to shift the walls and ceiling were combined with this woman’s ability to move on walls as if they were ground, then... “I would’ve been done for by now.” Midoriya gulped.

Normally, a thought like this might drive someone further into despair. But Midoriya reasoned that if Irinaka wasn’t helping out here, then he must be occupied somewhere else or was already defeated. “Which means if I get taken down here, it would mean wasting my teammates’ efforts.”

Midoriya felt a smile tug at his face. The swordswoman charged again and this time, instead of moving out of the way, Midoriya reacted as he did at the beginning of the fight. He kicked out and blocked the incoming blade with his iron soles. Immediately after that, before she could recover, Midoriya channeled One for All into his legs and launched a full force kick at the sword user.

Midoriya’s foot connected with her stomach and... wow, she was really buff. Midoriya drove the air out of her stomach and followed up a kick to the legs to throw her off balance. Not wanting to get too greedy, Midoriya jumped back to create some distance between them before she could recover.

The swordswoman narrowed her eyes and glared hard Midoriya, no doubt she was surprised at his sudden ability to counterattack after her being in control for so long-
“Izuku Midoriya?”

“Huh?” That was the only sound Midoriya could make as he heard his own name come out of his attacker’s mouth. He looked at the woman, she wasn’t attacking anymore. Instead, she was staring at him with a peculiar expression. Looking at him as if she were trying to discern whether he was friend or foe.

Midoriya had no idea what was going on.

He raised his fists and entered into a defensive stance. He couldn’t be sure if this was a trap of some kind. “How do you know my name? Have we met before?”

Midoriya was fairly certain that he had never met a silver haired swordswoman before, but you never know...

“You were in the UA Sports Festival. I recognize your face.” She answered.

His face...? Ah, his hood had fallen off. It was no surprise, really. After getting it almost cut to pieces it took only a few solid movements for it to fall off his head entirely. He hardly even noticed.

“So you were the one he was talking about.” The swordswoman muttered. “And you even appear to have a similar to quirk to him.”

“Who... are you talking about?” At this point, Midoriya was thoroughly confused. He had no idea what his opponent was muttering about. Did him being “Izuku Midoriya” suddenly mean he wasn’t her enemy? And if so, why?

“If it were the young master, he’d probably want me to kill you here on the spot.”

Guess not. Midoriya tightened his stance.

“And if it were him, he’d want to capture you, then torture you until you break.”

Say what now?

The swordswoman stood still, her eyes still locked firmly on the hero intern. She was clearly deep in thought. “The birth of a Hope that can shine through even the darkest despair... or so he says.”

Seriously, what was going on?

The woman looked around the empty room. “If Irinaka has been absent for this long, then that can only mean he was taken down as well. If that’s the case, then it shouldn’t be long before Chisaki is captured. If that happens, then the deal is over before it even truly begun.”

“What’re you talking about?” Midoriya questioned.

“If he is truly right about this, then you might be able to save them...”

“S-save who? Eri?” Midoriya continued to not understand anything that was happening. “Why are you not making any sense?!”

“Eri?” The swordswoman tilted her head at the unfamiliar name. “Who’s Eri?”

“Wha-? She’s Chisaki’s daughter! Her blood is being used to create those quirk destroying bullets!”
“Chisaki has a daughter?!” The woman’s eyes widened with surprise, then filled with understanding. “So that’s how those bullets are being made. How cruel.”

“You didn’t know...?” Midoriya asked, a distrusting look on his face. “W-wait, then who do you want me to save? Are they being held hostage or something? Are you being forced to fight?”

“Enough of this.” As the swordswoman said this she suddenly rushed at Midoriya with her sword raised. Midoriya, who had let down his guard almost completely, raised his arms to shield his face instinctively. But the sword was merely a faint and the woman launched a knee directly into his stomach.

“Oof!”

Following that, she brought down the hilt of her sword, striking Midoriya directly on the head. He dropped to his knees, struggling to breathe while his eyes saw stars.

Midoriya was dazed for about half of a second before he looked up, searching for his attacker and preparing a counterattack.

Huh? Where’d she go?

Midoriya looked around the room, just in case she had some separate Invisibility quirk he didn’t know about. “She’s really gone...?” Midoriya was completely bewildered. “Seriously, what was all that just now? First she wanted to kill me, now she’s sparing me? On top of all that, she didn’t know about Eri’s existence. And who was she telling me to save?”

Midoriya shook himself as he looked around the room. “No point in worrying about all that now, I have to get back to Nighteye and the others.”

He turned back to the wall that had brought him here, now closed up like all the other walls. “If Irinaka really was defeated... then beyond this wall should be where I was from just a few minutes ago.”

Thinking this, Midoriya kicked down the wall using Shoot Style. Looking into the hole he made, it seemed that his suspicions were confirmed.

“Okay, now to catch up with Sir Nighteye and the rest of them.” Midoriya said as he rushed along the path. “I have no idea how much Irinaka changed the path before he was taken down, so I’ll have to hurry.”

Kamukura, Eraserhead, and Nighteye were currently running down the hallway at frantic speeds. As Midoriya and Pekoyama had surmised, Irinaka had been defeated by Kamukura and Eraserhead, and the constantly shifting walls have stopped.

Before that, however, Rock Lock had been attacked by Himiko Toga, while Nighteye was attacked by Twice and a clone of Rappa. The villains from the Villain Alliance were repelled, but were able to evade capture. Irinaka, however, had not been so lucky.

Since Rock Lock had been the one most injured during the various encounters, he volunteered to stay behind and guard Irinaka. The members of the police force split up in order to go after the Villain Alliance, while Kamukura, Eraserhead, and Nighteye went in the direction of Chisaki.

They were running down the hall, following Nighteye’s instructions when...
“Wait up!” Midoriya’s voice called out from behind the three of them, they turned and saw Midoriya running towards them.

As he got closer, Midoriya suddenly lost his footing and tripped, hitting his face on the hard basement floor. Eraserhead and Nighteye jumped at this and both of them rushed to Midoriya’s side while Kamukura watched them with his normal bored expression.

“Apologies, Deku.” Said Eraserhead. “We encountered Himiko Toga from the Villain Alliance earlier, so I Erased your quirk in order to be safe.”

“So that was why he tripped...” Muttered Nighteye.

“Ow... Yeah, I heard about it from Rock Lock back there.” Midoriya explained as he was helped up. “He was the one who pointed me down this path.”

“Then we won’t need to waste time explaining, good.” Said Eraserhead. “You can tell us what happened to you later. We need to stop Chisaki first.”

“Right!”

*CRASH*

Midoriya kicked down the wall and the four heroes leapt onto the scene. They surveyed the scene in front of them, Togata was ragged and beaten up, his costume torn in several places.

Standing on the other side of Togata, Chisaki was not looking any better. He seemed to be just as beaten up as Togata was, if not more so.

“Nighteye, secure the girl!” Eraserhead shouted while immediately activating his quirk on Chisaki. “We’ll deal with him!”

“She’s behind me...” Said Togata to the sudden reinforcements. Nighteye turned and studied the scene more closely.

Two of his close aides are down, and another in a nearby room! Chisaki is heavily damaged as well. Nighteye rushed to his favoured student intern and the child behind him, gripping them both close. “Splendid, you were simply amazing, Mirio!”

At the other side of the room, Midoriya, Kamukura, and Eraserhead rushed at Chisaki who could do nothing with an Erased quirk. Unfortunately, Eraserhead was sliced by one of Chisaki’s subordinates’ hair, Chrono, and he was slowed down significantly. He blinked and Chisaki instantly disassembled the floor and reassembled a forest of spikes that threatened to skewer the heroes.

Midoriya and Kamukura both narrowly dodged the floor spikes while Chrono took advantage of this distraction to drag the disabled Eraserhead away into a hidden room. Chisaki walked to where his other downed subordinate, Shin Nemoto, was and fused them both together.

He stood menacingly, getting used to this combination of bodies. From his shoulders sprouted two additional arms, his hands having turned into deformed, spiked claws.

“Now... you will be returning Eri to me.” He advanced towards where Nighteye, Togata, Eri was. Kamukura and Midoriya attacked Chisaki together. Midoriya used his Full Cowl to break apart the
spikes that Chisaki created and attempted to smash him with them from a distance, while Kamukura attacked strategically, striking from wherever his blind spots were and where he knew his four arms couldn’t reach.

The combined attacks ultimately did little to hamper Chisaki’s movements. The structures Midoriya were throwing at him were disassembled in midair. The attacks that Kamukura threw out were either shrugged off with the combined durability of two men, or repaired instantly with Overhaul.

Both Midoriya and Kamukura were unable to target his weak spots as Chisaki had set up an impenetrable defensive perimeter using his newly gained arms.

“Power and speed, is that it?” Chisaki taunted, sounding hideously deformed matching the state of his body.

A super dense seal flew at Chisaki and struck him in the stomach. Midoriya looked back and saw Nighteye preparing more seals in his hands. “I’ll take him on! Go help Eri and Mirio!”

Midoriya nodded and to where Togata and Eri were, moving across the spikes with Full Cowl and leaving Kamukura and Nightye to deal with Chisaki.

There were a lot of things Kamukura was good at, one of those things was accepting failure.

Kamukura was not as prideful as one might expect from someone of his ability. That was one of the side-effects of having his emotions subdued. He would not exaggerate nor claim to not know the definition of failure, he knew it perfectly well. He could name its origins and root words, as well as any of its many synonyms. He could write sophisticated essays on failure, how humans categorize it, how they perceive it, its effects on mental health, or even its philosophical nature.

Kamukura was so talented that he could do any and all of these things effortlessly. He was so talented that he recognized the extent of his abilities, his limitations. For even someone like him had limits.

Failure did not bother Kamukura, it was simply a part of his life like anybody else’s. Only to him, it occurred far less frequently.

Before he transferred to UA, the Steering Committee had taught him about society. Talentless people leached off of those with talent, and had brought the world into a deadlocked state. That fact was ingrained in Kamukura’s mind.

But to him, that was all it was. A fact. Kamukura did not share the Steering Committee’s disdain for the talentless, nor did he feel pride in the fact that his talents are what set him apart from others, and not his quirk or lack thereof.

The only thing he felt disdain for was, of course... well, nevermind that for now.

Like many things in life, failure was inevitable.

This mission was doomed to fail.

It didn’t take long for Kamukura to figure that out. Just a few seconds of seeing Eri for the first time and fighting with Chisaki had made that abundantly clear. Their victory conditions were obvious, “rescuing Eri” was primary, and “arresting Chisaki” was not too far behind.
Both were utterly impossible.

Chisaki could not be defeated so easily, the skill he had with his quirk made sure of that. With four arms, a strong quirk, and an overly cautious attitude when it comes to fighting, Chisaki was able to wear down his opponents with brutal attacks while leaving himself fully guarded from critical injury.

Knowing that, rescuing Eri became quite impossible as well. When Kamukura had first laid eyes on her, he had perfectly ascertained what kind of person she was. For one thing, all of the heroes’ suspicions had been accurate, Chisaki was using the girl’s DNA to make those quirk erasing bullets. Her body was definitive proof of that. Chisaki was draining her blood and then using Overhaul to disassemble and reassemble the girl as he saw fit, fixing any physical injury she had.

But Overhaul could only be used to fix physical injuries, Eri’s mental state was another matter entirely. She did not hope, nor did she despair at Chisaki’s harsh treatment. She had long since accepted the fact that she was to live out her life as Chisaki’s quirk bullet material, and had it deeply ingrained within her.

She would, however, feel despair at seeing her potential rescuers die just to try and save her. What little hope she felt at the idea of finally being taken away from Chisaki was overshadowed by that despair. Once that despair became too much to bear, she would become overwhelmed and beg for Chisaki to spare her rescuers.

Rescuing Eri depended on Chisaki’s defeat. Chisaki was impossible to defeat. Therefore, the mission had no chance of succeeding.

All Kamukura was doing was going through the motions, he launched attack after attack that grazed or just barely managed to damage Chisaki, while Chisaki formed and deformed the ground into a mess of jumbled spikes, over and over again.

Sir Nighteye was not as cautious as Kamukura. Perhaps it was his experience as a pro hero that made him more willing to throw his life away to save others, or perhaps he simply underestimated Chisaki’s long range potential compared to what he could do at close range. Nighteye was cut by spike after spike, until finally his movements faltered enough that he couldn’t successfully dodge the formation of a jumble of rock spikes and was thoroughly impaled.

*That was how Nanami died.*

The tiniest hint of emotion almost registered in Kamukura’s mind as he watched his employer be punctured, but it wasn’t strong enough for him to notice.

What he did notice, however, was that as he was impaled, Nighteye had activated his Foresight on Chisaki. Holding onto a sliver of hope that Eri would be rescued and that Chisaki would defeated here and n-

The despair in Nighteye’s eyes were all Kamukura needed to confirm his own prediction.

As Nighteye had taken his fatal blow, Midoriya had abandoned escorting Togata and Eri to safety and opted to return to the battle. Kamukura noted that he was using One for All at 20% capacity, no doubt his bones and muscles were creaking with every move he made, and his entire body screamed at him in pain. But Midoriya still fought with all his might.

If he hadn’t already dismissed it as a useless action, Kamukura would have sighed at the sight. For Midoriya to push his body past his own limits was hardly unusual, and could hardly even be
considered “unpredictable”.

Despite this, Kamukura rolled with the punches. Kamukura and Midoriya attacked Chisaki together, just as they had done so before. Despite Chisaki being worn out by Kamukura’s constant attacks, and Midoriya attacking at a higher capacity than before, their efforts were still in vain as Chisaki ripped up and repaired the basement floor over and over again.

“Compared to the other three, your movements are far too predictable.” Chisaki said to Midoriya. “You guys coming here has only made it worse for yourselves. You do recognize this, right? Give it up. It’s turning out exactly as I said it would. Everyone will die.”

Midoriya grit his teeth and got ready for another attack. “I won’t let that happen...! Even if the future’s already decided.” Midoriya leapt at Chisaki while yelling. “I will bend the future!”

Midoriya went in for another few blows before being repelled away again. Chisaki was about to attack again when a mouth opened up on his hand.

Shin Nemoto’s voice yelled out from the hand. “Because of you, I had to die again! Is this what you wanted, Eri!?”

As if on cue, Eri reappeared from the hole in the wall Midoriya made earlier. The tiny pitter patter of her feet echoed around the basement. “It’s... it’s not what I wanted!”

Right on cue, just as Kamukura had predicted, Eri had returned to try and bargain for her rescuers’ lives.

“Eri, what are you doing?! Stay away!” Midoriya shouted to no avail. “You need to stay with Togata!”

Chisaki raised his hand towards Eri and Nemoto spoke through it. “Eri, do you think these boys can overcome this situation on their own?”

Although fused to a hand, Nemoto still had his quirk, Confession, which was forcing Eri to tell the truth. She looked at the boys in question, Midoriya and Kamukura, who were both not looking great. “…No.” She decided.

“In that case, what is it do you think you should do?”

“Come back... And in exchange, you need to put everybody back to normal.” Eri said as she walked closer to the Yakuza leader.

“Indeed... rather than others getting hurt because of you, it’s much easier for only you to be the one who gets hurt. You may have put your hopes into Lemillion, but that fleeting hope that had begun budding within him has now been broken.” Chisaki turned to Midoriya. No doubt, if he could twist his mouth into a sneer at this point, he would have. “Have you realized it yet? Your actions were the worst thing that you could have done to Eri. And for that, you are unwanted.”

“Even so!” Midoriya countered. “Even if you think it was none of my business... You were crying! No one will die today! I will save you!”

Suddenly, a strange rumbling sound came from above, the rumbling grew louder and...

Oh. Perhaps this was a little unexpected.

The underground ceiling collapsed and a Ryukyu in Dragoon form had launched a giant Precepts
thug through it and down into the underground passageways.

Taking advantage of the opening that was created, Chisaki began to raise himself by assembling a spire of rock beneath his feet while holding onto Eri. Midoriya and Kamukura leapt up after him.

“I’m leaving Nighteye to you!” Yelled Midoriya to the heroes that just dropped in and followed Chisaki’s ascent using Full Cowl. “Chisaki! I won’t let you escape!”

“Just give it up already…” Chisaki muttered as he pushed himself higher and higher with his quirk.

Rocks and debris were flying everywhere amidst all the carnage that Chisaki was causing. One rock in particular flew close to where Chisaki and Eri were on the ever-growing spire. It wasn’t just any ordinary rock, it was a rock with a piece of Lemillion’s cape snagged onto it.

But that hardly matters. Thought Kamukura as he stored that particular piece of information. To Eri, it will be the same as any other… what?!

As the rock flew by, is seemed that Eri wasn’t even conscious of the fact that she had reached out and grabbed onto the cape. Nor did she realize that her quirk was beginning to activate.

All of a sudden, Nemoto and Chisaki unfused from each other, and the grip he had on Eri was no more.

Kamukura stopped moving. He stared at Eri.

“I’ve got you!” Midoriya yelled as he caught the falling Eri.

Kamukura continued to stare.

“This time, I won’t let go of you. I promise!”

“Give her back !!!!” Chisaki yelled and started to break open the top of the spire. Tendrils of rock shot forward and made to grab Midoriya while he was in midair.

In an instant, Midoriya kicked and he suddenly shot up straight into the sky, blasting past the enclosing tendrils of rock. Chisaki stared upwards in shock.

Below them, the boy who had been stunned at the sight of Eri’s hopeful behaviour suddenly snapped back to attention. He opened and closed his hands, then felt himself all over, as if he were suddenly unfamiliar with the body he was in.

Once he was satisfied that his body was indeed his own, he looked up at the spire Chisaki had created. In an instant, he calculated a route he could take to be able to reach the surface where Midoriya and Chisaki were. He bent his legs and jumped up, following the exact path in his mind.

As he reached the surface, he was just in time to see Chisaki fusing with the big Yakuza thug the Ryukyu group had defeated. If his earlier fusion was merely “deformed”, then this fusion could only be described as “monstrous”.

Chisaki’s lower body had become a massive stone structure with many flailing arms. Chisaki’s upper body looked normal enough, but was situated right in the open mouth of Rikiya Katsukame, the Yakuza he had fused with.

The long haired boy looked around for Midoriya and Eri. He found them close to him, having landed and were apparently both unharmed.
Or so it seemed, as Midoriya suddenly doubled over in pain.

“She’s unable to control her power.” Chisaki’s mocking voice became booming with his new transformation. “By some chance she was able to activate it, but... you don’t know how to stop it, do you, Eri?!”

The menacing rock monster started to make its way to Midoriya. “With Eri’s quirk, she can rewind humans. Depending on how she uses it, she could probably revert a person to a monkey if she tried.” Chisaki explained. “If you continue to hold her like that, however, you’ll disappear.

She can rewind anything she touches into nothingness. That quirk of hers is cursed. Return her to me. There is no way to stop it except for my disassembly.”

“I won’t. No matter what.” Midoriya declared, picking up Eri and letting her on his back. “The moment my leg broke... Eri healed it before I could even feel any pain. It’s such a kind and gentle quirk. I will not let you call it cursed!”

“That’s exactly right!” Midoriya heard a voice that was strangely familiar but couldn’t quite put his finger on. Both he, Eri, and Chisaki looked to where the voice came from.

“We won’t let you do as you want to her any longer! We won’t allow you to convince her that she has to suffer, just because of her quirk!” Hajime Hinata raised a fist and grinned at Midoriya from where he was standing. “We’ll twist, bend, shape the future until we’re satisfied with it! We’ll take Chisaki down and create our own future! Isn’t that right, Deku?”

Chapter End Notes

Hajime’s back and he’s pissed.
Just like in the final exam, did you see this coming when I stopped referring to him as “Kamukura” or were you surprised?

You may have noticed that a lot of the buildup of the hideout raid arc was skipped.
This was because there weren’t many scenes in there that would have changed or would have changed too significantly, so I went straight into the start of the raid.
Hope that doesn't seem too weird.

Next Chapter:
Hinata: *smiles*
Midoriya: I’ve never met this man before in my life.
“Isn’t that right, Deku?” Although his long hair still partially obscured his face, Hinata’s confident smile was easy to make out from where Midoriya was standing.

Midoriya had to do a double take when he saw him. “A-are you... Kamukura?!”

“What else would I be?” Hinata avoided the question. “I’ve got a lot I want to talk to you about, but first we gotta take Chisaki down!”

“Right!” Midoriya snapped back to the problem at hand and channeled 100% of One for All throughout his body. He whispered to the girl clutching his back. “Eri, will you lend me your power?”

Eri nodded wordlessly while tightening the grip she had on Midoriya.

Growling, Chisaki made his advance towards the heroes. Using the monstrous body he obtained from his quirk, he disassembled the nearby infrastructure and reassembled it onto his body, making himself larger and larger.

“I wonder... which one of these talents is best suited to defeating a large monster such as this.” Hinata muttered as his brain processed information faster than he could ever remember.

“Chisaki can regenerate any damage we do to him with his quirk.” Midoriya analyzed their opponent alongside Hinata. “We’ll need to finish this fight with a single strike and knock him out!”

“You’re right.” Hinata agreed with a nod. “Which means we’ll need to rely on your quirk to do it. Even the strength of the Ultimate Martial Artist can’t measure up to the power of that quirk of yours.”

Hinata looked up at the giant Chisaki again to probe for weaknesses. “Alright, when I give the word, jump up and hit his main body with all of your might!”

“Alright but... what’re you going to do... Kamukura?” Midoriya asked, still not sure of the person he was talking to.

“Just watch me.” Hinata said as he jumped on one of Chisaki’s giant rock legs. Chisaki maneuvered one of his giant rocky arms to grab at Hinata, but he easily dodged the swipe and leapt to a different leg. Once again, a large arm moved to grab at the long haired annoyance, but he simply leapt onto the arm that was approaching instead.

“Jump now, Midoriya!” Hinata called out as he ran across the arm and headed towards the inside of the monster’s mouth where Chisaki’s upper body was located.

Just as Hinata had predicted, Chisaki was completely unused to controlling this new body he had created. Well, it would have been strange if he had been able to control this giant body easily. Despite its destructive power and wide range, its movements were clumsy. Completely unlike his previous fusion with Nemoto, which had boasted precise movements but with significantly less power.
As a result of his lack of experience with the body, Chisaki played right into Hinata’s plan. His numerous gigantic limbs could cause significant destruction around him without much thought, but controlled movement, such as grabbing a person off of your leg, required Chisaki to focus on moving one limb at a time. He used his giant left arm to grab at his left leg, then, when Hinata jumped, moved his right arm to reach at his right leg. In doing so, he lowered the monster’s mouth, and by extension, himself, so that his main body was much closer to the ground.

“Got it!” In response to Hinata’s signal, Midoriya jumped off the ground at 100% power. He was sailing in arc that sent him directly at the upper body of Chisaki that was located in the monster’s mouth.

Another difference this fusion had was that his main body was completely vulnerable. Unlike when he was fused with Nemoto, the Chisaki that now resided in the monster’s mouth boasted no additional defenses. Knowing this, Hinata ran across the arm and landed in the mouth of the beast.

Hinata reached the inside of the monster’s mouth right as Midoriya was at the peak of his jump. Chisaki studied at the two threats in front of him, one in the air and one standing right outside his reach. Having already fought against both Kamukura and Midoriya at 20%, he correctly assessed the bigger threat to be Midoriya, who seemed to be much stronger than before, as opposed to Hinata, who appeared to have only received a minor personality change.

Not that it bothered Hinata of course, he had long since accounted for this. Chisaki was ready for Midoriya, although the giant rock monster’s hands couldn’t reach them, his normal hands could, and was preparing to counter Midoriya’s super powerful kick.

Hinata knew Midoriya’s power was their only way to take Chisaki down. They had to finish it with one attack, otherwise Chisaki could simply reassemble any injuries he sustained. Which meant he had to open the way for Midoriya’s attack to land.

Hinata rushed at Chisaki’s upper body, dodged the swipe of his hands and jabbed two of his fingers straight into Chisaki’s unprotected eyes.

“Argh!” Chisaki cried out in pain.

When one detects a threat to the eyes, your body forces them closed automatically, despite your best efforts to keep them open. Additionally, when your eyeballs have been poked, it is natural to bring your hands in to cover them and protect them from further threats.

Chisaki closed his eyes and brought his hands to his face instinctively, right as Midoriya landed his attack.

It connected perfectly, Midoriya’s iron boots connected with Chisaki’s skull and the Yakuza was knocked unconscious with a single powerful kick.

The giant rock monster began to tilt and both Hinata and Midoriya jumped off of it and landed on the ground. The monster fell gracelessly afterwards, crashing through a wall and causing the entire street to rumble.

Hinata surveyed the downed villain in front of him and grinned once more. “We did it!”

“Yeah.” Said Midoriya breathlessly before turning his attention to the girl on his back. “Eri, are you alright? I’m sorry, because of my carelessness, you- Agh!”

“Huh? Midoriya, what’s wrong?!” Hinata turned and saw Eri glow even brighter than before. Her quirk was only getting stronger and she had no way to stop it as a harsh light enveloped her and
Midoriya.

A spark of light shot out and hit the fallen monster splitting them back into two people and a pile of gathered rubble.

“Well that’s all well and good but...” Hinata looked at Midoriya who was still being affected by Eri’s quirk. “Midoriya!”

“Eri...! Please stop... your quirk...!” Midoriya forced out the words while he was immense pain of getting Rewound. “It’s over... Chisaki’s defeated...!”

“Midoriya!” Hinata called out again and ran into the torrent of light that was enveloping them both. “Eri, it’s okay! Chisaki’s down, he can’t hurt you anymore! Just take a deep breath and focus on your quirk!” Hinata shouted words of encouragement as he moved himself closer and closer to the two of them but he had no idea if she could even hear him.

Hinata felt Eri’s quirk affecting him as he edged nearer and nearer to his friend, from what started as a light tingle when he was far away gradually grew to an excruciating pain that coursed throughout his entire body. A pain that felt the strongest... inside his head.

“Urgh!” Hinata felt as if his whole skull was threatening to explode. When he finally got close enough, he placed a hand on Eri’s shoulder. “It’s alright now. We’re here for you!”

All of a sudden, the spectacular light show stopped.

Hinata fell to the ground, unconscious.

Kamukura woke up in the hospital, several hours later.

It wasn’t the first time Kamukura had woken up in a strange place, filled with memories that weren’t quite his, and not having known what happened to his body since the last time he was fully conscious.

And it won’t be the last.

Kamukura performed a quick checkup on his own body, going over how his body felt and checking whether he was injured anywhere.

He wasn’t.

Then, Kamukura performed a mental check, going over the knowledge he obtained from the assortment of talents Hope’s Peak Academy had given him to see if there was anything missing.

There weren’t.

He listened closely and looked around for others, satisfied that there was no one in the nearby vicinity, Kamukura performed his final check.

“Hinata.” Kamukura said out loud. “Respond if you can hear me.”

A familiar voice echoed in his head. Yeah, I’m here.

“So you are.” Kamukura was satisfied. It didn’t take a genius to figure out what had happened during the fight against Chisaki, though it certainly didn’t hinder things either. “You took control when I was mentally unstable. When I saw Eri grab onto Lemillion’s cape, you took advantage of
that vulnerability and seized control of my body.”

*Hey, don’t talk about it as if I had planned on doing that!* Hinata’s thoughts protested. *I was just as surprised as you were when I was suddenly able to move my body again.*

“And then you went to help Midoriya when Eri had lost control of her quirk.” Kamukura continued, ignoring Hinata’s words. “As a result of that foolish action, we were Rewound back to our original state, with me in control.”

*Foolish? Midoriya was in trouble!* Hinata pointed out. *I stopped Eri’s quirk from Rewinding him to nothingness!*

“No, you did nothing of the sort.” Kamukura corrected dispassionately. “You did not notice because you were too focused on Eri and Midoriya, but Eraserhead was carried up from the underground after Chisaki had been defeated. *He* was the one who Erased Eri’s quirk and saved both her and Midoriya.”

*What? Is that...? Is that true?*

“If you do not believe me then I can ask him myself.” Kamukura offered. “Even if you do not notice these things, I do. That is the advantage of not having emotions to cloud my judgement. *That* is why I am superior to you.”

... Hinata was silent for a moment before responding. *You can’t fool me that easily.*

“...”

*You know, I still don’t really understand it myself:* Hinata continued. *Why am I here? I mean, why do I even exist? By all means, you should just be what my personality would be like if I had my emotions suppressed. So then, what am I?*

Kamukura did not respond to this inquiry as in that moment, someone entered the room.

*“Kamukura!”* Midoriya cried out as he walked in with Aizawa behind him. “You and Eri both fell unconscious after the fight! The doctors told me that you were alright!”

“More accurately, they said that you were uninjured, much like Midoriya.” Aizawa added. “Now that you’ve awoken, you two will probably be the first of us to be discharged.”

Kamukura nodded at Aizawa’s words. “Before I fell unconscious, you were the one who stopped Eri’s quirk, were you not?”

*“Yeah, I was. Though, I wanted to talk with you both about what happened then, the moment after you took down Chisaki and Eri’s powers went haywire.”* Aizawa answered and walked closer. “You attempted to get in close to calm her down and regain control of her quirk. It was a very risky move, getting close to an unknown emitter quirk that you had no idea how to stop. You were lucky that I was there.”

*“But...!”* Midoriya turned and faced his teacher. “Kamukura was trying to save me! The both of us!”

*“Don’t interrupt me, Midoriya.”* Said Aizawa. “As I was saying, you did something incredibly reckless, and if you weren’t lucky, you could have been killed. However...

I was surprised that it was you who did it. I didn’t expect you to be the type of person who’d give
in to their emotions and do something so reckless. I suppose my first impressions of you were wrong.

In any case... I won’t be too harsh on you this time, seeing as how your overall performance during the mission got you and Midoriya out relatively unscathed.” Aizawa said as he began walking away. Just as he was about to leave their lines of sight, he turned his head and smiled cheekily. “Just remember, a rational hero is an effective hero.

You said you wanted to talk with Kamukura about something, so I’ll leave you to it.”

They heard the door close and Midoriya grabbed a nearby stool and sat down. He looked Kamukura in the eyes past his long strands of hair. “So, what was it you wanted to talk to me about?”

The horrible, searing pain was gone. It had disappeared so fast and so completely that Midoriya had hardly believed it was there in the first place. Now all he could feel was the presence of a small, limp body resting on his back.

That was the first thing Midoriya noticed as he laid spread out on the ground, gasping for breath. The second thing he noticed was that Kamukura had fainted right beside him.

“Kamukura?!” Midoriya got up as quickly and as softly as he could, so as not to disturb the unconscious Eri, then looked around for help.

Midoriya delivered both Eri and Kamukura to the paramedics that had arrived on scene before hitching a ride to the hospital himself. Once he was there, he was examined for any sign of physical injury.

“Just to be sure, I gave you a full examination.” Said the doctor. “But I found nothing wrong besides your arms. But how on earth did you arms-”

“They’re fine!” Midoriya hastily interrupted. “More importantly, how are the others-”

“I just went and checked them all.” A familiar sleepy voice came from the doorway.

“Sensei! Are you alright now?!?”

“I got ten stitches, now come.”

Aizawa and Midoriya talked about the status of the other heroes that were involved with the mission. Kirishima, Amajiki, Fat Gum, and Rock Lock all made it out without life-threatening injuries and what injuries they did suffer would heal up given a little bit of time.

“Thank goodness!”

“Eri and Kamukura, on the other hand, still haven’t woken up. Eri’s fever hasn’t gone down and she’s being quarantined as of now.” Aizawa explained. “The doctors weren’t exactly sure what happened to Kamukura or why he suddenly fell unconscious when he did. They didn’t find any injuries on him besides...”

“Besides what, sensei?”

“Nevermind.” Aizawa dismissed quickly. “Anyway, we’re thinking it was probably Eri’s quirk that caused it, which is why Eri’s currently being quarantined.”
“Huh? Kamukura was affected by Eri’s quirk too?”

“He was.” Aizawa nodded. “When Eri was losing control of her quirk, he charged in to try and stop her and save you. At least, that’s what the others say happened, I only “looked” at you at the very end, to use my quirk on all of you.”

“Really?! Kamukura did that...?!?” Midoriya was shocked, then paused to consider something strange. He touched his body all over. “Wait, I was also being affected by Eri’s quirk, and I’m... fine... I think.”

“Well, it’s only a theory.” Aizawa mumbled. “And a sample size of two really doesn’t make for the best metric. We’ve got a bit of time, so why don’t you fill me in on what happened when Irinaka separated you from the rest of the group. And what happened after I was taken by Chrono.”

“Oh, alright!”

Aizawa and Midoriya found a seat in the waiting area and Midoriya began his recount of what happened.

Midoriya told Aizawa about his encounter with the swordswoman, he told him about her quirk, her characteristics, their battle, and how she spared him at the end when she found out who he was.

Aizawa listened patiently to the tale before speaking. “Hm, the person you’ve described, a silver-haired swordswoman with red eyes and Wall Walking quirk, wasn’t on the registry of known Yakuza.”

“Yeah, I know...”

“How old was she?” Aizawa asked.

“How old...?” Midoriya scratched at his head. “I couldn’t really tell with the mask covering her face, but if I had to guess... young...ish? She didn’t seem that old. Maybe around 20?”

“Hmm.” Aizawa processed what Midoriya had told him. “I’ll pass this information along to the other police officers. Maybe they’ll find someone who matches your description. The Villain Alliance may not have been the only villain group Chisaki was working with.”

“Um, sensei?” Midoriya said nervously. “I don’t know if this is presumptuous of me but... she didn’t seem like a bad person... when we fought, I mean.”

“She tried to kill you.” Aizawa reminded his student.

“I know that!” Midoriya protested. “But then she didn’t... either after finding out who I was, or because Irinaka was taken out, I’m not sure which it was. Also, she said something about saving someone. I thought she was talking about Eri, but she didn’t even know Eri existed.”

“Hmm.” Aizawa gave this considerable thought. “You think she was being forced to fight against her will, and spared you when she believed that Chisaki would be defeated.”

“Well... I.... maybe...?” Midoriya offered sheepishly.

Aizawa sighed. “I’ll tell that to the police too. What about your fight with Chisaki? What happened then?”

“Oh, well, uh...” Midoriya began retelling his fight with Chisaki. From when he and Kamukura
were buying time so that Togata could escape with Eri, to how they both took down the giant Chisaki together.

“Then Eri’s quirk started to go out of control and... I guess you pretty much know what happened after that.” Concluded Midoriya.

“Hm, I suppose.” Accepted Aizawa. “It sounds like you'll have quite the comprehensive report to write once you get out.”

“Report-? Oh yeah, that’s right. You said something about having to write a report if we were to be doing these internships.” Midoriya chuckled nervously.

“I’ll give you all the specifics at a later date. I only want to say everything once, so I’ll tell all of you at the same time.” Aizawa said. “For now you can just think about what you’re going to write.”

“Alright... Oh!” Midoriya suddenly got up. “That’s right, Kamukura had something he wanted to talk to me about. I’m gonna go and check if he’s awake yet, if that’s alright.”

“Mmm.” Aizawa made a noise. “I had something I wanted to say to him myself. So I’ll accompany you.”

Together they made their way to Kamukura’s room.

Midoriya had known Kamukura for quite some time. From hanging out with him during school, to surviving life-threatening events together, Midoriya had been with Kamukura for most of them.

If Midoriya was feeling particularly boastful, he might even call himself Kamukura’s closest friend.

Which was why when Midoriya saw Kamukura grinning at him while fighting Chisaki, Midoriya’s first thought was who are you?

In all the time that Midoriya knew Kamukura, he had only seen him smile once. It was during the USJ attack, when they were transported onto a boat that was sailing in the ocean habitat, Kamukura had twisted the corners of mouth upwards in a tiny smile.

His smile that time had been almost unnoticeable. Midoriya wasn’t even sure he would have noticed it had Tsuyu not said something about it, and even then it had been hard to spot.

Kamukura had certainly never grinned before, and certainly not as wide as he had when they were about to take down Chisaki. Honestly, could you even blame him if he didn’t recognize Kamukura at first?

All in all, Midoriya felt that Kamukura had been acting weird, and now, Midoriya was ready to find out why that is.

Midoriya looked at Kamukura’s blank, expressionless face.

Or... maybe not.

The Kamukura he had battled with had felt so much more different than the regular Kamukura, while the Kamukura in front of Midoriya right now seemed exactly like the regular Kamukura.

“So what was it that you wanted to talk to me about?” Midoriya asked politely.
“Hm?”

“During the fight with Chisaki.” Midoriya reminded him. “You said that you’ve got a lot to talk to me about, but wanted to wait until after Chisaki was taken care of. Don’t you remember?”

“Ah, of course.” Kamukura said blankly. “It’s no longer important. Do not mind what I said in that moment.”

“Oh, oh... okay then...” Midoriya had somewhat expected this outcome. Still, he pressed on looking for answers. “Um, about what happened during the fight...”

Kamukura stared at Midoriya, looking very bored.

“What exactly happened during that fight? I mean, you were acting very differently from how you usually do. You were smiling, and we were both talking with each other over how to defeat the giant Chisaki. And then you asked me do something, you usually never ask people to help and just work off of what others are doing.” Midoriya brought up all the observations he made during the fight.

Kamukura stared. “It’s nothing you need to be concerned about. I wasn’t feeling like myself at the time, but I’m okay now. Something like that will never happen again.” Midoriya wasn’t sure, but he thought that the next words out of Kamukura’s mouth had a hint of anger associated with them. “I’ll make sure of it.”

“Oh um, alright...” Midoriya could sense that Kamukura didn’t want to talk about it, so he decided to leave it at that.

There was a knock at the door and Aizawa came in.

“Sorry to interrupt, but you guys should probably come out here.” Aizawa beckoned the two students to follow him.

Aizawa led the two of them to Sir Nighteye’s room and they saw All-Might and Recovery Girl standing next to Centipeder and Bubble Girl, all of them looking deeply forlorn.

“Unfortunately, there’s nothing we can do... honestly, it’s a miracle that he’s even alive right now.” Said a doctor that was standing by. “At this rate, he won’t live to see tomorrow...”

Sir Nighteye was lying on the hospital bed, several tubes ran in and out of the giant, gaping hole in his stomach. His severed left arm had been bandaged at the stump.

Kamukura watched as Midoriya and All-Might gathered around Nighteye and begged for him to survive. Nighteye merely smiled behind his respirator and talked about how he wanted All-Might to continue to fight against fate, to change the future that he saw where All-Might dies.

“Up until now... I’ve been searching for a way to to change your future. Nothing had worked... But Midoriya and Kamukura showed me a way.” Nighteye tilted his head as a way to gesture to the two in question. “I think... Kamukura was right. Hope can indeed create an unpredictable future. I’m sure Midoriya wasn’t the only one... I think everyone... all hoped for a brighter future so hard that it all joined together. I think all of that hope was focused onto Midoriya, and this... was the result of that hope.

The future is never certain, I understand that now. So thank you, Kamukura, for teaching me that. I hope that you will all continue to move forward towards an unpredictable future.”
“Wait, Mr. Togata! You can’t move around just yet!” A nurse’s voice shouted from the hallway and the door was suddenly opened.

Mirio Togata frantically limped to Sir Nighteye’s side, tears streaming down from his face. He leaned over the bed and desperately yelled for Nighteye not to die.

Nighteye merely smiled and raised a hand to Togata’s face. “Mirio... you are becoming an outstanding hero... That is the only future... we shouldn’t change... So please... keep smiling...”

Nighteye lowered his hand and it was then that his heart stopped. Sir Nighteye had died with a peaceful smile on his face.

“Ngh...” All-Might, Midoriya, and Togata couldn’t stop themselves. The dam had burst and they began crying heartfelt tears of sorrow at Nighteye’s death.

Besides them, Kamukura looked down at the now deceased Nighteye, then at the three heroes who were now sobbing uncontrollably.

Although the voice of Hinata was silent in his brain, his words from earlier echoed in Kamukura’s mind.

*You can’t fool me that easily.*

Kamukura took one last look at Midoriya’s tear stricken face, the corners of his mouth curled downwards just a tiny bit and he walked out of the room without anyone noticing, thoroughly displeased.

Several days later, at the police station.

“Really? You’re sure about that?” A detective was speaking on the phone. “No, no, that’s alright. Definitely, it’s fine. Thank you for your time. Goodbye.”

The detective hung up the phone and sighed. He looked at the profile that was displayed on his computer.


Alongside this information was a photograph that displayed Pekoyama’s unsmiling face. The detective stared at the girl and then down at the description that the captain gave him.

“Should have known it wasn’t going to be that easy.” The detective sighed loudly as he closed the profile. “That was our best lead too.”

Jin Kirigiri sighed wearily as he put down the receiver. “New Steering Committee, same old policies. I swear, this habit of covering up for wanted criminals and suspected murderers is going to get us all killed one day. Or, at the very least, arrested.”

Chapter End Notes
Easy come, easy go, as they say.
Hope you weren’t too attached to the idea of Hajime running around in Izuru’s body.
It’s a smidge too early for something like that to happen, unfortunately

I forgot to mention this last time, but Peko’s quirk is a loving reference to one of my favourite works of fiction. Can anyone guess what it is?

I’ve unfortunately come down with a bit of a cold, so the next chapter has the potential to be delayed. Apologies.

Next Chapter: More scenes are skipped! Start of the culture festival!
Chapter 51

The gentle yet methodical sound of a pencil scratching on paper could be heard in the Height’s Alliance living room. Several eyes were on Kamukura as he drew. Over time, he had attracted the attention of several curious students.

Kamukura paid them no mind. He simply continued to draw, unconcerned with the amount of attention that he had garnered.

Having had enough of just watching, one of those curious individuals that were gathered, Kaminari, walked up to him and asked. “Yo, Kamukura. Whatchu drawing?”

“Blueprints.” Without pausing, Kamukura gave a simple answer, one that only begged further questions.

Kaminari leaned in closer to get a better view of the so-called “blueprints”. He saw a weirdly shaped device that he couldn’t make heads nor tails of. It looked like there’s some sort of... screen? Or maybe a few spots where wires were supposed to be attached, but other than that it was utterly confusing. “Blueprints... for what? What exactly is that thing?”

“Just a personal project of mine.” Kamukura replied, the pencil in his hand gliding along the paper.

Upon seeing Kaminari getting close, the others began to draw near as well. They stood behind where Kamukura sat on the couch, craning their necks to get a better look at the drawing.

Ever since Midoriya had requested it of him, Kamukura began appearing more and more at the common area to... not quite socialize. It could be more accurately described as existing if anything. He neither joined in on nor started conversations. Usually all he would do was merely sit somewhere while maintaining his normal bored expression.

People were tentative at first about this sudden change, but slowly got used to it. Now, they understood that Kamukura would respond if you chose to include him, but won’t ever directly involve himself in a discussion if he wasn’t talked to first.

“So what exactly does it do?” Kirishima was the next person to ask about the drawing, after studying it for several seconds he was completely stumped.

Kamukura stopped drawing for a moment. His mind flashed back to that day in the hospital, his brief conversation with Hinata, then with Midoriya, and the moment that Sir Nighteye had died in front of him. Kamukura gripped his pencil tighter, then relaxed his hand.

He resumed drawing.

“I’m not sure yet.” Kamukura replied in a bored tone, giving Kirishima no hint as to what he had just been thinking about. “I have some ideas in mind, but I haven’t decided which one is the best.”

“Oh, really? And you can still draw out blueprints for it if you don’t know what it’s going to do?”

“This overall structure will be the same for whichever option I choose. Which is why I am designing it now.”
“So this is like, support gear, right?” Uraraka guessed. “Are you going to get one of the support department students to build it for you?”

“Our teachers have been telling us to make good connections with the students of other departments. I’m glad to see you’re taking their advice to heart.” Iida, who had been offhandedly listening in on the conversation, commended Kamukura upon hearing Uraraka’s comment.

“No.” Kamukura denied. “I do not trust that they will be capable enough to build it.”

“The how are you going to get it built?” Uraraka tilted her head.

“I will build it myself.” Kamukura explained.

“But where are you going to get materials?” Yaoyorozu piped in. “If I recall correctly, the materials that are offered by UA are reserved exclusively for the support department. The fee for the use of those materials is partially covered in their tuition, and is usually why the support department tuition costs are more expensive than for the other departments.”

“Normally, yes. But I asked Principal Nedzu to explain my situation to Power Loader and the rest of the support department staff so that they will allow me some materials for my personal use. Naturally, I will be paying the required fees as well.”

Yaoyorozu nodded in understanding as Mineta pointed an accusatory finger at Kamukura. “Just how far are you willing to go to upstage the rest of us?!?” He asked angrily. “Not only are you getting the top grades, the best scores during hero training, but you also found an internship job before almost all of us! And now you’re saying that you’re going to build your own support gear, too?! Does your avarice know no bounds?!”

“Quit your fucking yelling!” Bakugou hypocritically shouted as he kicked open the front door. He had returned from today’s supplementary lessons with Todoroki following behind him. “If you’re so mad about falling behind, then fucking work harder!!!”

“‘Quit your yelling’, he says...” Jirou muttered in annoyance at her classmates’ return.

“Apologies, everyone.” Todoroki said as Bakugou went straight to his room. “Today’s lesson was less physically demanding than normal. I suspect Bakugou still has some pent up energy because of it.”

Todoroki looked around and noted the unusual gathering around Kamukura. “Anyway, what was going on here?”

“Oh. Well, you see...” Midoriya happily filled Todoroki in on the events that had just transpired at the dormitories.

“I see.” Todoroki nodded. “So Kamukura’s making his own support equipment?”

“Isn’t that just the height of pridefulness?!” Mineta turned his attention to Todoroki. “I mean, at this point he’s just showing off!”

“Not... really?” Todoroki said, perplexed at Mineta’s words. “I mean, if Kamukura has the necessary talents to build his own support equipment, then he should be allowed to. Each one of us has different things that we’re good at, it’s only natural to try and play to our strengths whenever possible.”

Mineta clawed at his head. “Seriously? I knew someone like you wouldn’t get it.” He wandered
elsewhere, leaving Todoroki slightly confused.

“Did I say something wrong?”

“Just ignore him, Todoroki.” Ashido advised. “If you don’t understand what Mineta’s thinking about, it’s probably a good thing.

Instead...” Ashido spun around and addressed the students that were gathered in the living room. “We should decide on what our theme should be for the Culture Festival! C’mon guys, we need ideas!”

Like many other schools, UA hosted a yearly Culture Festival. While the Sports Festival was usually for the benefit of the hero department, the Culture Festival was an event in the domain of the other departments. Namely, the Business Course, Support Course, and General Studies.

Though many are wary due to the current “proliferation of villains” period that started after All-Might’s forced retirement, UA has decided to continue with the Culture Festival as a means for many to destress. Though they were taking drastic measures in order to make sure that no danger would come to the students as they were having fun.

Each class must choose their own theme with which to entertain the other students and right now, class 1-A was in the middle of deciding upon theirs.

“Regarding what sensei said about the other departments.” Iida said. “I think we should come up with a plan that would help everyone assist in letting off some steam.”

“That’s true, isn’t it?” Yaoyorozu agreed. “Students shouldn’t be going through this much stress. If that’s the case, then frankly, I don’t think UA students familiar with Lunch Rush’s cuisine should attempt a theme based on food. That’s my personal opinion, if we’re thinking of it as a service to the other departments.”

“When you put it that way, I guess you’re right.” Shoji said. “It would be a huge disservice to them if we’re selecting a theme based off our own desires.”

“How about you, Kamukura. Do you have any ideas?” Kirishima looked over his shoulder to the couch.

Kamukura did not look up from his drawing as he responded. “I do not care. No matter what theme is decided upon in the end, it will be boring.”

“Yeah, I should have predicted that...” Kirishima shook his head and sighed.

“Getting everyone to dance would be fun...” Ashido said while slumping in her space on the couch.

“Wouldn’t dancing be a good idea?” Todoroki said, much to the others’ surprise. “One second...” Todoroki tapped a few keys on the laptop and brought up a video of people dancing in to the music at a concert.

Despite their initial shock, the people around them were interested in the idea. Ashido happily volunteered to teach the other students how to dance.

“Hold it amateurs! Dance is rhythm, in other words, music! The guests will need first-rate music!” Mineta pointed out.

“If we’re talking about music...”
Besides Kamukura, everyone present turned towards an incredibly embarrassed Jirou. Despite a bit of nervousness, she eventually agreed to help out and provide music for the dance event.

“Then class 1-A’s program... a live performance with dance and party space!”

The next day, during the debriefing for the UA students that participated on the hideout raid, Aizawa mentioned that Eri wanted to see Midoriya and Kamukura at the hospital.

“She wants to see both of them?” Tsuyu asked while holding a finger to her chin. “Midoriya and Kamukura?”

“Yeah, this request is exclusively for the two of them and Togata.” Aizawa said. “This is the first time she’s asked for anything since being hospitalized.”

“Do we know why?” Uraraka asked nervously. “I-I mean, Deku and Togata I get but...”

“She said they were the heroes who she felt the most comfortable around when she was being rescued.” Aizawa explained dispassionately.

“Really...?” Uraraka looked disbelievingly at Kamukura, who did not react in any way.

Beside her, Midoriya watched the two of them while biting his lip. He knew exactly why Uraraka was so disbelieving about this. After all, he would hardly have believed it himself had he not been present to witness Kamukura’s behaviour that day at the raid. It was so different than how he normally was, it was almost as if he had changed into a completely different person! And to top it all off, it went just as quickly as it had came. The moment Midoriya saw Kamukura at the hospital, he knew that Kamukura was back to normal, if you could call how Kamukura normally was normal.

Kamukura gave him almost no explanation for what happened, but Midoriya felt that it wasn’t something that he should be casually mentioning to other people. Only a few people knew that Kamukura had acted like that. There was only him, Eri, Aizawa, and... well, Chisaki, he supposed, but Midoriya wasn’t too worried about him saying anything.

Needless to say, to Eri, who had just barely met them, the Kamukura that she was familiar with must have been wildly different than the Kamukura that the rest of them knew. He had been so friendly and proactive, he even tried to comfort Eri when she was losing control of her quirk! It was hardly surprising that Eri had asked for him to be one of the people to visit her, all things considered.

Midoriya knew that they couldn’t just deny Eri’s request to meet with him, he just hoped that they weren’t making a mistake by doing so.

Togata was smiling. A wide, cheerful smile that brightened up the room.

Midoriya was smiling. It was a shy smile that betrayed his nervousness and apprehension.

Kamukura was not smiling. He stared at Eri with no expression on his face, not caring that the complete and utter boredom that he felt was fully on display.

The three of them were standing in Eri’s hospital room as visitors while the girl watched them from her hospital bed.
Togata started the visit by handing the girl a basket of fruits and they began to discuss their names. Eri only knew Midoriya and Togata by their hero names, Deku and Lemillion, so they introduced themselves properly, telling her their real names.

“Why don’t you have a hero name?” Eri turned to Kamukura.

“I do not require one. When we had originally been asked to devise one, it had been much more important for people to know of the name “Izuru Kamukura” rather than a flashy moniker. Now, even after that has changed somewhat, I chose not to take a hero name, for it would have been boring.”

“Oh, I see...” Eri said, clearly not understanding at all what he meant.

Togata leaned closer to Midoriya. “Do you know what he means by that?”

“Um, yeah... I think it’s something related with that.” Midoriya whispered back after a while, remembering the conversations he had with Kamukura near the beginning of the school year and recently.

“That’?”

“It’d take a while to explain.”

Togata nodded and returned to face Eri.

“Lemillion, Deku, Kamu... Kamukura, and that man with the glasses. They all got hurt because of me.” Eri lamented while looking to be on the verge of tears. “I’m sorry that you all had to experience such painful things because of me.”

Eri hadn’t been told of the fact that Sir Nighteye had died, for if they told her, she would no doubt have placed all the blame on herself. She’ll find out sooner or later, but it was decided that telling her right now would be too cruel.

“It’s because of me that Lemillion lost his powers...”

“No one thinks that you caused them painful things.” Togata said as he patted Eri’s head. “Everyone’s thinking that it’s great that you’re safe!”

“But I lost control of my quirk on both of you...” Eri looked at Midoriya and Kamukura.

“And we’re fine!” Midoriya gestured to his own body as proof. “I didn’t even feel any different, the doctors found nothing wrong with me!”

Midoriya, Togata, and Eri all looked expectantly at Kamukura. “It was... inconsequential.” He said after a few moments of deliberation.

“See?” Midoriya took what he could get. “Everyone was fighting for you because they wanted to see your smiling face!”

To this, Eri struggled. She twisted and contorted her face every which way, but no smile appeared.

“?” Midoriya and Togata were confused.

“I’m sorry but...” She looked up at the two of them sadly. “How do you smile again?”

It was then that Midoriya and Togata realized that Eri hadn’t been saved at all. As long as she
doesn’t understand what it meant to be happy, Chisaki’s clutches were still holding onto her, preventing her from being truly saved.

Midoriya racked his brain for a solution, he needed some way of allowing Eri to be happy. Some way...

Midoriya ran to Aizawa, who was standing by the door. He asked if Eri could be permitted to go outside since the possibility that her quirk going berserk again was low. Aizawa said that it may be, but asked where they would take her.

“To the Culture Festival!” Midoriya declared. “Can Eri come too?”

“Culture Festival?”

“It’s a festival put on by our school!” A light bulb exploded in Togata’s mind and he excitedly began to explain. “The students set up events for other students to enjoy! And apples! They’ll even have candy apples!”

“Candy... apples?”

“It’s an apple that’s been sweetened to the point of being candy!”

“Sweetened...?” Eri drooled at the thought.

“So Eri, what do you think?”

“I’ve been thinking... ever since I was saved... I wanted to know more about the people who saved me... Lemillion and everyone else. I want to know about them more!”

“We’ll tell you all about us! We’ll tell you about us until you can’t take it anymore!”

“I’m currently on suspension, so I can be on a constantly-supervised date with Eri, right?” Togata asked excitedly.

“Date?” Eri didn’t understand.

“A couple’s honeymoon outing!”

“A couple’s honeymoon...?”

“Togata, what are you saying?!”

They discussed the impending festival a bit more before they had to leave. Eri waved to Midoriya and Togata as they exited the room, they smiled and waved back. Kamukura was the last to leave. Eri waved at him but Kamukura merely stared at her and left without acknowledging the girl whatsoever. Eri put her hand down.

“I wonder... if it’s really alright.” Eri whispered to herself. “He looked so happy then... It was because of me... it was because of my quirk... that he turned back to the person he was before...”

So you’re really going to do it. Hinata’s voice echoed within Kamukura’s mind as he returned to his bedroom. That device you’ve been sketching up... don’t think I can’t tell what it’s for. It’ll allow you to alter a brain, our brain. You’re trying to get rid of me, aren’t you?

Kamukura said nothing as he went through the motions of getting ready for bed.
You’ll need the machines they have in Hope’s Peak’s laboratory, the ones that made you you. You’ve designed it so that it only works with those machines. Hinata continued. I don’t know how you’ll do it, but I’m sure you have some sort of plan for getting in.

“As I have already mentioned,” Kamukura said, breaking the silence of his own room. “I have not decided on what the device’s purpose will be.”

This time, It was Hinata’s turn to be silent.

There was still one month before the Culture Festival and class 1-A were currently deciding on who in their class would be doing what for their performance.

After a lengthy discussion, it was decided that Bakugou would play the drums, Yaoyorozu would be on the keyboard, Kaminari and Tokoyami would play guitar, while Jirou would be the lead singer.

Todoroki, Kirishima, Aoyama, and a few others would be in charge of the staging and making sure that the event was festive. While the rest of the class would be dancing on stage.

“So now everyone’s roles are decided...” Iida was wrapping up the preparations.

“Wait, not everyone!” Kirishima interrupted and pointed to the couch where Kamukura was sitting. “Kamukura isn’t in any of the groups.”

“He was here the entire time?!”

“How’d we miss that?!”

“His natural presence is so low that we won’t notice him if we’re even a little bit distracted.”

“He really is like a ninja!”

“So cool...”

“Um, aren’t you guys are giving him too much credit? He was just sitting on the couch, you know...” Midoriya said to no one in particular.

Mineta walked over and pointed an accusatory finger at the supposed ninja. “All this time we’ve been working our butts off trying to make this Culture Festival a success but what have you been doing? Absolutely nothing!”

“Is this really the same Mineta that was so bummed out just a few minutes prior?” Ashido muttered to herself.

“Well, if it’s just Kamukura then it should be fine, right?” Todoroki asked.

“Hm? What do you mean?”

“There shouldn’t be a problem with just sticking him on dance duty. Even if he doesn’t know how to dance, he should be able to learn pretty quickly with his quirk.”

“Ah, that’s right!”

“Actually, if I remember correctly, Kamukura said that he was able to play all sorts of instruments.” Tsuyu added.
“Oh yeah, that was during the USJ attack!” Midoriya suddenly remembered.

Ojiro scratched his cheek. “Why were you talking about that during the USJ attack...?”

So the class got Kamukura to show off his various talents. In short, he was amazing at pretty much everything they needed. From singing to dancing to playing in a band.

“Yeah, that was pretty much expected.” The class was no longer surprised by Kamukura’s various feats.

“So what would you like to do?” Jirou asked. “You can even help out with the staging effects, I’m sure."

“I have no preference. Participating in this event will be boring to me anyway.” Kamukura replied.

“Yep, that was also expected.” The class voiced their exasperation simultaneously.

The class then began arguing about what role Kamukura should have in the performance. In the end, they decided Kamukura would be participating in all the teams one by one.

“... Alright.” Kamukura agreed.

As the students started to go back to their rooms, Midoriya caught up to Kamukura and got his attention. He looked up at him. “Are you okay with doing all of that? You know they won’t force you if you refuse.”

“It does not matter to me.” Kamukura replied.

“Oh, well if you’re fine with it then I guess it’s okay.”

The Culture Festival drew ever closer and before anyone knew it, the night before the festival arrived in just the blink of an eye.

As class 1-A were doing their last minute preparations, Midoriya discovered that the rope they were using was getting frayed. Since they didn’t want to bother Yaoyorozu, Midoriya volunteered to buy rope from a nearby store first thing in the morning before their performance.

“Wait, we’re on at ten. The store opens at nine, doesn’t it? That’s cutting it pretty close.”

“It’ll be fine, I’ll rush there and rush back.” Midoriya promised.

“I’m so excited I can hardly sleep!” Kirishima said. “Let’s do this!”

“Yeah!” The class cheered.

Not long after Midoriya left for the store, near the front entrance of UA, several girls were gathered and walking together. Although they looked to be high school students, it didn’t seem like they were regular students of UA.

They were wearing casual clothes, and were chatting amicably with one another as they walked up to the locked entrance of the school.

“So the hero school is holding a Culture Festival, huh?” One of the girls said. “I bet it’s going to be totally lame. Our Culture Festival was sooo cool, and I’m betting it’ll be more popular than this
one too.”

“Well, there’s only so much that quirks can do for an event such as this.” One of the other girls replied evenly. “At some point, talent becomes much more of a deciding factor, which makes our school better at events like this.”

“Who cares about comparing festivals? Ibuki just cares about the music!” One of the girls raised an arm to the air excitedly. “Ibuki wants to hear some classes totally rock out!”

“Now now, let’s not get sidetracked here.” The fourth girl attempted to calm the other girl down. “We all remember the reason we’re at UA today, right?”

“Well, yeah... but isn’t this task mostly Mahiru’s, anyway?” Mioda asked. “I mean, the only reason we went along with her was to have fun at the festival.”

“That’s right!” Saionji cheerfully raised her hands to the air. “So let’s just let big sis do all the work and the rest of us can go have fun!”

“You guys...” Koizumi sighed and shook her head in frustration. “Well, it’s not like I expected differently. The goal of us coming here is for me to take pictures, after all. And I suppose I am the best girl for the job.”

The group arrived at the front gate and met up with teachers Ectoplasm and Hound Dog, who were patrolling the outer grounds for intruders.

“Halt. Are you visitors?” Ectoplasm asked as the girls drew near.

Koizumi walked up to the math teacher. “Hi, I’m Mahiru Koizumi, the Ultimate Photographer, from Hope’s Peak Academy.” Koizumi introduced herself, then gestured to the people following her. “These are my friends. They came along with me, is that alright?”

Ectoplasm studied the red haired girl in front of him. “Hmm, the principal did say that he contacted a photographer. I didn’t expect...” Ectoplasm trailed off while thinking. “Hope’s Peak Academy, huh?”

Ectoplasm locked eyes with Hound Dog, who nodded and began sniffing the visitors all over for traces of dangerous materials. When he found nothing, he gave Ectoplasm a grunt.

Ectoplasm nodded in response and turned to the girls. “Welcome to UA’s cultural festival.”

The group thanked both teachers and walked in together.

“Ugh, that dog was so gross! Did you see the way he was just smelling all of us?” Saionji complained once they were far enough away.

“It sorta reminded me of Hanamura.” Mioda chimed in happily. “Though it was a lot less creepy.”

“We’ve gotten past the main gate. Security should be a lot more lax inside.” Tsumiki said.

“Though, you still have to be cautious.”

“Cautious? For whaaaat?” Mioda complained. “We’re not even here to do anything despair-like! All we’re doing today is taking a few pictures. Maybe if you let me tear down some stalls with my music...”

“Or let me blow them away with my dancing...” Saionji added.
“No, we cannot draw attention to ourselves yet. We must make sure to enact Junko’s plan perfectly, so that despair can engulf the world.” Tsumiki turned to smile at Koizumi. “It’ll be your time to shine for now.”

“Of course.” Koizumi returned the nurse’s smile fondly, despair swirls clouding her eyes. “I’ll make sure to capture each and every one of their smiling faces during the last Culture Festival they’ll ever experience.”

Chapter End Notes

Well that’s not foreboding at all.

I have recovered! And hopefully chapters can come out at this pace once more. Though, I make no promises.

Next chapter: Scenes from UA's Culture Festival
Chapter 52

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“I’m not laughing, Gentle.”

Not long after Midoriya had bought the rope from a nearby store, he ran into two mysterious cloaked figures. Midoriya immediately recognized the two as Gentle and La Brava, two villains who go around committing various acts of minor villainy and uploading the footage to the internet.

It turned out that they were planning to launch an attack onto UA during the Culture Festival, something Midoriya could not allow to happen for the sake of Eri and all the people that worked so hard into making this festival a success. Since the aftermath of those two incidents that happened at UA, even the tiniest hint of danger would be met with an immediate shutdown on the festivities and further tarnish the school’s precarious reputation.

Gentle and La Brava fled upon encountering Midoriya. They used Gentle’s Elasticity quirk to propel them up and away from the young hero and towards the forest area surrounding the school. Midoriya followed after him, utilizing the new support gloves he received from Hatsume and the new technique he developed, which involved him being able to flick air pressure using his fingers.

Midoriya and Gentle fought, and when it looked like Gentle was about to lose, La Brava activated her own quirk, Love, which imbues a target with a strength boost proportional to the amount of love she held for that target.

Gentle was powered up, but it still wasn’t enough. Midoriya pinned the fancy criminal down once again just as La Brava’s quirk wore off.

“At the very least, I can make it look like this fight never happened.” Gentle launched Midoriya off of his back right as Ectoplasm and Hound Dog arrived on scene. Gentle surrendered to the heroes while holding a bawling La Brava.

Midoriya, who had been launched away, quickly ran back to the scene. The teachers saw his injuries and asked if he had fought with Gentle.

“…” Midoriya was silent. He thought about Gentle’s words during their fight, about how he wanted to achieve his dream no matter what. Then, how he propelled Midoriya away at the end in order to protect La Brava. “We had a small dispute. But… it’s alright now.” Midoriya gave a tight smile.

Ectoplasm and Hound Dog accepted this and started to take Gentle and La Brava away to the police station.

Before he was too far away, Gentle turned back to Midoriya one last time. “I, too, was once enrolled in a hero course. I, the Gentle Criminal, was born out of the despair of hero dropouts.” Gentle said sadly. “Perhaps it’s not in my place to say this, but I want your hope to reach others.”

Midoriya watched Gentle be taken away, those words of his lingering in his heart.

“It appears that the first year hero classes 1-A and 1-B are on first.” Tsumiki said as she read through the Culture Festival’s itinerary. “1-B is doing a play, while 1-A is preparing a combined music and dance performance.”
“Did Ibuki hear correctly? Did you say music?!?” Mioda gasped excitedly. “We should totally check it out!”

“Ew, no way. I want to check out the play.” Saionji objected. “Just look at the name, it sounds like it’ll be lame as hell.”

“Why don’t we split up?” Tsumiki offered. “Koizumi should go with Mioda to see class 1-A, and I’ll go with Saionji to class 1-B’s performance.”

“Ugh, you mean I have to go with you?” Saionji looked annoyingly at Tsumiki. “That sounds... that sounds... wonderful! Yeah, let’s go together!” The girl’s mood inexplicably changed from rising anger to one of delight as hideous swirls clouded in her eyes. She smiled sweetly at the nurse, a smile that didn’t quite reach her eyes.

“Then it’s decided!” Mioda declared. “Let’s go already, the show’s starting soon and we’re gonna be late!”

“Wha-? Hey! Don’t pull- Ibuki!” Koizumi protested as the musician dragged her by the arm with more strength than should have been present in her thin arms. The two of them ran off awkwardly in the direction of the gym.

“I do hope that Koizumi doesn’t get distracted by all the festivities.” Tsumiki commented as she watched her two classmates disappear into the crowd. “Her role here is quite important after all.”

“Huh? What are you saying all of a sudden?” Saionji puffed out her cheeks in anger. “Big sis would never do something like that! How could you even suggest something like that as if you have no faith in her?”

“Oh, my apologies. Of course I know that.” Tsumiki apologized. “Perhaps I’m simply worrying too much. After all, even if we mess up here, Junko will forgive us.”

“Geez...” Saionji muttered. “Of course she will! You don’t even have to say that. So let’s just relax and enjoy the festival!” The dancer ran on ahead while Tsumiki followed behind.

It was a close call for Midoriya to get both the rope and himself back to the gymnasium on time. But in the end he was able to make it back just before class 1-A was scheduled to start their performance.

Needless to say, they were incredible.

“That was incredible!”

Mioda and Koizumi made it to the gym just in time for the start of the performance. Together, they watched the first years put on a spectacular musical performance with stellar instrument playing, dancing, and crowd interactions. They were utterly enthralled from start to finish. “Who knew there were so many great musicians at UA!”

“Yeah, that was really something extraordinary. Plus, I was able to take quite a few pictures of their quirks as well. This will be very useful for us later on.” Koizumi smiled. “Though I’m glad Hiyoko didn’t come. She wouldn’t have been happy at the kind of dancing they were doing.”

“Right? That’s why you should trust Ibuki’s decision making!” Mioda’s nose grew as she swelled up with pride, then started to look around. “Hmm, Ibuki’s going to go see if she can meet the band...”
members, see ya!” She said as she ran off in some direction, leaving Koizumi alone in the crowd.

“And there she goes.” The photographer looked around as the crowd in the gym started emptying, raving about how spectacular class 1-A’s performance was. “I guess I’ll wander around for a bit too.”

Bakugou was having a good day.

His class fucking rocked. Hard. Everyone who was in attendance was cheering for them. Heck, even the students that were previously complaining about the Hero Course apologized right to their fucking faces after the show.

And now, since his class’ performance was done, he could sit back and enjoy the festival to the fullest. Nothing could possibly ruin this day-

“Yooooohooo!! Helloooo!!” Bakugou made a mental note never to think such dangerous thoughts as a loud voice almost ruptures his eardrums.

“Ah?” Bakugou turned and saw a colourful girl staring back at him. She had somewhat pale skin and red eyes, and the top of her hair was styled into two horns somehow.

Bakugou furrowed his brow. He didn’t scowl at her, not yet at least. “What do you want?”

“Whoa! Such intense bloodlust!” The girl said with an expression of feigned shock.

Bakugou rolled his eyes. He turned around and suddenly the colourful girl was in front of him.

“Waaaaait, wait wait wait waitwaitwaitwaitwait wait!” The annoyance waved her arms and said in what seemed to be a single breath. “Ibuki wanted to tell you how awesome you were in that performance!”

“Huh?”

“Your drumming was so amazing that Ibuki almost passed out!” The girl started to foam at the mouth, to which Bakugou reflexively took a step back. “You were on time despite all the dancing and singing and the people jumping all around the stage, it was so cool! You must have practiced a lot.”

“... Yeah, I did. We all did. What about it?”

“Well, when Ibuki was going around looking for the others that performed she saw that you were the only one who wasn’t getting any attention from the crowd. Ibuki thought that was wrong so she came to tell you how amazing you were directly!” This “Ibuki” put her hands on her hips and had a smug look on her face.

“What? That’s why you came here? I don’t need your goddamn pity.” Bakugou tried to muscle past her, but she simply reappeared in front of him. How fast was this girl?

“You’ve got it all wrong! Ibuki isn’t here out of pity!” The girl denied. “Well, maybe just a little bit, but doesn’t not having anyone acknowledge your accomplishments after working so hard feel bad?”

Bakugou thought about what the annoyance had just said. To be honest, he had been thinking that he had gotten the shorter end of the stick for a while now. Unlike the dancing and staging team, or
Jirou, who was the lead singer, the band team didn’t get nearly as much attention as the other teams. And even then, the people that cared about the band usually paid more attention to the flashy instruments like the guitar and keyboard.

*He* could’ve been flashy too, but his request for a drum solo had been turned down, because apparently, it was too hard to dance to a drum solo.

So Bakugou’s job was to simply play the drums on time and not do anything that would draw attention to himself. Not that he cared, of course, a win for class A was a win in his books. All that mattered to him was rocking the socks off of those jerks who criticized their class. And he did that, so it shouldn’t matter whether anyone noticed him or not.

It shouldn’t and yet...

Bakugou looked at the girl in front of him. She was an annoyance, yes, but an annoyance with a point. He practiced his heart out and had played *perfectly* during the performance. Hell, he practically carried the entire class on his back with his drumming. And this girl was acknowledging that.

“Thanks.” Bakugou reluctantly grunted and tried to walk away again.

What is with this girl?! Just how persistent was she?

Much to Bakugou’s chagrin, the girl started to walk alongside him as if they were friends, or worse, equals.

“Ibuki knows how you feel because she was in a band too.” Ibuki admitted. “She was the lead singer and guitarist for her band so she was usually the most popular one among fans. But she made sure that everyone in the band got attention, so no one felt left out.”

“Mmm.” Bakugou walked with his hands in his pockets, not paying much attention to the girl beside him, hoping that she’d leave him alone soon.

“Yup!” She seems to not be getting the message, though. “But now we sort of broke up due to some creative differences...”

“Uh huh.” Bakugou feigned interest without sparing a glance in her direction.

“Yeah, Ibuki didn’t really like the direction the band was going in.” Ibuki said, with noticeably less energy than she had before. “She didn’t really want to keep playing the same music that she had been playing. Ibuki wanted to branch out into a different genre and try new things and experiment with her sound, but her other band members said that they needed to keep playing what they’re playing for our fans. Because they’re what’s important.”

Upon hearing this, Bakugou looked over at the girl. Although he couldn’t see her face, he could imagine what she was feeling right now. During the preparation of class 1-A’s own performance, Jirou and the others were far more interested in indulging the people that would come see their show, calling it stress-relief. But Bakugou thought differently, they didn’t owe a thing to the other departments, all they needed to do was to blast them dead with their music.

Hearing this girl’s situation made him think back what had happened with his own class. It made him feel strangely sympathetic.

“Then fuck ‘em.” Said Bakugou suddenly. “Who gives a shit about catering to fans. If you’re talented then just play whatever the fuck you want, you’ll get fans all the same.”
Ibuki turned around and suddenly the two of them were staring at each other, each not saying a word.

Huh? Were her eyes always pink?

Bakugou blinked.

Ah, no. They were red, just as he previously thought.

“Heh, Ibuki came to praise you but ended up getting encouraged instead.” The girl pressed her fingers together in embarrassment. Suddenly, the girl jumped. “Ah, that’s right! I still don’t know your name yet!”

Bakugou hesitated for only a brief moment. “Katsuki Bakugou.” He replied.

“I’m Ibuki Mioda!” Mioda declared brilliantly, not showing a single sign of her earlier lack of energy. “That’s I-bu-ki Mi-o-da! Put it together and what’s that spell? Ibuki Mioda!”

“Mioda, huh?” Bakugou finally learned her last name and sounded it out carefully. “So are you gonna keep following me or-”

The sound of a guitar chord suddenly rang out. Mioda reached into her pocket and pulled out her cell phone. She looked at the screen and freaked out.

“Oh crap, I forgot that I was supposed to meet up with the others by now!” Mioda hastily stuffed her phone back in her pocket and started running off. As she did so, she turned and waved at Bakugou. “SorryIgottagonowseeyoulateryou’reagreatdrummerbye!!”

Bakugou watched as Mioda left as suddenly as she arrived. He kept watching her until she disappeared into the crowd and he couldn’t see her anymore. “Ibuki Mioda, huh?” Bakugou repeated the name. “Why does that sound familiar for some reason... eh, it’s probably nothing.” He decided and started walking aimlessly around the festival looking for interesting booths.

He thought back to the conversation he had just now and a smug smile appeared on his face.

Bakugou was having a great day.

After the beauty contest was over, Midoriya and Togata were walking around the festival with Eri in tow. They were looking around for interesting events and booths to try out with her, while also keeping a keen eye out for any place that was selling candy apples. After all, they had promised Eri that there would be candy apples at the festival and it wouldn’t look good on them as heroes if they weren’t able to keep that promise.

Togata tapped Midoriya on the shoulder and pointed off in the direction of where a bunch of third year stalls were set up. “I’m gonna go ask the others if there’s a place that’s featuring candy apples. Could you stay with Eri for me?”

“Sure.” Midoriya replied and Togata ran off. Midoriya looked down at his pamphlet and then at Eri. “Hey, it says there’s a house of mirrors over here. Wanna go check it out?”

“A house of mirrors? What’s that?” Eri was perplexed.

“It’s a maze made out of mirrors.” Midoriya explained. “You’re surrounded by reflections of yourself to make it hard to find your way out.”
“A maze...?” Eri thought about this. “I wanna see it...”

“Then let’s go!” Midoriya stared down at his pamphlet while he walked in an attempt to discern the location of the attraction. “It says it was made by the second years so that should be over here...”

“Deku! Watch out!”

“Whoa!”

Eri’s warning came too late, as Midoriya collided directly into someone while he was busy studying the pamphlet.

“Hey! Watch where you’re going!” The person said. Midoriya looked up and saw a girl with red hair and red eyes that was around his height. She had a camera hanging from her neck and... hey, she had freckles too, just like him.

“U-uh, I’m sorry!” Midoriya apologized quickly, tilting his head down in embarrassment. “It was my bad, I wasn’t looking at where I was walking...”

“Ugh, you’re hopeless.” The girl sighed.

“H-huh?”

“Hasn’t anyone told you to maintain eye contact when talking to someone?” The redhead pointed at Midoriya accusingly, causing him to unconsciously flinch backwards.

“S-sorry...”

“And don’t mumble when you speak. Enunciate your words clearly or else no one’s going to pay attention to you.” The scary girl continued with her hands on her hips. “You are a boy, right? That means you should have a little more self confidence. And if I recall correctly, you’re a hero too, aren’t you? You’re not going to inspire anyone if you act like that.”

“Huh? H-how do you know I’m a hero?” Midoriya wondered.

“From the Sports Festival, duh.” The girl retorted. “You’re Izuku Midoriya, isn’t that right? You placed in the top ten. One of my classmates was so impressed with you that you’re all they talk about now. It’s kind of annoying, honestly.”

Midoriya’s head was so filled with questions that he could hardly decide on which one to ask first. “I have a fan?” Was the only one that made it out coherently.

“More like a creepy, hope-obsessed... sure, let’s go with fan.”

He felt a gentle tug at his sleeve, Eri looked up at the boy with a quizzical expression. “What are you two talking about? ‘Sports Festival’? What’s that?”

“Ah, Eri!” Midoriya looked down. “The Sports Festival is also a festival that’s put on by UA, it’s like the Culture Festival but instead, students are competing with one another in athletic competitions.”

“Hold on, I’m not done with you yet.” The girl interrupted Midoriya’s explanation and stepped closer to him.

“H-huh??”
“Stand up straight. Don’t slouch.” Midoriya did as he was told and straightened his back. “Your tie’s all crooked.” The girl suddenly started pulling on and adjusting Midoriya’s tie. “And your uniform’s completely wrinkled! Were you in a fight or something?”

“Oh, ah, um...” Midoriya wasn’t able to say anything as he awkwardly let the girl he never met before in his life grab his clothes and fix his tie. He wasn’t at all aware of what he was supposed to do in this situation. He wondered if he looked as awkward as he was feeling. Truth be told, it sort of felt like he was being scolded by his mom, a feeling he hadn’t experienced since Midoriya was a kid.

“Deku! There you are!” Uraraka’s voice called out in the distance from behind a large crowd of people. Midoriya turned his head towards the source, much to the frustration of the other girl.

“Hey, hold still!” The girl tugged at Midoriya’s tie, causing him to turn back.

“Sorry!”

Uraraka ran up. “Hey Deku, I was wondering if you and Eri...” Uraraka suddenly noticed the red haired girl fixing Midoriya’s tie. “Um, who is this? Your sister or cousin or something?”

“S-sister?!"

“There, now you look presentable at least. Your clothes could do with some ironing, but I guess you’ll just have to do that yourself.” The girl finished up with the tie and looked up. She locked eyes with Uraraka. “Now, what’s this about a sister?”

“Um, I was just wondering if you were someone related to Deku here.” Uraraka said nervously.

“Is it because of the freckles?” Midoriya asked.

“Lots of people have freckles, you know? That doesn’t mean that we’re related.” The girl answered.

“Um, it’s more of the fact that I’ve never met you before, and you were touching Deku like that so casually so I wanted to know your relationship with him...” Uraraka’s face reddened as she spilled out her thoughts. Midoriya, however, didn’t seem to notice anything weird.

“Um, she’s more like... a complete stranger?” Midoriya scratched his cheek in embarrassment. “I mean, I don’t even know her name.”

“You don’t?!?” Uraraka was unable to contain her shock.

“Huh? Oh, that’s right.” The girl looked almost as shocked as she realized it too. “I haven’t introduced myself yet.

I’m Mahiru Koizumi. I was hired by your principal to take pictures of the Culture Festival for your yearbook.” Koizumi beamed as she held up the camera around her neck.

“That explains the camera...” Noted Midoriya.

“Oh, so you’re a photographer...? But then... why were you fixing Deku’s tie? Was it for a photo?”

“Ah, yeah. I’m kinda curious about that as well.” Midoriya admitted while scratching the back of his head.

“Huh? Oh, I guess it’s something of a force of habit for me. I just can’t stand seeing wimpy and
unreliable guys like your boyfriend here.”

“B-b-b-boyfriend?!”

“What are you saying?!” Midoriya and Uraraka looked at each other then looked down while blushing profusely. Besides them, Eri stared while Koizumi tilted her head.

“Oh, you’re not? Sorry, I guess I must have gotten the wrong idea.”

“Y-yeah... we’re just f-friends... that’s all...” Midoriya denied.

“Yup! Juuust friends.” Uraraka agreed with all the subtlety of a rocket ship. Midoriya and Uraraka kept their faces tilted away from one another were almost glowing bright pink. They both took tiny steps sideways to further themselves from each other. For some reason, Koizumi didn’t seem convinced by their denial.

“Ahaha, sorry about that.” She apologized with a pained smile.

“N-n-n-no worries. It’s not a big deal.”

“Yeah! It’s no big deal, honest!”

“Well, I’ve introduced myself. What about you guys?”

“Oh!” Midoriya snapped to attention. “My name is Izuku Midoriya. I’m a first year attending UA’s hero class.”

“And I’m Ochako Uraraka. I’m the same as Deku.”

“Deku?” Koizumi tilted her head. “As in... ‘blockhead’?”

“It’s his hero name!” Eri jumped in, eager at the chance to explain.

“You chose that as your hero name?” Koizumi gasped.

“It’s not like that at all!” Uraraka jumped in to defend Midoriya. “Doesn’t it just give you the feeling that he can do anything?”

“Well, I guess...” Koizumi didn’t look too convinced. “So you two are heroes, but what about you?” Koizumi kneeled down at Eri quizzically.

Eri looked up at the photographer. “Um... I’m here on a couple’s honeymoon!”

Koizumi blinked “... What was that?”

“Aaaah!” Midoriya waved his arms around frantically. “Eri, that was just a joke! Togata was just joking!”

“What kind of joke...? Nevermind, I’m not gonna ask.” Koizumi decided.

“Ahaa...” Midoriya looked grateful and tried to steer the conversation in a different direction. “So you’re a photographer, huh?”

“Yup, that’s right!” Koizumi brightened instantly. “My mother’s a photographer too. She’s a war photographer so she’s constantly traveling to different countries to take pictures of their battles. I wanted to become a photographer like her, though my goal is to take pictures of people’s bright
smiles.”

“Whoa, that’s so cool!” Uraraka gushed.

“Ah, it’s honestly not that cool.” Koizumi blushed and looked down. “Critics say that my theme is too conventional, and they keep saying that someone with my talent should be doing something more serious instead.”

“What? But smiles are really important though.” Midoriya said. “The smiles that a hero wears when they rescue people. Or the smiles on the people being rescued.” Midoriya took a quick glance at Eri. “They’re really important, I think... so being able to capture that is... is... it’s really cool!”

“Huh?” Koizumi looked shocked, then looked embarrassed. “Th-thanks... I guess.”

Suddenly, she brightened and held up her camera. “Hey, while you’re here, how about I take a picture of the three of you.”

“That sounds like a good idea.” Midoriya looked down at Eri. “How about it, Eri? Do you want your picture taken?”

“Um... sure!”

They agreed and Koizumi got them to line up in front of a nearby attraction. Midoriya, Uraraka, and Eri smiled and the photographer took their picture.

“Thanks!” Koizumi smiled at the three of them. “Well, it was nice meeting you guys, but I still have a job to do. I’m going to find more people to photograph, see you!”

Midoriya, Uraraka, and Eri said their goodbyes and Koizumi left, leaving the three of them to enjoy the festival on their own.

Much much later, Koizumi was sitting down at a bench, looking over the photos she had in her camera that she had taken of all the hero students.

She had taken clear and perfect photos of each and every one of their targets and then some. She had photos of all the students in the hero departments, from first years to third years. She had photos of all the teachers that also had a second job as heroes, including the underground hero Eraserhead as well as All-Might in his emasculated form. She also took photos of a couple of students from the other departments, including the Support, Business, and General Education departments.

Not everyone was smiling in those pictures, but Koizumi didn’t mind. These photos weren’t for her, they were for despair.

She stopped on a picture of a boy with two different hair colours and a scar around his left eye. Koizumi smiled and went back to a few shots she had taken before the Culture Festival. It was a picture of the flame hero, Endeavour, in the middle of taking down a gaggle of villains off the street.

“Enji and Shoto Todoroki... thank you for your contribution to despair.”
All was still in Kamukura’s room, there was no movement whatsoever. The various objects in his room, the books, the desk, the furniture, all remained as unmoving as one would come to expect from an inanimate object.

Kamukura laid on his bed, eyes wide open and staring up at the ceiling, a perfect facsimile of an inanimate object himself.

After his class was done with their performance, Kamukura’s various talents had helped speed up cleanup efforts dramatically. The near insurmountable quantities of Ice and Tape created by Todoroki and Sero respectively were cleaned up in no time flat, leaving him and the rest of class 1-A free to enjoy the festival at their leisure.

Kamukura, anticipating that the rest of the festival would be boring, opted to go back to his room and spend the rest of the day lying on his bed, staring up at the ceiling and remaining utterly bored throughout. He had stayed like this for a few hours until the silence of the room was broken by the sound of him receiving a text message. He pulled out his cell phone.

It was from Junko Enoshima.

“It’s been a while, hasn’t it? Hope you weren’t too lonely without me.” The message read.

“You wanted to see the unpredictability of despair, didn’t you? Well listen closely, I fiiiinally have more instructions for you. Aren’t you excited?!”

Kamukura quickly read through the instructions that Enoshima sent and put his phone back in his pocket. He resumed what he was doing before, nothing.

Next chapter: The beginning of the end
“Hmm hmm hmm hmm...” A man happily hummed a classical tune as he walked down the hallway to his apartment. He was hugging two massive paper bags of groceries to his chest.

Upon reaching the door to his apartment, he stopped. Shifting one of his bags to the side, the man freed his left arm and fumbled for the keys in his pocket before feeling that one of his bags was tilting a bit too heavily and he hastily moved his arm back in place.

“That was close...” He muttered as he looked around, wondering if anyone saw his moment of almost embarrassment. As usual, the halls were completely empty. He stared at the locked door in front of him and frowned. “Oh, what the heck.”

He made another few quick, furtive glances for the existence of any passersby. After confirming that there weren’t any, the man turned back to the door. In the next second he was gone, and reappeared inside his own apartment still holding his groceries.

“Much better.”

The man’s quirk, Blink, allowed him to teleport short distances while retaining any nearby objects. As a child, he, like many other children his age, had dreamed of ways to use his quirk to become a hero. He had long since grew out of that as he grew older, until the day he stopped wanting to be a hero altogether and decided to pursue other avenues.

As an adult, he, like many other adults his age, work in an office job downtown, rent a moderately sized apartment, and are generally content with their day to day lives.

“Hmm hmm hmm...” The man resumed humming his song. He walked to the kitchen and placed his groceries on the counter with the intent of then placing them in the fridge. But before that, he still needed to turn on the lights. The man turned to make his way back to the light switch he previously ignored and-

“Ahh!!” He shouted as he saw the dark figure of a complete stranger standing in his apartment.

“Who- who are-” Before he could finish the question, the figure lunged and sliced through the man’s neck with a single, practiced motion.

“Urk. Glurrgh...” Blood spilt from his wound like a geyser, and the man made awkward choking sounds as he grabbed onto the counter with one hand for support, and held his neck with the other, in hopes of stopping the sheer amount of blood that was flowing out to no avail. He looked to his attacker. Now that his eyes have started to adjust to the dark, he could see a little bit better.

He took in the features of his attacker as desperately clung to life. It was a girl, he was sure of it. Young with dark hair, and dressed all in black...

The man’s vision was getting blurry, he felt his arm get weak as his knees gave out from underneath.

Why, .. was the man’s last thought as he collapsed onto the floor, staining it with a pool of blood.
Mukuro Ikusaba stared down at the man she just killed without a hint of remorse. She knelt down to check the body closer, making sure not to stain her boots with blood. Once she was satisfied, she stood back up. Ikusaba was about to leave when her eyes settled on the bags of groceries that had just been brought home.

She looked inside one of them and her eyes widened slightly in surprise. Deftly, she reached in with a gloved hand and took out a small carton of vanilla ice cream.

Ikusaba smiled to herself. *I’ll give this as a present for Junko.* She decided and exited the apartment, quietly humming a classical tune to herself.

Detective Naomasa Tsukauchi sighed as he sifted through the incredible amount of papers he had on his desk. He heard the distinctive sounds of the police captain’s footsteps and he looked up. Tsukauchi saw the discontented look on his face and the file that he was holding. Inwardly, he wanted to groan.

“Got another one for ya.” The captain said as he plopped the file onto Tsukauchi’s desk, directly on top of the other papers he had. “Came in this morning.”

Tsukauchi did not move to examine the file. “Same as the others?”

He nodded. “Another Teleportation quirk. He was found dead in his apartment by the landlord. Neck sliced open, bleeding out on the floor.”

“Great.” Tsukauchi said and reached for the file. It was just as the captain had said, another Teleporter killed. Though some details were different, the fact that it was a Teleportation quirk meant that it was part of his case.

It hadn’t always been his case though. The detective’s mind flashed back to the previous day, when he had been assigned this case of sixteen different murders across Japan. Tsukauchi wasn’t in charge of homicide cases, not normally anyway. He was mostly in charge of, but was not limited to, the illegal usage of quirks, which usually meant dealing with the aftermath of a battle between heroes and villains.

Murder was outside of Tsukauchi’s purview. Usually, but not in this case.

The first death came in a while ago. A middle-aged woman was murdered in the gym when she was working out alone. She was stabbed in the back and her corpse was left right there in the gym. Not long after, her body was discovered and the police were called. Any earlier and the killer may have been caught in the act.

*Or there could have been two murders.* Tsukauchi thought morbidly.

The case was sent to the homicide department, after a couple weeks of searching, they exhausted all possible leads and the trail went cold, the case went unsolved.

Which happens every now and then. Not every case could be solved and sometimes all the possible clues lead nowhere so the detective in charge just shelves it in the hopes of looking at it a later day. That day usually never comes.

Only this time, it did.

These unsolved murder cases started piling up more and more and the homicide department were starting to get frustrated. Until one day, as luck would have it, one of detectives noticed something
as he was going through their cold cases. All the victims in these unsolved murder cases had a quirk that was similar to, related to, or straight up was Teleportation.

There was an old lady who could Teleport many kilometers with little to no effort, a young boy who could Swap objects as long as he was touching one of them, a teenage girl who could create Portals on walls that led to the other side, and other various quirks that relate to Teleportation in some fashion.

It was quite a lot of progress in regards to the case, the idea that these murders may all be connected was a big breakthrough. The unfortunate part for Tsukauchi was that because the killer seemed to be choosing their targets based on their quirk, it suddenly became his case.

And so Tsukauchi was given all sixteen files regarding these Teleportation killings with the seventeenth coming in just a few seconds ago.

Unsurprisingly, he’s made little progress.

“So, you found anything out yet?” The captain asked.

“I’ve found out many things.” Tsukauchi said. “None of it useful to pinpointing who the killer is.”

“Well, why don’t you tell me what you got so far, might help get the noggin rolling.”

“Haah... well...” Tsukauchi sighed and looked at his notes. “The assumption that these murders are all related seem to be correct. The killer either used the same knife or the same model of knife for each and every one of their victims. The wounds were all consistent with one another according to forensics.”

“Another serial killer.” The police chief shook his head. “ First Stain and Genocide Jack, now this. Just what is this world coming to?”

“Genocide Jack... he hasn’t made any big moves for a while now, have they...?” Tsukauchi mulled over the name then refocused. “Aside from the similar quirks of the victims, it seems the killer isn’t following any set pattern. The time between murders and the locations of all the murders are all sporadic.”

“Maybe it takes time to find their next target.”

“Maybe.” Tsukauchi half-heartedly agreed. “But whoever they are, they must be extremely skilled. Usually you would expect someone with a Teleportation quirk to, well, y’know, Teleport as soon as they sense danger. So the fact that they didn’t, and the fact that there wasn’t a sign of a struggle means that the killer was someone they trusted or someone who was incredibly good at moving undetected. Which, of course, does not bode well for the safety of remaining Teleporters in the country.”

“Speaking of which...”

“I’ve already contacted the other precincts and told them of the situation. They can’t do anything before the Teleporters are actually threatened, but they can keep a watchful eye out for suspicious persons that may be inquiring about Teleporters.”

The chief nodded. “Speaking of this ‘targeting a quirk’ thing, what sort of motive would get someone to target Teleporters in the first place?”

“It’s hard to tell at this point.” Tsukauchi said. “They could be related to the CRC in that they hate..."
a certain type of quirk, but I’ve never heard of a group that hates Teleporters before. Perhaps they
had a bad experience with a Teleporter recently and decided that all Teleporters need to be
eliminated. It’s not likely, but it’s possible.

And lastly, there’s the possibility that they see the existence of a Teleportation quirk as a threat to
them somehow.”

“Or they could simply be crazy.” The chief shook his head. “Now, there’s one Teleporter in
particular...”

“Oh, yes, I’ve already thought of that.” Tsukauchi looked up. “I made a call yesterday, in fact...”

Inside a metal room, devoid of decoration and lit entirely with fluorescent lights, sat a man on an
uncomfortable wooden chair. The man flipped a page of his book, A History of American Heroes,
and continued reading.

There were only a few select books that they were allowed to request here. No books on the subject
of villains or other such “dangerous” subjects were allowed, while books on the subjects of
chivalry and heroism were made readily available. One had to wonder what they hoped to
accomplish by doing this, the people in charge couldn’t possibly be holding out hope that these
prisoners had a chance of reforming. A life sentence was a life sentence.

Magazines and newspapers were right out as well. Being able to ascertain the events of the outside
world was a privilege that these prisoners were definitely not allowed to have. They were cut off
completely. To some, even granting them books at all was seen as far too much lenience.

That was the world that these prisoners existed in. The walls were made of reinforced steel, their
cells containing naught but the most basic necessities, as well as a window that peered into the
hallway. Their meal times are set, their bedtimes are set, and to top it all off, they were kept in
complete solitude. They had no interaction with one another.

Tartarus was many things, but above all else, it was a lonely place.

The man sighed. He looked away from his book and rubbed his eyes.

How long has it been since he was arrested and brought here? How long had it been since the
League of Villains lost their oldest member?

Far too long. Thought Kurogiri as he resumed reading. I do hope that Tomura is getting along well
without me or All for One there to guide him.

Though, I suppose that if he or the rest of the League were arrested or killed, I wouldn’t have any
way of knowing about it.

Kurogiri’s thoughts were interrupted by a sound outside of his cell door.

Lunch already? No, it should be far too soon for that. There were no clocks in the cells, but their
set meal times were so regular that Kurogiri had already developed an internal clock of his own.

He stared at the door, and to his surprise, it opened.

“Ohm?!” Kurogiri stood up.

Could this be it? Was he being broken out?
Kurogiri wasn’t a particularly handsome man, though the Black Mists that accompanied his quirk usually hid that fact. Now, inside this cell where his quirk was nullified and the gentle sunlight never touched his skin, Kurogiri had grown rather pale.

Like all caged beasts, he longed for the outside world.

As he stood, he felt the blood rush to his legs and he was momentarily dazed.

_I do hope we don’t have to run. I haven’t been exercising while I was in here._ Thought Kurogiri regretfully. _Though I can also blame that on the food they serve us. They clearly weren’t planning on giving us enough calories to burn._

Kurogiri slowly evaluated the person that walked through the door. She had short, black hair and freckles. She was holding a knife in her right—oh, that was a _lot_ of blood. Looking at her face, she seemed to be a teenager.

_Ah, a teenage girl with a knife. Was one Toga not enough for this world?_ Thought Kurogiri glumly. _Well, far be it for me to bite the hand that rescues me._

“That’s a lot of blood.” Commented Kurogiri. “Did you kill the guards?”

“Yeah.” The girl nodded and began heading towards him.

_Well, she certainly wasn’t as talkative as Toga, though just as bloodthirsty, it seems._

_Although... why was she coming closer...? No! Don’t tell me! She’s not here to break me out at all, she’s here to...?!_

“Wait!” Kurogiri backed up and held his arm. To his surprise, the girl did stop, but her expression still clearly emanated a strong desire to harm him. “I haven’t told them anything! They know absolutely nothing! I haven’t said a word, you’d know if I did!”

The girl’s expression was replaced with one of confusion. She tilted her head. “Hmm? Ah, no. You’ve got it wrong. I’m not with the League of Villains.”

“What?! You’re not?!” This was news to Kurogiri. “Then who...?!”

“A group my sister formed.” Ikusaba stated. “Ultimate Despair.”

Upon hearing this, Kurogiri’s eyes widened. “Ultimate Despair... Shigaraki mentioned that name once. After he returned from the mall, he told me to find any information I could on a villain group named “Ultimate Despair”. I couldn’t find anything, and neither could All for One...” Kurogiri shook his head in disbelief. “You’re telling me that you’re from that group?”

“That’s right.”

Kurogiri thought about this. Judging by the sheer amount of security this place usually kept and the fact that this girl seemed to be completely uninjured, Kurogiri was very confident in the fact that he had absolutely no chance in beating her in a duel if it came to that.

So, he had to make sure it didn’t come to that.

“You look like a reasonable sort.” Kurogiri used the only skill he had at his disposal: his words. “What do you say about a truce between our groups, Villain Alliance and Ultimate Despair?”

“A truce?”
“An alliance!” Kurogiri sweetened the deal. “We could work together! There’s no use in killing me here. What would that accomplish? Instead, we could be banding together, fighting against the heroes and the society they’ve created.”

Ikusaba frowned. “No reason...? Wait, why did you think I was here to kill you?”

“Huh?” Kurogiri hadn’t been expecting that question. He thought about it. “Er, I’m one of the League of Villains’ most senior members... They would be far weaker without me, so taking me out as a strategic choice...”

“Oh. No, that’s not it at all.” Ikusaba said flatly. “I’m here to kill you because Junko told me to.”

“... Junko?”

“Junko Enoshima. My sister.”

“The model?!” Kurogiri was aghast.

“My sister.” Ikusaba said again and closed in on Kurogiri.

Kurogiri tried to escape by rushing to the side, only to be tripped by Ikusaba and landed on the floor. He threw the book he was holding at the girl’s face only for it to be deftly caught by her free hand.

“Please.” Kurogiri raised a hand pleadingly. “I’ve been down here for so long... At least let me see the outside again... I want to feel the sun on my face one last time before I die.”

“Hmm.” Ikusaba seemed to think about this. “Junko would be very disappointed if I fail to kill you. And I can’t disappoint her any more than I already have.”

“Please...” Kurogiri repeated, quieter this time.

Ikusaba ignored the villain’s last words and slashed open Kurogiri’s neck. She pulled back the knife and made a second attack, plunging it deep into his chest and removing it.

Red blood spilled out mercilessly from both wounds, staining the previously white prison floors.

“Funny... I’m not usually the one in my class that has to cut through the mist.” Ikusaba noted. She quickly took out her phone and snapped a photo of the dead villain. Then, she turned around and exited the cell. Upon getting to the hallway, Ikusaba looked around.

That villain, All for One, should be locked up here as well. He might pose a problem to our plan too... Ikusaba frowned. No, Junko told me to let him live. I guess that means I have to leave him be.

Ikusaba decided this and left the prison.

“... I told the warden who’s in charge of Tartarus the situation with all the Teleporters recently. He assured me that-”

The phone at Tsukauchi’s desk started ringing.

“Oh, excuse me.” He brought the receiver to his head. “Detective Tsukauchi speaking... Ah, warden! How can I...”

Tsukauchi was silent for a moment.
“... What?”

“He’s what?!” All-Might sputtered and almost choked on his tea in shock. “How could this happen? Is All for One-”

“He’s still alive and imprisoned.” Tsukauchi assured him. “It seemed that the killer was only after Kurogiri.”

Immediately after receiving that call from the warden, Tsukauchi went to see All-Might. Right now, they were in All-Might’s office at UA, discussing what Tsukauchi had just been told on the phone behind closed doors.

Kurogiri was arrested about a month ago. It was around the time that the heroes’ raid on the Eight Precepts of Death’s hideout was taking place. Gran Torino and a couple of other police officers found him in the mountains where he was accompanied by another one of All for One’s servants, Gigantomachia.

Although Kurogiri was captured, Gigantomachia escaped after a fierce battle and had not been sighted since.

Kurogiri, like All for One, was incarcerated in Tartarus, the maximum security prison for villains. The idea that someone could just waltz in, kill one of their prisoners, and leave without leaving any significant clues behind was almost unbelievable.

“Are you sure it was just one person?” All-Might asked.

“Well, there might’ve been someone else who took down the security systems.” Tsukauchi admitted. “But judging from the wounds on the bodies of the guards and Kurogiri, it seemed that it was all done by a single person.”

“That’s insane... Who on earth...?” All-Might wondered. “And why Kurogiri of all people? Why leave All for One? Was it really just because of his quirk...?”

“We’re not sure yet. But we figured that it had to be for something drastic. After this event, I can’t call the recent string of Teleporter killings just the work of some deranged serial killer or fanatic. People don’t just break into maximum security prisons because they hate someone’s quirk.”

All-Might nodded. “Something big is going to happen soon, I’m sure of it. The police aren’t going to go public with this information, are they?”

“No, of course not.” Tsukauchi shook his head solemnly. “The information would cause an uproar in the general public. And who knows how the League might react if they caught wind of this.”

“Indeed.” All-Might stood up and looked out the window at the school campus. The students were busy milling about, blissfully unaware of the tremendous incident that had just occurred.

“I fear that we may have dark days ahead of us.”

Endeavour was victorious.

The Nomu had been strong, far stronger than any of its previous brethren, and vastly more intelligent too. It took Endeavour and Hawks all they had in order to take just one of them down.
Now, Endeavour was standing tall for the cameras. He raised his right fist in triumph as he was about to keel over. Hawks rushed over to steady him.

There was nothing interesting about this development. No, the interesting part would come later.

As expected, Kamukura’s phone buzzed. There was a single message from Enoshima.

“Well, that was faster than expected. Whatever, plan starts now. So get your lazy butt moving.”

Without hesitation, Kamukura went to his room.

Endeavour was victorious.

Midoriya could feel his heart pumping in his chest as he watched the fight. The current number one and number two heroes had just been attacked by a Nomu, one that was far stronger than the ones he had scene before.

Endeavour sent the Nomu flying and burned him in midair with a glorious Hellfire attack, completely incinerating it before it had a chance to regenerate.

Upon seeing Endeavour’s triumphant pose, Todoroki crouched on the ground in relief. Midoriya rushed to his friend’s side, as did everyone else who was watching the fight with them.

No, there was someone who didn’t go to immediately comfort Todoroki. Midoriya looked behind him and saw Kamukura walking towards the front door.

Midoriya wasn’t surprised in the slightest. Really, he wasn’t.

“Ah, Kamukura, you’re leaving?” Midoriya went to Kamukura as he was about to exit. The others were still paying attention to Todoroki.

“Yes, I am.”

“Oh well, when you be coming back?” Midoriya asked casually.

“I do not know yet.” Kamukura replied equally as calm.

“Well, goodbye then, I guess.”

“Yes, goodbye for now.” Kamukura said as he left the dormitories.

Midoriya was about to go back to Todoroki when he paused. Was there something odd in the conversation just now? Did he say something strange?

...

It was probably nothing.

Endeavour was victorious.

Todoroki felt relief rush through his entire body. His da- Endeavour. Endeavour had beaten the Nomu that had attacked them with the help of Hawks.

Todoroki wasn’t really aware of what his body was doing. He didn’t know when he got so close to
the ground, he just felt his legs grow weak and wanted to rest them for a bit.

He doesn’t understand what he was doing with his hands. He was resting his forehead on the tips of his fingers while they were steeped together. What were his hands doing? He wanted to move, he wanted to get in a more dignified position but...

He was so tired. God, why was he so tired? He wasn’t even the one that was doing the fighting and he was tired. He didn’t even feel this exhausted from the harsh remedial training.

Todoroki was only tangentially aware of the people crowding around him, it was too hard for him to gather his thoughts in the moment. They were asking if he was alright, if he was okay and he wanted to answer them but he just needed a bit more time to rest.

Was Midoriya talking with Kamukura in the background?

Mustering all of his strength, Todoroki stood and went back to his room. Once he was there, he flopped onto the bed.

He needed a rest.

A couple of days later, Todoroki woke up to his cell phone ringing.

The day that Endeavour was discharged, Shouto and his older brother and sister, Fuyumi and Natsuo Todoroki agreed to go home to meet with their father and hopefully come together as a family once again.

Though things didn’t go quite as smoothly as Fuyumi would have liked, Shouto and Natsuo were able to honestly relay their feelings to their father. While they weren’t ready to accept him as a father just yet, Shouto was willing to see what he does in the future to reconcile his mistakes.

Together, they watched the news stories that were being run on the recent battle. Everyone was cheering for Endeavour and Hawks, their already incredible popularity skyrocketed over the next few days as clips of the battle was being watched and commented on online.

Todoroki checked the caller. It was Fuyumi.

“Hello?”

“Shouto, have you seen the news?” Fuyumi sounded quite worried.

Todoroki rubbed his eyes and sat up. “I just woke up. Why, what’s on the news?”

“Um, it’s... it’s really bad.” Fuyumi said. “I think you should see it yourself.”

“Alright.” Todoroki navigated to a news app without ending the call. When he read the headline he almost dropped the phone in shock. “What... what is this...?!?”

“It’s really bad, right?” Fuyumi said in a quiet voice.

The headline was prominently displayed right as the app loaded, along with pictures of Endeavour and Todoroki.

The headline read: “The Todoroki Family’s Despairing Past Revealed: Discovering Endeavour’s Neglect and Abuse of his Children”.
“What’s going on...?”

Chapter End Notes

As promised, the beginning of the end.

Next Chapter: Things Fall Apart
The end of the world started out pretty slowly, all things considered.

For the most part, when people saw the headline discrediting Endeavour, they scoffed and continued scrolling without bothering to check the contents, thinking that it was written by some conspiracist nutjob who had it out for him. After all, the number of people who openly criticize the brash and abrasive attitude of Endeavour online was a common sight these days, even after the recent battle.

The flame hero, by and large, had won over the hearts of many after his spectacular fight against the High End Nomu, his recent surge in popularity had come to the surprise of absolutely no one. Internet forums and message boards were constantly being filled with praise for Endeavour.

The general populace didn’t concern themselves with anything beyond the headline that had caught their attention. It seemed as if this incident would blow over without so much as a cough in Endeavour’s general direction. At least, not until someone who actually bothered to read the article brought it to the attention of everyone else. They looked through what the article was saying, along with all the evidence that it provided, and summarized it so that it was easier to understand and the significance of each piece of evidence was made clear.

Slowly, as people got over their brief obsession with Endeavour, more and more people found themselves going through the article and questioning whether or not what was written in there was true. More and more people started to talk about what was written in the article, then, as the days passed, more and more people were swept up in the new wave.

Public opinion on Endeavour turned on a dime. His time as the most popular superhero was brief, and he quickly returned to being a controversial figure for hero society. There were people on both sides of the argument, people who believed everything that the article had said and were calling for his resignation from hero duty and formal arrest, and then there were people who wholly believed that everything in the article were nothing but lies and slander, and everyone else who were stuck somewhere in between.

Though the streets were relatively quiet, the internet became a battleground. From popular hero forums to social media to even dating sites, everyone was up in arms talking about Endeavour’s alleged actions. Over the course of several days, though nothing substantial could be proven, Endeavour’s image had been dragged through the mud.

Byakuya Togami was having a bad day.

From the minute he woke up, he was forced to field call after call, email after email of businesses and sponsors contacting and asking the young heir about the article that had just been posted on Endeavour. This was before the general public had caught wind of this and turned on Endeavour.

They didn’t care about whether these allegations were true. Of course they didn’t, all they cared about was Endeavour’s image, it didn’t matter to them what kind of man he was, just if his public appeal was still profitable.
Byakuya understood this. Hell, he didn’t even bat an eye when he learned about his family’s involvement with Endeavour in the past. The Togami Empire had not only helped fund Endeavour’s project to birth an heir suitable for surpassing All-Might, but also to cover up the incident with his wife when she became mentally unwell. They had bribed doctors, lawyers, journalists, all sorts of people so that Endeavour’s already shaky public image was safe.

All that was before his time. Before he had beaten all of his brothers and sisters and claimed the throne of the Togami Empire for himself. Now that he had earned that responsibility, Byakuya had to cover up this incident with all the grace and aplomb that was expected from a Togami such as himself.

Their family backed a great deal of top heroes, not just Endeavour. Well, it wasn’t that they just supported top heroes, it was more that any hero they supported would be all but guaranteed to be in the upper echelon of the hero rankings. These heroes all have their own secrets, their own mistakes or dark past that they don’t want revealed to the public. It was difficult to build up one’s reputation from the ground up, it was even more difficult to rebuild that reputation once the public has turned against you. It was the role of the Togami Empire to prevent such things from happening. In doing so, they guide the future of the world.

Byakuya sighed and started to scroll through the article that damned Endeavour.

Just how were they able to find all of this? He thought, curling his lips in dissatisfaction with almost every line, until he finally got to the bottom. Not only is their description of the events startlingly accurate, they even claim that it was their mother that scarred Shoto Todoroki. The more believable story would be that Endeavour overdid it in one of their training sessions, but to know about this…

Byakuya furrowed his brow. That’s right, who did know about this? Besides Endeavour and his family, the only people that knew about that particular tidbit of information should be the higher ups at our company. But am I really to believe that their guilty conscience overwhelmed them, and they came clean with all this information despite what lines their pockets each year? He scoffed. Preposterous. But if not them, then who…?

Byakuya went back up to the top of the article. His eyes focused on the pictures of a teenage boy with red and white hair. Shoto Todoroki… He’s actually the same age as me. He frowned. If his quirk manifested around the usual time, then he’d have started training around the same time I did. An heir, competing against his siblings to inherit…

Byakuya shook his head. Bah, what am I even thinking about? Perhaps I’ve spent too much time with Nae- these commoners. I have no time for sympathy here. No, I, as a Togami, have a duty to fulfill. This is but on of many challenges that I will have to overcome if I am to be worthy of calling myself a Togami. Upon my name and the pride as the Ultimate Affluent Progeny, the Togami Empire will not fall!

Eventually, a press conference was called concerning the recent allegations against Endeavour. The conference was led by several government officials that dealt with hero affairs. Secretly, however, they were firmly in the pockets of the Togami Empire.

“Although the statements against Endeavour are alarming, we do not believe that the public needs to be concerned with them.” A middle-aged man with a beard announced sullenly to the swarms of reporters that line the audience. “We have started an internal investigation that looks into
Endeavour’s actions but for the time being the government will continue to endorse Endeavour as Japan’s number one hero. We will now open the panel for questions.”

One by one, the reporters stood up and shouted out their questions, each of them desperate to be listened to. “Why is Endeavour not participating in this press conference? Shouldn’t something like this concern him the most? So why isn’t he here?”

“Endeavour is still recovering from his battle against the upgraded Nomu. He cannot make public appearances at this time.”

“Why hasn’t Endeavour made a public statement yet, then? Surely he’s healed up enough for that.”

“We don’t know. You’ll have to ask Endeavour himself.”

“But he’s not here!”

“Next question!” The official ignored his set of contradictory remarks and diverted his attention elsewhere.

“What about Endeavour’s children? They’re involved just as much as he is, so why aren’t they available for comment?”

“Regrettably, all of Endeavour’s children have declined to join us in this conference as of this time.”

“That’s because you paid them all off!”

“That is not a question.” The man pointed out, his face calm. “We will be addressing questions only.” He turned to a different reporter.

The press conference continued like this until their time was up. Although the reporters still had loads of unanswered questions, the conference ended all the same.

Needless to say, it didn’t do much to buoy Endeavour’s sinking reputation.

“Yes, that’s right. All this information is accurate.” Class 1-A’s homeroom teacher, Aizawa, was currently making a phone call in his office. As opposed to his usual tired attitude, he looked quite concerned, an image that was amplified by his tired eyes. “Call us if you find anything. Thank you.”

Aizawa hung up the phone and sighed. He walked out and saw All-Might staring worriedly at him. “Any news?”

“None, but I’m not surprised.” Aizawa grumbled. “Assuming the worst, whoever is behind this has got to be someone meticulous. Enough so that they wouldn’t leave a trace behind to catch them with.”

“And what if it’s not the worst case?” All-Might wondered.

“If it’s not the worst case and we have to assume that this was all planned in some way…” Aizawa thought about this, then grimaced. “That means we’ll have no chance of finding him.”

“We haven’t notified his family yet, have we?” All-Might asked. “That was what Principal Nedzu
advised.”

“It is… though he didn’t give us his reasoning.” Aizawa muttered. “Just that it wouldn’t be necessary. Of all times, why does this have to happen now? Just when I thought I was getting somewhere with him…”

Usually, problems don’t just go away when you ignore them. But for the case of Endeavour, it seemed to be working. No new information was ever presented on the case, nothing that would keep the public’s interest on him, at least.

Fuyumi and Natsuo were occasionally accosted by reporters desperate for a scoop, but they denied any offers at interviews and declined to say anything in front of the cameras. Rei Todoroki, their mother, was kept safe thanks to the Togami Empire. No one knew which hospital she was supposedly staying in, all such information had been obscured many years ago through bribes and forgeries.

Although Shoto was the reporters’ most promising lead, he was locked securely behind the gates of UA where no microphone could reach his lips. Endeavour, for his part, had taken a leave of absence from hero work. He was still recovering from the injuries caused by the Nomu when the article had dropped but had extended his rest period in order to remain out of sight of the public eye.

Touya Todoroki was nowhere to be found.

In short, because there were no new developments on Endeavour’s story, people gradually lost interest in it and latched onto other juicy pieces of drama and directed their anger at that instead. The Endeavour scandal was looking like it would simply pass the world by until…

Shigaraki’s fingers drummed the surface of the table as he watched the news broadcast, half paying attention and half thinking about the League of Villain’s next move. Around him were the other members of the league, Mr. Compress, Toga, and Spinner.

“Our next step… should be to gather resources.” Shigaraki muttered to himself. “As much as I hate to admit it, Chisaki was right. It’s hard to get things done without money.”

“Hey, where is Dabi anyway? It seems like he’s never around.” Toga asked the other members of the league.

“Dabi and Twice are out, they’re looking for new members or so they say.” Spinner answered. “Although personally I feel like we’d do better if we had a clearer sense of direction.”

“Hm.” Toga thought about this. “Hey, doesn’t it seem that Dabi has been acting odd recently?”

“Odd how?”

“Mmm, he seems to be a bit more agitated, like he’s dissatisfied with how slow things are going. It could be my imagination, but I think it started around the time Endea-“

“Hey, isn’t that…?!” Mr. Compress suddenly pointed at the television, drawing the others’
attention. “Kurogiri…?”

“In other news, pictures of the dead body of the League of Villains’ member, Kurogiri, were found earlier today, along with several police reports that confirm the villain’s demise.” The news anchor announced. “The villain who was only known as Kurogiri was arrested just several months ago and was taken to Tartarus, the infamous high security prison for dangerous villains.

From what it looks like, it seems that he had been killed while in captivity. The warden of Tartarus has refused to respond or make any sort of statement.”

“What… is the meaning of this…?” Shigaraki looked at the television, dumfounded. “Why is Kurogiri dead ?!!”

While the world had still been recovering from what had happened with Endeavour, another bombshell dropped. In fact, multiple bombshells dropped, repeatedly and without warning.

Kurogiri’s death while in police custody had been the first of many scandals that were revealed following the wake of Endeavour’s incident. Unlike with Endeavour, the police issued an official statement and apology, telling everyone about how they had covered up the infiltration of Tartarus and the murder of Kurogiri by an unknown agent. They chose not to reveal what they suspected the reason for targeting Kurogiri was, nor did they reveal that the guards that were stationed that night were also killed at the hands of this unknown attacker.

The public was afraid. After all, why wouldn’t they be? Tartarus was supposedly the most secure facility in Japan, the idea that someone could just go in and murder one of its prisoners (to say nothing of the guards that were also killed) was a frightening thought. The fact that the police had been covering this up also did not do well to ease the hearts and minds of the general populace.

“Oh course they covered it up.” Some people reasoned. “This is exactly the kind of response that they wanted to avoid.” And yet that reasoning did very little to convince the rest of them. Some people were very afraid of the fact that the police had attempted to cover this up in the first place, some people who were already quite distrusting of the police and the government in general had used this incident as a means to further their own beliefs. Some people weren’t so easily convinced, but nevertheless began to question the almost unshakable faith they had in their authoritative figures in the past. The public’s faith in both the heroes and the police have started to crumble. Now, it was only a matter of time before that faith shattered entirely.

And shattered it shall be. If the first two incidents were snowflakes, then what followed could only be described as an avalanche. Day after day, more and more secrets and scandals and coverups started to reveal themselves. Each one was devastating in their own way and sought to all but destroy the reputation of that specific hero.

Once the initial shock had started to wear off, waiting for these scandals to be revealed became something of a daily past time for most people. Each day, the public would go onto whatever news, social media, or link aggregator website they preferred, cross their fingers and hope that their favourite hero wasn’t the one in the crosshairs. The public attitude towards heroes was shifting.

The heroes themselves struggled to salvage their reputations. Some of them adamantly denied the things that were being said about them online. This was, in the end, fruitless, as no one truly ever believed them.
Some heroes have attempted to come clean with the things that they have done in the past, things that they feared might be used against them at one point, as a way to attempt to mitigate the damage to their popularity if and when those things ever come to light.

In the end, the overall result was chaos. The hero world was in turmoil, and tensions were finally starting to rise. The hopes that people once felt started to strip away, all that was left was a different feeling altogether…

Tired and emotionally drained, Midoriya returned to the Height’s Alliance dormitory holding a lukewarm cup of coffee. He wandered to the common area and saw his classmates sitting around the television watching some sort of talk show. He took a seat on the couch next to Uraraka.

“Oh, Deku, I didn’t know you drank coffee.” Uraraka said as he sat down and took a small sip from his cup.

“Um, I don’t… usually.” Midoriya said. “Someone bought it for me.”

“Oh?” Uraraka tilted her head but didn’t question it further. She changed the subject “What were you doing out there, anyway? Were you looking for him?”

“I wasn’t… at first. But I thought that I could wander around a bit, see if there were any clues or something.” Midoriya admitted. “Though, I wouldn’t advise going out there. Things are pretty crazy. There are a bunch of people protesting.”

“But you’re worried about him, aren’t you? Especially after all that’s going on.”

“I am.” Midoriya nodded. “I just wish there was something I could do to help out. I don’t want to just sit around while the teachers and police are doing all they can.”

“That’s just how things are, I’m afraid.” Uraraka agreed glumly. “We all wish there’s something we can do, but we’re just hero students. This is something that we have to leave to the police.”

“I get that but… I’m really worried.” Midoriya admitted. “I know he’d always been quiet, and I could never really tell what he was thinking, but something like this happening so suddenly… it’s just unthinkable.”

“It’ll be alright. I mean, let’s think about who we’re dealing with here.” Uraraka smiled reassuringly.

“Yeah, you’re right.” Midoriya agreed, then turned to the television. It was some sort of talk show as he had previously thought. There was a host talking to one of the guests, a fashionable girl that seemed to be about his age. He looked at the topic of the interview was the current state of heroes, with more than a little emphasis on the incident that had started it all: Endeavour. Midoriya looked around. “Um, where is Todoroki, anyway?”

“He’s in his room.” Ashido said. “He been pretty gloomy recently, not that I blame him. The recent events have been harsh on all of us.”

“Yeah…” Midoriya agreed sadly. “So, what are you guys watching?”

“It’s an interview on the current state of heroes.” Hagakure explained. “You’ve probably already noticed, but public opinion on heroes seem to be changing somewhat.”
“More than just a little, I’d say.” Midoriya winced as he thought back to the events that had happened to him while he was out. He studied the girl being interviewed carefully. “Who is she? An expert? She looks kinda… young.”

“What, Midoriya? You don’t mean that you haven’t heard of Junko Enoshima before?” Ashido asked with exaggerated surprise.

Enoshima… “Um, the name sounds familiar…?”

“Junko Enoshima is Japan’s most famous and influential model right now!” Hagakure chimed in. “She’s super famous! Don’t tell me you’ve never even heard of her!”

Midoriya looked thoughtful. “Um, maybe I have? I don’t really read magazines that often.” He turned back to the show. “Is it really alright for someone like her to be talking about issues about heroes when she’s not an expert?”

“It’s fine, it’s fine.” Ashido dismissed. “It’s part of her charm as a model. She’s completely genuine and down to earth. She understands how the general public thinks, so her opinions are more or less reflective of the public’s opinions.”

“Is that right…” Midoriya wasn’t fully convinced but decided to watch for a bit anyway. To Ashido’s credit, Midoriya understood what she meant when she said that Enoshima was down to earth. From the way she spoke and answered the host’s questions, it truly felt that she understood how everyone was feeling and did her best to explain her thoughts in a practiced and concise manner.

Midoriya felt that Enoshima was much smarter than he initially gave her credit for and wouldn’t mind listening to her talk, except… “Does she seem odd to you?”

“What do you mean, Deku?” Asked Uraraka.

“I don’t really know, I just sorta get this odd feeling when I look at her…” Midoriya rubbed the back of his head. Although Enoshima seemed genuine enough, Midoriya was beginning to feel a sense of unease.

“Whoa, Midoriya, are you finally going through puberty?!” Ashido mock gasped.

“What?! No! That’s not what I meant!” Midoriya blushed profusely from Ashido’s joke. “I- It must be nothing, I guess…”

*It was Kamukura’s phone, wasn’t it?* Midoriya thought to himself while taking another good look at the fashionista. *That name was in Kamukura’s phone. That’s where I heard it before.*

No one was sure when the bears first appeared, but everyone took notice when they did. They didn’t seem to do much, that was true. For the most part these black and white coloured bears did nothing but stand around and move occasionally. It didn’t seem like they did anything more than look cute. Or look creepy as some people might say.

For some reason, although they could be found almost anywhere, these robotic bears seemed to mostly gather around hero protests. Anywhere a hero protest could be found, there were almost guaranteed to be at least four or five of these mysterious monochrome bears standing around as well. People eventually took to the idea of adopting the bear as the symbol of these hero protests, some protestors have even started to show up wearing full face helmets adorned with the design of these strange bears.
To them, the bears symbolized rebellion, uprising. An image that stands against what society has represented up until this point. Little by little, more and more protestors rallied behind the symbol of the bear.

A knock rang out on the open classroom door. Aizawa looked and saw Midoriya walking in awkwardly.

“Did you need something?” Aizawa asked monotonously. He believed he already had an idea of what Midoriya wanted, but it didn’t hurt to ask.

“I was just wondering if there were any updates regarding Kamukura.” Midoriya said as he drew near. “If they found any clues to his whereabouts or something…”

Aizawa sighed. “No, unfortunately not.”

“Oh…”

Aizawa studied his student. Midoriya had come a long way from the scared, hapless teenager that broke his bones every time he used his quirk. He not only developed his confidence but also strengthened control of his quirk, he’s made a lot of progress for just a first-year student. But the recent events have caused him to regress somewhat. Not only was the public in a complete uproar but there was also a more personal matter that affected him.

Izuru Kamukura had disappeared.

Or rather, it was probably more accurate to say that he was simply missing. But that boy doesn’t do things by half measures, it seemed. It really felt that Kamukura had vanished into thin air.

At first, people noticed that he wasn’t coming to classes. They knocked on his door but there was no response from within. When they finally decided to enter his room by force, the teachers found that there was no one inside. They asked the other students about it and it turned out that no one had seen Kamukura anywhere for the past week or so.

A missing persons report was filed almost immediately.

Now, quite some time had passed since then and they were still nowhere close to finding the missing student. Couple that onto with what’s been going on in the media lately… It wasn’t just Midoriya that was worried. Everyone was, including Aizawa.

“There wouldn’t be much I’d be allowed to tell you even if we did.” Aizawa said. “You’re not exactly part of the investigation, you know?”

“Yeah, I know. I was just wondering…”

Aizawa’s face softened just slightly. “I know you’re worried, Midoriya. We all are. But you can put your faith in the people searching for him. We’re doing all we can to find him.”

“Yeah, you’re right.” Midoriya relaxed just a little bit. Kamukura would be found, he was sure of it. There was no reason to worry, no reason to doubt the people he had trusted in all these years. The police and the heroes were working hard, everything would be alright.

He just needed to have hope.
Next Chapter: The Disappearance of Izuru Kamukura
(No, I have not watched Haruhi)
Chapter 55

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“The number you have dialed is not in service. Please check the number or try again later. *beep*.” Midoriya kept the cell phone to his ear as he listened to the disembodied voice give its familiar spiel.

“Still nothing, huh?” Midoriya said as he looked down at his phone. “Guess it wouldn’t be that easy.”

Since Midoriya was the only one with Kamukura’s number, he was the one who tried calling him when people first started worrying. The fact that the call couldn’t connect was just one of many reasons that caused people to be anxious and eventually conclude that Kamukura was indeed missing. Since then, he had been frequently attempting to contact Kamukura in this manner to no avail.

As Midoriya put his cell phone back, his mind suddenly flashed back to the last time he had ever spoke with Kamukura. It was just after Endeavour had beaten the High End Nomu on television. Todoroki was in shock and Kamukura had been preparing to leave.

Why didn’t he say anything? Why didn’t he stop him? These were questions that Midoriya had asked himself. But the truth of the matter was that at that time, there didn’t seem to be a need to. Not only was Kamukura quite capable, but the anti-hero protests that had been occurring on the streets hadn’t started yet. There was no reason to be worried for Kamukura’s safety.

Midoriya blinked. There was no need to be worried for Kamukura, that was true. But then why did he go to Kamukura instead to his other friend, Todoroki. His friend’s father had just been heavily injured, and on live television no less. Sure, Endeavour was a terrible person that ruined Todoroki’s family and childhood, but Todoroki clearly still felt something for him given the way he had reacted to Endeavour’s victory. He should’ve gone over to comfort him.

So why didn’t he?

Why did he go to Kamukura instead? He shouldn’t have been surprised that Kamukura didn’t seem to care about Todoroki’s problems, Midoriya knew his classmates well enough by now. So why then, in that moment, did he go to Kamukura instead? Did he know that something was wrong?

And then there was the brief conversation he had with Kamukura. He asked if he knew when he would be back, why would he do that? Did he know that Kamukura wasn’t planning on returning? Was one of the quirks he was going to obtain from One for All related to Precognition? That was the same night he had that strange dream… could it have activated subconsciously then?

Wait. Wasn’t planning on returning? Why would he think that? There’s no way that’d happen… right?

“Six more quirks, huh? I’ve barely managed to master one. Now I have to deal with six?” Midoriya muttered as he wandered through the streets. Right after finishing the joint training exercise with class 1-B and Shinsou, since classes were over for the day, Midoriya decided to take a walk outside to clear his head. There was a lot on his mind, after all. In addition to all that was happening lately, Midoriya had just been told that, as the ninth holder of One for All, he would be
receiving six additional quirks along with his current one.

He walked along the sidewalk for a while until he noticed a lot of shouting coming from a direction. Turning the corner, he saw a crowd of people that were gathered around carrying large picket signs and chanting in unison.

“Listen, proud citizens! Heed my words!” A strange man was making weird arm gestures and shouting to the crowd. “The so-called ‘heroes’ that have long since plagued society! Let them know of your discontent! Let them feel the depths of our despair!”

*It’s a hero protest. Thought Midoriya. To think that there’d be one this close to UA. What are they protesting exactly, do they know our school is just around the corner? Ah… probably better not to say anything.*

Midoriya watched the scene with moderate interest. Though he had heard of these kinds of protests getting more and more frequent from the news and the internet, this was the first time he had been so close to one. He looked around a bit and… ah, there they were, the black and white bears that seemingly gathered mostly around these kinds of protests.

Midoriya felt that they were kind of creepy, though he wasn’t quite sure why. He just had the feeling that they would jump out at you and rip you to shreds if you weren’t careful around them, or even do something drastic, like explode. Midoriya didn’t really understand why people would make them a symbol for their protest, or why people would wear those helmets with the bear’s design. Well, it seemed like the people wearing those helmets were usually the quiet type, so maybe it was a way to show their support while remaining anonymous.

Putting aside the bears, Midoriya looked at the people that were participating in the protest. They all just looked like normal, average people, like ones that you could see at the supermarket or enjoying a movie at the theater. They didn’t exactly seem like extremists. Has the hatred of heroes become such a deeply rooted idea in society?

*Well, there doesn’t seem to be anything interesting over here. Midoriya decided. Plus, I don’t want them to notice me. Guess I’ll take a different path.*

“Look over there! I recognize him from the Sports Festival, he’s a student of UA!” One of the protestors suddenly shouted and pointed in his direction.

“Ack?!” Midoriya made a strange noise as he was spotted. He froze up on the spot as all the protestors suddenly started to surround him. “W-wait, I was just leaving…!”

“Boo!”

“Heroes suck!”

“Down with heroes!”

The protestors all surrounded Midoriya and waved their signs at him. They aren’t trying to touch him or hurt him, but they didn’t leave him with much room to move around in either. Out of the corner of his eye, he spotted a figure elbowing through the crowd of protestors.

“No, no, no! People, people! You have it all backwards!” It was the man that was leading the protest. He appeared through the crowd of people and attempted to bring back all the attention towards him.

*Perhaps he was a reasonable person and would talk some sense into the others and they’ll leave*
me alone, Midoriya hoped.

“This hero student—nay! This child! Is not a perpetrator of a sinful society! He is but a victim, just like we, the common people!”

Or not…? The man did what the other protestors had been unwilling to do and reached out towards him. The man grabbed Midoriya’s arm and held it in a vice grip. “H-hey!”

“Take a look at his innocent eyes, the glimmer of youth that shines within him!” The man preached while simultaneously weirding Midoriya out. He jerked the boy around to and fro to demonstrate his point, as if he were showing him off to his friends. “Do you not remember your own youthful days? When you longed to become a hero with your quirk? When you dreamed of the fame and fortune that accompanied such an exclusive lifestyle?

This childlike innocence is what is preyed upon by our society. Just look at this young man here! He too wished to become a hero, and he was lucky enough to possess a quirk that was powerful enough to let him do so. But that is just another one of society’s trappings! The lucky student was actually an unlucky student all along! Does it not just make you feel sorry for the lad?”

“…” The crowd was unsure of the man’s words though they did seem more reserved than before and had stopped crowding around Midoriya. Now, they were watching the man and Midoriya with some trepidation.

“Seriously, could you let go of me?” Midoriya struggled against the man’s arm with just his own strength, to no avail. He sighed and looked up at the protestors again, he wondered if any of them would speak up for him at this point, but none of them seemed to notice or care about Midoriya’s discomfort.

The man bent down and put both his hands on Midoriya’s shoulders. He looked at the boy with a regretful expression. “My boy. Society has failed you, surely you see it too.”

“Um…” Midoriya wasn’t sure of what to say in this situation. “Not to sound rude or anything, but I really don’t agree—”

“You mustn’t blame yourself, dear boy, you did nothing wrong. Nothing but admire the false idols that we, as a society, have praised and lauded all this time.” The man continued. “I have no doubt that you are quite regretful of the path that you have taken. But there is nothing to feel ashamed over! No! Together, we as a species can rise above! By embracing the despair that has been welling up inside of us all! We can all move towards a better path!”

“Will you listen to me?” Midoriya knocked the man’s hands off his shoulders. The protestor leader looked curiously down at Midoriya, as if genuinely confused as to why someone would do that. “I don’t hate heroes, or society for that matter! And I never, not once since I got into UA regretted my decision to do so. I don’t know why each of you hate heroes, I’m sure you all have your own reasons to. But I don’t—”

“Yoooo, there you are!” A cheerful voice cut through the atmosphere of the crowd like a knife. A rather strange looking man came up and slapped Midoriya lightly on the back. “I’ve finally found you! Weren’t you wondering where I was? How long were you planning on making me wait, huh? C’mon, we gotta get going!” The newcomer grabbed onto Midoriya’s arm with force that didn’t quite match his pleasant smile and started to drag Midoriya off in a different direction.

“Huh, wait! Who are-?” Midoriya tried to ask but was yanked hard before he could fully voice his question.
“Sorry, no time to chatter. Time flies like an arrow an’ all that.” The strange man said and continued to pull Midoriya along.

“What’s the matter? Too hot?” The man asked as he smirked at Midoriya from across the table. His… “rescuer” had dragged him all the way to a nearby coffee shop and ordered him a drink despite Midoriya’s repeated insistences otherwise. Now, Midoriya was sitting across from this strange man at one of the tables of the coffee shop, staring down at the cup of coffee that had been bought for him.

“No, it’s just… I don’t usually drink coffee.” Midoriya admitted readily.

“Oh, really? I was under the impression that kids your age drank a ton of coffee. You more of a tea guy or what?”

“Yeah… I guess you say that.”

Midoriya wasn’t quite sure of what to make of this situation. After the initial shock wore off, he had been planning to give his own viewpoint to the man that was leading the protest. Arguing about how he still looked up to heroes and wanted to become one in the future. He had wanted to tell him about how much he still believed in them, and how hard he had trained just to even get a chance to become one. Then this person he never met before arrived claiming to have been waiting for him and dragged him to this café.

Midoriya wasn’t sure if he could trust him. He may have been simply looking out for someone that he thought was in a rough situation. Midoriya could understand it if he was.

Midoriya assessed the man. He was wearing a messy jacket that looked stained in various places, tattered jeans, and a battered straw hat. The round purple sunglasses on his face didn’t quite compliment his round purple irises and the straggly patches of facial hair didn’t exactly give him a very clean look. His hair was tied back in a strange ponytail. In short, he looked like a hippy.

“Something troubling ya? I can lend an ear.” The hippy offered.

“Oh, that’s nice of you but…” Midoriya hesitated. “I don’t really have much I can talk to you about.”

It was true. Midoriya had quite a few problems that he couldn’t just come out and say, not even to his close friends, much less a complete stranger. Although the media had reported on Kamukura’s disappearance from UA, his identity had been kept anonymous. In the past, another big scandal such as this from UA would’ve meant curtains for the school. But in the wake of recent events, no one gave it so much as a second glance.

Neither, of course, could he talk about the recent developments of his quirk. During a special training session, Midoriya had awakened the predecessors of One for All and saw a vision of one of them speaking to him directly, telling him that he’ll receive six more quirks on top of the one he already had. Naturally, as this related to the secret of One for All, Midoriya couldn’t tell just anyone about it. Certainly not some stranger he met off the street.

Of course, there was also the possibility that he was reading too much into this. It was possible that this man was simply trying to scam him. Trying to get to know some of his insecurities so that he can offer some vague words of comfort, then promise that something good will happen if he buys one of his “special gemstones”. Really, there was no reason for him to stay here any longer.

“I think I should head back now.” Midoriya said as he stood up. “Thanks for helping me out back
there, and for the coffee. But I gotta get going—"

“Wait a minute! Hey, what’s the rush?” The man held up his hands. “Okay, tell you what. Why
don’t you give me three chances to guess what’s on your mind. And if I don’t get it I’ll stop
bothering ya. Sound good?”

“I… oh, alright.” Midoriya acquiesced and sat back down. He narrowed his eyes at the seemingly
inconspicuous hippy. “You can… er, you don’t have a mind reading quirk, do you?”

“Hahaha, nah. But I can hold my breath for a really long time! Wanna see?”

“Uh, no, that’s fine!” Midoriya denied quickly. “You can just make your guesses.”

“Well alright then.” The man leaned in just a tad closer. “Hmm, I say… you’re pretty worried
about all the protests going on. Considering you’re studying to become a hero an’ all. Well, what
do you think?”

“Um… that’d be kind of obvious, wouldn’t it? And you did just see me get harassed by a bunch of
protestors.” Midoriya wasn’t sure about the man’s guess. On one hand, it was fairly accurate, on
the other hand, it seemed that he just chose an easy answer to give out based on what little
information he had of Midoriya.

Remember? Two more guesses.”

“Yeah, I remember.” Midoriya fought the urge to groan by taking a sip of his drink. Just how did
he manage to get himself into these troublesome situations.

“Okay, okay… Here we go…” The man held his hands up to his temple, rubbing them as if to give
himself more brain power. “You very recently lost someone close to you, didn’t you?”

Midoriya felt his breath catch in his throat. Was he talking about Kamukura? Okay, calm down.
Let’s ask for some more details first.

“And… just who would this close person be, exactly?” Midoriya asked with a completely level
tone of voice. “A family member? A loved one?”

“Just… a fellow classmate.” The man seemed more hesitant now. “A classmate that you were
fairly close to, all things considered.”

“…” Midoriya didn’t respond. When he did, he kept his voice steady. “You saw it in the news,
didn’t you? About the disappearance of a student at UA?”

“N-news? No, I don’t follow the news at all.” The man tripped over his words.

“The information on the student was never published. So you took a guess.” Midoriya bluffed
while staring the hippy square in the eyes. “But I was only vaguely aware that a student went
missing. They weren’t in any of my classes, you see.”

“O-oh, is that so?” The man tensed up and started sweating. He looked nervous. “Well, it was just
a guess. Speaking of which, I have one guess left.”

Midoriya took a deep breath as he calmed his nerves. He didn’t enjoy lying to people for more than
was necessary. “Right, make your guess. After that, we’re done here.”
“Pretty sure of yourself, aren’t you? Well, let’s see, let’s see…” The man crossed his arms and scrunched up his face as he studied Midoriya. Suddenly, his face lit up. He slammed his fingers on the table in excitement, garnering stares from the other patrons in the shop. “Ooh, I know! You’ve been having troubles with your quirk!”

“!” Midoriya could almost feel his heart skip a beat. “Wh- what exactly do you mean by that?” He said in a low tone.

“It means what it means.” The man said cryptically. “There’s something about your quirk that’s troubling you, isn’t there? Something that isn’t functioning right.”

“That’s… that is…” Midoriya stood up and took his coffee in his hand. “No, that’s wrong. There’s absolutely nothing wrong with my quirk.”

The man blinked, his smile half frozen on his face. “Ah, is that so? Guess I struck out.” He rubbed the back of his head. “Man, and I really thought that was it. Knew I should’ve said “girl troubles” or something like that. But alright, you humoured me despite not having a reason to. I’ll let you off this time. I’ll be seeing you.”

“Ah, um… yeah.”

I doubt it. Midoriya thought as he walked out of the coffee shop. Tired and emotionally drained, Midoriya made his way back to the dormitories with his lukewarm cup of coffee.

The floors creaked softly as the oddly dressed man walked across them. He made his way across the hallway and unlocked the door to his apartment in a single, deft motion. The hippy went straight to the bathroom and stared at his own reflection in the mirror.

“Are you satisfied?” He asked. There was no response.

Quietly, he began to remove his accessories. The man took off his round, purple sunglasses and set them aside on the counter. He put his finger up to his eyes and removed both of his purple contact lenses, revealing the red that glowed beneath. He carefully tore off the fake beard and threw it in the trash, he would have no further use for it.

As a final touch, the man undid his ponytail. Letting loose the long hair that reached all the way down to his ankles.

Izuru Kamukura stared at his own reflection with a bored expression on his face, completely unlike the cheerful persona from before.

I mean, what do you even want me to say? Hinata’s voice came from inside his head.

“Are you satisfied?” Kamukura repeated and began to change his clothes. He discarded the ratty disguise and changed into his usual black suit.

Satisfied? Do you even have to ask? I know you can’t “analyze” me the same way you do regular people, but even you should know the answer already.

Kamukura didn’t say a word.

You were there too. You saw how much Midoriya was hurting, didn’t you? The world’s going to go to shit, his friend just ups and disappears without a trace, and to top it all off, there’s something going on with his quirk. I mean, aren’t you the least bit curious as to what’s going on with his
“Somewhat.” Kamukura admitted. “Though I am far more interested in seeing unpredictability that despair has to offer. It is far too late to stop Enoshima’s plan from progressing, after all.”

Then why don’t you just go back? You can observe despair or whatever just as well at UA, you don’t have to act as some wandering nomad.

“You clearly do not understand.” Kamukura said. “But that is none of my concern.”

Understand? Understand what? The only thing I “understand” is that Midoriya misses us- you, whatever! And you’re hurting him for no reason.

“So you do understand. Though only at a surface level. I suppose I shouldn’t be too surprised. I wouldn’t expect someone like you to comprehend the full details of my plan.”

You have a plan? For Midoriya’s sadness? Why would you…?

“The reason that I met with him today the way that I did was to determine the psychological effects that my disappearance would have on him. As I expected, he is progressing exactly as I had predicted.” Kamukura ignored Hinata’s question completely. “You had wanted to meet with him too, didn’t you? Well now you have. So I ask, are you satisfied?”

So you’re really going through with it, huh? You’re really going to abandon everything you built up for a chance at seeing some unpredictability? Please Kamukura, won’t you stop this madness?

“…”

“I’ll take that as a ‘no’.”

I’ll take that as a “no”.

“I- it must be nothing, I guess…” Midoriya muttered. He couldn’t exactly put it into words, but something about Enoshima made him feel weird. They quickly went back to watching the program.

Suddenly…

“We interrupt this broadcast to bring you breaking news from Hope’s Peak Academy.” The talk show featuring Enoshima suddenly cut out and was replaced by a live news broadcast.

“Huh? What’s going on?” Uraraka asked. “What’s this about Hope’s Peak Academy?”

“Large scale riots are being caused by the thousands of Reserve Course students. They’re acting as if they’re possessed. They’re destroying the entire school!”

On the television was a broadcast of Hope’s Peak Academy’s Reserve Course building. As the broadcaster had reported, an overwhelming number of students were laying waste to their school building. Students were either carrying makeshift weapons or using their quirks to cause as much destruction as is humanly possible. The scene was utter chaos.

“What the… what’s happening over there?!” For some reason, Iida looked excessively worried.
“Several heroes have been dispatched to come deal with this attack. I’ve also received word that the Headmaster of Hope’s Peak, Jin Kirigiri, has effectively barricaded the Main Course building, preventing them from harm. Currently, there is little that can be done until the heroes arrive and-

What are they doing… No… Are they… are they *jumping*?!”

They say a hero is someone who can keep smiling no matter how grim the situation, no matter dark their world becomes.

Tell me, how is *anyone* supposed to keep smiling after this?

Chapter End Notes

Last chapter wasn’t exactly in chronological order, as you may have realized.

Next Chapter: Epilogue
Chapter 56

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The Tragedy

The Biggest, Most Awful, Most Tragic Event in Human History.

That was its official name, though since it was a little too wordy, people often referred to it as “the Tragedy” instead.

It all started with the suicide of the Hope’s Peak Academy’s Reserve Course students. Of course, tensions had been growing before then, but 2357 students all simultaneously jumping out a burning building that they themselves helped to destroy was something that couldn’t simply be ignored. These events pushed the state of the world from hideous distress to absolute chaos.

Heroes had been dispatched to the scene at Hope’s Peak, but by the time even the fastest ones had arrived, it was too late. The public watched as thousands of students splattered onto the ground, painting the concrete with a gruesome shade of pink.

Heroes were useless, utterly useless. That was the shared sentiment of the world at that point. No one knew the reasons for why those students did what they did, no one knew that they had been brainwashed by Junko Enoshima. Even if they had known, they still would’ve blamed the heroes for it. The hatred for heroes ran just that deep in society.

Initially, the protests had been relatively peaceful. No one had paid much attention to them beyond a few passing glances, and the protestors themselves didn’t care to bother anyone else. That was how it had been. However, following the tragedy of Hope’s Peak Academy, it was as if a switch had been flipped inside of them. Although they were once nonviolent, the protestors started to grow frenzied, insane, almost as if they were possessed. They wreaked havoc upon the streets, destroying windows, upturning cars, attacking civilians and heroes alike.

Of course, these attacks were chaotic, uncoordinated. After all, these people were just ordinary citizens, they weren’t as organized as say, a group of villains would be. Sensing their chance, villains began oozing out of the cracks, and attempted to join in with the protestors in order to transform them into more effective agents of chaos.

Of course, they weren’t unified. Everyone wanted a piece of the action for themselves, and no one wanted to share. If the villains had started to simply turn on each other in the ensuing power struggle, then the Tragedy may have been contained in its early stages, perhaps everything would have blown over.

Alas, it wasn’t quite that simple.

Ultimate Despair

They were prepared. Much more prepared than anyone else had been for the events that were happening at the time. It was almost impressive really, if not for how scary it actually was.

Ultimate Despair had been the instigators of the Tragedy, that much was clear.
For one thing, the bears that had been following the hero protests were revealed to be the creation of Ultimate Despair. The “Monokuma”, as they were so called, had extended their claws and became a terror that roamed the streets. They hunted down everyone that wasn’t a member of Ultimate Despair and killed indiscriminately, hero or civilian.

Though they seemed to be automated, there were rumours that they were actually much smarter than they seemed.

Members of Ultimate Despair could be easily identified, each were usually flocked by a legion of Monokuma as well as a number of silent “officers” that were wearing the Monokuma helmets. Their eyes glowed a dark, disturbing red, signalling the despair that lurked within them.

Ultimate Despair corrupted everything they touched. No one was quite sure how, but the feeling of absolute despair had permeated through the lands. The feeling that everything was hopeless, that nothing good can happen no matter how hard one worked. These feelings shaped and corrupted the populace, turning masses of vulnerable individuals into fully fledged members of Ultimate Despairs as well.

With such a commanding lead in the race, they simultaneously wiped out other villain groups while targeting the people’s common enemy, the heroes. No one, it seemed, had the power to oppose them.

The Future Foundation

Except for one group, the Future Foundation.

The Future Foundation was founded by the former Hope’s Peak Academy’s headmaster, Kazuo Tengan, and was the sole unified group that was capable of pushing back against Ultimate Despair’s machinations.

The Foundation had many roles. Rebuilding cities, preserving human knowledge, and providing shelter to the few civilians who hadn’t been turned by Ultimate Despair were just some of them. However, no role was more important than that of their peacekeeping efforts. Future Foundation members actively fought back against Ultimate Despair in order to create safe havens for people to survive in. They cleared the streets of Monokuma and either arrested or killed any Ultimate Despair they came across.

Heroes were a thing of the past, and with them, so were hero licenses. What use is a license in a lawless land anyway? Desperate times called for desperate measures, and these were desperate times. Many of the members of the Future Foundation who fought against the members of Ultimate Despair had never so much as even glanced at a hero license before, but they fought alongside what little heroes were left all the same.

UA

What happened to the heroes, anyway? They used to be a common sight to behold. There were usually as many as five different hero offices located in a single city, now they were all deserted. The reason for this, of course, was Ultimate Despair and the Tragedy they left in their wake.

As the Tragedy snowballed, heroes all across the world had become overwhelmed. Ultimate Despair had everything in their advantage, numbers, power, as well as motivation. Some crazed
Despairs stopped at absolutely nothing to eradicate heroes, not even harsh physical injuries that would have any other person screaming and crying in pain.

The number of heroes quickly dropped at unprecedented rates. The heroes that were left alive dropped to almost ten percent of what they had before.

Most of the heroes who had survived, however, had something in common. The heroes that worked as teachers in hero schools had been much more preoccupied with keeping their students safe than to go out and fight against Ultimate Despair like the other professional heroes. As such, the majority of surviving heroes were the teachers. The Future Foundation, seeing this, had set up their bases at hero schools all across Japan.

And so, UA became the Future Foundation’s headquarters.

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Izuku Midoriya

Groggily, Midoriya blinked his eyes open. He sat up straight and stretched his limbs before checking the time on his phone. Time to get up, it seemed.

Still half asleep, Midoriya made his way to the bathroom. He washed his face and started brushing his hair, trying to clean up the bedhead that accrued from the night’s sleep. It was a simple enough process, usually. But today seemed to be different.

Stay down, would you? Midoriya guided the hair brush along his head every which way to no avail. Maybe some water would do the trick.

Thinking this, Midoriya cupped a handful of water and dumped it on his head, holding his hand down on the troublesome tuft of hair. After a few seconds, he lifted his hand up to see the results. Perfect, now I look-

Oh come on! Just as Midoriya had his hopes up, the offending strands of hair sprang back up as if to taunt him. Midoriya tilted his head left and right and watched the long strands of hair wiggle atop his head.

Oh well, who cares. Midoriya thought as he gave up and exited the bathroom. It’s not like it means anything.

Midoriya finished the rest of his morning routine and made his way to the cafeteria.

“Morning, Deku!” Uraraka greeted as he sat down beside her. Her eyes drifted to the top of Midoriya’s head. “Trying out a new style?” She asked, not bothering to hide her amusement.

“It wouldn’t stay down!” Midoriya cried. He pushed down on his head as if to demonstrate, and he could feel the hair in question spring back up the moment his hand left contact.

Uraraka giggled. “Well, I think it suits you.”

“You do?” Midoriya asked.

“Sure! It’s very chic.” Uraraka complimented, then her face grew serious. “Oh, and did you see today’s patrol schedule?”

“Oh yeah, it’s you, me, and Kacchan together right?” Midoriya recalled.
“That’s right.” Uraraka nodded. “And apparently we’re testing Hatsume’s new weapon.”

“We are?” Midoriya blinked, he wasn’t told of this. “What does it do?”

“Apparently it’s supposed to be effective against the Monokumas?” Uraraka tilted her head. “I’m not really sure.”

“We’ll probably be briefed about it by Aizawa or Munakata later when the patrol starts.” Midoriya mused as he poked at his food. "You know, I kind of disturbing how fast we were all able to adapt to all this.”

“Yeah, I know what you mean.” Uraraka agreed. “The end of the world happened just over a month ago, and we already have our new daily routines down. I mean, it’s the end of the world! The apocalypse, pretty much. The setting is straight out of one of those survival games or science fiction novels and we’re living it. Just how weird is that?”

“Yeah…” Midoriya looked down. “If anyone had told me a month ago that I’d be doing real hero work such as daily patrols and fighting villains on the street in just a month’s time I would’ve been over the moon. Now… I’m not so sure.”

“We were just students a month ago. I mean, sure we had our internships and the whole raid on the Precepts’ hideout, but even that was so much more different than what we’re doing now.” Uraraka said. “It just doesn’t feel… real.”

“But it is real. That’s what so disturbing about all of it. All those deaths, all the pain and suffering out there. The despair. It’s all real.” Midoriya lamented.

“And that’s why we need hope, isn’t it? We’ll work with the Future Foundation and bring hope back to the world.” Uraraka said as she slurped her juice. “We’ll turn the world back to normal.”

“Yeah.” Midoriya agreed and started to eat his food with renewed vigour. “We have to have hope.”

Izuru Kamukura

Kamukura stared out from the window of his living quarters. Despair had plagued the land, just as Enoshima had promised. Now, he would be able to patiently observe the unpredictability of despair. Although he could still feel him in his mind, Hinata’s voice had gone quiet, for whatever reason he didn't feel the need to lecture him anymore. Perhaps he finally recognized the futility of doing so.

Kamukura’s mind drifted briefly to the final set of instructions that Enoshima had sent him. In short, he was to retrieve her AI that she stashed away in Towa City once her death had been confirmed. Where exactly in Towa City it was hidden, or what he was supposed to do with them afterwards was not specified. Kamukura supposed that meant he could do whatever he wanted with them once he had done so. Well, that was perfect. Enoshima’s AI will be able to play a pivotal role in the plan he had devised.

Kamukura took one last look out the window before turning away. It would be a full year before he would see them again, and strangely, it almost felt like he was anticipating it.
To be continued…

Chapter End Notes

And there we have it, this is the end of part 1 of this crossover story between the Boku no Hero Academia universe and the Danganronpa universe. We move ever so slightly away from the BNHA world and get a little bit closer to the DR world, starting with the Tragedy.

A sequel is definitely in the works, though I'll need a bit more time to plan everything that I want to write for it, so please be patient.

As I have mentioned at the very beginning, this is the first story I ever wrote and uploaded so any feedback at all is appreciated!

Thanks for sticking with me all the way to the end (of part 1)! I hope to see you all soon!

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