With the rise of quirks, two things became apparent: Only women gained them, and the number of men started to drop rapidly. Due to this, men had been left behind in the eyes of society, for they have been left behind by evolution.

But now, 200 years later, a man named Izuku catches up.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes.
Life is but a day

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

He was… unimpressed.

Izuku twirled his mechanical pencil in his hand.

Quirk history class wasn’t what he expected, but then again what did he expect from high school history? They were just repeating the same thing he had read, heard about, and had been lectured about for years.

“The cause of the appearance of quirks is unknown, other than that it started 200 years ago…”

His green eyes glazed over as the teacher regurgitated the same stuff that society had been talking about for over a century.

His interest in the subject- quirks and the emergence of heroes- was the only thing that kept him going. But hearing the same info so many times made him slightly cynical about the start of the era. As amazing as it would have been during the time when quirks were rare, nowadays, Quirk-Bearers formed 80% of the population. They were common, so made the whole topic desperately mundane. The cause of it all no longer mattered to him.

Quirks themselves, on the other hand... those were still interesting. His eyes drifted to the explosion of blonde hair in front of him. His childhood friend... or was she an ex-childhood friend at this point? His pencil stopped twirling as abruptly as his thoughts.

An idea.

He flipped open his journal, ‘Heroics for the Future; Concepts #5’, and found an empty page before starting to draw her out. Sharp chin, lean but heavily muscular body, he knew how strong she was under that baggy school uniform from experience. He rubbed a sore spot in his ribs. The gentle curves of femininity, nothing extravagant…

He chuckled to himself.
She’s almost... aerodynamic.

His mind stopped drifting as he looked down on the writing and small sketches in front of hi-

“Midoriya!” His attention shot back to his teacher, who was looking down at him with slight annoyance. She huffed. “I know you probably know all this stuff already, but could you at least not mutter?” He looked sheepishly around.

Not again...

Katsumi had leaned back in her chair and was glaring at him, the livid glint in her crimson eyes shining brightly, the one that hadn’t left her eyes since what- they were 4? He could barely remember her not looking at him with such malice. Honestly, he missed when she didn’t look at him like that.

She looked prettier without it.

Shaking his head, he apologized profusely, still blushing madly at the small thought that floated through his stream of consciousness. The attention of the class gradually moved back to the teacher, although some girls were still casting him weird looks. They were something between being impressed and creeped out. Then again, those were the looks he- well, men got.

Ever since quirks became a thing, a pattern became apparent. As rapidly the number of quirk bearers increased in women, the number of men dropped with them, and now they only made up 20% of the total population. Seeing one nowadays had a kind of ‘novelty’ to it, and creeped some people out. But honestly, he couldn’t blame them.

With the rare exception of full families, most families were now just a single mother getting impregnated by donated sperm. His own mom was in the same situation and he doubted any of his classmates had ever even seen their dad, let alone been in the same room with a man other than himself.

He began twirling his pencil again.

It was automatic, no conscious effort was given to it, but he found that it suppressed his muttering.
Maybe it kept his subconscious busy enough so his mouth remained shut. He took a quick break to jot down the note in his journal as quickly as possible before beginning to twirl it again.

Maybe this was his quirk? Overactive subconscious?

He smiled a sad smile. *Yeah right...*

*Men don’t have quirks.*

The bell rang, derailing his train of thought. The class was over and so was the day. The teacher bid farewell and left the classroom. He took a deep breath… and was quickly covered in smoke and ash as his desk sprouted a miniature mushroom cloud.

“Dekuuuu….” Katsumi seethed. She was mad at him. Again.

“Y-yes, Kacchan?” He grimaced. Why did he keep letting that nickname fly through his lips? Katsumi’s eyes shined even brighter with anger.

“What the fuck were you murmuring about back here?” Her tone was calmer than what he had expected and what was used to. If her hand wasn’t sizzling on his desk with enough heat to leave a mark and her eyes didn’t have that glow, he might have thought she was actually relatively calm.

But damn did she look terrifying. “N-nothing!”

*Smooth, real smooth, Deku, he chided himself as Katsumi lifted up her hand and took his journal “H-hey, give i-“*

She cut him off. “Oh really? ‘Cause I could have sworn that you were writing something down on this.” She started flipping through pages and pages of concepts, of how pro heroes could use their powers, possible support gear for them and even some for her classmates and- “Oh there it is...“ she flipped to the most recent page. The one about her. An analysis of her quirk along with support gear, with a picture of her for reference. “I still can't believe you are making these. Especially when they are not going to work for a *man* like you.” She looked up to see his reaction.
She paled when she saw the raw determination in his eyes. *Dammit. It's still there.*

“I’ll find a use for them.”

His stutter was gone.

“When I become a hero.”

Some of the remaining classmates tried hiding their giggles, some outright laughed at him.

Katsumi only wordlessly stared at him for a good couple of seconds.

Then his journal in her hands exploded.

*Fuck, not again…*

She let the remains of the journal drop back to his desk.


He looked down on the sad remains of his journal and felt someone pat his head; the hand brushed through his curly hair and landed on his shoulder. The delicate gesture would be appreciated if the hand didn’t start to sizzle against his shoulder painfully. He hoped that the heat would disappear, and only began to breathe again once it started to dissipate.

“So be a good boy,” he looked up to catch Katsumi smiling down at him.

His breath hitched.
“And give up.”

Katsumi started walking away from him after that.

“And stop drawing me you creep!” she huffed and exited the classroom, hand still smoking.

No one noticed Izuku’s increased heart rate, and no one truly knew why he had a full body blush.

He can still look at me like that... She hissed in aggravation, clutching the page she stole from his notebook, the page with his newest sketch of her.

Goddammit...

He kicked a pebble across the road, trying his best to ignore the looks he got from children during his trek back home. Sighing, he took a turn leading to a more isolated route.

He didn’t want to see the wonder in the little girls’ eyes right now, it hurt to see them. Lost in thought, he didn’t notice the manhole cover shudder as he walked over it.

He didn’t have time to react when it flew off and his whole world suddenly turned a sickly neon green.

“Phahaha!” his captor bellowed as her slimy body wrapped around him in a dangerously affectionate hug. “Such a nice catch~” She giggled as he grasped at her, trying to force her off of him, only for his hands to flow through her harmlessly. ”I would love to tease you more but I have someone to hide from...” Izuku felt his mouth get forced open, and her body start to slither in. “So let me borrow your body.”
She tasted like lime against his throat.

*So this is it, huh?*

*This is how I die?*

He closed his eyes, the pain of her forcing her way through his throat making his eyes water…

Wait- she felt like water!

And she was in his throat-

“C’mon, stop struggling, it’ll only hurt for a mome-“ She suddenly felt his throat tighten immensely around her tendril, enough to shear the tip off …

*What the hell?*

Izuku heaved as the tendril bubbled back out and he managed to cough out the rest, taking deep erratic breaths. His whole throat was burning and aching, but she was out, for now. He forced his legs to move under her slimy grasp until his muscles finally budged and started to move. It felt was like he was walking through cement, but he only needed to move a couple more meters.

*Gotta get somewhere public, then she’ll be forced to run away.*

“My, my~ You *are* a feisty one, aren’t you?” He could hear her mockingly compassionate tone against his neck. “Too bad you’re gonna die...” He could feel her pushing against his lips again, trying to get back in. He couldn’t pull what he did last time again, his throat was already too tired. So if she got in, it would be the end.

“DO NOT FEAR!” His eyes snapped open as his whole body twisted with shock to look at the manhole.

“For I AM HERE!”
Before he knew what was happening, the slime villain was blown off him. He felt his insides rattle from a shockwave.

*She did that with just the air pressure of her punch!*?

His internal gyroscope won over the imbalance caused by the punch and he managed to land on his feet, skidding to a halt. He slowly looked up and saw her, standing proud with her signature grin.

His idol, the number one hero.

“A-All Might?” he squeaked out before promptly falling on his ass unconscious.

He woke up to a calloused, but slender hand slapping him softly and repeatedly. “Young one? Young one are you ok?” His eyes snapped open and saw All Might looking down on him, her golden hair flowing free with two bangs in that signature gravity-defying V-shape.

*She is gorgeous up close- Wait, up close?!*

With an undignified yelp, he scooted back away from the hero with a blush on his face. “A-Aall Might?! You saved me?” He tore his eyes away from the larger-than-life stature of All Might: tall and muscular. He looked around trying to find his bag as his inner fanboy kicked in.

“C-can I ha-“ He saw her holding up the backpack he was looking for. She tossed it to him with her usual gallant smile and he was awestruck to find his notebook inside... “You already signed it? Thank you!” He began to bow rapidly. She nodded in response and patted the bottles in her pocket, where he could see green slime flowing within them. She had caught the villain.

“Take it as an apology for letting her-“ her smile faltered only an increment, Izuku barely managed to catch it- “get to you.”

Izuku bowed down once more “I-it’s really no problem, ma’am. Y-you don’t need to apologize.”
She looked him over and saw the redness on his throat “If that mark-” she pointed at his throat, causing him to reach up and touch it reflexively and wince a little as he felt his throat ache again- “got on you. That’s on me, so…”

“Midoriya,” Izuku answered the unspoken question

“So, I am sorry, Young Midoriya.” The number one hero felt her time limit make itself known in the back of her head. “But with that I must take my leave, more people to save!” She crouched down and got ready to jump.

Suddenly, Izuku’s body reared back to life “Wait, All Migh-“ Seeing her start to unleash the potential energy in her legs to jump, he reacted.

And grabbed onto her leg.

All Might felt... off, even more than she usually did as her body broke down on her. It felt like one of her legs was heavier… But that didn’t make sen-

She looked down.

“Midoriya?! What are you doing! Let go!” He looked back at her with watery eyes and flappy lips as they soared through the air. “Oh... right...”

After a graceful landing on an abandoned rooftop, All Might looked back at her unexpected passenger. “Look kid, I’m worried about you, but don’t overstep it.” She turned her back and started to prep up for another jump. Izuku managed to shake off his near-death experience and blurted his question out, looking down.
“Can a man be a hero?”

All Might halted and then felt her limit break. Steam started billowing from her frame as she shrank. Her muscular form ebbed away, and her skin tightened around her skeleton as her muscles deflated.

“Can a man save people with a fearless smile on their face, like you? It’s just... even before I could speak, I wanted to be a hero, to save people just like y-” He looked up and saw a skeletal impostor where his hero used to be. “-ouuuuuuuuuuu...” His mouth slammed shut.

“Imposto-“ He raised an accusatory finger only to be silenced by said impostor raising her hand up.

“It’s me, Midoriya-“ She was interrupted by blood spewing from her mouth.

“I am All Might.”

“A shapeshifting villain? No, then why would she save me... A shapeshifting hero? Why would she fake being All Might? Then all the credit would go to her-”

“Midoriya-“

“A shapeshifting vigilante? That’s possib-“

“MIDORIYA!”

Izuku found himself standing salute. “Yes, All Might!” he yelled before he caught himself. That person isn’t All Might, she couldn’t b-

“Look, kid, It's me, and since you have seen this much...” Her sunken blue eyes pierced his green ones as she pulled up her shirt. He immediately covered them and started blushing. “Not that you-Just look over here!” He peeked through his fingers to see a savage scar on her side. “The smile is hollow,” she stated, “much like the facade I need to keep after I got this wound five years ago.”

He shuddered looking at the scar. If it’s half as deep as it was wide, then how is she even aliv-
“Wait, five years ago? Was it in the battle with Toxic Chainsaw?”

All Might lost her serious look and chuckled slightly. “I don’t know if I should be creeped out or impressed that you know enough about me to even guess that.” The smile melted away. “But no. It was from an undisclosed attack.”

Izuku’s knees started to feel weak as she continued her speech. “The Symbol of Peace should never bow to evil, so this information stays between us.” She let her shirt down, covering her wound again. “And, kid, I am sorry but... You can’t be a hero.”

Izuku had a hard time breathing as All Might went on. “You’ve seen what happened to…” She sighed. “Even me.” He could tell she didn’t want to add that. “I can’t condone someone quirkless going after villains and endangering themselves.”

She rose to her feet and patted his shoulder before turning and walking away. “But don’t worry Midoriya, there are many other ways to become someone’s hero. Firefighting, police work, charity…” She sighed again. “I’m sure you will find a way, but don’t obscure the facts… For your own safety.”

Izuku managed to whimper out an ‘I see…’ as she opened the roof access and left.

He desperately grasped at his collar, trying to unbutton it and allow air into his empty lungs.

I see...

“What the fuck are you doing?” Katsumi snarled, glaring at one of her lackeys and grabbing the cigarette out of her elongated fingers before proceeding to stomp on it.

“Hey, c-calm down, Kaccha- “ she yelped as an explosion went off in the ash blonde’s hands.

“ You don’t get to call me that... ”
“Oooooo~” the explosive teen turned around to see the source of the sound and got a mouthful of slime for her effort.

“Quite the quirk you got there, Camouflage~” Katsumi felt her body being invaded by the slime.

Her cowardly lackeys already running away.

Her hands started to go off with explosions against her will in panic.

It was a blur for her; battling with her own body to stay conscious took its toll, so she didn’t even notice the time passing. In the blink of an eye, the alleyway she was in was covered in flames and the entrance was surrounded by heroes. Yet none took a step forward to actually come and help her.

*Why... She was feeling herself fade. Why is no one helping me?*

She could imagine why.

Karma.

She couldn’t help but think of the greenish-black mop of hair that she had been friends with way back when-

“Kacchan!”

*God, I really am dying if I’m already hearing voices* - She saw the familiar black mop dashing towards her.

*De-Deku!?*
Izuku had managed to break through the wall of civilians and heroes and was running towards her at speeds she couldn’t even imagine him reaching.

_No! Go away!_

_You’ll get hurt..._

“You lost your chance boy~” the villain mocked him as she lashed out with a tendril.

The next few seconds were replayed in the news for a week straight.

Izuku, now seemingly powered by a goddamn god, did a combat flip under the tendril, not even slowing down a little as his hand grabbed onto a decently-sized rock which he pitched hard at the villain as he got back up.

There was a soft ‘What the fuck?’ from one of the heroes as the stone flew from his hand and stuck true in the eye of the villain.

As the villain screeched in pain, the tendrils lost their grip on Katsumi, allowing her to get a well-needed gulp of air. But before she could ask what the fucking hell _he_ was doing here, he was in front of her. Red boots ground against the asphalt as Izuku pivoted his body and speared the mass of slime with his arm, grabbing hold of her waist.

Katsumi hadn’t felt him initiate contact in ages, but as his hand wrapped around her tightly, she felt…

Safe.

Throwing his other leg to the side, the green-eyed hero wannabe twisted his whole body fluidly and managed to pull Katsumi out of the villain’s grasp.
“BLOW HER THE FUCK UP!” he screamed as he pulled her to an embrace, his body between the villain and her defensively. Katsumi complied and rose her arms up to the ‘face’ of her tormentor, taking some pleasure in the outright horror that was found in the villain’s one good eye.

And let loose an explosion.

The whole street shook.

Chapter End Notes

Hope ya enjoyed the read, new chapters on the way soon(tm)
Chapter Summary

An inferno is rekindled, and someone is recognized. Izuku’s training begins, and much to everyone's surprise, it’s even more effective than they could have ever dared to imagine.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Katsumi’s arms dropped down over Izuku’s back.

It must have looked intimate to everyone around her. But she didn’t care.

“WHY!?“ Her eyes almost betrayed her tone. “WHY DID YOU COME?! I DIDN’T NEED YOUR HELP!”

He flinched but didn’t pull back. “I couldn’t just let you die Kacchan...” he breathed out “I couldn’t-”

“GET OFF ME!” She cut him off and he complied.

As the intimate moment was broken, the rest of the world came rushing back. The crowd was cheering at the scene while the heroes were walking towards them. Apparently, the shockwave of the explosion was violent enough to blow the fires out.

Izuku wasn’t sure if he was having the best or the worst day of his life; his idol had rejected him, yet here he was getting cheered on by a crow-

“YOU!” came a sickly-sweet screech from the side. How was she still one piece?

The slime bubbled and reformed, towering above both Katsumi and him. He knew she was out of juice and he didn’t like his chances. Regardless, his slouch disappeared as he took a defensive stance.
“HAVE NO FEAR, FOR I AM HERE!” The bellow was like a song to his ears as, in the next moment, the slime was punched sky high, splattering into a million droplets and finally defeated.

Katsumi almost fell down from the sheer wind pressure from the force of his punch, as were some of the other pro’s. The crowd cheered yet again as All Might’s muscular form came into their view. Her eyes locked onto Izuku’s, icy blues stuck somewhere between apologetic and thankful.

The following moments were a blur; one second, he was standing with Katsumi, the next he was getting both praised and scolded by Kamui Woods while Katsumi was getting praised for her powerful quirk. Then, he was on his way back home.

“DEKU!” His mind whirred back to life as he spun around and came face to face with Katsumi. “I won’t thank you...” she growled, yet her eyes were missing the usual glint of rage- at least he thought it was rage- that they normally had. “I didn’t need your help, alright? Next time you pull something like this, I’ll put you down myself.” She huffed and started walking back towards her own home.

He smiled softly. she said ‘next time’... she knows I would do this again in a heartbeat.

He turned back to walk home, but was suddenly cut off by the massive figure of All Might appearing in his path.

“I AM HERE!”

“GAH!” He couldn’t help the yelp escaping his lips. “A-All Might? Weren’t you with the reporters?” He looked up at her muscular form posturing proudly before him.

“HAHAHA, getting away from them was easy, for I am A-” She suddenly coughed and her posture broke down, her muscles rapidly losing their girth and her skin tightening around her skeleton. “-ll Might..” she breathed out.

“Did you continue through your transfor-” He was cut off again. He was used to it, but today was breaking records.
“Young Midoriya,” she said simply, her tone having enough seriousness to shut him up. “I have to apologize yet again.” He was stunned at the amount of regret in her voice. “For not reacting to your friend’s time of need as I should have... and for what I said on the roof...”

His breath caught in his throat.

“Moooooom, could I be a hero?” he asked his mother, big eyes glowing with hope and childhood innocence.

Inko didn’t know what to say to her 4-year-old son; he didn’t know that he wouldn’t get powers, no one had told him or Katsumi yet. “Can I be a hero like All Might?” Tears started to stream through her eyes at the pure hope he had in his voice.

She couldn’t respond. She didn’t have the heart to crush his dreams. He dropped the subject that day.

A month later was much, much worse.

Her son was crying. “Kacchan said only girls could be heroes- she’s wrong r-right, Mom?” Tears started streaming from her eyes too. Just say yes- he needed to hear a yes.

“I-I’m sorry Izuku!” Her voice broke as she bent down to hug him. “I- I’m so sorry...”

Mom, no, that’s not it...

That’s not what you should have said, it was-
"You can be a hero!"

Izuku’s knees buckled as he dropped to the ground, he couldn’t stop the tears from flowing. He grabbed his mouth before his whimpers could escape through his trembling lips.

“Today, you saved your friend. You, a man, took it upon yourself to dash in to save her, no matter if it lead to certain doom.” She breathed out, looking down on the prone form of the young man. “I would ask ‘what were you thinking’ but I know.”

She smiled.

“You weren’t, were you?”

He hiccupped and looked up to her, tears still streaming profusely through his eyes.

“All true heroes have the same anecdote,” she raised her hand with finger pointed up, “‘My body moved before I knew it.’ That’s what happened to you, wasn’t it?”

He couldn’t even nod properly as his sobs became more powerful.

“Your actions, even if some would think as reckless-” she laughed “-maybe even suicidal, saved your friend. Which inspired me to swing into action. You reminded me what being a true hero really means.”

He gave up holding back his sobs and wailed softly.

“And for that, I must thank you, young man!” Her smile was wider than it should have been on her gaunt face “You were a true hero today.”

His head hit the pavement as relief flooded his system, those words, the words that he wanted to hear
for so long.

“Now chin up!” She wasn’t going to lie, he was almost choking her up too. “The next Symbol of Peace shouldn’t be crying in the streets!”

“Wh- what?” he choked out between sobs, looking back at her sunken eyes in confusion.

“I choose you—“ his heart was beating out of his chest “-to be my successor.” His eyes widened as more tears fell.

She held out her hand towards him. “My quirk is yours to inherit!”

His sobs started to die out. “H-huh is- is that even possible?”

All Might chuckled. “Don’t believe your ears? Kid, a man was a hero today, is anything impossible?”

He hugged his teary-eyed mother. “I was so worried when I saw you run into that!” she wailed as he patted her back.

“Don’t worry Mom, it turned out fine didn’t it?”

She sniffled and looked at him. “And what if it didn’t huh?” she snapped, her eyes quickly shifted into a deeply apologetic one. “S-sorry, Izuku I—” he pulled her into a hug.

“I know Mom, you were worried, but I’m fine, and will be for a long time.” she looked back up to him again. Her pale green onto his emerald.

For the first time in 14 years and 2 months, his eyes looked complete again. The fire he had as a kid was back. The embers of his hope were relit. The green inferno that was his determination raged
inside him again.

“I- I don’t like to ask you this, but could you get used to this?” he mumbled. Her eyes were drying out in confusion. “When I become a hero, I’ll always be in trouble like that.”

Her eyes teared up again. She had grown used to hearing him say that, but there was always that small imperfection, his broken spirit only she could detect.

That wound on his soul was gone.

The underlying crack she had given him so long ago was healed over, his pure determination was back. And she couldn’t be happier.

“I-I'll try my best,” she sobbed out.

That next morning he felt better, better than he remembered ever feeling. Anxiety bubbled up as he ruffled his hair, trying to ignore the tightness of his sleepwear. *Probably just nerves...*

He opened the door to their bathroom, looking into the mirror and expecting to see the same short, lanky teen with iridescent green hair and freckles as he had for the previous 18 years.

But that wasn’t what was staring back at him in the mirror. His body was different. Nothing too major, but his shoulders were now farther apart, which was enough for the t-shirt he wore to be uncomfortable, and he was tall enough for it to ride up ever so slightly, revealing some of his stomach.

“I- wha?”

“Izuku, hurry up breakfast is read-“ His mom came to the doorway to call him for something to eat before he went out.
“I-Izuku?” her voice trembled, looking up at him. She had been shorter than him for a while now; usually his neck was level with her eyes, but now his shoulders were.

“Mom, is it me, or am I- taller?” he asked, dumbfounded.

She nodded dumbly.

Both of them walked to breakfast without saying anything else.

All Might huffed. Izuku was running two minutes late. After the waterworks the day before, she was sure he would be here before she even woke up.

“S-sorry I'm late,” came a deep voice; deeper than she remembered. She looked up to the owner of the voice expecting Izuku.

She wasn’t expecting him to be so much different than last afternoon.

“Did- did you have a growth spurt or something, Young Midoriya?” she asked, her mouth feeling like it was trying to open and stay that way.

“It looks like it?” he said back dumbly. He sounded more perplexed than she was. “I had trouble finding a sweatshirt...” He tugged at its shoulders, clearly a little uncomfortable in the garment. All Might couldn’t blame him, the shoulders looked a little too tight on his frame. “Sorry for being late,” he repeated.

“It's fine...” She said as she shook her head a bit. C'mon Toshiko, a kid growing up isn’t that surprising!

Her stupor now shaken off, she looked him over. Huh he doesn’t need to look up to me that much now...
“Midoriya, look around you and tell me what you see,” she said, ignoring the changes for now.

That seemed to shake him out of his own stupor. “A scrapyard from the looks of it- but that doesn’t make sense, the map and the sign said this was supposed to be a public beach- does that mean there is illegal dumping going on-“

Okay, he was still the mumbling boy she had met yesterday. “Young Midoriya,” she said simply, which brought him back to reality.

“Oh- sorry, mumbling again.” He nervously rubbed the back of his neck.

“No, it’s fine, you are right. There is illegal dumping going on here and as your second act as a hero, you are gonna clean this place up.”

She was expecting him to be surprised, not the resolute and immediate nod he gave in confirmation.

“When can I start?”

She couldn’t help the smile that formed on her face.

He huffed and fell down, the ropes he was trying to tug falling onto the sand next to him with a resounding smack. He panted as he tried to regain his breath.

“Giving up already?” All Might asked in her hero form, from her perch on top of the fridge he was pulling. He had only managed to drag it for a couple of steps. He looked up to her, body ragged; but eyes determined, as he started to get back up.

“Wouldn’t dream of it!”

She took a few pictures with her phone as he rose to his feet.
“That’s the spirit!”

Inko looked worriedly at her son.

“Izuku, hun, you ok?”

He swallowed his latest bite and panted softly. He had been eating faster than he ever did before. “Yeah mom- is there any more? I am feeling very hungry today- OH!” Remembering what All Might gave him, he got up from his seat and grabbed his backpack, shuffling around and placing his hero analysis notebooks to the side. He found what he was looking for and passed it to her. “I found an exercise regiment online and started following it! It had a meal plan too, could we follow this after today?”

She looked down on the schedule.

*Aim to Pass!: American Dream Plan?*

“Izuku are you sure about this?” His guidance counselor looked at him wearily—*when did he get so tall?* “I know your grades are good, and UA accepts males into the hero test, but it’s going to be dangerous. And even then I don’t think you can pass the practical when—“ she stopped herself.

*When you’re a man.*

He simply nodded. “It’s what I always dreamed of doing. I couldn't live with myself if I didn’t at least try.”

Something in his voice struck something inside her and, against her better judgment, she nodded and
added UA to his applications.

He knew he was the focal point of the class at times, what with being the only guy at school, but that was starting to change. The mean girls that used to point at him and whisper stuff at each other had stopped laughing; he was starting to see people stare at him and blush slightly.

*What is going on?*

He failed to notice that it could have been because his now uncomfortably tight uniform was showing off his rapidly growing muscles.

Katsumi was one of the many that were sneaking glances at him when he ducked down to take notes.

*Since when the hell did he start looking like that?* She huffed. It was becoming harder for her to hide her blushes in class.

“Ok kid, I gave you leeway the first two days but,“ All Might looked at Izuku. They were now eye-to-eye in her true form. “Are you taking steroids or something?”

Izuku was flustered, to say the least. “N-no I would never- I don’t-” he looked down, “I have no idea what’s going on- I uh...” he started twiddling his fingers, “I am kinda overeating though; sorry, but the portions you gave me weren’t enough.“

She huffed in thought. “That’s to be expected, that plan wasn’t designed with your sudden growth in mind.” She looked at the beach. They were way ahead of schedule: he had cleaned up a week’s worth of garbage in 2 days. “Hrmrmm... this really doesn’t feel natural.” She looked at Izuku, he had to remove his shirt; it was too constricting to work out in.
“Ugh- this is gonna drive me insane!” She gulped. “But she might kill me if I...” All Might was wracking her brain trying to decide.

“Who?” asked Izuku meekly; his tone and mannerisms didn’t really fit his new body.

“All Might rubbed her forehead; she knew he was a hero-fanboy but this was pushing it. Izuku hadn’t stopped mumbling and flipping through his notebook since she dropped Recovery Girl’s name and got into her truck. Although, she had to admit his sketches of the heroes were spot on.

She saw his wonder-filled eyes.

*Maybe I should sign under my pages and sketches sometime?*

Just that thought alone made her smile softly, the headache that was building slowly ebbing away.

*Kid sure knows how to get under someone’s skin I guess...*

All Might couldn’t help but laugh at the awestruck expression plastered on Izuku’s face when they finally arrived at UA. Her skeletal shoulders shaking as a hearty laugh escaped her body; it had been a while since she laughed like that.

It felt good.

He quickly started blushing when he heard her laugh but a maternal pat on the back made him stop.
“Don’t worry, Young Midoriya, I had the same expression my first time too.”

He nodded with a small smile on his face and walked in, examining the lanyard hanging from his neck that she had given him.

They needed to take the long way around to the infirmary. It was after hours so there weren’t any students to worry about, but the moment All Might heard a sadistic and sultry voice, she grabbed Izuku by the arm and pulled him away with, some fear in her eyes for whatever the reason.

When they arrived at the infirmary and knocked on the door, Izuku was greeted by the small form of Recovery Girl. He immediately started shaking with excitement and All Might knew he was about to gush, so she pushed him into the infirmary and shut the door behind them.

“Toshi- what the hell am I looking at?” came the gruff and old voice from the ‘Youthful Heroine’.

“Oh- uh...” Toshiko Yagi muttered, all the while Izuku was blustering about Recovery Girl and how awesome she was in some past events; some of which he wasn’t even alive for; they weren’t even more than footnotes on the newspapers when it had happened.

“His name is Izuku Midoriya and I chose him to be my successor.” Recovery Girl’s eyebrow rose, but a smile was slowly growing on her face. Izuku was reminding her of some good memories while he was listing off her achievements.

“Can you even pass it onto a man?” she asked while looking him up and down. “I mean his physique is getting there, he needs I’d say... 7 more months before his body could handle the bare minimum?”

All Might got out of her stupor. “You see that’s why I’m here...” She fished out her phone and showed her Izuku’s picture from Saturday. “That was him 2 days ago.”

Recovery Girl looked at the picture and then at the still blustering Izuku, who was trying to find her page in his notebook. “Young lady, it’s not funny to make fun of someone my age that’s-“ She looked between the real thing and the picture again- “that’s too much progress in just 2 days. Even
with supplements and steroids, he couldn’t reach that in that little time.”

“So,” Toshiko pulled the phone down and showed her the timestamp of the picture, “you see why I brought him here?”

Recovery Girl was somewhere between shocked, impressed and intrigued.

“WAIT, I HAVE A QUIRK?!” Izuku yelled, earning a knock on the head from Recovery Girl’s cane.

“Young man, I understand how excited you are but please don’t yell.” Her voice was level, but All Might’s fearful eyes gave Izuku a feeling that the nurse was to be respected.

Flipping through some pages of the many tests she did, she pulled out an MRI scan of his head and his blood results. “You see how active this part is?” She pointed at his pituitary gland. It was bright red.

He nodded. “Yeah?”

“That level of activity is only present in newborns; your’s is even slightly higher than them.”

“Huh...”

“And your blood work shows extreme amounts of HGH; the hormone that regulates growth and metabolism.”

“E-eh?”

“And your bone density seems to be higher than anything recorded that wasn't quirk-related. All of this originated roughly 2 days ago.”
All Might’s jaw dropped.

“Your body seems to have reacted to your desire to become stronger, if what All Might told me about you is true,” she huffed.

“I know this is unprecedented, but you might actually have a quirk. And if these tests are correct—” they had to be; she did them more than 5 times each—“your brain has the ability to fully control its hormonal system—maybe even more.”

Izuku looked like a fish out of water as he babbled dumbly.

“I can’t be certain if this is limited to subconscious decisions or all thoughts, or if this even is a quirk.” She looked back at the tests, almost not believing them herself. “The current leading theory is that a second X chromosome is required to ‘activate’ your alpha plus genes and since you don’t have one, none of the tests we normally do would work on you. You’re on your own to figure out if this is an actual quirk or just something entirely different.”

She looked back up to him, surprised to see him looking teary-eyed down on his hands.

“M-my own quirk?”

Both she and All Might broke out in smiles.

In the days after that, a lot changed.

Izuku learned that he, in fact, could control most, if not all, of his bodily functions at will. His sudden burst in height stalled and his musculature started to condense at rates only seen when All Might dropped out of her hero form. The minimal baby fat on him melted away, his now denser musculature showing through fully. He stopped crashing during training as his body's stamina increasing tenfold. All Might couldn’t really place how he was gaining that much in so little time, both in terms of his physical training and control of his quirk.
“Simple,” he said shyly, yet proudly. “After hearing what Recovery Girl told me, I started to notice the small things that just happened when I needed them to.” He rubbed his now healed throat. “Like the time when I forced that villain out of my throat, that was me taking control of my throat muscles and working them the other way around.

He rubbed the back of his head. “Turns out, I always had subconscious control of my whole body, so turning it conscious was easy.” He poked his chest. “For the stamina increase, I forced my body to produce more hemoglobin. I heard that in the past, athletes ran on mountains to force their bodies into producing more so they could carry more oxygen throughout the body.

All Might just looked dumbly at him. In the past few days he had gained significant control over his quirk, where most people would have needed a month to even activate it properly.

“Plus it can regulate my heartbeat, so when I think about it, my heart shifts to its optimum rate instantly.” He rubbed the back of his neck “I-it’s easier than I thought, kinda feels like I’m cheating-”

“Excuse me, but holy shit, Young Midoriya!” All Might yelled bluntly.

*His optimal heartbeat? His body knows when it's at full efficiency?*

“U- uh sorry! I should stop using my quirk right? Makes this training too easy to be wor-” He cut his sentence off as he saw All Might swiftly shaking her head.

“No, if anything, you need to use it more. Young Midoriya, get your practice in: everyone else has used their quirks for around 14 years more than you have. This is your time to catch up.”

He nodded and went back to work.

He had cleaned one eighth the beach in a week and was now lifting fridges he barely could drag a week ago over his head with ease.

*I feel like I’ve created a monster.*
Chapter End Notes

He is catching up quite fast isn't he?
thanks for reading, and the response to the first chapter. see you in the next one
Chapter Summary

Izuku gains an unexpected supporter

Chapter Notes
See the end of the chapter for notes


Katsumi fumed. And blushed. After 17 years of being a lanky, scrawny boy, in two weeks he had changed- and goddamn Deku was now looking like a Greek go-

She shook her head and slapped her cheeks. No- its just his growth spurt, nothing unnatural- doesn’t matter that he suddenly had a strong jawli-

“GODDAMMIT!” she barked, forgetting that she was in class.

“Katsumi? Are you ok?” asked her teacher, actual worry in her eyes.

Ugh I hate that look.

“Nothing- it's nothing, sorry,” she huffed and sat back down.

Stupid sexy Deku.

WAIT, WHA-
Izuku dropped the fridge he was hauling in panic and looked at the source of the sound. A woman with pink hair started dashing towards him, causing him to almost lose his nerve and run away, but instead he just hunched and looked around meekly.

“So you’re the one stealing from my salvage!” she hissed when he was in earshot. He could see her full figure now, her legs were covered by a grey baggy jumpsuit, which she had opted to wear open around her torso, tying its arms around her waist to keep it in place. Her copious chest was covered by a black tank top. His eyes caught hers as she looked up at him, amber pits staring back at his emerald, on closer inspection he could see that they were crosshairs that were focusing to his own.

“I- uh- I didn’t know this place was taken?” he mumbled, his voice not matching his body.

“Wait a minute,” she scanned him up and down. “Oh my God- you’re a guy?”

He looked at her dumbly for a second. “Yes?”

“And you WERE LIFTING A FRIDGE WITH ONE HAND ?!” she screamed, before immediately starting to feel him up.

“Wha-“ he blustered, blood rushing to his face as her hands started to fondle his upper body.

“You feel so much harder than expected- this is giving me so many ideas~”

Having had enough of this, he grabbed her hands and stilled her. “Wha-what are you doing?”

“Oh sorry- didn’t introduce myself. Hatsume Mei, inventor extraordinaire!”

He sweatdropped.

“And this explains, what , exactly?”
She didn’t hesitate in her answer. “My profession.”

His eyebrow twitched.

“But that’s not what I asked.”

She looked lost. The feeling was mutual.

“Then what did you ask?”

“I asked why you were feeling me up?” The gears finally clicked for her.

“Ohhhhhh- that.” She pulled her hands away, well tried to, before Izuku let her hands go after she struggled for a second. “It’s not everyday you see someone lifting a fridge without a strength quirk, and since you’re a man…”

The dots connected for him too. “So you were curious on how it was possible for a human body to lift that much without any enhancements?”

“YEAH, THAT’S IT!” she whooped. It had been a while since someone kept up with her, let alone finish her thoughts for her.

It felt nice.

“So I explained myself, it’s your turn,” Mei said, sitting on the fridge that had toppled over when Izuku dropped it.

“Oh- didn’t I- guess not,” he mumbled, then sat down on the sand. “I was cleaning the beach as training for when I apply to UA” Now that got her full attention.

“UA? You applying to General Studies there?” she asked, almost jumping up and down. Maybe she
could use him as a mannequin; now that would bring some attention to her products.

“Nah, the hero program.”

Her mouth fell open.

He stared back with a somewhat hurt expression, but even with the limited interaction he had with her, he could tell that she wasn’t doing that to insult him. “You are telling me that you, a man, are gonna apply to the hero course?”

He nodded.

“That’s it, we are teaming up.”

Now that, that wasn’t the reaction he was expecting.

“Wh- you are planning on going to UA too?” he muttered, eyes wide.

“Yeah, Support Course, and you my kind sir-” She poked his chest, “are gonna hog the spotlight if you get in.”

He nodded dumbly. “Yeah I- I suppose it would be unprecedented; I might make the news again.”

She ignored the ‘again’ part.

“And when you do, if you use my gear, I’ll be in the spotlight too!”

“So are you telling me…” He pointed to himself then at her.

“You got yourself an inventor!” She gave a thumbs up.
“You don’t even know my name,” he deadpanned.

“Does it really matter?”

“What do you mean ‘I can't clean up as fast’, Young Midoriya?” All Might asked, looking at her successor, who was sheepishly scratching the back of his head.

“I- kinda got a friend? And she needs the materials there- I can't just dump it all in the truck.”

Her eyes squinted down at the boy.

“It’s no time to be fooling around, Young Midoriya, that can wait till UA.” He got flustered at that.

“No, no, God no- that’s not why it-“

He huffed, calming himself down. “She’s an inventor, says she wants to get into the Support Course in there and she was using the materials at the beach to create stuff, I can't just take that away when the tests are so soon- that’s not heroic at all!” All Might huffed, there was some merit to that. “Plus, she can't really build out here, so I’ll be carrying stuff to her workshop, that should be a good enough substitute… right?”

All might nodded against her better judgment.

“I still want that beach cleared.”
“Izuku...“ His mother's words brought him out of another session of deep thought.

“Yeah, mom?” he asked, looking at his distressed mother.

“Honey are you- are you taking something?” She asked with horror in her voice. The accusation shocked Izuku enough to knock the breath out of him. “I- it’s just you have been eating so much more, are constantly zoning out, and in the past few weeks, you’ve grown at an incredibly rapid rate... are you like taking steroids?”

He started chuckling. *So that's where I got my muttering.* “No- no, mom it’s just the new exercise regimen and the growth spurt hitting at the right time."

She still looked unsure, but decided to drop it for today. “If you say so honey...”

________________________________________

“Midoriya, my boy, this is pushing it!” All Might hissed into her phone, “I know you’re a fanboy, but inviting me to dinner? That’s a little too-”

“I- I know it’s just...“ He paused, trying to put his thoughts into the right words. “My mom- she’s been worried about me, and I can’t get her to understand...” He let out a sad breath. “It might be because of all the times I said ‘I’m ok’ when I wasn’t, so now she isn’t believing me... could you come over and tell her it’s just my training?” She could feel the puppy-dog eyes from over the phone. “Please?”

This kid...

“Fiiiiine...” she huffed, it’s not like she had anything else to do after her 3 hours were done for that day. “But you match my timeframe, capiche?”

Thankfully(?), the villain activity surged during lunch hour and died down after 3 hours of constant defeat; hearing about All Might being active in town made criminals wary and they had retreated into the underbelly of the town for the day, fearing the wrath of the Symbol of Peace. With her daily limit reached and villains disheartened, she could freely meet up with the Midoriyas for dinner.
Izuku answered the door, looking at All Might, who was wearing simple black pants with a white shirt, holding flowers in her hand. *Sunflowers... how did she know my mom liked those? Did I mumble that out?*

“Yeah, and you are doing it again,” she chuckled. “Wait, you didn’t mumble out anything about me have y-”

“Hello! Are you Izuku's guest?” asked a rather plump and short woman from behind him. He took a step back to let her see Toshiko.

Her breath hitched for a second. *Those eyes and that hair...* She shook her head dismissing the thoughts.

“Ah- yes, Toshiko Yagi, I’m his personal trainer.”

Inko was a wary person, and she would tear into anyone that would do her boy harm, but looking Toshiko up and down she relented. Looks could be deceiving, but in all her years she had learned that there was no faking that maternal look she held in her blue eyes. “Ah I see, oh- come in, come in!” She gestured, unknowingly inviting All Might into their small, humble abode.

Toshiko enjoyed the homey feel of the Midoriya household, and tried not to chuckle at the All Might-themed nameplate on what she assumed was Izuku’s bedroom door. When they got to the living room, she gently raised the flowers towards Inko. “Oh- sorry, I forgot,” She blustered and picked up the flowers from Toshi’s hands. “Izuku, hun, could you please grab a vase?” He nodded and obeyed.

“Yagi-san,” She started, her voice becoming intense and ominous. “Do you know what mother bears do if their cubs are threatened?”

Toshiko gulped. “I- I do.”

“Do that to whoever tries to hurt him.”

“Eh?” Toshiko wasn’t expecting that response.
“A mother knows, Yagi-san: you care for Izuku too. I would say paternally but that might be overstepping.”

Toshiko couldn’t stop the blush forming on her face, “I- I… I suppose…” she mumbled.

“In the light of that,“ she sighed, “I guess I can worry a little bit less now.” A soft smile crept on Inko’s face. Toshiko ignored the butterflies in her non-existent stomach.

“When… when he was a kid, I did something unforgivable.” Her voice became strained. “I denied his dream... h- he never talked about it afterwards, but I saw that after that night, a disconnect formed between us; I could see it in his eyes. But regardless, he was a good child and did his best to try and not worry me.” She gave an empty laugh. “But that only served to make me even more worried. But... ever since he met you and you started training him, the fire in his eyes returned. I can't thank you enough for that.”

“Now… please take good care of my son?”

Well, that was easier than expected.

“Hatsume, where do you want this?” Izuku huffed, holding up an engine block in one hand and dragging the rest of the car on the other.

“Strip away everything that’s not the main casing and drop it near the pile, that’s gonna go into the endoskeleton build,” she said over her shoulder, still messing with something on her workstation. “Oh, and rip the plating off the car, gonna use that for armor plating.”

“What are you even building this time?” he asked, looking over her shoulder, only for him to immediately recoil in pain when Hatsume turned on her blowtorch. “JESUS CHRIST, HATSUME! WARN ME BEFORE YOU DO SOMETHING LIKE THAT NEXT TIME!” He rubbed his eyes, willing the retina to heal a little bit faster. She blew a raspberry at him.
He didn’t get to see the signature V-shaped antenna.

“I thought you were gonna slow down?” All Might asked, looking at the now half-cleared beach. It had only been barely more than a month since they stopped meeting there; as Mei was pestering Izuku on the premises constantly, it would have been easy for her to connect the dots and reveal All Might’s secret.

“I did...?” he muttered, leaning on one leg then the other anxiously. Mei hadn’t been popping up recently so he thought it would be a good time to call All Might for a check-up of the area. “Hatsume started building something big recently, so most of the salvageable material that went to her came from there.” He pointed at the gaps in the trash where he had pulled the cars out. “And then she told me to clear out the rest, so I started speeding up again. I should be done in uh... a week or two? Most of the heavy lifting is done now that the cars are gone.”

All Might nodded. “It’s alright kid,” she said as she started walking away, “or should I say, 'It’s All Might?’”

Izuku groaned.

Well, this is heavy as hell, Izuku hissed as he carried what amounted to 5 cars worth of steel molded by Mei. At least that’s what it felt like; considering it was still covered by tarps, he had no idea what it actually was. He guessed it was important since Mei scrapped the beach materials after it was mostly complete. When they arrived on the beach he gently laid the giant mass of tarp on the soft sands and Mei swiftly climbed up the structure and unveiled it without any bravado.

“I- I don’t know what to say...” he breathed, looking up at the metal body.

It looked like a mix of him and All might: masculine and big, with polished car shells chopped and welded together forming its armor, making it look kinda like All Might’s silver age suit with its colors inverted. It was large enough for Mei to be sitting on its shoulder as she soldered away at some final circuitry. “You really outdid yourself...” he whispered.
She nodded along, not really paying attention; her baby still needed her for now.

“Aaaaand done!” she puffed, holstering the soldering iron on her utility belt and jumping on Izuku, who was now used to her eccentricities. He caught her and let her down.

“Done?” he asked, looking at her inquisitively, noticing the large bags under her eyes. “Wait, when was the last time you slept?” he asked with a horrified expression.

“Saturday,” she replied, briskly pressing the red button on the remote in her hand.

“Today is Friday!” he exclaimed, shocked.

“Really?”

The machine started to churn and hiss as it booted up.

“The voice fluctuated and distorted in a way that made it seem like it wasn’t designed for human ears. It made the hairs on the back of his neck stand on end.

“Hatsume, turn it off!” He shuddered as the glowing eye of the machine locked down on him.

“It h-has face recognition?” he asked, taking a step closer to her and away from the machine.

“Honestly don’t know, I don’t even remember installing a speaker in it. It’s been a blur.” She chuckled, seemingly unaffected by the ungodly machine staring her down.
“Mother.” The machine nodded, Mei responding with a small smile.

“Aww, my baby knows me~” she cooed. Izuku would have found this adorable if it wasn’t so goddamn terrifying.

“Hatsume, why the hell did you even build this?” he whispered in her ear, trying to pull her away from the machine that could, and probably would, kill them both given the opportunity.

She only shrugged at that. “I think it was for you to spar against? Dunno, my brain is getting kinda fuzzy...” She was probably crashing now that her 'baby' was finally complete, her sleep deprivation finally catching up to her. “Night, Zuku...” she said, promptly laying on the soft sand and falling unconscious almost instantly.

“Don’t just leave me here with it!” he scream-whispered to deaf ears.

“Угни Мирио”, it repeated. Its voice modulation was different now, but still off... still inhuman...

Still.

Goddamn.

Terrifying.

Chapter End Notes

So I'm fitting In more to the training Arc, felt like it would fit in with his accelerated growth.
Also I might be just shameless and wanted Izuku and Mei to meet sooner.

P.S. Thanks for the comments on the first two chapters, hope you Enjoyed this one too.
As Always, See you on the Next one
We the mortals touch the metals

Chapter Summary

Fight! fight! fight!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Previously, on Total Command:

“Уңғ Mіdoriya” Hissed the metal parody of All Might.

“Oh God no.”

“Activа tурb dіjіne: sparring.” He didn’t know what was creepier, the voice it used, or the harsh contrast it had when it announced the subtitle. In any case, he panicked.

“Abort operation!” he commanded, hoping Mei had at least added voice recognition to the beast.

“Vіcе com mǎnd recognіzed; subjесt Izuku Mіdoriya,” the machine hummed. He let out a sigh of relief and picked up the tarp wrapping Mei in it.

“Vіcе command overruled: Preپ are youself frо gо “b, ғо, Ṣd,” grumbled the machine while dropping into a combat stance.

“Oh fuck me sideways.” He never said he didn’t learn anything from Katsumi.

“Vоі c ғcommand not recognіzed.”
Inko’s maternal senses tingled. “I wonder what’s that about?” she hummed, hoping her son was safe.

Elsewhere, All Might ignored the same sensation. “Hope he isn’t doing anything stupid.”

“WHY-” He jumped back dodging a punch. Thankfully the machine was chasing him, away from the slumbering Mei. “ARE YOU-” He used his forearm to redirect another punch away from him and onto the ground, wincing at the power behind the punch. “IGNORING MY COMMANDS?!” he managed to scream out as the machine struggled to pull its hand out of the ground.

The robot rose back up, eye locking onto his again as it started speaking. “Mōtheř you don’t have the clearance, Young Midōrī, a”

That’s it. I’m gonna kill Mei when she gets up.

He ducked under another punch

“So! “He kicked the ground, jumping over another punch. “THE ONLY WAY TO STOP THIS IS TO BREAK YOU?!” he yelled, rolling up to a martial art stance. Time to learn if just watching heroes fight movies actually thought him anything

The machine roared in what he assumed was supposed to be laughter; the roar of weird tones was making him dizzy- the sound itself was triggering Izuku’s fight or flight instinct enough to give him high blood pressure. “Let’s see if you can do that, you negligent”

His eyebrow twitched. Mei gave this thing enough AI to be able to taunt people?

This time he knew the training wheels were off. The machine hissed as the hydraulics kicked in, bounding in front of him in a simple step, arm pulled back ready to punch. Izuku barely managed to limbo under the punch, anchoring himself with an arm and kick Mecha-Might in what would be the ribs. He hissed and winced as Newton’s 3rd law reared its ugly head, the machine not budging.
“Go... harder than that,” the machine taunted, grabbing his leg and slamming him to the ground, knocking the breath out of him. He kicked the hand on his ankle, managing to knock it off, standing back up instantly and taking a few steps back while gasping catching his breath.

He couldn't just break through its armor; that much was now apparent.

“Now... no, we don't be... disregarded, you almost scratched my paint.” The robot laughed and ran to him again. This time when it punched, he blocked it with his own, grunting as the force pushed him back.

Gotta watch its movements- the armor plating needs to have gaps in it while it moves- can't do that while dodging.

He blocked another punch, then another. It wasn’t a standstill, Mecha-might was pushing him back one punch at a time and soon his back would be against the wall on the beach.

Goddammit, Mei built this thing too well- every gap is covered- the joints are even layered- he hissed as he punched again- his elbow ached loudly- wait-

Its joints.

He ducked under the next punch and punched its elbow with his other hand. He smiled as it rattled slightly. Progress.

But that smile was short lived as the machine kicked his legs under him, punching his chest as he fell down.

His vision went dark.

“Zuku, are you there, Zuku?”
He grunted softly.

“Scans show that it is won't have any lasting damage.”

His eyes burst open. “I have died and gone to Hell,” he muttered, rolling to his side and trying to rub the sand out of his hair.

“Your are very much alive, Young Midorima.” stated the machine while Mei nodded in agreement.

“This baby has the 3 laws of robotics hardwired in it; it can't kill you,” she said, patting the kneeling Mecha-Might.

Mei laughed.

“Don’t say such ominous stuff when I’m still groggy,” he hissed, sitting up and holding his chest. He hoped it wouldn't be bruised by next morning.

“Wait- “ He looked to the two. “What time is it?”

“5:30 pm.”

Thank you, giant toaster. “Ugh, my mom must be worried.” He stood up and dusted himself off. “I'm heading home, and you should too.”

” I do need to be rested.”

“Of course you do…” Izuku muttered out. “Oh. And Hatsume, get some proper sleep, please? I can't handle another one of…” He gestured to the Mecha-Might with his eyes.
“I take offense to that,” The machine hissed.

“Please,” he begged.

Mei huffed but nodded in agreement. “Fine.”

He looked down at his body in the mirror next morning and, just as he hoped, there was no bruising. He probably force-healed the capillaries that were damaged before the bruises could form when he was unconscious. Thank you, subconscious and thank you unnamed quirk.

I should name it.

After a few minutes of thinking about the logistics of his quirk, something came to him.

“….Total Command,” he whispered to himself. I like the ring of that.

“...The principle son returns...” Mecha-Might nodded at him as he got to the beach.

“Hey Zuku~” Mei chimed from its side. He could feel a headache coming already.

“Please tell me we aren’t sparring again~”

“Voice command recognized, spar commencing~"  

“Stand down,” Mei ordered, stopping the mech from getting up. “I mean, I still want you two to fight so I can actually see my baby in action. But there’s no need to blindside him, right Zuku?” He shivered at the way she said his name. “You would spar with all my babies for me, right~?”
He took a step back. “Absolutely not.”

She entered a giggle fit at his response. “I’m kidding, I’m kidding.” She waved her hand while holding her stomach, before looking him in the eye with a devilish grin.

“You don’t have a choice~”

“*HATSUME!*”

She laughed even harder and doubled over, punching the ground as she struggled to catch her breath. “Oh- Oh God, your face!”

He didn’t like well-rested Mei.

She caught her breath and stood up, leaning on Mecha-Might. “Alright, alright.” Izuku pouted, the cute expression looked misplaced on his muscular body. “But you do need to fight it again,. You can't be a hero if you can't even beat my baby over here.” She patted the mech. “Right?~”

He knew that she was manipulating him.

But she was right.

“Fine, I'll talk to my trainer about it,” he huffed, crossing his arms. “Should be good exercise anyways...”

“Love ya, Zuku~” she teased.

The next thing he knew, he was having dinner with his mother and All Might. He tried to hide his pleased smile behind the bowl of food he was eating.
He noticed that both of them were more relaxed in each other’s presence and decided that the more they were together the better it would be for both of them. Now his mother had someone other than Autie Mitsuki to talk to and befriend.

_I wonder how she and Katsumi are doing?_ 

After trying for hours to keep herself hovering with consecutive blasts and falling on her ass every time, Katsumi was fed up.

“GOD DAMMIT!”

“STOP FUCKING SCREAMING!” Mitsuki berated from inside the house,

“SHUT UP, OLD HAG!”

_Another day, another defeat._ Izuku huffed, picking himself up from the sand and watching Mecha-Might strike one of All Might’s signature poses.

_“You got 4% er for damaging me today... go od job.”_ He should have been mad at that patronizing statement, but he honestly didn’t have the power to do so.

_Just take the compliment_ 

“Way to go, Zuku~” Mei cheered from the side as she messed with...

_Is that a jetpack?_
“Yeah, yeah thanks, guys.” He rolled his shoulders, popping them back into place. This had been going on for two weeks now. Initially, Mei couldn’t take her eyes off the battles, but now though... now she was bored of it. And he was sick of losing to the damn machine.

_Fuck it. He has some more fight in him._

“Hey, lets spar again,” he huffed, dropping into a fighting stance.

Mecha-Might looked over him to conduct a scan. “Arrgh young one, bring it.” it brought its fists up, “břímgá.”

They clashed fists back and forth for a time every once a while the mech would throw a un-telegraphed attack similar to the one that knocked him out the first time they fought, but he had grown accustomed to dodging those. His legs automatically jumped over the kicks, body twisting harshly on its own when his brain didn’t have time to process the incoming attack.

It had finally clicked.

His body had taught itself to dodge on its own.

_Thank you, Total Command._

Now that he wasn’t paying that much attention to dodging, he noticed something.

Every time he blocked the punch from the machine, its shoulders shuddered a bit.

_Wake point?_

He punched back harder, his own arm shuddering with the force when it clashed with metal. The shoulder shuddered a bit more.

_Wake point!_
He roared as he started hitting back harder, speeding up to a flurry of strikes. The machine’s one eye widened in recognition. It pulled its arm back.

“ỂԲীু৫৬৪১১৬৪”

Mei perked up at that. “I didn’t remove the inhibitors, what are you doing?”

Izuku flinched.

*Not backing down now.* He pulled a punch back himself and let it loose.

“שוב מתוחכם.”

The two fists clashed. A large shockwave crashed through the beach.

Izuku’s fist started to bleed but he held steady, fighting against the torque of the hulking machine.

He smiled through the pain.

Their fists were at a stalemate, neither budging an inch. Mecha-Might, for an emotionless robot, looked impressed. But then it’s eye pulsed. “Structural Integrity 88%”. It stated, Izuku cheered in his head as its arm started to lose power. The mechanical arm groaned while failing hydraulics and grinding metal echoed through Mecha-Might’s armored frame.

Izuku felt his own tendons almost tearing under the immense pressure.

He just needed to hold it together for a little longer. He roared, flooding his body with adrenaline to keep it steady under the mechanical assault.

Mecha-Might swung its other fist. Izuku matched it with his own.
The sound of creaking metal filled the beach. “Structure Integ. 61%,” the machine spat out as it pulled back its damaged arm. Izuku retracted his arm too.

“Not backing down now, are you?” he taunted.

“Go beyond,” it replied, pulling its arm into position.

“Bring it,” he growled as he pulled back his own.

Their fists clashed again.

The sound of shearing metal overtook the sounds of the waves.

Mecha-Might fell to its knees, holding its shoulder socket.

Its arm was gone.

“Good job, you...” it rumbled as its systems failed.

Izuku huffed and puffed, holding his own arm. It felt like it was on fire; he probably tore most of the muscle tissue with that last punch.

Izuku started to laugh maniacally, falling to his back out of exhaustion.

Mei was on her feet instantly, a radiant smile plastered on her face. Another failure, another opportunity to learn. Plus watching Zuku succeed is always great. “You did it!” she cheered as she ran up to the exhausted teen, dropping the jetpack she was working on.

“I did iiiit...” he whined softly from the ground, raising his left arm up as his bloody, destroyed mess of a right arm refused to move. But the blood was already clotting and soon enough he would be able to move it.
He’s fine. Time to check out how my baby failed.

“Well...” She looked at the machine. The shoulder joint was destroyed completely; the steel of the endoskeleton was sheared at the corner. “Metal fatigue?” she asked aloud, eyes zooming in to the surface to check it. Sure enough, she saw the beach marks; proof of metal fatigue. “You over endured it...” she concluded.

“I what?” he asked, getting up.

A good sign.

He dragged the dismembered arm over to the main body and looked over her shoulder to see the damage.

“You beat it in a battle of attrition,” she elaborated. Izuku matched her smile.

Guess that’s the way to beat opponents.

“I need to fix it and make it better for next time,” she said, getting up and taking a step back, hitting against Izuku’s chest in the process.

“No,” he hissed. Mei paled a bit at the utter force under his tone.

“But-“

“No,” he repeated, his hands grasping her shoulders and anchoring her in place.

“B-but Zuk-“

“NO!”
He breathed for a second, calming down. “Just- ugh, I dunno- teach me basic robotics. You’d have an extra pair of hands to help out when you need it and you won’t kill yourself anymore when you focus on these projects,” he suggested, slumping. Hopefully, she would take it.

“N-“ She paused for a second. An extra pair of hands that were strong enough to beat a machine into submission... “Alright, try to keep up~” she said in a sing-songy tone.

He let out a sigh of relief.

“So, like this?” Izuku questioned. He raised his goggles and looked down at his solder work. Mei glanced over his shoulder and nodded as he tried to ignore her chest pushing against his back and to keep himself from blushing madly. Why does she lack the concept of personal space?

“Yeah, good job! Now help me force this plating into place,” she ordered as she walked towards some power armor.

“Yeah, yeah...” he mumbled, holstering his soldering iron and running to catch up to her.

“I can’t believe we got this sidetracked...” All Might huffed, looking at the beach, then at Izuku. “How long has this been cleared for? 2 months now?”

Izuku nodded simply, looking at the now densely populated beach. People had heard the ruckus when he and Mecha-Might were sparring and avoided the space, But now with their battles over, the beach rapidly repopulated.

“Yeah, I kinda forgot to tell you with the sparring and learning robotics with Hatsume. Sorry about that All Might...”

All Might huffed. “No need to be apologetic, young man. I saw the pictures you sent of the beast; taking something like that down was a good exercise before you got this power. Speaking of
which…” All Might paused for dramatic effect.

“I think it’s time for you to get One for All.”

“Hey, mom, would you mind making some Katsudon tonight? Oh, and do you mind if Miss Yagi joins us?” Izuku asked his mother through his phone. All Might sat on the steps of the newly-pristine beach, watching the sunset and its reflection on the ocean.

“Sure thing, Hun, having a cheat day?” His mother’s chipper voice emanated from the device.

“Yeah! It’s to celebrate how far I’ve come. Thanks, Mom! See you soon; love you.” With a quick goodbye from his mom, the phone call was over.

“You worked hard for this,” All Might mumbled looking at the beach. It had been years since she saw its true glory; the kid really went above and beyond.

“I-it still feels like cheating to me...” he chuckled, looking at the scenery.

Toshi laughed. “You seriously have self-worth issues don’t you, Young Midoriya?” She got up and placed a comforting hand on his shoulder. “In this world where people are celebrated for what they are born with, for the luck of the draw, it’s really no wonder.” She pulled him into a half hug. “But this?” She gestured to the beach. “This is a result of your hard work. You earned this, and you earned my power. Never forget that.” She shifted into her hero form and plucked a strand of her signature hair.

“Now, eat this!”

...  

“Eh?”

*Why can’t I just have normal things happen to me?!”*
Chapter End Notes

Whoot! a thousand hits! thanks Everyone for reading, commenting and the Kudos'es its what keeps me going.

Collage is starting soon so the rate of updates might slow down but I'll do my best to keep up. Plus Ultra right?

P.s. Also hope you guys enjoyed the first 'real' fight scene I ever tried writing,

Hope to see you in the next chapter!
Chapter Summary

unforeseen consequences befall the young man. But he gets a signature out of it so its fine.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

He gulped the hair down

“ugh I think I’m going to be sick- “he panted, All might giving him a hearty slap on the back. he didn’t even budge “sorry young Midoriya- you had to take in some of my DNA to get one for all” he shook his head “no need to apologize- I think its kicking in” he huffed and took a step forward

“Already? But you shouldn’t have digested it ye- “she smacked her own head “oh right you can speed that up” he chuckled softly

“here goes nothing” and he tried to access the new power he felt connected to and it burst to life, green lightning sparking around him “wh-what is this All might?”

She had taken a few steps back and was shaking like a leaf “s-scary”

“All might?”

Suddenly he doubled down, bruises forming as he panted deeply, the lightning stopping as he fell to his knees “Midoriya?” All might barked, instantly next to him not knowing what to do or what had happened

“I- I am fine” he gurgled coughing up some blood. The bruises starting to fade as he forced his body to kickstart the healing process. He gasped and rose to his feet “I- I think I should avoid going 100% for now” All might nodded still shell-shocked by the whole event “what even happened?” she asked: voice low

“I think- One for All Overclocks all the muscles I can access- “his breathing leveled out “normally that should be fine- but since I have Total Command- “he gulped “It overclocked my heart too- my blood vessels couldn’t take the strain”

“Oh,” All might said dumbly “we are going to recovery girl”

“I don’t think she can do anything about this whole mess” he muttered

“Every time I am here I get more impressed” he gasped in awe. “yeah hope that lasts through your academic career” All might huffed with a soft smile, not really paying attention to whose territory they were walking through
“You can’t just sleep under the teacher's podium Aizawa” pestered a sultry voice

All might froze “Shit”

“All might?” questioned Izuku from her side- what is wrong with her fac-

“Oh? ~” that voice

“what do we have here? ~” asked the same sweet voice, Izuku turned to see the source

A woman with pure black hair, freely flowing onto her back greeted his vision. Clad in what he could assume to be S&M gear over a thin- extremely thin- skin-tight body suit, it left little to imagination on her deliciously curvy body.

His eyes grew with a mix of recognition and embarrassment “Midnight?”

All might feared for her sanity and more importantly her student’s chastity

“Toshi- you shouldn’t have, seriously my birthday isn’t here for another 6 months” Midnight licked her lips “where did you even find such a- “she took a step closer to Izuku, He took a step back, flushing a bit ‘fine specimen~ he is downright adorable too~ he gulped at that

“haha- you know the thing is- “All might started then the words faded away in her throat

“…” Midnight cocked an eyebrow waiting for the explanation- or the punchline

“I got nothing” She muttered then switched to muscle form, picking Izuku up “run back home” she commanded before tossing him through the window

“HEY! I WAS GONNA EAT THAT”’ Midnight screeched as Izuku booked it

Hours later All might arrived at the Midoriya household, more frazzled than usual

“long day, Toshi?” chirped Inko from the side “you don’t know the half of it- “she grimly chuckled and Inko muffled her giggles. All might and Midoriya shared a knowing, fearful look

\textit{UA is gonna be challenging in ways they hadn’t thought of}

“Ok, ok this is great it’ll be like training- infiltrate the building before Midnight sniffs me out” Izuku reasoned looking at the colossal grounds of the school

“or we could just ask recovery girl to come to us- knowing Nemuri she is probably staking it out at the security office” All might reasoned from his side “plus there is no urgency for this- you already slept and I see no negative effects on your body- you are fine right?”

he nodded “yeah for the most part- don’t sense any internal bleeding- but never can be too sure right?”

“why do you wanna go back there so much?” All might sighed giving in, there was no stopping Midoriya now.
“I gotta be able to go through the school without fear if I want to graduate from here All might” he answered

**Imma get an autograph of Midnight dammit.**

Well. He is a fanboy through and through.

They were instantly caught by Nemuri. Who had managed to find them the moment they entered the building “Failed step one” hissed All might under her breath “hey there handsome- gonna run away again?” asked Midnight, a predatory gleam in her eye “I hate that you left, but I loved watching you go~”

“I- uhm” to Izuku’s credit he was holding his ground. Barely. Contact with Mei probably helped with that.

“I was wondering if you could sign this,” he said finally, blush becoming nigh neon

All might face-palmed *where did he even hide the damn notebook?*

“What’s this?” Midnight lost her flirty attitude genuinely interested in the worn pages of the notebook, and marveled at the drawing of her on the pages “these are good- really good, wow” she flipped through some more pages

**He defused the situation I can’t believe it** All might thought, flabbergasted at the whole interaction

“Uh- sure, where should I sign?” Asked midnight apparently dropping the whole ‘seductress’ shtick for now. Realizing her slip up, she picked it back up “-and you know” she looked at him with the predatory glint again “we could have a *private* session after this, I’m sure I can be a good model for a fan like you” the effect was lost considering she had a blush of embarrassment from her previous fumble

“Oh, under a picture of you is ok” Izuku muttered, All might nodded, *he seems to be getting used to her*

Then did a double take when she saw that He was holding his arms around his face protectively, Blushing madly.

*What is this a bad rom-com?*

“Can’t believe you young Midoriya” she scolded when Midnight had left them be. “you did all of this for an autograph- you could have just asked her when you enrolled “

he rubbed the back of his head “sorry was kinda impatient couldn’t help myself” he reasoned, waiting at her side as they made it to the infirmary without any other incidents

“It’s fine, its just who you are isn’t it?” All might huffed as she knocked on the door of the infirmary waiting for an answer

“come in” came the recognizable voice of Recovery girl, the duo heeding her words let themselves in
“Hello Midoriya, it’s been a while hasn’t it?” smiled the grandmotherly recovery girl.

“y-yeah sorry I didn’t visit sooner- was training very hard” he explained, somewhat feeling guilty not visiting the old doctor

“it fine young’un; heard all about it from Toshi. here, have some gummi bears” she passed him some candies “so I’m guessing this is something important- is it your quirk?” he shook his head

“No, it’s One for all- it’s reacting weirdly to my body,” he said simply

All might took a seat on an empty bed “He says One for All overclocked his heart and the higher blood pressure burst some of the thinner capillaries- he seems fine now, but we wanted to check”

“you two are gonna really kill me one day I swear” she huffed and tugged at Izuku’s shirt “come with me sonny lets check if your body managed to clean up the mess it made”

“Toshi what do you feed this boy- my word- “muttered Recovery girl looking through all the tests she went through

“beg your pardon?”

“he has 5 times as dense of a skeleton as last time- and some undifferentiated cells in his minimal fat stores” listed recovery girl

“uh- in layman’s terms?” All might asked getting lost

“I got- stem cells in storage? I can regenerate?” Izuku muttered pulling his lower lip in deep thought

“It’s not a regeneration quirk's level of it but yeah, I’d say you could regrow a finger if it came down to it- which probably won't even happen cause your skeleton is forcing the biological limits as is- any denser and bone saws would just bounce off you” recovery girl said calmly “pretty sure you’d need to get rolled over by a steamroller to break a bone at this point”

“and no that’s not a challenge- please don’t break any bones” she added

She had known Izuku for 5 months now, they had become fast friends over that time. Initially, She was only interested in him as a way to get her babies into the spotlight, but he had managed to worm his way into her life.

It didn’t help that the boy was so earnest about his dreams, similar to her in that fashion, nor did his ability to keep up with her during conversations. She knew very well how hard that could be considering how many ‘friends’ she lost over that during elementary school; not that she minded that. Friends are overrated, my babies are enough company

…but again

She looked over to the desk Izuku had started to occupy after his victory of ‘Mecha-might’

That’s right- I couldn’t have built that one without his help she thought, It wasn’t just his help getting the materials to the workshop, without his body as her muse she wouldn’t even have imagined
Mecha-Might.

“It’s not like you to lose in thought other” speak of the devil. Mecha-might hummed to life, de-docking from its charging center. Rolling the shoulder Izuku had punched off. Even with both arms replaced and upgraded It still liked to do that. AI’s are weird

guess not huh?” she looked over to the mess of machinery- why had she made it look like All Might? Was it because she was the strongest hero?

Or was it because she was Izuku’s favorite hero?

She shook her head no time to dwell on those thoughts- only 5 months more till UA entrance exams

Five months before Izuku makes his big splash, and her support materials get into the spotlight with him

Her eyes locked onto the door as it parted open “Hey Hatsume” announced Izuku walking into the workshop

“Hey Zuku its been a while” Mei chimed, watching him enter her workshop, he smiled at her

“Yeah, I’m back now though- sorry my trainer kept me for a while- “

His smile soured when he saw the hulking machine behind her, holding something in place as Mei welded away

“Ha- Hatsume I thought I told you not to rebuild him” he hissed, crying internally

“Zuku- when have I ever listened to you about not building something?” she asked, voice deadpan

“I- “he rubbed his chin then pointed at her “you got me there”

“how to do this- how to do this” he hummed looking at the empty beach, it was an early Sunday morning, so the area was empty of all except him and All might, they had a good 2 hours before anyone would arrive

“so last time I just tried accessing it full on, like flipping a switch- “he hummed, more to himself than to All might- “what if I- what if I focus on a body part instead? Only overclock the muscles there”

“don’t you think you should wait a little bit more- and reinforce your capillaries first?” She asked, basking on the morning sun, it was good for her overexerted body

“no- that would take too long- and I don’t think I could reinforce them all even with Total command- “He hummed a bit “I probably could reinforce them a bit- enough to sustain One for All longer than- how much was it last time?”

“0.5 seconds?”
“yeah I probably could extend it longer than that- but for now I need a way to access it” he nodded, “ok- gonna try to focus on just one limb- in 3, 2, 1”

Green lightning cracked to life over the limb, red veins burst to life as his muscles bulged ever so slightly.

“ok- that’s promising- “he swallowed as All might watched in worry over her pupil “now time to move it”

He closed his eyes and moved it a bit, cracked them open when he didn’t feel any pain

It was stable

He clenched and unclenched his hand, shaking his fingers around a bit

“I can work with this” he hummed All might smiled from the side

He made a fist

“here. Goes. Nothing”

He pulled his fist back and let loose a punch. One for All fizzled out before he could finish the motion, but the output was definitely bigger than he had expected, the wind pressure kicking up some sand and a small portion of the Ocean parting

“I can definitely work with this” He smiled

“I just realized” Hatsume mumbled going through a catalog of tools sitting on Mecha-might’s shoulders

“156- realized what?” came Izuku’s voice from under Mecha-might panting slightly as he did another one-handed push-up, the machine lifting off the ground as he did so

“I just assumed you had no quirk- “she hummed still not looking away from the catalog

“167- well yeah men don’t have quirks,” he said, kinda worried where the conversation was going.

“Exactly” she exclaimed softly

“170, Wait- are you asking if I am a woman? Hatsume really?” he asked back deadpan “171, you saw me shirtless? And felt me up?”

“Oh right- I forgot” she replied not really paying attention

“176, 178…” he stalled “Mecha-might get off”

The machine complied as he rolled over to his side

…I do trust her

“Hatsume-“ she looked up from the catalog, why were his words so heavy so suddenly? “I do have a quirk”
She dropped the catalog

“I KNEW IT, YOU JUST HAVE A VERY FLAT CHEST” she screamed pointing at him accusingly

“No- I’m a guy- I don’t know how to explain it I just- have a quirk,” he said sitting up and waving his arms around trying to dispel the accusation

“Prove it” she huffed crossing her arms

“the quirk or my gender?” he hoped it wasn’t the latter how would I even prove that? He blushed at an image that came up in his head

“Gender- quirk is apparent you have super strength no?” She said not backing down

“No its like Total Command of my bodily function- It's not important” he huffed

“prooooooove iiiiiit” She hissed again

“don’t know how to do that”

“Proooooooooooove iiiiinnnnniiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiit”

“just trust me on this why would I lie?”

Her eyes didn’t back down

“how would I even prove it?” he asked finally making her think about it too

She started to blush herself “oh- oh right”

“Is this what I’m trying is?” chuckled the machine from under Mei, holding the dropped catalog

“shut up” they both huffed, eyes darting away from each other

Inko looked down on the family finances, mouth pouting

“we are getting close to the red…” she hummed to herself, With Izuku’s recent eating habits it was bound to happen.

They were lucky UA had a scholarship system, all education would be paid for by the hero association, perks of being so selective and being number one.

But for now, she had to deal with her son eating enough for 3 people.

“I should start paying attention to sale dates and look for a better job…” she looked at the day's newspaper “Oh! There is one right now, I should hurry” she muttered leaving the house and locking the door behind her

She hadn’t noticed Izuku’s cracked open door

“Oh….”
“You need a job?” All might asked over the phone “I- why even call me about this- haven’t you had a job before? You are 18 you didn’t part-time?”

He shook his head- then realizing that wouldn’t go through he muttered: “n-no there wasn’t any jobs that would accept someone that didn’t have a quirk that would help out, not in a part-time level anyway-“

All might pinched the bridge of her nose. It was true, there was a recent law that let companies reject applicants based on their quirks, not many did but small-time gigs preferred applicants with quirks that matched the job. Meaning men usually just got pushed out of the system.

There should have been an outcry over it- then again even if there was one it probably got swept away from the public eye when a flashier Villain attack happened.

“you know I could just pay you right?” she huffed hoping he would take the offer “being number one hero has its perks” Just take the offer

“I- I can’t do that” he muttered back

*Guess not.*

“Fineeeeee. I’ll ask around, see if anyone knows of places that would employ men”

“He needs a job?” Recovery girl asked over her tea “why come to me with this?”

All might shifted uncomfortably “y-you probably know better than me”

“true” she smiled taking a sip “but you should Ask Nozomi about it”

“I can’t do that she doesn’t need to know about Izuku yet- what if she tells the- “the words died in her decaying throat *Oh right*

“She knows the pains of being a lab experiment Toshi, she wouldn’t just out him like that” she hummed

“I also have enough leverage with the government and the hero association to keep him out of those places,” said a squeaky voice from the P.A system of the infirmary “Bold of you to Assume I wouldn’t know about him already Toshiko”

All might eeped, looking around to see the camera that looked over Recovery girl’s desk “so-sorry principal”

“It’s fine, I approve of your secrecy- but it won’t hold out in the entrance exam, he needs all the strength he has for that one”

“Can’t you just accept him with the other recommendations?” Chiyo huffed already knowing the answer

“now, now where’s the fun in that?” asked back the Small rodent running one of the most influential and renowned universities in Japan.
Not that he would accept that offer anyway. All might thought to herself.

“Now about that job,” Nozomi says, voice lower than usual

...Why do I have a bad feeling about this?

Chapter End Notes

yeah I am de-powering One for All, its simply too powerful to work with otherwise (in my experience at least). But don't worry; I got this.

hope you enjoyed the chapter; see you all on the next one!
And time yet for a hundred indecisions

Chapter Summary

Izuku gets hired. It’s not the first job he imagined having. Nor does he like the Principals eyes. But hey, a job’s a job right?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“So” came the meek voice of Izuku, looking up to the rodent that ran the place “you want to hire me as a janitor?”

“No, no Midoriya, you are gonna do much more than that, carrying around shipments, helping with cooking- you are going to be an everyman, and in turn, UA will pay all your food needs, no questions asked,” said Nozomi, something in her eyes making him wary

“Uh- does this mean I am accepted into UA already? Cause I can’t— that’s cheating I can’t accept that” he said, still not believing his current predicament

“Oh on the contrary young one” her eyes sharpened, there was definitely an apex predator mixed into her genetics he was certain of that “I would much prefer to have you remain as a full time working employee- so if anything you will be scored harsher during the test. Good luck.” She might not be human, but she seemed to have the concept of sadism down pat.

Oh boy

“Izuku, Hun, what is this?” Inko asked worriedly looking at her son carrying what seemed to be a months’ worth of food into the house, he gulped

“I- uh I got a job mom- decided to buy groceries for the house- hope you don’t mind”

She was surprised but couldn’t help the motherly sense of pride bubbling in her chest “not at all, here let me help you with that”

“you gonna get a job brat?” Mitsuki asked, no real bite in her voice

“maybe At the UA campus, hag. why?” Answered Katsumi

“just curious”
Izuku slapped his forehead, Mei dropped her spot welder

“it took you 3 weeks to come up with that?” he hissed still blushing at the memory of that day

“Le was a background process” Mecha-might said simply.

“doesn’t matter, I know he isn’t lying about it,” Mei said, picking up her dropped tool and checking for damage “why were you even processing that?”

“was bored; and Yoong Mi도로어 닥Benchmark coming over less and less...” The machine looked down, his sculpted-on smile somehow looking sorrowful

His heart clenched a bit at that, even through the warbled voice modulator the pure emotion was going through Mecha-might’s words. “h-how did you program so much emotion in him Hatsume?”

“don’t know- was on concentrated coffee and less than 5 hours of sleep while building him remember?” she huffed looking over at the mopey robot “pretty sure was seeing sounds too- “

“But he is right- why are you coming over so little?” she asked eyebrow raising, walking up to him, still holding the welder. it was usual for him to be sporadic with his visits. But nowadays the gaps were getting too big to ignore. Plus, she might be missing him a little.

“o-oh that’s cause- uh” well she knows almost everything else “I got a job at UA” She pulled the trigger of the spot welder in shock, it sparked for a second then overheated, she dropped it before her hand got burned, but the moment it hit the floor and clattered the lights went out.

She yelped and hugged Izuku

“H-Hatsume?” he asked blush growing darker by the second.

“s-sorry- just” She pushed her head against his chest “I-I am afraid of the dark” she admitted still holding onto him for dear life. He strained his eyes trying to see in the pitch black, barely managed to get the silhouettes of objects to appear. He could only force his rods and cones to detect so much in pitch black.

“o-oh. Uh- Mecha-might can you light the place up?” he asked one arm tenderly holding Mei’s back, she seemed to relax at the contact. A single red light started to illuminate the room, The single eye of the robot.

“Sorry young Mi도로어 닥Benchmark looks like a fu, se blew, it’s gonna take a while to replace” Of course it is

“H-Hey Hatsume easy, its fine, I am here” she flinched a little

“quoting All might at me?” a small smile tugged at her lips that’s so him

He relaxed a little feeling her smile against him, hugging her more comfortably, one head petting her pink locks “sorry, it was my go to”

“it’s fine- it’s just who you are isn’t it?” a sheepish smile formed on his face
“Goj it” exclaimed Mecha-might, as the lights flickered back on.

They decoupled slowly after that small bluses on both their faces.

He opened the door to the teacher's lounge, it was his first day on the job.

“So, you are the new help?”

Izuku was face to face with long unkempt black hair with tired eyes, a grey scarf around her shoulders and neck, black baggy clothing covering what he assumed was a lean and toned body underneath. You didn’t get to be a hero with anything less.

“Uh yeah and you are- Aizawa sensei, right?” he asked kind of intimidated by the UA homeroom teacher.

“I don’t know what kind of irrational decision Nozomi made and hired you, but I cannot be bothered to question it” she looked to the side then started walking away- towards a yellow sleeping bag? “bring me some jelly drinks, I’m running low on those” Shiko Aizawa huffed and got into the bag falling asleep on the teachers lounge.

“a-any preferences?” He asked to deaf ears.

“She doesn’t have any” he turned to see someone with blonde hair in a fauxhawk, voluminous at the top and slicked back on the back. Leather jacket over her slim form with tinted aviator sunglasses perched on her nose. Present mic, otherwise known as Hikaru Yamada.

“She’ll drink anything as long as it has some nutritional value” quieter than usual, apparently not willing to wake the sleeping teacher “Oh and could you get some green tea for me?” she said, a sly grin forming on her lips.

He nodded.

“And some Berry match for me hot stuff?” Midnight Called out from her seat.

“Nemuri stop that, he is employed now, he could sue for sexual harassment” Aizawa hissed eyes snapping open, then promptly closing them again falling asleep.

“Awe you are no fun” Midnight huffed pouting cutely.

Izuku shook his head blushing lightly not that I really mind.

“Alright anything else?” he asked taking notes on his phone for the other teachers.

“Some sweet tea for me, pardner” chimed someone with a weird accent, sounded slightly American but- his eyes searched for the source, someone wearing a cowboy hat her visible black hair styled into dreadlocks, rest of her body hidden under a red cape, he could see her one arm as it crept out of the cape messing with the lounges tv remote, strong muscular arm clad in bicep high gloves, another pair of heavier duty gloves on-top of those. Snipe according to all documentation given to him. Wonder what’s her real name?

“Snipe, where is he going to find sweet tea like you want over here, we are in Japan?” questioned someone with a nasal voice, his eyes drifted to the source, someone wearing a helmet that looked to
be salvaged from an excavator, frazzled orange hair spilling out from the bottom of it wearing a bright yellow vest, akin to those worn by heavy machine operators, covering her upper torso. With simple blue pants covering her legs. Her metal tipped fingers drumming against the coffee table. Power loader, real name; Hitomu Maijima “oh uh- some Burning Black Coffee for me” she added

“You're drinking stuff endorsed by her?” Asked Midnight squinting at the support course teacher

“Hey, its good coffee” Power Loader shrugged

“UH- Snipe sensei, is it alright if your order was a little late? I think I need to make that myself” Izuku muttered, poking his chin with his phone

“Its fine” she said relaxing onto the couch

“Alright, uh- I got the pager from Nozomi, if any of you need anything just message me there,” he said getting out of the lounge, and starting to walk to the nearest convenience store

“Good kid wonder where Nozomi found him?” Power loader hummed. Midnight kept her mouth shut about seeing him with All might before.

“Dunno, but color me content, we can laze around more now- wonder how his tea is gonna taste like” muttered Snipe cupping her hands behind her head “Also Midnight don’t go cradle snatching now ya-hear?”

“He isn’t that young”

“Neither are you, what are you gonna be 26 this year?”

Her eyebrow twitched killing aura flaring around her

“I take it back” she mumbled tensing slightly

He got back, passing the drinks to everyone, ignoring a flirty wink from Midnight, and leaving a carton full of jello drinks for Shiko to dig into when she woke up. Proceeded to make and pass Snipe her American sweet tea.

His pager blinked, Nozomi was calling him to her office, bidding everyone a farewell he made his way to the office of the head of UA. “Have you requested me Principal?” the rodent nodded

“Good work integrating into the faculty, Midoriya”

He sheepishly rubbed the back of his head “thanks”

“Know that none of them know that you are going to be enrolling soon, keep it that way.” Something mischievous glinted in her eyes

She really likes to play around with people, doesn’t she?

“No, its more of a test of their professional skill” she added seemingly reading his mind “They will be grading your scores in the exam you know, it’s a great time to see if they would succumb to grading you higher due to your contact with them. No favoritism allowed~”

He sweat dropped, why was she having so much fun over this?
“You can go ahead and help out Lunch-rush with preparing the food now,” she said shoos him away with her paw.

Another boring day at high school over, he huffed and walked out the weather was cold, he looked down on his phone. 4 C°

“huh”

He wasn’t wearing a coat, he hadn’t thought the weather was that cold while he was getting out of the house that morning. Maybe my body is increasing its internal temperature on its own?

Well, that was plausible, given how his subconsciousness tended to work in the background, keeping his body at optimal functions maybe my metabolic efficiency went down to produce more heat-wonder what my maximum is-

“What are you on about Deku?” Katsumi seethed, he hadn’t noticed her walking behind him, nor that he had started mumbling again. Her words didn’t have the bite they had 5 months ago. She was wearing a heavy coat, making her flush a little. Probably to keep her sweating and ready if something happened again.

“O-Oh its nothing Kacchan” He backed off raising his hands, trying to look like a non-target.

“Bullshit- you are up to something” She hissed, some of the bite returning “you hiding something from me?”

“I- uh” he babbled

“Well?”

“I ha-have been training to be a hero more lately- “he admitted

“I noticed that nerd” hard not to notice with how much muscle you got, what am I an Idiot? She shivered a bit when a gust of wind swept by them “aren’t you cold dressed like that?”

“n-not really?”

She huffed and stomped away, he noticed her longer hair

huh, long hair looks good on her he mumbled unintentionally

“STOP FUCKING MUTTERING YOU IDIOT”

“so Zuku”

He turned around to look at Mei who was fiddling with something in her hands “you said your quirk was Total command right?”

He nodded “yeah, why?”

“I am building your hero suit remember?”
He flinched at that “y-you are? But I didn’t even get accepted ye-“

“We both know you are gonna make it in” she vibrated with excitement cutting him off “Cannot wait to make new babies at UA~”

“I- uh… ok” he accepted still kind of shocked by her utmost trust in his abilities. He knew she had believed in him somewhat, but this was the next level.

“Plussss- with your quirk so versatile the possibilities are endless in the design,” she said vibrating slightly more. she tossed the thing she was messing with at him “I was thinking something like this”

He grabbed it mid-air and shifted it around surprised by the weight. It was a gauntlet, the shell iridescent like his hair, it had some bulk to it towards the elbow like a storage unit, insides were covered in red polymer and what looked to be a few vital readers “Hatsume how long have you been working on this?”

“A few weeks try it on” she commanded, and he complied unlatching the undersides of the metal tube and pushing his right hand inside the metal glove, the device locking itself as he got it secured in it.

“It’s still in the heavy prototyping stage but” she walked up to him and held his arm up, a screen coming to life over his wrist “It follows your vitals- but also clench your fist, and then tense each finger separately from right to left”

“like this?” he questioned as he tensed his pinky to his forefinger

Text appeared on the screen ‘User input accepted, Izuku Midoriya, tense your forefinger to continue’ he complied ‘Welcome to limb extension 1.0, prototype A’ continued the text on the screen

“Well that’s a good enough example for now” Mei said taking him out of his wonder filled trance “Planning on coding it so it only accepts input after a certain sequence of muscle contractions, something only you can do” she said crossing her arms “Its going to be your utility belt of sorts, how much can you carry on your arms before it becomes too hindering?”

He looked at her like she was a goddess

“I- uh- no clue- maybe like 50 kg each arm?” he mumbled

“Oh! That’s great I can fit even more stuff in then!” she said happily smiling broadly

“Hmmm…” he squinted at Mecha-might

“You want s’paro something young, Midoriya?” the machine asked looking down at him

“No… I wanna try something, would you mind?” he raised his hand and brought it closer to the machine

“No go ahead” he responded

He pushed his hand against the metal frame and forced his tactile neurons into over-drive. He hissed as the sensations got a little too much for his brain to handle, eyebrow twitching. He refined the sensitivity to only his palm and let out a calming breath. “there we go”

He waited for a second and increased the force of his heartbeat, feeling the vibration travel through
his hand onto the frame of the machine, slowly an image of the internals started to appear in his mind, all the turning gears, wires and hydraulics and steel endo-skeleton. With his knowledge of fabrication and robotics gained from Mei he could find the weak points in the armor and the internals

“woah” he mumbled taking his hand away and shaking it letting the nerves calm down “I knew I could amplify senses but this. This is new”

“What did you do?”

“I think I just taught myself a sort of bio-sonar gotta tell Hatsume about it, thanks Mecha-might”

“You’re welcome”

Working on the support gear, working for UA and the schoolwork finally filled his daily schedule, the next 3 months passing before he knew it

“Midnight’s birthday is coming up isn’t it?” he hummed to himself while cooking at the UA kitchen. Wearing an apron and his hair pulled back in a small ponytail, hands gloved as he cut vegetables for curry.

Someone wearing a chef’s uniform with a metal mask covering her face, Lunch-rush, nodded “yeah March 9th -wait how do you know it was close?” she asked looking away from the rice she was cooking

“Haha- well I am kind of a hero fanboy…” he admitted tugging at his gloves shyly “yours was uhh…. June 17th?” he hummed aloud

“Impressive” she nodded “In anycase- why are you asking? Going to give her a gift?”

“…hadn’t thought about it but…. Maybe?” he hummed back pouring the vegetables into a pot “you got any ideas?”

“you are the fanboy here, you probably know what to give her already- right?”

He pinched his chin …I might?

He remembered how pleasantly shocked she was when she saw his notebook, her facial expression was burned into his brain. He grabbed his drawing utensils and a sketchbook from his desk.

“hmmmmm…. ” He groaned looking at the page- “no this isn’t going to be big enough” he pulled open his cupboard, grabbing some bigger, better paper and some charcoal- oh god this is gonna be hell to clean up afterwards

He looked at the empty white of the paper, the abyss looked back.

“let’s just get this started” he huffed, cracking his neck and dumping some charcoal dust onto the page, spreading it evenly with a rolled-up wad of tissue paper

“hope she likes it” he muttered grabbing the vine charcoal and starting to sketch
good news and bad news, Bad news I might drop the updates to once a week (psst like I have enough self control to not spam here) Good news is we are getting closer to the start of UA; Meaning each chapter is gonna be longer.

see you in the next chapter- or the comments, I am always prowling
Then it enters our hearts

Chapter Summary

Izuku realizes it’s everyone’s birthday that month and does his best.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Ok where did this come from...” he asked himself, looking at the now finished piece.

It was midnight in her hero costume stepping on a large, defeated villain with her thorn-ed whip in her hand, striking one of her signature poses, eyes sharp and resolute; mouth twisted in a lopsided smile, one; one would get after overcoming unbeatable odds.

He looked at the clock, 6 hours had passed. Almost morning. Woah, I zoned out.

“too late to sleep now, guess gonna match Aizawa today” he hummed to himself grabbing fixative and heading to the porch to finalize the poster of Midnight

That day was absolute hell. He Almost fell asleep during class 4 separate times, getting woken up by an outburst from Bakugou each time, he actually did fall asleep during his training with All might.

The pro hero was impressed he managed to fall asleep during bench pressing, snoring lightly as his arms still moved the heavy bar up and down.

“I am here,” he said absentmindedly walking into the lounge like he owned the place, the teachers perked up expecting Aizawa or All might, not the usually meek Izuku.

“Oh god its spreading” Hikaru whispered looking at the sleeping Aizawa and Izuku who was apparently stealing her look for today with his sleepy eyes adorned with heavy looking bags

He facepalmed, hand dragging down his face “s-sorry didn’t get enou- any- any sleep last night-kind of out of it” he huffed leaning onto the coffee table for support “Any orders?”

The teachers looked at each other feeling some sympathy for the 18-year-old. They all knew the pain of pulling an all-nighter, it came with the job.

“Yeah” announced Nemuri, causing Izuku to groggily pull out his phone

“another berry ma- “he asked already knowing her favorite drink to have during the job

She scooted over “Take a seat, you look like you need it” the others nodded, going back to whatever they were doing.

He looked at her shocked at first “are you su- “her sharpening look was answer enough “Alright then” he mumbled shoving the device back in his pocket and took a seat on the couch, sinking into the inviting surface “comfy...” he mumbled falling asleep nigh instantly
“only rational thing to do in this situation,” Said Shiko apparently awake now

“do you like- not sleep in there? Just keep your eyes closed?” asked Hikaru

“explains why she looks so sleep deprived even if she naps constantly,” said Hitomu

Izuku’s head dropped to the side, onto Midnight’s shoulder “… she started to get flustered

“Wow, bold move from the kid” quipped Snipe, chuckling softly, “you think he is faking it too?” she asked Hitomu, who promptly shook her head

“He’s been working here since December; do you think he can pull that off without blushing like a tomato?” she asked a sly smile gracing her features

“Fair point, he really did look out of it today anyway. How are you faring, Midnight?”

“absolutely wonderful,” she said, voice slightly strained

“heh- cradle snatcher” Snipe chuckled causing Midnight to glare at her angrily, which in turn caused Izuku’s head to fall onto her lap. She flinched

“Is this sexual harassment?” asked Hitomu

The rest shrugged, looking at the R18 hero who started to match her glasses in terms of color.

“they look kinda cute like that” Snipe muttered

“I ship it” Present mic stated

“can you not?” whisper-shouted Midnight, eyes twitching in anger, blushing even harder. Present mic was only safe cause Midnight was anchored by the sleeping form resident Green-head.

He woke up groggily 3 hours later Midnight coming to focus, he started to blush madly and rolled off her and the couch, falling onto the floor with a thud “S-Sorry I must have fallen asleep” he stuttered, crawling backwards, back hitting the coffee table. Some of the teachers laughed at that, the others smiled

“Told you he wasn’t doing it on purpose” chimed Present mic, Snipe nodded

“It’s fine, you needed the rest, didn’t you?” Asked Midnight, smiling softly; ignoring the banter between the sound hero and the sharpshooting hero “we already messaged Nozomi and Lunch-rush, they said it was fine for you to take a break so don’t worry about that either”

His eyes widened at that “Ah, shit” he mumbled looking at his phone, seeing the time

“Language” Aizawa hissed in her sleep(?) the rest of the faculty chuckled.

He scratched his head sheepishly and got up “I gotta go my mom might get worried about me- “he said getting ready to leave “OH” he stopped snapping his fingers at the realization

“It's your birthday today isn’t it Kayama Sensei?” He started digging around his backpack as her eye twitched
“I swear if he mentions my age….

“Here,” he said pulling the rolled-up poster he made last night, handing it to her “hope you like it, Happy birthday”

With that, he dashed off

“oh? Our boy has some moves” chimed Snake “gonna need to find a stick to beat off the girls off of him, eh Midnight?”

She didn’t answer, eyes locked onto her picture on the paper as she unrolled the sheet

Hikaru got up and looked over her shoulder “Wow- didn’t know he could draw that well” she hummed looking at the poster up and down “he is full of surprises, isn’t he?”

“He sure is,” Midnight said absentmindedly, a small smile gracing her features

“wonder if that’s why he didn’t get any sleep last night?” Power loader said leaning back

The look in her eyes turned a little bit guiltier, but even more thankful for the gift

A few weeks later the room shifted back to its usual state, Aizawa sleeping on the floor and the rest just messing around.

“Vlad where have you been?” hummed Snake as the hulking figure clad in red skintight spandex walked in, Izuku looked over from the dishes he was doing. Short spiky silver hair glinted under the fluorescent lighting of the teacher’s lounge. She had a slight underbite, letting her lower canines poke out over her upper lip. Her physique was something to behold, a far cry from the other teachers; Large sculpted muscles covering her body. *Vlad Queen civilian name; Shiori Kan*

“Well unlike Caterpillar there-“ she pointed at Aizawa in her sleeping bag “I still have a class, and they have been training their Ultimate moves for a while- why did you think me Cementoss and Ectoplasm have been missing for so long?” the rest of the teachers shrugged

“This year’s haul didn’t have any potential at all- “Aizawa said plainly “and If they need this much hand-holding for Ultimate moves that only proves my statement. It’s Illogical to waste time on them”

“What’s illogical is that you have a goddamn sleeping bag, lie in it all day, yet you don’t sleep in it” hissed Shiori not liking Shiko’s tone. Her Crimson eyes landing on Izuku. “who are you- new stude-“ her eyes widened “A man?”

The rest of the staff looked baffled, Izuku stiffened for a second

“Di-did you not read Nozomi’s Email? That we were getting someone to help out here and there in ‘chores’ “asked Hikaru kinda dead-panning

“OH THAT” Shiori exclaimed, fist hitting her palm in an ‘aha’ moment, the rest sweatdropped

“Uh- Izuku Midoriya, at your service” he announced bowing slightly his phone and pager pinged “O-Oh sorry not at your service right now- Lunch-rush Needs me uh-“ he pulled out his pager “Principal Nozomi gave me this, if you need anything just ping me here- but I need to be going now” he said quickly drying the mugs he was washing and dashing out
“huh- polite kid” Shiori huffed nodding in agreement

“you don’t know the half of it” Nemuri mumbled

“you got a frame for that picture lover girl?” Snipe teased

Nemuri got up and hugged the sharpshooter from behind, causing the teacher to fluster under the mask “Mention that again~” she hummed, voice heavy and breathy “and I will make sure no. one. Finds. Your. Body. ~” She singsong-ed, hand walking down her torso in a teasing manner

The rest of the teachers shivered. With Izuku around, acting like a lightning rod, they had started to forget how Sadistic and Flirty Midnight was towards everyone, not to mention terrifying when she wanted to be.

“what picture?” Shiori mumbled to the closest teacher, who happened to be Present Mic, fully out of the loop

“I’ll tell you later” whispered Hikaru trying her best to not land in Midnight’s crosshairs

He huffed looking over the piece he was working on in secret. It was something he cooked up after seeing Mei’s apparent deep fear of the dark, some goggles that shifted into night vision detecting the light levels of the environment, he was busy getting the shifter faster, so the user didn’t deal with the dark too much, nor would the light suddenly coming on would be an issue.

“got less than a week to finish this” he hummed looking over the structure- more than enough time

“maybe reinforce the lenses and add a weld-cover so she can use it more?” he hummed looking at the simple goggles. His Eyes widened remembering the minimal posters around Mei’s workshop

“maybe…”

“I swear if you blast me with that fire extinguisher when I am not on fire one more time I’ll break you worse than Izuku ever did” She hissed at Mecha-might

“No promises”

“Hey Hatsume,” he said walking through the gates of the lab, watching her stand in the middle of the workshop in her hover-boots “Testing the goods?”

She nodded, turning the boots on and smiling in delight as she started to hover a couple centimeters over the ground, shifting a foot she let the propulsion push her towards him. “Test success!” she announced, not noticing her apparent lack of breaks.

His eyes widened “Hatsume watch ou- “he was cut out by her knocking into him taking them both down onto the ground

“oh- forgot the breaks” she mumbled as an afterthought, not noticing their rather- compromised positions, her chest pushing against his

“shouldn’t you wear protection for this?” he said rubbing the back of his head, blushing but trying to
ignore the sensation of her on top of him.

“T-I trust my babies,’’ she said, pushing her tongue out at him

“fine, fine,’’ he said surrendering to that logic “but guess what day it is’’

“Ah- uh- you came over so- Saturday?’’ she asked, not really the best at keeping track of the dates and days

“its April 18,’’ he said giving her a hint

“…and?’’ she got off him. Her eyes widened “wait is it our anniversary?’’

“d-don’t phrase it like that,’’ he said blushing and getting back up “And no it hasn’t been that long since we met’’

“huh- Feels like I knew you since birth’’ she mumbled not really thinking about it, he could agree with that

“don’t get sidetracked, It’s April 18,’’ he said trying to grab her attention again

“still don’t know the relevance of that’’ she huffed starting to get a little annoyed

“It’s your birthday’’

“huh?’’ she turned around to look at Mecha-might “OH IT IS’’

“happy birthday miss Hatsume’’ Chimed the robot, voice getting somewhat softer

“Awe, thanks’’ she mumbled not really knowing what to do, it had been too long since anyone had celebrated her birthday

Some shuffling brought her attention back to Izuku, she saw him pull out a large gift-wrapped box from his backpack, thankfully it wasn’t damaged in their collision.

He looked back up at her “Happy birthday Hatsume’’ he said with a dazzling smile passing the box to her

For a few seconds, she only looked at the box, brain not really clicking into gear “I-‘’ she blabbed

“c’mon open it’’ He said smiling wider at her confused expression, her body getting the memo started doing just that “I thought you might like it’’

She looked at the goggles awestruck “h-how did you-‘’ she mumbled looking at the craftsmanship, Izuku had definitely built it, she would recognize his precise welding anywhere, it only added to the overall aesthetic of the structure, large red-barreled goggles housed on a red metal band, riveted into place. Two pieces of tubing coming out of the sides and a valve to the side, Steampunk. Just how she loved it.

She was broken out of her trance by Izuku panicking “H-Hatsume is everything alright?’’ he blustered

She looked at him in confusion, then noticed the wetness on her cheeks Oh-

She wiped her arm over her eyes “S-sorry I just- love it’’ she nodded smiling widely “I love it so much Zuku, thank you’’
He let out a sigh of relief “don’t thank me yet, try em’ on first”

She did as such, the leather lining inside the goggles fitted around her head like a dream, the barrels felt a little heavier then she had expected, but the added heft didn’t really bother her.

“Ok, hit the lights Mecha-might”

“Hit the lights”

“wait no- “why had he forsaken her like this?

When the darkness fell she was expecting to be scared out of her mind, but instead, she was shocked by a ‘click’ from inside the goggles and her vision went green

“y-you added night vision?” she asked looking at Izuku, seeing him like it was daytime, albeit lacking colors other than green.

“I thought you might need it…” he said sheepishly looking at where he thought mei was, blinded by the dark “It also has hardened lenses so you can wear it as protective gear” the lights turned back on, she was surprised that the green night-vision went away instantly “plus if you twist the barrels you can engage the ‘welding mode’”

She stared at him, emotion unreadable due to the goggles blocking out her upper face

“I am so glad I met you” she mumbled, hugging him, new goggles digging into his side

His eyes darted away in embarrassment “the feeling is mutual” patting her back awkwardly

“I forgot I forgot I forgot” he hissed, Pencil almost burning up in his hand due to the speed of which he was sketching at “I forgot her Birthday while focusing on Hatsume’s goggles dammit”

“who’s?” Asked someone at his door

“Kaccha-“ his hand stilled, he looked up to see the skeletal form of All-might

“the girl you saved all those months ago? The one that screamed at you after you did?” she asked leaning on the doorframe “Oh- your mother tells that ‘the food is almost ready’”

He dumbly looked at her a little bit more

“can- can I ask you to sign something?”

It was her Birthday. She had hoped that it would be apparent and people around her would have celebrated. Or just bid her a happy birthday. She didn’t get any on that.

“Dammit” she mumbled when she was out of earshot of everyone, almost at home

“I’m back” she announced kicking the door open and was greeted by her mom screaming back “STOP DOING THAT”
She huffed tossing her bag to the side “No”

It had gotten to her that not even Izuku had celebrated her birthday, not that she deserved it

“Oh- Izuku came over a while back, out of breath. You chased him here or something?” Teased Mitsuki

“he’s here?” she asked not believing her how’d he even beat me here, he was still in the classroom when I got out, and I never saw him on the road

“Nah, he said something about a job and dashed off- why didn’t you tell me he became so jacked huh? Planning on keeping him all to yourself?” teased Mitsuki

“What the fuck are you talking about old hag” Katsumi tried to deadpan, the effect was lost when she started to blush heavily, voice cracking a bit

“you sound like you know~” she just teased “Ah my little girl is growing up so fast~”

Katsumi’s hands crackled “Anything else?” she huffed growing tired of this whole maternal teasing shtick

“Oh yeah- here”

Her mom tossed a large tube at her, she recognized it as one of those poster packages. “you got me a birthday gift?” she huffed looking at the label ‘Happy birthday Kacchan’

“No fucking way”

“Why do you think he stopped over- just to see me?” Her mom teased more. Katsumi just ignored her and went upstairs to her room “Hey don’t Ignore your mother”

She closed her door behind her and opened the poster as gently as she could, not willing to damage it.

She was face to face with one of his pictures, of her unleashing a massive explosion with a vicious and victorious smile on her face, hair pulled into a ponytail and the hero costume they had designed as little kids. When they were still best friends. She noticed the signature on the bottom. *Wait that isn’t his handwriting.*

“Holy shit”

It was All might’s signature ‘I am sure you’ll be one of the best heroes of our time’ written underneath it

“you goddamn Nerd” she sniffled a little bit, a small soft smile on her face. Something she could only do inside closed doors “thank you”

“SAY THAT TO HIS FACE” her mom screamed from the other side of the door

“SHUT THE FUCK UP YOU COUGAR”
told you I didn't have self control. have a labor day chapter, on the house.
next chapter; exam time: prepare your butts, its gonna be a long one

as always thanks for the support and see you next time(tm)
And once when you look death in the face

Chapter Summary

the practical exam doesn't go as planned.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“It’s time” he breathe staring at the gates of UA.

It was April 24th, the day of the practical exam. “They really are cutting it close” he huffed walking through the gates

“The exam is too close for move in- then again the written portion was at the beginning of April-they might just give out the acceptances tomorrow or the day after-” he imagined Nozomi cackling evilly “and this might be just to amp up the stre-“

“Stop fucking mumbling Nerd” Grumbled Katsumi from behind him, taking him out of his trance. Her voice was loud enough to attract the attention of other test-takers, eyes landing on her then gravitating to the man right next to her.

The crowd around them succumbed to whispering at each other, or just looking at Izuku in shock

“Kacchan- could you please keep your voice down? Your attracting too muc-“ he meekly started, getting cut off

“I’LL KEEP MY VOICE DOWN WHEN YOU STOP THIS SUICIDAL NONSENSE, DÉKU” She screeched

He didn’t back down. Keeping his ground.

She huffed and passed him by, her shoulder slamming against his, hair trailing behind her.

That could have gone better both of them thought.

Izuku, now hyper-aware of all the eyes on him decided to just ignore it and continue walking towards the main hall for the orientation on the exam. Closing his eyes as he did so. This shouldn’t get to me I am ready for this exam, more than enough

He really wasn’t

His foot caught on a slightly higher brick on the pavement, causing him to trip.

Oh, way to go DÉKU he chided himself, preparing for a martial arts flip to not slam down on his face.

Moments before his roll; something touched his shoulder, inertia flipped him forward as his weight left him; his momentum dying midway though. Causing him to float upside down.

“eh?”
“Oh sorry- didn’t know you were gonna do that,” said a bubbly voice, he looked down(?) to see her face, a little round with two pink blush-marks right on her cheek-bones. Face framed by brown hair that seemed to disagree with gravity, floating at her sides with supernatural volume.

He tried his best to ignore his inner-ears going crazy with the sudden lack of gravity throwing them off, he also tried to ignore that he could see up her skirt. Thank god she is wearing shorts under there

She grasped him by his ankle and softly rotated him back, right side up. “I shouldn’t have used my quirk but- it would have been bad luck if you fell down right?” her eyes were still closed, her mouth in a soft smile. Sunlight hitting her hair just at the right angle to highlight her hair like a halo

She looked angelic.

She clapped her hands, he thought it was her apologizing again, but he realized it was her dispelling her quirk when he felt his weight return

“lets both do our best on the exaaa-“ She opened her eyes midway through saying that. His emerald eyes met her brown ones for the first time.

“aaaaaaaaa-” she started blushing wildly, the blush-marks growing to encompass all of her face.

Well that’s a reaction I am not used to

“Uh- Midoriya Izuku, nice to meet you,” he said reaching a hand out blushing slightly. She was adorable

“U- Ura” she started blush getting even darker “rararar-“ her quirk accidentally activated, causing her to start to float upwards “rarara” Panicking he grabbed her by the shoulder, hoping that her quirk was hand-contact only.

That caused her to blush harder “RARARA-“

His phone pinged. 5 minutes till the start of the orientation

He started sweating “could you turn off your quirk the orientation is about to start”

it was useless. She was too caught up in her own panic to even hear the outside world.

He could relate to that.

“uh- sorry about this” he said, more than to himself rather than her, and grabbed her by the wrist, starting to pull her towards the Auditorium like a red balloon

No one noticed the brick sink back onto the pavement

The general banter of the auditorium brought her out of her fluster, she poked his hand, looking away from him

Seeing that she was slightly back to her senses he pulled her down further, letting her disengage her quirk and land on her feet safely. She muttered a soft thank you and dashed away to her seat

“I should do that too” he muttered looking down to his exam ticket, 2234. He searched for the seat in the area. Right next to Bakugou.
He took his seat next to her, causing her to huff in annoyance. He grimaced but held steady, waiting for the orientation to start.

The lights went dark and a spotlight shone at the podium

“EVERYBODY SAY HEY” Announced Present mic, shifting into her radio persona

She was met with silence

“a dignified response” she muttered under her breath, but it was still audible to the crowd

“LET’S GET THIS SHOW ON THE ROAD! YEAH!” she exclaimed trying to get someone to react.

Izuku looked around, no one was taking the bait, and he wasn’t prepared to take the spotlight in here

“tough crowd today” she huffed, her chin scratching against her neck amp as she pouted

“For the listeners just tuning in, today is the day of the practical exam, it’s one of the requirements for your application for the hero course” she pulled a remote out of her pocket and clicked it, the screen behind her coming alive, a big box with ‘you are here’ written on it showing up on it

“you all have been assigned test areas, which is on your exam ticket” she clicked button again, 7 other boxes showing up connected to the main box, labeled alphabetically. “In these areas you will be battling faux villains for 10 minutes, scored-” she clicked the button again, a stylized cityscape and 3 silhouettes appearing on the screen “1 to 3, defeat a villain, and you will get the amount of points it has been labelled as”

“more information can be found at the pamphlets on your desks” she droned on, slowly getting irritated by the matter of fact announcement. It was not her style.

“EXCUSE ME” came a loud voice, the whole auditorium suddenly shifting focus to someone with short navy hair, which looked to be blow-dried in a wind tunnel, and black rectangular glasses; with her hand raised high in the most mechanical fashion.

“Yes number 7111?” asked Hikaru, eyebrow raising over her aviators. A spotlight clicked into life illuminating the interrupter

“this pamphlet states that there are 4 faux villains, and if this is a misprint; UA as the most prominent University in the country should be ashamed.” She turned around with precision, pointing at Izuku “Also you; male, the general studies exam is not here”

Izuku looked baffled. And to his shock a spotlight clicked over him as well “I- I know?”

Before she could go on Present mic cut in, sweating a little under the aviators “Ok, ok 7111, It wasn’t a miss-print I was just about to get to that-“ she huffed and clicked a button “the 4th type is a 0 pointer-“ a huge silhouette appeared on the screen towering above the first 3 “it’s more of an arena trap than something you need to defeat, and a pain in the neck to deal with- I’d suggest running from it”

“Also- UA has opened the doors for male applicants for the hero course two years ago, he probably has the right place if he has a seat” she continued voice growing strained, which only Izuku had picked up on. Why is he here?
“Ah- my apologies” the interrupter huffed and bowed at 90\(^\circ\) sitting back down

“now with that explanation, LETS GET THIS PARTY STARTED” She screeched, dropping back to her Radio persona “ONE LAST THING FROM ME LISTENERS, REMEMBER THE SCHOOLS MOTTO; GO BEYOND, PLUS ULTRA”

“PLUS ULTRA” the auditorium cheered

*Not that tough of a crowd after all*

Next thing he knew, he was standing at the gates of the faux city flanked by other test takers, he saw a glimpse of brown and saw the girl from the entrance “should at least get her na-“ His mouth clamped shut when a hand landed on his shoulder

It was the stiff girl with the glasses from the auditorium

“Are you here to unnerve us? Were you per chance hired by UA to see what we would do in an unforeseen situation?” she questioned. Her eyes hidden by the lens flare of her glasses.

“Uh- no? I am here to take the practical exam just like you” he said looking down slightly not used to other people being around his new height of 195 cm, *she is what 185? Pretty built though-* he focused on her physique to try and dispel the anxiety bubbling up from everyone looking at him. Smirking.

*One less competitor* echoed through their collective minds

She huffed looking away “an unsightly lie- why would a man even take this exam- you can’t pass it without a-“

“AND START” Screamed Mic from the watchtower

Taking his chance to escape from their eyes, and the girls questioning; Izuku shrugged the hand off and ran, everybody ended up looking at his trail like he was a madman

“that boy can run I swear-“ mic muttered looking at him go “Well what are you all waiting for? There are no countdowns in real life- gogogo!”

Everyone else started running behind him like a herd

Izuku at the lead was the first to reach a faux villain. A 1 pointer.

“Target sighted mu-“ the robot was cut short when Izuku sped up even more, shoulder-tackling the machine into his nearby brother. The machine sparked and exploded, taking both out at the same time

“that- that was easier than I thought”

“huh knew he was built- but damn” Hikaru whistled watching from the tower

“6 MINUTES REMAIN” echoed Mic’s voice
Izuku ripped a rocket launcher from ontop of a 3 pointer, reaching in the newly opened hole and dislocating the main heatsink. When he jumped off the machine hissed, overheated and then promptly exploded. 28 points.

“there should be a better way to do this” he taught aloud, his eyes slowly gravitating towards the loaded Rocket-launcher he had liberated from the machine.

He smirked.

“Wait- Is that- Midoriya?” Asked Power-loader loader leaning in on her chair staring at the main screen

“what are you talking about- why would-“ Midnight’s eyes widened “Why is he there?”

“He is taking the test like all the others” Hummed Nozomi, her eyes sparkled when he picked up the rocket launcher “and he seems to have the right idea” she smirked, canines glinting in the dark observation room

Everyone got a small shiver up their spine

“AHAHAHAHAHAHA” Izuku laughed manically, there was a certain power he got from just watching the robots fall from the explosions he caused.

He understood Kacchan now.

He had managed to hotwire the exposed cabling of the missile launcher, one hand holding the makeshift trigger while the other arm hauled the heavy ordinance.

He crossed the wires again, and instead of firing it clicked. Damn. Empty.

Realization soon kicked in “oh hell- I lost track of my points” he hissed “what is it now 40-“ A yelp directed his attention towards a sparkly woman- apparently having trouble with another 3 pointer. Not hesitating he flung the empty rocket launcher towards the robot, catching it in the head.

The machine losing its main control system crumbled and fell to the ground motionless.

“you and I make a good team oui?” asked the girl with blonde hair and blue eyes, whom he had just saved. Something just felt off about her though- maybe it’s the weird smile?

“I suppose that was a good bait- you alright though?”

“oui just a stomach ache- when I use my quirk too much my stomach might collapse” Or maybe it was just the French

“I-I see” he just didn’t know how to respond to this woman

“with that I must bid you adieu”

Aaaaand she ran off- guess this is my life now
He turned back to the machines exposed neck

_Oh? Now what do we have here?_

“I- Is that even allowed?” Asked Vlad, staring at Izuku perched on a 3-pointer rolling through the exam grounds with ease, making the now tamed machine shoot down its own brethren.

“did he remove the speed limiter on it- how?” mumbled Power loader under her breath

“It’s the most logical way to do it” Aizawa hummed a smile forming on her face

“It’s the most fun way to do it” Nozomi added nodding

The machine petered to a stop “wow overclocking the engine really sapped the battery eh?” he huffed jumping off “I should have more than enough points to pass now-“

“I should also probably stop talking to myself” he chided himself in embarrassment. _Wonder how the entrance girl is doing_

His eyes caught robots floating to the sky slowly, then plummet back down.

That answers that question

He felt the ground rumble

“3 MINUTES REMAIN”

“A time- let loose the 0 pointers” Nozomi cheered pressing the big red button on her control panel

A large hand shot out from the ground, grasping at one of the buildings then pulling the rest of its massive body up, steam hissed, and hydraulics churned as the machine rose up from the ground.

A 0 pointer had arrived to the scene

Present mic’s mouth dropped open. “this wasn’t in the playlist”

She knows what type of robot had been assigned as 0 pointer in these tests.

This wasn’t that type.

She looked to the other test centers as three mechanical spider legs tipped with threads slam onto the ground of the test center, causing the whole city to rumble and some buildings to start collapsing.

Everywhere else had the supposed 0 pointer, not this.
She quickly called the observation deck

“Nozomi why do we have a 4th year level 0 pointer here?” she asked voice waverin

Izuku looked up at the colossal beast of steel and iron. Large shoulders attached to a wide chest and that attached to a heavy-duty waist; connected to 3 large legs which held it up. It roared to life, all the lights on its angular head blinking into existence

“Isn't that a bit-“

“OVERKILL?” screamed the proctors in union

“Nah its fine” Nozomi stated, All Might started sweating next to her

“Nozomi- that” Power loader started holding her helmet in fear “that thing doesn’t have the necessary parameters”

“I don’t see the problem”

“It won’t know when to stop- It’s not programmed to stop- It will kill these children”

All might started to sweat even more

“oh”

“What DO YOU MEAN OH?” Hissed Present mic to her phone

“targets sighted- commencing attack” rumbled the goliath, two Gatling cannons rose up from its back, firing a scattershot of lasers that hit buildings nearby the testers.

“How IS THIS EVEN FAIR” screamed Izuku dodging nearby rubble falling towards him. That wasn’t actually close to anywhere vital, thank god

“OW”

he knew that voice- and started dashing towards the source-

He could see the brunette from the entrance through a window, her leg pinned under a big piece of rubble

“Enemy crippled- going in for finisher” echoed the machine

His eyes widened and picked up his pace. That doesn’t mean what I think it does right?

The interrupter saw him starting to dash through a wall towards the 0 pointer? Wh-

Suddenly the machine Blurred over the pinned girl, hand raised ready to punch the ground. Ready to leave red paste where she was
“Oh n-“

“NOZOMI THAT’S GONNA KILL THAT GIRL- TURN IT OFF OR I’LL ENGAGE” screamed Present mic from the intercom

“Stand down mic.” The rodent said simply.

“LIKE HELL- I DIDN’T SIGN UP TO WATCH HERO PROSPECTS GET KILLED BY OUR TES.“

“It’s too late now anyway- just watch,” Nozomi said voice monotone and steady, all other proctors looked ready to just say fuck it and run to the test area

“Oh FUCK THAT IM GETTING IN RIGHT-“ the punch started to fall, no way she was making it now. They all heard Mic flinch over the intercom.

The fist stated to fall, blurring on screen.

The teachers gasped

A green mop of hair dashed in the last second before impact.

A dust cloud covered the camera as the fist hit the ground.

The observation deck fell silent.

“what in Tarnation” muttered Snipe

He grunted under the pressure-his joints creaking in protest

“w-wha-“ The girl muttered cracking her eyes open.

This didn’t feel like death.

Her eyes landed on Izuku.

“y-you” she mumbled not really believing what she was seeing

He was holding up the giant fist. She could hear the machine groaning in effort to push down harder

“I made it” he grunted

Most of the teachers were awestruck at the observation deck; All might was smiling proudly.

That’s my boy
The interrupter babbled watching the machine struggle? “what is going on there”

He felt his body start to give in, the fist inching forward. He engaged One for All pushing the fist back up, green lightning sparking across his left arm back and legs.

*Any more and I might trigger full-body and collapse.*

*But I can’t just hold this forever either.*

“Can you move?” he called out to the girl. Not looking back.

She mumbled a sorry.

“…fuck”

All might’s smile faltered.

“H- he cant- He cant do that any longer can he?” mumbled Midnight- worry overcoming her.

“He got himself into that mess and he needs to get himself out” Huffed Aizawa. Trying to hide her own anxiety over the whole mess

“Let’s see if he can” chimed Nozomi, the only one enjoying this

He felt the gears in the robot start to skip. *Maybe I can outlast i-*  

*Wait feel?*

He forced the neurons in his hands into over-drive again.

Normally his bio-sonar could only detect so far. But the machine vibrating with effort was basically mapping it out for him.

He started to smile

This thing had nothing on Mei’s designs.

“did he just accept death or is he putting a brave face on?” mumbled Snipe, starting to get into denial about all of this. *Just one of Nozomi’s mind games, right?*

On the screen Izuku exclaimed “THERE” and punched with his right arm, onto what looked like a random spot, then another and another.

“or he just went insane” she continued staring at the screen. Definitely one of Nozomi’s mind games.
“wait-” Power loaders eyes widened

“Holy shit” she mumbled in recognition

The metal groaned under his bloodied fist. *No time to stop. A few more to go.*

He could feel the endo-skeleton of the machine start to creak from localized attacks he was giving. *Only a few more and…*

He heard a crack

“How over now _fucker_”

He pushed hard with his left raising the fist in a last hurrah. He poured all of One for All into his right arm

*Local-Environ* his mind echoed for a second, his muscles bulging, ripping his shirt off in the process.

And he punched upwards.

The stress marks he had beaten into the skeleton of the machine _sheared_.

The massive arm shot up like a missile above the titan’s head; Its internal batteries and engines compromised.

It sparked. and promptly exploded mid-air, taking the machine’s head along with it

The Proctors stared at the screen in shock. Some gabbed their heads trying to comprehend what _just_ happened.

Then they all started screaming in celebration of it all.

A man had just beaten a 4th gen 0 pointer.

“I- did it” he huffed as the machine slumped to its side, grinding against buildings and falling to the ground.

His arm had popped out of its socket but that was nothing- he could still stand. He managed to stagger his way to the rubble pinning the woman’s leg down, gripping it with his left and pushing-

*Oh- there goes my internal organs*

His vision blurred, and he dropped forward.

Chapter End Notes
in celebration of 200 kudos- plus my fucking inability to stop myself here you go, chapter 8.

See you all on the next one!
Lovers and Madman

Chapter Summary

revelations are not had. Nozomi is still planning something. or is she?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Panicking she lifted her hands before he crashed down on her. Her pads connected with his skin, and he started floating right above her

“Times up” came the ever-present voice of Present mic, she seemed out of it

All the test takers in area B were.

“I am gonna skin Nozomi and wear her fur as my winter coat” hissed Recovery girl, kissing yet another hurt applicant, damage from falling debris, minimal. She had finally made it to the middle of the area, all the other testers had scattered to the outcrops, leaving the main clearing, Where He had made his stand, empty.

“now that wasn’t a scene I expected to see” she huffed looking at the floating form of Midoriya. Hovering above a girl that seemed to have a quirk that changed her skin color.

Or was it blushing? No matter

She poked at him with her cane, causing him to drift to the side of the girl, closer to the ground “you can drop him, young’un- It is your quirk, right?”

“Right” she mumbled, clapping her hands and re-engaging gravity on him

“Aight open up” she huffed, dropping a few gummies down Midoriya’s mouth

“I isn’t that dangerous? Couldn’t he choke on those?” she asked still worried about the health of the guy who had saved her

“he’ll be fine- now let me get your leg checked out- can you lift the boulder off you?”

She nodded

He woke up groggily,

“did anyone get the number of that truck that hit me?” he mumbled eyes slowly focusing on- a face of an angel sitting up next to him?
Oh god I actually died- sorry mom, All might

Ochako stared staring at him with shocked eyes, how did he get back up already, Recovery girl didn’t even kiss him yet.

Then the rest of his memories came back, along with the pain of his dislocated shoulder “oh- right test-“

“watch out for overexerting yourself like that” Recovery girl huffed “your body doesn’t have unlimited energy to keep up with your will you know?”

“I- I know that” he huffed grimacing at his soreness lets see if this works.

He gasped and held his right shoulder in his left hand and took over fine control of his right deltoid and right pectoral. Causing the muscles to twitch and contract at the right angles to snap the misaligned joint into place with a loud pop

“Ow,” he hissed, rolling the shoulder in an effort to dispel the ache and pain caused from the whole operation. When the pain started to fade he noticed it

“where is my shirt?”

The girl from the entrance blushed harder

The testing was done, and the applicants sent back home. And the teachers reconvened in the observation deck. Present mic was the last to arrive.

“Nozomi I will have your head for this- that was too reckl-“ Present mic was cut off by the rodent-bear-thing

“No, it wasn’t- there was no danger to the students’ lives” The rodent started, eyes squinting when the voice hero looked like she was gonna add something to it

“before you start, do you think I, with my quirk, high spec, would overlook something like parameters on a mech?” she hissed “I might not be able to Create AI like Power loader, but I sure do know how to adjust parameters to fit it into a beginner level”

“but- why?” came the unanimous question from all the proctors, sans Aizawa

“this was testing us wasn’t it?- to see if we could be unbiased while grading?” Aizawa accused

“yeah but that’s thrown out the window- Midoriya surpassed even my highest expectations- I was thinking he was just going to grab her and get out-” Nozomi huffed miffed that her plans were thrown asunder

“Damn right he did-“ Power loader hummed “did you show him the blueprints of the 4th gen? He knew where to punch to compromise the skeleton”

“he wasn’t just punching randomly?” Vlad gaped, Midnight messed with a remote pulling the video of him starting to punch the mech

“look at his eyes, he knew where to punch” Midnight looked
“stop getting lost in his eyes” Snipe teased softly, midnight glared back

“doesn’t change that he went in over his head” Aizawa huffed

*That’s what Heroes do Aizawa* All might thought

“so” Snipe bumbled “what grade do we even give him? Cause I am giving him a ten outta ten”

“any less would be lying- I mean look at the kid.” Vlad huffed gesturing towards the recording

Mic was seeing the whole incident for the first time and the moment he had punched the arm off she screamed out a yeah

“Yamada I will use your vocal cords as dental floss” hissed Aizawa

“sorry couldn’t help it-“ she muttered

Nozomi nodded “Cementoss, Ectoplasm what do you two think?” they were the control group as they didn’t really have contact with Midoriya up to that point.

“I mean” Cementos started, voice heavy and full “I cannot give anything other than full points to a spectacle like that- what he did was true heroism, through and through”

Ectoplasm nodded “isn’t his drive the reason you hired him to begin with? I mean” she looked at the rest of the teachers “he even managed to get under Eraser’s skin considering her initial reaction- he has the charisma to be the next number one. And with that attack-“ she gestured at the moment his fist made contact with the mechanical beast “he shows that he has the power to back it up too, even without a quirk”

All might’s eyes widened *without a quirk?* She looked at Nozomi, whose eyes just screamed ‘do not ruin this for me’

She didn’t even know how her animalistic eyes managed to convey that

Nozomi nodded “guess didn’t need to test you all after all”

“why did you even test them?” All might spoke up; sweating a little. She wasn’t part of the jury so she had kept her mouth shut for all of the discussion up to this.

Nozomi looked her dead in the eye

“dunno”

“I don’t believe that”

---

He rolled his right shoulder again. Riding the metro back to his home. He would have gone to Mei’s workshop, but she had basically kicked him out last week till they both got their acceptances. *something about bad luck seeing his face before it was said and done?*

His green eyes caught brown ones

“Oh-“ they both muttered looking at each other
“Thank you for the save,” they both said at the same time

He smiled, and she looked lost

“bu- I didn’t save you though?” she mumbled softly

“yeah you did, at the entrance remember?” he beamed. She had to look away, he was just too bright at the moment

“but you- you already had that covered…” she mumbled

“It’s the thought that counts,” he said.

More people exited the cabin, it was now just the two of them.

“What’s your stop?” he asked trying to break the awkward silence

“The next one” she mumbled

“Really?” he asked, “that’s mine too- where do you live?”

She gulped “uh- staying at one of the newer buildings- till- uh- If I get accepted to UA”

“Oh you will get accepted no worries,” he said his voice not even having an ounce of doubt. “wait” he hummed, “you said the building was newly built right? Does it have gas?”

She shook her head- it was her mom’s latest construction project, and since she was basically squatting there for a few days at most they hadn’t set up the natural gas.

“Oh- my mom would kill me if I just let her go back home without a proper home-cooked meal after that test

“Wanna swing by my home? Have something to eat?”

She looked at him like he had grown a second head

“I- I mean if you are offering…”

She wasn’t one to refuse free meals

“oh my god” muttered Inko under her breath when she opened to door, looking at Izuku and a young woman the same age as him, looking around shyly.

“Oh my god,” she muttered again. Causing the mysterious woman to look distressed

“Hey mom- uh- I met her at the exam” her son muttered looking kinda worried his companion was about to bolt

“sorry for the intrusion” she mumbled in a small voice.

Inko’s maternal senses flared “oh its none at all get in, get in” she said, inviting them in with her hand “sorry for staring, I’m just not used to Izuku inviting friends over” well any his own age- not since her
“s-sorry for coming uninvited” she mumbled following his mom, shocked by the sudden maternal aura filling the small house. She stepped out of her shoes and walked behind Inko into the main hallway, Izuku hanging behind and giving her some breathing space.

Her eyes landed on an All might themed nameplate. Her muted bubbliness rose throughout her and couldn’t help but giggle at the sight.

It sounded beautiful to both Midoriya’s

“so your favorite hero is Thirteen?” Izuku breathed after swallowing his bite.

“Yeah,” she hummed.

Seeing the nameplate on the door had made him somehow more approachable. It reminded her of the one she used to have, one stylized like a widened-out spacesuit helmet. Suddenly he turned from this unapproachable being that was nigh a legend, a ‘man’, to just another person. A very attractive person with firm muscle- no bad Ochako

“She was the one with the space suit, right?” Inko hummed from her side. Having her around also somehow helped; having another woman interact with him and provide a reference calmed her even more.

“Yeah, it helps her use her quirk ‘Blackhole’ effectively,” she said chipperly then got embarrassed a bit “s-sorry I am gushing”

Inko chuckled “sweetie you should see Izuku, he can- and has- filled books about other people’s quirks- I am used to it”

Izuku had dropped his chopsticks and was hiding his head in his arms in embarrassment “mooooom” Oh no he is adorable She blushed a bit

“What, they are amazing hun- come on bring one of them out”

He was about decline- or at least that’s what she thought seeing his expression, but then his eyes caught his mothers’ pout and he nodded softly getting up to grab the book

“remember, he has a weak spot for puppy-dog eyes” Inko whispered when he entered his room, out of their earshot

“eh?” Ochako mumbled

“when you want him to do something he is unsure of just hit him with the good old puppy- eyes” she clarified “works like a charm” she gave the girl a thumbs up

“oh”

Ochako will remember this

“I got one” Izuku huffed bringing out his notebook ‘Heroics for the future: Hero analysis #20’ he passed the book to his mother

“Oh?” she questioned flipping through the pages.
Ochako’s eyes widened “Is that—“

Inko smiled and passed the book to the girl. Izuku on the other side of the table blushing madly and looking away.

She gazed at the pictures of thirteen, analysis of her powers and how she had used it in different situations.

Through analysis was one thing, what Izuku did was something else, 'through' didn’t even get close to describing how much data was written down on the 7 pages he had given the space hero

“she is one of my favorites too” he mumbled looking to the side, scratching his cheek

“I always liked rescue heroes”

He was walking her back home after the dinner. A quiet engulfed them, but not uncomfortable like in the metro.

“Still can’t believe you managed to eat that much” she mumbled absentmindedly

He chuckled shyly “my quirk kinda burns through nutrients and calories like kindling”

“yeah- what is your quirk?”

He looked at her in shock then realized that he had slipped it out. She flinched at that

Looking around and making sure no one was around he let out a sigh of relief

“it’s supposed to be a secret-“ he huffed then again, she was in close quarters when he had let it loose

She looked at him like a confused puppy

“Uh so-“ he walked a little closer “this stays between us ok?” he asked, she nodded lightly, trying to ignore her pitter-pattering heart

“It’s called Total Command- it lets me control everything about my body, like overclocking my muscles and metabolism to punch like I did during the test” he whispered

“Woah that’s an amazing quirk” she mumbled back

“…so what's yours?” he asked after a few seconds of silence

“why gonna make a page about me?” she teased- wait would he actually?- she started blushing

“definitely!” he said chipperly making her blush even harder

This boy was gonna kill her

“O'lookitsmyhomeseey'later” she rapid-fired accent slipping back to her Kamino dialect, running up to the building and through the lobby

“good night?” he called out, shocked by the sudden dialect change, but it's cute...
“…crap I didn’t get her name”

His phone ringed two days later, Saturday morning.

“Midoriya” came a squeaky voice

“yes principal Nozomi?”

“you got accepted”

“I-“ he fell down to his seat in shock YES his mind screamed

“shouldn’t this go through more official means?” his other rational side asked, overpowering the fanboy side momentarily

“Yeah, yeah the letter is on its way with your ‘official’ grade, but you are still employed, and We need extra hands moving some supplies to the dorms, so bring your stuff and get over here”

“Ok Principal,” he said and ended the call

Then he slammed his head to his pillow and screamed

“This is the dorm?” he asked looking at the building, suitcases behind him. *that was definitely not there the last time*

“Yeah, it is ” someone with a deep voice said, smacking her hands together to get the dust off them, his gaze landed on the geometric head of the source, a being of harsh corners as opposed to the curves he was used to, yet still discerningly feminine with her slimmer waist and larger thighs. Kei Ishiyama, otherwise known as Cementoss. “just rebuilt it”

“you rebuilt it? Was it destroyed?”

She nodded “Since we didn’t have a 1A last year Nozomi asked it to be knocked down, a little dramatic if you ask me.”

*Missing 1-A again…*

“Aizawa expelled all of them” Cementoss answered his unwillingly mumbled question “you should probably stop mumbling”

*God. Dammit.*

“working on it sorry-“ he breathed “so uh- where is my room?”

Suddenly, something became very real to him. She had called this 1 A’s dorm, newly rebuilt.

It was one connected building

….  

*Oh no*
“you are on the 3rd floor, room 303” Cementoss grunted “the first floor is the common area, baths and washing machines main kitchen, the rest are living quarters”

He looked back at the complex

Cementoss huffed “look it wasn’t my decision to not separate you from the rest- but that would have opened a rift between you and the rest of your classmates no?-“

“...Nozomi ordered for this didn’t she?”

Cementoss nodded sheepishly

“Thank you for your work” he mumbled out and started walking towards the building absentmindedly

By the time he entered the main gates he just accepted his fate

*Living with 19 girls? - after hanging out with Hatsume And Kayama that doesn't sound so bad*

*Oh god Kacchan is gonna be here*

He hoped to god she wouldn’t be

*Wait Nozomi oversees selecting the ledgers for the classes, she would see that she went to the same high school and middle school as me*

*FUCK*

The elevator doors opened as He was mentally screaming. He was at his floor. He hadn’t even registered that he walked through the common room

“I’ll just focus on it next time” he huffed to himself and walked to the door labeled 303, it was unlocked.

“holy shit” he muttered looking at the room. It was almost the size of his old bedroom combined with the living room of his house. A large blank king-sized bed against a wall opposite to a large desk and a comfy looking office chair. A closet the size of the kitchen on the other one, and a decently sized bathroom.

“I guess when you have a person that can summon buildings you can afford to get this big” he mumbled pushing his suitcases in and starting to unpack

“there” he exclaimed, having unpacked, the walls of his room were now adorned with pictures of multiple heroes, figurines at the large desk with his drawing utensils and sketchbooks to the side.

“…maybe shouldn’t have gone so hard on the merch” he chuckled meekly to himself

His phone pinged

‘Nozomi- If you have moved in relax for a bit, shipment caught in traffic might be 4 hours late’

“4 hours?” he mumbled
“Guess I can take a nap”

Setting his alarm up for 2 hours he let his head hit the soft pillow of the bed, the soft material lulling him into a deep slumber.

He woke up to his beeping phone, rolled over and looked at the unfamiliar ceiling. It was gonna take a while to get used to

He went down with his toiletries in hand to use the showers in peace before it got hectic, he had 2 more hours before the shipment arrived. He was pleasantly surprised to see that the common room was huge, decked out with couches that looked comfortable to sleep in or just hang out. And he thanked the heavens- or just Cementoss he wasn’t sure yet- that the showers were separated into genders.

He enjoyed his shower, then got back up and changed. Deciding to hang out in the common room till the shipment arrived, flicking through the giant TV.

An hour later a mature and sophisticated voice chimed at the doorway of the dorm, just as he was making tea. “Is this 1-A’s dorm?”

“Yeah,” said back, putting the kettle back to simmer a bit more.

“Oh?” the owner of the voice walked in, curious about the more masculine voice “W-who are you?” she asked when her eyes caught him in the kitchen area of the Dorm

“oh- I’m Midoriya Izuku, nice to meet you- uhm” he looked slightly away, the owner of the voice was beautiful. Only slightly shorter than himself, with long black hair, tied in a spiky ponytail. The way she carried herself was formal, telling of her possibly impressive family background, her grey eyes had a curious glint to them as she looked at the man in the kitchen. She had a healthy bit of fat on her from what he could tell- and was not having the easiest time looking away from her. Uhm.

“oh- my name is Yaoyorozu Momo, a pleasure to make your acquaintance,” She said smiling politely

_I am fucking dead, I will die If this is the standard at UA_

“Uh- were you the one with the shipment?” he asked trying to keep himself calm

“Oh- Oh yeah that’s us, sorry for the wait, the limo had trouble following the truck, are you the uh-“ she blushed a bit “they called you ‘the help’?” she didn’t feel comfortable calling him that but oh well

“That’s-“ he sweatdropped “that’s me alright” _they really hadn’t thought of a better name to describe my job? _“want some tea while I unload your stuff?” he offered

“I’d love some,” she said walking towards the counter

Momo had panicked, she wasn’t expecting to see a man in all of this- but she managed to hide her
anxiety. Well- he looked like he didn’t notice it anyway.

It’s not that she hadn’t seen a man before, her father was married to her mom, after all, one of the few ‘complete’ families in this world. It’s just that she didn’t know they could get so big.

UA certainly was going to teach her a lot

She took a sip of the tea he had brewed. Nothing like the stuff she usually drank. But not bad at all.

She watched him start bringing the boxes from the cargo truck her parents had hired for her move-in

“which room are you?” he called out laying the first batch down

“room 302,” she said, taking another sip of the tea “you brew some good tea” she hummed in thanks

He smiled softly at that picking up the boxes “I’ll brew more during the semester if you like it” she flinched

“wait- what do you mean?” she mumbled placing the cup back to its plate

“Uh- that I’ll brew more?” he said then cringed “Oh right- I am going to be a student here too”

She nodded absentmindedly. And took another sip. Watching him lift unnatural amounts of boxes with ease and call for the elevator with his elbow.

His announcement only sank in moments later he entered the elevator and went up.

Ok- calm down Momo, He’s nice, he makes good tea- you lived with your father for years, you can get used to living under the same roof with another man. She rationalized and nodded to herself. No big deal.

He came back down, and out the door, she watched him go. Biting her thumb the moment he left her eyesight.

No I cant- he is too much different than father- I can't- she tried calming herself by taking another sip of his tea

She watched him run back in, open the sliding doors to the porch and run back out

What is he doing?

Her thoughts were answered when he came back, carrying her large bed-frame with ease.

she did a spit-take

worry overcame him when he saw her sputtering in the kitchen, he gently laid the bed down and came up to her “Yaoyorozu, you alright? Is it the tea?” he asked, panic in his voice

“n-no it's just- didn’t know men could do that” she said, coughing a little.

He quickly reached the cabinets and pulled out a wad of paper towels, and a napkin, cleaning up her mess and passing her the napkin for her face. She mumbled out a small thanks

“I am an outlier” he admitted, cleaning up the tea off the counter “trained a lot to get in-“

“then again you probably did too right?”
She was silent for a second. Did she even deserve to be here? They hadn’t even tested her with the rest of the recommended students, just accepted her out of her proficiency with her, admittedly versatile, quirk.

Did she even deserve to stand in the same room as a man that probably put blood sweat and tears into his training?

“Y-Yeah” she mumbled.

his hands stopped.

she flinched.

he knew that tone. That was the tone he had to hide for 14 years.

“don’t” he softly said, softer than she could imagine his voice being “Don’t doubt yourself” he repeated.

His emerald eyes locked onto her grey ones and She saw the raging inferno in them, not hot and dangerous, warm and compassionate.

It took her breath away.

“If you got here, you deserve to be here- don’t let your own doubt say otherwise” the inferno grew larger in him, and she could finally breathe again as he looked away, his grip tightening around the counter

“If you listen to that voice you’ll only go around in circles” he hummed voice getting quieter

“so let’s do our best together this semester, alright Yaoyorozu?” he finally said turning and smiling at her knocking her breath out once again

She nodded softly, her insecurity silenced for now.

Apparently, that was enough for him. He nodded back and walked back to the frame, picking it up again and walking to the stairs. It wouldn’t fit the elevator.

…just like one of my romance books she thought, replaying the interaction they just had; a blush blossoming on her cheeks.

…Oh no

Chapter End Notes

Couldn't help myself, no more teasing, time to get the main plot going. Aka me getting sidetracked in cannon arcs instead.

hope you all liked the chapter, and what I am doing with the characters so far.

next chapter; move in day for the rest of the cast.

see you then!
World is suddener than we fancy it

Chapter Summary

the rest of the girls move in, Izuku makes himself known

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

He was done faster than she had expected, and Momo had said a small thank you shutting herself in her room soon after that, still flustered by the connotations of her latest train of thought.

She couldn’t help imagining all the romantic stories she had read as a kid, ones depicting the older days where romance bloomed between men and women. Something her generation didn’t even get to see any more let alone experience it.

But all of those thoughts were unfit for an academic environment. Not like he would even… want that.

right?

She is just pushing her old childish dreams onto him and the real world.

“stop overthinking” she hissed at herself leaning on her door, deciding to start to unpack to clear her head.

He was back at the common room, waiting. Nozomi had messaged him about a secondary move in. and he apparently had more work to do than moving a bed upstairs this time.

A girl walked in unannounced, two-tone hair flowing behind her as she did so “I was told there was someone to help with the move-in?” her hair was white and red, parted right at the middle

“That would be me” he said, getting up and walking towards the girl. Her hair was down to her hips, body rugged but still undeniably attractive. Her eyes were heterochromatic, just like her hair, left an icy blue, right a steely grey.

They looked off.

And it wasn’t due to the damage done to her left side.

She looked like she was staring through him rather at him, not even registering his presence in a meaningful way. It was a surprising change to the normal reactions he got to say the least.

“ok my stuff is outside, I’ll be at my room 305” she said, voice icy. She then promptly moved upstairs

He moved out seeing a pile of… Tatami?
First, a woman that he could relate with self-confidence issues and now one that looked to have walled herself off from the planet. Both on his floor, both his neighbors.

Nozomi what are you planning?

To her credit by the time he had hauled all of the materials upstairs the girl had managed to strip the room of its flooring. Singed floorboards littered the hallway in front of her room.

“Sorry I’ll clean it up after” she mumbled still no emotion in her voice. She looked out of breath and the look in her eyes was slightly strained

Maybe using her quirk hurts her emotionally?

“It’s fine I got it” he hummed, dropping the new flooring to the floor and picking up the old floorboards, pushing them to the side.

She was about to pull the stuff in and start constructing that he coughed finally getting some of her attention.

“I- I kinda got some experience in building stuff and construction” he mumbled rubbing the back of his head “I can help you re-floor this place- if you want it”

She looked at him- really looked at him once. It wasn’t pity nor was it patronization that came out of his mouth. Just an offer of help from one person to another. Her ‘mother’ hadn’t ever said something like that to her, nor did she allow anyone else to.

“sure,” she said, opening the door a little wider for him to get in too.

Anything Endeavor said; she would do all in her power to do the opposite.

Including accepting help.

She had to admit, having someone that actually knew a little about tatami instillation actually helped, and they were done in an hour. “thank you-“ she hesitated for a second I never got his name- didn’t even ask it did I-

“Midoriya Izuku” he said, seemingly not hurt by the late introduction

“Thank you Midoriya” she said stoically, but the sheer cold of her voice was gone

“We students need to help out each-other, shouldn’t we?”

She didn’t agree with that. She wasn’t here to make friends.

…but that’s the way she thinks

She nodded after a little deliberation.

He was kinda confused why she kept stopping and staring for a while. But didn’t speak up about it.
Move out day is usually hard for people- and she is probably getting lost in thought he concluded.

“well see you later” he hummed stepping out of the newly refurbished room.

She didn’t respond

It was 2 pm. And he was getting kinda hungry,

time to see how the kitchen works” he hummed to himself, walking out of his room to the kitchen area to find it looking like a warzone.

With Momo in the middle of it whimpering softly

“I- I just tried making rice”

Oh

“L-lets clean this up Yaoyorozu, I’ll cook some food for us all” he said walking through spilled water and rice, trying to calm her down slightly. Raising his hand for her to hold.

Still slightly dazed by the mess she had just made she nodded and grabbed his hand, letting him lead her to the couch and give her a towel to wipe off all the water on her.

How did she get it all over her?

“Can you make soba?” both of them flinched

When did she get here?

“Uh- sure? What do you want Yaoyorozu?” he asked getting up and out of her space now that she seemed a little calmer

“Anything really-“ she mumbled “I’ll have soba too”

He Nodded and looked to the kitchen “I am no lunch-rush, but I’ll cook up something good”

Somewhere Inko sneezed

Oh my child is becoming a man

“I think we haven’t met yet” Momo said, eyes dragging from the cooking form of Izuku to the mystery girl that just kinda… appeared?

“Shoko” she said simply

“Shoko?” Momo asked head tilting to the side

“Call me Shoko” she repeated
“Nice to meet you Shoko, my name is Yaoyorozu Momo” she introduced herself with trained elegance

She nodded eyes still slightly glazed as she watched Izuku cook

_Soba…_

*Wait… If all women have quirks- and All might was given One for All- shouldn’t that mean she has another quirk?*_ Izuku thought suddenly while cooking the soba, head shooting up as the thought passed his head.

He had zoned out. He didn’t even know how that thought made its way into his head.

*Questions for another time*

he drained the noodles in cold water, ready to serve. Seeing that the kitchen and the counter was still unclean due to Momo’s little accident he brought the noodles to coffee table of the common room.

Shoko dug in immediately.

He and Momo looked at her for a second

*Guess she likes her soba*

Saying a small thank you to him Momo followed suit, enjoying the flavor of the noodles.

She could get used to this.

He tasted the noodles. *Not bad*

After the meal, and the clean-up ,thankfully Momo had helped him out with that, he moved back to his room

‘Don’t I have anything else to do’ he texted Nozomi

The reply was instantaneous

‘Nope, the only reason you were here was to help the recommended students move in, the teachers are too busy preparing for the introduction ceremony to relax and need your help’

*then why did you reply to me so fast?*

He placed his phone on his All might themed charging pad. Rolling to his side.

The girls he had met today were eccentric- but lovable as hell.

He blushed.

He had too many girls like that in his life.

“What am I going to do?”
He woke up with a start, looking at the time
6 pm
He had slept through another 3 hours.
He groggily walked down to the common room
The heterochromatic girl was there, eating some of the Soba he had put in the fridge to eat later.
Their gazes locked
She continued slurping the noodles without breaking eye contact
“I can make more later” he mumbled groggily
She nodded slowly, still slurping
“have you seen Yaoyorozu?” he asked, before she could answer Momo walked out from behind the fridge
“right here- you alright Midoriya?” worry in her eyes
“Yeah” he rubbed his eyes trying to get the sleep outta them “just tired for some reason” he yawned
“well its probably the move in” she said.
He nodded “probably- how are you two?”
“Amazing” Shoko said swallowing all the noodles she had in her mouth finally away from her
“I-“ Momo started “I am very excited about all of this, It's so new to me” she admitted getting a little embarrassed about admitting it
“Me too-“ Izuku mumbled, “so what do you want for dinner?”
“Soba” Shoko said immediately
“Shoko No” Momo said, sounding slightly maternal
Shoko looked unaffected

“he seems to be getting along with them fine” Nozomi said looking at the common room feed
“why are we watching the new students interact again?” Aizawa huffed
“Cause they are your class, and He is a variable we had never dealt with” Nozomi answered simply
“Ok we both know that is bullshit” Aizawa deadpanned
Nozomi ate another popcorn kernel
“I don’t know what you mean Eraser”

This chaotic good shit is getting old she hissed in her head

The next day was the move in for the rest of the class. Izuku hadn’t been ordered to help them, so he hadn’t set up an alarm to wake himself up. Meaning that his recent narcolepsy caused him to oversleep.

A knock on the door woke him up.

He looked at the clock. Midday.

What the fuck is going on with me right now?

He questioned, getting up to check the door.

Not noticing that he had slept shirtless

“Are you sure this is a good idea?” Tooru asked her new, pink skinned friend, Mina. They had gotten along fast after learning they were room-neighbors

“Yeah! Don’t you think everyone should meet in the common room?” Mina said with excitement, which was mirrored in her best friend from high school, Kirishima Eiko.

“YEAH!”

The door opened

“Hey, we were calling everyone to the common room to-“

All three of them stopped.

They were face to chest with-

“Yeah?” asked the owner of the chest, still slightly groggy

They all looked up to see his iridescent green hair and emerald eyes

“we-“ Tooru babbled, Mina looked frozen and Eiko looked ready to die right there.

He looked down at the three, suddenly realization hit him and looked down to his own body. Blushing a deep red that made him look like a tomato

“Sorry-“ he barked slamming the door and running in to change

Eiko shook Mina’s shoulder “we- we just”

“oh my god it’s a man” the pinkette mumbled still stunned

The redhead looked like she was having the time of her life “do you think he is like in those movies? Chivalrous and stuff?”
Tooru looked at her new friends *geeking out* over the guy they just met

“wh- what are you on about?”

They both shared a glance

“How many old movies have you seen?”

When Izuku walked back out after finding a shirt and pants the trio was still on his doorway

“s-sorry about that- I hadn’t woken up fully yet” he mumbled

“It’s no problem” both the pink skinned girl and the redhead announced, eyes sparkling

He gazed at the duo, one muscular to a fault, chiseled to the point that her shoulders looked angular, with a small chest, with red spiky hair and red eyes.

The other pink-skinned and black sclera-d, irises a gold color. Her pink hair in a bushy mess similar to his own with yellow horns sticking out from the mop. She was less muscular with her body having a bit more mass around her chest and thighs.

*Why- why does it always have to be beautiful women?*

“Oh- nice to meet you, Midoriya Izuku” he introduced himself

“Kirishima Eiko,” said the red-head, absolutely beaming.

“Ashido Mina,” said the pinkette

“Hakagure Tooru,” said the *Air?*

He did a double take, noticing the floating clothes now. And based on them another curvy, invisible, woman was standing next to Ashido

“s-sorry” he said looking at where he assumed her face was “didn’t se-“ he noticed the pun that was about to form and coughed in his hand dispelling it

“did you need me for something?”

All three nodded- well he thinks Tooru nodded, it’s hard to discern without seeing a head

“yeah we were collecting everyone for a dorm meeting- I think you are the last one” Mina said

“Dorm meeting?”

*Oh no*

His eyes landed on the crowd when the elevator doors opened 16 people looked at the doors as the elevator beeped announcing it had arrived

“YOU”
Katsumi seethed and grabbed him by the collar, a hard thing to do when she was so much shorter than him. And pulled him down to her eye level.

“What are you doing here, Deku?”

“I- I got in just like you” he mumbled his brow sweating

The rest of the students started to panic

“Release him at once” exclaimed the interrupter from the orientation she had got in too?

“Midoriya” panicked Momo, not knowing what to do

“Bakugou please” Eiko mumbled stuck inside the elevator as the confrontation was blocking the doors

The machine started to beep as the doors were kept open for too long

“What a mad banquet of darkness” someone mumbled in the crowd

“hey- hey is that a guy?” whispered a small and squeaky voice

“A guy? How did he get in?” someone else mumbled

“wasn’t he in our testing center?” asked a tall woman with multiple connected arms

“Y-yeah I think so? I remember seeing him dash in first”

“what are you two talking about” Katsumi hissed pushing Izuku back into the Elevator, it stopped beeping as its doors closed

“Well that was something” Mina mumbled

“not the best first-day” Izuku admitted pressing the open door button

“wait you are going back out?” Tooru asked

“I need to explain things to her” he mumbled back, determination in his eyes

Manly Eiko thought a fist over her heart

“So you are telling me that-“ she pointed at Izuku who had just walked back into the common room

“He, beat up enough villains to make it in?”

“Yes he did,“ said the glasses-wearing girl. A brown-haired girl was silent during all of this chaos

“Fucking. How. He is just Deku.” She seethed

The girl shook her head “I was suspicious at first too- but seeing him in action for a glimpse- He has the body of a hero, even if he doesn’t have a quirk, no?”

Katsumi flinched. She had forgotten how much He had changed. She gritted her teeth
“what do you know- who are you anyway?” she hissed

“Iida Tomoyo. A pleasure to meet you” said Tomoyo, reaching her hand out mechanically to shake hers

Katsumi didn’t clasp her hand

“from the Iida family? Like Ingenium; Iida family?” he asked with stars in his eyes

Katsumi looked at Izuku, he had gone into hero nerd mode.

She huffed and walked off to her room.

“Yes that’s the one,” Tomoyo said, chest bubbling in pride “Also- sorry about my rudeness at the test area”

“It’s really no pr-“

“wait” they all looked at the source of the voice. Someone short with purple balls forming twin-tails on their head. “are we just gonna”

she was drooling.

“Ignore that such a fine piece of-“ she was cut off as a long tongue smacked the side of her face shutting her up.

A girl with large hands ribbited “I am Asui, please call me Tsuyu” she introduced herself

“ni-nice to meet you Asu-“ he caught himself “I mean Tsuyu” she ribbited with happiness

He turned back to Tomoyo, eyes glancing over brown, de-gravitized hair

“Oh- sorry Iida can I have a moment?” he walked past Tomoyo to his target

“Told you you’d make it”

She blushed a bit “sorry for not stepping up”

He shook his head “Kacchan can get a little- intense; I understand, though she isn’t that bad when you get to know her”

Someone snorted. “that I find hard to believe,” said someone with dark purple hair and aux cords hanging in the underside of her ears, body slim and petite. “Kyoka Jirou,” she said nodding towards him

“Hey! Midoriya wouldn’t lie like that” Ochako defended her friend“-oh Ochako Uraraka”

Jirou nodded in greeting

“What’s her deal with you anyway Deku?” the punk girl asked

He flinched a bit

“We were childhood friends- kinda had a falling out” He mumbled

Tomoyo was behind him “don’t call him that- didn’t you notice that was a derogatory nickname?”
Ochako was the one to be surprised “Eh? Didn’t she call him Deku? As in Dekiuru? As in ‘you can do it?’”

Tomoyo looked at her stunned “I- no not with that tone of voice…” she mumbled and rubbed her chin in thought- maybe?

“you can call me that if you want,” he said smiling “I got used to it- plus when you say it like that it sounds sweet”

Tomoyo looked at him stunned “Just like that?”

By that time Momo had managed to walk through the crowd up to them “Midoriya are you alright?”

He nodded “It takes a lot more than that to do me in” he chuckled trying to ease everyone that seemed to worry for him

“what do you mean by that- if you don’t mind me asking” Tsuyu croaked, when did she get so close to the group?

“Uh-“

“He defeated a 0 pointer” Ochako said

Everyone stopped

“he what?” they all echoed

“he stopped a 0 pointer from crushing me, and punched its arm off- it was…” she trailed off

“THAT WAS HIM?” asked Jirou eyes widening, Momo looked around “what’s a 0 pointer?”

“you mean to say- “ Tsuyu ribbited “he punched the arm off of one of those building-sized robots?”

“building-sized?” everyone in test area B looked at Tsuyu

“well wasn’t it big?” she croaked face still neutral

“yeah but- wasn’t it more like a skyscraper?”

Everyone not in test area B looked confused

“wait- wait” someone with blonde hair, with a black lightning bolt on it, cut in “are we not talking about the giant machine with 2 tank legs that trudged around slowly and destroyed buildings in the area?”

“two legs?” Izuku looked at the girl

“ what are you talking about- the 0 pointer had 3 legs and dashed around the area with ease?” Tomoyo mumbled getting more and more confused

“…” Momo looked up in thought “so they had a different 0 pointer in- uh test area B was it?”

“even if that’s the case why would they-“ Izuku stiffened realization hitting him

“goddammit Nozomi” he mumbled facepalming

“Midoriya?” They all looked at him
“It was me- they changed the test because I was in the test area” he mumbled

“why would they-“ Tomoyo questioned

“Why would she- I am certain the principal did this- unsure if it was to force me to show off my quirk- or for something el-“ he stopped

Everyone.
Stopped.

“your WHAT?” they all asked in unison, all except Uraraka

“that was fast” Nozomi mumbled looking at the screen

“which part, him admitting having a quirk or the girls deciphering we meddled with the test parameters?” Aizawa huffed in her sleeping bag, not paying attention to what was happening really

“both really” Nozomi chuckled eating more popcorn

He took a seat on a couch as all of his new classmates interrogated him “you have a quirk? I thought you were a- y’know” Eiko mumbled dejected out of her mind

The rest had similar looks of confusion on their faces, except Ochako who had seen and talked to his mom and knew nigh everything about him, Shoko who really didn’t care And Momo who was certain he couldn’t make that speech if he hadn’t been truthful about being a guy

“I- I am a guy- its just apparently I have a quirk” He mumbled looking down

“that doesn’t make sense males don’t get quirks” Tomoyo said, looking somewhere between apologetic and mad as she realized she had assumed ‘her’ gender in the orientation, yet ‘she’ was still lying to them all

“Well I did- I don’t know why or how I just did” he huffed, not looking back up

“only one way to prove you aren’t lying” said the squeaky voice “ show us your-“ she was cut off by a tongue slapping her and a hand grabbing her over the head

She floated above everyone knocked out

“I would prefer if you didn’t pester the guy that saved my life” Ochako said, smiling. her tone was different than usual, causing everyone to take a step back in fear

Seeing her he got even more apologetic, landing on his knees and getting into a dogeza

“I’m so sorry Uraraka- the mess you got in was all my fault- if I wasn’t in the same testing area with you then you wouldn’t have-“

“gotten hurt?” she finished for him “Deku, if you hadn’t jumped in I would have died. You were the only one there that even attempted that- and from what it sounds like no one else would have done
anything if a normal 0 pointer was the one that attacked me”

He still didn’t look up

She crouched in front of him “hey chin up. What you did doesn’t change. You still saved my life”

Everyone around felt like they were watching something that was supposed to be private

“I was the reason you were caught up in that anyway”

“Deku, did you ask me to enter the Exam?”

“no-“

“did you ask me to be in the same test area as you?”

“…no”

“did you ask the principal to change out the 0 pointers?”

“no”

“then how was any of this your fault?”

He didn’t respond, she petted his head causing him to go weightless and float up

“h-hey”

“if you won’t get up I’ll force you up” she giggled

Momo looked at the scene with a pit in her stomach she couldn’t explain. Uraraka and Midoriya looked so close.

Eiko was stunned- such manliness, holding up against a 0 pointer, then apologizing for it, wow.

The rest dropped the topic after that, Uraraka releasing Izuku, who landed gracefully on the floor.

The grape-head, not so much.

The rest of the girls had dispersed to unpack the rest of their stuff, excluding the multi-armed Mai Shoji who had little to unpack and Shoko who already unpacked the day before, both preferred staying in their rooms instead of staying in the common room. Momo, on the other hand, had told him that she had to study.

Izuku, after seeing Jirou struggle carrying the multiple amplifiers, had offered to help her, which she took, and thanks to that they were one of the first to finish.

Now she was sitting by the counter of the kitchen, watching him cook.

“So Green” he looked at Jirou, away from the pan he was cooking in

“You have a quirk, You can cook, like helping people and You look like this?” she said gesturing to his body
“Yeah?” he asked flipping the steak on the pan, the ball-haired girl, Mineta Minerva, and Tsuyu walked out of the elevator

“Are you still single?” she asked teasingly

he coughed dropping the spatula “I- uh” he blushed deeply “yes?” he mumbled softly

“How?” she asked grin still teasing

“doesn’t matter calling di-” Minerva was struck by a tongue again.

Thanks Tsuyu

“I- I was busy training to pass the entrance exam” he mumbled looking at the sizzling steak

“so now that’s over you are on the prowl?” she asked leaning in a bit, enjoying how red he was getting

“why are you asking me these things Jirou?” he asked back trying to change topics

“she might be interested” Tsuyu croaked

It was Kyoka’s turn to turn red “N-no I was just teasing him”

“Oh- well it looks like so many are already that I just assumed it was us all”

Izuku looked ready to go supernova

“w-what are you talking about Tsuyu-“ he blustered

She looked at him with a blank expression “don’t tell me you aren’t seeing it”

He didn’t respond, his brain was in full denial, and thanks to Total command, He stopped hearing the rest of the conversation as his ears shut down

“i-is he ignoring you?” Kyoka asked looking at the now catatonic Izuku, who was barely moving now and then to cook the steak on the pan

“I think so” Tsuyu croaked “don’t know if his denial is cute or annoying”

“w-why are you so open about this?” Kyoka mumbled blushing a bit, it was definitely cute.

“I just say what comes to mind, can’t help it” she ribbited “plus its not like you weren’t obvious”

She blushed deeper “I wasn’t interested”

“really Jirou?” she ribbited

“shut up” she said looking away

“Can you stop? Whipping me with your tongue?” Minerva hissed, coming out of her daze

“can you stop sexually harassing Midoriya?” Tsuyu asked
“Oh, like you two are any better” Minerva huffed

“I mean, my first words weren’t ‘show me your genitals’” Jirou defended herself

“no such thing shall be done in here” Tomoyo said walking into the room, she had finally placed all her glasses.

“oh here comes Mrs. Buzzkill” huffed Minerva

“Such words- they do not befit a hero candidate” Tomoyo said, waving her arms in chopping motions

“hush prude, the women are talking” Minerva snapped back

“shut the FUCK Up all of you” announced Katsumi walking to the room. She was hungry

“how vulgar” Tomoyo muttered as Katsumi shoved past them all onto the fridge

Izuku noticed her and his hearing returned “Oh Kacchan- here I made food, spicy like you like it” he passed her a plate with a large steak and some hot sauce with a side of rice.

She glared at him, then the plate

She clicked her tongue but took the plate, going back up the stairs

“not gonna lie I thought that was gonna spiral into a fight” Jirou mumbled, Tsuyu nodded along

“Midoriya, are you cooking for us all?” Tomoyo asked, he nodded

“worked under Lunch-rush for 5 months- I’m not as good as her but Its better than nothing right?”

All 4 girls looked at him

“r-right?” he asked again looking back at them

“you know you didn’t have to right?” Tsuyu croaked, her index finger on her chin

“I- yeah I know I didn’t have to- I just thought it might-“

“yeah no I’m definitely interested now” she hummed nodding

He tried to ignore the connotations

“So- uh Jirou how do you like your steak?” He said, hoping the conversation would move past this hurdle

“uh- medium well?” she said he nodded continuing to cook the latest one on the pan

“I like my meat raw” Minerva announced in a pervy tone

“desist, please” Tomoyo begged

Chapter End Notes
in honor of 300 kudos, here is the next chapter, hope you enjoy it.
University is honestly starting to ramp up already so the updates might drop to once a week soon bUT
Plus Ultra right?

Right?
What is that you express in your eyes?

Chapter Summary

not everything can go perfectly

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Minerva was thankfully shut down after Izuku gave her something to eat, her mother apparently teaching her proper table manners at least. The other 3 enjoying their own meals with idle chatter as Izuku continued to cook

“Deku?” he looked to the side catching Uraraka’s eye “you are cooking? But we didn’t even set up the chores yet?”

“Felt like doing it, plus it helps me clear my mind” he hummed “you liked your's medium right?”

“My steak?- Deku I-“ she looked around rousing a curious glance from the small assembly downstairs “I never had that before” she mumbled in a soft tone.

He looked surprised, but didn’t really change the look in his eyes “Oh- guess I'll be your first then”

Minerva choked on her meal- so did Kyoka. Tsuyu just croaked a bit. Tomoyo looked at them weirdly “was it something he said?” without a pervy tone to hint her the implications were lost on her.

It wasn’t lost to Izuku however, causing him to blush hard enough for him to look nigh neon “I- I didn’t mean it that way” Ochako was sporting a similar blush.

“Mean it what way?” Tomoyo asked, lost and confused.

Minerva coughed more, slamming on the table to steady herself.
“I- I know” Ochako mumbled trying to calm down.

Izuku nodded in acknowledgment and went back to cooking, trying his best to calm himself.

She joined the small group of meal-havers

The group and grown to encompass all the class soon after, except Bakugou who had come back down to leave her plate and went back up immediately.

Shoko was kinda vocal about preferring Soba but had come into terms with the meal after Momo insisted on eating a balanced diet, which was echoed by Tomoyo

“Sorry for just having steak girls, it was the fastest to prepare,” Izuku said, taking his apron off and sitting down between Momo and Ochako after passing the last steak to Eiko; who was the last to arrive due to her setting up something in her room.

“Thank you for the meal” they replied in unison, Momo Assuring him that it was fine on his side. Ochako still blushing about the earlier implications.

“don’t worry about it Midori” Ashido said, digging into her meal “It tastes amazing”

He looked down rubbing his head in embarrassment.

*Is he trying to woo them all?* Aizawa thought, looking at the screen. Nozomi had stepped out to get some tea.

“….wait a minute” the interrogation before this went through her head, like she had heard something interesting.
“would have noticed it if it was important” she rationalized, turning on her sleeping bag and trying to get some more shut-eye.

After finishing his own meal, he bid his classmates a quick goodbye and headed out to talk with her. She needed an explanation.

“I like him” said Tsuyu moments after he left earshot, causing most to look at her with confusion.

“Asui again with this?” Jirou asked.

“what are you guys talking about?” asked Mai Shoji’s hand-mouth, the girls were gonna have trouble adjusting to that.

“she wants to ‘hop’ him,” Minerva said, casually.

“-why are you so thirsty?” asked Doi Kaminari, being one of the crasser of the group.

“Mating season” Tsuyu simply said eliciting ‘ah’s from the rest of the class.

“wait- does that affect you too Tokoyami?” Doi asked.

Fumiko’s plumage ruffled in embarrassment. “Just because I have an aves' head doesn’t mean I have the instincts of one,” she huffed. Dark Shadow rose up from within her to say something, only to be silenced by Fumiko grasping the shadow beast’s beak before any embarrassing stuff could be said.

“Aves?” asked Mina, trying the decipher the newly-resident bird-headed girl.

“The scientific name for a bird,” Tomoyo said,
“It’s their taxonomic class,” Momo said at the same time.

Their eyes met. They nodded once at each other, exchanging approving looks.

The rest looked at the interaction with raised eyebrows, starting to get lost in it all.

Is this what smart people talk like?

“Will you please open the door?” He said waiting outside Katsumi’s door

“No fuck off”

“I just want to talk”

“What is there to talk about?”

“…”

“Just leave me alone Deku”

His head sagged, and he huffed. What could I even say to her anyway? Its been too long since we had an actual conversation…

Giving up, for now, he headed back to his own room. He needed more sleep.

He didn’t have the mental clarity to question why.
He woke up refreshed.

He really wasn’t sure why- but he did. Whatever was causing his need for extra sleep seemed to have subsided.

He checked his clock. 6 am.

*Well, it's not anything physical- not that I can see or feel the change.*

He walked into his bathroom to check just to be sure, *yep no growth spurts*

He stared back to his reflection

“What are you doing?” he mumbled absentmindedly

Dressing up he left his room, hungry for breakfast

He found Minerva taped to the ceiling right above his door

“…Alright then” he mumbled softly, trying not to wake up the cocooned pervert. *More questions for later.*

He waited patiently for the elevator, his nose catching the scent of something with vanilla and sugar?

Was someone making something?

When the elevator doors opened, he was greeted by a small group of early risers. Tomoyo, who was gonna train if her tracksuit was something to go by, Momo who was drinking tea and lightly nibbling on a piece of pancake, and- *Rieko Sato, was it?*
He was never properly introduced to the hulking female, whose muscles challenged Vlad’s by their sheer volume, less refined than someone like Eiko, but that only exaggerated her strong-woman like qualities. She turned to face him as he got closer to the kitchen, as did the rest of the girls—huh, she has large lips.

“Good morning Midoriya,” Tomoyo said “good to see you are ready for the day”

He nodded in acknowledgment

“You got enough rest?” Momo asked, worry in her voice intended or not

“Yes- I think my body adjusted to the dorms- or whatever it was having trouble dealing with,” he said, walking behind the counter, only to be stopped by Rikku

“and where do you think you are going?”

“uh- to help you with cooking?”

“nuh-uh, you already made dinner last night, breakfast is on me.”

He looked down at her, she was as tall as Momo- yet that was still shorter than him by 5 centimeters.

She looked like she was having fun cooking.

“I’ll be here if you need help,” he said finally, smiling slightly and sitting next to Momo.

“want some Tea?” she asked as he settled down, and passed him a cup after his nod.

“did you make this?” he asked after taking a sip, It tasted divine.
She blushed a bit at his awestruck expression “I- I can't cook but I was taught how to make tea” she mumbled looking away.

“A gap in home keeping skills is not fit for a hero, Yaoyorozu,” Tomoyo said earnestly.

“I know…” She huffed looking down.

“I can teach you how to cook” Izuku offered, not liking the expression that Momo had gotten.

“I- I would like that” she mumbled looking back at him, her forlorn expression melting away.

The moment was broken when Rikku passed a plate full of pancakes to him.

He looked down on the portion size “how did you-“

“Know you eat that much?” Rikku smirked “bakers secret”

....I can get used to this

“ZUKU” he almost choked on his last pancake as the voice echoed through the common room, it was just him, Momo and Rikku.

“Hatsume?” He turned, the excitable ball of inventing slamming against him before he realized what was going on.

And considering he was on a stool, he couldn’t brace for impact.

So he tripped backwards, onto Momo, Mei on his chest.
While the three of them fell, something triggered in him.

Before he knew it, he twisted with an arm around Mei, grabbed a hold of Momo and continued his spin in the air, landing on his back; letting his body take the brunt of the fall instead of the girls.

“that’s new” he mumbled still dazed Maybe that was what was off with me so far? My brain ‘installing’ new reflexes?

Momo started blushing madly, Mei didn’t even look fazed.

“You got in! I told you; you would!” he looked down at Mei, his eyes drifted towards Momo and he started panicking.

“S- sorry Yaoyorozu” he muttered. He was used to this with Mei, but- this was new.

“th-thank you for catching me” She mumbled back, and just dashed off.

“what’s her problem?” Mei asked.

“what’s with you tackling me constantly?” Izuku asked, hoping He hadn’t touched anywhere sensitive on Momo during his maneuver to alter their fall.

“affection?” Mei just stated.

Rikkulooked down at the two “you two know each other?”

“Yeah he is my slave”

He froze.

Rikku nodded, then did a double take.
“didn’t know you were that kinky Midoriya”

“I am not- she is just a friend”

Mei pouted inwardly.

She didn’t know why but she did.

Momo slid down her door after closing it shut behind her.

“his hands were so gentle…”

Mei got off him, looked around and took a seat on the couch, patting it for him to follow. Rolling to his side and sighing he did so.

“Wanna hear how I got in?” she asked vibrating almost- he couldn’t say no to that.

“sure”

“So yesterday they held the support class interviews, right?”

He nodded along.

“and there was this one, robot looking woman”
“Power Loader?” He asked, trying to get her to clarify.

“I am bad with names—“ Of course you are.

“uh, yellow helmet, looks like an excavator’s scoop? Orange hair?”

“YEA THAT’S THE ONE—“ she exclaimed and went on with her story “so she just asked me to get in the room and I did right?”

He nodded again.

“and then she asked me, ‘What can you build?’” His brow started sweating— she didn’t did she?

“and I went, ‘Let my baby show you’” she giggled “and then our baby broke down the ceiling carrying my hover boots”

“Your WHAT, now?” somebody snarled

Both turned to see the source of the voice.

Katsumi.

“Kacch—“ he was cut off by an explosion against his face, the shockwave sending him backwards onto the ground.

Mei, for the first time in her life;

panicked.

“Don’t you Kacchan me” She seethed. Unrivaled rage building up inside her.
He got up slowly. *So this is what a concussion feels like.* His emerald eyes met her crimson ones.

He had thought he had seen Katsumi angry before, he was wrong.

“This explains everything- you probably slept with some of the teachers to get in didn’t you Deku?” explosions were sparking off in her hands. This was the first time he felt like he was in genuine peril by her hands.

“He wouldn’t- Im sorry I was talking about the robot we built together” Mei mumbled.

The explosions stopped.

His wobbly eyes landed on Mei. She looked scared- for him?

The explosions started again.

“What the hell are you talking about you whor-“ She didn’t get to finish that.

*Katsumi.* His voice was unsteady due to the concussion, but that only added more weight to it.

Katsumi flinched.

“why would any of this concern you?”

“…” she didn’t have an answer to give to that, but her rage just grew. Then it broke.

Grumbling loudly, She walked past him, shoulder slamming him again, towards the training grounds.

She needed to blow up something.
Several things.

Izuku’s shoulders slumped as she left.

“Hatume are you Alright?” his voice was back to normal, the concussion had passed. Healing neural damage was apparently part of Total commands arsenal.

She didn’t respond.

“Hatume?”

“I’m sorry” she mumbled and ran out of the dorm.

“Hey! wait”

Izuku caught up to her just outside the dorms, grabbing her shoulder.

“why are you apologizing?” he asked, voice strained.

“y-you got hurt cause I didn’t- cause how I-“

He looked at her dumbfounded.

“you built a robot to beat me up before how’s this any-”

“Cause I was scared- I wasn’t in control” she admitted looking down “you know how much I love the things I create, how much I trust them- they would never hurt you- not like she could have. And it was all because of me-“
Her shoulders were shaking.

“Me and my stupid mouth- I should just build and never spe-“

“Mei”

She stopped.

He had never used her first name before.

“Do you know what you are?”

“an inventor?” she sniffled voice small and frail.

“no, you are my best friend, who is the best inventor” His other hand landed on her shoulder.

She looked up to him, his heart sank at seeing her watery eyes. These tears were nothing like those she shed when he had gifted her the goggles he built, which were still on her head.

He pulled her into a hug. The first one he had ever initiated with her.

Her hands wrapped around his back softly, none of the usual hyper-ness in her.

Feeling his warmth encompass her calmed her down.

“thank you Izuku” she mumbled.

______________________________________

“stupid bitch” Katsumi huffed exploding a training dummy.
“getting close with him- Bet they-“ She stopped herself “no he doesn’t have the balls to do that”

The image was getting in her head now, that pink haired bimbo pulling him to a corner and-

She clenched her teeth, hands sparked, and she released a massive explosion to the heavens.

Why.

She let out another explosion.

Why is this bothering me so much?

Another.

I already knew this would have happened sooner or later.

She sniffled.

Remembering his voice and eyes when he stood up to her, protecting that woman.

Why did his eyes look like that again?

Her arms fell to her sides.

“well that was something” Rikku mumbled looking at the now empty common room.

“hope this isn’t the norm here”
It was gonna get much worse from here.

It was midday by the time She got back, Izuku and the frog girl were making lunch.

“we are making curry, making yours a separate batch with ghost peppers added in,” he said simply, the usual friendliness in his voice gone.

She huffed and walked up to her room.

Tsuyu turned to the man next to her “did something happen between you and Bakugou?”

He turned to her “….nothing I am willing to talk about- sorry”

She nodded “I am here if you need someone to vent to”

“Thanks, Tsuyu- but this is something personal”

“did she poke holes in the condom or something?” Minerva asked making him jump how the fuck did she sneak up on me?

More importantly

“Mineta- what are you talking about?”

“Did she like sabotage the contraceptives? You sound plenty mad” Minerva continued.

“Excuse me but what?” he asked, knife stilling “are you implying that we-“
“yes oh my god, the sexual tension is almost visible- that lucky slu-“

The knife in his hand slamming down on the cutting board with enough force to crack the wood stopped her.

“Mineta. One more thing like this?” His voice was strained, he was overcome with; not embarrassment.

But Rage.

Tsuyu shrunk in fear, she was too close to the immense killing aura flooding Izuku; Minerva who was the focus of it all almost emptied her bladder.

“and I will make sure no one finds the body”

“w-what b-body?”

“yours”

She ran off after that.

“M-midoriya?” Tsuyu asked, honestly scared from him currently “sorry about yesterday”

“What are you talking about Tsuyu?” he asked, his voice was back to normal.

“I was very forward-“

“Its fine. I’m used to that” he said simply- and it was true with Nemuri he had grown to get used to it
“But-“

“look its fine ok?”

She croaked

“…”

“…I’m … I guess frustrated?” He mumbled her stoic face making him open up. Something about her large eyes and how worried they looked.

“Kacch- Bakugou and I always had a rocky relationship- and today just.” He looked to the side “today was one of the worse days- don’t even know what’s wrong with her- she got more violent after hearing Hatsume chat with me” he mumbled, voice low just enough for her to hear.

“…and who is Hatsume?”

“my best friend- she is in the support department”

“maybe Bakugou was just jealous?“

“…” he looked at her dumbstruck “Are you serious?”

“w-what- I mean you have nicknames for each other- I thought”

“those are our childhood nicknames- Useless Deku, me; and Kacchan for her, cause I couldn’t pronounce her name at the time” he explained.

“oh”
“seriously you thought- no, she would never like me. Not after…” he trailed off

“you don’t have to tell”

“thanks”

“but why were you so mad at Mineta for her suggestion then- you sound like you might harbor-” her voice died in her throat why do I keep saying everything that comes to my head?

“I might have.” He said simply “I don’t think I can anymore”

At least not until she apologizes to Mei

Chapter End Notes

well that was something-

hope you all enjoyed it, See you all in the next chapter
There are things that are not sayable

Chapter Summary

Izuku calms down after the last chapter

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

They were both silent for the rest of the meal preparation.

Cooking had helped him clear his head, but this time, it wasn’t enough. Neither was talking about it with Tsuyu apparently.

“Tsuyu, mind If I leave and do some training?” He asked as the curry simmered, basically done.

“Sure- Uh, how should I reach you when we are having lunch?”

He shook his head, “Not hungry.”

She just nodded in response.

He heaved the bar up, holding it there, feeling his muscles ache.

He didn’t need to do this. With Total Command his body would retain his muscle mass no matter what he did.

But that didn’t mean that he wasn’t deriving some pleasure out of it.

He let the bar drop back to his chest and lifted it back up again, letting his joints creak under the weight of it all.

“I know that sound.”

The bar on his hand lost all its weight, he turned to see Ochako standing above his head, a plate in her hand.
“Uraraka,” he mumbled still holding onto the thing, “give its weight back, I still want to work out.”

“After lunch, ok?”

He grunted and sat up, not looking at her.

“Did Tsuyu send you?”

“No,” she said simply sitting next to him and passing him a plate of curry and rice, “I got worried when I didn’t see you at the table- Is something wrong?”

He accepted the plate. He wasn’t hungry, but he knew his body needed the nutrients after the morning’s ordeal. “You could say that”

“Want to talk about it?”

He shook his head, “I don’t want to…” Exercise hadn’t helped.

He raised his head to look at her, “It didn’t help when I talked with Tsuyu-“

*That’s cheating.*

She was giving him puppy eyes.

He sighed.

“Alright.”

“So- She jus’ attacked you?”

He nodded slightly while taking another spoonful of food.

“I wanna beat ‘er up even worse now.”

He choked on his meal, brain registering her switch back to her Kamino dialect. “URARAKA!”
“What? She’s mean.” she huffed, puffing her cheeks out with a small pout

He sighed placing the empty plate to the side, “She wasn’t always like that.”

“Don’t defend her, Deku.”

“I am serious, she just-“ He slumped. “She never wanted me to be a hero- seeing me here is probably pissing her off”

“Deku, she gave you a concussion over your friend’s word choice, said you slept your way in and we both know that’s a lie- why do you keep trying to give her excuses?”

“I’m not mad about any of that,” he admitted, “I can take a concussion or two it’s just…”

“What she was about to say to Hatsume?” she completed. That’s so him.

“I guess?”

“Deku, you’re too selfless for your own good,” she said flicking him in the forehead, ignoring the slight pit in her stomach.

He needed a friend right now, not someone that would get jealous over this.

“I really am not,” he smiled, “I can get stubborn and selfish.” Her playful nature was helping him move past his slump

“Oh? I can see stubborn, Mr. ‘I’ll punch a zero-pointer into submission’, but selfish? Can’t see that.” she giggled.

“Hey, what’s that supposed to mean?”

“Ya’ would give your arm up for someone Deku, come on.”

“I mean, if it saved their life…”

She couldn’t help it and started to laugh. He followed suit.
Her eyes landed on his laughing form between giggles, now that his tension was gone she could relax too, her brain finally registering what they were doing, sitting side by side, him sweaty in his workout clothes, and her breaking into her accent, neither caring as they laughed about what he had admitted.

She blushed.

*I like seeing him laugh*...

They walked back to the dorms after that.

“I’m telling you, men are terrifying.” Minerva’s voice echoed out of the common room just as they entered.

“I mean, you were pushing it, Mineta.” Tsuyu croaked.

“Oh- I need to apologize to her.” Izuku said absentmindedly

“You don’t need to,” Ochako said, voice a strange tone, “She deserves to be scared after what she tried to do last night.”

“W-what did she try to do?”

“Nothing you need to know about.”

He sweat-dropped. *Maybe I should Ask for Mecha-might to stand guard at my room?*

Tsuyu sighed a breath of relief when the two entered the dorm. She was sitting next to Minerva, watching Eiko and Mina and two others playing a multiplayer video game on the TV.

*Uh- let's see- Doi Kaminari is the one with the blonde hair with the lightning bolt, and Hana Sero is the one with the large elbows, wonder if that's due to her quirk...*

“Deku, you’re muttering.” Ochako whispered. Thankfully his voice was drowned out by the sounds of the game.

“Ah, thanks for stopping me.” he mumbled, blushing.

Minerva’s eyes landed on him.
“I’M SORRY!” Minerva screamed as took a step back and then dashed off.

The commotion got the four players’ attention. “Oh, Midori’s here!” Mina said, smile in her voice.

“You alright man? You weren’t here for lunch,” Doi asked eyes drifting down to his get up, “Oh, were you working out? Nice.” he gave him a thumbs up.

“Hey! We should work out together sometime.” Eiko chimed in.

“Hey, I wanna join too!” Mina huffed, looking at her friend.

“Wait, weren’t you going to teach me how to breakdance to help out with my move set?” Hana muttered to the pinkette.

“We all can work out together- Right, Midori?”

“Uh- Sure I don’t mind.” Izuku mumbled, not used to the friendliness the four were showing him. His eyes landed on Uraraka and he noticed she was a little stiff.

“Want to join, too?”

She looked away, but nodded. “Never worked out with someone before…”

“I haven’t either”

Tsuyu looked at them all.

“I was right.”

“Huh?”

“Nothing.”

“Did we have to get up this early?” they all hissed in union in the elevator, Izuku sweat-dropped again.
“It’s better to work out early and then shower to ease the muscles,” he explained.

“Oh?” Tomoyo looked to see Izuku, Ochako, Mina, Hana, and Eiko get out of the elevator. “Good to see you all up so early.” she said from Momo’s side, who started to grow flustered the moment Izuku came into view.

The shirt he was wearing wasn’t leaving much to the imagination, and his shorts clung to his thighs a little tightly. Momo was having trouble not looking at him.

Tomoyo noticed his get up too- and the rest of their clothes, “ Are you all going out for a run?” she asked, glad to see the rest of the class were taking keeping their bodies in top shape seriously.

“Nah- working out.” Ochako yawned, still too groggy to even register Izuku’s state of dress, “right, Deku?”

He nodded “Well, we might start with a run to warm your bodies up,” he hummed- something he didn’t need to do since Total Command triggered that without the need of jogging.

“Alright, I’M ALL FIRED UP!” Eiko screamed out of nowhere waking the rest of the group up, possibly some of their classmates too, “LET'S GO!” and dashed off.

“Ah- Kirishima, wait!” Izuku chased after her, the rest following suit, including Tomoyo, leaving Momo alone.

“….He is going to kill me,” she mumbled, fantasies overtaking her mind.

“Are you joining our work out too, Iida?” Izuku asked as they jogged another lap around the gym and training ground, only the two of them weren’t out of breath.

“I am interested in your regiment- so if you wouldn’t mind I would like to join too, yes,” she answered.

You monsters, the rest of the girls huffed in their heads.

After five laps, the group stopped, Tomoyo taking a swig of orange juice, the other 4 girls panting heavily. Izuku didn’t even look fazed.

“Alright- now stretching.”
The tired ones groaned.

“Easy for you to say- just let us breathe for a second-“ Mina huffed Eiko echoed a ‘yeah’.

“You need to stretch before you rest- or you might pull a muscle, or worse, be sore tomorrow,“ he said, clicking into training mode, his voice slightly hollow.

Maybe he was trying to ignore that he had four panting and flushed girls around him, or maybe this was just automatic for him. He didn’t know, he was too busy not thinking.

Whining, they agreed to just do it, and Izuku was surprised to see that Tomoyo was one of the most flexible ones, along with Mina, Eiko, and with Ochako the least.

“You not stretching?” Hana muttered, getting up from the ground, her stretches complete.

“Oh- I don’t need to, my quirk does it for me,” he muttered rubbing the back of his head.

“Cheater,” Mina huffed.

Eiko glared at him, “Midoriya it’s not very manly to make girls do something and not do it yourself.”

“Fine,” he muttered and got down, bending in ways someone with his musculature shouldn’t be able to.

“You are more flexible than you look,” Tomoyo admitted, Ochako and the rest trying not to have a heart attack about it all. *How is Iida so calm about this?*

“Yeah- quirk helps out with that, the reason why I don’t need to stretch really,” He said, head on his knees as he stretched forward, grabbing his shoes with ease.

“Actually- what is your quirk?” Tomoyo asked. They had accepted its presence but never talked about what it actually was. That brought Ochako out of her fluster.

“Total Control was it?...” she trailed off, trying to remember that day. She only remembered him smiling at her after announcing he was gonna make a page about her. Her face got red again.

“Total Command-“ he corrected getting up, “but it’s the same really- allows me to command every organ, tissue, and cell in my body.”
“How is that any different than the rest of us?” Mina asked, looking around not getting it. Iida looked disturbed by her question.

“Going by that description- he could speed up his metabolism for a jump in power as if he has the necessary fuel in his body, start healing early and so much more- if his control includes his hormonal functions then- there are no limits. There are so many natural limits human bodies usually have- in theory none of them would apply to him,” she started explaining, the girls looked back at her with awe, “truly a versatile power fit for a hero, Midoriya.”

He looked at her with shock, and just a little bit of pride “Thanks, Iida.”

“Oh my apologies- I asked about yours without giving mine first-“ she hiked up her sweatpants a bit showing the engines on her calves “I call it Engine. My body has internal engines located on my calves which run on citric acid, giving me a speed boost whenever I activate them.”

“Interesting,” he hummed, fingers moving as if he was turning pages, “any drawbacks?”

“It can stall if I use it too much, or misfire if I consume the wrong stuff.”

“Man, you two’s quirks are awesome,” Eiko whined, Mina looked at her with sympathy, “mine is just this,” She flexed her arm and the muscles got even more geometric until they sharpened and looked crystalline. “I call it Hardening- it’s what it is.”

“OH!” Izuku was on her immediately, looking at her arm with keen interest. Eiko never got a reaction like this from anyone else, causing her to blush softly. “That’s amazing Kirishima, you can save so many people with this!”

She blushed and looked to the side “Thanks…”

“I told you it was useful, Kiri!” Mina cheered bringing Izuku’s attention to her. She almost cooed at his eyes, he looked like a kid in a candy store.

“Mine is Acid,” she let her hands drip with some of it, the droplets sizzling on the ground “I can secrete a powerful acid from basically anywhere, dilute or concentrate it as much as I need to and even change its viscosity. But… my skin is only resistant to it so if I use it too much…”

He nodded in understanding, “Still a powerful quirk.”

“Tape,” Hana said tugging at her elbows, some tape coming out “I can shoot it off when I need it- or pull it back- neat, right?”
“Yeah!” he nodded.

Ochako stiffened when eyes landed on her, “Oh! Mine is Zero Gravity-“ she pulled her hands up showing the pads on the tips. “Anything that makes contact with 5 or more of these pads become weightless- if I try to make something that’s too heavy weightless, I get very nauseous.”

_Huh- wonder if its due to mental limiters or something physical, like the inner ears failing as they too become de-gravitised, like her hair- that might give her car sickness as her body thinks she had ingested neurotoxin- but then again how does her body produce the effect of ‘removing gravity’? Maybe removing the effects of the Higgs field?

The girls looked at him muttering up a storm, Ochako starting to blush and raise off the ground as her quirk activated, which brought him out of his thoughts. “Ah! Uraraka!” the rest noticed her floating form.

“I got her!” Hana announced, not noticing that Izuku was also preparing to jump.

He jumped.

She shot out her tape.

He grabbed her.

The tape wrapped around them both, forcing her against his body.

“Sero!?”

“Whoops.”

“Sorry, Uraraka,” he mumbled, his arms were around her, her hands forced to his chest. Thankfully they were made into fists so they weren’t in danger of floating off.

Both weren’t able to look at each other as the rest tried to remove the tape.

“What is this stuff even made out of?” Eiko grumbled, her hardened fingers weren’t even breaking the tape.

“It’s usually as strong as steel,” Hana mumbled.
“Grr- that’s it, I’m just melting it.” Mina growled, starting to secrete some acid already.

“Wait- Ashido, no!” Eiko held her friend back.

“Kiri let me go It’ll be so easy just a little drop.”

“Ashido please,” Hana said joining Eiko on holding the pinkette back.

“You’ll hurt them if you try doing that-“ Tomoyo said also giving up on the removal on the tape and instead lecturing Mina on when using quirks is acceptable.

Ochako looked at him, “…Deku, can you get us out?” she asked shyly. *If he can defeat a 0 pointer then he might-

“…I might be able to? But we are tied together, so if I put pressure on the tape it might hurt you-“

She shook her head, “I’ll be fine, try it.”

He nodded, “Tell me if anything hurts- here goes nothing.”

He tried to force his arms apart, the tape stretching but not giving. He added more power to it. The tape still didn’t break.

He gave up, hands pushing against her again, “Just like Sero said, tough as steel- I’m going to try something else.”

She nodded again, getting comfortable in the forced embrace. *Is it bad that I’m enjoyin’ feelin’ his muscles against me?

He let One for All flow through his arms, green lightning arcing on them both.

Just as he was about to put pressure on the tape, an arc hit her shoulder.

He knew it wasn’t actually electricity- he would have never used in close quarters if that was the case, but he still panicked when an arc hit her shoulder.

She moaned.
His heart stopped for a beat.

The other four looked at the tied up two.

“Did you just *moan*?” Mina asked.

Both young adults blushed neon.

“S-sorry I didn’t know it was gonna do that,” he muttered.

“I didn’t expect it I’m so sorry.” she muttered back at the same time

*That felt so good* she muttered deep within her, the moment the arc contacted her skin it had felt like he was caressing the location gently, easing all worries.

“Should I-“

She nodded, and he tried it again, this time snapping the tape before another arc landed on her.

She tried to hide the fact that she was disappointed by that.

They quickly took a step back from each other.

As the air became more and more awkward, Tomoyo cut in, “We should start exercising now, shouldn’t we?”

They all nodded, and went in the gym.

After the workout, they were all sore.

Izuku had basically commanded them to take a hot shower to ease their muscles after training, in an attempt to mitigate soreness tomorrow and Tomoyo supported it.

“So... how did that feel?” Mina asked, leaning on the dividers between the shower cubicles.

“W-what?” Ochako mumbled back while rubbing some soap on herself.
“C’mon, you moaned, don’t hold out on us now,” she pestered.

“You shouldn’t push her if she doesn’t want to disclose,” Tomoyo said, her glasses foggy. “but I am also curious,” she added, adjusting them.

“Why are you wearing those in here?” Hana muttered.

“It- it didn’t feel like anything- I was just shocked, ok?” Ochako mumbled, trying to wriggle her way out of this conversation.

“Yeah right, that was a moan Rara, just tell us how it felllllt~” Mina singsonged

“It’s not really manly to pester, Ashido,” Eiko stated, scrubbing her hair.

“Don’t tell me you aren’t curious about it, too!” She shot back.

She couldn’t deny that; lying wasn’t manly either.

“C’mon girl, spill iiiiiit”

Ochako huffed.

“...Like a gentle touch of a hero-“ she mumbled under her breath, blushing even more.

“Aw, you made it sound romantic,” Mina giggled.

Hana swore she could see steam coming out of the brunette’s ears.

Chapter End Notes

woah, 404 notes- didn’t expect to get that much- well ever, thank you all.

hope you enjoyed this chapter too, as promised I am still trying to keep up with "a chapter every two days"

see you all on the next one!
She only looked away for a moment, and the mask slipped

Chapter Summary

the days pass, school finally starts

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

He had walked to the support department after lunch. They still had a day and a half before classes started, so it was supposed to be in lockdown, but Mei had told him that Power loader gave her permission to enter the lab to work on her project, after the brief hug they shared yesterday. And told him to swing by the next day.

Well, it was the next day now and he was at the door, knocking on it gently. He didn’t want to get caught up in an explosion as they were a staple in her work environment.

“were you expecting someone Hatsume?” came the voice of Power loader from the other side and the giant steel door slid open

“Midoriya?” She looked up at the young man’s face

“Hello, Maijima sensei” he greeted, bowing a little “It’s been a while”

“That it has- how was the move-in?” She asked moving out of the way and letting him get in

“It was… something alright- but my classmates seem nice” Power loader nodded

“Izuku is that you?” Mei asked popping out from the side, hands holding one iridescent green gauntlet, it looked heavier than before, yet she was lugging it around with ease.

“You know him?” Hitomu asked confusion echoing out along with her voice from under her helmet
“Yeah we are best friends” Izuku answered as Mei made her way to the two

“Try it on, try it on” She chanted, practically forcing the gauntlet over his right arm

He couldn’t help but to smile at her enthusiasm “Ok ok- start up still the same?” he asked as the support gear clicked around his right arm

“Yeah!”

He tensed his fingers in order again, and the device hummed softly; booting up, the screen above his wrist made itself known as a dot appeared, then drew a circle the UI blinking to life “User input accepted, good afternoon Izuku” it hummed

“It keeps track of time?” He asked laughing, he couldn’t help it.

This was just amazing.

“Mhm~” Mei nodded her head fast enough to make him worry that she was giving herself a concussion “with your parameters I could add so much more stuff- tense your pinky 3 times to open up the help menu”

Power loader looked at the two. Nemuri you got some competition

“where is Mecha-might by the way?”

“Oh still carrying the stuff from my old workshop to here and my room”

Meanwhile in Mei’s Room

“why are there so many pictures of Yōu Midoriya?”
He tensed his index and ring finger in sequence “Bio-sonar” the machine announced, the fingers of the gauntlet splitting in half and folding away revealing his fingertips

“Hatsume- how did you even fit that amount of moving parts there- wow” he mumbled flexing his fingers with ease- the machine was a work of art. He knew Mei was talented, but this was something completely different.

Even Power loader looked impressed bio-sonar? she kept her questions to herself for now “she is gonna become one of my best students- if I can still teach her something that is”

Mei just got more hyper with the praise smiling wider “The announcements are just to guide you for the first few uses- you can turn it off whenever you want, switching it to icons on the main screen” she muttered in excitement “cmon, cmon try the Grenade launcher”

“the what?” He looked at her- she is joking, right?

“Middle finger 3 times, then pinky and pointer Cmooon”

Power loader took a step back

He coughed as he stepped out of the lab; smoke exiting out of the door along with him, a wide smile on his face. Mei’s enthusiasm about this all helped him to get in an even better mood.

She had told him that the full suit would be complete by the 1st no problem, he had told her to not to worry about it and take as much time as she needed. He knew of her habit of hyper-focusing on the current project and skipping out on the sleep. Plus, both gauntlets were done, that was more than enough.

His smile didn’t waver till he got to the dorms, the students were clumped in the common room, missing the two recommended students.

“Oh, Midoriya you finally joined us” Tomoyo greeted.
“Hey- what’s going on?”

“They are announcing the rankings of the accepted students” Mai answered from her dupli-mouth

“eh- it wasn’t released with your grades?” he asked looking at the fall multi-armed woman

“Nah, we just got the grade we got, our class, and our temporary Id card” Kyoka answered for her

“now shush they are about to show the rankings” she hushed him

His eyes landed on the common room Tv

*Do the rankings even matter? We all got i-*

The screen flashed with the rankings

He saw the top of the list

‘Midoriya Izuku: 86 villain points, 100 rescue points’

“…What”

Nozomi was laughing, squeaks mixed in with human laughter was… admittedly cute

Shiko rolled over to see what the commotion was about

“wait you are releasing the rankings now- didn’t we add that to the video acceptance the girls got?”
The principal shook her head “God, no that would ruin the moment- look at their faces” she said between cackles

Aizawa smirked too

Well, their expressions are worth the logical ruse

Katsumi was still mad about yesterday, coming in second with 93 villain points didn’t help.

Neither did the girls flocking around him. Praising him for his success.

Her hands formed into fists. No explosions formed.

She let them relax, and walked back up the stairs to her room, shoulders sagging

No one noticed her leave.

No one noticed her eyes slightly teary.

He never needed me…

He was caught up in the moment, his own eyes tearing up a little

He never expected to be the number one entrance batch- he didn’t even dream of it.

But now here he was, accepted into All might’s Alma mater with the top score

Ecstatic didn’t even cover half of what he was feeling
“Midoriya are you alright?” someone asked, he didn’t register who the voice belonged to

He just hugged them

“ok? Are you kidding? This is the best day of my life!” he cheered

Eiko was having the best day of her life too, in between his arms

The girls looked at the scene- Minerva was scared that he was going to just tear Eiko in half and was hiding behind Tsuyu’s leg. Mina glomped on His side “I want a hug too” he didn’t even think twice before adding her into it all Tooru soon joined, Then Doi, and so forth.

He was in the middle of his classmates, holding five in a bear-hug, Kyoka was pulled in at one point and was internally screaming- mind stuck in a battle between enjoying the contact and not.

Ochako knew she was getting jealous in there somewhere, but her inner psyche was silenced by the pure happiness Izuku was projecting at the moment.

Soon the hug-pile disbanded as Izuku came to his senses, blushing and apologizing profusely for the contact. They all waved him off saying they enjoyed it too, all except Kyoka, who had ‘hmph-ed’ with a red dusting on her cheeks. And stabbed Doi in the thigh when she tried teasing her about it.

“god its hot that he can lift us all with ease” Tsuyu croaked softly, Only Minerva and Ochako heard her, as they were the closest

“all the more power to snap us in half” Minerva shuddered, still scared of the man after yesterday’s events

“that’s even hotter” Tsuyu mumbled, lightly blushing

Ochako looked at the two in part disbelief and part understanding. She wanted to tell them he was too gentle to do that but- keeping Minerva terrified of him was the best plan of action for now,
Plus, she was too busy trying not to burst into flames with the amount of blushing she was trying and failing to suppress.

Dinner—upon their insistence, wasn’t prepared by him. Something about spoiling them? Mai had taken over the cooking, making an octopus dish.

He tried to ignore the slight cannibalistic implications, considering her quirk.

“ughhh- can’t believe the classes start tomorrow” Mina huffed from his side, he turned to face her.

“really? I am excited for it, aren’t you?” he said simply, causing her to sag a little bit more

“I mean yeah, but all the academics and all- it's going to be such a pain in the ass” she hissed

“not the most academic?” Doi mumbled from the floor, she was gaming while Izuku and Mina watched on from the couch “I know I ain’t”

“God yeah, I don’t get classes at all” she continued to vent, Izuku listening in patiently. None noticed Kyoka walk into the common room “we don’t even need half the stuff they crammed into the course schedule- modern lit? hero art history?”

*Whoa, whoa, whoa.*

“Hero art history is important Ashido, its to help us come up with hero names and costumes- and modern lit is for the speeches we are going to have to give” he started not being able to stop himself

Both Doi and Mina looked at him, causing Doi to get a game over. Kyoka started laughing

“didn’t know you were such a nerd Green” she managed to jab between fits of giggles
“I-“ he blushed a bit “I guess I am? But-“ he looked back to Mina and Doi “I can help you study if you need it”

“I’ll take you on that offer,” Doi said smirking, Mina nodded along,

His eyes drifted at the giggling form of Kyoka

*She looks cute when she laughs*

She grew deathly quiet and walked away with a huge blush

“Oh- did I say that out loud?” he asked looking at Mina, she started giggling herself nodding as an answer

“Say you are quite the lady killer aren’t you Midoriya?” Doi teased “got Jirou there all hot and bothe-“

She didn’t get to finish as one of Kyoka’s Aux cords sank into her ear, blasting Kyoka’s, now accelerated, heartbeat straight into the sensory organ, she doubled in pain, screaming apologies.

*Did not know those things could extend that far*

It was the next morning, the final day before the classes started.

For the first time, the whole class was at the breakfast table, eating omelets Izuku had cooked upon his awakening. Even Katsumi was in the group, looking blankly at the meal. Eiko seemed to be trying to cheer her up with minimal success.

“Midoriya, your cooking is great as always” Tomoko hummed taking another bite of her omelet, nodding with pleasure as she did so.

“didn’t we tell you not to cook?” Kyoka hissed taking another bite of hers. *God if I get hooked on this it’s over*
“sorry- woke up early and had nothing better to do-” he answered meekly “plus it clears my mind”

“oh right- talking about that-“ Tsuyu butted in “I just realized you said ‘didn’t you get the rankings with the letter’ did you not get a letter Midoriya?”

He stopped for a beat

He had never gone back to get the letter- if it even was sent to his home

“Oh”

Momo turned to him. *He never told the rest, did he?*

“well- I was hired here, I think to ‘keep track’ of me since, you know…” he started, omitting just enough to keep his relationship with All might hidden “so I already had an Id to go through the gates, they just messaged me about getting accepted and told me to move in”

Katsumi’s grip on her fork tightened “you know?” she huffed under her breath and got up, leaving the plate in the sink and going back upstairs “thanks for the meal”

The rest of the class looked at her leave, Izuku’s own mood dropping along

“what’s up with her?” Doi muttered, neither Izuku, Ochako or Tsuyu made a peep

Minerva would have spilled it all if Izuku wasn’t at the table

*God knows what he would have done if she did*

His phone pinged

All might had messaged him after weeks of radio silence
‘Sorry for not replying, was busy with paperwork’

His eyebrow twitched what paperwork?

‘I’ll tell you about it later, I am proud that you got first place in the listings’

A warm smile graced his face

He woke up groggily- Total command or not his anxiety had kept him awake for most of the night, he yawned tugging at his tie, he hadn’t managed to tie it properly, the main knot being disproportionately huge. He couldn’t bring himself to care

“Morning Midoriya” Momo greeted getting out of her own room, getting a faint blush at the sight of his form. “I- Are those pants allowed in class?” she asked looking away from him

“It’s what they gave me, so I am guessing its part of the male uniform” he responded, energy slowly filling his body as his brain woke up more. Huh these pants are really tight now that I think about it

Nozomi had ‘adjusted’ the male uniform to have slim jeans. The rest of the faculty didn’t question it.

Now fully aware he looked at her and actually saw her, the female uniform looked great on her.

Wait a minute

His eyes got caught on something shiny on her

Is that a pin on tie?

His intense stare was making her blush even more “Uh- Midoriy-“
She was cut off when another door opened, it was Shoko. She nodded to the both of them in greeting and walked past them.

Izuku was broken out of his trance and said a soft good morning to her.

“we should probably get down too- class starts in what, 20 minutes?” he hummed

Then as if he forgot something he stopped and knocked on 304’s door.

“Five more minutes” someone from the other side of the door groaned.

“Kirishima you’ll be late to class”

Idle chatter covered the class everyone either sitting in their spots or, in Fumiko’s case on the desk, Tomoyo was busy lecturing her from her seat next to the avian headed student.

“Deku, you know the teachers, right? Who do you think is going to be our homeroom teacher?” Ochako said excitement evident in her voice “Hope she’s going to be someone fun~”

“oh- its either going to be Vlad Queen or Aizawa sensei”

“Aizawa? Who’s that?” Tsuyu asked from behind him.

“Oh- Eraser he-“

The door to the class slid open suddenly. And everyone stopped the chatter, staring at the giant yellow caterpillar that was inching in.

“it took you 0.1 seconds to quiet down” the caterpillar spoke, raising up and shedding its cover
The class saw Shiko Aizawa in her full glory for the first time “very rational, time is limited- that being said” she produced a gym uniform from her sleeping bag “get into your gym uniforms and go down to the training grounds”

She looked at them blankly when none moved

“Did you not hear me?” she questioned, the edge in her voice making everyone suddenly switch into action

Izuku was thankful that at least the gym uniform was not tight on his body as he walked out of the male changing room, He was also glad that Nozomi had ordered for that room to be built.

*Then again what would they have done ask me to change with the girls?*

...

*Well I can see that happening with Nozomi’s track record*

He was the first to the field Shiko nodded “good to see you are still logical Midoriya”

He rubbed the back of his head “thanks?”

The rest of the class soon joined them the girls bubbling with excitement, guesses about the activity were being thrown around

Shiko cut in by tossing a ball at Katsumi who caught it with ease

“step into the circle and toss it as hard as you can when I tell you to, you can use your quirk”
She nodded and walked up

“Today we are doing a quirk apprehension test, you have all done these exercises in middle school, yet this is the first time you’ll be allowed to use your quirks.” She droned on

“It’s illogical to not have these exercises without using your quirks, messes with the baseline in your head. It’s a flaw in the education system that we keep on ignoring, today we mitigate this flaw”

She is.. oddly passionate about this, isn’t she?

“starting with Bakugou, with the highest villain points” she nodded at her

Katsumi reeled her arm back. Hand slightly twitching.

This was going to be her outlet.

“DIE” she screamed tossing the ball and adding a massive explosion behind it

She never changes, does she?

Shiko looked down on the small tablet in her hands the numbers kept on going

“1 kilometer” she announced letting the students see the tablet

Katsumi smiled with pride

Chapter End Notes

time to kick the plot into gear lets GOOOOOOOOOOO
The lunatic and the lover

Chapter Summary

the test concludes

Chapter Notes

A names list for reference:

Shoto Todoroki > Shoko Todoroki | Yuga Aoyama > Yui Aoyama
Tenya Iida > Tomoyo Iida | Mashirao Ojiro > Makaira Ojiro
Denki Kaminari > Doi Kaminari | Eijiro Kirishima > Eiko Kirishima
Koji Koda > Kanna Koda | Rikido Sato > Rikku Sato
Mezo Shoji > Mai Shoji | Hanta Sero > Hana Sero
Fumikage Tokoyami > Fumiko Tokoyami | Katsuki Bakugo > Katsumi Bakugo
Minoru Mineta > Minerva Mineta

Teachers:

Higari Maijima (Power loader) > Hitomu Maijima | Sekijiro Kan (Vlad king) > Shiori Kan
Ken Ishiyama (Cementos) > Kei Ishiyama | Hizashi Yamada (Present mic) > Hikaru Yamada
Shota Aizawa (Eraser Head) > Shiko Aizawa | Toshinori Yagi (All might) > Toshiko Yagi
Ryo Inui (hound dog) > Rin Inui | Nezu > Nozomi

at being said I am always open for suggestions, so if any of you find a better fitting name for a character; please for the love of god tell me I would die for you.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Hatsume “ Hitomu hummed looking at the young inventor building up a storm “I was meaning to ask”

She looked up from the green suit in her hands
“Yeah?”

“What was that Bio-sonar thing about?”

“ONE KILOMETER?” Eiko screamed, Mina, having a similar expression

“well she was the second place in the practical…” Tomoyo mumbled as if it was a precedent for the second place to be this powerful

Katsumi didn’t pay any mind to that comment. She hadn’t even registered it, gloating on a job well done

“this looks so fun” Tooru cheered

Izuku’s eyes widened- wait no

“Oho?” Shiko’s hair borrowed a page from Ochako’s book and started floating, yet unlike hers, it didn’t frame her face, it kept on going

The ruffled and unkempt hair raising up with the sheer pressure was a sight that made everyone’s blood run cold

“fun you say?” her eyes began to shine dimly, to the point that they looked like they were glowing

“then let’s add a new rule, shall we?”

Izuku gulped- this was the plan all along wasn’t it, Eraser-head?

“the one that’s at the bottom of the rankings, will be labeled hopeless and expelled promptly”
Her tone of voice left no room to argue

“she can’t really do that can she?” Ochako asked him during the first test, 50-meter dash, Tsuyu and Tomoyo were competing

“They are really free in this university- remember the 0-pointer?” he asked eyes focused on the test takers- Iida said something about being stuck on 3rd gear in this short a distance?

Ochako started to sweat

He let his heart-rate increase. It was his turn for the 50-meter dash. Katsumi was stretching next to him

_Time to show him how futile this all is, once and for all_

They both crouched at the starting line

The starting gun clicked

She shot out with successive explosions, expecting for him to fall behind

He burst through the smokescreen her explosions caused and powered ahead

“2 seconds” the robot at the end announced as he passed the line, crouched down and gasped, taking stabilizing breaths as his heart-rate plummeted back

Katsumi barely made it in 4

He raised his head and looked at the class and Shiko, they were looking at him awestruck
“What?”

Mina understood how much difference Total command made now;

She had thought ‘true speed’ would have looked like what Tomoyo had. Balanced, measured strides with power behind each swing, calculated and precise.

Engineered for speed.

Izuku had proved her false with one second of exposure.

His stride wasn’t calculated or precise. Chaotic fit better as a description. His whole body was lurching forward, each muscle adding to his momentum, not just his legs. Her mind was still convinced that she didn’t see Izuku for the one second it had glimpsed him;

But a force of nature, ready to knock down anything on its path.

That revelation about Total Command went over the head of anyone that wasn’t in the little workout group

“I knew he was strong but- wow” Momo mumbled

“I’ll say” Jirou mumbled along

As the two test takers rejoined the group Katsumi was busy scowling at the ground.

*This doesn’t make sense... he was supposed to be...*
Tomoyo had proved herself the fastest during the long-distance run, even with Total Command he couldn’t keep up with her 5th gear. Finishing second

He was the only one that wasn’t panting by the end of it

Aizawa’s eyebrow twitched

*Is he not pushing himself to the limits?*

Seated toe touch, tie between him, Mai and Fumiko, Dark shadow had pushed the Avian headed student over her limits, and the measuring plate. For Mai, it was easy to just use her dupli-arms to reach past the plate

He was the only one that was flexible enough to reach past it, seemingly, without the use of a quirk

Eiko felt like her face was on fire, something that was reflected in most of the class, she wasn’t sure why Katsumi was so mad at this, considering the small fireworks at her hands—*Wait is that a blush?*

“Infinity”

Aizawa said plainly as Ochako’s ball disappeared in a twinkle, she cheered in relief. That should put her somewhere safe in the rankings

It was his turn now.

He took a step towards the ring and picked up a new ball

Aizawa’s eyes glanced up at him. He was ranking quite well, and *his conditioning is letting him overtake people with quirks*

But that wouldn’t be enough for the world, he would be the first male hero.
And no villain would pass up the chance to be the one that killed the first.

He needed to be stronger than his peers.

She needed to end this right now if he couldn’t rise to the challenge

“Midoriya,” she said as he wound up, making him stop

“If you don’t take the first place on this one, you’ll be leaving along with the lowest ranker”

Everyone froze

“But that’s not fair” Ochako blustered from the crowd “he can’t beat mine- my quirk was practically built for this”

The rest nodded, Katsumi smirked

Finally, before he hurts himself in the field

“the world is unfair,” he said simply, looking down slightly

He knew that. He had lived that for so long, ostracized for something beyond his control. He might have power now but that didn’t- couldn’t make him forget the years he had lived.

“every day someone innocent gets hurt in the crossfire, every day someone loses their life to an accident” he droned on, then looked straight at Aizawa “A hero’s duty is to overcome that unfairness and mandate it, isn’t it?”

She didn’t respond, her poker-face not cracking even under his determined glare

“I take you up on your challenge Eraser’
This kid…

he grabbed the zipper of his tracksuit and hesitated

*It’ll get ripped off like last time if I don’t.*

He unzipped it and shrugged it off. Blushing slightly as he did, revealing his toned torso for all to see

Some of his classmates like Shoko and Mai didn’t react, some turned away to give him privacy, others blushed and stared, unable to tear their eyes off of his sculpted from

“What are you doing?” Aizawa questioned, one of the few unaffected by the action

“winding up,” He said simply, pulling his arm back and tensing every muscle fiber he had on the limb, causing it to bulge and its joints to crack

His Bicep and Latissimus muscles had ‘locked’ his arm in place and his Triceps and Pectoral were tensing harder and harder

*Just like pulling on a slingshot.*

“I suggest you all take a step back” he added, as his arm pulsed once then started getting redder, he had opened all the capillaries and flooding the limb with all the blood it needed.

“This might cause some kickback” lightning started cracking as he engaged One for All too. *Local-environ* his mind echoed again, upper body bulging asymmetrically like last time.

Katsumi’s eyes widened, so did Aizawa’s,

“IS THAT A QUI-“
The explosive tempered woman’s words were cut off by a sonic boom, followed by another.

Izuku had let the ball loose.

The class had heeded his warnings, except Katsumi, and took a few steps back, but they couldn’t be prepared for that.

A few screamed in shock and Kyoka in pain as the ball reached Mach 2, the shock-wave kicked up a dust-cloud that covered up the epicenter of the blast, hiding Izuku away.

Katsumi was the first to recover, her quirk had made her nigh immune to shock-waves.

“DEKU” she screamed anger and betrayal in her voice “EXPLAIN YOURSELF” she dispersed the dust cloud between he and her using a few explosions “YOU HAD A QUIRK ALL THIS TIME?”

She stopped dead in her tracks when she saw the state he was in, right arm hanging loosely by his side shoulder slumped unnaturally.

His arm had dislocated.

Her expression went from anger to horror, to uncontrolled rage.

He hadn’t even registered her, the shockwave from the ball had hit him straight on and his senses were still coming back to him, he shook his head and turned to look at her,

“What?”

She wasn’t sure if she was terrified or even angrier that he seemed to be ok about having dislocated his fucking shoulder.

She took a few more steps hands exploding with each step “YOU FUCKING HEARD ME YOU SACK OF S-” she was silenced, the dust cloud had settled and as soon as she was visible capture-
tape encompassed her face and pulled her away from him, her hands failing her as her quirk was shut down.

“Bakugou, behave” Aizawa hissed, eyes glowing red.

She fought against the bindings for a while as Izuku took a few steps back, raising his one functional arm in an effort to show that he was a non-threat.

“Midoriya, explain” the teacher commanded, and Katsumi stopped resisting

“explain what?” he asked honestly confused

“how you did that you moron” Katsumi screamed through the bindings, coming through muffled and warped.

He got even more confused “I used my quirk to push my body further beyond?”

“Plus ultra?” Tooru and Mina mumbled not being able to help themselves, causing some of the girls to giggle.

“well its what I did- I pushed my arm and shoulder muscles to their limits using Total command, my quirk,” he said as he grabbed his right shoulder and plugged it back in like it was second nature “I was using it this whole time- wait- did Nozomi not tell you?”

*IM GOING TO FUCKING KILL THAT MOUSE* Shiko screamed in her head.

*That explains why he wasn’t out of breath, his heart rate can drop suddenly- not to mention that lightning was from him and not the 4th gen in the test. How was I so blind?*

In her moment of realization, she had blinked, letting Katsumi regain her powers. She took the chance to blow up again releasing her from the capture tape and dashed onto Izuku.
She would have grabbed him by the collar- but considering he was shirtless she couldn’t do that. Instead, she opted for kicking him behind the knees and grabbing his face as he fell

Staring down at him like she used to when they were kids.

Like when he got his quirk and lied to her about it.

Lied to her face.

“WHY DIDN’T YOU TELL ME YOURSELF” she screamed in his face- and he panicked

“I didn’t know I had one till very recently” he defended himself

She wasn’t buying that “BULLSHIT HOW DID YOU NOT KN-“

Tomoyo was by her side, a hand on her shoulder, Momo pointing a steel staff at her other, Ochako in front, hand outstretched to touch her if she moved. *when did they get there?*

“Bakugou, your actions do not fit a class environment please cease your contact with Midoriya” Tomoyo spoke, voice monotone

“It’s fine,” Izuku said “I should have told her the moment I knew- she deserved to know.-“ he took a breath, her grip on his face loosened “Kacch-“

“that’s enough out of all of you” Aizawa cut in “Bakugou, if you don’t let go now you’ll be the one expelled- and you three settle down or you’ll be joining her”

The three didn’t budge until Katsumi dropped her hands “Yes sensei” and walked back to the rest of the class

Momo dropped her staff, and Tomoyo’s hand that was on Katsumi reached out to help Izuku up, he took it
The tablet pinged as the three departed from the area. Izuku rolled his right shoulder and turned to Aizawa.

“I still have 2 more tosses left right?”

She looked up at him, puzzled “what are you talking about?”

“That toss wasn’t infinity- was it? I want to try again to not get expelled” he explained.

*Oh- oh right, that*

She looked down to the tablet and flinched.

“36.7 kilometers” she mumbled under her breath.

The highest one in the class barring Ochako.

Kyoka grabbed onto Momo “please give me ear protection”

She was about to comply as Aizawa just shrugged “No need- you have proven yourself, you aren’t getting expelled”

He looked at her un-impressed, but more relaxed.

“It was just a logical ruse to push you to your limits”

“My ARM GOT DISLOCATED ERASER”

“But you pushed yourself past your limits” she smirked.
“you rational-” he grumbled and picked up his tracksuit, zipping it back up.

The rest of the class looked shell-shocked by Izuku’s outburst and the teacher's lazy reply to it all.

“Oh right- the ‘expelling the lowest ranked one’ part was just another logical ruse”

“I- I mean yeah, she wouldn’t expel anyone in the first day, right?” Momo tried to explain it all away for herself. Today was a mentally taxing day.

“oh my god you are worse than Nozomi- why are you lying to them?”

Everyone stared at Izuku please no- we can handle only so much.

She didn’t answer and walked away with a creepy smile on her face “your syllabuses are on your desks, class dismissed, see you tomorrow”

“Midoriya what are you talking about?” Momo mumbled fearing his answer slightly.

“she expelled the last class, every single member because they didn’t hold any potential- if no one got expelled that means she sees enough potential in us to teach us”

They all took a sigh of relief, some jumping in celebration

“why did you give her that much sass?” Tsuyu asked, it being the first thing that came to her mind after relief hit her.

He rubbed the back of his head “She seemed to enjoy that type of banter on the teacher's lounge- kinda stuck with me”

They all stared at him
“it’s the first day of classes and you managed to become the teacher’s pet” Kyoka mumbled, deadpan

“I- I mean”

With the stress of the test gone, and the sheer absurdness of the meek boy giving the homeroom teacher lip broke them and the class started to chuckle that grew to an outburst of laughter

“you seem to be in a better mood” Eiko hummed in the changing room next to Katsumi

She just grunted a “shut up shitty hair” he was going to call me that again…

But he still lied to me. She shook her head getting a scowl

Not going to forgive him that easily

“Please do not assault any other classmates” Tomoyo lectured from her other side

“Yeah, yeah, whatever glasses”

“we never got our rankings, did we?” Tsuyu asked to Ochako at the side

“she’ll probably give them out tomorrow or something- you know how they like to make us anticipate” Momo answered for the gravity nullifying woman

“Hey guys”

Everyone turned to Minerva
“Midoriya is on the other side of this wall, right?”

Momo had a bad feeling about this.

“there is a hole on here” she was drooling

“Mineta- no that’s a gross invasion of his privacy and-“

“shut the fuck up prude-“ she said wiping away the drool and moving down to stare through.

“If you don’t want to see then don’t look- I was just sharing cause’ I know some want to” she explained.

I mean- she’s not wrong Hana and Tsuyu thought

Before she could actually look at it killing aura filled the room, from both Ochako and Katumi?

“ don’t you da-“ Ochako’s threat died midway through as Katumi was on the small woman in an instant Hand blowing up to her side towards the wall in a threatening manner “Try it grape-shit and I will leave just a stain where you stand”

Minerva was a coward, that was true. But her cowardice paled next to her perverseness

“Oh shut up- you only talk big cause you saw it already haven’t you? You childhood friend types always have that subplot”

Katumi blew up, both figuratively and literally in anger; or embarrassment, even she didn’t know.

It didn’t even matter anyway- the end result was the same. Minerva was knocked out cold by the shockwave and fear.

And the wall between the changing rooms crumbled away
Izuku had just removed his tracksuit pants and was in his boxers, picking up his school-issued pants when he heard the sound and looked at the source.

Only to see his classmates in stages of undress staring back at him

He blinked

They blinked

“holy shit I want him to crush me with his thighs,” Tsuyu said aloud

Then the screaming started

Nozomi was having the best fucking day of her life

“didn’t even have to lower the wall with the controls” she gasped between fits of laughter

“god humans are fun to mess with”

Izuku’s hands twitched in panic and the pants shred between his grip. He sputtered out several apologies in rapid fire and promptly dashed out of the room.

Forgetting that he was just wearing boxers

“god his butt is shapely too”

“Asui while I understand it is your mating season and you can’t really control it but please” Tomoyo begged
Nemuri rubbed her face, the introduction ceremony had taken ages and she wanted to just lay out on the couch in the teacher's lounge.

She didn't even notice the green blur dashing down the hall.

Something fast and hard crashed onto her and they tumbled down, the object twisting her mid-air to make sure she wasn’t the one to hit the floor.

“Eh?”

She looked down to see a shirtless Izuku under her;

The only thing separating them, the flimsy fabric of his boxers, and her leather corset.

He looked up at her blushing violently,

Her face heated up too and she licked her lips. *Must have fallen asleep in the lounge already*

“must be having another good dream~” she mumbled leaning down hand ghosting over the firm body under her, scraping against every valley his toned muscles created.

She had wet dreams every once in a while, where she could act out everything she wouldn’t dare to in real life.

The only time she could *be* with him.

“So, what do you want to do first?” she purred, voice heavy and eyes glazed with lust.

He blushed even harder, tongue-tied and mumbling in speeds humans were not equipped to understand in.
“Midoriya do I need to give you detention?” came a tired voice from the side

He cheered in his head, he was saved

“Ohhhh~ it's a kinky one, I should enjoy it while I can” Nemuri reached down and groped his crotch

He eeped

“Aight- not getting paid enough for this” Aizawa’s capture tape wrapped around Midnight and pulled her off of the panicking man “get these on- its cold out” She mumbled walking away, tossing him the gym clothes she had in her sleeping bag, with Nemuri struggling against the cloth binding her

“EreaSER STOP COCKBLOCKING ME IN MY DREAMS” she screamed as both the teachers entered the lounge, its door slamming shut

He looked down on the tracksuit and put it on and breathed a sigh of relief

Well that was a wild first day

Chapter End Notes

next chapter; the combat training
Now thats gonna be a long one
might take me longer than 2 days-
in any case, hope to see you in that one
I discover myself on the verge of a usual mistake.

Chapter Summary

Repercussions of unusual magnitudes

Chapter Notes

I lied

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The moment the door slid shut Shiko let go of the tape and Nemuri pouted at the floor “why did you stop me- isn’t this my dre- OW“

Shiko had just pinched her

She rubbed her cheek “why’d ya do tha-“

Her face paled

“It’s not a dream”

Shiko grunted and went to her sleeping bag

“Oh God it's not a dream” She grabbed her face blushing madly, “oh god it's not a dream”

Well, tomorrows Hero art history class just got a hell of lot awkward-er

Izuku- not comfortable going back to the dorms and facing his classmates, opted to go to Mei’s workshop and stay there till he could forget everything he saw.
The trouble was, even with Total Command he couldn’t erase memories- some part of his mind refused to let the images be purged

…He did not know what to feel about that

His mind flashed with the scene he had just seen, Katsumi in her sports bra staring at him, eyes widened in shock, Ochako with her cute top and flushed face, Eiko with her bandage-bound chest, Momo changing out of her sports bra to her casu-

He slammed his head against the Steel of the support course workshop door

“Mei is Mecha-Might in there? I need him to punch me in the head till I get a concussion”

Little did he know the girls were having the same dilemma- failing to forget his state when the wall crumbled.

The silence that occurred after Tomoyo’s plea hadn’t faded

And it was getting to all of them

“g-guess he was a guy after all huh?” Mina mumbled trying to get the group to lighten up

“y-yeah” some mumbled back

Katsumi was silent … well, he seems to have grown down the-

She slammed her head against the lockers

“Woah- Bakugou you alright?” Eiko asked
“Peachy” she hissed

“I- I can’t believe he saw us” Kyoka mumbled, a heavy blush on her face

“it- it’s not like he had a choice” Momo mumbled back, sporting a similar look

“damn, Tsuyu was right about him” Doi mumbled;

getting a nod from the frog-girl “I know right?”

“wonder if he’d go out with me” Doi wondered aloud causing the some of the girls to lock onto her with a ping of… rivalry?

“He seems like the type that couldn’t say no” Tsuyu admitted finger on her chin “then again he might just tune you out if you tried doing it”

“God, I need that power” Jirou whispered to herself causing Ochako to start giggling

Minerva woke up groggily “what happened?”

“oh right- she was knocked out” Ochako mumbled, smiling inwardly

“WHERE’S THE WALL” the small woman screamed looking at the debris “AND WHERE IS MIDORIYA’S ST-“

“Finish that sentence and the wall won’t be the only thing broken” the rest of the class hissed, the unanimous mixture of voices causing the resident Grape-head to shrink in fear with an undignified whimper.

“C’mon Hatsume Let me iiin-“ he whined at the support course door
“Nuh-uh - no peeks before the suit’s done” she responded from the other side of the door

“fine” he huffed sliding down the metal plate

*Now what?*

In the end, he decided to go back to the dorms, not like he could go to the teachers’ lounge with Midnight there-

That situation needed more time to even think about let alone talk to her about.

He quickly looked around the common-room when he got into the dorms, hoping he could just sneak by to his room

Luck wasn’t on his side

“Green”

He gulped

“Sorry Jirou”

“s-sorry for what?” Kyoka asked, trying to act cool through it- the image didn’t even start to work as her stutter and flaming blush made themselves apparent

“…” he just stood there trying to figure out the best plan of action

*Play along?*
*Or just apologize?*

He shook his head “I- I’m sorry” he repeated

Kyoka looked ready to explode right there and now “ok- we’re doing this-” she mumbled under her breath, her jacks fiddling with each other anxiously “i- its really no problem- I saw you too right? It’s only fair”

Ochako had rounded the corner, and saw Izuku in his ‘constant apology mode’

He took a sharp inhale, something between relief and even more guilt settling over him “No- I’m sorry I saw something I shou-”

“Don’t apologize-“ She cut in blushing even more than the two others combined, fingers touching against each other with anxiety “It’s not like you knocked the wall down- it was not your fault”

“y-yeah what she said” Kyoka added in

“-even so I saw something I shouldn’t ha-“

Doi walked in

*What the fuck is my luck?*

“Oh- Hey Midoriya wanna go out?”

He shut down right then and there

“I must go, and again I am sorry”, he said bowing down, not hearing any of their reactions as he climbed up the stairs to his room
“Damn- Tsuyu was right” Doi mumbled watching him go

“good going; Moron” Kyoka huffed turning away “god, it's like you have no common sense”

“Hey I’m not the one not accepting his apology and making it even more awkward” she argued back, only to get stabbed in the ear as a retort

Ochako looked at where Izuku had disappeared from their sight

…*Tsuyu is right about a lot of things- including his bu-

Her quirk activated

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

He huffed and slid down his door

“god I am a failure as a human being”

“aren’t you exaggerating?” came a stoic voice

He flinched

“Shoko?” He asked looking at the intruder in his room

She stared back “hello”

“wh-what are you doing in here?” he muttered, face flushing, his brain was completing what was under her casualwear and *that is not appreciated; you useless sack of grey-matter, stop it.*

“I came to apologize, sorry to intrude” she mumbled, his eyes averted from her by sheer power of will and gravitated towards what was in her hand
His sketchbook

Oh god no

Seeing his apparent alarm, she shrugged “sorry, couldn’t help myself. Your stuff is good”

He wasn’t sure if that was a genuine compliment or just her way of trying to damage control.

Or lure him into a false sense of security

“But you really made me look prettier than I am” she mumbled closing the book

“I-“ ok that’s definitely a trick question- what to say what to sa-


“oh-“ she, actually, blushed slightly, looking at the sketchbooks cover

She what now? He blinked trying to dispel this sorcery caused by his panicking brain

“I- I got to go, again sorry for seeing you in your underwear”

With that she pushed past him and out of the door, he actually felt the heat radiate from her left side as she did so.

“What just happened?”

He was laying in bed trying to comprehend the days events
“ok so, Kacchan actually behaved somewhat civilly during the ending of the test, I accidentally saw everyone almost naked, got groped by Midnight, and just saw Shoko of all people blushing” he recounted

“yeah no I definitely killed myself with the thing I attempted at the ball throw, probably my clavicle dislocated and stabbed me in the trachea- and this is the last stuff my mind processes-“

A knock on the door made him stop

“Uhm- Midoriya could I come in?”

That was Momo- He couldn’t handle seeing her- not right now

“sure”

Fuck everything I stand for; he groaned inside his mind

“I brought you something to eat-“ she mumbled getting in, he sat up in his bed in greeting

“sorry-“ they both mumbled simultaneously

“oh” again in sync

He shrugged, getting used to the awkwardness of this all

“wasn’t really in our control was it?” he asked getting up

“it really wasn’t” she mumbled in reply, averting her eyes. Her mind was playing ‘pin the naked image’ with his body, making her unable to look at him “h-here” she announced passing him some soup, and Katsudon
“how did you-“

“Bakugou,” she said quickly, still not looking at him

His eyebrows furrowed “She told you guys?”

“she made it- to apologize- she was the one that knocked down the wall after all”

He stood there in shock

“Oh- oh I’m sorry did I say that out loud?” She panicked

He waved his hand, the other punching his chest “no, no its fine, I do that all the time too” he took a steadying breath and looked down to the half full bowl.

She remained in his room as he ate his meal on his desk, looking at all the posters of the heroes

“he is really a huge hero fan isn’t he?” She mumbled

He choked on his pork, oh god its spreading

She panicked “oh- oh I’m sorry did I say that out loud?’

He waved his hand, the other punching his chest “no, no its fine, I do that all the time too” he took a steadying breath and looked down to the half full bowl.

“and yeah- I kinda am, always was. Got really lucky manifesting a quirk, getting to my dream school, meeting you all” he smiled softly, along with a slight blush
Momo could feel herself start actually falling for him.

It was terrifying, yet she couldn’t move.

“I- I see” she looked around more

A comfortable silence formed, and he continued eating his meal

“Midoriya may I ask you something?” She finally said, just as he finished his rice

“sure”

“… how does your quirk work?” …that wasn’t what she wanted to ask but it would do

“Its basic really- Just controlling my bodily processes- yours is more impressive, what do you call it? And what’s the process behind it?”

“Eh-” she flinched, she wasn’t expecting the conversation to lead to there “-oh, I call it creation. It lets me create anything from my lipid stores, It has to be non-living however- and I can only create something if I know its molecular make-up”

She made the mistake of looking back at him

Her heart clenched at his awestruck expression

*That needs to be illegal*

“Anything?” he asked almost vibrating, the awkwardness of the changing room forgotten for now “wait” he stalled “then why do you keep using the materials you do in your creations?”
Ok, that got her attention, and she too, forgot the awkwardness “what do you mean?”

“like- I saw you create a cannon during the softball toss right? Why did you use steel for the barrel instead of like- a carbon structure, like a diamond? Can’t you generate crystal structures in specific shapes?”

She looked at him blankly wait- what

“I- I need a minute”

She stood there just thinking- what he said was true, she could use rarer materials in her constructs- she just had never thought about using unconventional materials until now

“why haven’t I-” she slumped a bit- “wait can I even?”

She tried doing it, and to her surprise, a diamond staff started to form out of her arm, faster than the steel one, as the lattice structure almost built itself without much thought from her

He watched the creation process, with keen interest, eyes wide and full of awe

She had a shocked expression herself;

Suddenly a lot of new doors had opened

The staff dropped off of her with a crystalline ting on the floor

He reached down and picked it up, passing it to her

She held the staff with unsteady hands, it was lighter than the steel one, however more durable-

Now she could add more weight to the tips to add more power to her swing-
Oh god - she had used less mass to create this, less lipids - meaning she could create more stuff if she started changing out the materials to less conventional ones, that were lighter and stronger.

Ones that were not the standard due to how hard they were to machine or obtain

She didn’t have those limitations - she was building matter from its molecules up, she could theoretically - now proven practically - create materials that had been theorized for years but never had the technology to fabricate.

For 14 years of having this quirk, she had never thought of this.

In a minute of knowing about it, Izuku had improved its effectiveness nearly tenfold.

She didn’t know if she was about to smack herself in the head for her idiocy, or hug the daylights out of him cause of his ingenuity

“I- I don’t know what to say” she mumbled looking down at the staff

He looked at her then the staff, eyes smiling “you really are amazing - I just suggested it, and you did something you never even attempted before in a single try”

She looked to him

“told you deserved to be here,” he said, voice full of certainty, smile wide and from the heart.

Oh god

It happened

She looked away blushing “you- you are the amazing one here-“ she mumbled, grip tightening around the staff
I fell for him.

She had basically ran out of the room after that, not letting him reply, nor looking back, Dropping the staff on her way out with the plates.

He stared at the door she slammed shut on her way out

“w-was it something I said?” he mumbled then looked down to the dropped weapon. Picking it up gently

It really was beautiful, the symmetrical crystal acting like a prism, casting a rainbow down on the floor as it refracted the light of the florescent lighting of his room.

He sighed looking down at it.

Creation like creator.

He started blushing, remembering her determined face during the creation process of the staff he was holding in his hands now.

It was an ethereal sight; Her forging something into existence, bending the molecules to her will.

He shook his head, trying to dispel the thought

No stop that

He placed the staff on his desk, leaning back and enjoying its beauty

He ruffled his own hair
Someone knocked on his door as he was sketching out a bust of Momo creating a pole with the same ethereal expression she had, along with a blushing Shoko

“who is it?” he asked not paying attention, he was in the zone

“It’s Mina”

Well that took him out of it as he slammed his sketchbook shut and went to answer the door

“Ashido- how can I help you?” he asked politely trying to suppress the blush already forming, his mind immediately recalling the events at the changing rooms. *Do not think about her leopard-print bra and panti-

*FUCK*

“hey Midori- mind if I come in?” she asked as hyper as ever, seemingly unaffected by the events of today, keeping her hands behind her.

“s-sure” he took a step to his right

She practically burst in after that running up and down his room, checking every poster she could. Which was a lot. “woaaaah you really decked it out Midori~” she teased?

It was hard to tell with how happy she sounded

“t-thanks Ashido” he mumbled looking away
“geez, you already saw me almost naked just call me Mina- and I’ll call you I-zu-ku-,” she said spinning on her heel and staring at him with half lidded eyes and a happy smile

“oh ok,” he mumbled, looking to the side and blushing- apparently, she shared Mei’s passion of disrespecting personal space.

Then what she said registered

“waIT WHAT”

She didn’t let him continue and started laughing “oh- oh, you took the bait- your face-“ she continued laughing doubling over, dropping something on the floor “Izuku you are the best” she managed to add between fits of laughter

His blush was nearing neon- and he should have been mad but, she looked too happy so he just huffed and looked to the side, causing her to laugh more.

Then his attention turned to the dropped object- his school uniform, what he had left in the lockers when he was fleeing.

“You brought it back?” he asked crouching down and picking up the garment

“well yeah-“ she mumbled, now she was blushing. *Oh- she blushes slightly purple that’s adorable* ”someone had to, but most were either too flustered or too ‘that’s his personal locker I cant go there’ about it” she mumbled looking away

“Iida was gonna, but she had to go and tell a teacher about it” she finished still looking away

“sorry for going through your stuff”

She- she was guilty about this? “Ashido seriously, thank you- I had forgotten all about this.”
“cause’ you were too busy thinking about our hot bodies, weren’t you?” she shot back, a sly smile erupting from her previous forlorn expression

His face flushed hard enough that he started hearing his heart in his ears

“I- I- I-“

“I mean, I can’t blame you but its not that gentlemanly is it?” she started walking towards him, adding a sway to her hips and licking her lips “And its not like-“ she reached up and hugged his neck “I wouldn’t have shown you if you just asked~” Her gold irises met his emerald

He was suddenly very grateful Total Command had eliminated the possibility of getting erections without his will.

“Ashido-“ he mumbled and looked away

She started laughing “oh- god you fell for it again- your face-“

Oh that is it

He picked her up easily and she struggled against him, still laughing like crazy “No- wait Izuku I want to tease you mo-“

He placed her outside of his room and smiled an empty smile at her “thanks for bringing my stuff back”

She pouted at him “you’re no fun”

“Oh I think you had your fun” he replied waiting for her to start walking away

“you know- I know something else that’s very fu-“
He slammed his door shut

“Meanie”

He huffed after the door closed

It had been a long day

_I hope tomorrow isn’t as bad_

Chapter End Notes

sorry about not getting to the combat training just yet, had that in me apparently- plus Uni has been kicking the shit outta me so I wanted some Fluff to offset it.

in any case, hope you enjoyed it, and see you on the next one

P.s., would anyone want a discord server dedicated to this Fic?
Two roads diverged in a yellow wood

Chapter Summary

the combat training is almost here

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“OOOoo what about giant gauntlets on your hero suit?” asked her best friend, Izuku

She smirked “of course, the villain needs to know their end is near when they face me” she looked at the scribble he was working on “is that supposed to be my costume?” she asked

He smiled and pulled the paper up “yeah- gauntlets that looks like gre- greana-“

“grenades? Awesomeee” his smile turned a little prouder “that’ll intimidate them, if they have time before I bash their heads in”

“yeah, you’ll show All those villains what for!” He chirped, the words sounding too grown up for his 4-year-old body, it wasn’t like her own way of speaking matched her age either.

“YEAH! I’ll Kill them All”

“and I’ll be right at your side!”

Her face twitched

“…yeaH! Izuku and Katsumi- the tag team heroes!”

Her eyes opened softly, staring at the still unfamiliar ceiling of her dorm-room, she rubbed her head, could already feel the headache coming.
Why did I-

She sat up and looked at the poster Izuku had given her on her birthday

Why did I dream about that again?

She huffed and got up, shedding her sleepwear, a white tank-top and panties, anything more made her sweat, and she had too many prior sleep-explosions for that to be safe.

Why am I still stuck up on the past?

She scowled while putting on her school uniform

She didn’t pay attention to class, most was just introducing the syllabus anyway. Her eyes landed on his back and she was glaring holes through it.

How did we get here?

He didn’t seem to notice it, nor was she wanting for him to notice. She needed time to think

If only I-

She shook her head

No, I couldn’t have known.

Older kids were starting to talk about him, her friend, the only guy in the neighborhood.
She didn’t like their tone of voice

“did you see the boy in the apartment complex?”

“yeah, he was playing heroes and villains, right?”

“yeah- its so cute he thinks he could be either”

Her hands sparked.

_No, he can- he’s smart as hell- not having a quirk wont stop him_

…

_He has too much drive for it to stop him_

Her face soured, and the explosions on her fingertips stopped

…

The next day she managed to see something she shouldn’t have- not when she was 4.

It was a newsreel, talking about the latest murdered hero.

Suddenly something clicked in her head.

_Heroes throw their life on the line; Every. Goddamn. Day._
And even trained pro’s with impressive quirks died on the field.

*I can handle that- my quirk Is awesome-

*But-*

She knew about this. She knew about deaths in the field before but-

It was never so blunt and in her face before.

It made her think about Izuku, her friend.

The only friend that seemed to truly believe she could be a great hero.

*But can he?*

She was overthinking now- of all the ways something could go wrong. And seeing him die.

*…*

Her eyebrow twitched when hero art history started. Midnight was a lot more flustered than she was on Tv.

It didn’t fit her hero persona. And the way her gaze was skipping over Izuku was highly suspect.

*What the fuck is going on?*

Izuku seemed to be stiffer than usual too, shoulders hunched and face on the desk, trying to hide his head with his arms
What the **fuck** is going on?

She panted, tears on the corner of her eyes.

She had done it. Beaten the shit out of that older kid that was smack-talking Izuku behind his back, calling him mentally challenged for wanting to be a hero, saying that he was a living mistake for existing.

Now she wasn’t saying anything about him, while down on the ground beaten by Katsumi, who hadn’t come out unscathed, that didn’t matter however. She had won.

Now to make sure this villain would never do something like this again.

She started walking towards the downed and teary-eyed girl

“Kacchan stop!”

Izuku was in front of her, arms open in defense of this, *filth*. He was panting, clearly had run there after hearing the explosions

“Get out of the way Izuku- she needs to learn-“ *why is he here- he should know I wouldn’t go that far.*

He shook his head “she’s crying already- a hero wouldn’t do this. Kacchan please-“

The adrenaline in her body made her do something she still regretted, but in the end, she thought it was necessary. She was unsure of it now in UA

“How would you know- you’ll never be a hero” *for long*
He stilled- hands dropping to his sides “w-what are you talking about kacchan? We’re going to be heroes together, right?”

Her hands were shaking “you are too weak to be a Hero Izuku. Now stop standing in my way”

She shoved passed him.

He grabbed onto her wrist “Kacchan- you don’t think that do you?”

She twirled around and nearly smacked him “no you are the one that doesn’t think, how do you think you are going to be a hero without a quirk huh?”

You’ll get killed- please

“I- I don’t Know but I’ll do it!” he responded, voice cracking.

I know this was always your dream but- please.

The older kid had fled while the children started arguing.

“Oh yeah? What’s going to be your Hero name? Deku? The hero that cant do anything to help himself?” anger had started boiling in her, anger towards how stubborn he was.

“Ka- Kacchan that’s mean…”

does he think I’m just saying these to be mean? Doesn’t he think?

“It’s the fucking truth, Deku, you need to fucking face it.” She was sounding like her mother- hopefully, that made him realize how childish he was being.

Her mother always kept her out of trouble, so he would realize she was trying to do the same for
him, right?

He didn’t and started crying.

“how the hell are you going to be a hero if this little makes you cry?” she almost screamed.
She hated seeing him like this.

“I’ll do it- I’ll be a hero just like you will-“

He was cut off by a blast that was a little too strong “BUT YOU CANT- YOU ARE NOTHING LIKE ME, YOU DON’T HAVE POWERS. IT’S USELESS”

He fell on his ass and scrambled away from her “but- but”

she was talking to a wall.

She clicked her tongue, annoyed out of her mind and walked away, leaving him on the ground.

*I thought that would have kept you safe.*

*But you never listened.*

Katsumi and Izuku were- different from other people, that much everyone knew.

Inko and Mitsuki were happy how well they got along, especially since they both were too smart for their peers, in addition of; Izuku too shy and Katsumi too... hot-headed, making them isolated among other kids their age.

They were on the same wavelength. Always in sync.
But that argument un-synced them, causing them to start clashing every other day.

Their mothers noticed it of course, how could they not see them drifting apart like that- the only problem was they didn't know why it was happening.

Izuku just started showing up with minor bruising that disappeared too fast for it to be an actual concern and patches of slightly red skin which Inko swore that there were minor burns. Which, again, disappeared before she could question them.

It was maddening- but Izuku never told her what was going on. She had suspected his, now distant, friend but he swore up and down she had nothing to do with it. So Inko stood there boiling with worry and concern, not sure just what to do.

Katsumi just felt worse and worse about the whole ordeal- she wasn't going to back down now as his Hero talk started to diminish.

It was working.

She was doing all of this to keep him safe.

To keep him from harm's way.

She hated every moment of it.

He was done with life right now. Katsumi was daydreaming about something behind him, and from her glare, he was fearing she was thinking about ways to kill him.

And Professor Kayama wasn’t helping either- Just her flustered expression was reminding him of yesterday, her touch on his body-

He slapped his own scalp as he hid his face, his classmates turned to look at him but then they went back to staring at Midnight- probably guessing this was just his reaction to seeing a woman of her caliber.

Ochako was feeling jealous over the reaction Midnight was getting out of him, why can’t he get that bashful with me? She shook her head woah where did that come from?
Midnight nearly dashed out of the room when the bell rung, leaving the class to their own devices.

“...well she’s definitely in a hurry” Mina huffed and turned to Izuku “you can relax now, she left”

She laughed when he hissed and fixed his posture “yeah, yeah- It’s lunch time isn’t it?”

“It is? Awesome- let's go Izuku!” she didn’t care about his objections as she dragged him out, the rest of the class following the two

*When did those two get so close?* Was the unanimous question that went through their heads-

Not that it mattered, with yesterday’s half day no one had actually tried the cafeteria food- well except Izuku who had admitted to working here,

So the whole class 1-A was going to ask for his opinion

“who’s going to be teaching this one?” Kyoka asked, bored out of her mind. Whoever the teacher was, was running late

“If she doesn't show up in 15 minutes we can leave right?” Doi asked with some hope in her voice

Mina uttered out a “yeah” only for it to be shot down by Tomoyo with a solemn shake of her head  “the system said it was to be announced, and it still hasn’t updated, this reflects badly on the image of the number one hero Universit-”

“I AM” someone screamed from outside

Izuku stiffened- *It can’t be*

He booked to the window and slid the panel open, barely before someone burst in from the, now open, window.

"HERE"
The number one hero rose up from her graceful landing, standing proudly

“Oh- sorry thought the window was propped open”

“You can’t be serious-” Kyoka’s eyes widened

“Oi Oi- is All might our teacher? She’s so manly!” Eiko cheered- Hana just looked at her with a ‘what does that even mean’ look

“Isn’t that her silver age costume?” Tsuyu muttered finger on her chin,

Makaira nodded “its style is so different from the new costumes, it's giving me chills”

“Sorry for being late class, was doing heroics” All might bellowed with laughter “but now that’s over with, it’s time for your first heroics course exercise; Combat training”

“First things first- your hero Costumes” The number one hero continued, shooting Izuku a look

He didn’t react, but understood it, don’t let them know that we know each other

All might walked up the teacher's podium, opened up a drawer and picked up a remote and a notebook, clicking the device

With a whirr the side of the class popped open in 5 rows, revealing 20 compartments with 19 boxes in them.

The hero costumes.

The students cheered- then noticed something-

19 boxes, 20 students.
“Midoriya?- why is your box missing-” Tomoyo was the one to notice just who was missing their suit, first to get over her excitement and look at the man in question

“Well- you know how costumes are requested from the Government right-”

Her eyes widened- of course, the government probably didn’t recognize him.

“Well I can’t register my quirk, there is a lot of bureaucratic ‘yellow tape’ from me doing so” he rubbed the back of his head “it’s a gift and a curse really”

“N, or to long” came a modulated voice, as the class door opened revealing the mechanical copy of All might, same suit and all.

Some dropped into fighting stances, some looked terrified.

Well I can understand that reaction, Izuku sweatdropped

“Oh- right, Have c for L am e y e r e s or, whatever”

Makaira shuddered “nevermind, I’m getting the chills now”

“Mother sends, he reg a rds” the mech responded, bringing his attention to the box it was holding.

Mother? Is that an Alien reference? Mina thought, turning to the mech, then to Izuku who looked excited as a puppy about to go on a walk

“Oh my god- she made it!” he chirped and ran up to the mech, grabbing the box out of his hands.

“Of course she did- I couldn’t get sleep this night” the machine hummed
Everyone else started staring at the weird conversation going on between the All might doppelganger and the resident man of the class.

All might coughed “well- if that’s everyone, let’s go out for the class, shall we?”

“Mind if I tag along? Mother wouldn’t want a recording of her son’s first outing”

“Sure- I don’t see an issue with that- wait, who is this ‘mother’ you keep referring to?” All might asked turning to the machine

“Oh- Hatsume Mei from the support course” Izuku responded for the mech “She had- at least I believe she had- express permission from Power-loader and principal Nozomi to build my suit”

“Ah- I see” All might hummed knowing Nozomi she would have halted everything already if she didn’t give permission

“Ok sure you can come along, a T.A. would be useful anyhow-”

The mech gave the number one hero a thumbs up

“...you know those days where you are like ‘this might as well happen?’” Kyoka started “I feel like that’s going to be our every day from now on”

The rest of the class, except Izuku who was twisting the box in his hands excitedly, nodded and headed towards the changing rooms

Izuku was glad to see the wall between the rooms was mended with- what seemed to be Cementoss’s help, the new cement wall stood where the previous wall had been, not painted over just yet.

“Ok let’s see-” he popped open the box and looked in.
A note from Mei greeted him ‘Power loader told me you buffed up during one of your attacks tearing off your shirt in the process- so I had to scrap a large bit of the design- this should flex along with your body so no more top-less Zuku - wouldn’t want to give the girls a show right?’

He blushed- that- goddammit Mei

He pulled out the gauntlets and placed em to the side, seeing the actual suit underneath

It was a green and white wetsuit- with black highlights

_GOD DAMMIT MEI_

“Ugh- should have specified that I didn’t want skin-tight latex on my costume” Ochako whined, shifting from one foot to the other

“I say it helps with the ‘astronaut’ motif you have” Tomoyo hummed, voice muffled by her metal helmet.

“And I say it brings out your figure and Midoriya is going to enjoy that” Tsuyu added, causing the gravity nullifying hero to start blushing

“W-what are you talking about Tsuyu”

“Ribbit”

The conversation suddenly made Momo self-conscious about how much skin she was showing-

_H-he knows I need the exposed skin for my quirk right? he wouldn’t assume I just- wore this to get his attention-

_right?
He was the last one to the field, the rest of the girls watched him enter-

Minerva and Tsuyu started salivating.

His suit hugged his body tightly, the black highlights only exasperating how toned his body was, thankfully Mei had added in white cargo pants with supplies in the pockets to cover his lower body. under the pants, he had heavy-duty knee-high steel-tipped red boots. The silver angular tips glinting in the sunlight along with the large iridescent green gauntlets on his forearms.

He blushed as the crowd started staring at him. Scratching his head with his gauntlet-clad hands in embarrassment.

Mecha might clicked and gave a thumbs-up, All might whistled.

The rest of the girls stared.

“Holy shit-” Kyoka muttered the rest just nodded along

“Hero course is the best” Minerva mumbled, eliciting another nod from Doi and Tsuyu.

“Well that’s everyone-” All might cleared her throat, “they say the clothes make the man- and today ladies- and gentleman- you are true heroes.”

The class managed to tear their sight away from Izuku after that, turning to stare at both Might’s

“Did you download the script yet?” All might turned to her mechanical counter-part

“Download complete initiating class” the machine hummed

You gotta be kidding me Izuku almost facepalmed. Pushing the speaking roles to the machine?
“Most villain fights happen outside, that is why, I thought it was weird when you acually check the numbers you find that most villain activity happens behind closed doors.” Mecha might droned

“Yes, in this world full of Heroes, the smart villains know that they need to hide in the shadows” All might added

“Today you will have your first combat test in such a situation you will be split up into 4 teams of 5 each by lottery” the bot finished

All might rubbed her nose proudly- *This teaching thing is easy*

“Isn’t that a little reckless- random choice?” Tomoyo hummed, hand shooting up mechanically

“My apologies” Tomoyo bowed

“No need, no need, it was a smart question- now it’s time for the lottery” All might started pulling out balls from the box set-up

“Team A; Uraraka Ochako, Jirou Kyoka, Ashido Mina, Yayahozoru Momo, Midoriya Izuku”

Team A all stiffened,
Izuku slowly turned to see their suits—skin-tight catsuit for Ochako—red leotard for Momo, and a punk jacket for Kyoka. He didn’t even know how to describe what Mina was wearing—Yeah Imma die

Momo and Ochako were screaming internally about how He was going to be in close proximity to them in these clothes, Kyoka about where to look on him while talking—

Mina just smirked—more chances to have fun

“ TEAM 1: Ochako Makida, Sato Riku, Koda Kaena, Kanina Dori, Asuf Tsubuyu ”

“All-might switched boxes “First fight- Team A as heroes vs Team D as villains”

Katsumi and Izuku’s eyes met.

Oh no—

it was time for another clash.

Chapter End Notes

sorry for the cliff-hanger it was either this or no chapter for another 2 days

with that being said, see you in two days

Edit: fixed something in the initial flashback- someone felt too Ooc, should be fine now
He took a few deep breaths, his metabolism starting to pick up the pace; he was going to need every bit of it.

“Izuku, you alright?” Mina asked the only one in the group who wasn’t averting her gaze from him.

He nodded. “Just- letting my body prepare for the fight- It’s going to be tough.” The rest nodded with him.

The other team has; Kacchan, Shoko and Iida- all powerhouses in their own right: Kacchan and Shoko having raw power- and Kacchan and Iida having high mobility. He scratched his chin. Not to mention with Sero they have a lot of trap potential, considering her quirk- that tape was hard to get out of-

The girls just started staring at him mumbling up a storm.

Can’t forget about Shoji- with her dupli-arms she is physically strong- and if I remember it right she had said something about copying organs- so she could track us easily by duplicating sensory organs-

“D-Deku- you are doing it again.” Ochako waved her hand in front of him- finally bringing him out of his muttering spree.
“Oh- right, sorry just… trying to process,” he said aloud, voice monotone and eyes blank.

“W-well that’s good,” Kyoka huffed, trying to look cool and keep her eyes on his face. Did his suit have to be so tight? “Means you got a plan- right, Green?”

That got him out of his trance fully- he looked to either side, face dumbfounded. “What- no, no Yaoyorozu should plan- I’m better at analyzing-”

Momo shook her head. “Your skills in analysis is why you are the best to plan for this- besides” she fidgeted a bit “If you come up with other ways to use our quirks- that we haven’t shown in the test yesterday- we would have the upper hand- right?”

He could hear something in her voice- but his mind was too preoccupied to notice what that was.

“Ok-” he breathed, trying to calm down.

“I might have- 80% of a plan.”

The girls leaned in...

The villain team was a mess-

“What do you mean ‘I don’t have a plan,’ shitty two-tone?” Katsumi hissed. “Weren’t you trained by Endeavour? Aren’t you a Todoroki?” She barked taking a step forward. The hell-

“I am not using anything that person gave me,” Shoko spat; the air of the bomb-room chilling with her words. “And I do have a plan now, just stand here and freeze them on the spot the moment they barge in through the door.”

Tomoyo nodded “That is a good plan, we should stand steady and prepare our stronghold for attack” With Tomoyo won over the other two nodded along.
“I’ll try to hear them come close with my dupli-ears.”

“And I’ll tape the doors down so they can’t get in without adding considerable force- making them bigger targets for-” Hana looked over to Shoko “-you to freeze over, Shoko.”

She nodded in response.

“That is fucking idiotic-” Katsumi huffed. “I’m going out to end all of this before they even get here.”

Tomoyo was about to retort but stopped when Shoko raised her hand.

“Just report back when you see them,” she said, voice cold and emotionless.

“AND START!” All Might’s voice resonated from the speakers.

“Yeah, I’ll report back when I kill them all.”

Kill? The rest, excluding Shoko, thought.

All Might chuckled, watching the feed as Izuku pulled out an assortment of pieces from his pockets and assembled a mouth-guard, angular and silver, slightly resembling her own smile.

“That mouthguard has charcoal, filters and several fans inside to keep up with his accelerated breathing,” Mecha-Might announced from her side.

“Oh?” All Might turned to the source of the mechanical voice. “Anything else you wanna tell me?”

“Enjoy the massacre.”
The other 10 students watching along shivered.

*Can you stop being creepy for 5 minutes?*

Katsumi’s comms came to life. “Bakugou, it’s Mai- thought you might wanna know that I can hear some shuffling coming from the Eastern corner of the ground floor- the Heroes have entered the building.”

She smirked.

She jumped down the stairwell. Using a large explosion to twist her downward velocity to forward momentum, hitting the ground running and racing to the location to catch them off guard.

Her heart was pounding in her ears.

*They just entered the building.*

Her pace didn’t slow down. Her jog was making her sweat- and that was fueling her quirk.

*This could be a trap.*

She shook her head-

*No, even then, I can turn the tables.*

*Plus, the only planner that could make this count would be him-*

*But knowing him- he’ll probably just let someone else plan it.*
He always chased me- even after all I did to him.

He isn’t a leader.

He is a follower.

She saw the door of the entry room.

It’s either the full group. Or just one person- either way, I need to strike now.

Before he gets a chance to scheme...

She kicked the door down to the room in the east corner.

Shoko and the rest didn’t hear back from her again.

“Yaoyorozu- you can create electronics right?” The calm, calculated tone he used helped the rest of the team to relax somewhat.

She nodded. “I know enough about tech and the molecular structure of microchips to create basic electronics- nothing more complicated than a laptop, however-”

“Why- planning on creating a lure?”

He nodded- “well more like a trap...”

“They split apart?” Eiko asked, looking at the screen.

“It would be easier to find the opposing team with scouts in the complex.” Fumiko hummed.
“Yeah, but doesn’t that decrease their combat effectiveness?” the red-haired girl shot back.

“While that is true, that would have mattered if the teams split differently- they didn’t, they should be equal-” her avian-headed classmate answered.

“They aren’t...” All-might breathed, causing them all to stiffen.

“But- It’s just Bakugou against Mina- 1 vs 1- isn’t that equal?” Tooru asked, shocked.

“Of course not- Bakugou is better at combat than Mina-” Doi said nonchalantly.

No one responded.

“Right?”

Oh.

Shit.

Katsumi didn’t have time to dodge as Mina set loose a torrent of viscous acid, clipping her in the hands, sticking onto the porous fabric like glue.

It was not burning through her gloves, thank God.

“Izuku said that should lock you down for a while- wanna party?”

“I’ll kill you dead.” She hissed and dropped to a combat stance.

“He said you’d say that, too.” The pink-skinned girl dropped to her own.
“Bakugou? Bakugou-” Mai gave up on the comms. “She’s not coming in, might have been taken out?”

“No way-” Hana huffed, “We would have heard at least one explosion- right?”

“Right- you hearing anything, Shoji?” Tomoyo said, looking to her ally.

“Nothing other than the same shuffling in the East corner- it’s getting a little louder?- Maybe they are fighting there?”

“Mayb-” Shoko’s words died in her throat as someone knocked on the west entrance door.

“The pizza you ordered is here.”

They all turned to the source.

Ochako dropped from the ceiling, grabbing onto Tomoyo and negating her weight, making her legs and quirk useless.

The rest of the villain team didn’t have time to react to that loss.

“Pneumatic Lance.”

The south door flew off its frame, slamming into Mai, causing her and the door to crash into Hana, knocking them both out on impact.

“Knock knock,” Ochako breathed, smiling.

Shoko pivoted on her left leg, lifting her right to turn towards the disturbance-
“NOW!” Izuku screamed, and the west door got blown off its hinges by a series of door charges.

“Hi,” Jirou smirked, next to Momo, who was holding a taser-gun.

“Bye.”

Shoko couldn’t react before the prongs of the taser struck true on her skin and she fell down, muscles spasming as her body failed her.

“T.A.,” All Might announced, brow sweating “Remind me to never let Midoriya and Yaoyorozu be in the same team...”

“Reminder set.”

The number one hero rubbed her forehead.

*This kid is going to be the death of me.*

7 minutes earlier:

“Split us up- Why? -” Momo asked Izuku “Wouldn’t that just make it harder for us to coordinate our attack?”

He turned to her. “Well- yeah, but the other team won’t be cohesive enough to make that count. Kacchan will definitely splinter; She knows that she is enough for any situation.”

They didn’t like the way he phrased that.

“But that knowledge clouds her sight. I doubt that she even knows or cares about her teammates’ quirks, let alone ours. We have the perfect counter.”
They all looked at him.

“I-It’s not me- She is too agile for me to take down easily.” His eyes locked onto Mina’s. “It's you Ashido, your Acid can counter her.”

“We are not dousing our classmate in acid-” Momo hissed with fear in her eyes. *I mean it could work-*

“No- God no, of course not!” He shook his head “Her sweat is the fuel for her explosions, just coating her hands with viscous and diluted acid would be enough to lock it down.”

“Sure- I *could* do that- But then what, start a slugfest?” Mina mumbled, a hint of doubt in her voice.

“She will probably make a fast entrance, that’s your only chance to douse her, there should be a beat where she is dumbfounded to see you there instead of us all...”

Mina breathed a bit easier. “Alright, but then what?”

“Just keep her busy long enough for us to get into position- about 3 minutes, give or take? You should be fine since both her fighting style and movement are completely based around her quirk.” He shifted to look at Ochako.

“Uraraka- your maximum was 5 tons right?” She nodded stiffly. “And you get stomach aches when you use it on yourself?” She nodded again.

“Yaoyorozu, can you make some car-sickness tablets?”

*Uh-  “ I don’t think so? I mean-” Why- why didn’t I try that?*

“I remember you saying you could create anything as long as its non-living, so that would include complex organic molecules, right?- you can create plastic after all...”
She rubbed her forehead. *He's right, dammit...*

“You wouldn't happen to have the formula on you would you?” She asked Izuku.

His gauntlets blinked to life “Should have a data-bank in here-” the structure and the chemical formula of Dimenhydrinate popped up in the circular screen of the gauntlet “-there it is.”

Momo looked over the formula and tried creating the complex organic molecule-

And again, just like yesterday; it worked.

*I need a training session with Izuku at this point...* She mumbled, blushing lightly.

She passed the tablet to him, who passed it to Ochako.

2 minutes later:

“Ok, let's go.”

Kyouka plugged herself to the building and forced her heartbeat into it. The vibration frequency high enough for normal people to not hear it.

But they were still there.

“Bio-sonar” the gauntlet announced, the gloves folding away as Izuku placed his hands on the wall.

“Central room of the top floor, 4 people.” The gauntlets closed up again.

“Plan A is a go.”
Ochako tapped Kyouka and Momo, and, after a brief hesitation, herself.

For the first time, she didn’t get the pit in her stomach and *enjoyed* weightlessness.

That enjoyment doubled when Izuku gently grabbed them all by their wrists; and jumped.

“Let’s cause some chaos~” Mina giggled and headed to the east corner.

With the weightless mass of 3 other people attached to him, Izuku landed soundlessly in the rooftop.

“Turn on the noise cancellers-” he announced softly. Momo nodded and produced two specialized speakers from her shoulders. They were designed to produce the inverse wavelength of sound to anything its internal microphones picked up. In theory, they would muffle any minor sounds they made.

He opened the roof access and pulled everyone in.

Ochako quickly tapped him too and grabbed a noise canceller, heading to the vents.

The others kicked off the walls softly and got into position.

Izuku turned off the announcements in his gauntlets for a second to use his sonar again, to see where everyone was standing.

“I’m in position,” Ochako’s hushed voice came through the comms.

“The bomb is out of my reach; Iida is the only target I can get to...”

“That’s more than enough, Jirou, cause the distraction.”
“Pizza time,” Kyouka mumbled, Momo turning their noise canceller off.

_Seriously? I thought she was joking about using that as the distraction..._

Katsumi barely ducked back as Mina’s foot whizzed past where her head had just been.

_Fuck._

She took a few hops back and tried to set her hands off to no avail; She couldn’t get a spark to ignite the nitroglycerin that was her sweat.

Mina, on the other hand, was using her quirk to skate around on the floor with ease, shortening the distance between them in an instant.

“What’s wrong blasty- can’t blow up?” she kicked again, Katsumi blocked with her gauntlet.

_He fucking planned for this._

Her eyes hardened. _Need a distraction. Just for a second._ “But he didn’t plan for you to talk my head off.”

Mina’s eyes widened. _What is she-_

At the moment she flinched Katsumi delivered a solid haymaker to her gut, her slick feet did not give her the grip she needed to counterbalance, and she fell on her ass and tumbled back, the breath knocked out of her.

The acid users smile vanished as she coughed a bit trying to get air back inside her. “Y-you punch hard...”

“No more talking.” Katsumi grabbed onto the grenades on her belt. The ones Izuku had designed on that page she stole all those months ago.
“W-wha- “

She pressed the top button and the grenades hissed and blew up in her hands.

Mina listened in abject horror as something splattered around the room, her vision blocked by the smoke of the explosion.

She didn’t get to scream before an explosion-powered fist slammed into her stomach, putting her out of commission completely.

Katsumi rose back up and shook her gloved hands, still feeling some of the gunk that had previously covered them. Thankfully her grenades had blown off enough of it for her to function properly again. 

*If she is here-*

Katsumi set her hands loose again, rocketing towards the center of the building.

*fuuUUUUCK!*

She made it to the center of the building, directly under where she thought the bomb-room was and raised her palm, placing her other thumb in the middle of it.

“Hope this works,” She breathed and screamed out the attack’s name.

“Whew- That was easy- you were exaggerating Green.” Kyoka sighed.

Izuku stepped into the room, towards the faux nuke. “It’s not done ye-”

“HOLLOW-POINT!”
Both man and bomb got engulfed in a ground-shattering explosion, the rest of the conscious students hid their faces from the ensuing spike in heat and airborne shrapnel.

Being at the epicenter of the blast meant he had barely a second to see just what happened.

Time seemed to slow down, and the ground around him crackled and bulged slightly, a large U-shaped explosion blowing through around him, kicking up enough dust to hide him from the rest of his team.

The ground, not designed to hold up itself with just one corner, gave way under his weight, and he began to free-fall down to the ground floor as a secondary blast separated him from the bomb.

He righted himself and crash-landed on the ground floor, his gauntlets leaving huge craters as he slammed them down to eat away at the momentum from his massive fall.

The bomb landed behind a scowling Katsumi, rocking slightly before coming to rest.

Izuku rose back up, his joints cracking into place as his gaze landed on her.

She hesitated.

Her memories of their childhood came rushing back, giving her emotional whiplash “You really think it was going to be that easy, Izuku?” she growled, eyes locked on his.

His expression hardened. “You should try something other than using my given name to throw me off kilter, Kacchan.”

The blond raced to him and threw a punch, which he caught easily before it made contact, his eyebrow raised “-Are -are you going easy on me?- After all this time?”
She gritted her teeth and kicked off him, his body not even budging as she wrenched her fist from his grasp. “Fuck you, fight back.”

He looked at her curiously, “What is this. Your apology for doing what you did?” Features hardening, he dropped to his fighting stance. “’Cause I don’t need it.”

She blasted towards him, aiming to drop-kick him in the chest, only for him to side-step and grab her outstretched arm. With a twist, he turned her own momentum against the would-be missile, slamming her down on the ground.

She coughed, the breath knocked out of her.

He was starting to get pissed.

“We both know you are better than this- why are you doing this. Is it to mock me?” he spat, eyes flaring.

She rose to her feet, not meeting his gaze. “Just touch the bomb- be done with it.”

His eyes widened. “Who are you and what did you do with Katsumi?”

“Shut the Fuck up Deku, just do it-”

He didn’t take a single step.

“JUST FUCKING DO IT!” She tried hard to hide the slight tremble in her voice.

“I am not a goddamn charity case- I thought you knew that,” he said back, voice heavy with emotion. “Now get up and fight me like you did when we were kids.”

Her eyes hid away from his.
“No! I-” she looked away, “I don’t need to hurt you anymore,” she mumbled under her breath.

“I know…” he whispered back. His stance failing for moment, then going back; his emerald greens locking onto her crimson eyes. “But we have to fight. We can’t learn anything from this if we don’t.”

“You- You knew?” her rage flared, all other emotions banished by his words. “YOU KNEW ALL THIS TIME?” She attacked out of nowhere, Izuku barely able to block her explosion in time with a raise of his gauntlet. “YOU KNEW AND YOU DIDN’T STOP?”

His own anger bubbled to the surface. “HOW COULD I- IT WAS MY ONLY DREAM TO BE A HERO!”

He grunted, redirecting another explosion with a flick of his gauntlet, boots skidding on the ground from the force. “HOW COULD YOU EVEN ASK ME TO STOP WANTING TO BECOME ONE?” His other fist swung across, impacting the girl’s shoulder with enough force to knock her back.

She growled and maneuvered mid-air, slamming a foot into his ribs, making him grunt in pain “HOW COULD I? I COULDN’T JUST WATCH YOU KILL YOURSELF!”

Katsumi aimed to get him while he was knocked prone, but he recovered too fast, backflipping and kicking her in the stomach as he did so.

Izuku shot a look at her. “You would have preferred me being unhappy to me being a hero?”

“You thought I enjoyed that?” She hissed catching her breath “I HATED EVERY MOMENT OF IT!” She hollered getting back to her feet.

“THEN WHY DID YOU DO IT?” He shot back, running at her, arm pulled back, ready to maim.

“CAUSE I PREFERRED THAT IF IT MEANT YOU LIVED DUMBASS!” she screamed over the explosion she fired to keep him at bay. He raised his gauntlets to cover his face from the white-hot wave of death.
He gritted his teeth. “What do you want me to do then? Thank you for tormenting me, trying your best to keep me away from my dream?”

Her anger flooded out, leaving her feeling empty as his words registered. She dropped her hands to her sides, clenching and unclenching them, words failing in her throat.

_Just hate me. Hate me as I hate myself. It’s so much easier that way._

His caught the look in her eyes, and face scrunched in recognition, “You hate yourself.” he dropped his guard.

_How was I so blind..?_

The last remnants of fight left her, her shoulders slumping in resignation. “I muttered that, didn’t I?”

“It was in your eyes. The glint I always saw.

Couldn’t place it until now.” He walked towards her. “And... I don’t hate you… I _can’t_ hate you…”

“Why-” her voice cracked “why don’t you hate me? I’m just this- villain that bullied the only person that believed in her potential-”

“Because she did it to protect him. You said it yourself.” he shrugged, not stopping his advance.

Katsumi noticed how close he had got and was feeling slightly intimidated by how much bigger -for the lack of a better word- he had gotten; she had to crane her neck to see his face.

“You are an idiot” she muttered softly, not turning away.

“Maybe so…” he mumbled and wrapped his arms around her.

She felt as warm as the day he had saved her from that slime villain; leaning into the comforting contact.
“THE HERO TEAM WINS!”

Her eyes snapped open as All Might’s voice filled the area. *Oh right- that-

*Wait- who touched the bo-

She looked down and saw that Izuku had wrapped the capture-tape around her during his hug.

“How I am an Idiot that just won.” The grin on his face made her hands involuntarily crackle and face flush.

*Goddammit…

The corners of her mouth twitched slightly.

*Heh*

She started laughing, honest to God; happy laughing. “I fucking hate you.”

There was no bite to her words.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you enjoyed it

next chapter- I have no clue, it could be tomorrow it could be next week, it's getting hectic out here.

in any case, see you on the next one.
“Awe man- we already won?” Mina whined, stopping her approach towards the bomb. Katumi’s laugh died in her throat and her eyes widened.

“Wait- how? That punch should have-” Her eyes locked onto Izuku. “What did you do?”

He looked away bashfully. “Have you heard about non-newtonian fluids?”

“You gave her fucking armor?” Katumi just shook her head in exasperation.

“Yep~” Mina reached down her suit, causing Izuku to look away, blushing slightly, and pull out what looked like a large gel plate. “Izuku over there thought you would go for the chest- no idea how this works but those punches still stung like a bitch.”

*Of-fucking-course he planned for how I attacked.*

Her smirk returned.

“Jesus Christ, I was worried over nothing all these years.” She mumbled.

“Well to be honest- the non-newtonian part was Yaorozu’s idea... I was thinking full on scale-plate,” He admitted.

“And only on the chest?” Katumi asked, eyebrow arching.
“You always go for the torso...”

*It’s a force of habit- and it’s your fault!*

*I couldn’t just punch you in the face...*

“Deku!” Ochako screamed from the top floor, jumping down with her gravity nullified.

Midway through the tablet she had taken stopped working, and the shock of the sudden motion-sickness caused her quirk to fail her, her fall suddenly accelerating.

Izuku lifted Katsumi up, their hug still unbroken since the announcement of his team’s victory, and put her to the side. She blushed at the effort he didn’t put behind the whole operation, lifting her with ease. *Bio-sonar* his gauntlets echoed, the metal gloves over his hands folding away as he let go of Katsumi and grabbed Ochako before she hit the ground. Much like he was used to with Mei.

“The tablet only worked for 5 minutes, eh?” he hummed absentmindedly, Ochako hugging his neck in part fear and part excitement.

“We won!” she chirped happily not realizing the position they were in just quite yet.

“We did!” he smiled back.

“So Blasty, how does it feel to lose?” Mina asked prodding the explosive woman, who was having too good of a day to even mind how close Izuku was with Ochako.

“Enjoy it while you can, Racoon Eyes, ‘cause next fucking time you are going down.” There was no real animosity in her voice, even with the cuss added into it.

Mina looked at her, dumbfounded. “Woah, Izuku is scary if he got you like this-”
Now that got a reaction outta her. "WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY THAT!?" Katsumi screamed, struggling against the capture tape binding her arms to her torso.

“Ow-” Kyoka hissed appearing from the sidelines. “You sure scream a lot huh Baka-gou?” Mina and Ochako tried hard to keep their laughs to that nickname, failing badly.

Izuku sweat dropped-

_Guys- don’t antagonize her come on..._

“Also- Raka-” Kyoka cut in, “I know you got jealous and all but- maybe get off of Green?"

The girl in question stopped laughing, finally noticing just how close she was with Izuku- one hand under her knees, the other on her back holding her softly but firmly,

_His hands are sof- “GAH!” she tried jumping off of him, causing both to nearly fall as she shifted their center of mass rapidly; thankfully, his weight- a whopping 300 kg with his suit on- was too much to shift out of balance, so she remained there in his arms, covering her face with her hands trying to hide the blush she was sporting now.

Getting the message he slowly let her down, and she took a few steps away from him.

Mina had a pit in her stomach about the whole exchange- everyone in the scene did- but the sheer absurdity of it all caused her to laugh harder, even Kyoka joining in with a soft chuckle, causing Ochako to shoot pouting looks to the both of them.

“Students- I know this is fun and all but you should start clearing out- the next teams are going to have their turn now,” came All might’s voice from the speakers in the area. “Midoriya since you planned all of this, could you take care of the incapacitated three?"

He nodded and crouched down, green lightning crackled around him; and jumped back up to the bomb room, leaving a crater where he once stood.

“Oh- right he can do that, too...” Kyoka mumbled watching him shoot through the hole in the floors.
“Why didn’t he do it in the test?” Mina asked.

“Too much damage, plus green lightning isn’t very covert now is it?” Katsumi answered them both. “You would have lost in an all out brawl.”

“You are smarter than you look huh, Blasty?” Mina teased causing her to grit her teeth

“What do you mean by that, Racoon Eyes, _huh?_”

Kyoka chuckled. “‘Lost in an all out brawl.’ Bold words coming from someone who just got utterly defeated”

“I’LL FUCKING KILL YOU ALL!”

The trio on the ground floor started laughing.

He grabbed the edge of the hole in the floor as he shot past, redirecting his momentum and landing with a heavy thunk on the floor, seeing Momo trying the lift the door off of Mai and Hana to his side

“Oh- Midoriya-” she ceased trying to use the crowbar she’d created to unlodge the door from where it had embedded itself in the floor. “Could you help me with this- I can’t get a good enough grip.”

He walked up to the door, rolling his shoulders. “I got this-” his gauntlet started whirring. “_Jaws of life_” The upper plate of his left gauntlet lifted a bit, two pincers pushing out from their spots underneath the plate. He stabbed their tips between the floor and the metal door, the device hissed with hydraulic power as the door bent and popped off of the two trapped students, still knocked out cold.

“Ouch- we might have gone a little too hard on them...” Izuku mumbled looking over them both, aiming his gauntlet at them “_Scan initiated, mild concussion on both subjects, none are in critical condition._” He gave a sigh of relief and picked them both up under his arm.
“Good aim with that taser, by the way” he hummed, crouching by Tomoyo and removing the tape around her in one fluid motion.

Momo blushed, averting her eyes slightly. “It was nothing- I was just following your plan.”

He clicked his tongue. “You are selling yourself short. Without you to cover the gaps in my plan, this little stunt would never have worked.” He draped Hana over one shoulder then moved to pick up Shoko and started walking towards the stairs.

She looked away, twiddling her thumbs bashfully. “I suppose...” following him downstairs.

Tomoyo just stared at the two with a mixture of awe and fear.

That was a ‘little stunt’?

All might leaned into the console, taking out her earpiece; she had no need to listen in anymore.

Oh.

My.

Goodness.

The other 10 students stared at the hero team converging on the ground floor, Katsumi still struggling against the bindings and trying to get at the three girls she was left with.

Not only have they captured or incapacitated all of the villains, with a plan to capture the bomb if the initial sting operation didn’t end with it’s retrieval, they also made sure none of the hero team would get hurt. She rubbed her head. And to top it all off- the damage to the arena was only done by the villains. Not counting the doors...

She turned to the ever-watching Mecha-Might. “Is this what you meant by massacre?”
No, its goddamn terrifying! Eleven heads thought in union.

“I don’t even want to know how that would have gone if Bakugou fought back harder,” Eiko thought aloud.

”Anyone thinking he had a different plan to knock her out?” The others softly nodded.

“Using their connection to talk her down...” All might hummed “Not something a hero gets to use in the field often, but its a useful skill for sure.”

“What did he even say though?” Minerva hissed.

_Fucking childhood friend subplot. I want to get hugged like that, dammit._

All might turned to her. “That’s personal- and not part of the curriculum; why are you asking, Mineta?”

She didn’t answer with a human language, instead making a choked out growl.

“Anyway-” Tsuyu cut in, ribbiting. “Imagine if they went after us? They would have much more time to plan.”

They all shuddered at the thought.

“I’m just happy I wasn’t on the receiving end of it,” Rikku admitted.

“Eh- if it meant getting hugged like that I would be down,” Doi said, casually putting her hands behind her head.
They all stared at her.

“What?”

*I mean- we are all thinking it but she shouldn’t say it,* Tsuyu thought.

Shoko slowly came to her senses, feeling someone’s arm under her stomach, making her panic slightly before realizing what had happened.

*We lost.*

She looked up to Izuku who was carrying her.

*I underestimated you. Bakugou was right trying to rush and end it before you came to us.*

“Oh- Shoko- you’re awake.” He noticed her staring at him, feeling slightly intimidated by her steady gaze. “S-sorry about the taser- we couldn’t think of a better way to knock you out before you used your quirk.”

“It’s fine,” she said simply. “It won’t work on me next time.”

“Didn’t think it would,” he stopped, letting her stand on her own. “I’ll make soba tonight to make it up to you.”

Her eyes sparkled, a slight smile tugging at her lips.

“You are spoiling her again...” Momo mumbled at his side.

“I’ll also make some Mochi,” - Ochako perked up- “Natto or Okra- I’ll have to check the fridge,” - Ashido started vibrating- “Cinnamon rolls,” - Jirou looked away to hide her smile- “... And a
cheeseburger.”

“That’s... “ Momo mumbled, her retort dying in her now-watering mouth. *That’s cheating.*

“We still have some leftover ghost peppers for curry,” he continued; Katsumi smirked.

“And beef stew,” he finished.

Tomoyo just stared. “How did you know?”

His teammates stopped. “Wait-” they said in union, realizing it.

“How did you know!”

Katsumi shrugged, continuing to walk with him towards the observation deck. "Don’t question it, he just does that sometimes. Scared the fuck outta me when we were kids.”

He started laughing awkwardly while rubbing his neck. “Educated guess?”

“No, seriously.” Kyoka broke the silence in the observation room. Izuku had left to deliver Mai and Hana to Recovery Girl, asking for Momo to give him the play-by-play of the second group’s fight when he returned. “How did he know our favorite foods?”

Katsumi scratched her head trying to remember his explanation in the past. “He said that it was something connected to our quirks, our eating habits?” She shrugged again, “I barely remember him explaining it once when we were- oh God, seven?”

“Hey- hey Kacchan-” Izuku chirped- still trying to be her friend even after their clashes started.

“What is it Deku?” She huffed- really not wanting to fight with him, it was emotionally tiring.
“Is your favorite food ghost pepper curry?”

She nodded absentmindedly.

Then stopped-

“Wait- how did you know that? I didn’t start eating it since...” her words died in her mouth.

Since after we started fighting.

He looked unphased. “I-I just guessed?”

“Huh...” She mumbled looking away, trying not to show that it scared her slightly.

“Kacchan, you alright?”

The other five stared at her zoning out, Momo not looking away from the brawl on the screen. “Wait, you remember what Izuku said to you when you were seven?” Mina asked, stunned.

“Yeah- why?” she mumbled, snapping back to reality. I gotta stop doing that.

Yeah, no, they are both scary. The rest thought.

“Are we not going to talk about the fact that Deku has come up with a way to guess people’s favorite foods from, like, our quirk and how we like our meals? From when he was seven?”

“Oh no, he guessed it when we were five.”
Scratch that, Katsumi is scary- Izuku is terrifying

All might started sweating.

What kind of a data-crunching monster are you?

Eiko hissed as she blocked a combo attack from Makaira and Rikku, skidding to a stop with her hardened limbs.

Izuku made this look so easy- we got found out the moment we stepped in...

Then again it might have been that-

She turned to Yui who was spinning around trying to show off her sparkly cape.

“Could you at least fire your laser or something, man- we are getting pummeled here!”

“Oui- let me just-” she fired her laser.

The beam hit Tooru in the back, causing her to ‘Eep’ in surprise as it refracted off of her silhouette, a myriad of colors shooting in a large fan in front of her.

“hOLY SHI-”

The building collapsed around both teams.

All Might stared at the screen- so did the rest of the girls- 8 sets of eyes widening.
“How am I supposed to grade *that*?”

“**Pogrely,**?” Mecha Might offered, his modulated voice sounding amused somehow.

*Huh- so her quirk is light refraction, not invisibility* Momo thought. *I wonder if Izuku already guessed that?*

Mina whistled. “Damn- and I thought Baka-gou had destructive force.”

Katsumi’s eyebrow twitched but she tried not to react, taking in a few breaths to try to keep her anger in check. “That doesn’t count; that was two people.”

“Sureeee” Kyoka hummed as she rolled her eyes, voice unimpressed.

“Why- I oughta” Katsumi hissed, making the rest of the girls chuckle, causing her to glare at them all.

“Oh, Midoriya- Didn’t expect to see you here so soon,” Chiyo hummed. “Got hurt?”

“Not me- the opposing team,” he answered, a little sheepishly, laying down Mai and Hana on the beds of the infirmary.

Recovery girl sighed, not even having enough power to get mad at him. “What’s the damage?”

“Mild concussions; they should be fine with rest.” He moved to get out of the room only to almost knock into someone with orange hair, carrying someone with... *vines growing out of her head?*

“Recovery Girl- I don’t know what’s happening- she got hit by a classmates quirk and went manic” the orange-haired girl huffed.
Izuku, not knowing what else to do, rushed to help, grabbing the vine-headed woman’s side.

“Michael? Is that you?” the woman mumbled, leaning onto him; he could see some mushrooms coming out of her hair. What..?

Wait- Michael? Like the archangel?

He almost dropped her at that- but helped her onto the bed, Recovery Girl trying to find some anti-fungal sprays to help her with her condition “Stupid- little- who thought it was a good idea to mix plants with fungi?” she hissed pulling out the spray and getting to work, closing the curtains behind her.

“Oh sorry- there was this rumor going around about a guy in class 1A-”

“Ohhhhh-” he mumbled. “Guess you know me then, huh? And you are?”

“Kendo Itsuka, and no, I don’t know you, I just heard about you- what is your name?” she asked politely- almost in a sisterly voice.

“At my service?” Itsuka asked while giggling softly, causing him to get flustered,

“Ah sorry- force of habit.”
“You say ‘at your service’ commonly enough for it to be a habit?” she mused, causing him to take an exasperated breath, blushing darker; his reaction making her laugh harder.

“You are a funny guy-” she breathed, extending a hand. “Nice meeting you, Midoriya of class A.”

He shook his head, dispelling the blush. “Bio-sonar” his gauntlet folded away from his hand. “The pleasure is mine, Kendo of class…”

“B.”

“Kendo of class B.”

They shook hands. He somehow felt this was significant in some way he couldn’t quite understand yet.

“Also, ‘the pleasure’?” she smirked.

And now he just wanted to die.

Chapter End Notes

Hey, quick question- would any of you mind me adding an OC in Class B?

with that being said, hope to see you on the next one
He stuck a bookmark in my heart and walked away

Chapter Summary

"where is the building?"

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Itsuka hummed after letting go of his hand, giving him a once-over, seeing just how tense he had gotten over the comments she had made- Might have gone a little overboard- I should just compliment him to get him to relax... -causing him to blush a little harder. “Also, nice hero suit-”

“Really shows off your figure” Her face froze.

He started blushing like a strawberry

He wanted to die, he really did.

*Good to know Total Command doesn’t outright kill me when I think that.*

in the teachers lounge, Aizawa Shiko felt a spark of empathy. She looked around, internally questioning what *that* was about.

Itsuka, on the other hand, was screaming internally. And had started blushing madly in embarrassment. *WAIT I DIDN’T MEAN THAT-*

His pager beeped. And his trance was broken, the blush on his face fading instantly as his brain stopped thinking about what Itsuka had just said, focusing on finding the pager.

He started shuffling in the many pockets of his cargo pants *Nozomi? What’s going on?*
'Return back to class- they need some help with retrievals.' His eyebrow furrowed. *Would it kill her to be just a little more specific?*

“Sorry- I gotta go class… See you later, Kendo.”

“I’m sure we will” she sighed trying to calm down after her blunder- *how did he calm down so fast?* “See you around, Midoriya.”

With that he dashed off.

*His back is really broad,* Itsuka thought before she could stop herself.

…

*Where is the building?*

“Ah- Midoriya thank you for coming so fast,” All Might grunted, tearing off a chunk of the debris, revealing Doi mumbling incoherently and giving her two thumbs-up. “We really need your help with- Uh, locating Hagakure..”

“What happened-” he muttered, walking closer to the number one hero.

“The second hero team didn’t do a good job keeping the damage to a minimum-” she answered, just the slightest hint of amusement in her voice.

“*Bio-sonar*” his gauntlets announced and he placed his palms on the ground. “Too much irregularly shaped debris- can’t get a read on her-” His eyes searched for-

“Ah! Jirou could we do our scan again?” She nodded and started feeding her heartbeat through her jacks; they were already stabbed in the ground so she could listen for other students.
He closed his eyes, trying to decipher all the vibration data his somatosensory system was flooding his cerebral cortex with.

That was a bad idea- focusing down on his tactile sensations caused him to almost feel every nook and cranny in the area...

Including everyone’s bodies that were still trapped under the rubble of the test area...

*Oh God- I need a cold shower…*

He thanked the heavens that Minerva wasn’t in this mess- He did **not** want her form in his memory.

He called out the locations of the trapped students for the rest of the class to find and dig out, then headed to where he had felt Tooru at, heaving the debris out of the way to free the invisible girl.

“Cmon Hatsume- don’t fail me now…” he pleaded, forearms twitching in sequence to activate the scanners in his gauntlets.

“Scan initiated- subject unconscious- blunt force trauma to the head; damage- negligible.”

*I gotta ask how she made that scanner work so well...*

He leaned down and tried to wake her up by gently tapping what he thought was her shoulder. “Hagakure- Hagakure can you hear me?”

She groaned and sighed, consciousness slowly returning. “H-huh? Wh-”

She looked up to him, the light of the afternoon sky hitting him in such a way that made his emerald eyes *shine*.

The breath was knocked out of her.
“Hagakure?” Izuku asked, leaning in a bit closer, still not sure exactly where her face was.

*He has freckles-*

“MIDORIYA, DID YOU FIND HER?” a voice called from the sidelines- pulling his attention away.

“YEAH, I GOT HER!” he shouted back before returning his attention to the invisible girl.

She shook her head, trying to clear her mind.

“Scans told me you were fine but- you feeling ok?” he asked, reaching a gauntlet-clad hand for her: she watched as it folded open to reveal his actual hand.

“Oh- OH...” She finally came to her senses fully. “Y-yeah I’m fine-” she grabbed onto his hand and let him pull her up. “What happened, anyway?”

“You got hit by Aoyama's Laser, and that refracted it all around the place. I believe it was refraction at least...” Momo answered, coming up to the two. “We got everyone else out already” she said, dusting herself off absentmindedly; the motion causing her chest to jiggle slightly.

Now with no objective to focus on, the class being finished and the ‘rescue’ resolved, his mind let itself wander, dropping out of his hyper-focused state. Causing him to realize just what was going on.

He was standing to a naked, invisible woman. And was looking at another beautiful and busty woman.

In a leotard with holes cut in it.

Normally he would have been prepared and would be not as affected- but the suddenness of his recognition of the situation hit him like a punch in the gut, making him choke on air and start blushing neon red.
“Midoriya are you-” alright? Was what Momo was going for, but his sudden bashfulness broke the calm she had let herself be lulled into, her self-consciousness skyrocketing instantly and making her remember just what she was wearing in front of the man that made her heart throb irregularly regularly. “You... y-you…” she, too, started blushing.

“I-it’s f-for my q-quirk” she blustered trying to justify her appearance and he nodded feverishly, trying hard not to look directly at her.

“Y-yeah you would need hol-holes where your lipid stores a-are -I know just...” he turned away, blushing even more somehow. It’s a good thing I don’t have Shoko’s quirk, otherwise I might actually be on fire right now. “It looks very good on you-” The compliment caused her to flinch and look down, blushing wildly.

Tooru looked between the two blushing messes, dumbfounded. She could see actual steam coming out of Izuku, and Momo looked close to following his lead.

“What just happened?”

All of the class went back to the locker rooms- Momo still blushing madly, Uraraka joining her when she passed by Izuku and got a similar reaction out of him.

I’m- I’m glad he likes it- but its still so embarrassing...

“So-” Mina cut in, Izuku’s team looking at her suddenly, “What was up with him? He kinda acted… out of it...?” she tried to put it into words “No no, he was still... ugh-”

“He kinda did act differently when you mention it…” Kyoka hummed in thought. “What do you two think?”

Both Momo and Ochako flinched and nodded.

“It could be just him compartmentalizing,” Katsumi said from the side making everyone suddenly turn to her; looking lost and confused.
“What? he has total fucking control of his brain, too; he could have just turned off shit he didn’t need - like self-consciousness?” She asked, looking honestly confused that they hadn’t picked up on it yet.

Wait- did I make him that way?

“Huh- that explains it,” Mina hummed going back to changing out of her suit,

“Should ask to add that non-newt stuff into my suit,” she added, more to herself, looking at her only slightly bruised stomach.

“Wow you really are smart under all that explosive temperament,” Kyoka hummed, smirking.

“Yeah, yeah whatever,” the explosive woman mumbled, not really listening, making Kyoka pout slightly.

It’s no fun if you don’t react...

“All of you are so lucky-” Minerva hissed tearing off her hair-balls instead of trying and failing to get all the debris off of them. they weren’t sticky, not till she pulled them off anyway. but it was just easier to pull em off and let them regrow. “Getting to get so close to him’

“I’m pretty sure he would kick you to the moon if you tried getting that close, even if you were in his team.” Tsuyu croaked, rubbing her arms- being under that much debris had left some bruising.

“IT WOULD BE WORTH IT”

His gauntlets hissed and clicked one after the other releasing their grip on the suit underneath. He pulled both off gingerly and placed them back into the box they came in. Now free of the gauntlets, he quickly shedded the wetsuit and threw that in the box as well.

I understand Momo- and her need for uncovered skin for her quirk- he took a breath steadying himself, and taking a seat on the bench of the changing room. Whose bright idea was to give Ochako
He slapped his face.

_Not that she doesn’t look good in i-

He started blushing again.

_Oh for fucks sake…_

“Hey- hey Ashi–” Tooru shook around in her uniform trying to get the pink skinned girl’s attention just as they got out of the changing rooms, “did you know Midori has freckles on his face?”

“Oh?” The girl in question hummed, she placed a finger on her chin; trying to remember his face fully “Does he?” His emerald eyes had pulled hers in too much for her to actually look down on his cheeks. Well, at least not enough to notice such minute details. Even with the hug they had shared yesterday.

“That just makes him cuter though, doesn’t it?” she concluded, getting lost in the eyes of the mental image she had generated.

Tooru blushed at that freely- a perk of being invisible, no one noticed. _More like hot_ she thought, reminiscing how his eyes had sparkled when he was reaching down to help her up. It didn't help that the gauntlets made him look like a high-tech knight in shining armor.

“Cute?” Eiko chuckled “Nah, Mina, he’s manly,” she smirked. “You were down on the ground floor when he faced off against Bakugou weren’t you? Talking her down like that was manly as hell.”

Mina pouted slightly. “He can be both!” she announced, tearing Tooru from her fantasy and getting a chuckle out of her.

The hardening girl smiled and nodded. “Guess so, huh?”
Tooru shook her arms back and forth, something she did when she was thinking; it was useful to give people a visual cue. Being invisible meant she just had to use her body to broadcast expressions. “Actually- What did he say to her?”

Mina shrugged. “Not sure, my ears were still ringing from Baka-gou’s attacks,” rubbing her ear for emphasis. “Something about him knowing something?” she shrugged again. “Not that it’s my place to share anywa-”

“PFFT!” Eiko couldn’t help herself, grinning widely at the acidic woman. “You holding back from gossiping? Bakugou’s attack might have affected you more than I thought.”

“Hey, I can keep stuff to myself! Like how you dye your hai-” she stopped herself a little too late. “Oops… sorry Kiri…”

“It was bound to happen eventually.” Eiko shrugged, ruffling her crimson hair.

“Well red looks good on you!” Tooru chirped, bouncing slightly, her words getting a smile from the red-head.

“Well, even though whatever he said was probably manly as hell- Bakugou hasn’t been acting like herself since,” she hummed, looking over her shoulder towards the changing room.

“What are you talking about?” Tooru asked, looking at the changing room too

“Dunno- she just seems… happier?”

Katsumi almost inhaled the curry he had given her back in the dorms, a smile gracing her features.

“You took tips from your mom, didn’t you?” She asked, passing the plate back for seconds.

He shook his head, “Nah, yours- she says hi by the way.” He passed a cheeseburger with a side of fries to Momo who was already, uncharacteristically, salivating and blushing. Then filled Katsumi’s
plate again.

Within minutes, the whole class had joined in on the feeding frenzy, their initial uneasiness of him somehow guessing their favorite foods melting away as soon as the aroma emanating from the kitchen hit them.

Diverse or not, he had managed to make even the mixture of scents fit together.

He stood in the kitchen, smiling as he watched his classmates go at it in the dining table.

*Lunch-rush was right, this does make me feel like I’m eating katsudon.*

“You alright?” Shoko asked, oddly not stuffing her face with soba like she was prone to do.

“I should be asking you that, did I add too much soy?” He asked, taking a step closer to her and her half-finished plate.

“No its good, just-”

“She’s sad because she ate shi-” Minerva’s words died in her throat as Izuku’s eyes landed on her, his shoulders squaring a bit, causing her to feel how tall he actually was; nothing like what his usual posture emanated. She whimpered and went back to her fruit salad.

The posture change reminded Shoko of the mere second she’d witnessed him before the taser hit her. “She isn’t wrong… I do feel bad about that...”

The room fell silent.

“Ok we have a guy with a quirk, Bakugou calmed down, and now Shoko is talking about her feelings-” Doi counted off. “Are we *SURE* this isn’t like the end times?”

“Spark-plug, I swear to god...” Katsumi hissed, causing Kyoka to start laughing uncontrollably. “Spark- plug- holy shit!”
“She does speak an ounce of truth,” Fumiko said, taking another forkfull of her apple pie. “All of these events do sound similar to the signs of the four horsemen of the apocalypse-” she stabbed her fork to the pie. “The end times are nigh, my friends,” she finished, voice deep and cold.

“Please don’t encourage Kaminari,” Tomoyo huffed making the group chuckle loudly.

Izuku tilted his head to the side thoughtfully before turning back to Shoko, offering the girl a soft smile. “I am here if you wanna talk.”

She nodded softly, unwilling to meet his eyes.

“Izuku should be the representative!” Mina announced almost immediately, getting a few ‘yeah’s’ from the class.

WHOA THERE!

“Izuku should be the representative!” Mina announced almost immediately, getting a few ‘yeah’s’ from the class.

YOU DON'T EVEN SLEEP IN THERE Izuku sweat dropped.

“I don’t care how you select it, just get it over before homeroom ends. And. Don’t. Wake. Me. Up.”

“Wait- me? Why?” He asked, looking around the room, eyes wide. I MEAN- IT'S NOT LIKE I DON'T WANT IT...
“Dude- are you serious?” Eiko asked looking at him in minor disbelief.

“You are truly the best candidate for it, with your analytical mind, and tactical skill, I have no doubt you would represent this class to the fullest,” Tomoyo announced, moving her hand in chopping motions.

“What she said,” Doi added, leaning back on her chair making it balance on its back legs, causing Tomoyo to start lecturing her.

“You guys...” he whimpered ever so softly, grasping his chest.

“You need a vice representative, too,” Aizawa mumbled from beneath the teachers podium, voice slightly muffled by her sleeping bag.

“It’s between Iida and Yao-momo then,” Kyoka hummed, trying to spin her pencil on one of her jacks.

“Hey fuck you, I can be a good vice rep,” Katsumi snarled.

“I am not letting you vice represent this class, you pomeranian,” Kyoka shot back, smirking.

“I’LL FUCKING HANG YOU BY YOUR-”

“I wanna be vice rep.” Minerva’s announcement killed whatever Katsumi was going to say back to Kyoka.

Everyone in the class turned and said ‘No’ in union.

“Midnight- Is it true that UA has All might in its teaching staff?”
Nemuri pouted internally, *third day in and the tabloids have already learned about that?*

“Is it true that a male has enrolled in the Hero course?” another reporter asked, her microphone almost poking the R-18 hero in the cheek.

Her eyebrow twitched in annoyance, face still stuck on a pleasant TV-ready smile. “I cannot say anything on the matter. Our student’s identities are confidential until the sports festival-” Her look turned to one of lust and sadism with practiced ease. “Wouldn’t want to end the teasing too soon, would we?”

The reporters shivered from the aura she had started generating.

“But it is the public’s right to kn-”

“It is our principals choice to withhold that information, and it is the student’s right to privacy. I am sorry sweetie, but both your and my hands are tied,” she sighed, acting giddy at the thought.

“Now if you are done, you need to vacate the premises, I have a class to get to. Maybe I could tease you some other time?~”

She winked and took a step backwards. A reporter tired to follow her in, only to activate the motion sensor and trigger the ‘UA barrier.’

She could have sworn she saw two red eyes in the crowd staring back at her in the last second before the steel shut in front of her.

*Huh- those looked more unhinged than the usual paparazzi...*

*Oh well.*

She huffed, deciding to just ignore the normal antics of the media and started her trek back to the main building.

*Why did I apply to become the public relations head anyway?*
The class grew roudier with small arguments starting to take place.

“We should vote,” Momo muttered, her voice not quite getting to everyone.

“THAT IS A GREAT IDEA, DEMOCRACY IS THE ONLY WAY TO GO!” Tomoyo announced, “EVERYONE THAT WANTS TO BE THE VICE PRESIDENT, RAISE YOUR HA-”

“Wait-” Kyoka cut in, “If Green is the rep; shouldn’t he just pick the vice rep?” she leaned back. “We can trust his call on the matter, can’t we? I mean- we did pick him for a reason.”

Tomoyo tapped her chin thoughtfully before nodding. “That- that does make sense Jirou, good call.”

Midoriya gulped, No, bad call. Everyone turned to him.

*Why have you forsaken me like this Kyoka?*

“I- uhh-” his eyes darted between everyone, each having an expectant gaze of their own.

*This is too much so sudden- and I can’t even pick with the str-

Wait- I know

He took a deep breath. “Yaoyorozu.”

The girl in question got stuck between swelling her chest with pride and feeling overwhelmed by the news.

“You just picked her cause you like her Yaoyoroppai,” Minerva hissed, loud enough for everyone to hear.
Everyone in the room swore they heard glass crack, though no one was sure as to where the sound had originated from.

Izuku’s face was frozen and Momo’s was hidden behind her hands against her desk, hoping the floor would open up and swallow her whole.

His neck made an unnatural groan as his head swiveled to look at the source of that despicable sentence.

“Mineta Minerva, could you repeat that?” The dark tone of his voice sent shivers through the class. They were feeling actual killing intent from the man for the first time.

“Imsosorrypleasedontkillme—”

He took a few breaths, trying to calm himself.

*Killing isn’t heroic—*

*Maiming isn’t heroic—*

*MURDER. ISN’T. HEROIC.*

“If you need an explanation,” Izuku said, his internal chant subsiding as he pulled his eyes away from the miniature woman, “Yayorozoru proved herself highly intelligent and analytical, more so than me, in the combat training- plus her inputs during the planning phase showed that she could close up any of the gaps left by me...” He droned on, the killing aura fading as he continued his explanation. “She is the best choice for representative, I can assure you that.”

The class stared for a second, then nodded, mumbled and grunted, accepting his explanation in their own ways.

There was no room to argue with his point; The opposing team had splintered, neither Shoko nor
Katsumi establishing a proper leading position or a working plan, and the other two groups didn’t even consider a leader and did their own thing.

And they knew how that turned out.

Izuku’s team was the only one to have a proper leader, and from his explanation; a right-hand-woman.

Momo only sunk lower to her desk at his explanation blushing even more at the compliments he had built his argument on.

... You...

*You really see me that way?...

She started worrying that Kyoka or Mai would notice her heart thumping wildly against her ribcage.

---

*Such easy-going lives- you heroes...*

The reporters turned and gave up; with the gate closed no one was getting in, no matter how much they crowded the structure.

*No real opposition other than the ones society labeled as ‘villains.’*

With all the reporters trying to get their equipment packed up she walked up to the door, crimson eyes echoing her grin as she touched the heavy steel plating with one hand.

*time to turn the tables,*

The steel oxidized, cracks of rust spreading over the surface like an infection. The gleaming and shiny surface rotting away and crumbling into mere dust in the wind.
Time to announce our counter-attack.

Chapter End Notes

seems like I will have to slow down to weekly updates, Curse you university- Also the next update might be even later than that (wanna get the entirety of USJ done before posting it)

with that being said, hope to see you next time

P.s. if you want more of these shenanigans join the TC discord link: https://discord.gg/5pjUyUt
“I’m surprised you’re not sad about being selected as vice rep, Iida.,” Ochako hummed taking another chunk of her white rice. *It’s good- but not as good as Deku’s*... “You had the whole glasses-wearing look going on, too.”

Some of the girls in the ‘1-A’ table nodded along, others didn’t look back from their own conversations; Izuku had a ‘you can’t just ask that’ look. She smiled back sheepishly.

“On the contrary: I didn’t want the spot, I have my eyes on the presidency of the student morals committee!” Tomoyo said, a slight smile tugging at her lips. “But thank you for your concern, Uraraka.”

The brunette smiled back, “I’m sure you’ll be picked for that, you are always prim and proper-”

An alarm blaring cut her off, causing her to jump slightly in surprise along with the rest of the class.

“Security level three has been broken. All students please evacuate in an orderly fashion.”

Izuku’s world came to a stop. *Level three? That means- we have trespassers?* His mind raced trying to remember what Nozomi had thought him about the UA protocols during his time working here.

He didn’t have much time to think, however, as the rest of the student body started to stampede out, some knocking over tables as they panicked and screamed. Tomoyo had grabbed onto one of the older students and was trying to figure out what the alarm was about, but was cut short as even more students plowed through, breaking up the clustered groups they were in.

He started panicking- with the way things were going people were going to get hurt- even trampled to death. He looked around- and was struck by someone slamming against his chest- *Ochako?*

He ignored the pleasant sensation of her body squishing against his, and wrapped his arms around her, trying to get some of the pressure off her back.

“D-Deku?” she mumbled, looking up and blushing furiously.
She saw his eyes. *It’s the same look he had after destroyin’ the zero pointer…* her breathing stopped for a second, her heart clenching.

He had to stop this before somebody actually got hurt.

But he needed a way to get their attention.

*How could I even…*

He looked down.

*Kacchan is right, I am an idiot.*

He leaned down, trying to close the distance between them to tell her of his plan, which only caused Ochako to start panicking harder, causing her quirk to activate on its own.

“How did you know?” he mumbled as they started to float above the crowd. *Doesn’t matter…*

He pulled her into a hug and let One For All loose, kicking the air; while it wasn’t very strong without winding up, it was enough for him to slam above the exit, making a large bang as his back hit it.

*Ow-* he looked at the students that were now paying attention to him.

“What ARE YOU DOING?” He screamed- more than a little pissed about the whole situation “WE ARE UA STUDENTS: FUTURE HEROES! WE SHOULDN’T BE PANICKING AND TRAMPLING EACH OTHER OVER THIS!”

“He’s RIGHT!” Momo said from her corner, squished against the window; she had managed to generate a megaphone in the second the student body had stopped moving. “IT’S JUST THE MEDIA, NO NEED TO PANIC!”

Their eyes met; Izuku gave her a smile, which Momo answered with a softer one.
After the student body calmed down after their intervention, Izuku tapped Ochako on the shoulder, trying to get her attention. She looked lost in the moment, face flush and eyes closed, gripping onto his blazer for dear life.

“The stampede is over- you can deactivate your quirk now.”

She didn’t respond for a second- then cracked an eye open, her eye shining like a tourmaline gemstone in the mid-day glow.

His breath died in his throat. She’s gorgeous.

She blushed harder. “S-sure, sorry I... it activated on its own.”

“No problem- I was going to ask you to use it anyway,” he smiled.

She clapped her hands and he landed gracefully, holding her in a bridal carry.

Momo was on them in a second. “I checked the rest of the cafeteria, no one was left behind. We should head out, too.”

Izuku nodded, letting Ochako down. “Follow me, I know where the meetup location is.”

Both the girls nodded and started tailing him; he was the only one that knew where the location was, after all.
class representative.

Soon they were joined by Izuku, Ochako, and Momo.

He nodded at Tomoyo curtly, asking if anyone else was missing or hurt, and breathed a sigh of relief when he heard that everyone was accounted for.

Thirty minutes later, a horde of ectoplasm clones came by, taking the roster of each class and announcing that the classes that afternoon were postponed due to the press trespassing, and the classes were ordered to head back to homeroom.

Nozomi walked out of the main building, Hikaru and Nemuri at her sides, both looking tired as hell after their extended ‘interview’ by the press.

*I will make a point to sue every goddamn media outlet that let these reporters think trespassing on UA ground and forcing interviews out of our teachers, on a class day no less, was an acceptable thing to do.*

Her tail was standing tall, and the whole UA staff knew what that meant; she was on a warpath

“Midnight, get Hound Dog and Power Loader,” she ordered, not even pulling out her pager like she would have.

She looked at the gaping hole that used to be the UA barrier, taking in the pile of rust occupying its space.

“We will get to the bottom of this.”

*I grew too complacent playing with Midoriya. This should not have snuck up on me.*
“Man Midoriya, you were so goddamn manly at the stampede!” Eiko commented as the class finally made it back to their classroom, Mina nodding profusely next to her, causing the man in question to flinch ever so slightly and rub the back of his head.

“S-sorry kinda got lost in the moment.” He said meekly, falling back to his shy self, earning a few chuckles from the class.

They were interrupted by Aizawa entering the room and bringing out the hero costumes.

“Grab your Hero gear, we have a field trip,” Shiko huffed. “Or don’t, it’s for rescue training; some of the gear might not be of use.”

Izuku stopped for a second. *Is this really safe…? We did just get trespassed.*

Aizawa’s eyes locked onto his, and she knew what he was thinking. She felt the same way.

*No way that was just a reporter that did that to the barrier.*

But she shrugged. *No one would be foolish enough to attack the USJ, not this fast anyway.*

The minute shrug, which was only caught by Izuku, as the rest of the girls already went to their lockers, was enough for him.

“It’s a little deeper in the campus so we will be taking a bus there. Don’t be late,” Aizawa added tiredly, leaving the room in silence.

---

Soon enough he was in front of the bus in his hero-suit; his gauntlets in the overhead storage, Momo at his side, matching her costume in face color, which was fading thankfully, doing a headcount.

With everyone accounted for, they boarded the bus as well, sitting on the empty gap left for them.
“Did you actually need to do a headcount?” Tsuyu croaked, a finger on her chin.

Izuku shrugged and gestured towards Aizawa, who was napping on the front seat. “Someone had to,” he said simply.

“Fair enough,” She hummed before growing silent.

“Actually, I had a question” Tooru broke through the idle chatter of the bus, “your quirk is similar to Kaminari’s, isn't it? I mean you both spark up...” Her gloved hand tapped where her chin was supposed to be.

Everyone fell silent, eyes landing on the man in question.

Izuku was trying to put what it was into words.

“N-not really. The sparks aren't actually electricity, unlike Kaminari’s, it’s more like, uh... a side effect of my quirk?” He let One For All spark in his hand. “Total Command just causes that to happen when I think too much about a certain body part. I don’t know what it actually is but, I know its not electricity.”

*Good to know I can still make shit up on the spot.*

Momo looked over to the green lightning storm flicking around between his fingertips, somewhat entranced.

“Wait- Raka was struck by it once, wasn’t she?” Mina added, making Ochako pale. “What do you think it is?”

She looked around seeing surprised and curious expressions. “I… I think its just his thoughts manifesting a bit?” She avoided people’s gazes and looked out the window. “That’s what it felt like to me, at least.”

That explanation satisfied the class and they went back to their individual conversations.
Thoughts manifesting? He looked down on his hand Guess One for All can do that too- or maybe it’s cause of Total Command and it synergizing?

He hummed slightly and let the power fade, thinking about how the lightning he generated worked and behaved the whole way there.

Hitomu hummed to herself, looking over the rust that was left over at the gate.

“I don’t know what to call this other than- I think decay? It just looks like the door just decided to crumble in on itself, oxidized to the point it couldn’t hold its form…” She shook her head looking away from the electron-microscope and the spectroscopy results.

“The composition of steel matches what the door used to be so I am assuming that whoever did this doesn’t have like a ‘transforms metal into rust’ quirk or something, but I am unsure; could be a number of things.” She looked at Nozomi.

“All I can say that whoever that did this, is dangerous: touching someone might oxidize their skin or rust over their blood or something. We hold no records of a quirk that does anything like this, might be a new villain, or one that just went under the radar till now.”

Nozomi hummed. “Thank you, Loader- I’ll try getting in touch with the hero association and see if they have anything on their records or anyone with a registered quirk that’s similar to this one.”

Just who are you?

What was your plan?

And is this a declaration of war?
“We are here,” Shiko announced, her eyes snapping open spooking some of the students. “The USJ.”

“Universal Studios Japan?” Mina asked, a gleam in her midnight eyes.

“Cool- I always wanted to go there!” Doi added.

The whole class looked at them both.

“D- did you think Universal Studios Japan is inside UA?” Kyoka asked, eyes widening.

“Well Aizawa sensei called it USJ so…” the two of them said simultaneously, making Shiko sigh in exasperation.

_I did tell them I would help them with academics, didn’t I?_ Izuku huffed to himself, rubbing the bridge of his nose. _That’s gonna be a challenge._

“USJ stands for Unforeseen Simulation Joint,” Shiko corrected, shaking her head. _Those two are going to give me so many headaches, aren’t they?_

“Ohhhhh...” Mina nodded,

“Wait- Joint?- this just feels like you were trying to fit the acronym,” Doi huffed.

“You know what ‘acronym’ means but you thought it was the theme park?” Kyoka asked, getting puzzled by how Doi’s brain worked.

“I trust my teachers!” She defended herself, crossing her arms and turning up her nose.

“She lied to us on the first day of class!” Eiko countered.
“Enough- get out.” Shiko huffed already feeling the headache coming from dealing with the antics of the class.

They didn’t listen for a second but got the move on when Izuku and Momo got up, asking them to depart off the bus.

*Those two managed to get them to follow their lead already?*

Shiko smirked.

*This year’s class is something else.*

He fiddled with his gauntlets as they walked in, feeling the now familiar mass on his arms had put him in a chipper mood.

*It’s like carrying around the support other people gave me…*

He then remembered something and his eyes searched out Ochako.

*I have to see her face when she makes her appearance.*

He got his wish when the shutters opened, and a hero in a familiar space-suit greeted them.

Ochako’s face broke into a child-like smile and she looked giddy, happy to see her favorite hero in the- uh suit?

He couldn’t help but smile along.

“There is the flood zone,” the figure started, “Landslide zone,” Her voice echoed off in an ethereal and alien way out of the puffy space suit. “The conflagration zone and much more: *every* disaster
you can imagine, it is in here.”

“Welcome students, to the USJ!” She finished, raising her arms up for emphasis.

“IT’S THE SPACE HERO, THIRTEEN!” Ochako exclaimed, not being able to hold herself back anymore, all but vibrating with excitement.

Aizawa walked up to her co-teacher and whispered, “Where is All Might?” Thirteen sweatdropped. “She said she ran out of time during her commute.”

Shiko groaned. “I thought she moved into the teacher dorms already? Not doing so is the height of irrationality.”

“Aizawa, how did you not know she hasn’t moved in? It’s been three days.”

Well now, Shiko wasn’t going to admit she just slept in the teachers’ lounge for the past three days.

Even if it was the most logical thing to do, she knew people reacted weirdly to that.

So she just shrugged.

Thirteen just tilted her head and decided that the grumpy, tired homeroom teacher of 1-A was something that no-one could decipher.

“Let’s get this started,” Shiko mumbled after a bit, around when Ochako started finishing her Izuku-esque muttering spree about Thirteen.

*Is that thing actually contagious?*

“Before we do; I got some things to say, just like three, maybe four...? Ah, in any case,” Thirteen coughed into her hand. “As your friend just said, my quirk, black hole, can suck up and tear apart anything. As much as I use it to save people…” she clenched her fist, “I could just as easily use it to kill.”
The students flinched, Thirteen’s voice suddenly gained a lot more weight.

“I don’t doubt that nearly all your quirks have the same potential,” She un-clenched her fist. “With Aizawa’s Apprehension test, you all saw your limits and hidden potential. And with the combat training with All Might, you learned how to use your gifts in combat.”

“This time, you will learn how to utilize your gifts to save others, to save lives.” The Space Hero bowed. “I hope you all leave here learning that you are meant to help people, and thank you for listening!”

The class clapped, moved by the speech.

“Now follow me- the first simulation is the crevice rescue.” The students followed the two teachers down the steps to the main clearing, and up another flight, towards the fake mountain.

Izuku’s gauntlets beeped, he looked down on the screen.

*Signal lost?*

---

Mei looked at her tablet groggily; it had just lost signal of Izuku’s Gauntlets.

*Mecha-Might said they had a field trip today- didn’t he?*

*He probably went out of range- should boost that when I get the chance…*

With that she went back to her nap, Power Loader had asked her to leave the workshop for a while, along with the rest of the support class.

She just had nothing better to do.
Not with Izuku in class anyway.

Weird…

“Deku! Keep up!” Ochako called out for him. Oh, shit- right the class.

He jogged to catch up- then he sensed the air shift.

The teachers seemed to have noticed it too as he, Thirteen, and Aizawa looked at the same spot over the fountain as the air began swirling, a black abyss opening up between the class and the exit.

“What is that-” Eiko muttered, squinting towards the ripple in the air.

“What is that part of the simulatio-” Doi asked, voice curious.

“EVERYONE GET BACK!” Aizawa ordered, her hair starting to float. “THIRTEEN, MIDORIYA, YOU TWO ARE IN CHARGE OF THE CLASS!”

Izuku nodded and looked at the space hero, gazes matching.

The swirling black mass pulsed and tore open, a woman covered in hands walking out of it, A black … abomination flanking her.

There was no other word to describe that thing; brain exposed, its body a malformed colossus of exposed black musculature; its red tendons giving it an outright abyssal look.

The two were then joined by an increasing number of other women, their costumes makeshift and haphazard, yet somehow intimidating and vicious looking.
“More robots… ?” Mina asked fearfully taking a step back

“No, Those are real villains,” Aizawa answered pulling her goggled up over her eyes. The class shivered as the killing intent emanating from the newcomers finally hit them.

The portal started shifting as the last of the villains entered, getting vaguely humanoid, two piercing yellow glows appearing on the mass. “The staff schedule said All Might was supposed to be here…”

Aizawa’s face turned to a scowl. “So you were the ones that broke the barrier?”

“All that trouble; and she isn’t even here?” The woman, clearly the leader grunted, hand going up and scratching her neck “And we pulled all the strings we could to get here in time…”

“Hey, ” she stopped scratching her neck, “Wonder if a few dead students would summon her here.”

“Shall we see?” She hummed as the mass of villains started smirking.

*Time to shed some blood.*

“The infiltrator sensors aren’t triggering… if my gauntlets lost signal, that means we are cut off from calling for backup… and they attacked while we were in a secluded area, while the rest of the school is trying to figure out what went wrong with the barrier…” Izuku started analyzing, each fact filling him with a little more fear.

“These guys don’t seem like idiots. This was a coordinated sneak attack. And if they were here to attack All Might… they have something strong,” he finished, eyes focusing on the black abomination; the rest of the class tensed up a little more.

Aizawa didn’t even flinch. “I’ll take care of them.”

“Aizawa you can’t, there is just too many! You specialize in quick one-on-one figh-”
“Midoriya, no hero is a one-trick-pony.” she huffed taking a step closer as the villains marched towards the staircase. “While I understand your worry, don’t spend it on me and take care of your class. It’s not rational.”

With that she jumped towards the group at the bottom of the staircase, capture gear swirling around her and eyes glowing red behind the goggles.

Thirteen turned to Izuku, “You make sure no one gets left behind, I’ll lead us to the back exit.”

With that Class 1-A started its retreat, leaving Aizawa to deal with the villains.

The villains didn't know what hit them as their quirks failed one by one, Aizawa taking out the so-called ‘long-range’ squadron with ease, capture-gear wrapping around three of them, and with a flick of her wrist, all three crashed headfirst into each other, effectively knocked out of the fight permanently.

“I know you.” a villain with stone skin and 4 arms bellowed, laughter in her voice. “You are Eraserhead aren’t you? Your quirk allows you to erase other quirks.”

 Fucking media...

“You can't erase Mutation type quirks though, can ya?” She laughed and dashed towards the erasure hero, “Let's see what color you turn when you become paste!”

“Oh?” She smirked under the cover of her capture-gear, “You think I am unprepared for Mutation types?”

She closed the distance between them instantly, her fist contacting the villains face with force her slender body shouldn’t have been able to generate. With a flick of her free hand, the tape was behind the villain’s ankle, tipping her further. She took another step forward, flicking another finger, causing another villain to trip forwards onto the path of the airborne villain as the hero grabbed her falling foe’s head, slamming it down onto the tripped one. Both villains slammed against the ground with enough force to make the cement crack.
“How irrational do you think I am?” she asked the villains that now started surrounding her.

1-A had made it to the door, if they could just get out they would be home free-

“I won’t allow that.” The air hissed, rippling and turning black before them.

Thirteen extended an arm out in front of the class protectively.

“Stay back children!”

“Oh don’t worry,” the portal spoke, “they’ll stay behind.”

A portal opened up under thirteen and swallowed her whole.

Suddenly things got a lot worse.

“And now time to scatter the rest...”

Izuku’s eyes widened. *Fuck. That!*

“SHOKO! FREEZE OUR FEET NOW!”

She didn’t need to be told twice, ice covering their shoes and rooting the class to the ground just before the torrent of shadow passed over them, not being able to transport them to god-knows-where.

“You are going to be difficult eh?” the ghostly voice mumbled, irritated.
Izuku looked up with a determined gaze, the panic in the rest of the class starting to subside.

*With him with us*- They all started to drop into fighting stances, the ice holding them down crumbling away.

*We can deal with whatever they send at us.*

“Aizawa, just take care of her.”

Aizawa could barely register what happened as she was blindsided by the abomination, which grabbed her by the head and slammed her into the ground.

"You like the boss monster? I call it the anti-symbol of peace," The villains parted, letting the lanky woman with the hands covering her body to pass through. "Biologically engineered to kill All Might." the beast's hand started crushing the hero's skull

“Don’t kill her *just yet.*” The villain mumbled, the monster halting.

“I want her to watch what happens to the children first...” Her voice got sickly sweet. The sick smile she sported was almost audible in her tone.

Aizawa weakly struggled against the grip.

*I erased its quirk- how strong is this thing?*

Izuku was rolling with the punches, trying to come up with plans to defeat everyone that the portal-villain was dropping in. Thankfully Kacchan had taken the initiative and was going ham at anyone that seemed susceptible to her quirk, while Momo had taken the role as second-in-command, doling out tactics when he had his hands full with a batch.

“Pneumatic lance” His left gauntlet announced the large blunt tip of the upper guard shooting out
with immense power, launching a villain with a mutation quirk that caused her to be overly muscular with spikes coming out of her shoulders, back to her allies, making them all crash into the wall knocked out.

“Kaminari, they have some using conductive weapons, use your quirk against them, think of them like they are huge lightning rods.” He ordered- but was cut short.

“I saw enough,” the portal villain hummed as suddenly the ground became pitch black.

Izuku looked at Shoko, who had just lifted her foot to reposition herself-

Oh no.

The class now found themselves back in the main clearing, the villains giving them a wide berth.

He was instantly aware of the teachers’ states.

The abomination was holding both Thirteen and Aizawa up, both looking barely alive, let alone conscious.

Aizawa looked like both her arms were turned into jello and Thirteen… her suit had been torn asunder

“Oh, you all…” the light blue haired villain with hands all over muttered, “Glad to see the main course is here.”

He looked back at his class for an instant.

He wasn’t really liking his chances, too many variables, he didn’t have time to charge One For All…

And if they disposed of the teachers that easily…
Dread started to spark in him.

_No- _He forced a smile—*I am not going to show weakness. I will be just like All Might*_

“A man… so the rumors were right.” the villain hummed.

“And he seems to be a capable leader too; we lost half our men to his tactics,” the portal villain announced, blinking into reality in her physical form, wearing a tuxedo and metal bracings around her neck, next to what seemed to be the leader.

“Is that so…?”

Aizawa flinched.

_NO!_

“Noumu…”

“*Kill him first.*”

Izuku barely had time to raise his left gauntlet up to block the punch.

The next few seconds happened almost in slow motion to the class and teachers.

The punch hit his raised gauntlet, and the metal bent; the sickening sound of metal shearing and bones breaking echoed throughout the USJ.

The punch followed through, the bloody mess of meat and shrapnel that used to be his arm slammed against his head and another sickening creak echoed the expansive space.

Izuku ragdolled.
His body slammed against the ground and bounced once.

His head rolled to the side, neck bending in an unnatural angle.

His now hollow and lifeless eyes looked aimlessly towards his class.
“D- deku?” Ochako whimpered, looking at the unmoving body of her classmate. Her hands trembling.

The villains started to laugh, watching the class come into terms with what had just happened.

“Vitals fading…” his right gauntlet all but whimpered.

Katsumi was the first to start crumbling. “W-what…”

She took a few steps forward, not caring about the abomination that was staring down at them, her pupils shrunken and shaky; just a few steps away lay the body of her fallen childhood friend.

“No…” Momo mumbled, eyes already tearing up.

Shoko couldn’t breathe.

“Th- this is a dream right-” Katsumi whimpered, her legs finally failing her, collapsing on her knees. “G-get up…”

The whole class was starting to break down. Mina bawling her eyes out, Minerva whimpering about being too young to die, Ochako’s eyes growing dull and manic-

“GET UP YOU BASTard!” Katsumi screamed voice cracking in the middle of her outburst, punching against the ground.

No movement.

No breath.
Nothing...

“W- why..” she sobbed openly, joining the rest of her more emotional classmates. “Yo-”

She hiccuped. “Y-you don’t deserve this…” she weakly punched the ground again.

“You didn’t deserve any of this…”

“Bakugou...“ Momo stepped forward. “W-we- we need to get out of here...” She tried to place her hand over the now sobbing woman, only for her to jerk her shoulder away.

“No need to hurry,” the leader of the villains taunted, enjoying their suffering. “None of us are going to hurt you yet.”

Aizawa whimpered, looking at the corpse of her student.

He hated his body.

At that moment he truly did.

His cervical vertebra had dislocated, tearing the neural pathways. Breaking his brain’s connection to the rest of his body.

He couldn’t move-

He couldn’t breathe-

He knew he was dying.
And he could do nothing to avoid it.

Total Command was useless now; he couldn’t control his body, not with his connection severed.

He couldn’t even die faster. His pacemaker nerve keeping his heart rate high enough to keep him alive.

He was stuck there.

Suffocating inside his own body.

He knew that at one point his body would pass on as his cells started to die by the lack of oxygen.

But until that moment, he was stuck there.

On the ground.

Trapped in his own body, watching his-

Watching his first true friends suffer and mourn him.

His vision started to fluctuate, the color fading, his brain not having enough oxygen to keep it steady.

He would have cried if he could.

He really hated his body.
“W-what are you going to do to us?” Mina whimpered, taking a step closer to Eiko.

“Kill you off one by one when we get bored…” the leader chuckled. “So keep the tears rolling. It’s fun to watch.”

“No.”

Everyone was surprised to hear Ochako have so much hatred in her voice.

She took a few steps forward looking ready to lunge at them all.

“Uraraka-” Tsuyu grabbed her shoulder. Ochako looked back with so much anger to make the frog-woman flinch.

“Let me go.” She hissed. Tsuyu’s grip started to weaken “I need to make em’ pay.”


She pulled her shoulder back hard, causing Tsuyu to fumble and let go.

“He saved it once. If puttin’ my life on the line means I could do somethin’ to pay him back... I’m takin’ my chances.” She hissed.

Bakugou started to raise up, surprising Momo “You…” She grunted, eyes raising up to look back at the monster that took her Izuku away..

The monster that just made her darkest nightmares become a reality.

“I am going to kill you.”
No bravado, no scream, no pride.

She was stating a fact.

Momo didn’t know what to do, and started panicking.

“S-stop- dont-” she grabbed onto Katumi. “Izuku wouldn’t have wanted this!”

Katumi flinched.

“What do you know?” she grunted shoving out of the other girl’s weak grip “Besides. Why would I care what he thought?”

“Because you loved him too!” she whimpered, not being able to hold herself back.

“You are dumber than I thought,” Katumi growled.

“Why the fuck would I love the idiot who would stand out in the rain trying to find a cat cause he heard it meow.” Her hands clenched, trembling

“Why would I ever feel something for the asshole that just wouldn’t give up his dream? Or me-chasing after me even when I was making his life miserable?”

Momo let out a choked out sob.

“Why thE FUCK WOULD I FALL FOR THE BASTARD THAT DIED ON ME AFTER ALL OF THAT?”

Ochako had managed to walk up next to her, even with the rest of the class trying to hold her back, by the time Katumi was done with her rant.
“Oh this is priceless!” The leader cackled manically. “Love is going to win the day girls~”

Her laughter died, edges of a smile showing from around the hand on her face.

“Noumu, kill them both.” Her words hit the students with the force of a truck, and the beast flinched, its eyes locking onto the two.

“Make it slow, I want to hear their resolves die first.”

Izuku was sure his brain was shutting down now. He was having full visual and auditory hallucinations, Ochako snapping like that… and Katsumi-

Not to mention the 8 voices screaming inside his head.

He wasn’t sure if those were just the last firings of neurons that were now truly dying, or society was just incredibly wrong on their idea of after-life.

One sounded… familiar?

Then… he stopped caring.

He just…

Couldn’t.

His brain simply didn’t have the power to.

It was a weird sensation.
Having the clarity of death envelop him...


The two heroes-in-training didn’t even stand a chance.

Noumu had grabbed onto both of Ochako’s wrists in one hand, and simply tanked Katsumi’s explosions wrapping both of them in a tight hug.

The girls squirmed at first, then started screaming when the beast added pressure their bones groaning and popping under the stress.

Nobody could move. Not a single twitch of a muscle. They were all paralysed by fear and despair as they watched two more of their classmates start to die.

He heard the scuffle and in his last moment before his vision fully left him he saw the beast grabbing onto the two women.

He heard their screams.

His own scream joined the eight.

A neuron.

A single neuron.

A single motor neuron, with the soul function of giving his neck goosebumps.

It managed to spark for an instant.
It’s axons triggered another.

That one spark was all he needed.

His diaphragm contracted, chest heaving as he took a sharp intake of air, rapidly oxygenating his blood.

Noumu’s crazed look shifted to one of camaraderie, as though hearing its own kind; it started turning to face the source of the sound.

His eyes regained their life, and his brain blared to life; the neural pathways of his spine healing rapidly, using nearly all of his stored stem-cells.

His body burst with nine different colors of lightning.

Suddenly everything was clear, almost in slow motion.

*I need to save them.*

“CHAIN SWORD” his one functional gauntlet *screamed*

He was on his feet before the rest of the thought processed.

Multiple sections of solid titanium alloy burst out from under forearm plating, quickly aligning and collapsing into a large broadsword.

Noumu, even with its high acceleration quirk didn’t have time to react as its arms were liberated from its body.

Both Ochako and Katsumi fell to the ground gasping for breath, looking at the crippled monster, large black arms bleeding profusely at their sides.
“**Fuck.**” his voice sounded demonic reverberating out of his broken trachea.

He stabbed the sword coming out of his gauntlet through the beast’s chest laterally.

“**You.**” He heaved with all the power One For All gave him, tossing the Noumu to the side, the abomination crashing into the staircase and getting embedded in it.

The lightning arcing throughout his slouching body became uniform, fading back into a pure green.

Katsumi started crying again, smiling this time. Ochako finally let her own tears fall.

The sword collapsed back into his arm and he grabbed onto his own head which was hanging slackly against his chest. He pulled it back up and forced his neck muscles to snap the misaligned joints back into place, his head twisting around slowly, his emerald eye glaring over his shoulder to the crowd of villains.

An eye; shining a piercing, radioactive green.

Even with the broken left arm hanging limply, bleeding onto his white pants and staining them red, he looked like their nightmares combined.

They all shuddered.

“**Katsumi. You take care of Handmaid’s Tale over there.**”

“**Shoko, on me, we are killing whatever the fuck that thing is.**”

“**Hana, Doi, you take care of portal bitch.**”

“**Momo, you take point on the rest of the class. Grab the teachers.**”
“Let’s show these shit-stains why you don’t. Fucking. Mess. With. UA.”

Everyone looked at him. His classmates starting to cry harder, this time with happiness and relief.

The leader broke through the sobs of his classmates. “YOU-YOU CHEATER!” She screamed.

“A MAN WITH A QUIRK? THAT’S IMPOSSIBLE! YOU ARE CHEATING! YOU CAN’T HAVE AN EXTRA LIFE! YOU SHOULDN’T BE ABLE TO GET BACK UP!” She continued her childish tantrum.

“What?” the lightning surrounding him started growing wilder, his trachea creaking as surrounding muscle tissue pulled it to shape, the cartilage healing rapidly. “You attacked us and you don’t know our motto?” His voice slowly returning to normal as he went on.

One for All’s lightning struck Katsumi, eliciting a soft groan, then it hit Ochako resulting in a similar reaction.

“When your body is at its limit, force it to take the next step.”

The villains watched in fear as the green lighting started arcing between the group of students that were just lost in despair.

“Push beyond your limits; Go beyond what you could.”

They weren’t lost anymore.

Their eyes had changed, their posture had changed. The scared and hopeless looks vanished, now replaced with one of pure unadulterated determination.

Suddenly the villains felt like they were the fish stuck in the barrel.
“PLUS ULTRA!”

None of them were ready for the student’s retaliation.

Ecstatic wasn’t an emotion Kyoka felt that often. But after watching Izuku get back up, there was no other way to describe what she was feeling.

Then the lightning started— a part of her knew she should have been scared, but her logical side opposed that.

_No way Izuku would do something to hurt us._

And when the lightning struck her. She was bombarded by raw unfiltered hope; making her heart swell and head clear.

_We can win this_, her brain echoed.

It sounded like _him_. Him whispering encouraging words right at her ear, intimate and empowering.

_We will beat them._

Katsumi was shooting through the air before the leader could respond to Izuku’s war-cry, using a shockwave to send the hand-covered form stumbling out of the central field, back up the stairs she was standing in front of.

Momo quickly generated a diamond-encrusted, graphene pole; tossing it to Doi. “That villain has metal on her neck, get the tip above her and the ground.”

“And. Let. Everything. Loose.”
Doi’s golden eyes sparkled as she smirked, grabbing the pole out of the air. “I thought you’d never ask.”

Hana grabbed onto her waist and used her tape to rapidly pull both of them towards the portal villain, who was staring in shock at the spot where the leader had disappeared to.

Ochako was right next to Izuku by the time Shoko had joined his side.

“I’m joining in.”

He looked at her, focused eyes piercing her down to her soul. “Ochako…”

She shuddered a bit; she never knew how much she needed to hear him say her given name until now.

“Young power is better at taking down groups,” he stated.

“But…” she tried to argue. “I don’t want to lose y-

“Don’t worry. They had their chance.” His voice grew softer as his head snapped looking at the Noumu, its arms had regenerated, and was pulling itself out of the hole it was in

“They already lost.”

With that, he lunged towards the beast, Shoko ice-surfing after him

The group of villains started shivering hearing that last sentence.

“W- what is he talking about?” one whimpered. They were never the type to go against stronger opponents.
This was not part of their agreement.

“Why are you getting so scared?” one of the younger, less experienced villain mocked. She didn’t know the feeling of defeat yet. “Just a bunch of students- let's just kill them all.”

The villains, against their better judgment, rallied a charge at the group of students just as the Noumu roared and pounced towards Izuku and Shoko.

Izuku, still covered in lightning, countered the Noumu’s punch with relative ease this time, redirecting the unstoppable force behind its hand towards the ground without a second thought.

He didn’t know what was going on. Everything was happening so suddenly, but at the same time; moving in slow motion.

Then again he didn’t have time to think about that.

“Shoko.” He said quietly, the woman in question freezing the limb at the spot it had struck the ground.

As the Noumu was trapped, he ax-kicked its exposed brain. But the beast didn’t even budge under the weight of the blow.

“Just what is your quirk?” He hissed jumping back, Shoko sliding next to him as the Noumu broke out of the ice keeping it trapped and roared.

“You’ll figure it out if we beat it enough,” Shoko said simply.

“Yeah, but it would be so much easier if it just told us.”
Katsumi was keeping her distance from the villain, only using medium range blasts to knock the fucker around.

The leader panted, “Why are you keeping your distance? Scared after I killed your boyfriend once?”

Katsumi smirked, “You see, that doesn’t work when you are panting and need to specify ‘once’”

The villain grunted and dashed at her, Katsumi dodging with an explosion to the side, both damaging her assailant and avoiding her grip.

“You are really shit at your job aren’t you?”

The villain’s eyes started to glow red with rage.

“Slippery brats!” The portal villain hissed as Hana pulled Doi away from yet another gateway.

Doi was laughing her ass off the whole time.

“You thought we would just stand around and let you warp us?”

Hana was smiling widely underneath her helmet. “Guess she did!”

“Uraraka!” Tomoyo called.

Ochako ducked under another villain’s attack, touching her chest. “Bye~” she muttered before
Tomoyo kicked her with all her power, Ochako releasing her quirk just before the villain slammed against her other allies.

“That’s another three,” Tomoyo breathed raising back up.

“How many left?” Ochako huffed.

“Not enough to keep us down!” Tomoyo announced voice determined.

“You gotta little of the Deku mindset in ya’!” Ochako giggled, “But I guess we all do now.”

Both heroes-in-training turned to face the remaining villains. “Let’s show ‘em, shall we, Iida?” The gravity-breaking girl dropped to stance.

“Right!” Tomoyo said, grinning under her faceplate.

Aizawa was not sure what, the actual fuck, was going on as of this moment.

One second, she was staring at her dead student, the student she had failed so miserably.

The next, he was standing back up, all of 1-A screaming in a war cry, taking on the villains like well-oiled machine.

Now she was getting carried by Rikku, with Mai carrying Thirteen beside them?

“What?”

“We got you sensei- don’t worry.”
“I wouldn’t move if I were you,” a villain threatened, holding up Minerva in one hand. “One false move and grape-head over here becomes Grape-juice.”

Momo’s eyes locked onto the Villain, one of the thirteen left after their failed counter-attack.

“Fuck it.”

A gunshot echoed through the USJ.

The rest of the students, as well as some of the villains, stopped and looked at the source; Momo.

Standing there with a shotgun in her hands.

Then their eyes drifted to the villain holding the miniature woman, she coughed and fell to her knees. A bean bag dropped from her chest, and her hand went to the location, gripping onto the bruised flesh, letting the shortest of the class go in the process.

Minerva dashed behind Momo the moment she was freed from the grip. The creation quirk user cocked the weapon, the used shell ejecting and clattering on the floor as a fresh round was chambered.

“Anyone else with bright ideas?”

Five villains surrendered at that moment.

Shoko noticed it first.

Izuku was slowing down, and panting hard. The lightning was starting to fluctuate.
“You can’t keep this up,” she simply said and he groaned in response.

“I know, but the bastard keeps regenerating.” He huffed dodging another attack from the, now delirious beast.

“So your Quirk is Decay, huh?” Katsumi’s voice echoed from the side.

Izuku turned to Shoko, eyes widening as a grin curled on his lips.

“I have a plan.” he said reaching into one of his pockets with his right hand.

______________________________

He better have fucking heard that.

Katsumi huffed, dodging another swipe from the woman with one of her gauntlets reduced to dust.

“Shoko, Plan 15-M!” His voice echoed.

Katsumi remembered the times they played villains and heroes as kids.

15-M… *Lead them to each other?*

*You madman…* she smirked.

She started dodging towards the Noumu, the villain taking the bait, hook line and sinker.

Izuku’s eyes and hers met for a second.
“JUST FUCKING DIE ALREADY!” the villain screamed and lunged.

“Grenade Launcher: Smoke round”

The area was covered in white smoke.

The villain’s eyes widened as the Noumu, not the Explosion heroine, appeared in front of her.

No!

Suddenly two hands grabbed her own from behind and pushed them onto the Noumu’s exposed brain.

NO!

“I told you I would kill you,” Katsumi said to the now dying abomination, limbs anchored by ice; its inhuman shrieks filling the USJ.

Izuku was by her side holding the leader’s other hand.

The villain looked at the two of them with hatred. "USING FRIENDLY FIRE? YOU ARE THE LOWEST OF THE LOW!"

Izuku looked down, face devoid of any emotion.

“I told you. You lost the moment you messed up your chance.”

“What, killing you?” She seethed, too angry to even scream.
“No,” his grip tightened around her hand “The chance to leave when you got here.”

“You lost this fight the moment you started it.”

Katsumi looked at him.

*Guess I did rub off on him?*

She wasn’t sure if her heart was beating faster cause of the adrenaline or *him* .

The Noumu stopped screaming and went limp.

*“Signal re-established”*

*“Huh?”*

Hatsume’s tablet screeched with a torrent of notifications.

She woke back up, rubbing her eyes, looking at the messages. “He got back in rang-”

‘Left gauntlet; no signal’

Her stomach dropped

‘Right gauntlet; user log:

> User health critical

> User vitals falling
Her grip tightened around the instrument, hands and breath shaking.

>Blood oxygenation 6%

> Brain death imminent

A single tear landed on the screen.

She didn’t- couldn’t- read further than that.

“MECHA-MIGHT WHERE DID THEY GO!?” She screamed, dashing out of her room.

*Please be alive.*

*Oh god- please be alive*...

Mecha-Might burst into the support workshop, shocking both Nozomi and Power Loader.

“*CLASS END ASSISTANCE AT US NO W*”

“WE ARE GOING AHEAD” Mei added, hanging behind the being of steel and wire, with that the two dashed off

“Wha- US-” Power Loader was cut off by the principal slamming her paw on the table.

“It was a declaration of war!”
Nozomi grabbed a hold of the teacher P.A. system.

Midnight looked to the gaunt frame of All Might, an eyebrow raised. “Is that really your true-

“CONVERGE TO USJ! NOW!” They both looked at their pagers.

“Isn’t that where 1-A-” They both looked at each other, realization setting in.

All Might buffed up.

The gateway villain hesitated for a second as she heard the Noumu start screaming in pain.

That was the second Doi and Hana needed.

Suddenly Doi, with her baton, was above the villain’s head, a wicked glint in her electrified eyes.

“Check-mate~”

Her body started to crackle, electricity traveling through the super-conductive graphene core of the baton and out the exposed tip.

“GUIDED DISCHARGE, 1,300,000 VOLTS!”

The arcs of electricity instantly sought out the path of least resistance.

Which just so happened to be through the villain's body.
Physics is awesome like that.

The gaseous villain collapsed on the floor, smoking slightly.

The ceiling of the USJ burst open so did the main gates.

“HAVE NO FEAR!”

Dust cleared; Mecha-Might was falling down to the ground, All Might was scowling at the gates.

“FOR I AM HERE!”

The leader, looked at the All Mights “No! NO! NOT NOW! NOT WHEN I LOST MY TRUMP CARD!”

“KUROGIRI!” the gateway villain twitched, and as Hana and Doi watched the two new arrivals, she disappeared into the ground.

Katsumi’s grip slacked, and Izuku noticed it. “No wait-” before the villain could capitalize on it Mecha-Might landed behind them.

“IZUKU!?”

Hearing Mei’s voice so distressed caused his own grip to falter. “Mei?”

“GOT YOU NOW HEROES!” The leader broke free of their grip, reaching towards the two students.

“Y’haven’t got anyone” Mecha-might hissed, stepping onto the would-be attacker, knocking the wind out of her and trapping her hands under her body.
“y-YOU!” She choked looking up to the machine with pure contempt. “YOU ARE JUST LIKE THAT FRAUD!”

“VAND奪喰め," a portal opened underneath the leader. Izuku’s brain finally clicked into gear. “YOU!”

“WATCH OUT!”

He tackled Mecha-Might away from the portal as the leader was swallowed by it, the portal fading immediately.

The mech righted itself in order to avoid crushing Mei under its weight. Izuku, still going cause of the momentum, rolled on his back next to it, left arm still bleeding.

“I-” Mei was sobbing uncontrollably. “Izu-” Mecha-might kneeled next to the man, Mei all but crawling off its shoulders towards him. “Izuku... A-are you...?”

He started laughing. “W- we actually did it...” His eyes opened, and he smiled at Mei who just dropped onto him, hugging him for dear life, as if her grip was the only thing keeping him alive.

“Bio-sonar,” his gauntlet opened up and he gently placed his hand on top of her head, leading it towards the center of his chest, fingers gently combing her hair, letting her hear his steady heartbeat. “It’s fine Mei. I’m here. I am not going anywhere.” Although she still shook, her sobs quieted down.

He looked towards Katsumi, who was looking away slightly ashamed.

“Mei, I need to ask everyone something- don’t be startled,” he gently patted her head.

“STATUS REPORT!”
He was answered a few seconds later when the rest of the class ran up the stairs; half of the girls basically falling on top of him and joining into the hug, avoiding the mangled mess that was his left arm. Their voices mixed together like an angelic chorus to his ears: ‘I was so scared.’ ‘Never do that again.’ ‘You’re such an idiot.’ ‘I can’t believe you’re alive.’ ‘Mate with me, ribbit.’ ‘That was so manly!’ ‘That was the coolest thing ever.’

“Sixty villains defeated, two escaped. Both teachers were injured, but are currently stable. And one student injured,” Tomoyo said removing her helmet and tucking it under her arm, a relieved smile on her face. “You.”

They’re safe. They’re all safe.

He couldn’t help but laugh harder.

Chapter End Notes

Like I’d end it like that.

See you at the next one, sorry about the fake-out, I just had to
She had expected the worst while she was dashing towards the USJ, at speeds she could barely keep up in her deteriorating body. She didn’t even think about forcing herself that far. Her students needed her; her successor needed her. No matter how much her body protested she was going to get to the USJ; she would make whoever decided attacking there was a good idea pay.

When she burst through the gates she was expecting mayhem. Hurt students, villains almost winning.

What she didn't expect was to see the central clearing with 15 students tying up various villains, or using Minerva’s quirk to stick them together. Each villain sported a wide range of injuries; bruising, acid burns, bleeding ears, and so much more. Some even appeared to be unconscious.

She almost swore out in English seeing that.

All her years of being the number one hero hadn’t prepared All Might for this: Seeing villains almost relieved to see her. Her eyes scanned and saw Mai and Rikku placing Aizawa and Thirteen down a ways away from the crowd of … Jesus, 60?

The students relaxed as she walked up, glaring at the villains. “Students, are you alright?” she bellowed, her voice sounding colder than usual, making the villains flinch slightly from the power behind her voice.

Momo was the one to respond, looking up from her spot; she had been producing kevlar rope from her back, along with a few medical supplies to give first aid to the two teachers. “Oh thank god-” she mumbled rising up. “We- we are all fine” she answered, still some worry in her voice over Izuku’s condition, the rest of the students nodded along.

“STATUS REPORT!” Izuku’s voice echoed from the other side of USJ. The class jumped, turning immediately towards the source.

All Might crouched down near the teachers, giving a sideways glance to the class. “I am here, you can go ahead.”
The class didn’t need to be told twice as they dashed off.

Aizawa smirked softly from her spot, almost chuckling. “They just broke their dash records from the first day.”

The number one hero looked at the homeroom teacher. “You should try to preserve your energy, those wounds look...stable, but debilitating. There’s no need to strain your body more.”

“Feh,” she huffed. “Plus ultra.”

All Might shook her head. “What happened anyway?”

The Villains answered, “All Might, you’ve gotta get us out of here! Please just take us to Tartarus: those kids are insane!”

“Let me rephrase that; what did you do?” She asked, voice even harsher than before.

“W-we followed this villain to attack you-” the villain replied sweating, “and she commanded this-w-was it called Noumu?” the rest of the conscious ones nodded.

“She told it to-” she gulped, “k-kill some of the students...”

All Might cracked her knuckles absentmindedly, making them flinch again.

“B-but-but it failed” she blustered, trying to scoot away from the #1 hero, failing miserably.

The younger one that had just tasted defeat huffed, “It killed that guy, but he got back up.”

All Might loomed over the villain, her blue eyes shining with the promise to maim them more than they could imagine their bodies surviving.
They all remember the looks 1-A gave them, with that *man* standing at the forefront, and shivered.

*Oh, God. It’s the same- they are all the same- why did I even become a villain; heroes are goddamn TERRIFYING* they thought in unison.

“SORRY EVERYONE!” The teachers Of UA announced, dashing in from the gates All Might had torn open. “WE ARE-.” They saw the lack of chaos: Villains tied up and whimpering in the central plaza; the students grouped across the other side of the USJ, some seemingly hugging the ground in a pile. “A Little late ?... ”

“What?” Shiori blustered looking at the villains, the group going down the stairs, Recovery Girl rushing to the side of Aizawa, Hitomu to Thirteen’s trying to repair her suit; it looked like it was already patched up.

Snipe whistled. “Damn, you work fast, Might!”

“They were like this when I got here,” the number one admitted, taking a few steps back from the villains.

“Wait- so Aizawa...?” they looked at the teacher in question.

“It was 1-A, I took down only 10,” She huffed, wincing as Recovery Girl berated her for talking.

Nozomi started cackling.

“Oh, ok I just gotta...” Hikaru looked up to the ceiling. “WHAT THE *FUCK!* ”

“This year is really promising,” Cementoss rumbled, shaking her head.
The scream pulled the class’s attention; Mai being the tallest saw them first.

“The teachers are here,” she said matter of factly from a mouth on the tip of one of her tentacles.

Minerva, who was being held back by Shoko from joining into the hug-pile, huffed and muttered “finally” under her breath.

Kyoka shot up from the pile, dusting herself and straightening her hero costume; She did not want to be seen hugging Izuku by the teachers of all people. Then she noticed it...

The dead body of the beast that had almost killed Izuku.

“What are we gonna do about that?” she muttered, turning her head away from the stump that used to be its head. Thankfully, There was no gore, she wasn’t the best at handling that. And it wasn’t regenerating anymore, so that was a plus.

“Scans don’t even pick up as a human,” Mecha Might grumbled, walking away and leaving the rest of the class to continue hugging the boy. “Nope, doesn’t have any vital to speak of. You can relax, young hero.”

“You killed that thing?” Nozomi mumbled, from her spot on Midnight’s shoulder, whose eyes looked worried? as she made it up the stairs, Recovery Girl in tow.

“Any students hurt?” the elderly hero muttered looking over the group of young adults.

“OH”

Tsuyu, Eiko, Mina, Tooru, and Doi all got off of Izuku; Ochako and Momo flinched, then scrambled off of him, realizing just what they were doing, blushing wildly.

The action let Recovery Girl see the damage done to his arm, and she rushed to his side. “I TOLD YOU IT WASN’T A CHALLENGE” she screamed, making him wince and Hatsume to grip onto
him tighter. He chuckled weakly.

Hearing him laugh put Midnight in ease. She gave a breath of relief and turned her focus to the dead Noumu.

“Sorry, it turns out an ‘All Might-killer’ hits harder than a steamroller.”

Chiyo huffed “fine you get a pass this time.” She looked at Mei, who was still hugging onto him tightly, ear against his sternum, eyes squeezed shut as she listened to his heartbeat.

“You need to get off him young’un. I can’t see if there is more damage with you there” She hummed, Mei didn’t budge.

“I sai-” Izuku shook his head, his gaze causing the Youthful Heroine to stop.

“Mecha Might, if you could” he hummed.

“What are you-” Recovery girl questioned as the machine walked forward and hummed; scanning him.

“Both the left humerus and radius are pulverized; humerus is fractured and twisted to the side; there's some damage to the tendons and the connective tissue of the spine; but it looks healed over.” Recovery Girl grew paler with each sentence; Mei was shaking against his side. “How are you even conscious right now?” the machine sputtered, its modulated voice getting meek.

“Oh- it's nothing really, I don't even feel it,” he muttered internally wincing - Yeah, I’m feeling all of that- and yet still patting Mei’s head. She would have moved off, but couldn’t give up on the contact just yet. “Do you have any of those gummies, I kinda ran out of platelets, and I don’t think bleeding out more is gonna help my health.”

Recovery Girl seriously needed to talk to him about playing his injuries little mind after this. But… her eyes glanced over class 1-A, You are toughing it out to not worry them, aren’t you?
She sighed, producing a handful of gummies from her coat. “You are gonna be a pain in my neck aren’t you?” Toshiko really picked a hell of a successor, didn’t she?

The class shuddered a bit at the memory of seeing Izuku’s neck bending in ways it shouldn’t have.

Recovery girl flinched at their reaction. *Wait, healed damage to the spine-*

*Oh…*

“Sorry that was not tactful of me, I meant pain in the ass- a force of habit.” Katsumi started to chuckle.

He chuckled softly as well, the reverberation feeling like purring to Mei. “Its alright guys,” he grabbed onto the gummies handed over by the nurse. “Sorry for making you all worry.” he tossed the gummies down his throat, swallowing them with ease

“I’ll make sure it’ll never happen again,” he mumbled, increasing his metabolic rate. His increased body temperature engulfing Mei in a soft warmth, putting her at ease as the rest watched the blood clots rapidly forming on his arm.

“You better not,” some said softly, his light-hearted and easy-going tone making them feel relief.

Mei finally let go after the cops arrived, still not leaving his side. The rest of the class had left to give their testimonies.

She looked lost and scared, sitting next to him as he remained laying down. He requested that no one move him as he forced his body to heal up a little bit. “Did the gauntlet tell you what happened?” he asked, looking up to the ceiling.

“Yeah- I… I was so scared Izuku” She admitted looking down on him. It was weird; suddenly becoming the lead inventor on a high-end support company didn’t matter as much as seeing him again, hearing his voice again.
Holding him close again...

Izuku’s eyes drifted towards her’s. They looked ready to burst with tears, and he felt his heart break seeing her like that. He groaned and sat up slowly, causing her to panic slightly. “I am not going anywhere, Hatsume.” he pulled her into a one-armed hug, letting her head rest against his shoulder. “They’ll need a lot more than an ‘All-Might-killer’ to keep me from coming back to you.”

She whimpered, hugging him back. “Promise me.” Her voice was barely a whisper. “Swear to me that you will always come back…”

He kissed the top of her head, hand combing through her hair. “I swear.”

They hadn’t noticed it yet, but Mei’s heartbeat had synced with Izuku’s after listening to it for so long.

“Deku- they are wanting your testimony now...” Ochako’s voice trailed off as she saw them; Izuku sitting upright, Mei still at his side. So she is the one he was talking about… the one Katsumi needed to apologize to. Hatsume was it?

She gulped.

They seem close…

She didn’t know why she wasn’t feeling jealous this time.

...huh…

Maybe it was just her brain being thrown for a loop after seeing him die then come back to life, her outright joy of just seeing him move again overpowering other negative emotions.

Maybe it was because of the hug they all had just shared.
In any case, she wasn't going to look a gift horse in the mouth.

“Oh, Urara-” She pouted softly.

*I- I called her by her given name in the heat of the moment, didn't I?*

“O-Ochako?” She smiled a dazzling smile in response, Izuku looked lost for a second before continuing “C-could you activate your quirk on just my left gauntlet?”

She walked up and examined it “I- I should be able to- give me a second.”

She gently tapped the mangled mess of metal, stealing its weight. Izuku let out a sigh as the 50-kilogram mass stopped weighing down on his broken arm. The weight of his flesh and blood arm kept it from floating upwards. “Thank you, you literal goddess,” he hummed absentmindedly, walking towards the police.

Ochako started steaming, face flushed neon.

“I don’t think we’ve met yet,” Mei said, If Izuku was still in earshot he would have been worried over how calm she sounded “Hatsume Mei, support course.”

“O-oh” Ochako’s blush started fading, “Uraraka Ochako, Hero course A.”

Hatsume hummed, her golden eyes focusing on hers and doing a once over of the brunette heroine; her signature smile returned full force. “You like him, too, don’t you?”

Ochako sputtered out some disingenuous rejections of the idea, her blushing face betraying her words and causing Hatsume to giggle.

“Come to the workshop sometime, I’ll build some gear for you.” Ochako’s blush evaporated, being replaced by a look of confusion.
“I-” Hatsume started looking away and scratching her cheek, smile faltering slightly. “I’m not the best fighter, I could never hope to keep up with him in something like this. But you can, so I need to ask you…”

“Please keep him safe out there?”

Ochako didn’t know Hatsume, but at that moment the pink haired woman sounded so vulnerable, it caused the inner hero in the brunette to bubble up to the surface.

“You can rest easy, Hatsume.” she smiled, trying to imitate an ‘Izuku smile’.

“I’ll keep him safe.”

Midnight was at his side instantly, guiding him towards the police.

“You feeling ok? You don’t need to do this now; they would understand” she muttered so only he could hear. “They know you had the worst experience here.”

He shook his head. “That would be Aizawa, or anyone else, I didn't have to watch a friend die.”

“Midoriya you almost died, how are you-” she huffed, “You need to stop acting strong; it’s not healthy for you, neither mentally nor physically.”

He chuckled bitterly. “If there is one thing Total Command gives me above all else, it’s tenacity, Kayama-sensei.” he said softly “Even before I knew about it I just kinda tanked the hits and kept going, living my life dreaming no matter the opposition, you know?” he looked at her, and she saw some unknown emotion just behind his eyes. Determination? Sadness? Pure tenacity? Whatever it was, it was captivating. “If I can just keep this long enough to not make them suffer any longer…” he sighed, “If I gave up on it now, I'm sure it would hurt me more than whatever just keeping it bottled would do to me.”

Midnight was at a loss for words, it was the second time he had made her mind blank so hard that just walking was disorienting.
I am going to, honest to god, fall for him if he keeps this up...

“Fine,” she huffed looking away, hiding her blush. “Just... If you need someone to talk to, I can listen anytime, alright?”

“I will keep that in mind, thank you...” he hummed, parting from her and heading towards the policewomen. Who, even with all the other student testimonies, were shocked to see a man in the hero course.

He was back at the main campus before he knew it, heading to the support workshop, where Power Loader was going to attempt to cut the crushed gauntlet off of his arm.

Mei was still at his side, refusing to let him out of her sight. Not that he could blame her; He would be doing the same in her situation.

He was just content to see her going back to the norm: happy and hyper, just the way he grew to enjoy.

“So recovery girl wants to see you after this?” she hummed.

“Yeah, she wants to try healing as much as she can after the gauntlet is off, called me a ‘lucky bastard’ for not needing the hospital, with the clots keeping my body stable so far and all.”

“I guess you are, Mr. ‘you need more than an All-Might-killer.’” She grinned, poking his shoulder.

He chuckled back “I really am...”

For meeting you all...
“So you are telling me..” he huffed eyeing the ungodly looking machine. “You are going to use a high power laser to cut this off?”

Power Loader shrugged. “I mean; we could use the drill if you want?”

Yeah, ok, sure, we are doing this.

“Hatsume, you know how to use that thing?” he asked looking at his companion.

The woman in question perked up. “Do I? Of course I d-” she sputtered a bit. “You want me to cut it off?”

“Well- your quirk is zoom, and you have impeccable hand-eye coordination.” he shrugged “I wouldn't trust anyone else with this.”

Power Loader looked at the two with a smile under her helmet. “I will try to not take offense to that,” she hummed humorously.

He rubbed the back of his head slightly. “Sorry... didn’t mean to; you know.”

“Yeah yeah, I know the trust between a hero and their gear technician. Now take a seat before this bad girl overheats.”

He took a seat and laid his left arm on the workbench, watching Mei take the controls of the large laser.

“Whenever you are ready, Izuku,” she said, folding her goggles down, the ones he made, voice resolute. I can do this.

“Go for it.”
The laser hissed and shot down to the surface of the table, inching towards his arm. Then it finally passed over the iridescent green of the gauntlet, the metal hissing and growing redder with the heat, thankfully the alloy Mei had created was quite resistant to heat transfer, so the red patches did not spread out and burn his skin.

The laser made a U around his arm, close but not dangerously so, the two sides of mangled gauntlet clunking off immediately after the laser passed over them.

The laser stopped humming.

Mei gave a sigh of relief, wiping the sweat from her forehead. “Is it still stuck?”

Izuku grabbed onto the pieces still on his arm and pulled them off, reopening some wounds but the gauges clotting over faster than blood escaped. “Nope, you did great”

Power Loader looked away from the man tearing chunks of metal out of his arm.

The sound of kissing echoed through the hallways, the voice of Recovery Girl telling him to rest following soon after. With that Izuku and Mei exited the nurse's office, his left arm in a sling, bandaged heavily. Most of the damage was healed, his humerus twisted back and the shrapnel of his ulna and radius fused into manageable chunks. She would have done more, but was scared for his body running out of energy; possibly becoming comatose.

He yawned, Mei chuckled next to him. “You finally tired out?”

“I was running on fumes already” he admitted, Mei after little deliberation pushed her shoulder under his, wrapping his arm around her shoulders; supporting some of his weight.

“C’mon you can sleep all you want after you get to your room”

Izuku smiled tiredly giving her an unspoken thanks.
He finally crashed just outside the entrance of the dorms, Mei struggling to keep him from falling face-first to the floor.

“Jesus- how heavy are you?” she panted, stumbling in surprise as his weight disappeared.

“Well, he is that muscular-” Ochako hummed from his other side, hand outstretched.

“Uraraka!” Mei smiled. “So that’s your quirk!” She let go of Izuku, only holding him by the hand as she walked closer to the hero in training. “That’s so cool, so many uses for it. Can you turn yourself weightless? What’s your upper limit? Does the whole object become weightless? Is it really massless or do you just remove the effect of gravity on it?”

“W-what’s the difference on that last one?” The gravity-heroine asked getting lost at the rapid-fire questions.

“Inertia,” Momo answered, walking up to the two, eyeing the floating Izuku.

“See she gets it,” Mei whooped. “Wait, who are you though?”

“Yaoyorozu Momo,” she bowed politely. “And you are- Hatsume Mei right?”

“In the flesh,” Mei chirped. “I see the stories of my babies have spread to the hero course.”

“Well; It’s more like Izuku kept talking about you at times;” she smiled, “a pleasure to finally meet the person that made him his gauntlets.”

Mei blushed slightly. Woah she is beautiful and high-class.

*Wonder if she enjoyed the rest of Izuku’s costume though…*

“Follow me, I know where his room is,” Momo hummed taking point in the small group.
He woke up with a knock on the door. Groaning, he sat up, slightly wincing as the pain flooded back from his still broken left arm and some soreness from his aching muscles.

*That's new...*

He noticed a lump on his bed that wasn't usually there.

*That’s also new.*

He shifted the covers slightly to see Mei under there, wearing one of his shirts and boxers.

*She looks peaceful like that...*

Deciding that the issue about not sneaking into his bedroom could wait, he got out of bed to open the door. He was more than a little surprised to see Momo standing there in her sleepwear; a velvety red sleeping robe.

“S-sorry I didn't mean to wake you-” she said looking away.

He shook his head. “It’s fine, Yaoyorozu.” He leaned on the door frame, yawning. “What time is it anyway?”

“I after midnight,” she said shyly, a hint of red dusting her cheeks.

He looked back up with wide eyes. “What are you doing awake? You need rest after what we went through,” he asked, still half asleep honestly.

“I-” she twiddled her thumbs bashfully. “I know but I couldn’t sleep; I just keep seeing you… on the floor...”
Oh…

He rubbed his head, thinking a little in his groggy state. “Want to sleep with me?”

She blushed a crimson red, matching her robe. “M-Midoriya!”

“Not- not like that, just next to me…” He shrugged. “Might help having me close by to let you remember that ‘he got back up’ you know?”

She looked meekly at him.

*I came here to see that he was fine already, didn’t I?*

*…being close to him would probably do better…*

“I-if you think it would help…” She said, following his lead back to his bed.

Katsumi shot up sweating and panting.

*A nightmare.*

She rubbed her face, unwilling to close her eyes again.

She had dreamt herself dying right after Izuku, seeing him for one last time at the gates of heaven, only to get sent down to hell...

Never to see him again.
She cursed under her breath and walked out of her room.

She needed to see him one more time.

Even if it meant breaking into his room.

After wiping herself down from the sweat she set out in the darkened halls of the dorm.

She hesitated at his door; thankfully Eiko had blustered about having him as a room-neighbor, so she didn’t have to guess.

...against her better judgment, she knocked at his door.

*What am I doing, knocking at his door at 4 am?*

To her shock muffled shuffling reverberated from the other side of the door. He opened it, standing tall in front of her. Wearing his stupid button-up T-shirt with ‘Pajamas’ written on it.

She hugged him immediately, unable to stop herself.

He hugged back without question. “I'm here Kacchan.”

She hugged a little tighter. “This is why I didn’t want you to be a hero…” she breathed.

“I- I never wanted to lose you.”

“You won’t,” he hummed back, pulling her close.
“C’mon we all need rest,” he mumbled groggily after a moment.

Katsumi didn’t object to it, even after seeing the bed: Momo, Mei, Ochako, and Kyoka? Were all sprawled on it.

He fell asleep as soon as his head hit the pillow again, the rest of the girls rolling towards his heat, smiling softly in their sleep.

Katsumi smiled softly as well, the fear from her nightmare having vanished as she found a spot on the large bed, curling close to him.

None of us want to lose him… do we?

Chapter End Notes

I have some questions about how you guys want the smut in this fic to be treated so ere, cast your vote:

https://www.strawpoll.me/16614460/r

See you on the next one~

P.S. https://discord.gg/5pjUyUt join the discord we have memes
Kyoka stirred in her sleep, yawning in the morning light. Slowly sitting up and rubbing her eyes, feeling more rested than she had the past 6 nights in the dorms, even the covers on her felt different.

Wait…

Her vision cleared up, and her eyes were assaulted by posters of heroes, all over the walls. All Might being a predominant one.

W-wait…

She started feeling light-headed with the sudden rush of blood to her face, she knew she was blushing neon red right about now.

And she knew who’s bedroom she was in.

Her eyes landed on the pile of bodies on the bed, Momo with her robe had somehow managed to curl up against Izuku’s left shoulder, Mei over his torso her ear against his heart, Ochako on top of Mei, her cheek against Izuku’s in a weird position that shouldn’t have been comfortable to sustain, let alone fall asleep in.

Katsumi - *Wait, when did she get here?* - was on the bed laterally, curled up on his legs.
And Mina was there? Sleeping on his waist? What?

*Just what happened last night?*

Her brain started to pull itself out of its morning haze, starting to rethread the last moments before she had drifted off to sleep.

She had a nightmare about just what the villains would have done to them after they were done killing Ochako and Katsumi, those dark and manic eyes of the Noumu looking forward even as it crushed the two hero-trainees in its grasp. Looking straight at the class with uncontrollable bloodlust.

She shivered remembering it, hugging herself close.

*Just think of something else. ANYTHING else.*

Kyoka took a few breaths, trying to clear her head. Her eyes gravitating towards Izuku, remembering what he had done; the fuzzy sensation of the lightning he generated buzzing against her skin, imparting to her ideas and inspiration.

His eyes, glowing with both mirth and righteous anger, the same neon green the lightning he was producing en masse…

She knew she was blushing even harder now, but had calmed down somewhat.

*Well, at least it’s not fear that's making my heart beat faster…*

Her jack moved over his face, prodding his nose gently, enough to make him scrunch his face cutely.

*Wait what am I doing?*

Her train of thought was cut short as Izuku shifted slightly, wrapping an arm around Ochako pushing her head under his chin in what looked like an act of intimacy. Which in turn moved his left shoulder, making Momo stir and start to wake.
She yawned softly, stretching out like a cat, her silky black hair cascading down her shoulders.

In the morning light, it looked like a waterfall of liquid obsidian.

Then she noticed where she was.

“O-oh…” She started blushing, not even registering Jirou next to her just quite yet. “He was right… again.”

“Shut the fuck up…” Katsumi swore before turning a little and falling back asleep, scaring them both.

Momo’s onyx eyes widened, looking down on Katsumi, then to Mina, up to Mei and Ochako, then to her side, seeing Kyoka stare back at her.

“When did you…?” The vice rep whispered, trying to not wake everyone up yet.

“I-I think it was 3 am? I’m not so sure, it's still kinda fuzzy” The punk girl whispered back. Even her sleeping gear was a band shirt coupled with what looked like some torn shorts.

“Nightmare?” Momo asked, already knowing the answer.

Kyoka just nodded in response.

“Would you two just shut the fuck up?” Katsumi whisper-shouted, shooting up from her spot.

Then she noticed where she was, and what she had been doing and with whom.

“Oh for fuck’s sake,” she grumbled under her breath a light dusting of red on her cheeks. Dragging a hand over her face, “When the hell did pinky get here?”
“How should we know that, dumbass?” Kyoka shot back, voice barely over a whisper. “We were asleep.”

Katsumi raised her hand to silence her. “Shh… don’t wake him up.”

Momo and Kyoka were shocked silent by the… gentleness? behind her voice, nothing like her usual tone. Even her eyes held a certain compassion that was just rising to the surface now.

Woah…

Izuku shifted back, releasing Ochako from his hug. His hand moving from her head to on top of Mei’s, who almost purred with the contact.

“What are we watching right now?” Kyoka asked, baffled and silent.

I mean it’s cute but-

“Something we should not be?” Momo mumbled, her hand cupping her own cheek, almost cooing internally at the sight.

Katsumi didn't respond just watched on.

Ochako was the next to wake up, stretching in the bed slowly, then raising up, almost sitting on Mei on the process and waking her up, too. Both yawned simultaneously.

“Mor’n.” “It's morning?”

They both blinked, looking around them. “When did you all get here?” Mei groggily muttered, scratching her messy pink curls.

“I think it was like 2?” Ochako answered with a yawn, still not fully awake yet.
Then blinked again.

Her quirk activated on its own, making her float in the air, off the bed.

Kyoka watched her lift off. “And up she goes…”

That caused Mina to stir, starting to wake up herself. “M-” she yawned, rubbing her even messier pink hair. “Mornin’ gals.”

“God, what time is it eight…?” she groaned, sitting up. “Good thing classes for today were canceled.”

Something sprung up along with her.

“Wha…” Mina looked down. They all did.

“I-Is that...?” Momo’s eyes widened. Kyoka looked petrified with fear.

Katsumi looked like she was still trying to process what she was seeing, her face growing redder with each passing second.

Ochako quickly covered her eyes with her hands, peeking out between her fingers.

Mei wasn’t even awake enough to register the implications.

“What’s that supposed to be?” Mina slurred groggily flicking the alien object, causing Izuku to sigh in his sleep. “Silly Izuku, April fools was a month ago- too late to make a fake ‘chest-burster’ joke…” Another flick. “It’s too low on your body anyway.”

“M-mina that’s…” Momo tried to explain what it was, getting too flustered to finish her thought.

Mei had gotten curious now and poked it, too. “Wobbles like a spring… a piece of the gauntlet?”
“You had springs that thick in those? How’d ya fit em?” Mina slurred looking at the fellow pinkette.

Izuku shifted a little more and started to wake up.

“Determination?” Mei shrugged.

“Huh- wha?”

His eyes opened and he saw Katsumi, Kyoka and Momo looking at him faces red as Momo’s sleeping robe.

Well, not at him… lower on his body…

He followed their gaze and saw the issue.

He had an erection.

_Huh_…

Mei and Mina were pawing at it curiously.

_Huh_…

Mina flicked it again. “It really is springy.”

Pleasure spiked through him, sobering him from the morning grogginess instantly.

“WAIT, WHAT THE FUCK?” he screamed, scrambling away from the contact, face flushing a deep red on the way, waking everyone up from their fluster-induced trances.
“FUCKING PUT THAT THING AWAY, DEKU!” Katsumi yelled, covering her eyes with her hands.

“Oh Izuku you are awake, what is that thing?” Mei asked, getting closer to it again causing him to grow even redder in the face.

*Wait, Total Command!*

He stopped the blood flow to the traitorous organ, causing it to go limp almost instantly.

Mina thought for a second still looking slightly drunk on sleep “Oh yeah…it’s his dick, isn’t it…?”

Mei tilted her head to the side, “Oh that’s a penis?” then the realization hit her, her face freezing and starting to blush harder than she ever had before in her life.

His eyes locked onto the two for a second *How did you not realize what it was until now?*

“Thanks for comforting me after my nightmare MidoriyaIgotta gotalk to you laterbye,” Momo sputtered out, dashing out of the room.

“Yeah ditto bye,” Kyoka added unable to face him, her whole upper body looking red, dashing out of the door Momo had opened.

“Sorry for disturbing you alone at night,” Ochako stammered, managing to deactivate her quirk and scramble her way out after the two.

“Wait, don’t fucking leave me behind with this bullshit!” Katsumi screamed dashing after them all.

Izuku watched with a slight sense of betrayal as they all ran out, leaving him there with a catatonic Mei and Mina who was looking unfazed.
After pushing Mina out of his room, he slid down the door, groaning as he did so.

“I t-touched it” Mei’s whisper echoed in his room, he wanted to slap his face with both hands, but his left arm was still broken to hell and back. *Good thing I didn’t jostle it around too much.*

He slowly rose back up from his spot against the door. Wincing at his aching muscles.

*Wait a minute…*

He had heard that ‘morning wood’ was a common thing in men, but he had never had it happen to himself before; he hadn’t questioned it until now.

*It was probably Total Command blocking it subconsci-

*Wait if that was the case, why did I get it this time…*

*And why am I aching all over? I usually heal by no-

*Oh no.*

His face twisted in a mixture of emotions.

*I- it's just cause I used up all the stored stem-cells I had right…?*
Wait, that doesn’t explain the sudden unconscious reaction my body gave...

He was honestly panicking now, his heart rate increasing rapidly.

*Ok ok, calm down, it was just physical contact with the girls- it’s only natural for me to...*

*No, that can’t be it, if that was the reason I would have had the same reaction when Mina hugged me after the combat training...*

*I didn’t even think about stopping it that time; it was subconscious.*

He flinched with the realization.

*I- I need to see Recovery Girl.*

“Mei, I’m feeling better Imma go get Recovery Girl to heal the rest of my arm, I’ll be back,” he said too robotically,

Mei nodded absentmindedly in return, not even registering his words properly.

He didn't even change out of his pajamas, dashing out his room to the infirmary.

“RECOVERY GIRL!” he shouted, slamming open the door to the clinic, making the old nurse jump.

“Jesus, you almost gave me a heart attack, Midoriya,” she huffed looking at him tiredly. “Want me to heal the rest of-”
“I had morning wood!” He announced panic still in his face, panting slightly as he slammed the door behind him.

“... Come again?”

“I woke up with an erection.”

Her eyebrow twitched “You come into my clinic with that obscenity sputtering out of your mouth?” As she went to smack him with her cane, he grabbed the makeshift weapon before it hit him in the head.

“It happened out of my control” he clarified, keeping the cane in place.

“Why does that matt-” she stopped trying to hit him with the cane, realizing why he was panicking.

“MRI scan- you need an MRI SCAN RIGHT NOW!”

Mei was still staring at one of the All Might posters in Izuku’s room, still not moved from her spot.

“I touched it...” she mumbled again.

She didn’t notice the bedding shift, nor the soft footsteps leaving the room, opening the door slowly and softly closing it.

Woah, that was… something incredible to see...

Tooru walked away, naked and slightly dazed.

...I guess his size fits his... Size...
“How-” she hissed looking at the screen in the viewing room, showing a picture of his brain. “How are you even alive?”

He didn’t even twitch inside the scanner.

She slumped back to her chair. “Its neural atrophy; probably caused when your brain was deprived of oxygen, a large chunk of your cerebellum and brainstem looks to be dead.”

She pushed the button, causing the table he was laying on to pull out from the large tube. “I have no idea how you are alive, let alone how we haven’t noticed it til now. How did you even run here; your cerebellum is basically dead: how are you functioning?”

He sat up and looked down on his hands, moving them around experimentally. “Maybe parts of my cerebrum were repurposed to take its roles, too? I have no clue.” His voice was muffled by the glass separating the MRI scanner from the viewing room.

“That explains why so much of the stuff I usually do without thinking isn't happening anymore.”

Recovery Girl looked at him sadly. “So the parts that survived adapted to take the roles of the most essential functions?”

“That’s my theory, repurposing the connective tissue of my brain to sustain life… Total Command could do that right?” he dryly laughed.

Recovery Girl sighed in resignation. “If that’s the case, your nervous system behaves too abnormally for my quirk to work. God knows what would happen if I tried using it now, your brain might just implode.”

“I agree.” he hummed, starting to sit up weakly. “But hey, it’ll heal with time, I am still generating stem-cells...” he stopped, eyes widening. “I-I think?”
“Relax, from what the scan shows me there is some new growth in the area, but nothing major,” the youthful heroine huffed, zooming in on one of the stills of the scan, marking the recent growths between the dead neurons. “Either just thinking about it is causing your body to generate some, or there is enough surviving grey matter to force the creation of stem cells.”

“Oh thank God,” he huffed leaning down, rubbing his head in relief.

“You sound relieved to hear that you have goddamn brain damage,” she rebuked, getting angry. “We could have noticed it sooner if you just let me take you to a hospital.”

“And then what? The damage was already done, and you just said the only way for it to heal is with me regenerating.” he shook his head. “The only thing bringing me to the hospital would have done would be to make the rest of my class worry.”

“There would have been professionals to take care of you,” Recovery girl almost spat, face full of frustration. “That kind of mentality is going to get you killed.”

“A hero’s job is to protect others, even their feelings,” he countered softly. “The urge to save was the only reason I was able to force life back into me from the brink of death.”

“The only reason you survived is due to your quirk,” Recovery girl scolded. “Don’t come at me with that suicidal rhetoric; I’ve had my fill with Toshiko always babbling it.”

“S-sorry,” he muttered, getting up. “Can you heal the rest of my arm now? They are waiting for me at the dorms...”

He stopped. “And please keep this between us. I don’t want anyone to worry.”

Her face soured “I should tie you to the bed and wait till you heal properly, but knowing you, you would just break yourself more trying to get out won’t you?”

She sighed.
“Fine, but I will log you as ‘clinically insane.’”

“Won’t that cause problems?”

“All top heroes get that diagnosis one day, don’t worry.”

“Ok, so,” Momo whispered to the small group that had congregated to her room; Kyoka, Ochako, Mina, and Katsumi. “We didn’t see anything.”

They all nodded.

“If anyone asks, Ashido slept in Bakugou’s room; Jirou, Uraraka and I shared mine.”

They nodded again.

“Under no circumstances are we to even mention what actually happened.”

They nodded a third time.

“Especially his… reaction…” Momo blushed too hard to finish the sentence, the rest of the girls blushing too, all except Mina.

He has definitely grown since I last saw… Katsumi thought, unable to help herself.

“Aren’t you making a big deal out of this?” Mina asked, causing everyone’s attention to snap to her. “It’s not like its… y’know, unnatural for it to happen, right?”

“I- I suppose…” Momo almost squeaked, blushing harder.
“Plus I would have been madder if it didn’t get a reaction.” The pink skinned girl huffed, pouting slightly to make her point.

“Thats- Uh…” Momo couldn’t finish the thought. *I’m still having trouble coming into terms with its presence, don’t throw this at me, too.*

*Was its size the byproduct of his quiet? NO, NOT THINKING ABOUT THAT! BAD MOMO!*

The rest of the girls seemed to be having the same line of thoughts, going by their almost steaming faces.

“Don’t give me that. We’re all hot; it was bound to happen,” Mina insisted, crossing her arms under her chest.

“Could you fucking stop, raccoon eyes?” Katsumi hissed, her voice meeker than it should have been, but with anger still present. “I don’t want to think about it.”

“Awe you’re all flustered~” Mina cooed.

“Why aren’t you?” Kyoka asked, blushing face betraying her deadpan tone.

“Oh~” Mina shrugged. “Dunno- maybe my lust is overpowering everything else?”

“Your what?” they all shot back.

“Did I say that out loud?”

“I touched i-” The sounds of arguing coming from the other wall broke Mei’s trance, shaking her out of her loop.
Oh… he left.

She gave a sigh; without Izuku there to anchor her in the moment, her thoughts were quickly drawn to the critical failure the gauntlet had suffered.

*He tried blocking an attack with it… and it just crumpled up like wet paper…*

*He trusted that it would have protected him but…*

A single tear fell unheeded.

*He trusted my baby. And it failed him.*

*I failed him…*

She hugged herself tightly

*And after failing him I just… forced myself onto him all day…*

*He must hate me right now…*

She sniffed and rubbed her eyes, trying to ignore the lump forming in her throat.

*I should just go… build something.*

*That’s all that I am good for anyway.*

She quickly changed back to the clothes she was wearing yesterday, and walked off to the Support workshop, face downcast.
“Shuzenji, I am here for my check up-” All Might announced walking in through the main door to the clinic in her true form, meekly looking around the main room of the infirmary. “Shuzenji?”

She walked deeper into the office, following the humming of machinery. *I keep forgetting UA got the funds to have almost a miniature hospital in here…*

*Can’t really complain…* she winced, gently rubbing the area of her scarring.

All Might stopped at the entrance to the MRI lab.

“Toshi?” the old nurse questioned, looking to the source of the footsteps. “Oh right, your check-up. Give me a second till I heal up-” She closed her eyes, sighing, “Midoriya.” It was evident she wanted to say something else but bit her tongue.

“Young Midoriya is here?” “All Might is there?” both patients asked simultaneously.

“Give me a second you suicidal-” she bit her tongue again. “Patients. Suicidal patients…”

After a quick kiss from Recovery Girl, Izuku marched back to his room; his left arm still bandaged but healed fully. He had quickly asked to meet All Might after her own checkup in the teachers’ lounge.

No way he was going to talk about the whole 8 voices thing in his pajamas.

He didn’t notice the weird look Hana gave him when he re-entered the dorms. “Hey Midoriya, why were you out in your pajamas?”

He skidded to a halt. “Oh- uh…”
He stared blankly at her for a second, trying to come up with something.

*Oh wow, the damage even affected that?*

“He probably went to get his arm fully healed, right?” Tomoyo answered for him.

The resident guy nodded immediately “Yeah, I got kinda… excited and went before I dressed up properly…?”

They both looked at him weirdly “Are you feeling alright?” Tomoyo asked tilting her head.

“MAYBE I SHOULD DRESS UP AND GET HER TO CHECK AGAIN HAHAHA!” He announced, panicking and running off.

“What is up with him?” Hana asked, turning to the speedster next to her.

“Maybe facing death head-on affected him a little?” Tomoyo pondered, scratching her chin.

“I guess?” Hana shrugged. “Want some freshly squeezed orange juice?”

“I’d love some, thank you.”

“Uhm- Mei, I came to change,” he announced as he opened his door, only to find his room empty.

*Oh- she left…*

*Well- I did kinda…*
He shook his head, trying to clear his mind of all the nonsense of the morning, put on some casual clothing and walked off to the teachers' lounge.

All Might was waiting there for him. Alone and in her true form.

“What was your question, Midoriya?” She asked, voice heavier than usual like she already knew what he was going to ask.

“I-” he paused and tried to find the words.

“I heard voices, eight of them during my…close call. I was just going to ask if that was connected to One for All.”

“Eight voices?” All Might mused, rubbing her chin. “It might be…” she confessed, her sunken eyes growing resolute. “…I should tell you the story of how One for All came to be: You might be able to understand what those voices were if you know the origin of the power that now resides in you…”

Izuku wasn’t expecting the weight of the words, but leaned in, nodding slowly.

“All right, One for All’s story is intertwined with another;”

“It’s the story of a brother and a sister…”

Chapter End Notes

Happy 2 month anniversary WHOOOOOOO

honestly, thank you all, without you, TC wouldn't be a thing. And I would be I dont
know-less fulfilled?

It's 1 am, I need sleep

and help. please send help.

HELP

(see you on the next chapter)
“THAT CHEATER!” Tsukiko screamed, tossing one of the bar stools, the furniture starting to decay where her fingers had made contact. “HE RUINED IT ALL; THE PLAN, THE NOUMU…”

She hissed and kicked the stool, causing another one of the bar tables to get knocked over, seething with anger. “HIM AND HIS STUPID FUCKING QUIRK!”

The static of the nearby TV on the counter cleared up, a silhouette clad in shadows fading into reality. “Shigaraki, calm down,” came a voice from the speakers, warbled and robotic from the age of the device. “No need to cry over spilled milk…”

“S-sorry master,” Tsukiko muttered, her outburst slowly coming to a close.

“Kurogiri, is she correct about the male with a quirk?”

“Yes, he seemed to have something like lightning… but I am not entirely sure,” the gaseous villain answered, voice reserved and level. “I am sure that he ‘walked off’ getting his neck broken.”

“I see…” The voice from the TV seemed almost pensive.

“One for All has changed hands yet again…”

So... My brother’s legacy...

She smiled, her scarred skin stretching over the psychotic grin that formed, almost tearing at the seams.

Can’t wait to meet him again…
“It was during the first time of the first quirk’s emergence 200 years ago,” All Might began, voice slightly somber.

Oh God, not again...

“I am sure you heard most of the pleasant stuff regarding the time. It’s all society wants to remember…” All Might huffed, not noticing the zoned out look Izuku had gained. “But it couldn’t be farther from the truth.”

Izuku perked up immediately.

“When quirks first emerged, the meaning of ‘being human’ changed, laws became meaningless, progress halted.” The number one hero was looking older with each sentence. “Anarchy took over.”

A sad smile tugged at the corners of her gaunt lips. “It’s funny; in hindsight, they didn’t even notice only women got quirks for the first thirty years or so.”

Izuku would have chuckled if he wasn’t so invested in the story.

“During that time of chaos and uncertainty, someone took hold.” A fire of utter hatred filled Toshiko’s eyes as her voice grew strained. “A woman with a quirk that let her steal other quirks, and to give them to others as she saw fit.” Electric-blue eyes flared.

“We call her All for One.”

“She took what she wanted, and gave to whoever pledged allegiance to her. Before long she had enough people under her command for the government of Japan to mean nothing.” Her shoulders were shaking now, almost as if she was trying to keep her body from shifting to muscle form.

“She ruled Japan; she was ruthless in her rule. The absolute epitome of evil.”

“We- I never heard any of this; not online, not in textbooks… how?” Izuku muttered, shocked to the
“After her fall society did everything in its power to erase her existence from history. In an act of revenge… maybe even fear.” Her shoulders stopped shaking, easing up a little.

“... Where was I?” Toshiko rubbed her forehead.

Izuku looked meeker I shouldn’t have interrupted…

“Oh right. During her rule she did something; something I still have trouble believing…” she tensed up briefly before continuing. “You see, her power to give quirks… It sometimes overwhelmed the target, making them mindless puppets. Other times it blended with the person’s original quirk and caused it to mutate.”

“There is one instance of the latter happening I know of through and through.”

“The tyrant had an older brother. One that she loved dearly. Too dearly…”

Izuku didn’t know what to feel about the connotations.

“He hated his sister for what she had done and was doing. His sense of justice fueling his contempt for her… so in order to get him to like her back, or maybe to force the emotions onto him, she gave him a quirk.”

Izuku felt like he was punched by the Noumu again.

“What no one could have guessed, that giving him a quirk activated something inside him.”

“The power given to him was ‘stockpile’, it melded with a power already inside of him. Something similar to his sister; the power to ‘transfer’ quirks.”

“One for All was born inside of a man. And now, 7 inheritors after the fact, it is back inside one.”
They both just stared for a moment, the silence growing awkward.

“W-Wait- so All for One’s brother had a quirk before she forced another onto him? Does that mean there might be other men with quirks?”

“No...” All Might shook her head, then shrugged. “Maybe? I mean, you have a quirk, odds are another might have one too…”

“Odds are slim, however in the 200 years, there hasn't been another case with a man with a quirk.”

He devolved into thinking mode. Wait… I thought I only had Total Command cause of genetic variation, some mutation that occurred by accident… but if the Brother had a quirk too…

Does that mean all men have quirks?

“Don’t come to that conclusion just yet; we can’t detect the genes for it in any men. Yes, including you. All things considered, you and the First might be the only one to have a part of a ‘quirk gene’ you having one that managed to manifest before being ‘given’ one” All might admitted

Izuku cringed mumbled again dammit… but “Why? Why am I the only one to have this?”

“Maybe you are related to the First, maybe it is destiny, or evolution finally catching up. I don't have the answer for that one…”

She started chuckling “thinking about it, One for All and Total Command are just things that are impossible in the eyes of society right? Maybe you have a 3rd quirk that attracts things that shouldn’t be happening to you”

“Do not even joke about that, I legitimately might have that.”

All Might simply laughed harder.
Wait… that explains it. He let green lightning crackle between his fingertips as he exited the teachers lounge; All Might had a meeting to get to and thus kicked him out. *This, its not One for All synergising with Total command… Its the bases that formed One for All working with Total Command… the power to transfer quirks mutating, gaining the ability to transfer intent…*

*Or… it was never the power to just transfer quirks, It was the power to transfer will, intent…everything.*

*Maybe that was what I heard… the wills of the previous holders?*

He let the lightning fade wonder if that means they are still in me-

His pager pinged, derailing his train of thought. He looked at the screen dumbly for a moment before registering the source. *Power Loader?*

“**HATSUME, CALM DOWN!**” Power Loader screamed, trying to decouple the pneumatic hammer she was using to beat the metal into shape. “**YOU ARE RUSHING IT; ITS GONNA BREAK THE MACHINE. OR WORSE, YOU’LL HURT YOURSELF**”

“**MOTHER, LISTEN TO THE TEACHER PLEASE.**” Mecha Might added, trying to unplug the metallurgy furnace before it burnt the workshop to the ground.

Izuku slammed the door open to the support studio, panting from his marathon to the place. “I... I came as soon as I could...”

Mei stopped her catatonic crafting, looking up towards the intruder. “Midoriya?”

The distraction gave Mecha Might an opportunity to tackle her away from the machines.

“**G-GEt off me!**” she struggled in vain against her creation’s grip.
Power Loader sighed, finally unplugging the equipment before they had a critical failure. “Hatsume, you are banned from the shop for today. Midoriya, take her back to her dorm or something. I need this cleaned up…” *Then I need a stiff drink...*

Izuku nodded grimly, kneeling next to Mei. “C’mon… you need some time off...”

“No I need to… finish the piece.” Her voice wavered; she was slightly tearing. “I need- I need to show that I can build something for you… That’s why we are friends, right?”

Izuku looked dumbfounded “No- why woul-”

“I SAID GET OUT!” Power loader screeched, and Mecha Might tossed Mei out, pushing Izuku out along with her.

“Please take care of her...” the goliath whispered before the door closed behind them.

“I-” Mei sat down on the floor of the hallway, gazing blankly at the closed door of the support workshop.

“I guess I am not good for anything…”

Izuku’s face fell at the sheer depression she had in her voice “Mei… what are you talking about?”

“What do you mean?” her eyes were full of tears now. “I failed you, my baby turned against me. And now I am banned from even building stuff cause I am so bad at it…”

“Mei you didn't fail me. Mecha Might only did that cause he is worried for you, and you were banned ‘cause you need a day off.” He crouched next to her, gripping her shoulders gently. “Why would you even think that you failed me?”

“T-the gauntlet… It broke when you tried defending yourself with it…”
He didn’t respond, just pulled her into a hug, forcing her ear against his chest again.

“You hear that?”

She was blushing, tears slowing down, the steady beat of his heart filling her with warmth. “Y-your heart?” Why is it making mine beat faster?

“Do you know why it's still going?”

She pushed her head off his chest, looking into his eyes. “W-why?”

“Because someone I care for gave me this amazing support gear. It soaked up most of the impact, letting me get away with only a dislocated neck, instead of decapitation…”

“Mei.” His voice was barely more than a whisper. “I am alive because of your gauntlet.”

Her heart clenched.

“I- I’m…” Proud? Happy? Relieved? She didn’t know how to describe what she was feeling. Words couldn’t do it justice.

So she acted. Letting her body take the reigns.

Izuku didn’t get a chance to react as Mei pushed forward and pressed her lips to his.

His body sparked with One for All in his panic, green lightning crossing the gap between them.

She felt his admiration, appreciation and feelings for her. It was transferred to her with the arc between them, in ways words simply couldn’t convey.
The mix of sensations made her feel light-headed.

She pulled away from the kiss, eyes still closed, resting her forehead against his shoulder.

“Izuku, I love you” She murmured; finally knowing what words to use to describe what she was feeling.

“I…” He didn’t know what to say. He never thought someone would actually love him. Familial, sure, friendship, yes. But not this type of love.

He was overthinking, his tongue felt like lead in his mouth.

But the question was simple.

Did- do I feel that way towards her?

His fingers ran through her pink hair as he pushed her back slightly. The confusion on her face lasted only a moment as his lips met hers again, wrapping his arm around her waist and pulling her into his lap.

Of course I do- how could I not?

Mei could feel his heart beating against her chest, increasing in pace as he pulled her deeper into the passionate kiss.

She could also feel hers matching his beat for beat.

After what felt like an eternity, he pulled back. The look of happiness in her eyes made his chest feel like it would burst. “I- I love you too, Mei.”

Her heart soared.
“The villains coughed up most of everything they knew,” Detective Nao announced in the teachers’ meeting, holding up the testimonies of all the 60 villains they captured, along with the testimonies from the students.

“From what they said, they had been approached by this ‘Shigaraki,’ the villain covered in hands. The students state that she was apparently the leader of the operation, with the quirk of ‘decay,’ according to Bakugou Katsumi from class 1-A.”

Nozomi scratched under her muzzle, remembering the state of the barrier.

“She’d summoned them with the promise of killing All Might,” continued the Detective, flipping through the pages. “Their main method of transport was the ‘Warp Gate’ quirk user, Kurogiri. There is no record of either in the quirk registry, so they are presumed to be from the underworld of society.”

“So what you are saying… is that we know next to nothing,” Snipe huffed under her mask.

“What I am saying is, even this… League of villains didn’t know much about themselves.”

“Weird.” Midnight leaned on her palms. “Usually even villains don’t blindly follow one another...”

“They didn’t, they probably followed Shigaraki due to her control over the Noumu, the beast that crippled both Eraser-Head and Thirteen, and almost killed Midoriya Izuku” The detective turned to Recovery Girl whose eyebrow was twitching remembering what he had requested of her “The police did their own autopsy of it, and we found that it had multiple quirks, too.”

“Oh...” All Might cut in; her voice grim, rubbing the scar on her torso through her clothing. “We all know what that means.”

A cold realization spread through the room.

“She is back...”
Izuku never imagined this happening… neither getting confessed to nor the moment followed.

Mei was at his side as they left the main building, clinging to his arm yet unable to look at his face.

And to be fair, he couldn’t quite look at her either; the sparkle in her eyes made it hard for him to keep his heart steady.

*Plus with my subconscious is gone, God knows what would happen if I looked at her for too long. I might literally get a heart attack…*

*Again.*

Mei on the other hand… was having the same dilemma.

*... Now what do we do?*

*Kiss more? That felt nice…*

She was fidgeting slightly as they made it back to the 1-A dorms.

Mei froze mid stride, with her grip on his arm he noticed it too, stopping too

“IZuku I-”

She bit her thumb, looking away from him “Where do we go from here?”

He looked lost as well, his response to her confession, although honest and heartfelt, was said in the heat of the moment. He hadn’t even thought about how the future would pan out after that… not
how it would have affect his interactions with the rest of the class. Nor how he should act towards her now…

“We…”

He huffed, scratching his own scalp “I don’t…I don’t know where to go from here…”

Then he remembered.

“Yaoyorozu…she might know…” He knew her father was married to her mother.

She must know what they should act like...

Right?

“Do you know where Midoriya is? He has not been around since the morning… I am getting worried” Tomoyo admitted to Momo, both were in the common room watching a documentary about rescue heroes.

“O-oh…” She blushed remembering the morning’s debacle. “He… He should be fine, probably still with Recovery Girl.”

“But he came back from that this morni-”

They both stopped and turned as the door to the dorm opened, Mei and Izuku walking in, walking side by side.

“Oh, guess he was with you… Hatsume was it?” Tomoyo bowed in introduction. “A pleasure to meet you. I am Iida Tomoyo.”
“Oh, hello Iida” Mei muttered softly, eyes locking onto Momo’s, “can we borrow Yaoyorozu for a second?”

“I- It’s kinda important” Izuku added, rubbing the back of his neck.

Both Tomoyo and Momo looked at each other.

“I don’t mind.”

“Y- you confessed to each other?” Momo asked, shocked out of her mind. She tried to ignore the lump forming in her throat as she said those words.

Of course she did… Izuku is amazing…

“Yeah… and we don’t know what to do from here…” Mei said, twiddling her thumbs nervously. “Izuku said you would know…”

I… that’s just...

Her shoulders slumped. “I… honestly don’t know that much, My parents aren’t really around, you see…”

“Oh…” Izuku suddenly felt much more awkward about the exchange, “S-sorry, I didn’t know…”

“You love her… right?” Momo asked, hoping against all hope that her own feelings wouldn’t be for nothing.

It’s a useless endeavor… of course, he loves her, he wouldn’t just lie about something like that...

“I do…” He answered, starting to feel something off about Momo’s voice.
“Wait…“

Both Hero-class students looked at Mei, whose amber eyes were focusing on Momo’s onyx ones.

She knew that emotion.

She just felt that emotion.

“You love him too, don’t you?”

Izuku’s brain just stopped processing for a second.

Then resumed in denial mode “Wh-what of course not- why would someone like Yaoyorozu love me?”

“HEY YOU ARE A GOOD PERSON. WHY WOULDN’T SHE LOVE YOU?” Mei countered, a little louder than intended.

Neither noticed Momo starting to blush madly.

“What if I do?” She meekly said, feeling some weight shift from her shoulders from her partial confession.

*Now… I can move on.*

“Oh cool we can both figure out what to do together then,” Mei said, her trademark smile shining through as she grabbed the other girl’s hands.

“Eh?” Momo eyes widened. *She can’t seriously mean*...
Izuku looked like he had run out of CPU.

“We both love him right? We can both learn how this relationship thing works from each other!” Mei exclaimed, happy to have another girl to help her through this.

*Plus she looks like she is smart enough to figure it out!*

“A- are you offering to share Izuku with me? Y-your boyfriend...?” Momo said slowly, still trying to process what the actual fuck was going on.

“Our Boyfriend,” Mei said, *loving* the ring to it.

“B-but that’s not…” Momo muttered trying to make sense of it.

*None of the novels I read went like this!*

“Not what?” Mei asked tilting her head like a confused puppy, looking far more adorable than she had any right to be after that bombshell.

“Relationships are supposed to between two people, not three!” Momo exclaimed trying to get some sense into the situation at hand, ignoring the multiple harems the world had nowadays, still going with what those old romance books as gospel.

“But… won’t that make you sad?” Mei asked, already knowing the answer.

“It... it would…” Momo admitted her voice getting softer by the end, her onyx eyes swimming with emotion.

“I couldn’t be happy if someone was sad because of it,” Mei announced with a huff “I am willing to share him.”

“But- but won’t it be weird… sharing him with other people?”
“Did you sleep uncomfortably in his bed last night?”

Momo’s mouth snapped closed. *No that was the best sleep I had…*

“We- I…” Momo’s denial was fading. Only one last problem remained; it was all her brain could give before simply giving into Mei’s logic.

“Shouldn’t Izuku decide if he wants to be shared?” *Does he even love me?*

“You heard her, what do you think Zuku?” Mei asked, gently nudging him.

Izuku fell forward, onto Momo.

Unconscious.

Chapter End Notes

Izuku.exe has crashed and needs to restart
“Toga! TOGAAAAATAAAA!” Nejire pounded the much taller Hero-course student’s muscular shoulder trying to get her attention. “Have you heard? Have ya?”

“Heard what?” Tamai, the gloomy and lanky member of the top three huffed. The motion causing her dark hair covering her left eye to shift.

“There is a male in class 1A! Isn’t that exciting?” Nejire announced smiling broadly. Her curvy body almost vibrating with excitement “I heard he was strong enough to break the robots in the exam with a punch!”

Tamai flinched. “Whoa… he sounds strong…”

“He has Power, eh?” Mira, the muscular and tall one of the three said aloofly. She looked like a miniature All Might. The only thing that gave her away was her rather… simplistic face.

“Yeah! Yeah! I heard he was a government experiment that escaped!”

“Hado that sounds a little far-fetched…” Tamai mumbled looking away. She is gonna be at this for a while…

“And remember that vigilante from a while back? The guy?”

“Knuckleduster?” Mira hummed, remembering something Madam had mumbled about the mountain of a man.

“Yeah! They say he is his father!” Nejire beamed, “And All Might his mom!”

“W-wha-? How? All Might hasn’t been off duty… ever?” Tamai mumbled only to get ignored by the other two.
“What’s his name though?”

Nejire poked her chin trying to remember the name of the current center of gossip. “I think it’s something with a Mi...was it Mi-”

“-DORIYA?!” Momo managed to exclaim just before all 150 kilos of muscle and tempered bone that was Izuku collapsed onto her.

Mei watched as her man collapsed onto Momo.

Wait…

She looked at them both, laying on the ground, Izuku on top of Momo.

Is this what sex is?

“M-Mei help me-” Momo grunted, blushing feverishly trying to push the unconscious male off.

...God I can feel each muscle fiber when I push against him…

Wait…

“Oh God- OH GOD IS HE ALIVE?” Momo was truly panicking now, and if she didn’t calm down she would soon join Izuku in unconsciousness.

Then again, she wasn't overburdening her cerebrum with the tasks of all other parts of the brain.

“Oh- OH!” Mei shook her head, coming out of her trance and pulling her unconscious boyfriend off of the raven-haired hero.

With what looked like little effort.
Wait... what?

Momo looked at Mei dumbfounded; she had managed to pull Izuku into a sitting position, head lolled down seemingly asleep.

Then she noticed her arms.

Arms that looked lanky and wiry at first glance, but as they were gripping onto the back of Izuku’s shirt, they bulged.

Arms of someone that gained upper body strength over the years pounding steel into shape.

Oh right... Support course.

“You alright?” the pinkette asked, crouching down, still holding onto their... wait yeah- he never answered.

Wait...

RIGHT-

Momo scrambled up, grabbing his wrist, trying to find a pulse. She sighed with relief when she finally felt it.

Strong and steady.

“Oh thank goodness...”

Mei laughed silently. “Don’t worry, he isn't...you know... He promised he wouldn’t...”
Momo let her shoulders slump, relieved and a little embarrassment. “I- ...I’m just worried, especially after yesterday…”

“...I am, too,” Mei looked away, scratching her cheek. *But his chest was moving, so-*

Izuku grunted, slowly coming to.

“I-Izuku, are you alright?” Momo asked, getting a little too close by accident.

He reacted before the rest of his brain knew what was going on and scrambled back a little.

Onto Mei.

*Boobs.*

He was blushing feverishly now. Mei gently hugged him from behind reflexively, pushing him against the soft point of contact.

*Fuck that.*

He shut off his tactile sensations, letting himself calm down.

“W-what were we doing?” He coughed trying to remember what was going on before his black out.

“You were having sex with Momo” Mei mumbled. She was stroking his hair but he wasn’t feeling it.

His neck almost snapped again when he turned back to look at the pinkette. “What!?”

Momo was *steaming.* “Wh-wha-wha?”
Then, it came back to him.

Momo’s admittance.

She loved him.

He would have honestly passed out again if shutting off the somatosensory sections of his brain hadn’t taken some of the burden off of his cerebrum.

He slowly looked back at Momo, who quickly averted her gaze, still flustered by Mei’s comment.

_No- no way. She can’t be in love with me…_

_She is just too… too…_

_ Intelligent? Beautiful? Amazing? Perfect?_

…

_She is too Yaoyorozu to fall for someone like me…_

“_I-..._” Momo was blushing even harder now, and her eyes were darting all over the place.

_God. Fucking. Dammit. Stop muttering._

Mei huffed, nuzzling his shoulder blade absently. “You didn’t reject mine… why are you rejecting her feelings?”

“N-No I di-didn’t-” Izuku stammered, trying to find the proper words. “I- I just can’t see why either one of you fell for me…”
Momo’s blush started to fade.

Mei was looking sad and annoyed. “Zuku…”

“...Maybe I was looking for something like this… but...” Momo looked at her hands, opening and closing them slowly. “You- you are…” she clenched her fists. “You understand how I feel, and try to help me out without pity or bias… You’ve helped me better myself, in both quirk and state of mind…” She let her hands unclench relaxing as the thoughts finally flowed freely. “Even knowing how I feel about myself… you looked at me like I was this... beautiful, intelligent, unstoppable hero already.”

Her breathing shook ever so slightly. “H-how could I not fall for someone like that?”

Mei and Izuku looked at Momo, who was still looking at her hands. Mei with understanding and sympathy, Izuku slack-jawed and flabbergasted.

“I- but…That’s what you are...”

“Zuku…” Mei hissed, pushing him off her lap, towards Momo. “Take responsibility.”

Momo looked up at him, smiling and eyes slightly teary “This... This is what I am talking about... y-you said it so easily, so earnestly... I…” she palmed her eyes rubbing the tears away. “S-sorry...”

Izuku re-engaged his tactile sensations as he scooted over to Momo, gently enfolding her hands in his. “N-no need to apologize.”

Momo gave out a soft, happy whimper. “Izuku… “

She leaned forward. “I love you.”

Their lips made contact.
Inko shivered again, the second time that day, but didn’t pay any mind to it.

*I want to hear his voice...*

She was busy watching the news.

About the attack on USJ.

*I NEED TO HEAR HIS VOICE!*

Momo knew this was selfish. She only hoped Izuku could forgive her as she pushed in for the kiss, feeling a spark when her lips met his.

She decided that this would be worth it even if he didn’t.

Izuku didn’t react for the first couple of seconds, then slowly moved his hand behind her head, pulling her deeper into the kiss.

Momo felt rapture as she pressed into him, causing them to fall back onto the grass. The movement made Izuku’s hand tug at her hair tie, freeing the black locks of her signature ponytail.

She pulled away, now straddling his lap, hair spilling around her face. A light blush had formed on her cheeks as though she was intoxicated. *I... want more...*

Izuku was again gazing up at her like she was a goddess, his fingers combing through her hair. All of this, combined with the turmoil of her mind, was goading her to go *further*, to rush things.

“Izuku, Mei... want to come to my ro-”
Her sentence died in her mouth when something started to ring.

Izuku’s eyes widened. “That’s... Mom’s ringtone.”

That sobered up the young Yaoyorozu instantly, causing her blush to shift from intoxicated to embarrassed, quickly scrambling off of Izuku. “S-Sorry Midoriya!”

“You can call him Izuku…” Mei said, looking curiously to the two of them. So that’s what sex is...

Maybe?

Izuku blinked for a couple of seconds, trying to come into terms with the fact that he had just been kissed on the lips for the third time that day and in his life.

I think I might never get used to that...

His phone ringed again. OH SHIT RIGHT!

He answered the call. “Morning, Mom.”

“IZUKU!” the device screamed, causing him to wince and pull the phone away.

He placed his ear on it again when he heard the other side grow quiet, both girls watching the interaction curiously.

“IZUKU! Izuku, is it you?” The other side was quieter.

“Yes, mom. Sorry for not calling sooner, it's been… hectic lately.”
“Hectic? You were attacked! Are you alright?”

He looked at the two girls. Momo was asking something to Mei about meeting his mom, to which the pinkette responded with a curt shake of her head.

“Yeah, don’t worry mom. I am in good hands,” he laughed awkwardly, rubbing his neck absently. “And hey, we defeated even more villains this time.”

The other side sighed in relief. “All those months ago, I did say I wouldn’t get used to this easily, didn’t I?”

Mei, unable to be stopped by Momo grabbed onto the phone, pulling it out of Izuku’s hands “Don’t worry, miss Midoriya; He isn’t going anywhere! He promised!”

“Oh- I’m glad to hear that but... who is this?”

“Hatsume Mei! Izuku’s-” Izuku clamped a hand over Mei’s mouth, stopping her from finishing that sentence.

“Oh! Hatsume! Izuku’s best friend? He kept talking about you. Glad to hear you made it into UA, too.” There was a brief silence. “Could you take care of my son, please?”

Mei looked at Izuku and, after a moment of thinking, he let go of her mouth.

“Sure thing, I’ll make sure he is safe.”

“Thanks Hatsume- could you put Izuku back on?”

Mei complied, giving the phone back to its owner.

“Honestly, If you don’t marry both her and that Uraraka girl, I will ground you young man.”
Izuku’s face became a shade of red never before seen by mankind. “M-Mom, I’m 18...”

“And that is the legal age to marry, now propose to them already.”

“Mom!” His mind started placing wedding dresses on Mei, Ochako, Momo, Katsumi…

Oh, you have enough processing power for that? You useless sack of-

“They love you already, Izuku. Go and pop the question.”

He sighed, trying to shift the focus of his mind. “How are you so sure?”

“A mother always knows.” Inko giggled from the other end. “Now go get them; I want some cute grandchildren.”

“Have a nice day, mom...”

“Call me sometimes. I miss talking to my baby boy”

“I’ll try to.”

With that, he hung up the phone.

Mei was beaming at him. Momo had a soft smile gracing her features.

“I like your mother!” Mei announced, grabbing onto his arm and resting her head against his shoulder.

“Seems like she likes you, too,” he huffed, gently petting her head with his other hand.
“What was that last part about?” she asked, neither she nor Momo had heard his mother’s side as she had almost whispered the last parts.

“Uh- nothing major, she was just telling me to-” *Man, lying is harder than I remember it being.*

“To not do anything reckless again,” he breathed, “or she would ground me.”

... *it's still easier than the time I had to do it in the morning.*

Mei accepted the answer and nuzzled into him a little more. “Wanna go see if the documentary is still on?”

Izuku nodded as the two of them moved forward back to the dorms. He stopped about halfway, realizing that Momo wasn’t following them.

“Oh yeah…” giving a look to Mei who let go of his arm, he walked over to the raven-haired girl, who was still rooted at her spot, looking slightly like she had done something villainous and was not regretting it.

“I’m sorry… I forced myself onto you,” she mumbled, her tone not matching her words.

“Momo…”

She looked up to him, still having that same giddy smile. “Sorry, I just... can’t stop smiling right now.”

He smiled back, extending a hand.

“You apologize too much.”

Mei chortled in the background. “Hypocrite.”
Momo’s face twitched for a second. “That stings, Izuku.” Taking his offer and allowing him to help her to her feet

“Let me make it feel better...”

He leaned down and kissed her briefly on the lips again.

She sighed happily after he pulled back. “...That does make me feel better.”

He intertwined his fingers with hers, pulling her forward. “Good enough to join us in watching that documentary?”

“I’d love to.”

“Oh and Momo?”

“Yes?”

“I love you too.”

She stopped for a second, finally feeling what all those books were talking about when the character’s ‘heart skipped a beat.’

She leaned onto his shoulder, sighing contently. “Thank you.”

Mei glumped onto his other one, smiling happily.

He hummed in response “For what?”

“Being you...”
To their chagrin, the documentary was rolling the credits when they got back and rejoined Tomoyo.

Who didn’t question why Mei was lingering closer to Izuku, nor did she ask about why they needed to talk to Momo so urgently.

Or why the vice president of the class had her hair out of her ponytail.

She did, however; look relieved after seeing Izuku behave normally, idly petting Mei’s head as she took a nap on his lap.

“You look better than this morning, Midoriya,” she commented, looking at the two.

He smiled in response. “Got my fill of gummies; those things help a lot.” *I’m getting back to the swing of things.*

That got Momo thinking. “I wonder If I can create those with my quirk…”

Mei’s eyes snapped open, scaring Izuku. “Momo, what is your quirk?” she asked instantly.

Wait...

*Momo’s quirk…*

*Oh no-*

Before he could protest Momo answered her question.

“Oh my quirk is Creation; I can use lipids to create anything I know the molecular composition of.”
Izuku suddenly felt the fear of God. It was an unwelcome feeling.

“Any limits?” Mei asked, slowly getting out of his lap.

Momo was now getting slightly worried. “N-nothing living, other than that… nothing I’ve found out so far.”

Mei’s eyes were sparkling. “Did you hear that Izuku? So many possibilities for new babies!”

Tomoyo choked on air. “SPEAKING OF OFFSPRING IS-”

“Hey, if anyone is mating with him, it’s me. I called dibs.”

Everyone looked at the new person to join in on the group; Tsuyu.

“Wait, did she?” Tomoyo asked to Izuku, who just looked back blankly.

Mei didn’t even register either interruption, crawling over Izuku towards Momo, who was seated on his other side. “Can you create diamonds? I have this idea for Izuku’s new costume”

“Oh?” Izuku’s eyes snapped at the two. “Could you get rid of the skin-tight wetsuit?”

Momo, Mei and Tsuyu looked at him. “No.”

“Figured as much...” He sighed.
Before Mei could drag Momo to the support workshop, Izuku grabbed onto the scruff of her neck, halting her progress.

“Remember, you are still banned until tomorrow.”

She pouted at that, but finally gave in, sitting back down with a “Fine…”

He looked at Momo in a ‘take care of her’ look, which the obsidian haired woman responded with a nod.

“Tsuyu, can you help me with making lunch?”

She nodded with a ribbit, joining him in the kitchen.

“Sorry about that…” she mumbled, shaking her head slightly as they settled down in the space, Izuku starting to wash his hands.

“It’s fine, I am used to it by now,” he muttered flicking his hands towards the sink twice, then grabbing the towel. “Plus, it’s just your quirk right? Mating season and all.”

Tsuyu nodded and started washing her own hands. “Wait, you weren’t there when I told the class about it…”

“I mean.. Your quirk is being a frog…”

She looked at him blankly then started ribbiting, lightly.

It sounded like laughter to his ears.

“I guess it’s not hard to figure out, at least for you,” she breathed, smiling faintly. “But it should pass soon.”
“How soon is that?” he asked as he was looking through the fridge. *Maybe some mac and cheese? They would like some good old American food, won't they?*

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“How soon is that?” he asked as he was looking through the fridge. *Maybe some mac and cheese? They would like some good old American food, won't they?*
“You heard the mom-friend” Tsuyu croaked, making Izuku look at her like she just grew a second head.

Shoko still did not move.

“We are out of noodles anyway,” Izuku said, looking towards the pantry.

Shoko hung her head, walking into the common room.

“Are we really?” Tsuyu whispered looking over his shoulder.

“Nah.”

Tsuyu started ribbiting rapidly again in apparent laughter.

“Beef fried rice?” Mina asked, looking at the contents of the large wok Izuku was stirring.

“Yeah” He hummed, tossing the ingredients in the air.

“Where did you even learn to cook-” the pinkette asked, a whiff of the delicious aroma of the food halting her question “God, it smells so good-”

He smiled at the compliment. “Lunch-rush. Could you help the others set the table? It’ll be done soon.”

Mina nodded and rushed off.
“You know you would make the perfect husband, right?” Tsuyu said absentmindedly. She was making a smaller portion of tofu fried rice for Koda.

He started blushing; unlike the rather lewder comments he was used to from her, this was more… romantic? “I- I guess?”

She ribbited absentmindedly, then stopped with a croak. “Oh! I remember” she turned to him, “I was wondering if my siblings could come to the dorms next weekend.”

Izuku looked at her shocked for a second … Oh right, class president…

“I’ll talk to Aizawa about it, should be fine.”

“Thanks, Midoriya.”

Chapter End Notes

in hindsight Izuku should have known getting Momo near Mei was like bringing a fuel barrel next to an open flame

hope you enjoyed it, see you in the next one, or the discord
Death's gruesome face taunts: soulless eyes, crimson grimace.

Chapter Notes

in the Halloween spirit, I made the first bit is a bit gory, but if you wish to skip it, just go ahead and scroll down to the four horizontal lines

See the end of the chapter for more notes

I-A was in the USJ after it was reopened, Izuku and Momo guiding the rest of the class as they walked towards the city-replica for training.

The goal was to hide in the wreckage of the city, while a group of five heroes tried to find the rest.

So she hid in an abandoned classroom. The only source of light in the room was a bare lamp; it was the perfect spot to hide in.

But then the light went out without warning. The world was plunged in darkness.

She shivered, but stood still, if anything this made it a better place to hide.

Then she felt it. Something… wrong inside the darkness.

Something vile.

As if reacting to her awareness of it the darkness pulsed around her in retaliation as she watched in horror, tendrils of pure inky black fading in and out of existence in her vision, hidden by the shadows.

She struggled to move, to get away from the source of it all. But her body did not comply.

She was rooted on the spot as the tendrils stitched together, coalescing into a gargantuan beast. It was too large for her to comprehend. Inhuman yet bipedal.
It moved towards her, its leg bending in a way it shouldn’t, its weight making the ground creak.

She could see the detail now, its black body highlighted by red tendons across its frame, looking necrotic and rotten.

Finally, her body accepted her command, and she started to run. The beast roaring as it followed her.

But the roar never got further away, remaining right at her ear, easily keeping pace with her.

It was toying with her, its guttural breaths going from one ear to the other, making her body reflexively run the other direction.

In her panic, she didn't even realize that she was being herded somewhere.

She arrived at a doorway, neon green lightning blinding her as she stumbled into what looked like an alcove.

“Jirou, get back I can-”

Izuku didn’t get to finish his sentence as another beast manifested behind him, grabbing him by the arm and snapping it like a dry twig.

Kyoka heard him scream in pain, the sound paralyzing her.

His emerald eyes looked scared as the beasts started to chuckle and cackle, another spawning from the inky black and grabbing onto his other arm and ripping it free of its socket with ease.

She stared at the blood spurting from the stump as Izuku howled in pain hoarsely like a dying animal, falling to his knees.

“N...no,” she whimpered as another grabbed onto his head.
He managed to gasp out a weak “Run-” before the lightning cut off entirely.

Followed up by the crunch of bone and a sickening pop.

The inhuman cackling grew in volume, and with her superhuman hearing, she could hear the maddening cacophony of beastly and corrupted laughter spread around her.

Her eyes adjusted to the dark and she saw his corpse on the floor.

Her feet moved on their own, even as she wanted just get away.

Run away like how he had begged her to do.

But, she couldn’t. Her feet had guided her over him, her eyes seeing the result of that crackle and pop.

His head was crushed, stomped on, the only thing making it recognizable was his bushy iridescent green hair, stained in red.

“N… no…”

She fell to her knees, the pungent smell of blood making her stomach churn inside of her.

“ＹＯﾟﾟＵﾟﾟＳＨﾟＵﾟＬﾟＤﾟＡＶＥﾟＲＡＮﾟ!” multiple voices bellowed around her in sync.

It was the abominations, even in the darkness she could make out the multiple eyes staring down at her behind the carcass. Each pupil glowing in the darkness, shivering with rage too primal and corrupted to be fathomable.

Before she could pull back, away from the approaching eyes Izuku’s broken and mangled arm moved and grabbed onto her.
She shivered and tried to step away, but the ruined limb was deceptively strong. Anchoring her on the spot.

The eyes around her grew closer as she tried to get out of its grip, to turn away from the eyes, and the thing he had become.

Unable to move, she looked away, back to the place she had come from. Now with her eyes adjusted, she could see the walls.

Black and bulbous, covered in more eyes.

It wasn’t walls that had surrounded her, it was Noumu, dozens of them, shoulder to shoulder creating a wall of necrotic tissue.

And now they were growing closer to her.

She was afraid of the Noumu but was more scared of the still moving carcass of Izuku. His grip on her shoulder keeping her in place tightened, starting to draw blood.

It wasn’t him that was moving again, something else had blossomed in his body, and was using it like a puppet.

She kept her gaze away from his reanimated body as long as she could as the Noumu approached her, their rotten breath tickling her face.

She shut her eyes. They were tearing from the sickly sweet smell of rotting flesh.

She only hoped they would make it quick.

They didn’t.
A large hand gripped her head, twisting it, forcing her to look down.

Another forced her eyelids open.

She was staring down at the corpse of Izuku again.

It twitched.

The mangled piece of flesh that used to be his head rose back up like a sick marionette.

“J i r ou…”

“NO!” Kyoka screamed, jolting awake.

The memories of what she had seen making her heave slightly as her stomach decided it would be a good idea to eject everything now.

After a few seconds of almost hurling, she managed to override the impulse, her stomach calming down.

She rubbed her eyes, feeling the tears on her cheeks, shivering from more than just the sweat coating her form.

“Get a hold of yourself. He’s alive…” she panted, trying to bury the nightmare, only for it to spread back to the front of her mind like an infection.

She hugged herself tightly, trying to overcome the fear buzzing throughout her brain.

... What time is it?
She checked the clock, 1 pm.

*Must have taken a nap...*

She discarded her sweaty sleep-wear, putting on some ripped jeans and a cotton T-shirt, sitting back down on her bed.

*I should go downstairs and eat something...*

She shivered remembering what she had seen in her nightmare.

... *I don’t think I can handle food right now.*

A knock came from the door, making her jump.

“Jirou, are you in there? Lunch is ready.”

It was Izuku.

His voice reminded her of the nightmare, but... 

She quickly opened the door staring at the man. He looked down at her curiously. “Jirou?”

She clung onto him instantly, sobbing lightly. “C-can you call m-me Kyoka?”

He was shell-shocked, to say the least, but hugged her back after a brief moment. “S-sure... you alright?”

“Just a nightmare...” she mumbled into his shirt, pushing her head against his chest and nuzzling
onto him, finding comfort in the living warmth of his body. Her breathing was still shaky, but at least her heart rate was evening out

“Kyoka… do you want to talk about it?” he asked, honestly not knowing how to respond to the situation.

“Just...shut up and hug me, Green,” the punk girl whispered, poking his nose with one of her jacks.

“Aight.” Not knowing what else to do, Izuku settled on simply rubbing her back in soothing circles in what he hoped was a comforting gesture.

“Saw that t-thing again…” She admitted, leaning into him more, gripping his shirt. “It...”

The pieces clicked for him. The way she hugged tightly, just like Mei had...

She had seen him die.

And if her shaky voice was any indication, it wasn’t a clean death.

“...It’s fine Kyoka, it didn’t happen… I am still here,” He breathed, leaning down a little, resting his chin on her head.

“...Y-you came back after that and…” Her voice cracked; she was trembling again. “B-but it wasn’t you …”

He hugged her a little tighter, combing his fingers through her hair.

“And o-oh God… your face when you-” she whimpered, sobs wracking her thin frame.

After a few seconds of letting her cry against him, he spoke up. “Hey... look up for me,” he mumbled into her head, causing her to shift slowly and look back up.
She stared up to his face, taking in the small freckles he had on his cheeks, the enticing green of his eyes.

The image from her dream was overridden in just a second, her brain burning his face onto her memory in its place.

“I’ll come back every time, and it’ll always be me,” he announced in a voice that was too resolute to argue against.

His resolute voice and her hastening heartbeat reminded her of what had happened before their counterattack in USJ.

“C-could you do the lightning thing again?” She asked, not even having time to register what she was saying.

Izuku blinked for a few seconds, trying to understand what she had asked for him to do.

Kyoka started blushing harshly, slightly wishing she could turn into Tooru for a bit. Really? I just asked him to use his quirk over something so stupid?

“S-sure,” he nodded, starting to channel One For All. Kyoka was startled by his acceptance.

Wait.

Seriously?

She didn’t get to question it more as green lightning arced between them, the familiar sensation of buzzing spreading throughout her skin where the lightning made contact.

But the sensory stimuli that followed was different.

She had a hard time holding back a moan as heat spread from the point of contact, easing her muscles and nerves. Sweet nothings echoing in her head as the sensation enveloped her fully.
She sighed contently, letting herself fully relax against him. *I thought it would just put words in my head again...*

*Guess it changes with what he wants.*

She then noticed Izuku looking at her more intensely than before, pulling her out of her high.

“I-is something wrong?” She asked, nightmare now forgotten.

“Oh- sorry…” he mumbled, blinking and looking away as One For All continued crackling between them.

She heard the ever-so-faint whisper inside her head; ‘ *she looks cute when she blushes*’ and ‘ *hope she feels better... it hurts to see her so scared*’

She blinked for a couple of seconds trying to comprehend where those thoughts came from.

Then a few more to understand the connotations.

Her face burst with red, pulling away from the hug.

“I'M CUTE?!” She accused, taking a step back from him.

He grabbed onto his mouth, the lightning stopping instantly. “Did- did I mutter that?” he asked, sounding slightly betrayed.

“NO- I…” she stopped for a second. “I heard it in my head...?” *Which means...*

*He thought about it.*
Her blush became darker, her jacks moving around erratically.

“I-I’ll be in my room” She announced, slamming the door on his face.

“S-should I bring food?” he asked from the other side.

She thought about it for a second. She still wasn’t that hungry but…

“M-maybe some leftovers? What do we have?” with the door between them she had an easier time conversing with him.

“I just made some beef fried rice…”

“S-sure, can you bring some in like… an hour? I should be hungry by then.”

She heard some awkward laughter from the other side of the door.

“Sure thing, Kyoka.”

She hated how much hearing him say her name was making her blush.

Weirdly enough, Katsumi was the one to notice him coming back, missing a certain punk.

“Jacks not joining us?” she asked, leaning back on her chair, placing her bowl of fried rice down.

“She said she wasn’t feeling so well, so no… You want some hot sauce on yours?” Izuku asked, taking the empty seat next to Mei, who was chowing down with abandon, much to Tomoyo’s displeasure.
“Grabbed my own batch, wanna try some?” Katsumi offered with a challenging smirk.

He thought about it for a second. ...I can just force my brain to ignore the spice right?

“Sure.”

Katsumi’s smirk widened.

“Is this a challenge to prove manliness?” Eiko joined in getting closer to the two

Somehow the whole class ended up roped into a ‘spice off’ as Doi called it.

“So we are going to add more sauce to it every time you guys take a bite, and the last one able to eat wins,” Hana laid the rules, eyes shifting between the contestants.

Katsumi looked at Izuku with rivalry in her eyes. “You are going down Deku.” Then her eyes shifted to Eiko. “You, too, shitty hair.”

Izuku looked at Eiko, holding back a grin. “I think she likes your hair, Kirishima.”

“You think so?”

Katsumi’s hands were crackling. But she didn’t deny the allegation.

“Anyone gonna bet?” Mina mumbled, looking at the three.

“Why? Izuku’s gonna win” Mei muttered balancing a chopstick on top of another, bored already.
“Whatcha say pinky!?” Katsumi snarled.

Mei and Mina looked at each other.

“What one?” they asked in sync.

The rest of the class started laughing. Katsumi blushed. “L-let’s just get this started.”

Eiko needed to tap out during the 6th turn chugging nearly a liter of water after the fact. Panting slightly “What is in that thing?” she chugged more water. “Hardening my tongue didn't even help”

Katsumi simply smirked. “Family secret.” She was flushed and panting slightly, sweat dripping down her brow. “Ready to give in, Deku?”

Izuku had learned that in his current state he couldn’t both turn off his perception of pain and keep track of metabolism. He was currently looking like a ripe tomato as his metabolism had been sped up by the spice of the hot sauce entering his system, making him sweat profusely. “Not yet. You?”

“Fuck no.”

“I don’t think they’ll survive if they go any longer,” Tsuyu croaked, Ochako was still watching in awe. At this point, there was more hot sauce than fried rice in the bowls.

Katsumi was looking like she had run a marathon “R-ready to…” she couldn’t finish the sentence, panting to a stop.

Izuku wasn’t faring any better, wiping his forehead and combing a hand to remove the hair sticking to his head from all the sweat. “N-no...”
Momo and Tomoyo looked at each other.

“Time to end this.”

“No- I need to beat-” Katsumi couldn’t finish the sentence as the spice overtook her, causing her to clamp her mouth shut and whine.

Izuku tried his best to stand steady but he too succumbed to it.

“Huh, guess its a tie?” Doi mumbled, looking at her two suffering classmates. “You two ok?”

Katsumi’s eyes snapped open and she glared back at the resident electric generator. Doi shivered from the pure anger inside those crimson eyes of her.

“Here” Shoko was the first to act, passing pitchers of milk to the two.

“Milk?” Mina asked raising an eyebrow to the action.

“Milk helps get rid of the sensation of burning faster than water” Momo explained

“And why didn't anyone tell me?” Eiko said, rubbing her tongue gingerly

“...You didn’t give us time to,” Tomoyo said sheepishly.

Izuku thanked her with his eyes before chugging the whole thing. “Thanks, Shoko.”

Katsumi just nodded at her after chugging her pitcher.

“Good thing no one bet, eh?” Mina huffed, pouting slightly.

“Betting is unbecoming of a hero candidate,” Tomoyo lectured, adjusting her glasses.
Katsumi looked unsatisfied with the results. “That’s it, you extras, I challenge you all to Smash.”

Mei’s eyes sparkled. “Smash?”

Sex?

Izuku panicked, “Mei, no, not that way!”

“What way?” Tomoyo asked eyes landing on him, causing him to sweat even more.

“OHWOULDYOULOOKATTHETIMEISHOULDGOBRINGSOMEFOODTOKYOKA” With that, he dashed off, grabbing a full plate he had set up for her previously.

“When did they get on first name basis?” Doi asked absentmindedly, watching the spot he had left her field of vision.

“Pretty sure she just asked for it, like Tsuyu,” Hana answered.

“Man, I would love to be ‘smashed’ by Izuku” Minerva muttered lewdly, then paled as she noticed she had said that out loud.

The focal point of the class shifted from the spot Izuku fled from to Minerva.

Minerva started sweating, trying to find the words to describe how sorry she was

Izuku ignored the sounds of the scuffle from downstairs and knocked the door to Kyoka’s room.

*Kacchan got a little too into the game again, huh?*
“Green?” Kyoka’s voice came from the other side of the door. “You can come in.”

When he opened the door he was greeted by Kyoka sitting on her bed, strumming a guitar idly.

“S-sorry making you come all this way…” she muttered placing the guitar on her bed and walking up to him, taking the plate from his hands.

“No worries. I needed some reason to escape the common room anyway,” he smiled, trying to force his body to calm down in the back of his head. *Mitsuki’s hot sauce is more potent then I remember it being…*

“Oh, neat,” Kyoka said trying to say something, anything else.

“... wanna hang out here till the ruckus downstairs dies off?”

“Oh God, yes.”

Kyoka never thought hanging out with someone could be so tense, but with Izuku it was. Just the sheer knowledge the lightning he generated had imparted to her was getting her stomach to coil tightly.

But after the nightmare she’d had, this twisting was a welcome change.

After a few more minutes of tension, it started to melt away.

It started slowly at first: getting bored of the uncomfortable silence the punk woman clicked on one of her playlists, flooding the room with one of her favorite pieces, after skipping a couple of times at least. And Izuku hummed along to the tune, clearly enjoying it.

That led to them discussing the types of songs they liked, and Kyoka was surprised to find that the overlap was massive.
After finishing her rice, she played along to some of the songs she knew, making his eyes sparkle
with awe at her display of skill. Upon noticing this, she blushed wildly, tossing the instrument like it
was on fire towards him, which he grabbed out of the air before it dropped to the ground.

After a few seconds of staring at the instrument, he started to chuckle “S-sorry for startling you…”

“N-no, no I just got lost in the moment…” She looked at the way he was holding the instrument.

“Wanna learn how to play?”

“So… like this?” Izuku asked, turning so the punk girl could see his hand.

Stifling a giggle, Kyoka reached over and gently pushed his pinky up one fret to complete the chord.
“You missed it again,” she said with a grin. “Don’t worry, it may feel uncomfortable now, but you’ll
get there.”

He sighed, willing his tendons to relax so his hand wouldn’t cramp from the unnatural position.

“Ok, just like before, but try switching to C this time.”

Biting his cheek in concentration, Izuku slowly dragged the pick over the strings and back four
times. But upon switching chords, he panicked. His fingers landed randomly on the fretboard, and
his fifth strum let out a discordant noise that caused Kyoka to feel physical pain.

“Goddammit,” he grimaced, flopping back onto the bed. “This is gonna take years.”

“No, no,” Kyoka said softly rubbing her ears after that painful screech from her guitar “Eons.” She
smirked, causing him to laugh dryly. “Jokes aside- you were doing good…” her jacks prodded each
other bashfully, “… I can teach you more if you want me to…”
He smiled softly, trying to get his fingers back to the chord only to fail “Maybe sometime later?” probably would help if Total Command was back full force…

“Oh?” So that’s a yes? “Cool… how about next weekend?” she said trying to not sound so excited over the prospect.

“Maybe next Friday after class?”

“Only if you help me with Present Mic’s homework.”

He smirked “Deal.”

Chapter End Notes

Happy Halloween everyone

...It's still Halloween somewhere

...Right?

(See you next chapter)
By the time he went downstairs the commotion had died down and the rest of the class was gathered around the TV playing Super Smash Brothers. Except for Minerva, who was taped, singed and frozen onto the ceiling, smiling pervertedly even in her unconscious state.

It never ceased to amaze him that Nintendo, the pre-quirk gaming company, was still around; even with the rise of quirks, it had managed to survive and flourish.

And now knowing what he did about the reign of All For One… It was even more impressive.

*Guess some things are just eternal…*

As he arrived at the kitchen, away from the crowd watching Doi get pummeled by Katsumi in the game, chuckling inwardly.

“Hey, Deku,” Ochako greeted him, grabbing another dish to wash.

“Ura-” her face stiffened, a small pout forming on it as she looked back. “Ochako,” he mandated, raising his one free hand up defensively. “You’re doing the dishes?”

“Someone had to…” she sighed, scrubbing the grime off another plate. “Plus, I am not that good at that game anyway.” *Or any game, in fact…*

“Ah…” he took a step placing the dish in his hand on the pile, then taking her side. “Mind if I help out?”

She started blushing at how close he was, almost making the plate in her hands float away; but calmed herself just before her quirk activated on its own. “I-if you want to…” she mumbled, passing the wet plate to him.
He smiled in return, grabbing the plate and drying it with a towel.

The crowd left them alone for the most part, slowly diffusing back to their dorms after Doi’s 5th defeat. Mei and Momo remained in the couch, the former clicking through science shows trying to find something she could pay attention to for longer than 20 seconds. Momo didn’t seem to mind.

Ochako fidgeted as she passed the last plate to him. Looking around like she was planning something shameful. “H-hey, Deku… can we meet on the roof after this?”

His eyebrows rose in shock. Well that came out of nowhere… “Uh…” he looked at the two still on the couch, Momo’s eyes catching his as she nodded to him. Mei noticing the hero-in-training’s gaze looked towards Izuku too, then shifted her look to Ochako.

And gave him a thumbs up.

*We really need to start figuring out how to communicate with our eyes…*

Ochako noticed the gazes and looked slightly crestfallen, deflating like a balloon

“Sure” Izuku answered, turning back to her, getting stunned at the state she was in.

“Actually… Nevermind…” Ochako mumbled, walking away.

Izuku didn’t know what to do so he placed the last plate in its spot on the cupboard. Taking a few seconds to comprehend the interaction.

The sound of skin slapping skin brought him back.

“What are you doing- go talk to her!” Mei screeched from her post, lying backward on the couch, hand on her forehead.
Momo just made shooing motions with her hand to indicate that, yes, he needed to follow the other girl.

He blinked for a few seconds then blushed, mumbled, “God, I am an idiot,” and dashed off.

“Yeah, but he is our idiot, isn’t he Momo?”

The elegant woman chuckled, “I suppose he is.”

“Now about your quirk…”

He dashed after where Ochako had gone, outside of the dorms.

He hadn’t even noticed it was night time.

“Ochako?” he called out, trying to track the clearly distressed woman. With no luck. “Total Command don’t fail me now…” he forced his hearing to overdrive, straining his brain a little more than he probably should have, causing his vision to darken momentarily.

He grabbed onto a wall to stabilize himself as a wave of nausea hit him. Causing him to drop his heightened hearing. Wheezing a little bit, “Th-that was a bad idea…” he whimpered, another hand holding onto his head.

But...

He turned to face the dorm, then looked up the side of the building.

I heard her.

He took a few steadying breaths, trying to get his body to re-adjust before he did another stupid
mistake. *Recovery Girl might be correct about me…*

After he felt like he could he crouched down, let One for All flow through his lower body and jumped.

There was a little more power to his leap then he intended to have, overshooting the roof by a large margin, thankfully his legs could handle the impact as he landed down.

Right next to a puffy-eyed Ochako.

She looked at him for a while, almost not believing his appearance.

Then she looked down ashamed, ashamed of him seeing her like this. “What are ya’ doin’ here…?” she asked, not taking her eyes away from the ground.

His heart ached seeing her like this. And took a seat where he stood, mulling over what he was gonna say carefully.

It bothered him how much longer it took.

“…You wanted to meet here, right?” He mumbled, looking off to her side, to the city in the distance.

“I- I did,” She whimpered, sniffling a bit. “But I wanted to be alone for a while…”

He flinched, not knowing what to do with that piece of information. “…Do you want me to go?”

It was her turn to flinch, looking like she was mulling over some stuff.

“…No.” She finally answered, silently turning and facing the city as well.

And they stood there, watching the lights of the city, a mostly comfortable silence settling between
“Do you know why I wanted to be a hero?” She asked after sniffling and wiping her eyes again.

“To help people?” he guessed. She laughed sadly at that.

“I’m not that noble, Deku.” she breathed, looking higher into the sky, trying to make out some of the stars in the warm May night. “I wanted to do it for the money.”

She waited, expecting him to say something, maybe call her a mean name and then leaving. Whatever she thought he would do, he didn't. She risked a look at his face, expecting to find his face scrunched up in disgust.

He was just standing there, patiently listening for her to finish the thought.

“I-” She looked even more ashamed. “My family was never rich, and I just wanted to…” she lost her nerve before she got to finish her sentence. “Why- why aren't you mad at me?”

“Why would I be?” he asked honestly, scooting a little closer, into hugging range.

“You almost died and here I'm just, tryin’ to be a hero for the money…” she rubbed her face tenderly. “Even now I’m bawlin’ my eyes out- I don’t even know why…”

He didn’t understand how to help with that last part; so he didn’t focus on it for now. “What are you wanting to do with the money?” he asked simply. Baby steps.

“I-” she stopped for a second. “I want to spend it all on my mother,” she admitted, curling into a ball. “That way she could have an easy life like she always deserved.”

“See?” he interrupted. “Helping people.”

She flinched, looking back up to him. “I-” she started blushing when she saw the smile he was giving her. “N-no, I said I wasn’t so…”
He shook his head. “Out of all the jobs you could have chosen to get money, you chose to be a hero. A job where you have to help people.” He looked to the sky. “And you’re doing it to give your mother a leisurely life: If that’s not being selfless, I don’t know what is, Ochako.”

“How can I be as selfless as ya’ say I am when I ran up here to cry making ya’ worry?” She stopped herself, her voice heavy with suppressed emotion. “Why did I even get up here after seeing that”

The pieces connected and he realized why she was so sad after seeing him interact with Mei and Momo.

Didn’t mean it was any easier to get his head around.

“You- you like me?” he mumbled

The world seemed to stop for him; his broken brain resorting to ignoring outside stimuli as it worked to comprehend just what he realized, based on her reactions.

*No-no way Ochako could be feeling that way about me… is there?*

*Nononono, that’s impossible, right? No way she could have feelings like that for someone like me-

*But… Momo and Mei did.*

*No, they’re outliers, no way this many people would be romantically attracted to me. Right?*

Tsuyu’s words came to the forefront of his mind. ‘*You know you would make the perfect husband, right?’*

*S-she said that just to be nice, right? No way she really thinks of me that way.*

*D-does that mean Tsuyu is attracted to me more than what her mating season is doing to her?*
Does that mean the same for Kyoka? Mina? K-kacchan?

And Ochako was coming to a realization on her own– No–nonono It can’t be. I can’t have a crush on him…

But try as she might to deny it- it clicked in her head. She liked him. No, that was wrong. She loved him.

That’s why seeing him ask permission from Mei hurt her so much.

That’s why she saw red in USJ when she thought he had died...

It all made sense…

She looked at him.

He was sweating, looking like he had a fever.

Izuku’s rant inside his own head continued;

Nonono, no way. No way they could see me that way. I’m just-

His train of thought skidded to a halt as he noticed he was being shaken violently by a worried Ochako “D-deku?” She was crying harder than before. “I- I am so sorry I shouldn’t have–” She sniffled, stopping herself from shaking him more as he finally came to. She took a breath to steady herself.“Are you alright?”
He blinked a couple of times, fully coming back from his bout in the mental scape “I’m fine...”

She sniffled a bit, it hurt him to see her like this. Crying so close to him...

He couldn’t help it, he pulled her into a hug.

She stiffened at the contact, eyes opening wide.

Then she slowly hugged back, uncertain on what to feel, on one hand, he was so close. On the other, she now knew her heart wanted so much more, yet he couldn’t reciprocate those feelings.

*Or could he?* Her heart begged, now aware of her feelings; she couldn’t help but yearn for him to reciprocate them.

She needed to say it. She knew that he knew what she was feeling. *But she needed to say it.*

Ochako pushed against him, causing him to let go of her as she pulled back to meet his eyes. And spoke what was in her heart.

“Y-you’re right. I like you, Deku. I might even love you... I- I know you might not share my feelin’s but I-”

His lips met hers abruptly, shutting her up and causing her mind to go blank.

He pulled back slowly as she stood there stiff, blinking slowly. Then she pushed forward, chasing the lip contact. For a moment she forgot all about his previous arrangements and let herself be selfish.

By the time either noticed what they were doing, Ochako’s tongue was mingling with Izuku’s, her hand under his shirt, feeling his toned body, one pinky shying away from the contact to avoid activating her quirk on him.

She pulled back, blushing and panting a bit. She gulped. “W-why did you... w-we shouldn’t have...”
He looked at her dumbfounded, trying to make sure the taste of her tongue got burned into his memory. “Why not? I love you”

She looked at him incredulously, feeling slightly betrayed. “D-Deku, ya’ have a girlfriend! This is cheatin’!”

“Girlfriends.” he corrected, voice still monotone due to the shock of the kiss. I wonder what Mei’s tongue tastes lik- BAD IZUKU!

Ochako just stared at him.

“Excuse me, what?”

“FINALLY!” Mei cheered as Izuku and Ochako entered the common room, hands intertwined. “What took you so long?”

“She didn’t know what she was feeling,” Izuku said simply, a blank expression still on his face.

“Oh good, welcome to the-” Mei stopped. “What is this? A harem?”

Izuku started falling forward, then he rebooted before he slammed face first onto the floor, stupor gone. “D-don’t call it that!” he hissed, blushing furiously. Something both Ochako and Momo mirrored.

“Fine, then how about…” Before the inventor could come up with something worse Momo cut in.

“Polyamorous.” She announced, blushing slightly. “A Polyamorous relationship. It’s what this is.” She looked at Ochako with a soft smile. “We all love him, and he loves us; that’s polyamory.”

“Can- can we actually do somethin’ like this?” Ochako asked, looking slightly guilty.
“Dunno,” Mei hummed. “It all just kinda happened today, really. Cute accent by the way”

Ochako blushed at the sudden compliment.

Izuku froze. “It- it hasn’t even been a day…” He turned up the stairs robotically. “It hasn’t even been a day…”

The three girls looked at him leave.

“I-is he alright?” Ochako asked, honestly worried about the mental state of her boyfriend. The thought alone made her blush heavily.

“He’s fine- should have seen him in the morning.” Mei made a falling gesture with her hands. “Went out like a light.”

“We- we did see him in the morning, Mei,” Momo mumbled.

All three started to blush brightly, remembering what they saw in his bedroom.

“I-I meant later in the morning…” Mei said, poking her hands together awkwardly.

Ochako rubbed her own head. “Th-this was a long day, maybe we should just get some sleep.”

“Right.” the other two girls nodded.

Mei didn’t move to leave the dorm.

“You… you’re gonna sleep with him?” Momo asked, confused.
“Are you not?” the pinkette asked, tilting her head.

*Just what did I sign up for?* Ochako asked herself.

Izuku looked down on the shy girl in front of her, her two long blonde bangs flowing in the wind as she tried to collect her thoughts, muttering sheepishly.

“Come on spit it out.” She teased, acting like he had other places to be, trying to give the little push she needed to say what’s on her mind.

“I-I think…” the girl gulped, she was barely eighteen but her body looked rugged from all the training she probably had gone through. “I think Japan doesn’t need another top hero…”

“It needs an Ideal,” she said shyly, as if talking heresy. “Something that can't be killed, something that everyone knows is there even if it really isn’t visible.” Her icy blue eyes met her's.

“It needs a symbol of peace.”

She smiled.

*She is what we need.*

Then everything fell away.

Izuku’s brain slowly regained consciousness. He felt like he was forgetting something, but he didn’t get to think much about it as his groggy mind let his tactile sensations flood back in.

There was a mass on his torso breathing in and out rhythmically, and just a hint of it on each shoulder.
He didn’t need to open his eyes to know who was on top of him; it’s his…

Girlfriends.

Plural.

His brain seemed to have healed just a bit since the thought alone didn’t send him back to the land of unconsciousness instantly.

He didn’t know if he was more worried about his sanity or fearing whether he would disappoint them.

Oh, God, what will Toshiko think?

...Toshiko?

As he is having his bout of confusion, the rest of his… bedmates? Woke up slowly.

Momo is the first to wake, shifting subtly, nuzzling the nape of his neck like a cat that didn’t want to wake up from its nap on top of a laptop.

But she did, and he was blessed to see her open her eyes and look at him first thing in the morning.

He honestly felt himself fall in love with her again, just seeing the pure adoration that filled her eyes as they focused into his.

Her cheeks tinted with color looking at him, a shy smile spreading across her lips. Oh how much he wanted to kiss them again at that moment. But he didn't want to wake the other two just yet.

“What time is it?” she asked, softly. She shared his want to not wake everyone up just yet.
“I love you,” he says even before realizing just what his mouth was doing.

Her eyes widened at the words, and her blush growing stronger. She responded by intertwining her fingers with his under the covers and nestling into his shoulder again.

“That’s unfair, saying it while I’m still waking up…” she mumbled softly, a smile in her face. “It’s going to make me think I am still dreaming.”

“If it is a dream, I dun wanna wake up,” Ochako groaned from his other side.

Izuku started to chuckle, fingers running through the brunette’s hair, “Me neither.”

Mei’s eyes snap open, a smile filling her features. “I can invent again.”

Izuku knew that sentence should scare him a little, but in the moment, he only felt happy for her.

The girls darted off to their own rooms to change; well Ochako and Momo did, Mei ran off to the support studio. Maybe? He can’t be sure, but he is pretty sure he heard her scream “I NEED TO MAKE MORE BABIES!” out in the courtyard.

He smiled to himself. With the shock of it from yesterday now gone, he couldn’t help but feel giddy about the whole arrangement.

By the time he got down to the lower level, he was greeted by Tomoyo, who looked like she just watched someone set fire to her personal Bible, and Rikku making cinnamon rolls for the whole dorm.

He took a seat and nodded gratefully when Rikku passed him a plate, digging in with haste.

Momo and Ochako soon join them, followed by Eiko, who after three days of Izuku waking her,
was getting used to waking up earlier.

“I-is there a problem?” he asked after swallowing his bite. Catching Eiko’s uncomfortable look.

“. . .It just feels wrong watching you eat that I guess?” Eiko answered, rejecting the plate offered to her.

Ochako burst out into a fit of giggles.

“So who do you think is gonna sub in?” Doi asked Mina, leaning back on her chair “I doubt Aizawa sen-”

The door slid open and revealed what looked like a mummy, who then proceeded to enter the room, shutting the door behind her.

“A-are you sure you need to be walking around like that?” Izuku asked Aizawa, wincing at the amount of bandaging on the teacher.

“I’m fine Midoriya, you should be the one taking a rest” Aizawa stated simply as she walked to the podium.

Izuku just shrugged in response.

“As you all know, UA hosts a sports festival every year.” She started, skipping the formalities as always. “And with the recent villain attack on USJ…” she huffed, failing to hide her annoyance, “Principal Nozomi decided that it will be a show of power, it will be held in the 21st just as scheduled.”

The class filled with excitement.

“In two weeks time, the UA sports festival will occur, where you will get a chance to make your splashes.”
Izuku couldn’t really focus on the classes after that. His broken mind could only process so much information currently. *Hopefully, Momo can share her notes.*

But- he finally got snapped out of his daze as the last bell rang. *It's Friday… no afternoon classes.*

*Oh right I gotta talk to Aizawa about Tsuyu’s siblings visiting.*

He took a few steps towards the door, causing some eyes to shift towards him.

“Where are you going Deku?” Ochako called from the side still packing her bag.

“Gonna ask Aizawa sensei about something before she leaves the teacher lounge,” he announced, rubbing the back of his head. “Some student rep stuff.”

He heard Tomoyo’s approval in the background as he turned around and slid the door open.

And was greeted by a horde of students crowding the hallway.

Chapter End Notes

was kinda sick recently, coughing fits nothing to really worry about but hey slowed me the fuck down.

so apologies for the late chapter, and hope you enjoyed it

see you on the next one
The first years of UA had heard a lot of stuff in the 4 days they had been enrolled in the college.

They had heard about the weird teaching style UA let the teachers have on the first day when all of class 1-A was missing during orientation.

The second day, they heard rumors of a male in the hero course and seen him eating with a class, giving them pointers on what's good on the menu.

He was intimidating to look at, to say the least, towering over the rest of his classmates.

The third day, they heard him chastise them over the exit of the cafeteria, gripping onto a woman as he floated above them.

Later, they'd heard there was an attack on USJ.

They’d heard that the villains were the ones that needed the teachers to rush to their aid.

And now, with some sick curiosity that egged them on, they needed to scope out the competition.

To see what 1-A was really about.

So they crowded the hall right as their class ended, waiting for 1-A to open its doors.

And suddenly, the crowd felt scared as the door slid open.

195 centimeters of pure muscle stared down at them, face apathetic.
They had seen him in the cafeteria, heard about him in the gossip. But nothing compared to seeing him simply tower over them so close.

“Can I help you?” he asked, tilting his head to the side slightly confusion in his face. And with that, the world crashed around the crowd.

The intimidating aura was broken.

“Wow…” came the voice between the other student’s as a tall, lanky woman made her way up to the front, kiting her fingers through her messy mop of lilac hair. “Honestly, I thought the rumors were exaggerating your features,” her tired eyes squinted. “Turns out they were just exaggerating your mental state.”

“They are probably here to scope out the competition, Deku!” A blonde from the classroom yelled.

“Competitio-OH! Right! The sports festival” He rubbed the back of his head. “That’s nice- could I get through then? I have to speak with our teacher about some things.”

“You think this is a joke?” the lanky woman spat. “There were many that didn’t make it into the hero program and were forced into other courses.” Her souring face quickly dispelled, turning back into the lazy poker face she’d worn when she first spoke up. “Our instructors told us that there was a chance of us transferring over to the hero course based on our results in the sports festival” She smirked, “I’m sure the reverse could be said for you, couldn’t it?”

“For a general studies student like me, this isn’t just ‘scoping out competition’,,” her face hardened. “It’s a declaration of war.”

Some ‘oos’ and ‘aahs’ were murmured in the crowd, some started to back away fearing that maybe the man was going to get violent in return.

“Oh- sorry you didn’t make it to the hero course. I hope they do transfer you over,” he said, finishing with a genuine smile.

Clearly, that wasn’t the reaction the woman was expecting, so she froze on the spot.
“Stop hogging the way!” the same blonde from before protested, trying to shove the man out of the way. Only to fail gloriously as he didn’t even budge. “Dammit, Deku, move!”

“Oh, right,” he mumbled, taking a step to the right to let the woman through. Who then proceeded to shove through the horde. “...was that all?” he asked, turning back to the lanky woman, still staring blankly at him.

She shook her head and walked off.

He looked to the rest of the crowd. “...You guys want anything?”

“LOSE THE SHIRT!” Echoed from the classroom, followed up by the sound of slapping.

“Thanks, Tsuyu!” He called back as he left the classroom, with the crowd watching him leave in shock.

He wasn’t what they expected to see.

And as he passed through the crowd, he came face to face with a woman with silver hair with a muscle complexion similar to Eiko, with what looked like flashes of metal surrounding her eyes, almost as if her face was cast in iron, with the only imperfection on the mold being around the eyes.

“Good to see 1-A is representing the hero course well,” she said with mirth, slapping him on the back causing him to stop in his tracks. “Heard you took down some villains, good job!” she gave him a thumbs up and a sharp toothy grin.

“Ah- thanks! Hope to see you at the festival!” he answered, smiling as he went on in his merry way.

He didn't notice the vine-haired girl tilting her head, trying to figure out where she had seen him before. Nor the orange haired girl chewing the end of her pencil, racking her brain to try and place where she recognized that iridescent mop of green hair.
Well, that was awkward, he thought as he made it to the teachers' lounge. Hope I didn't miss Aizawa dealing with that...

Izuku knocked on the door and waited for someone to respond.

“Come on in,” came a gruff voice from inside the room. ...Shiori-sensei?

He opened the door to the teachers' lounge shaking his head a little bit. It had been a long time since he was there, and even in the time, he spent working there the current homeroom teacher of 1-B wasn’t a common face to see in the lounge. Guess 1-B is better this year. He scanned the room for a familiar yellow caterpillar on the floor, only to see-

“Kendo?” he asked, seeing the student representative of class 1-B, causing the woman in question to smile in return.

“Midoriya, good to see you.” the redhead answered, turning away from her homeroom teacher. “Heard about USJ, you alright?”

He chuckled. “You should ask the villains that.” That got a huff from Shiori, who looked like she was having trouble not smiling. “Sorry we hogged all the glory.”

She places a hand on her hip shifting her weight. “Are you apologizing about getting attacked?”

“...I guess I am?” He smiled awkwardly. “I have done weirder stuff.”

“I can confirm that,” Shiko huffed from her spot under the coffee table.

Kendo looked at the source “Is...is that-”

“1-A’s homeroom teacher?” Izuku finished her sentence. “Yep.”

“That explains so much, yet so little,” Itsuka murmured, looking at the coffee table which hid the teacher from sight.
“Midoriya what do you want?” The teacher huffed, slightly annoyed.

“I was going to ask if we could have visitors over in the dorms,” he said, scratching his head slightly.

“Like that girl from the support department?” She responded sounding bored with the conversation. “Sure, Nozomi gave the go-ahead ages ago.”

His face turned crimson at that. “N-no I meant- family members, Tsuyu wants to have her sisters over.”

Itsuka stifled a laugh at his response. *He’s just too fun to tease, isn’t he?*

“Oh, sure. Kan where are the lanyards?” Aizawa asked as she rolled out from under the table.

“Why don’t you know where they are?” Shiko asked, clearly confused about the mess of a woman Aizawa was. “Third drawer on the right.”

“Midoriya,” Aizawa said simply.

“I got it, I got it,” he huffed, grabbing the lanyards. “When should I return these?”

“Whenever they leave,” she sighed in response rolling back to her spot.

The two class B members just watched the interaction with confusion.

“I-is that normal?” Itsuka asked her teacher.

“For Aizawa? Sure. First time seeing someone play along with her though.” Shiori whispered back.
Katsumi grunted as she made her way towards the Support Department. She really didn’t want to go there.

But, her suit needed to be rebuilt. And she had an idea to be implemented into the design. And if Izuku’s suit was anything to go by, she was the only one that had the capabilities to pull it off.

The explosive woman stared down the steel door of the department.

God... dammit...

She knocked at the door. “Is Hatsume still there?”

The door slid open, Mecha-Might standing and staring down on the new arrival.

...I gotta give it to her, she knows how to build intimidating things.

Mei, the only one other than Mecha-Might in the workshop, didn’t turn away from the project she was working on as Katsumi walked in. “What do you want?”

She paused. Her pride was screaming at her to act patronizingly at the inventor. But. Her logical side was at the helm, contrary to popular belief and even her own efforts to be seen as such; Bakugou Katsumi was more than 30 Liters of anger stuffed in a 20 Liter bottle. “I wanted to apologize.”

Mei’s hands stopped, and she turned to face the woman. Katsumi could now see iridescent green panels she was working on. An upgrade to Izuku’s gear?

“Mecha-Might, please tell me you recorded that,” Mei mumbled, pulling her goggles to her forehead.

“T r e c o r d e d e v e r y t h i n g l i k e t h e t i m e w h e n i f y o u u p ” The machine was interrupted by his creator.
“Ok, shut up,” Mei commanded, blushing slightly.

Katsumi grumbled softly. “Look, I just wanted to apologize… I kinda went overboard when I heard you say you ‘made a baby’ with him.”

Mei looked at her quizzically. “... Honestly, I’ve known you for less than a week and even I can tell this is ‘breaking character,’” she huffed turning back to the project at hand. “But if it means anything to you, I had already forgiven you.”

Katsumi’s teeth clenched and her hands forced themselves into fists. “Just take the apology.”

Mei looked over her shoulder at the blonde woman. “An apology for blowing up after I said I made a ‘baby’ with your crush?”

Katsumi’s face grew crimson. “Goddammit, how obvious was I?”

“At first, not at all. You sealed the deal when you snuck into his bed” She hummed twirling a pencil between her fingertips. “So when are you gonna confess?”

Now Mecha-Might was looking lost. “Mother, you confessed to Father? Can I call him, that...no, wait.”

“Nah, he’s still coming to terms with it, he probably doesn’t want to be outed just yet,” Mei’s face stiffened and her eyes glanced at Katsumi. “Uhh...whoops.”

Katsumi looked like she was shaking with rage, but forced herself to take a seat, breathing in and out for a couple of seconds to try and calm down. *You already knew this would have happened sooner or later.* “…You already said it huh? I’m guessing vice rep did, too?”

Mei whistled at the explosive hero-in-trainings observation. “Izuku wasn’t exaggerating when he said you were smart, did he?”
“...I can be rash and impulsive but I am not blind.” She sighed sadly “Plus, she did kinda say ‘you love him too’ in USJ, so that confirmed it.” She wiped her face, and Mei realized that the blonde hero hadn’t been shaking with rage previously.

She had been weeping.

“God. I’m such a fucking idiot…” She hissed wiping her tears angrily. Why am I crying- I know this was going to happen. “Sorry for almost calling you...that...back then,” she mumbled

“...I said it was fine,” Mei said softly, turning her head away. If anything she heard about Katsumi was true, she wouldn’t want to be seen this vulnerable state.

Especially not by her.

“Mecha-Might, delete all footage of today,” she huffed, her back still turned to the weeping woman.

“Để chúng tôi xóa,” the machine announced, followed by a tone that increased in volume until it ended with a ding.

“I don’t want your pity,” Katsumi mumbled. Staring at the ground. Forcing the tears to remain inside

“It’s a courtesy, Kacchan.” Her smirk was showing in her tone. “Now, go tell him how much you like hearing him call you that.”

“That’s not what I want...” Katsumi admitted, still not looking up

Mei shrugged. “What, you don’t want to share him? Can’t help you there”

“That’s not what I-” she hesitated. “It's- it's not that simple. I made his life a living hell for so long and-”

Mei blew a raspberry. “And you think that would make him reject you?”
“NO! Dammit let me finish,” she hissed. Then, taking a breath, “I don’t think I deserve his love”

Mei’s flippant facade started to tear at the seams. This was not how she wanted the conversation to go, so she decided to try shifting topics. “Why are you telling me this?”

“I...” Katsumi looked lost herself, “...don’t know.” then rubbed her forehead “Maybe it’s cause Izu trusts you?”

“Or it could be, because you were riding onto those feelings for years.” Mecha-Might chimed in, taking the center stage of the conversation. “It’s not healthy, you should co-mess.”

Katsumi, going on the emotional rollercoaster that was her visit, felt anger boiling in her again. “Dammit, Scrap-heap, I told you I don’t deserve his love!”

“That tell him what you feel and get reconciliation,” the machine shrugged. “You wouldn’t be making the problem worse.”

“Have you met Deku?” she shot back. “He wouldn’t reject me... even if he didn't feel that way towards me.”

“Cause it would hurt your feelings and he wouldn’t want that?” Mei asked turning around and resting her head on her palm. I should have just listened to Izu and let him remain broken. Now he’s dragging conversations to uncomfortable places.

“Yes!” Katsumi screamed, throwing her hands up in the air in anger and relief. “That softie couldn’t reject anyone.”

“Thats logical. Him caring about your feelings already show s that he is, er so, mething towards you.” Mecha-Might droned in. “Not to mention, he has high re spect for your pris words in the combat training, are anything to go by.” The machine was facing her fully now, single red eye staring down at her crimson ones. “You know, he just Staying Hito, ye, you, already.”
“THAT'S THE PROBLEM: I AM A TERRIBLE PERSON!” Fresh tears started running down her face as she turned away from the inventor and her invention.

Mei looked uncomfortable and stared at her ‘baby’. You got me into this mess, get me out.

Mecha-Might straightened up, internal mechanisms shifting audibly. ‘And... I don’t hate you... I can’t hate you...’

Katsumi stiffened hearing the recording. Tears starting to dry.

‘Why- why don’t you hate me? I’m just this- villain that bullied the only person that believed in her potential-’

Mei watched her creation go. ...wait I don’t remember adding a recorder inside him

‘Because she did it to protect him. You said it yourself.’” The machine relaxed as the recording stopped. ‘Father certainly doesn’t believe you are. Are you calling him a liar? ’ He added with finality.

“I…” Katsumi ran a hand through her long hair, the hair she’d grown out just cause he said it looked good on her all that time ago. “I just…” she slumped in her chair. “He’s too good for me.”

“Pretty sure he thought the same about all of us,” Mei mumbled, looking at her sympathetically.

“Yeah? That's cause of me. I made him so introverted and insecure,” Katsumi admitted. “It’s cause I bullied him since we were kids.”

“Not without reason.”

“THE REASON DOESN’T FUCKING MATTER!” Katsumi blew up, interrupting the machine’s counter-argument “IT DOESN’T CHANGE WHAT I DID”
Mei huffed thinking over the whole argument. “Then don’t. Don’t confess and just hold onto your love for him. Suffer silently for something you did in the past that you can’t. change.”

Katsumi shut up hearing that.

“I’m sure Izuku would want that” She added. Hope this works hope this works-

“...goddammit, you’re right.” The hero huffed. “ that would hurt him more won’t it?”

“I just-”

“Jesus Christ, just fucking kiss him once and see what he does” Mei exploded this time. I’ve had enough of this emotional bullshit.

“MAYBE I WILL!” Katsumi screamed in return anger overriding everything else for a second. And quickly dissipated. “MAYB- Wait a minute…”

Mei laughed “I win”, I can’t believe that worked.

“Oh, God,” Katsumi mumbled, “you are just like Izuku.”

“I mean, ‘great minds think alike’?” Mei shrugged, relaxing a bit.

Katsumi blinked. “…S-sorry for making it weird.” she mumbled looking away slightly ashamed “No idea where that came from…”

Mei gestured to Mecha-Might “I think he had it right, you have been sitting on with those emotions for how long now? 15 years?”

Katsumi just nodded, then coughed. “A-anyway, I was here for my gear.” ...I got so damn sidetracked-
“Huh? What about it?” Mei asked, relaxing a bit more as they pulled back into a topic she was comfortable with.

“I wanted some improvements on it,” Katsumi said simply.

The change was instant. Mei had jumped off her seat and was in her face in under a second. “I’m listening.”

Mei hummed happily looking through the notes she took regarding Katsumi’s requests for the updates on her suit.

It was simple, really; she wanted the right bracer to have multiple firing chambers instead of just one.

The single-shot grenadier bracers held massive combat potential in theory, but they took too long to fill up, which had made them useless in the real combat situations like the one she had found herself in at USJ.

While I am at it, I can add some bracing on the left arm to deal with the kickback of the single shot.

She smiled, starting to sketch up the internals of the new chambers of the bracer.

Wonder if she would be fine with Izuku designing the outside?

That aside…

“Why did you know so much about this emotional stuff anyway?” she asked Mecha-Might, who was plugging himself to his charging dock.

The machine responded, taking a seat on his dock, the power conduit clicking onto his back.
“Huh.” Mei nodded and added ‘remember to check if Mecha-Might’s homicide suppressant protocol is still active’ to her notes.

Katsumi clicked her tongue halfway back to the dorms. “Should have asked her to get Deku’s design for the outside.”

Izuku sneezed on his way back to the dorms. *Wonder who is talking about me…*

“Oh- Midoriya, could I have a moment” He knew that voice.

“Sure thing, Kayama-Sensei,” he said, looking over his shoulder to the teacher. “Anything you need?”

She gestured to an empty classroom, and he followed “Just wanted to check in if you are doing ok,” Midnight admitted after she closed the door behind them.

He smiled. “I’m fine, really, there is no need to worry about me,” he said again, keeping eye contact with the shorter teacher

“…If you say so.” She pouted, looking away clearly not believing him. “Oh, right. You heard about the sports festival, right?”

“Yeah, Aizawa announced it this morning,” he rubbed the back of his head. “Kinda excited for it.”

“You are going to make the opening statement for it,” she said, looking back at him, “since you were first place in the practical examinations.”

“Can I like, give my points to Bakugou?” He said without missing a beat. “I have stage-fright.”
“Do you think that would be a good idea? Letting Bakugou do the speech?” Midnight huffed. “Not to mention, you can’t.” Then she smiled slightly. “And don’t worry, I’ll be right next to you through the whole process, You can hold my hand if it helps.”

He took a seat on the desk, idly rolling his thumbs over each other as he looked away. “...I m-might take you up on that offer.”

Midnight was internally screaming *Who gave you the right to be so cute, goddammit.* “So yeah... that. I wanted to tell you that so you had a chance to prepare a speech for it, though honestly the crowd would cheer their heads off even if you just screamed ‘plus ultra,’ so don't sweat it too much.”

*Don’t sweat it too much? For a speech that's going to be televised all over Japan?* Izuku gulped. “I-I’ll try not to.”

She patted his shoulder softly. “You’ll do fine.”

Ochako greeted him from the couch in the common room when he made it to the dorms. “So, what did Aizawa say? You were gone for a long while…”

He took a seat next to her, pulling the lanyards out of his pocket. “She gave the go-ahead, have you seen Tsuyu around?”

“I haven-” before she could finish, she was cut out by a ribbit.

Both turned to Tsuyu. “Ah- thanks Midoriya!” she chirped and grabbed the lanyards walking away

“...H-how did she sneak up on us?” Ochako whispered, leaning closer to Izuku.

“Frogs are scary…” He mumbled rubbing his eyes and sinking further into the couch. He didn’t notice Mei dragging Momo to the support workshop behind them. “God I need a break”
Mei froze on the spot, did a quick recon of the room and then jumped on the couch next to him, leaning into his shoulder. “We could go on a date!”

Izuku jumped at the sudden contact “M-Mei?”

“That’s me,” the pinkette answered smiling. “So what do you say, Zuku?”

“You don’t want to spend time inventing all weekend?” Izuku asked in return; confusion almost overwhelming him.

“Nothing like a day out to get the gears turning even faster!” She countered, not losing her smile. “Don’t you agree, Momo?”

Izuku’s head twisted towards Momo instantly.

“I-I’d agree with you Mei. After this week, I think some time off would be beneficial,” the vice-representative of class 1-A said matter-of-factly. The only thing messing up her facade was the massive blush growing on her cheeks, and her eyes shining with excitement.

Then he looked at Ochako who sported a similar look.

“...tomorrow at 9 am?” He asked, smiling softly. A break should help, really.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you enjoyed this one guys,
messed with a new story idea, Of Quirks and Spirals, link > https://archiveofourown.org/works/16547954 Might mess with it from time to time as muse comes and goes. (Total Command still takes priority though so don't worry)

that being said and done, hope to see you guys on the next one.
It was 8 am in the Heights Alliance dorms, and Momo was panicking.

Her hair was down and she was switching between a bikini and a one-piece suit, trying to figure out what to wear on their… *date*. Just the thought of it alone was making butterflies rampage in her stomach.

Mei had insisted that they go to a beach, which surprised both her and Ochako; sand and waves really didn’t sound like it mixed well with the inventor. Izuku, however, looked slightly moved by the suggestion. *I should ask him what that was about*…

She huffed and looked at the time – 8.30 am – then sighed and went back to looking for what to wear to the beach.

Even with the stress of her first date, she couldn’t help but smile softly at her reflection in the mirror. A month ago, she couldn’t have imagined having a boyfriend. Nor could she have imagined how happy it made her to finally go on a date with someone.

...*Someones.*

She would’ve thought that distinction would ruin the feeling of it, but honestly, it was just making her giddier. All the love triangles in all the books she read seemed… senseless now that she had this feeling.

A knock at her door broke her out of her trance.

Ochako groaned. *I can’t believe I am doin’ this*…

*But dammit, I am not goin’ on my first date in the school swimsuit.*
Momo opened the door to see Ochako pulling a determined face that looked as resolute as Izuku but fierce as Katsumi.

“O-Ochako?” she squeaked taking a step back.

“Huh? oh...” The expression melted away from Ochako’s face. “I hope I didn’t wake you up,” she mumbled shyly, poking her hands together. “I-” she looked both ways in the hallway. “actually, can I come in?”

Momo blinked for a couple of seconds. “Oh! Sure, sure,” she took a step to the side letting the other girl in before closing the door behind them. “You wanted help with something?”

“I- uh” she nervously shifted from one leg to the other, intimidated by the outright high-class aura coming from Momo and her room. “Iwantedtoknowifyoucouldlendmeawimsuit,” she squeaked, far too softly and fast for the taller girl to comprehend.

Momo tilted her head. “Could you say that again?”

_C’mon, Ochako. She won’t judge._ “Can you lend me a swimsuit for the date?”

Momo’s face brightened steadily. “Of course!”

He groaned as he got up. It was weird how ...uneventful his sleeping had become. Usually, he had some sensation of time or emotion from an already forgotten dream. After the USJ, however, time seemed to skip whenever he laid his head on the pillow. _The brain damage is probably why..._

He rolled to his side deciding to sleep a little more, only to bump into a mass on his side.

_C’ai...?_
The girl in question whined and turned to look at him. “Morning already?”

“Guess so,” he huffed, looking at her groggily.

Her tired face slowly turned into a warm smile as she leaned forward, intending to kiss him.

Their lips met, but so did their teeth, causing both parties to reel back from the sudden jolt caused by the clacking of bone. Which they followed with laughter.

“S-sorry, Zoom kinda makes my depth perception go off the rails in the mornings,” Mei explained as her laughter died down.

Izuku smiled, softly pulling her to a hug. “Wanna try again?” He didn't need to ask twice as Mei closed the gap between them, melting into the kiss.

After a few seconds, she pulled away and Izuku’s eye caught the alarm clock as they tried catching their breath after the heavy lip-lock. 8:50 “Shit, we are gonna be late-”

“Late to what, its the wee-” Mei stopped mid-way, eyes widening. “Shit shit sHIT!” Kissing him one last time she jumped out of the bed, sputtered “I’ll be right back, wait for me!” and dashed off to her dorm.

Izuku watched her leave, mind slowly processing what just happened. “She should just move in here at this rate…”

He rolled over and climbed out of bed. The joints on his back popped as he twitched his back muscles in sequence, enjoying the cracks reverberating up his spine. He rolled his shoulders, letting those joints pop into place as well.

Then he remembered why he was getting up.

His face flushed as he smiled.
He shifted his weight from one foot to the next, waiting for the girls to show up. It was 8.59, and his face was close to combusting with excitement and embarrassment.

“You alright, Green?”

His head snapped to Kyoka, neck groaning slightly. *Thank God those vertebra joints are fully healed.* “O-oh, yeah I’m fine, just gonna head out for a bit.”

Her eyebrow arched. “Then why are you waiting here? Blushing?”

“Ah we-”

“Sorry for being late!” Ochako announced, both she and Momo stepping out of the elevator carrying large beach bags.

Kyoka looked between the three. *...wait, what?*

“I AM HERE!” Mei screeched, holding onto the doorframe, panting trying to catch her breath.

Izuku’s face twitched. “And you were teasing *me* for quoting All Might...” he murmured, looking at the girl.

“I just know what you like!” Mei defended herself. “Plus it’s not like ‘I am here’ is something abnormal to say,” she added, blowing a raspberry at the end, causing the other three to chuckle. “So, we leaving or what?”

The three nodded and started heading for the door, Izuku stopping for a second to look at Kyoka. “We’ll be back by- I dunno, sometime afternoon. Tell Iida that she is in command if you see her please?”

Kyoka nodded slowly, turning back to the common room TV.
Did they all just go out on a date?

How does that even wor-

She finally shook her head. “Nah, there’s no way they’re on a date.”

The merry feeling of the four on the date faded rapidly as they approached the UA barrier. Even from the distance, they could hear the hustle and bustle of the reporters.

“Are they still camping out there?” Ochako huffed, cheeks swelling as she pouted. “We have private lives, too, you know…”

Izuku chuckled sadly. “That’s just how hero life is, we should get used to it.”

“That is true but…” Momo’s onyx eyes locked onto Izuku, “won’t they stop us for a long interview? Since you are with us?”

The dots connected for the other three, and Izuku huffed in displeasure. “They probably would…”

“So we have to sneak around them!” Mei announced, hitting her palm with her fist. “Izuku, what’s the plan?”

He looked at the girl, eyes screaming *why me?* But before he could put his woes into words a plan clicked into existence in his head. “Remember the Combat Training?”

Ochako’s eyes shined. “How could I forget?”

Momo smiled. “That could work...”
Mei was giggling like a schoolgirl as Izuku hopped onto another rooftop. Ochako was hanging onto his back, acting as ballast while her quirk was active on the other three. Izuku’s firm arms were around Momo and Mei locking them to his sides as he took powerful leaps towards their destination.

"I AM NEVER RIDING THE TRAIN AGAIN!" Mei screamed, her voice muffled by the rushing air.

Izuku himself had a massive smile on his face. *Is this how All Might feels like when she is going around?*

Soon Izuku found his way to the beach, dropping down inside an alleyway to make a more discreet arrival to the public place.

“Thank you for flying with Air Izuku. Please remember to check your overhead compartments,” he announced in a mock voice, causing Ochako to sputter in laughter.

Momo took a few steps only to fall back to his arms as her legs gave underneath her, face flush from all the adrenaline surging through her body. “That was...exhilarating,” she breathed, looking back to the source of it all. “Thank you, Izuku.”

His breath hitched and his face flushed, “A-anything, Momo.”

Mei chuckled looking at the two. “You guys are so sappy,” she teased causing Izuku to look back at her, his blush fading.

“Oh says the girl that insisted we go on a date where we first met,” he shot back, a sly smirk forming on his mouth.

Mei’s shoulders sagged, grin drooping. “I-I thought you would have liked it...”
“Oh, so that's why,” Momo smiled. “Seems like Izuku isn’t the only one that’s full of surprises,” she hummed leaning back away from the man in question.

Ochako, still not off her spot on his back giggled. “Mei, you didn’t seem to be the sentimental type.”

Izuku chuckled. “She’s a softie deep down, she’s just bad at showing it.” His words caused Mei to pout back at him, presenting a chance for him to lean down and capture her lips, which he took. “Also, I love it. Thank you, Mei.”

Her smile returned full force, causing even the other two girls to blush a bit by its brightness. “I told you, I know what you like!” she said proudly. “Now let's go have some fun in the beach!” she announced, dashing out of the alleyway towards the sand.

Izuku chuckled, then stopped before following her. “You wanna get down, Ochako?”

“Nah, it's comfy up here,” the brunette answered with a giggle. “You don't mind, do you?”

“Not at all,” he answered, shifting a bit before grabbing under her knees to steady their posture. His face turned towards the remaining girl. “Momo?” he asked looking at the silent woman.

The woman in question shook her head, a smile on her face. “S-sorry, just got caught up in the moment.”

“You alright?” Ochako chimed from behind Izuku.

“I’m fine, just...happier than I thought I could ever be,” the high-class woman answered with a faint blush dusting her cheeks.

Izuku smiled back and leaned down slightly, kissing her on the forehead, and earning a bonk in the head by Ochako. “What was that? Kiss her on the lips!” She demanded from her perch, causing the two to laugh a bit.

Then he complied, bringing Momo’s lips to meet his, both parties sighing contently.
“Remind me to kiss you after you get off for that.” He added trying to look up to where she was on his back.

“Or…” Ochako leaned forward, almost losing balance before managing to grip onto the sides of his head, landing an upside-down kiss. “We could do that,” she mumbled, blushing as she settled back behind his shoulders.

Izuku blinked blankly, then looked back down. “How many times can I fall for someone? Cause I think I just fell for Ochako again.”

Momo hid her giggle under her hand, dragging Izuku towards the beach slowly as Ochako almost floated off his back.

Being encompassed in their own little world, none of the three noticed the blonde woman catching sight of the small group. An unhinged grin forming on her face as her honey-colored eyes locked onto the back of the giant of a man. *I've never seen a man bleed before… her grin widened as she ran her thumb over the edge of her knife.*

_Wonder how he would look covered in his own blood~_

“What took you so long?” Mei protested, messing around with a… _metal ball?_

“What is that?” Izuku asked as Mei clicked onto a button on the top, a telescopic shaft sprouting from the bottom. Then she stabbed it onto the ground, the action causing the main body to click, and the metal sphere starting to spin, clicking rapidly as it unfolded into a large flattened dome.

A beach umbrella.

The three turned to the device, then to Mei.
“I have no idea how you manage to do it, but you still surprise me even after nearly a year…” Izuku mumbled, looking at the feat of engineering again. “Why did you even build it?”

“Was testing collapsible designs for your suit!” She explained, turning and tossing her towel under the machine’s shade. “This was just a dry run.”

Momo looked under the umbrella trying to see where the panels connected to each other “It’s amazing what you can do, Mei. I can barely see the connections.”

“Yeah… I might have gone overboard for a ‘dry run’.” the pinkette chuckled, combing a hand through her hair in embarrassment. “But hey it works!”

Izuku chuckled and bent down a bit, letting Ochako jump off of him. “I’ll say,” he hummed, tossing his shirt over his head. “Gonna go out for a swim… I’ll be back in a while”

Ochako grew crimson, while Mei almost drooled at the sight. Momo was too busy unpacking her stuff to see him go.

“You know…” Mei rolled over on her towel, her shorts and T-shirt tossed into her bag, now lounging in a cute yellow bikini. Her eyes rolled over the growing amount of people peppered across the beach. “I never thought he would actually do it.”

“Get into UA?” Ochako asked, turning to the woman, in her black and pink bikini. Momo had created one for her since none of the creation hero’s swimsuits would fit her frame.

“Oh? No- no I knew he’d do that.” Mei rolled back to meet brunette’s eyes. “I never thought he would actually clean up the whole beach.”

Momo closed the book she was reading. “Wait, Dagobah Municipal Beach… “ She tried remembering where she had heard the name before. “Isn’t this the place that got suddenly cleaned up over half a year ag-” She stopped, head twisting towards Mei, eyes wide. “Izuku did that!?”

“Yep~” Mei popped the P, “It was his ‘dry run.’ You should have seen it; he was hauling fridges
and cars like it was nothing!”

Ochako laughed. “Yeah, I can see him doin’ that.”

Momo shook her head. “...I suppose that is something very ‘Izuku’ to do.”

“Speak of the devil!” Mei chirped her eyes zooming into the horizon, seeing Izuku swim back towards the coast. “He’s on his way back.”

Ochako sat up, following the pinkette’s gaze, still not seeing her boyfriend. “How far out did he go?”


“I don’t think him going out that far is safe…” Momo said looking to the distance as well.

“Pretty sure he can swim back to the shore with his eye closed at this point, he made a point of swimming into the distance after he cleaned enough of the beach,” Mei said, trying to calm the other woman.

“If you say so?” Momo shrugged.

“Watch this, watch this!” Mei jumped in her seat.

“Watch what? I can’t see anythin’ Mei-” Ochako’s words died in her throat as the barely visible green dot out in the blue ocean disappeared, replaced with a torrent of white foam as water suddenly burst into the air.

“I-is that...?” Momo paled.

The disturbance in the water started approaching rapidly, causing some of the others to start running back into the shallows.
“He kicks into gear when he gets close to the beach at the end of his course,” Mei explained as Izuku came into view, followed by a giant wake similar to one produced from a speedboat.

Ochako silently watched the sight, feeling more than a little overwhelmed by how much the man was training. Even on a date.

“I should train that hard, too…”

Momo’s face scrunched. “Ochako, you don’t need to train hard. Not that way, at least.” Her words caused the brunette’s gaze to land on the woman. “Your quirk is gravity manipulation, strength and endurance training wouldn’t help as much. If anything, training with the proper martial art would make you deadly in combat.”

Mei chuckled. “Yeah, plus with my gear, you will be unstoppable!”

Ochako smiled at the two. “… Thanks.”

“No problem,” “It’s nothing really,” the two answered before Mei leaned and grabbed a camera out of her backpack.

“W-what are you doing?” Momo questioned, looking at the steampunk-looking device. That's definitely ‘Mei’ alright...

“Getting a pic for the collection,” Mei answered, setting up for a picture. “Also what’s your phone numbers, I’ll send a copy to you.”

“What collectio-” Ochako started to ask before noticing where Mei was aiming at.

The wake had hit the beach.

Izuku broke the water and shook his hair, much like a model on a T.V. spot would, his wet body glistening in the noon sunlight.
Mei held down the shutter button, the camera clicking rapidly, taking multiple pictures as Izuku shook himself a little more and took his steps towards the beach.

“I...” Momo gulped, crossing her legs, a light blush dusting her cheeks. “I would like a copy of those pictures, yes and thank you.”

Ochako was sure her nose was about to start bleeding like an anime character. Her face a deep crimson. “O-oh...”

Their thoughts were broken by a whistle from the side, someone from the beachgoers was waving to Izuku. “Hey there, handsome.”

Ochako’s flushed face receded, bloodlust starting to radiate from her form.

Mei looked at her curiously. *Uh...wonder why she doesn’t do that to us?*

Momo was patting her back trying to calm her down.

And Izuku... Izuku looked deeply uncomfortable, then looked at the source of the sound.

“Aunt Bakugou?”

Ochako’s intimidating aura faded almost instantly, Momo froze on the spot, and Mei’s finger clicked again reflexively, taking a picture of the tall and mature looking woman, sporting a black bikini that was *waaaaaaayyy* too revealing which showed off her pristine skin.

“I told you to call me just Mitsuki!” The blonde had a face of mock agitation. “‘Aunt Bakugou’ makes me feel old,” she added as she walked towards him with a visible sway to her hips. “Come give me a hug, it’s been way too long!”

Ochako rubbed her eyes. “Oh wow, I can’t believe my dream has gotten this weird.”

“You aren’t dreaming,” Momo mumbled back.
“...Is it me or is Bakugou’s mom hot?” Mei asked looking back at the woman who was hugging their blushing shirtless boyfriend.

Ochako looked at Mei, then to Momo. “Stop lyin’ to me dream Momo, this has gotta be a dream.”

Momo pinched herself, then Ochako causing her to flinch with the pain. “Oh no...”

“You really are getting more buff every time I see you~” Mitsuki complimented, her hands grazing on Izuku’s toned biceps. “So, how’s UA?”

Izuku was overheating. Something he often did around the older woman. “I-it’s great, learning a lot!” he barked, a little too stiffly.

Mitsuki’s face scrunched, and she pinched his ear pulling his head down to hers “What did I say about lying?”

“I-I wasn’t lying, I’m learning a lot!” Izuku defended himself, bending down in pain.

“What about USJ?” Mitsuki hissed, pulling at his ear a little harder.

“That... wasn’t the best day...” he admitted, looking at her crimson eyes.

She stifled a laugh and blew into his ear as she let go, making the man shiver as the sensation. “Well at least you look healthy. Good to see some upstart villain didn’t get a hit on you.”

He shuddered a bit while righting himself. “Y-yeah.”

“Well as fun as it was to see you, I’m going back to sunbathing.” Her face broke into a smirk. “could you put some lotion on my back?”

Izuku’s face flushed. “I- you don’t need lotion cause of your quirk, right?”
Mitsuki flicked him on the arm playfully. “Don’t bring logic into my teasing!” She chuckled, turning to leave. “Oh, and tell Katsumi to call me sometime? I worry.”

Izuku relaxed as Mitsuki’s voice shifted into a more maternal one. “Of course. Anything else you want me to tell her?”

“Will you marry me?” Mitsuki said without missing a beat.

Izuku’s face grew crimson as Mitsuki walked away, laughing at his shocked expression. He finally shook his head, dispelling his fluster and shuffled back to the three waiting for him, settling between Mei and Ochako.

“Was she... flirting with you?” Mei asked after a moment.

Ochako looked like she was still denying the reality of the situation, while Momo was still frozen on the spot.

“She likes to tease,” Izuku explained. “She wasn’t serious about it.”

“You sure about that?”

“Mei, please...”

The woman in question laughed, curling against him. “Wanna get lotion on my back?”

Izuku made a choking sound. “Mei...”

Ochako finally accepted reality, and Momo unfroze. “Mei, that’s cheatin’!”

“C’mooon, I’m sure you two would love getting him to cover your backs, too!” Mei insisted with a smirk.
Neither Ochako nor Momo argued against that.

“...If you want to.” Izuku mumbled, looking bashfully at the ground then back at them.

All of their eyes shined, even as Momo’s and Ochako’s faces grew crimson.

_This is heaven._ Ochako almost moaned as Izuku rubbed the lotion on her back, his fingers rubbing the stress of the university out of existence. Honesty, she was having trouble not thinking about how good he would be on other activities involving hands.

Mei sighed dreamily from her spot, back slick with sun-lotion. “You are very good at this, you know?”

Ochako could feel him blush from where she was laying, and she hoped he couldn’t feel her heartbeat nor her flustered face from his contact with her back in return.

“R-really?” He blustered, voice wavering.

Momo nodded, her hair loose on her sides as she flipped through another page in her book, trying to hide her face under the confines of the paper. “I… I must agree it feels very pleasant.”

“Ochako?” he questioned, his hands grazing against a sensitive bundle of nerves as he did so.

Caught off-guard; She moaned.

Mei started laughing. “See? I told you!”

Ochako felt steam coming out of her ears, Izuku looked red enough to pass as a tomato.
Momo tried to bury her face further into her book.

“Well...I’m gonna go grab something to drink,” Izuku announced, getting up from his spot. “Any of you want something?”

“A kiss, “ Mei announced, rolling to her front. Izuku rolled his eyes, but complied, kissing her.

“I would like some tea if you can find some,” Momo said from her spot on the towels, still reading her book.

Ochako still couldn’t meet his eyes but mumbled out a soft “Strawberry soda,” under her breath.

He nodded hearing that and headed off to the vending machines.

“Wonder if Momo likes that brand...” He hummed looking at the selection on the machine, then shrugged, purchasing two different types of tea.

“Hey~” came a girly voice, causing him to turn around.

He came face to face with a woman around his age wearing what looked like a middle school uniform, hair in two messy buns. There was something… wrong with her eyes.

They looked hungry.

“Can I help you?”

She smirked, leaning towards him. “Yeah, Izuku-kun~” her smile was slightly predatory. “Can you show me the color of your blood?”
His eyes widened as her hand blurred out of existence for a second, not due to speed but cause of how erratically it was moving, his brain only registering it again after the numb feeling of steel piercing skin encompassed his senses, as the knife she held stabbed down the left side of his chest, the tip growing closer to his heart.

“Wha-”

“He’s been gone for a while hasn’t he?” Mei hummed, getting bored.

“It’s been, like, 5 minutes Mei, the vending machines are probably farther than that,” Ochako mumbled back, stretching out a bit.

“But I’m booooooooored,” Mei whined in return, causing Ochako to chuckle.

“I’m sure he’ll be back soon,” Momo said, flipping another page in her book, close to its end.

Toga Himiko had stabbed a lot of people, that was just the fact of the matter. People got such a nice color to their skin when it was covered in blood, and she couldn’t help but want to see more. So, she stabbed and stabbed. Painted people in the crimson she loved so madly.

Toga had stabbed a lot of people.

But this was the first time she was stabbing a man.

And this was the first time her victim didn’t move back or stagger as the knife slid in.

She could feel herself fall a little for the man.
“You would look so much hotter if you were bleeding just a little bit more~” she sing-songed, trying to push the blade in further in. *If I just nick the heart he’ll bleed so beautifully~*

But the knife stopped before it got any deeper. And His hand grasped around hers, keeping the knife in place.

She pouted, looking back up to his face. “C’mon don’t be stingy. It’s just a little blood.”

He looked lost for words. Just stared down in shock. “...I would like to live, thank you; I promised someone I wouldn’t die.”

Her pout broke into a wide smile. “Oh! You are in love with someone!” She tried to pull the knife out, only to fail as Izuku’s grip tightened around her hand, making the bones of her fingers groan “I love a good romance!” she cheered, seemingly unaffected by her inability to pull away. “But that’s sad,” her face darkened. “I would’ve liked to keep you for myself”

“Sorry, I don’t think I’d like that,” he answered, his shock replaced with focus as he tried getting his blood ready to congeal the moment the blade was pulled out. “I don’t like bleeding.”

She blew a raspberry, “ Don’t lie, everyone loves a little blood~” she giggled. “It’s so red and stark~ it looks lovely on skin~”

“I- I don’t think that’s a common thing to like, miss.” He tried to keep his voice calm. At least she seemed civil at the moment. *Nothing* like the villains from USJ.

Toga got a massive blush on her face, and a feral grin, her free hand moving with the same erratic motions to make him lose track of it before cupping his cheek. “You can call me Toga, Izuku-kun~”

He shivered at the contact but held steady. “... Would you leave the knife behind if I did?”

Toga looked like she was considering it slowly. “Only if you kissed me, too~,” she said, pulling her lips into a kissy face.

*Yeah, I think Imma go to therapy after this... “Promise?” He breathed out. Just play along-* she
Toga nodded her head rapidly, and he could feel her hand go slack against the knife under his own, as she rose to the tips of her toes.

... This is a terrible idea, he thought. But, I don’t know her quirk, and if she does look and sound like she will let go...

So he did it, leaned down and kissed his attacker. Who moaned in delight as he did. And after a second he started pulling back.

Toga bit on his bottom lip, enough to draw a little blood.

He looked at her incredulously.

She giggled, licking her lips. “Thanks for the meal~” then started to transform. Her body coated itself with a slick material as it shifted, causing him to lose grip on the hand holding her knife which remained stuck to his chest.

Soon the disturbance faded away and he was face to face with…

A shorter, female version of himself, in the middle-school outfit Toga was wearing.

“...” Toga looked at her hands, then back up to him. “This is new.”

Izuku’s grip tightened around the knife. “W-what the fuck?” he took a few steps back, away from his female doppelganger.

“Well, a promise is a promise~” The female Izuku announced, and turned her back to him, walking away. “It was fun Izuku-kun. I hope I can taste you more next time~”

With that, her whole body disappeared from his vision, much like her hands did previously.
His bleeding lip scabbed over, the platelets he had accumulated in preparation of closing the stab wound also sealing the cut in his mouth as he stumbled away from the scene. Why can’t I ever have normal things? Just a normal date on the beach, not getting fucking stabbed in an alleyway! he groaned, still holding onto the knife as he walked. Thankfully he was able to tense his muscles against the cut to stop blood from leaking out around the sharp piece of metal.

He managed to walk onto the beach before Mei ran at him laughing gleefully, before seeing why he was hunched over. She skidded to a halt. “MOMO!”

The woman in question jumped at the sudden yell, looking at Mei for an explanation. Her eyes widened at the sight.

“I- I need some sterile gauze if you can make some,” Izuku whimpered.

Chapter End Notes

He’s been stabbed by, he’s been struck by, A smooth criminal.

sorry for being late guys, after this, I gotta take a little break as I finish my final projects, but I hope you enjoyed this one!

see you in the next chapter!
You are that one breath. that puts all the remaining breaths. back into my body

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Ok, think through this…

Mei was holding onto his right arm as he lowered himself to the steps, Momo and Ochako rushing to his side.

I turned off my pain receptors to keep myself from going into shock, but that risk is low already. I need to feel how deep the blade is and what's pierced.

He gritted his teeth and leaned onto Mei, whose eyes were jittering with terror. “Ok- its ok, I’m fine… I’m fine…”

Momo got to his side, looking at the blade sticking out of his chest with fear. “I-Izuku?”

Ok-ok, with her here… “Momo I need you to produce some gauze, anything clothlike would work, and something adhesive?” he groaned, leaning back to the steps.

“W-why?” She asked, eyes locked on the handle of the blade.

“Cause I need to pull the blade out before my own heart beating makes the cut worse.” He said simply, looking way too calm for a person that was just stabbed.

“B-but we didn’t get first aid trainin’ yet… you’ll bleed out.” Ochako mumbled, too shocked to move from her spot at his sides.

“First, I gotta stop the bleeding when it happens… so far with the knife still in it hasn’t started to bleed yet. But the knife needs to get out. Fast. And when it does, it will bleed. ” Izuku was trying to keep his voice steady. “I- I don’t know how deep in it really is, didn’t get a chance to look at the knife before it went in. I also turned my pain receptors off…”
They all gulped.

“I’ll turn them back on in a moment; we need to know what exactly is pierced…” He looked at the ground, as he slowly let the nerves transfer the information, tears sprouting instantly as he felt how close the knife was to his aorta, feeling the hole in the Pericardium, the hot flashes of pain rippling through his body in waves with every heartbeat. “J-Jesus Christ...” He whimpered, trying to keep his voice low.

The girls started to panic more. Ochako running off to grab her phone as Momo collapsed next to him. Mei held his arm as if her grip alone was keeping him alive.

“I-I’m fine, Momo. I gotta pull this thing out. I need gauze now!” He whimpered, keeping his eyes shut.

“B-but It won’t be sterile,” Mei opposed. “we gotta wait till the ambulance gets her-”

“Momo can’t generate living matter; it’s gonna be sterile,” Izuku explained breathlessly. “Momo, we gotta do it now, adrenaline is making my heart beat faster. Don’t forget creating gloves too”

Momo gulped, her hands glowing as gloves grew from her skin, followed by some gauze on her thigh. “I-It’s ready.”

Izuku smiled grimly, cracking a teary eye open. “O-Ok I’m gonna pull this out on three, push the gauze onto the wound as hard as you can when I do.”

Momo nodded, gripping the gauze with both hands close to his chest.

“One…” He gripped the knife tighter with his one hand. “Two…” He gulped and relaxed the muscles around the knife, blood starting to seep out from the sides slowly. “Three!”

With one fluid motion, he pulled the blade out, teeth clacking shut as he did. Momo listening to his request pushed the gauze against his chest right after the knife was out of the wound, hindering the bloodloss.
He leaned his head against the steps, breathing heavily as the knife clattered down onto the steps. “Th-thanks.”

She was crying softly, as was Mei. “Y-you promised you wouldn’t s-scare me again after USJ!” She sobbed as she applied pressure to the site of the wound.

“S-sorry…” He breathed out.

“Apolo-ise after you survive this!” Momo whimpered still holding on strong.

“No, I need to apologize…for what comes after this.” Izuku clarified, Momo’s look turned to one of horror.

“We need to clean the wound.”

Mitsuki groaned and got up after hearing someone shout ‘three’ those fucking brats need to learn how to behave… she grunted, walking towards a black haired woman in a red one-piece swimsuit of elegant design, and a pink-haired one wearing a yellow bikini.

“Why are you brats screami-” She stopped; now that she was close by she could see the iridescent green hair, and the bloody knife on the steps.

“I-is that a knife..?” She muttered, hand going to her mouth in shock. Izuku’s one open eye darting to her. Mei’s following his gaze.

“Mitsuki?”

Momo turned to see the woman over her shoulder.
“Izuku what’s going on?”

“He’s been stabbed,” Mei answered for him. “Momo’s keeping pressure on the wound.”

“D-did you call 119?” The older woman asked, getting on her knees next to Momo.

“I think Ochako is doing just that,” Momo replied, eyes still locked on the gauze.

“Y-you need to change gauzes, Momo.” Izuku groaned. “Check if the bleeding stopped when you do.”

Momo nodded, and produced another batch of gauze on her thigh again, Mitsuki looking over in wonder.

“It’s her quirk,” Mei explained Mitsuki nodded along.

Momo breathed out and pulled the blood-soaked gauze away, getting ready to push the fresh one. Then stopped at how much the gauze stuck to his body. “I-it’s stopped bleeding.”

Izuku sighed. “Ok, ok that’s good.” He leaned back, his head hitting the steps with a low thud. “We need-” He stopped. “Mei, is there any debris on the wound that you can see?”

“N-no it’s clean.” Mei shuddered, disengaging her zoom and turning a pale color at the sight of the gash. It wasn’t that wide, but it looked… deep.

“We need a saline solution, at least a liter to clean it fully.” Izuku grunted, the pain making it hard to keep his voice steady. With the blade now gone and scabbing started, the waves of ferocious pain cascading through his nervous system had turned into a sting that was throbbing with every beat of his heart.

Momo took a calming breath and nodded. “What concentration?”

“0.9 percent- same as tears.” Izuku hissed, clenching his teeth against the pain.
The wash bottle filled with saline spawned on her thigh which she grabbed with her free hand. “And I just…”

“G-good, the wash bottle is perfect- squirt it perpendicular, into the wound, but not hard enough to damage tissue or push debris in deeper.” He panted, explaining the procedure.

Mei looked away, gripping onto Izuku tighter, Mitsuki looked on trying to figure out how to help. Ochako finally came by and almost puked at the sight of the open wound while still talking to the emergency line.

Momo silently nodded again, squirting the bottle testingly, then starting to clean the wound with it slowly.

Izuku hissed in pain, and shut his eyes. Momo stopped at that. His eyes snapped back open. “Don’t stop! You need to clean it fully, it’s too deep and we can’t chance it getting infected.”

Momo hesitated, and Mitsuki intervened “I- I can do it if you can’t handle it”

Momo hung her head “S-sorry, I can’t” she passed the bottle to Mitsuki, the cleaning process was hurting Izuku and she couldn’t handle being the cause of his pain.

“Ok…” Mitsuki held the bottle softly. “Ok I’m starting.”

Her transformation had timed out, the droplet of blood from her Izuku not giving her more than 5 minutes in his… well her form. “Wonder what that was about…” She walked up to the beach, expecting to see the women he was with waiting for his return.

She didn’t expect to see four women huddled over him, playing operation.

She saw the gash that her knife left on him, and the dried blood on his pectorals, a trail going down to his abs. Her eyes widened as her blush grew darker, She was right, he looked stunning bloody.
She quickly grabbed her phone, taking a video of him wincing as the blonde one with the spiky hair cleaned out the wound, the wound glistening as the saline solution washed over it, the overwash tinged red like diluted blood.

One of her hands found its way drifting too close to under her skirt. Her face twitched. ...No, not here...

But she could still feel the wetness spreading in her undergarments; her thighs rubbing against each other. God- I should have asked more than a kiss~

She almost moaned out as an actual stream of blood started pouring out from the wound, the four women panicking at the sight. Izuku-kun just grimaced and grunted lowly, trying to calm the others down.

She had found him, her love.

Mitsuki looked her age by the time the full bottle was fully used up. “It’s done…”

Ochako looked away from the leaking wound “They said an ambulance was en route but could be delayed, there was a villain attack, roads got messed up.”

“We need to close the wound.” They all shuddered at what Izuku stated.

Momo shook her head. “Absolutely not!”

“It’s been less than 6 hours, and it pierced the whole epidermal layer, we need to close the wound,” He argued back weakly. “I’ll be fine if we close it; just butterfly bandage it.”

Mitsuki looked at Momo. “... You heard the boy.”
Momo gulped. *Be a hero. A hero could do this...* “Ms. Bakugou, here.” She generated some gloves and passed them to the woman. “I need someone to hold the wound closed.”

Mei leaned in and grabbed the gloves out of the woman’s hands. “I got that, I’m used to pulling surfaces together...” She swallowed as she looked back at the wound. “I’ll give you enough space to operate.”

“T-thanks... Izuku...this is gonna sting.” Momo quickly produced a handful butterfly bandages. *Thank heavens mother suggested I memorize the adhesive formula for band-aids.*

“I can handle it,” He huffed leaning back against the stairs. “Ready when you are.”

Mei looked at the slightly bleeding and open gash; it had stretched out a bit. “Ok, ok...” she wrapped an arm around Izuku’s torso, another sneaking up on the other side of the wound. “On your mark, Momo.”

“... Do it.”

Izuku groaned and slammed his head against the steps, trying to silence the scream bubbling up from his chest before it made its way out as Mei pushed the edges of the wound together. Momo quickly starting to apply multiple butterfly bandages over the wound, closing it.

“I-its done.” Momo breathed out, falling back to her ass, the emotional strain getting to her.

“Thanks...“ Izuku panted softly; the act of breathing was now causing pain, but only due to the stretching of skin.

“If you die now, I’m never forgiving you.”

“I promised I wouldn’t, didn’t I?”

Toga hissed from her perch overlooking the beach. *Shows over...*
But her smile returned tenfold looking at her phone...*but I got something good to use*~

She smiled to herself, almost drooling as she re-watched the video. “I’m gonna have so much *fun* when I get back home~”

Mei was still by his side as the ambulance came, Ochako guiding the paramedics to his spot on the steps and Momo still on her spot sitting in front of him, head in her hands. Mitsuki had dashed off to collect her stuff, and to call Inko.

Paramedics looked at the still conscious Izuku, the state of the wound and the depth of the bloody marks on the blade shocked them, but they shook it off quickly to do their job.

They cringed at hearing that his blood type was O. “We are low on that type…”

Mei shook her head “My blood type is O, too. You have plenty.”

With that revelation, Mei and Izuku were loaded up into the ambulance. Momo called her dad to send out a driver to get her and the rest to the hospital, taking a stop on the way to grab Izuku’s mother.

“I-is he alright?” Was the first thing Inko asked the moment she stepped out the door, being greeted by Mitsuki hugging her tenderly, trying to calm her high-school friend.

“He’s fine, Inko. His friends helped him through it. You have a strong boy” She mumbled, running her hand through her hair as the mother of Izuku started tearing up. Momo and Ochako waiting awkwardly by the limo.

“U-Uraraka what happened?” Inko asked the woman she’d met once previously.
“I-I’m not sure he just...went out to grab something to drink and was stabbed-” Her own eyes started watering. “I- oh God…”

Momo silenced her by pulling her onto a hug herself. “H-he’s gonna be fine; he promised, remember?” Her own worries were showing in her tone. “H-he promised…”

Ochako nodded tearily. “W-we should go, Mei shouldn’ be alone in there…”

“W-wait… if you aren’t Hatsume,” Inko looked at Momo, “w-who are you?”

“Vice representative of class 1-A, Yaoyorozu Momo,” She said, voice leveling as practiced lines flowed out effortlessly. “I-I’m sorry we couldn’t meet under better circumstances.”

“IZUKU!” Inko almost tackled her son, barely slowing down and stopping at his bedside. “I was so worried!”

He chuckled softly. “Sorry- sorry, they said they informed Recovery Girl. She’s coming over here to give the final push, but they said that I should be fine for now, thanks to the initial first aid.” He smiled sadly at Momo. “Sorry for putting you through that, but thank you for your help.”

“Thank goodness…” She muttered, leaning towards him and gently cupping his cheek without thinking about it.

Inko’s motherly senses went on high alert at the action, eyes darting between Momo and Izuku. “W-wha-what?”

Suddenly Momo started blushing. “D-did I just?”

“I think you did…” Izuku mumbled back, matching her shade of red.

Mei giggled awkwardly, followed by Ochako.
“Mom… you should probably sit down for this.” Izuku muttered, Momo hung her head in shame.

“I-Izuku, what’s going on?” Inko muttered, taking a seat on the chair Ochako pushed next to her, curiosity and fear mingled on her face.

“I-I’m kinda…” He stopped and gulped. “W-we were on a date.”

Inko looked at her son, blankly.

“A-all four of us.” He added after the silence became deafening.

Inko started to cry. “MY BABY BOY IS GROWING UP SO FAST!”

Mitsuki clicked her tongue, looking away. Damn it brat, you were his childhood friend and you messed up getting a date with him before these three…?

“It’s been… a single day since I needed to see you last.” Recovery Girl huffed, a visible vein on her forehead. “One. day. Do you get off on getting hurt?”

“Ok, in my defense, the villain that attacked me popped out of nowhere,” Izuku argued. “And no, I wasn’t asking to get stabbed. She kinda just stabbed me and rambled about how beautiful blood was.”

Recovery Girl sighed. “Fine, whatever. Heard the doctors talking about your condition before you arrived here. Good to hear that you at least know enough to take care of yourself to survive.” Her lips over-extended and she kissed his forehead, green aura sparking on his chest as the wound visibly closed up, not even leaving a scar. “They want to keep you overnight just to see if pericardial effusion occurs, but the risk of that is at .00001 or something, considering your bodily makeup.” Her eyes drifted to Momo, Mei and Ochako “…Why were you even out there?”

“They were on a date!” Inko hummed happily swiping through another baby picture of Izuku on her
phone, the girls cooing at him wearing another All Might onesie.

Recovery Girl looked at the sight then back at Izuku, getting a mischievous smile. “...The university provides free contraceptives you know.”

“Can you take back your healing? I wanna die now.” Izuku mumbled, face getting redder than the blood he managed to keep inside his body.

Tomoyo had been pacing back and forth since it hit 3 pm, worried out of her mind. “They said they’d be back by afternoon, right?”

Kyoka groaned. “Yes, Iida. They said they’d be back sometime in the afternoon.” Repeating herself for the sixth time that day

“That’s weird, why aren’t they back yet then?” Tomoyo huffed, pacing a bit more.

Katsumi was getting a little worried herself. “Fucking fine, I’ll call Deku, give me a second.”

Kyoka looked at her curiously. “You have his number?”

“Duh, he gave it to me the day he got his first phone.” Katsuki huffed, listening to the dial tone.

“Oh, right; childhood friends…” Kyoka muttered turning back. Must've been nice growing up with him… she shook her head a little, Am I seriously envious of Baka-gou right now?

“Who the fuck am I talking to?” Katsuki huffed, apparently not recognizing the voice on the other side.

“High-class? Why are you answering Deku’s phone?”
A brief moment passed, then her free hand exploded, color draining from her face.

“Which hospital?”

Nozomi had heard what had happened to Izuku, of course, she did, the principal of UA knew all after all. But she didn’t expect the homeroom teacher of 1-A to request a bus for a ‘field trip’.

Not that she minded of course.

“All Might was one thing…” Her beady eyes gazed at the feed from 1-A’s dorms, the students talking with Aizawa about something; Worry in their faces “You are really going to be another aren’t you?” the hybrid chuckled. “We had one pillar before…”

“Now it’s time for multiple.”

“Pale blonde hair… honey colored eyes?” Detective Nao questioned, scratching her head.

“That’s what she looked like,” Izuku muttered. “But, that might not be her true form. Her quirk was some kind of transformation… She turned into me after getting some of my blood.”

The girls and his mother, who refused to leave even as the detective questioned him, shuddered at the thought. Mitsuki had left to grab the oncoming guests if the previous phone call was anything to go by.

“Not a perfect copy though, a female version of me. She looked confused about it too, so I don’t know exactly how it really works…” He clarified. “She told me to call her Toga.”

Nao nodded. “Anything else?”
He looked unsure if it was the best idea to share this but… “Her eyes were off… they looked hungry at first but…” he shook his head again. “She asked me to kiss her.” His eyes drifted to his girlfriends to see a reaction. “Told me that she would leave the knife behind if she did so-”

The detective's eyes filled with empathy. “You complied?”

“Seemed like the best course of action after hearing how she spoke,” He admitted, shoulders drooping a bit, keeping his eyes shut not wanting to see how they were looking at him. “She bit into my lip during it and… “ He stopped, re-playing the moment in his head for the fifth time.

“Transformed into you?”

“No- I mean, yes- It’s just…” He opened his eyes and looked at the detective. “Her eyes… they looked apologetic for a moment after she got a little bit of my blood, right before she transformed into me…”

Nao nodded. “…Thank you, Midoriya this should be all for now. Sorry for asking so much so soon.”

He shook his head. “It’s fine. Hope that could help.”

With that, the detective left. Leaving Izuku with his group.

“I-I’m sorry.” He mumbled avoiding their eyes.

“Izuku,” Mei’s voice came, then a gentle hand on his chin forced his head to look up at her, but his eyes were still on the ground. “You are an idiot.”

“I know…” He muttered. Then his eyes snapped to her when he felt her lips on his before he quickly pulled away.

“Apologising for getting attacked, you really are an idiot.” Mei huffed, annoyed that he cut the kiss short.
“You’re not mad that I kissed her?” He asked, his gaze moving to Momo and Ochako.

“You managed to keep calm and keep her from killing you, Izuku.” Momo sighed, shaking her head. “Why would we be mad about that?”

“I really don’t deserve any of you...” he said morosely.

Ochako broke down and tackled onto his side. “Don’t you ever say that you idiot!” She hugged him tightly.

He flinched at the contact- expecting some pain to come from the wound- a reflex really. But the pain didn’t come. After a moment, he relaxed into the hug. “S-sorry,” he hummed slowly wrapping his arms around her.

Their faces drifted together, and their lips connected for a second, parting hastily as Ochako remembered who else was in the room, face flushing.

Inko cupped her own cheek smiling maternally at the sight. “They grow up so fast…” She chuckled at how embarrassed Ochako got, the brunette’s eyes widening as they grazed over Mother Midoriya. “Don’t mind me, dont mind me,” she smiled, waving her hand. “I’m just happy to see Izuku found such great women to be in his life.”

“WHERE THE FUCK IS HE?” A roar came from the door, followed by a slap and a barely softer “Be fucking quiet brat, you’re in a goddamn hospital!”

Ochako jumped away from him just as the door slid open, revealing the rest of class 1-A.

“We came as soon as we could!” Tomoyo announced, walking into the room.

She was quickly pushed to the side by a distraught looking Katsumi who made a beeline for Izuku, burying her face into his chest as she held him tight. The rest of her body landing on and pinning Ochako onto the bed. “Do you need to get into trouble every fuckin’ day?” she asked, in a tone, only her mother and Izuku noticed as being close to tears.

“Hey, it’s not every day,” he mumbled back, his hand clamping on her head softly, starting to pet her hair. “It’s been, what, three days?” he chuckled weakly.
“Honestly,” Aizawa spoke up, the rest of the class giving her space as she walked in, “I am tempted to expel you just for your own safety.”

The temperature of the room dropped a few degrees, and all eyes locked onto Aizawa.

Inko broke the silence. “I’m happy to hear that you are worried about the safety of my child, I’m guessing you are Aizawa right? The homeroom teacher?” Her eyes were closed and mouth was in a friendly smile.

But the tone of her voice was causing even the pro to shudder slightly.

“But I would prefer if you didn’t threaten my son with expulsion.” Her tone alone dropped the temperature a few more degrees. “Especially so soon after a random stabbing.”

“I said I was just tempted,” The teacher mumbled, looking away. “His potential is still not zero so I won’t.”

“I wish Midoriya would randomly ‘stab’ me ,” Minerva muttered, under her breath.

Little did she know, in the tense and silent hospital room, everyone heard.

“If you don’t mind me, I got a student to discipline...” Aizawa huffed, grabbing the miniature student by the scruff of her shirt and dragging her off. Silently thankful for the opportunity to leave the room. Mothers are terrifying...

They watched silently as Minerva was hauled off.

Inko was the first to speak. “I don’t like her.”

Izuku chuckled softly. “She’s harmless, really.”
“Just cause she’s harmless doesn’t excuse the shit she says, Deku,” Katsumi muttered, still on his chest. “And honestly, no one does, auntie Inko”

“AH!” Mina jumped “You are Midoriya’s mother? He looks just like you!” she grinned. “Nice to meetcha, I’m Mina Ashido”

“Wait… if you are his mother…” Jirou’s looks drifted to Mitsuki, “are you Bakugou’s… sister?”

Inko started laughing, Mitsuki smirked. “Hope my little sister isn’t giving you all trouble?”

Katsumi jumped out of the bed and walked up to her mom after hearing that. “The fuck are you talking about old hag? I’m a delight to be around!”

“Is that how you talk to your big sister?” She seethed back, keeping Katsumi out of reach by placing a hand on her head and pushing away.

Ochako scooted closer to Izuku as Katsumi’s weight moved off of her. “I thought you said she was her mom?”

“She is,” Izuku nodded, the rest of the class just watching in awe as the two ‘fought.’ “she likes to tease remem-”

“Midoriya.”

“GAH!” He almost jumped onto Mei, who was standing next to his hospital bed, eyes landing on Shoko.

“Sorry- wanted to know if you were alright,” She said softly. “Good to see you are energetic enough to jump around.”

“Oh- I’m fine.” He smiled back calming down a little “Sorry, you kinda snuck up on me.”

“I just walked up?” Shoko stated, tilting her head to the side.
“I SAID SHUT UP YOU OLD HA-” Katsumi was cut off by a door sliding open.

“Ladies!” Came a stoic voice from the door, a doctor. “Visiting hours are over. I need to ask you all to leave.”

“Oh...” They all said in unison, followed by pleasantries, marching out of the room.

Ochako, Momo, and Mei lagged behind the class, pecking Izuku on the lips before leaving.

“Izuku, you found a lot of good wives,” Inko muttered, the only one allowed to remain in the room with him.

He blushed in response “I- I…” He took a steadying breath, and couldn’t help but smile.

“I know.”

Chapter End Notes

next chapter, the sports festival

get hype people!!!
(but not too hype I got final projects to finish- which I should have done instead of this [wheeze])

P.s. see you on the next one
If a significance is recognized with the pride one strides,

Chapter Notes

Guess who's back,
back again,
Epsi's back
tell a Friend

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

He sighed contently as the light of the Sunday morning sun washed over his body as he exited the hospital. Just as Recovery Girl had said, there were no other complications with his heart after Total Command kicked in. He gently tapped his own chest and mumbled a soft ‘glad to have you still beating in there’ to himself as his mother made her way out of the hospital, too.

“You sure you don’t want me to accompany you back?” Inko asked, tilting her head, worry evident in her voice. With the recent stuff he had been through, he couldn’t really blame her for it.

“Momo said she was sending one of her drivers to pick me up, Mom. I’ll be fine,” he replied with a soft smile.

“Oh!” The worry in her voice faded out instantly. “Midoriya Izuku, you better find a way to repay her for that. I won’t have my son be ungrateful, you hear?” With the smile on her face, he couldn’t be sure if she was just happy he’d found someone- someones- that cared for him, was scolding him lightly, or teasing him.

Not that it mattered anyway.

“Will do,” he chimed, walking towards where Momo said the car would pick him up.

I forgot how rich she is…
He shifted uncomfortably in the back of the limousine, trying to ignore the looks the driver was giving him whenever they stopped at traffic lights.

Well, he thought she was giving him glances; her large aviators were making it impossible for him to actually see her eyes, but he still felt eyes on him.

“So…” She mumbled, breaking the uncomfortable silence. “You are young master’s loved one?”

“Y-yeah…” He responded, gulping slightly. Is- is she gonna haze me or something?

She paused for a second, then clicked a transponder off, the red light on its side growing dim “Don’t tell her I’m saying this but… please take care of her.”

That was unexpected?

“I have been working for her family for- Jesus, ten years now… and I haven’t seen her that happy in all those years. She was practically beaming when I drove her back to the dorms yesterday.”

He started blushing from the revelation, a small smile forming on his face unbidden. “R-really?”

The driver clicked her tongue and chuckled a bit at his reaction. “Ah, to be young again…”

“You aren’t that old,” he mumbled back without thinking. “A-at least you don’t look that old…”

The driver started laughing at his response, “Oh- ohhhhh, aint you the charmer?” Her laughter faded away as they passed another intersection. “It’s not nice to try making people envious, young man.”

...How was that-

You know what, nevermind.
“Soooo…” Mina looked at the breakfast table expectantly, amber eyes locking down on the three culprits. “Why were you three with him already?”

Mei ignored the comment, continuing to gobble down on her fill of pancakes. Momo and Ochako grew red in the face and tried to look away from the accuser.

All three of them could feel the eyes of the class starting to gravitate towards them, the full class glaring at them. Mostly confused and lost, rather than envy.

“You guys formed his-” Minerva cut herself off, the act of keeping herself from finishing the sentence starting to make her sweat. Inhuman sounds escaped her throat, and she finally gave in, ripping out one of the balls that formed her ponytails and bit into it as a makeshift gag. Silencing the rest of her comments.

The table watched that in awe.

“... Progress?” Hana shrugged looking at the shorter woman chew into the ball viciously.

The rest of the class joined in sagely nodding.

“We are getting off topic!” Mina objected, trying to turn the class back on the three who were now making a getaway with the focus shifted away from them.

“Hey, guys.”

All the attention shifted again, as Izuku announced his arrival on the doorway of the dorms.

“I’m...back?”

Mina was the first one to tackle into him in a hug. “Welcome back, Izuku~”

His face scrunched up in confusion at her response to his declaration, Mina was touchy, sure, but this was new. The tone of her voice also set his brain alight with part confusion and part enjoyment.
“Ashido, cease that at once, you might reopen the wound!” Tomoyo protested from the side, only to get a response of a raspberry from the pinkette in question.

“It’s fine, Iida, the wound’s healed fully. There isn’t even a scar left over.” Izuku responded, trying to calm down his friend.

“Awe, but scars are manly...” Eiko muttered, looking slightly saddened by the fact.

Izuku decided to respond to Mina’s continued hug, wrapped an arm around her, petting her head with the other, chuckling slightly at Eiko’s comment “As cool as they are, scar tissue can cause problems, especially in places like the heart.”

“I guess,” the redhead muttered.

“So are you just gonna hug her, or do we gotta get in line?” Kyoka teased softly, her eyes conveying how grateful she was seeing him fine, even if her mouth was upturned into a sly smirk.

“Hey, Izuku?” Whatever he was gonna say back to Kyoka was forgotten when he looked down at Mina who was speaking again. “Why were those three with you already?”

“Huh?” He recoiled away from her.

“Why were Yao-Momo, Hatsume and Rara already with you?” Mina repeated, a teasing gleam in her eyes. “Were you going out or something?”

The room froze.

“Oh would you look at the time, it’s time for our music session, isn’t it Kyoka?” Izuku sputtered out in a fast pace, walking towards the girl in question.

“Wait, we said next Frida-” Her protests went unheeded as he picked her up and walked up the staircase.
“See you guys later!” he muttered as Kyoka blushed madly in his arms, both disappearing into the stairwell.

“Well...that was an exit if I ever saw one,” Doi remarked, going back to her breakfast.

“Are we just gonna ignore how flustered he got over it?” Mina asked.

“Yep.” Came the answer from Katsumi, also going back to her breakfast.

_I’ll get to the bottom of this…_ Mina huffed internally.

---

Izuku finally set Kyoka down on the second flight of stairs. “S-sorry about that. I kinda panicked…”

The girl huffed with a blush on her face. “Noticed that part.” She straightened her clothes. “Now, do you wanna actually work on the guitar or was I just your excuse to get away?”

“I mean if you are free...” Izuku mumbled, looking away slightly in shame.

“You sure your girlfriends won’t mind?” Kyoka added as she made her way towards her room.

“They probably wo-” Izuku clapped his hand on his face. “...You heard nothing.”

“Oh but what if I _did_ hear something?” Kyoka threatened playfully, her smirk very audible in her voice even as she wasn’t facing him.

“I would need to find a way to make you forget.” He responded, but it sounded more like a question than a statement to her ears.
“Relax, Green. I’m not planning on outing you or anything.” Kyoka chuckled, shooting a smug glance at him over her shoulder, one of her jacks extending and poking him on the nose. “Not yet, at least”

His brain lagged for a second at the sudden contact, then resumed at full blast, taking in the scene of her looking at him with the amethyst eyes shining with a teasing glint, a smug grin and soft red dusting on her cheeks.

For that one second, he was reminded painfully how stunning Kyoka was.

When he started blushing, Kyoka giggled. “Don’t be like that, Green, you know I’m just messing with you.”

“That’s not why I’m blushing...” He mumbled under his breath, looking away from the cause of his ears starting to grow red at the tips.

“...Huh?” Kyoka’s teasing facade started to crack, her amplified hearing picking up what he said with ease. Then why was he...

...

“No fucking way.” She blurted without thinking, her eyes looking at him with disbelief. “You think-” The already present red dusting overtook her facial features. “Y-you think...” Her blushing face, paired with her purple hair caused her to resemble a red plumb.

“That you are a-attractive?” He finished the thought, feeling barely brave enough to do so. Guess that’s what surviving getting stabbed does to you.

Kyoka stopped at her door, keeping her eyes on the handle instead of him. “You can’t be serious...”

“Kyoka, you are hot.” His voice cracked a bit at the end, the thought registering a little too late to stop his mouth from finishing the sentence.

“Izuku,” she muttered back simply, her eyes locking onto his. “do...do you mean that?”
“Why would I lie to you about something like that?” He shot back, eyes darting away from her form.

“I…” Kyoka leaned into her door, putting her weight onto the handle she was holding onto. She wasn’t the most content with her looks, no one gave her compliments, nor did she ask for any.

But it felt nice to hear it from someone else unprompted.

“Thanks, Izuku.” Her blush started to fade, and the teasing glint started to come back to her eyes. “It feels nice to hear that even if you’re just saying it to get into my pants.”

His eyebrow twitched. “Well, why do you think I would want to do that?”

Her blush returned full force as he turned the tables.

A teasing smile blossomed on his face as he stepped even closer, enjoying how red she got. So that’s why she and Mina keep teasing me. This is fun. “The only reason why I would want to ‘get into your pants’ is cause I think you are attractive, right?”

Kyoka panicked and followed her reflexes, punching him in the kidney, causing him to recoil and latch onto the area of impact, her eyes went wide as she noticed what her hand just did. “Oh-oh God! Sorry, Izuku.”

He waved his hand trying to dispel her worries. “N-no no, it’s m-my fault. I overdid it.”

“Not really…” Kyoka admitted, looking away from the doubled over man.

“…Did you just admit that you liked that?” Izuku asked eyes wide.

“I DIDN’T SAY THAT!” Kyoka protested, ear-jacks waving around erratically as her face flushed red.

“I’m never letting you live this down, Kyoka,” He teased with a grin, ignoring her adamant refusal and causing her to huff in irritation.
“Fine, whatever, you wanna learn the guitar now or what, Green?” She muttered not looking at his face.

“Sure.”

“Ok so, how are we gonna explain why we were with him?” Mei broke the silence of Momo’s room after their retreat from the common area, the insistence of Mina still fresh in their minds. “It’s not like we can just go ‘oh hey, we were on a date.’” She paused for a second. “I mean- we can’t, right?”

Momo blushed at the idea of it all, having Izuku start kissing her in public displays of affection, calling her his girlfriend… Her blush turned crimson as she indulged herself on the idea.

Ochako was imagining similar scenarios, Izuku tapping her on the nose with the spatula he was using to cook for the class, urging her to sit on his lap in the common room as they wound down from the hero course, nipping her on the neck idly, hands moving up and do- she yanked the emergency brake on that train of thought as steam almost started to pour from her ears.

Mei’s eyes locked onto Ochako’s. “...Why do I feel like you thought something disproportionately dirty?”

“You are getting better at this,” Kyoka complimented as Izuku repeated another chord, fingers moving a little easier across the neck of the instrument then the last time they had an impromptu music lesson.

Izuku flexed his fingers a little. “Yeah, I’ve been able to practice a bit. Still having a bit of trouble with bar chords, you were right when you said they would be difficult.”

Kyoka hummed in agreement. She was having a difficult time not imagining his hands…elsewhere. “W-well, if you feel like you’ve got those chords down, what do you say we try out a simple tune.” She pulled her phone out of her pocket, quickly flipping through songs until she found what she was looking for.
“See if you can keep up.”

“Well, all I’m saying is making it out in the open is the best course of action,” Momo argued back, crossing her arms. “It’s gonna come to light eventually anyway.”

Mei nodded. “While that is true, do you think Izuku is ready for something like that? Having everyone know about our relationship?”

Ochako stilled. “...Yeah probably not.”

Momo’s shoulder slumped “Yeah…”

Mei hummed softly. “But when have I ever let his hang ups stop me?”

Momo’s eyes widened. “Mei, no-”

Mei’s eyes sparkled. “MEI YES!”

Ochako bonked her on the back of the head. “We should just ask him. Maybe he’d be fine with it soon-ish?”

Mei held her head in her hands in mock pain. “Guess we can do that…”

Izuku stopped playing the tune abruptly causing Kyoka to look at him with confusion. “Something wrong?”

“I suddenly feel like I’m going to have some trouble after this.” He mumbled, pinching his bottom lip
then shook his head. “Not about the guitar, you are a great teacher, just about- in general…”

“Well the sports festival *is* coming up,” Kyoka mumbled, leaning to her side on her bed. “I’m kinda feeling the pressure myself.”

He stilled, not referencing that with his comment, but that was true nonetheless. So he nodded along. “Yeah…”

Kyoka shrugged. “We made some progress, wanna end it here?”

He tapped the guitar he was holding. “Sure. Should we still have a session on Friday like we originally intended?”

“You gonna have time for that while you are sucking face with your girlfriends?” she shot back with a sly grin.

“Ha-ha,” he fake-laughed, getting up. “I’m sure they’ll be fine with it.”

“If you say so, mister ‘I have girlfriends for days’,,” the purple haired girl teased back, causing him to chuckle earnestly as he was getting up to leave.

“See ya later, Kyoka.” He smiled from the doorway, causing her to give a wave from her spot as she focused on tuning her guitar again, her blush hidden from his view as she looked down to the instrument.

The three finally settled down by the time Izuku left Kyoka’s room, Mei prodding Ochako about her quirk for suit upgrades.

“So, you don’t know why you get stomach aches when you overdo it?” Mei mumbled, looking down on her notes.

“Izuku said it might have been my…” She tried recalling that first combat training, *it just seems so long ago now…*
“Your inner ears acting up, causing your brain to think you ingested neurotoxins,” Izuku finished her sentence for her. “That’s my theory on it, at least.”

The three of them turned to stare at him, mouth agape.

“Did you just come in without knocking?” Momo questioned, before he was tackled into a hug by Mei, followed by Ochako.

“I guess I kinda did,” he chuckled, hugging the two back. “I wanted to surprise you all.”

“Consider me surprised,” Mei chimed with a giggle, hugging onto him with the deceptive strength her limbs held.

He patted her head, looking apologetically at Momo. “Sorry about coming in without knocking.”

She smiled softly at him. “I was only surprised that you did it, not against it.”

Both started laughing at that.

They ended up sleeping on the same bed again, enjoying each other’s warmth for the first time since his ‘incident’.

Monday came and went faster than anyone could register it. Izuku somehow ended up working out with the small work-out group they formed even before the classes started, with the addition of Momo to their ranks.

He ignored the knowing looks Mina shot at him whenever he was with Momo and Ochako during their sessions.

And with all things that become scheduled, the week passed without him even feeling the time roll
over him, one moment he was dealing with classes starting again, the next he was playing along to another tune in Kyoka’s room, and then he was there with Tsuyu’s siblings scaling his body like he was a living jungle gym over the weekend, most of the girl’s cooing at the sight.

He could’ve sworn Katsumi was taking pictures or a video from the side.

And Tsuyu looking at him with the ‘I told you you’d make a good husband’ look wasn’t helping his current state of ‘dying from embarrassment’.

It felt like right after that they were already at the waiting room, the sounds of the sports festival echoing around them as class 1-A waited for their moment to go out into the field.

His fingers tapped against his thigh in a simple rhythm, trying to calm himself down. He could feel his brain had healed to almost full capacity if the rate of thoughts passing through it was any indication.

But.. something felt odd about them…

“Midoriya.” Shoko’s cold voice came from his side, pulling him out of the overwhelming weight of his thoughts. “I won’t lose this time.”

He looked blankly at her for a second. She sounded resolute about her victory. “Don’t think I won’t make you work for it,” he shot back with a slight smirk in his voice, a sense of rivalry forming between them.

“You say that like I won’t be the one winning this whole thing,” Katsumi shot back from her corner, cracking her knuckles.

“Don’t discount us just yet!” Doi laughed, letting some sparks crack between her fingertips. The rest of the class started to smile along. Idle chatter spreading over them as the stress of the whole thing started to fade away.

He rolled his shoulders as he rose up. The light over their exit was flashing, meaning it was their cue to enter the stadium. “Let the best hero win?” Izuku conceded, causing the rest of the class chanted ‘Yeah!’ as they all made their way out onto the field.
“Thank you for inviting me over, Yagi-san,” Inko chirped, watching the Sports festival’s opening ceremony. Toshiko had called her up on Monday about having an extra seat. ‘Perks of training All Might back in the day.’ she had called it.

“Thought you might enjoy watching your son in action.” She muttered back, smiling softly at the excitement gracing Inko’s features. “I have to admit, I’ve been excited to see how far he’s come.”

Inko nodded happily at that, and Toshiko couldn’t help but chuckle softly at how similar mother and son looked while they were excited.

And as the students started filing in, She couldn’t help but look proudly at the sight of 1-A entering the limelight.

“LET’S GET THIS PARTY STARTED, LISTENERS!” Present Mic’s Voice echoed through the entrance as they made their way down the hall leading down to the stadium, a low hum of excitement washing over them with each step.

“THE LEAD-OFF TRACK OF THE SPORTS FESTIVAL; YOU KNOW WHO IM TALKING ABOUT. THE ONES THAT WE HAVE ALL BEEN SURPRISED BY. THE RISING STARS OF USJ. THE ONES THAT ALREADY TOOK DOWN VILLAINS BEFORE THEIR FIRST WEEK WAS OVER!” She paused for the sound of murmurs in the audience to die down.

“LADIES AND GENTLEMAN, WELCOME OUR FIRST YEARS OF THE HERO COURSE:”

The light from the gateway blinded them all as they took their last step onto the field. “CLASS A!”

Midnight greeted them all with a sadistic smile from the podium, cracking her whip to her side.

“Following class A, here comes B through H.” Mic Added with clear hollowness to her words.

Izuku could feel the sweatdrop on his own head, and much of his classmates. Favoritism much?
He could see the other classes groaning a little in his peripheral vision.

“ENOUGH CHIT-CHAT!” Midnight commanded to the mic in front of her, cracking her whip again. “It’s time for the opening words by the student representative.”

“Class 1-A Izuku Midoriya, if you would please take the stand.”

Izuku broke rank from his class, making his way to the podium. Taking steady breaths to calm his nerves.

“You go, I’m so proud of you!”

He almost tripped as the amalgamation of voices echoed throughout his brain, a few he recognized from…

USJ?

...What the fuck?

Chapter End Notes

Sorry for the long absence guys, but now I'm on break so I can write to my heart's content (as soon as jetlag passes Jesus H. Christ dealing with that sucks)

that being said, hope you enjoyed it, and see you on the next one
You talk when you cease to be at peace with your thoughts

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

What the fuck?

He continued his way to the podium, trying his best to not break down right on the steps.

Hearing voices in my head, perfect.

Ok- ok, not the weirdest thing that happened to me...

He coughed to the side as he took the final steps to the mic, rolling his shoulders absentmindedly.

Who am I kidding, this is top ten shit. Even with my track record...

He finally looked a little higher up and saw the crowd, confused muttering going on between them as they saw him in his glory, they had heard about a male being in the hero course, but he guessed none of them thought he could be the student representative of all things. Slowly they all started staring back at him as if he could explain it all in simple terms.

That only intensified his anxiety over the whole thing. He hadn’t thought about it before, but at that moment he desperately wanted to switch quirks with Hagakure.

Ok... see, if this works...

He panicked slightly as something shifted in his mental scape, the overwhelming pressure of anxiety lifted off his shoulders, and he felt his posture shift as his point of view adjusted just a little higher as he stood straighter.

Huh...
He looked onto the expecting crowd, aware of how much it wasn’t bothering him at that point.

Oh, it didn’t actually work...

...Thanks?

He inhaled one last time. Guess I’m actually doing this...

Midnight was watching on with some concern from his side. He looks like he’s actually lost it a little...

"I know I am not what you expected to see. ‘Really, a man in UA?’ is probably a common thought in your heads. And, well, I can’t blame you, I didn’t believe I could be here either; it’s what they always said to me."

"They said there was no way I’d be a hero. Well, I am trying to be one anyway. With success so far, but not without injury. I’ve had my shoulder popped out for more times than I would care for, got my neck broken, and even gotten stabbed." His voice had adjusted a bit, tone fluctuating like a seasoned showman. That alone almost caused Nemuri to almost do a double-take. ...WAIT WHEN DID HE GET STABBED?

He smiled slightly into the mic as the crowd started looking amongst each other. "I feel like not being a hero would have been a wiser choice."

Class 1-A looked on with confusion.

"But, it’s not the one I made." His smile grew into a content one. "That choice was the same for everyone standing in this field today. From the general studies department to the Heroics course. And today, we will all do our best to prove that, despite everything, we made the right choice."

The purple eyes of the woman that declared war on him two weeks ago caught his own in stunned silence.

1-A’s confusion turned into awe, Mina between looking at Momo and Ochako, eyes questioning
'Did you two know he could do speeches?'

Their own confused faces were enough of an answer.

"And finally, we will show you why UA made the right decision in letting us burden the weight of the choice we made in their care. We will prove our mettle, show you all our limits. Then burst past them; Go beyond." He hoped that the rest of the first years were picking up what he was leading to.

"After all it was our choice to go under the motto;” He threw a fist into the air.

The rest followed.

“PLUS ULTRA!”

The audience got riled up at that, cheering along as he made his way down. All Might was right about showmanship being a big part of this... His class looked back at him with pride as he rejoined them, Mina punching him on the shoulder playfully.

He managed to catch a glimpse of an orange-haired woman he recognized from somewhere, biting her cheek, looking like she was trying to recall something.

“Without further delay, let’s start with the first event!” Midnight announced as a hologram appeared behind her, a randomizer going at it on the display.

“Can’t believe we are stuck patrolling out here, instead of lounging in there.” Mt. Lady groaned, munching on some takoyaki she managed to get from one of the stalls, eye peeking at one of the many screens of the stadium. Tsk, that old hag looks like she is having fun...

“I mean, they asked for more security detail, it couldn’t be helped.” Death Arms shrugged.

“I suppose…” Mt. Lady huffed. Her eyes were glued onto the screen as the student representative
was called on stage.

Her plate of takoyaki dropped out of her hands.

It was caught before it hit the ground by Kamui Woods. “Hey don’t litt- something wrong?”

In a second, the blonde hero’s expression had changed from mopey to livid.

“IT’S-”

―HIM!” The orange haired girl screamed out, making some of her classmates jump slightly.

“Autumn, what are you talking abo-” Fellow orange-headed classmate, Kendo was cut off.

“IT’S THE GUY FROM LAST YEAR!”

Izuku and Katsumi stiffened. *Oh shit...*

The first years started mumbling between them, confusion spreading.

Mina poked at greenette’s side. “Ex-girlfriend?”

“YOU’RE THE BOY FROM THE SLUDGE VILLAIN INCIDENT, AREN’T YOU?” The girl’s eyes were sparkling in excitement

The mumbling grew louder, even amongst the crowd as they started recognizing that iridescent green hair. Autumn looked too excited to even notice how much of a ruckus she caused.
“N-no way…” Kamui Woods muttered, looking at the screen as Death Arms tried to hold Mt. Lady back from breaking the screen and maybe the stadium. “The boy I scolded a year ago?”

“LET ME GO! I'LL TEAR THAT LITTLE UPSTART SHIT A NEW ONE!” Mt. Lady’s voice broke the other pro’s trance, as she pivoted back, trying to calm her coworker. Right- the stuff he did that day overshadowed her debut, didn’t it.

Midnight’s left eye twitched as the murmuring grew louder until she snapped and so did her whip, the loud crack causing the conversations to cease.

“The first event is ‘obstacle course race’...” She muttered voice strained as the back wall of the stadium started to fold into itself, revealing the gateway to the course.

“It’s a 4 km run around the stadium, everything goes as long as you are on the course. Have fun.”

Izuku could feel the pout in her tone.

Or murderous intent.

He shrugged as he dropped into a stance; Body silently going into overdrive just under his skin.

The starting gun fired.

“And they are off- well, he is off.” Mic wiped her brow at Izuku shooting through and past the rest of the group like a bullet out of a gun, getting past the arch even before some of the contestants started running. “Damn, Eraser, what do you feed that boy?”

“He’s the one making the meals usually,” Aizawa responded with a halfhearted shrug.
Izuku felt a chill down his spine and adjusted his pace just a bit, and as both of his feet were off the ground, the ground beneath him froze over. “Shoko…” He spared a glance over his shoulder to see the two-tone hero catching up to him fast, eyes set on passing him.

It took a bit of on-the-fly adjusting, but he managed to time the ‘leaps’ of his run to her right leg making contact with the ground making it impossible for her to freeze him on the spot while she kept her pace.

“Tsk, should have guessed that wouldn’t work on you,” Shoko muttered, her voice barely carrying over to him as they both raced forward. Class 1-A plus Mei avoiding the ice Shoko had used to halt the rest of the contestants and chasing hot on their tails.

Izuku turned back forward.

“Oh, you *gotta* be kidding me.”

“Time for the first obstacle!” Mic announced, trying to forget her own worry about it.

Aizawa looked at the screen, then leaned back with a small smirk.

“Robo-inferno!”

“*Targets sighted.*” Bellowed the 4th generation 0-pointer flanked by a growing number of first-generation 0-pointers. Starting to rush at the two frontrunners.

Izuku’s smile turned feral. “This is gonna be fun.”

Shoko dropped to a stance and let her ice loose, freezing them all. Izuku managing to jump in time
yet again. “Should’ve given us something more-” She stopped herself as she heard the ice start to crack and the mech starting to glow from its back, red beams of light refracting out of the crystalline cocoon it was encased in.

“Icing detected, overheating lasers.”

She started running by faster. “Stalling it is good enough.”

She heard the ice crumble further behind her, hoping that was far enough for them to attack the closer targets, the ones chasing her. The rest of 1-A.

Then she noticed it.

“Wait- did I pass him?”

Power Loader started cackling, causing Vlad to look at her with confusion. “Ohhh- that boy is insane”

“What are you talking about?” Vlad asked, looking to the shorter woman.

“That I need a recording of what’s about to happen.”

Shoko felt the ground shudder as the 4th gen finally broke out of its icicle prison and blitzed towards her, the treads going at speeds that shouldn’t be possible for a machine of its size.

“MISS ME, FUCKER?” Izuku screamed at the machine as he pounced forward and latched onto the backside of one its front legs. The rapid spinning motion of its treads slingshotting him to the sky.

For a brief moment, he sailed in the air spinning wildly from the forces acted on him, in front of the
mechs head as it continued its forward charge, not registering the man.

By the time its giant camera finally focused on him, it was too late.

He crossed his arms over his face as the lens of the goliath machine crashed into him.

Toshiko looked at the screen, then at Inko, who looked back in shock.

“W-what did you teach my boy, Yagi-san?”

“I didn’t teach him that.” Toshiko sputtered, gesturing at the screen.

Sliding to a stop, Shoko slammed her right hand down, ice cascading over the ground again. She was hoping that would decrease the mech’s traction on the surface, and maybe cause it to veer off-course even crash. ...Wait, was its eye always broken?

The 4th gen slowed down to a halt before her, its arms falling to its sides lifelessly.

“Huh…”

Between its feet, she saw the rest of 1-A start to catch up to her.

*I’ll worry about that later.* She shifted back to run before she paused, hearing the tell-tale sounds of manic laughter coming from-

Impossible…
The 4th gen rebooted, its side visors glowing brightly, shoulders rising back up as if it had woken up, its internals starting to rumble wildly, treads twitching a bit as they did so. Then its front two legs bent forward, getting more contact area for the treads as they *blurred* from the speed they were spinning in, the machine lurching forward like a bullet train even on the iced-over ground, shooting past Shoko without even slowing down.

Mei stopped for a second, the tentacles sprouting from her backpack halting their steady scuttling motion forward. *Told Power Loader this baby would be useful.* She looked forward to the goliath machine Izuku had described, the 4th generation 0-pointer. She couldn’t help the grin that formed when she saw him sail through the air and into its eye with her quirk. And sighed dreamily as the mech lurching forward after a few seconds, clearly in someone else’s command.

Then she shook herself awake as a few more people ran past her, pushing through the fallen first generation 0-pointers, the ones that fell due to Shoko’s quirk. *Race first, dream about hubby later.*

She saw the wreckage left over from the contestants ripping through the machines, her eyes glinting.

*Ohhhhh~ I have an idea for the cutest baby.*

“Eraser, can you tell the listeners confused at home what just happened?” Present Mic announced, getting a little too lost after seeing Izuku crash into the mech, and its resumed movements in ways she hadn’t seen the 4th gen’s move before.

“Who do I look like? Power Loader?” Aizawa huffed, shrugging slightly. “My guess is that he probably tore into the hardware and is hot wiring it from the inside.”

“Ohhhhh,” Mic muttered, glazed over eyes still coming through her glasses.

“You didn’t understand any of that, did you?” Aizawa huffed, noticing how lost she looked.

“Nope!” She admitted, smiling widely.
Aizawa groaned and would have facepalmed if her arms were free. Even with Recovery Girl’s quirk, her body was having a hard time healing fully. *And no matter what she said it wasn’t due to living off of only boxed jellies.* “Just send a camera-drone inside it.”

“THAT I CAN DO!” She slammed into one of the buttons on the control panel, the ones used to get drones to focus on certain contestants, and the AI of the drone kicked in, pathing its way towards Izuku the best way it could.

Through the giant cracked lens of the 4th gen hauling ass.

When the drone finally managed to get into space they were greeted by a maniacally cackling Izuku, and what looked like multiple trashed servers behind him. Two cables in his hands as he crossed the exposed wiring.

Noticing the drone his laughter stopped slowly, a sheepish smile forming on his face “Sorry, got a little lost in the moment.”

Somewhere, Mecha-might stopped for a second shaking his head as he watched the feed he was recording from the sports festival. “F**k, be terrifyi...”

Ibara unclasped her hands as her vines released their hold on the ground, the Faux-villains covered in the detached plant-matter twitching mid-air uselessly as she hoisted herself up in the air again, vines shooting forward and latching onto the ground and pulling her body forward in frightening pace as she made her way back up to the top 10.

Her mind was still somewhat stuck up on the image of the man with the green hair on the podium, trying to place where she saw him previously.

…I remember that man from somewhere else don’t I?
Then it hit her.

...why do I recall archangel Michael when I think about him?

Izuku had to come to terms with how bad of an idea hijacking the 4th gen was as the ground beneath him decided being level and horizontal was not ‘cool’ anymore, opting to suddenly shift 90 degrees as the mech started falling down into something. A pit he would have avoided if he just ran up to it instead of just driving practically blind, only the stadium to his right giving some indication of where he was supposed to go.

“Yeânh², bu’i wouldn’t have been cool though.”

“Ok, you need to shut up for a second.” He hissed, scrambling out the broken eye and grabbing onto the—mechanical shifting walls of the chasm?

“What fresh hell is this?

Itsuka shrugged when she saw Mei messing with scrap on the sidelines, and punched another faux-villain with her enlarged hand, the force it generated being violent enough for the shrapnel from her target to hit and detonate the one behind it in a glorious chain reaction. Smirking a bit she resumed her dash down the course.

“SECOND OBSTACLE! CYBERTRONIAN PITS!” Mic’s words echoed over the whole course.

“Did I read that right?”

The tendrils jutting out from Mei’s modified backpack reeled back in just as the announcement echoed through the course, the machine she built in record time humming to life softly. Her mind still trying to comprehend how the fuck ‘cybertronian pits’ fit into the obstacle course of UA.
“Power Loader is letting her passions show through…” She looked over the green-plated machine looking down at her. “I’m not one to talk, though.”

Shoko slowed to a stop after seeing the giant form of the 4th gen get swallowed up by the massive crevice encompassing the race course. “Well… that’s a thing.”

She took a few more steps forward seeing the pillars of mechanical chaos, constantly shifting, connecting and disconnecting panels realigning and rotating ad nauseum. Just looking at it gave her vertigo. “What even is this?”

Izuku, scaling back up from the shifting wall of the chasm answered her rhetorical question. “I think its a reference to something.”

“Doesn’t matter,” she huffed with a slight twitch to her lips before jumping on and freezing a chunk of the machinery, creating pathways that lasted just enough for her to skate across before the torque behind the pillars destroyed the icing keeping the surfaces adhered.

Izuku shrugged, and started watching the timing of the platforms for a second, then started running across, platforms barely shifting in time to get under his feet as he dashed after the woman.

“...Ok, this is getting tedious.” Momo looked on as more 0-pointers flooded the area, blocking her path again. “What would Izuku do?”

Kyoka, using one of her jacks to decapitate nearby 3- and 2-pointers answered for her. “Brute force it though?”

“Not really… but I can do that,” Momo muttered with a smirk.

Kyoka had to shield her eyes as Momo was enveloped in the bright blue of the creation hero’s quirk.
Ochako almost lost control of her quirk as bright light flared from her peripheral vision, but she ignored it as she landed and ran on top of the 0-pointer’s head, taking a leap with negated gravity across to the next one, gaining speed with each successive dash. “What was that about?”

She shuddered as something blew up on the ground, followed by a deafening crunch as one of the 0-pointers’ chest and neck caved in, collapsing onto one of its nearby brethren. “Bakugou?”

Eiko and Tetsutetsu paused for a second, looking at each other as the sparking faux-villains they both punched in sync collapsed in front of them. “Same quirk?”

“Same quirk!”

They both stumbled forward a bit as an explosion shook them from behind.

Katsuki was avoiding the destruction with steady explosions behind her shooting her forward and around obstacles, just as another explosion rumbled in the background. “The fuck?”

Mei cackled from the arms of Deku-droid as it shot past contestants. The propulsion system she cobbled together using unfired missiles formed its back, making it more of a rocket than anything else. But, even at the speed she was shooting through at, she managed to catch a glimpse of Momo and the glorious piece of hardware she had conjured up.

Momo huffed with pleasure as the 0-pointer crumbled in front of her, the muzzle brake of the autocannon she created still smoking lightly as the massive cartridge clattered on the ground, the gas piston in the barrel having dealt with the rest of the recoil by chambering another in its place.
Kyoka could only gape in awe and fear at the sight. “Holy shit.”

The chain leading from her back clacked as she shifted her grip and pulled the gun closer to her body, starting to run and shoot what amounted to an anti-tank cannon on steroids to any 0 pointer that looked to be travelling too close to her set path. The gun was only operable by her thanks to the titanium alloy she had used for it, making it no heavier than a dumbbell in her arms.

Mic’s face paled in the control booth as multiple 0-pointers started to go down by a rapidly advancing Momo. Catching up to the 4th and 3rd place while still taking down the goliaths that were designed to hinder participants, shooting then rushing under collapsing debris to block anyone that would try to follow her.

“E-Erase-”

“Didn’t feed her anything weird either.”

“B-bu-”

The rest of them caught up to Shoko by the time she slowed down slightly while passing the minefield, Izuku had managed to rush on ahead without problems as his body automatically avoided the slight bumps on the ground.

And Ochako had somehow ended up on the back of the pack, panicking slightly from it.

*I can’t just float m’self over them all, that would take too long…*

*And I can’t just run by them as fast as the res-*

Her thoughts got interrupted as she saw Minerva get blasted by a mine on the field, her light body shooting away from her previous spot attempting to latch onto Momo.
Mic did a double take as she saw what Ochako was plotting. *No- no, nonononono…*

Ochako pressed her fingers against her exposed forearm just as she stepped on a cluster of mines, the force of the explosion shooting her off like a meteorite toward the finish line, past the competition.

**“WHY CAN’T YOU HAVE JUST ONE NORMAL STUDENT?”**

Aizawa was almost in tears with laughter.

Izuku did something stupid, hearing the larger than normal blast he spared a glance back, seeing Ochako sail through the sky with the force of a shooting star.

Then he heard a click under him.

“*Soṝraɪ, i’haʊ oʊlɛ wɑs’oʊn mɛɛ*”

...Shit.

The next moment he was blown up into the sky.

Straight into Ochako’s path.

He didn’t even have time to panic as she crashed onto his back, her quirk already activating on him as they both hurtled forward to the goal.
Panicking due to Izuku’s added upward momentum dragging them both higher in the sky she released her quirk right after they made it out of the minefield both rolling onto their feet and continuing their dash.

“Told you martial arts would help!” Izuku laughed, slightly gaining headway as they rushed side by side, causing the woman to giggle slightly as the ribbon came to view for the both of them.

Mic was almost sobbing inside. “AND IT’S THE END FOLKS! CLASS-A’S MIDORIYA, WHO KEPT HEADWAY THE WHOLE RACE AND URARAKA CATCHING UP AT THE LAST MOMENT ARE HEAD TO HEAD IN THE FINAL CLEARING. THE REST ARE NOT FAR BEHIND!” She stopped for a second.

“Wait- are we missing a competitor? From one of the B-class?”

“Dammit…” The girl cursed in English, the scrap of metal she was using to etch her drawing on the side of the armor-plating of one of the fallen bots cutting her hand shallowly

“This is why I always have paper around, less working hazards... Oh well, its better than a paper cut.” She smiled with pride when her creation took form, jumping in its cockpit in haste. Couldn’t miss the opportunity to make a huge splash at the sports festival after all.

The rubble in the first obstacle started to shift as what looked like a jet rose under it. It shot off and caught up with the rest of the competition in a matter of seconds, completely coating the course in the dust cloud it kicked up.

“Oh there she is, Autumn Shibura...” Her face scrunched up for a second in recognition “Is that... the Blue Falcon from F-Zero?”

“Looks like it,” Aizawa huffed.
“We are so gonna get a cease and desist order...”

Chapter End Notes

in other news, jetlag is horrible and I will physically fight my circadian rhythm if given the chance

Woke up at 3 am this is bullshit

(see y'all on the next one)
Tell me, what is it you plan to do with your one wild and precious life?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Miruko tapped her foot impatiently, watching the screen from the bleachers of the colossal stadium. *I came here to watch fighting, dammit, not this pansy-ass race!*

She squinted back at the competitors starting to run, using their skills to get in the way of other people. *Trying to stop others instead of bursting through? Such a weak thing to do...*

Then she flinched, noticing it. The student rep blazing through, without trying to hinder others, keeping the first place with pure speed and strength alone.

“*MISS ME, FUCKER?*” came his live voice from the hologram projection in the stadium.

The rabbit hero leaned in as the boy used the mech’s own motion against it, a broad smile forming on her lips as he crashed into its head, her rabbit ears twitching.

*That kid has some balls though, doesn’t he?*

Mandalay rubbed her face watching the race. UA had reached out to the Wild Wild Pussycats and asked them for help with summer training for the first year hero students, they had thought it would be a good idea to see what they were bringing to the table.

Mandalay regretted that decision.

Pixie-bob hadn’t stopped cooing since the student representative made it to the stage. *We get it. He looks like he was chiseled out of marble, we just don’t care.*

It wasn’t helping that with each maneuver the class did, the summer camp looked more and more daunting.
Eraser, just what the hell are you dropping onto our heads?

Ms. Joke couldn’t help but laugh at the shocked and surprised faces of the audience as 1-A held nothing back. Each scheme of theirs, more outrageous than the previous, had her sides aching.

Then she heard Mic’s reaction to - Uraka? - was there another ‘ra’ in there? I forgot. Gravity-girl’s little mine-hop and she almost fell out of her seat, Aizawa laughing along with her not helping her current state of losing her fucking mind.

Momo gaped as she saw Ochako shoot by her overhead, surpassing Shoko and Katsumi and going for the lead with the sudden speed boost she got. For a moment, her eyes turned to the gun she was still lugging around. Stopping and trying to take off the straps connecting her to the ordinance would have been just longer than simply running with the thing.

Her eyes went up to the tip of its barrel for a second, realization making her stop in her tracks.

The muzzle break.

The recoil dampener she had designed onto the canon that would usually have the kickback of a car-crash.

“...That would be a very Izuku thing to do.”

The muzzle break clattered to the ground, and as fellow racers hit the deck in fear. Momo aimed the gun to the ground, non-newtonian plating forming over her shoulder, where the stock rested against her body.

And pulled the trigger.
The rest was simple physics, really.

Another explosion rattled the last leg of the race as she hit the ground running next to them in a cloud of smoke, legs still a little wobbly but still keeping up with the two. The wreckage of the cannon still hanging from her shoulder.

“REMNIND ME TO NEVER DO THAT AGAIN!” She yelled, ears ringing as she barely kept up with Izuku and Ochako.

“Do what again?” Izuku asked. Trying to ignore the fact that she had unzipped her front, giving them both a good view of her sports bra and bare stomach.

“WHAT?” Momo responded, ears still not working.

“Class- class A’s Yaoyorozu just joined the lead after using the recoil of her weapon to shoot herself further…” The sound of a head slamming the desk echoed in the announcement system, with what sounded like glasses clattering onto the surface.

“Jesus tap-dancing Christ, Eraser.”

Aizawa huffed a “Oh God, it’s spreading.” That the mic picked up.

Izuku almost cackled again. “YOU TWO ARE INSANE!”

“LEARNED FROM THE BEST!” Momo screamed back, hearing returning slowly.

Inko’s mouth fell open, watching Momo, too, do something more dangerous than she could have imagined. “W- what are they teaching our kids on this school?” She asked, not being able to help herself.
All Might felt the sweatdrop coming and did her best to hold it back. “I- I don't think it's UA that's teaching these to the kids.” She shuddered a bit as Momo managed to land without breaking anything, running side-by-side with the other two in the lead as they all entered the tunnel. The feed cutting off. “It sounds like they came up with it on their own.”

Inko nodded dumbly at that. *Wait… if those two are doing that…*

*Oh God, what’s Mei gonna do?*

“Deku-droid”

The machine’s glowing eyes turned to the girl in its arms.

She smirked up to it. “Plus ultra.”

Its back transformed, even more thrusters sprouting from it's back, as the droids internal inhibitors turned off. The propulsion system firing off at 110%.

It ignored the notifications about the engines starting to overheat.

*Toga sighed as they all made it to the tunnel. *Guess he isn’t bleeding just yet…*

*Hope you bleed a lot for me again, Izuku my love~*

She started replaying the video of the beach again, sighing slightly. *I miss that crimson, tasty blood of yours...*
Present Mic attempted to regain what composure she lost during the race. This was the final, it was important. *Keep it together, you are a pro!*

“I don’t think I am exaggerating when I say no one expected this outcome.” She inhaled.

“For the first time in years, the first leg of the sports festival comes down to the wire! Let’s see who’s gonna come out on top, eh listeners?”

The gate buzzed as Uraraka, Izuku and Momo ran in side-by-side, slowing down the best they could after that last dash inside.

“It’s- it’s a photo-finish!”

Momo’s legs finally started caving in under her as she stopped, almost falling to the ground before Ochako and Izuku held her from her sides, helping her stand.

All of them were panting hard.

“It’s been a while... since I saw you so out of breath, Deku.” Ochako chuckled, Momo panting softly and nodding while zipping her tracksuit back up.

“Pushed hard to keep up with you guys... well, ahead.” He smiled back, eyes drifting off to the crowd cheering wildly. “Think they liked it, though?”

They all shifted back for a second as the tunnel rumbled, Mei flying through on the arms of her baby barely slowing down and stopping in time before it smacked into the wall. The machine hissing and billowing with steam after it finally landed. Mei jumped out of its arms and ran up to the other three

Izuku took one look at the robot, then to Mei. “Should I be worried about how close that looks to me?”

“It barely kept up with the original, so no need to fear me replacing you.” Mei giggled, smiling widely. “Plus- eh you’ll understand it better when it happens”
“Hush, it’s rude to assume, plus who even are you?

Before the voice could answer Deku-Droid collapsed to the floor, sparking and exploding in a puff of smoke, not hard enough to shoot shrapnel.

“C’dá ḟedíř?”

“Still, not bad for something you built on the side of the trac-” Momo was cut off by a screech from the tunnel followed by additional explosions.

“GOD FKING DAMMIT!” Katsumi raged, passing the gates followed a second later by Shoko.

Whatever she was gonna say next went forgotten as a spaceship broke through the gates, screeching to a halt.

“WHAT THE ACTUAL FUCK?” Katsumi added quite eloquently.

The pilot jumped out of the cockpit of the green colored ship, same color as the armor plating of 0-pointers. Izuku noticed its design.

“Is that a discolored Blue Falcon?” He muttered as the pilot came running up to him.

“Oh- yes, it's my quirk!” vibrated the pilot of the vehicle as it shimmered a bit, then faded away to nothingness. “Well, not really, I don’t only make Blue Falcons with my quirk, It’s more like I can create whatever I can draw- Oh right! I’m Autumn! Nice to meet you- well, meet you in real life; I saw you on TV in America a year ago, I can't believe I’m meeting you! You are the reason why I came to Japan in the first place. I can't believe we ended up going to the same university!”

Izuku blinked overwhelmed by the sudden torrent of speech with a heavy American accent. ”Uh-huh...”. Autumn continued to ramble in her little fangirl moment as others made it past the gate. Is
Kendo soon pulled the rambling teen away by the scruff of her neck, apologizing on her behalf.

_God-DAMMIT!_ Endeavor fumed, the flames framing her eyes flaring up in her anger. _6th place!?_

The railing she was holding onto started glowing dimly, the metal starting to anneal and collapse like playdough under the intense heat and pressure she was exerting on it.

Her eyes were glued onto the back of her daughter, burning holes through it. _You brought shame to the Todoroki name, over this… Rebellious streak?_

_When will you just grow up Shoko?_

Her eyes then drifted off to the man in the top three. _You…_

Suddenly the flames on her face decreased in size, and her white-knuckled grip on the railing diminished, revealing the indents of her palms to the air.

_You just might help her grow up._

“_OK FOLKS, THE IMAGE IS IN!_” Mic’s voice echoed, causing everyone to look up into the projection in the middle of the stadium with bated breath. The image flickered and cleared up, showing the exact moment Izuku, Momo and Ochako passed the finish line.

Izuku looked at the picture with scrutiny, looking at the lines that was supposed to indicate their rankings, weirdly there was only two on the screen. Then he looked down to the tangents of the line, who connected to which. His fingertips, extended during his last reach out, were on the first line; barely ahead of both Ochako’s and Momo’s that were on the second one.
Toshiko flinched as Inko’s hand landed on her own, gripping it tightly as the image flicked on. “Did-did he...?”

“Izuku Midoriya is the first one to pass the finish line! Second place is shared by Ochako Uraraka and Momo Yaoyorozu!” Mic revealed “IT’S A FIRST IN UA HISTORY, FOLKS: A MALE COMES FIRST IN AN EVENT FROM THE SPORTS FESTIVAL.”

Toshiko felt pride bubble up hearing the news, gripping Inko’s hand back. “Your son did it.”

Inko was brimming with tears, looking at his expression on the screen, clearly pushing himself to the limit, body ragged.

But that smile was undeniable.

He was happy.

Her eyes drifted back to the cause of it all, the one that finally gave him the kindling he needed to relight his burning determination. “He couldn’t have done it without you, Yagi-san.”

All might flinched for another second, drinking up the expression on the mother’s face. “That was all him, I didn’t do much.”

Inko laughed shaking her head slightly. “You did more than you could ever imagine.”

He would have gotten bothered with getting called a ‘male’ all the time, but at that moment he was busy trying to not burst into tears of joy. His eyes drifted off to Momo who he was still holding up, and Ochako to her other side, who were looking at each other.

“We-” Momo started.
“Tied for second.” Ochako finished. Her voice cracking at the end, some of her Kansai dialect starting to slip through, her voice sounding more melodic to the ones that were listening.

They both stared for a second longer before starting to laugh. “I was certain you passed me for a second there, Ochako!”

“You kiddin’ me? I thought y’all left me in the dust!” Ochako shot back, accent strong in her voice still, and the smile on her face too bright for either to look directly without blushing.

Izuku couldn’t help it and reached over Momo, patting Ochako’s head causing her to mewl softly and lean into it. “You didn’t let us do that, did you?”

“I s’pose not.”

Mei smiled warmly before latching onto Izuku. “What, no love for the 3rd place?”

The four started laughing a little harder.

“It’s like they are mocking us...” Mina huffed pouting the best she could while trying to catch her breath, looking at the four clearly showing some public displays of affection. *It’s kinda sucky; I ended up coming 20th place...*

“I mean, after the shit they pulled, I can’t blame them for celebrating.” Kyoka panted to her side. *22... damn.*

Midnight let the contestants mutter a bit longer, looking onto the hug-pile that was forming around Izuku. Trying her best to not join them. *He is insane, managing to come on top of it all without a quirk... Just how much will you have in there?*

“Ok, OK!” She huffed into the mic, causing the first years to grow silent. “The top 40 makes it to the next trial, the rest, don’t worry, we have other ways for you to show your stuff!”
Minerva, number 41 suddenly deflated

She cracked her whip, hyping up slightly. “AND NOW, THE SELECTION FOR THE SECOND EVENT!” She paused, licking her lips for effect. “The press is gonna be All, over, you, so! Give it all you got!”

The randomizer started spinning behind her again. Crawling to a stop, it almost seemed like it would land on cavalry battle but the last of the momentum pushed it to...

“Paintball-match.” Midnight smirked. “Participants will, on their own, form teams of two. The rules are simple. You get shot, your points are deducted from your team, you shoot a team, and their points are added to yours!”

“Points? Do we start with a given amount?” Tooru mumbled, coming out of her slight bout of depression from the fact that she came in 39th and the following rush of relief that was barely above the cut-off.

Izuku shuddered as the foreign thoughts started talking again. I really accepted this too easily.

“What?”

“You said ‘top 40, 39th?’”

Yea-oh, oh no no no they can’t!

“Maybe’s not ‘Jean’, ‘ill just ‘member thi’ a a n or’m al?”

“The points start at five at the bottom of the rankings! So five for the 40th and ten for the 39th! And so forth! But,” she paused for suspense, licking her lips again “our first place participant is worth t-”
The loud static crackle of the screen behind her cut her off, the face of Nozomi popping up on it “Zero points!”

Izuku felt the world stop for a second.

Midnight flinched at the sudden intrusion to her announcement but played along. “Thanks, principal Nozomi, yes, zero points! The first place must crawl his way back to the top to continue competing!”

“Don’t even finish that sentence!”

“And considering we have an odd number of participants due to the tied second place… the first place will be forced to be a one-man team.” Midnight’s sadistic side came about as a blush formed on her face. But her eyes told a different story, an apologetic tinge mixed in as they gazed at the man in question.

“Damn it!”

Aizawa clicked the mic off for the both of them, cupping her face with her hands as she sighed. “What the fuck is Nozomi doing?”

“Pushing him against the wall again looks like.” Mic muttered, a pout in her voice. “Why go through all this trouble, though?”

“Wha- no that’s not pushing him against the wall.” Aizawa mumbled. “Making him a big target would be pushing him against the wall with the ten million points we always go for.” she gestured at the intimidating aura flowing off of Izuku as the other participants started to group up
“This, this is putting the other students onto the chopping block.”

“You are exaggerating…” Then Hikari remembered just who she was talking to. “Oh… Oh, God…”

Miruko was excited, to say the least. The kid had the balls to do the stuff he did, and now is the only one not in a team?

And still looks like he is ready to take every single weakling out?

“This is gonna be fun,” she grinned, getting excited for what was soon to follow.

“THAT’S WHAT YOU GET!” Mt. Lady laughed at the screen in the break-room as it was announced Izuku was set to start off with zero points and no team members.

“C’mon, Yu, give the boy some slack,” hissed Kamui Woods. “He has it hard enough already.”

“NOT HARD ENOUGH!” Yu snapped back indignantly, then settled down after a huff. “This is weird, though… UA has always been about freedom in education, but isn’t this overstepping it?” She shrugged and leaned back. “My sports festival didn’t have this much bullshit…”

“Your sports festival didn’t have a man in it. It’s usually an analogy for the dog-eat-dog world of pro heroes, where the teams you make are important.” Death Arms huffed.

“Yeah, give and take all that, I know. Why isn’t he getting taught that?” Mt. Lady groaned. This was sounding too close to the lectures she had to take.

“Cause, as they all said, he needs to prove himself.” Death Arms shrugged simply. “He needs to show that, under no circumstances, he would become a liability. Not having a quirk is already strike one.”
“Yeah, all of that sounds nice and all, but,” Kamui woods butted in, “pretty sure it’s just Nozomi playing around with her new ‘toy.’”

“Oh, God, stop. You are going to remind me what she pulled in my year.” Mt. Lady shook her hands and head, as if trying to physically keep a memory from resurfacing.

Death Arms sweatdropped. ...what did she do though?

He stopped and watched everyone start to group up, the three near him wishing him luck before going out to find partners for themselves.

No one was actually paying attention to him as of this moment.

Are you someone’s quirk?

“Who’s, me?”

Yeah?

The voice paused for a second, and he could feel it thinking, not the usual sensing of other people deep in their own thoughts.

He could feel his own brain doing the thinking.

What the hell...?

“You- you are using my brain?”
...Ok, ok I think- I think I know what you are- quick question. When did you come about?

"As i, n when" I became e'veral?

Yeah?

"No, sur e" I think I become aware."

He blinked. Wait- 2 weeks ago? You aren't One for All?

"I vaguely remember something about that... I don't think I did it all like that..."

Then... a week ago...

He wanted to shake his head at the revelation. I heard the small voice of your consciousness but-

That sounding like someone else? On separate thought pattter-

"O, you, eel like you got the answer."

You... you are the healed part of my brain, modified by One for All, a separate consciousness born from the inherent wills and remaining thoughts of my predecessors.

"...Look, it b'ec anje a thing just a week a go and... sound s... i, k, c
b', u'll shir even to me."

You got a better explanation?
"I’m afraid it’s time to return your damage."  

...Plausible. But quick question, what do you think of All Might?

"Toshi? I’m glad she managed to become the symbol of peace we needed. I’m proud of her."

He waited for the voice to think through what it just said.

"Oh shut up, I am the wills of the past users aren’t I?"

I mean- it’s either that or I just won an argument with my alter ego who just pulled some memories from the connection One for All created.

It was, a weird sensation, having someone start to form inside of his brain. He could feel the neural pathways forming the other grow stronger with each time he made them think, just as the connection to him grow stronger with each back and forth between them, even the voices that formed her..? Started to sound more unified, forming one ethereal feminine voice.

Wait, do you remember what you did before my speech?

"Relieving some of your an_xie ty?"

Yeah, how did you do that anyway?

"Just shut down some parts of your qmyg_dal"g, They were screaming nonsense."

So you can shut down some parts of my brain, what my subconscious would usually do...Hey, do you know the concept of ‘flow?’

He felt the voice reach through their connection, pulling the definition up from his own memory.
He could feel the voice start to chuckle, they were really becoming more and more concrete, rather than an abstract concept.

“O, why are you good.”

He smiled slightly, before dropping the convo as he heard Midnight announce the end of the 15 minutes to prepare.

He had used them well.

“Ready to show us why your choice was correct, Midoriya?” She asked, trying to get him fired up, under the guise of teasing him.

“...Well, kid, are you?”

He opened his mouth, as if to say something back, then clamped it shut, a feral smile forming on his face as the flame in him burned brighter. *Fine. if things are going to be that way...*

He glanced at the rest of the participants, 1-A looking back with part fear and part worry.

Katsumi started laughing when she saw his eyes. *Oh, oh we are so Fucked.* Her partner, Eiko forced a peal of soft, worried laughter. “W-what are we laughing about?” She whispered under her breath.

Izuku's eyes locked back up to the podium. “Bring it.”

Chapter End Notes

Happy New Year everyone!
here a chapter on me.

see you on the next one
P.s. Imma go edit the previous chapters so Ochako's accent shows because I LOVE that shit
Go wisely and slowly. Those who rush stumble and fall.

Chapter Notes

Honestly, you can play anything where the link shows up, have fun! I sure did

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Ok, I will explain the rules in detail, so listen up!.” Midnight smirked. “Each team gets their choice of two weapons and support items, along with visors to protect their eyes, and a chest plate with the amount of points they have which is averaged every other second.” She gestured at the hologram showcasing a black chest-plate with LED’s incorporated under a layer of plastic polymer encompassing the front if the flashing lights were accurate. “Each pellet has a point value encoded by the gun they are shot out of, while they are getting shot out of it, and whenever a shot makes contact, the suit gives a little shock the shot party, the size in direct relationship to the number of points they were shot with. The amount of points the pellet has is removed from the shot party is then added to the one shooting them. Quirks are, of course, allowed.” She relaxed a bit as the explanation was over. “Any questions?”

Izuku paused for a second. Then raised his arm, grabbing attention from the rest of the participants. “Can you repeat the first sentence?”

She blinked once, then her smirk turned sadistic. “Each team gets their choice of two weapons and support items.”

Mic shuddered in the observation deck. Oh- that’s what Aizawa was talking about…

He looked at the selection of paintball guns, which to his surprise there was a wide variety of. You wouldn’t know how to handle one of these things professionally, would you?

“Nope.”

Trial-by-fire, then.
He looked over the selection again. A minigun looked appealing but would eat through ammo reserves too fast for it to be useful, a pistol would have come in handy in short to mid-range, but the number of points it transferred would make it hard for him to catch up.

“May be the sniper, rifle?”

Wouldn’t that take too long to set up?

“Not if you only add the barrel, when you need it, they gr, e, c, alle’d ’sniper r, for a, rego, kid.”

Huh… wait you said you didn’t know much about them!

“N, I said I d’idn’t handle them professionally. At least, I think not.”

He hefted the sniper off the wall. Semantics!

“You’re one to talk and pick t, he revolver. It’ll be a good shot range, s, i, de-grm.”

Yeah, yeah. He picked up the revolver, spinning its cylinder hearing it click satisfyingly, then turned to Snipe, who was manning the gun booth. “I picked these two.”


“Each team gets to have two, right?”

Snipe paused, then started laughing. “Always bending the rules, ain’t ya?”
“Someone has to.” He shrugged with a smirk.

Snipe shook her head, pulling out a couple of magazines for the sniper and a speed loader for the revolver with additional pellets in a small canister, along with a hip holster for the revolver. “Good luck out there.”

“Thanks, gonna need it.” He waved a quick goodbye, before turning to the next door for the support items, his 15 minutes to make selections were getting close to being over.

Ectoplasm greeted him as he arrived at the support item room and quickly went to selecting. He looked over at walls lined with grenades, mines, IEDs and riot shields. There were even some smoke grenades littered here and there. *You thinking what I’m thinking?*

“Not...I can feel what you are thinking.”

*Close enough.*

He walked up to Ectoplasm with his selection, earning a representation of a quirked eyebrow on the dome of glass that formed the top of her head. The skeletal smile her exposed teeth formed never leaving her face. “...Why does that fit your character so well?”

He could only chuckle as she passed him the goggles and the chest piece for the match, and something else.

“What...is that?”

A cup...

“What...oh...”

“While we wait for our contestants, let us hear a word from our sponsors.” Mic announced, as the holograms coating the stadium shifted through multiple advertisements.
Midnight fixed her footing.

She absolutely hated this part.

The grassy ground hissed and pulled back a little, revealing seams that were not visible to the naked eye, then started shifting, stacking on top of each other as the podium and the cement mass it was connected to started to rise up, eventually replacing the area previously covered in grass and sand, Cementos walking up to the field.

“And here she is, listeners! Cementos, if you would,” Mic hyped up, just as the ads ended.

The concrete woman nodded, planted her feet down then raised her hands with what looked like effort.

The cement rippled, looking like a still body of water with a pebble tossed in, and grew more and more animated, waves cascading through the area and crashing onto the sides of the stadium, each wave leaving around traces of shifted material.

She pulled her hands back down while raising her leg, then with a final grunt, slammed it down.

The waves ceased, replaced by the cracking sound of cement grinding against cement as parts shot up in geometric shapes, forming a complex maze of corridors, stairs, and hallways.

“And, to keep the players from hearing our live commentary, let’s give them something else to listen to? Shall we?” Mic smirked as she flipped one of the switches on her console.

“Classical music? Seriously?” Aizawa deadpanned, hearing some songs that were surely from the 21st-century *minimum*.

Izuku fiddled with his rifle, unscrewing the barrel and stuffing it in one of the straps of his chest guard next to the extra ammo already clipped in, the number 0 glowing dimly on the center of his chest.
“You prob'ly lo__ok like you jumped out of an acti__n.”

I feel like I am about to jump in one. He hooked one of the black riot shields on his back, the other along his forearm like one would hold a medieval shield, hiding the rifle he was holding in his hand.

“Want me to start silencing the noise in here?”

Yeah, let's see if this actually works the way we theorized.

He expected a lot of things to happen the moment the voice stated silencing the parts of his brain that was firing information he couldn’t use in that exact moment.

Having his vision get slightly altered was not one of them.

He blinked repeatedly trying to come to terms with how much more detail he was seeing, and how much the gun weighed on his hand. As the sensation burned into his memory the feeling subsided, leading him to not even feel the weight of the stuff strapped onto him.

“You alr__ight kid__?”

He blinked again, then nodded not even thinking up a proper reply. Another blink.

Can you control my left arm?

“Uh- lem'__e try__.”

The foreign sensation didn’t even bother him as his left arm started twitching on its own accord while he still felt every single tensing of his muscles.

“Guess I can__.”
Good, If I miss anyone that's growing too close, grab the revolver and take them out.

He regained control of the limb without much resistance from the voice, he was the stronger presence in his body, that was good to know.

A low trickle of adrenaline started to steep into his bloodstream as the state of ‘flow’ started to hit full force, mind clearing even further. He wasn’t sure if the voice was silent or if the state of flow was forcing it to grow silent.

Didn’t matter.

Time slowed down as the gates in front of him started to open up, flooding his prep room with the music from the field.

He was already out of the gates before the gate finished opening.

“Listeners! We have a guest at the booth. C’mon, introduce yourself.” Mic announced as the alarm went off, 21 teams releasing from the sides of the arena.

“G’day, this is Pro hero Snipe, swinging by to give some insight on this here match.” Snipe said, tipping her hat while doing so.

Mic chuckled at the gesture. “Glad to have you with us Snipe, anything you wanna tell the viewers before the match really starts?”

“Mic, what are you talking about?” Snipe looked offended.

“The match already started.”

As if to support her claim, the rankings projected on the holographic billboards started to shift, teams
jumping up and down wildly.

All except Izuku who remained on the bottom.

“Are we seriously gonna just hunker down for this long?” Kyoka asked from within the ice dome Shoko had created. “I thought you were going to hunt down people. Isn’t that why you picked me? Cause of my quirk?”

“Yeah, I did,” Shoko breathed out, “but not to hunt down; to hear if Bakugou or someone else tries to break in.”

“You know this plan worked out great for you last time, right?” Kyoka shot back. Shoko stiffened.

“... Fine” She put her hand on the side of the dome, melting a way out leading to the maze. “Let's go.”

“After you.”

Pony peeked around the corner as her teammate, and fellow transfer student, shot some paint-balls onto the wall of the maze, holstering her weapon and starting to finger-paint while humming a song.

After doing another once over of the hallway leading to them Pony breathed out in relief, no one was on them at the moment. “You said you knew him from somewhere- right?” she asked in English, the language she was more comfortable with speaking.

“Oh- yeah, he was in the news a year ago, remember? The man that jumped into action to save his girlfriend?” Autumn responded back in English, poking her tongue out in one of the more complicated areas to draw

Pony did a double-take. “He has a girlfriend?”
Izuku observed.

It had been easy enough to jump from wall to wall and scale his way up to a high point on the field. And he watched the gunfights forming across the expanse, some crossfire hitting him and giving him a dull buzz across the chest.

Not that it mattered anyway, he couldn't go lower than zero points, so the jolt didn't mean much.

Not as much as the intel he was gathering.

He started backhanding the pellets with the shield on his arm, just to get some practice in.

“Oh wow, would you look at that, it's a shootout. Riveting.” Aizawa groaned, looking down on the maze with distaste, watching the students run around like headless chickens from each other while spraying bullets everywhere.

“At this rate, everyone is going to run out before the timer hits the halfway point.” Mic added along, sounding miffed slightly, the little long-distance skirmishes weren’t actually entertaining.

Snipe was polishing her revolver. “Well, it's to be expected. We haven’t really taught them how to use the darn things yet.” She swung her special-built weapon, the cylinder clicking into place with a satisfying clack. “For those who are watching, sorry y’all for the mess. Let’s let these fledglings learn how to use their new fangs first, shall we?”

She pointed at the window of the booth, pulling the trigger of the revolver, causing its hammer to clack against its empty chamber. “But knowing UA kids, they’ll catch up fast.”

As if signified by the clacking of the hammer the shooting slowed down, students starting to conserve ammo.

“Heh, guess this old gal still has her wits to her.” Snipe chuckled, readjusting her hat with her revolver.
Mic had a goofy smile, just watching her act out the whole cowboy persona.

How the hell am I even supposed to use this? Ochako groaned in her head, as she ducked behind a wall. Furrowing her brows, she glared at the pistol she had taken; the recoil was minimal, but since she couldn’t hold the damn thing with all five of her fingers her aim was terrible, making her lean on Tsuyu for gaining points.

Why couldn’t I have a quirk that was thought activated…

She looked down on the pads of her hand. Traitors…

Then back at the gun.

...wait what would happen if I activated my quirk on this anyway?

She cupped her hand under her chin deep in thought, trying to solve the riddle.

“Doesn’t hurt to try I guess?” she closed her pinky around the gun too and felt the familiar sensation of her quirk activating. The gun lightening to nothing in her hands.

“So far so good…” she pulled the trigger, aiming at the wall in front of her.

She didn’t even see the pellet leave the barrel before splattering onto the wall, faster than any of the bullets she had seen whizzing by.

“That’s… wow” She pulled the trigger again just to be sure.

The mark on the wall grew larger faster than a blink, not even a feathers touch of recoil on her side.
Tsuyu, sporting some new splashes of colors hopped next to her. “We gotta move they, ar-”

Ochako turned the corner before Asui even finished her sentence, trying out the new application of her quirk.

The opposing team didn’t even stand a chance against the high-speed bullets as they splattered against their chests the moment Ochako pulled the trigger to her gun.

“Oh- Oh never mind, I like this!”

Katsumi hated that there wasn’t a grenade launcher amongst the guns, and hated that she could only get two grenades in the support section. Still, this works.

She pumped the shotgun, relishing at the sight of the blonde asshole that was smack-talking her and the rest of 1-A twitching from the shock her chest-plate had gifted her after a point-blank shot over the stomach.

*Upstart class B bitch.*

She looked down to the weapon, her smirk returning. *Now I know why High-class likes these things.*

Eiko shivered slightly and averted her eyes. *That's a dangerous look on Baku right there.* Then she squinted seeing something green on the tower nearby.

*Wait... “Is that Midori on that tower?”*

Katsumi stopped for a second, then followed her gaze. *Oh no... “Move- WE GOTTA MOVE!”* She pushed her into another alley.

*“Why!??”*
“He saw all of it! Everything everyone did!” she glanced back at where he was. “It’s Deku, shit hair! What does he do best?”

“...fight?” Eiko then winced at Katsumi’s unbelieving look. “Wait, no- plan... He fights good cause he plans...”

The pieces connected. “Oh. Oh no…”

Momo let her minigun down, shaking her arms to get the numbness off of them. It’s as heavy as it looks…

Mina was standing guard next to her with her own submachine gun ready to fire at a moments notice. “Why did you even pick that one?”

“Ammo is no problem cause I can create it.” She breathed out, taking a seat on the floor. “Plus, it’s fun to see people panic when the barrels start to spin.”

“Wow… really makes me wonder what you do between the sheets with Izuku…” Mina mumbled, a teasing glint in her eyes.

“I-I have no idea what you are talking about!” Momo blushed, shrinking into herself defensively upon the implied accusation.

“Sure, Vice rep.” Mina let her smirk through, enjoying how similar Momo’s cheeks were getting to her skin’s hue. “You sneak into his room every night and do nothing.”

“We don’t!”

“As the first half of the match ends, Midoriya Izuku remains at zero points, with other teams joining him on the lowest of the rankings,” Mic announced, sounding bored. “So much for showing us
why his choice was the right one…”

The audience echoed her disillusionment at the current state of the match

“Why isn’t he moving?” one of the audience whined as the attention was pulled back onto the sole male on the field.

“Maybe he’s scared? He’s the only one out there without a quirk,” rationalized someone else, unsure of their own claim.

“It’s impressive as hell that he got first in the race without one, though. Maybe he’s fit enough to do this without one, too…”

“Yeah, right. Being a hunk isn’t going to stop a villain from blowing his head clean off. He should quit while he still has a head.”

“Didn’t he say something about breaking his neck?”

“Well, Recovery Girl could’ve healed him, too. ’Backbone of UA’ and all…”

Some scoffed at that “Yeah, sure and I’m All Might’s secret lover. Maybe he was exaggerating? Even more proof to why he shouldn’t even be there.”

Miruko’s ears twitched at the ceaseless bashing, getting more and more annoyed until she couldn’t hide her anger anymore. She stamped her foot down to the ground, the force behind it cracking the cement slightly. “GOD DAMMIT, KID, STOP BLUE-BALLING US! I KNOW YOU GOT MORE IN YOU!”

“Woah talk about passiona-” the fellow audience member fell silent as the intense glare originating from the rabbit hero locked onto her.

He blinked. Time had lost its meaning for him as his perception of it swayed and shifted while he
watched, seeing every shot fired clearly while everything between blurred past. Now, time, at least his perception of it, felt stable.

He looked at the timer, then back at the maze, already picking a path and just who to take out.

With just enough time left.

He jumped down from the tower, landing on a nearby wall with precise footing. The students to the left of it not even having the chance to react as two shots impacted the back of their heads from the hidden rifle under his shield.

“Oh.” Mic gulped. “Ok...”

Snipe leaned in and switched the music to something more fitting.

“HEY!” Mic exclaimed, but didn’t change it back.

He scaled down to the side and grabbed the students support gear, a grenade, and an IED trigger.

He knew where that IED was hidden and pressed the detonator after a few seconds, looking down to see if his points changed while doing so.

They did.

He tossed the detonator to the side, raising his rifle to the corner in front of him.

“THERE YOU ARE!” Doi screamed, jumping out into the corridor. Her teammate, Hana, had been taken out by the paint-bomb Izuku had just set off.

She was met by a shot to the chest by the rifle. Izuku showing no remorse while doing it.
She collapsed onto the ground, her resistance to electricity born from her quirk was keeping her conscious. But she was not ready to see Izuku start walking up to her at a steady pace. Eyes glaring down into her soul with their intensity. “I-Izuku, c-c’mon man, it’s just a game.”

Her heart started beating faster as he didn’t even slow down at her plea and flinched once he was within arms reach of her, closing her eyes as his right arm rose level with her head, rifle pointing straight to her forehead.

She shuddered once as a shot rang out, followed by another.

Then, after deliberation and not feeling a shock nor impact, she opened her eyes to see two more of the class B students, one with the softening quirk and the other with the poltergeist, spasming on the floor. Then she saw Izuku, holding a revolver in his left hand, under his right arm, hidden from the would-be ambushers by the shield attached to it.

“W-wanna go to a date after this?” Doi asked, honestly a little turned on by the whole stoic-badass stuff he was pulling.

Two shots to the chest with the rifle was enough of an answer.

Miruko’s face tore open in a shit-eating grin, watching the man start taking out weaklings like they were nothing.

The crowd around her got shocked silent as the man they had been second-guessing took down two teams with the efficiency of a machine.

Snipe whistled in the booth. “That kid is ruthless.”

“Yeah, but it could have been worse.” Mic shrugged, expecting more considering how Aizawa had opposed the idea in the beginning.
Aizawa turned to Mic with a glare. *Do you, perchance, not hear what you are saying?*

He breathed out as Doi lost her fight against the current, getting knocked out, too. The revolver was quickly reloaded and stuffed it back onto its holster.

Breathe in, and out.

In. Out.

It’s time to go full blast.

The trickle of adrenaline turned to a torrent as his heart rate increased, he hopped side to side, relaxing his body. Then, much like the pellets he had been spraying since he jumped down, he rushed away.

“You had to say it, didn’t you?” Aizawa huffed as suddenly Izuku took off to the side of the shot, the feed broadcasting empty ground for a second before the drone started to chase after him.

Mic nodded sagely. “Mistakes were made.”

Kendo didn’t even have time to react as one moment she was in a firefight with Makaira and Aoyama of all people, and the next moment the hole Aoyama had created, and their team had been shooting out of, was covered by a flung riot shield embedding itself to one of its sides.

Izuku followed soon after, skidding to a halt and emptying a revolver into her and Yui, causing both to succumb to paralysis. As the world faded she saw him unpin a grenade and toss it over the wall to where the other team was.
Based on the yelp she heard, the other team was taken out too.

Makaira was barely able to use the shield she had attached to her tail, blocking the spray of paint that had coated the walls of the corridor they were in. Yui had not been as lucky, the girl of French descent getting coated in the deep crimson of the paint the grenade had shot out everywhere, before starting to twitch uncontrollably following the electric shock the chest piece provided, falling to the ground unconscious.

She breathed to steady herself, looking at the riot shield blocking the hole.

*If the person that tossed it is still there… I can take them by surprise. Take the points back.*

She steadied her rifle, reloading it and moving closer to the shield. *Three…*

*Two…*

*One!*

She kicked the shield with enough force to dislodge it from its rooted position, the rifle aiming out of the reopened hole.

Izuku had reloaded and was looting ammo off of the unconscious body of Kendo when the sound of crumbling cement alerted him, his brain dropping even more processes as his perception of time started to dilate from the additional power it had gained access to.

He needed every second he could get when he had a rifle pointed to his back.

Makaira pulled the trigger on her weapon spraying a volley of paintballs towards his general area, not even taking in the surroundings.
Izuku pivoted on his right leg, shield on his arm blocking the pellets during the motion, then much like Snipe would, his left hand grabbed onto the revolver on his hip.

As his classmate with the tail realized who she was shooting at with a muted ‘oh, shit’ along with a flinch, he pulled the trigger with deadly accuracy. The pellet hit her right on the goggles, blinding her momentarily, along with a strong zap that almost took her down.

But not quite.

She raised her own shield where she thought Izuku was, trying to wipe the paint off the goggles on her eyes.

That’s when she felt the muzzle of his rifle against her head

“Truce?”

Kayama was… a lot of things. Her persona of a hero with a sadistic side, Midnight, was just that, an alter ego; at least she told herself that. But watching Izuku tear through the opposition was making her…

Question that.

I probably shouldn’t be enjoying this that much… she winced softly as the live feed showed the rifle go off against Ojirou’s temple, probably stinging a lot before the zap carried by the vest pulled her to unconsciousness.

Then she noticed his path.

Wait a minute… he’s doing a bee-line to…

She couldn’t help but smirk a bit
Ibara had started remembering as time went on and she saw more of him. Her memory was hazy at best, but she remembered his silhouette, bathed in light, holding her close at one point.

*Maybe that’s why I keep recalling Michael when I think of him…*

Her eye caught the rankings list from her perch.

*Wow… he is rising fast…*

*And he did come first in the race…*

*Maybe he is a divine being after all…*

She shook her head, *No… that’s blasphemous to even think of…*

*What next, him having divine power gifted from god?*

“Hey Ibara, keep your focus. We have more coming after us!”

A loud crack rippled through the air, as the faux gun discharged itself.

“Sorry, it’s hard to focus with him so close- I feel like there’s more to him…” she admitted, chambering a new cartridge.

“Wow, I didn’t think you were the type to show interest in guys like that.” Her classmate smiled, showing off her sharp teeth “He is somethin’ else, right?”
“I am not someone who will fall to sin, Tetsu. But we should do well to steer clear of him.”

Tetsutetsu nodded, shifting the shotgun in her arms to splatter anyone who came near. Her quirk was counterproductive to the exercise, so she was picking off anyone who made it through Ibara’s prickly defense.

The vine-haired woman herself looked down the scope of her rifle, setting up another shot to the best of her abilities. She didn’t like the thought of having to shoot opponents, but given the activity...

She pulled the trigger.

So be it.

Setsuna and Hiryu were at the top of the list; nothing quite came close to Setsuna’s ability to disassemble and let the pellets just pass through where she had occupied, nor Hiryu’s scales shooting down any and all approaching projectiles.

Setsuna’s pickpocketing and her floating hands shooting others at point-blank range just gave them the edge they needed to rise up to the top of the leaderboard.

Then, he happened.

A shot rang out from the side, jolting both class B-students out of their previous thoughts. Who the hell?

It was the guy from 1-A.

“What? You think you can take us down? Just cause you won the race?” Setsuna taunted, trying to get under his skin, to make him give them an opening, like so many had. But he didn’t even look like he cared enough to listen to her words.
“What? Cat got your tongue? Scared still?” She forced a smirk. “Another 200 points would be nice actually, would make us break a thousand. Don't you think so, too, Hiryu?”

“I suppose so.” Her teammate’s arms started coating themselves in scales, ready to fire off if he did something stupid.

And something stupid he did.

Neither could have guessed that he would dash at them at a full sprint, the riot shield on his arm held up in front of him like a battering ram.

Setsuna barely managed to disassemble her body and shoot off the large chunks to the sides to dodge. Hiryu wasn’t as lucky as she met with the wall on her back hard enough to get dazed. “You left your back open idi-” She saw the two shields hanging off of his back, blocking her shot. “FUCK!”

Just as she was flying into position to shoot him from the side, his left hand twitched subtly and started moving of its own accord, even as his full attention was given to the woman he had pinned against the wall.

She pulled the trigger. “You left your side open!”

He pulled his twice.

Setsuna didn’t even comprehend what was happening as her bullet popped in the air before it made contact with him. Then the shock hit her. Her body spasmed in response as electricity shot through her dismantled form from the chest piece still attached to her torso, causing her grip on her pistol to loosen.

“TEN SECONDS!” Mic’s voice echoed, excitable from the sudden change in the rankings Izuku was causing.

Endeavor watched with rapt attention, but on the male instead of her prodigy. She watched him
dismantle his opposition with an efficiency and brutality that she admired. Taking the first place
down with such raw power was just the cherry on top.

*Wonder what his family has in terms of quirks…*

Her face split open in a sick grin, a plan forming in her head.

*Maybe if Shoko won’t leave the legacy I want, he will.*

Izuku departed another revolver round to her, dropping her points along with her as the second shock
made her crash to the ground, losing her control over her hovering torso.

He then emptied the cylinder on her, the electricity stopping its buzz throughout her body finally as
the gun clicked; out of ammo.

That’s when his flow state started crashing, the silenced parts of his brain resuming function full
force, causing him to stumble at the shock. *Jesus Christ-

“*You’re ok? ___”

*Are they?*

He shook his head slightly as he pulled back from his spot, letting Hiryu stumble to the ground,
grabbing her and letting her down slowly instead.

Just as he was placing the fellow hero-in-training down, two familiar explosions rung out.

“*That’s THE GAME! A dramatic last-second play has shaken up the standings! Who will be left
standing when the smoke clears?! ”*
“What the hell was that?” He blinked again, slightly dazed due to the mental strain of dropping out of flow, in addition to the paint explosions nearby.

“You th_ink we got enough po ints to get into the final s?”

He looked down on his chest to see an impressive score of 875 glowing proudly.

I think we did.

Setsuna coughing brought his attention back to the moment, his body acting before his mind as he pulled her to a seated position, the rest of her body slowly re-assembling itself back together. “Damn, you play hard.” She smirked a little. “Izuku Midoriya, right?” She poked him in the chest, her hand mimicking a gun.

“Next time, I’ll be hunting you down~”

He didn’t know if he should’ve apologised or blushed, and instead just did both at the same time, eliciting a snicker from the woman prodding him in the stomach. “Not so stoic when not in a fight?”

“I- I guess? Sorry, I got lost in the moment back there,” he defended, trying to ignore the 100 written on her chest.

“You get lost hard, then,” She smiled, attempting to rise to her feet. “c’mom, let’s see what the final rankings are.”

Chapter End Notes

Aaand there we go, game set and match (or is it?) honestly I need a nap after this...

That being said, hope you guys enjoyed it as much as I did writing it! see you on the next one
I have bruises no one can see

Chapter Notes

I'd suggest reading 34 again, cause I decided to change it up a little, dissatisfied by it-also, I finally finished adding in all the instances of Ochako's accent slipping out.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

I am still trying to come to terms with it but TC has fan art guys, how cool is that?

Izuku in his hero suit

and Shoko and Katsumi

One thing became clear as the class 1-B student tried getting to her feet:

The sustained shock had caused her legs to turn to jello, making it impossible for her to stand upright.

Seeing her struggle balancing, Izuku gave her a hand to lean on, along with Hiryu who probably had a minor concussion, causing the fellow green-head to snicker. “What, you gonna lift everyone you defeated?”

“I mean… I kinda wanna show there are no hard feelings between us; it was just a game after all.” Izuku muttered back, bashfully. “Wait, there are none, right?”

“Yeah yeah- just gotta teach me how to get that focused, boy,” Setsuna huffed out. “I thought getting ‘tunnel visioned’ was just a saying, then here you come pulling that…” It was kinda scary...

He smiled down to the woman. “I-I’ll try to.”

“TIME FOR THE RESULTS, LISTENERS!” Mic whooped, the finalized rankings flashing on
the holograms in the feed.

Mandalay couldn’t help but chuckle softly at the results. Ragdoll started vibrating softly, giggling wildly. “Look at how lively that kitten is!”

Pixie-Bob was still salivating about the male hero-prospect that was going to fall straight into their laps.

“First place goes to Uraraka Ochako! Barely passing Midoriya Izuku, who is straddling the line between her and her fellow teammate, Asui Tsuyu in third place!!”

Izuku almost choked on his spit hearing that, eyes searching for Ochako on his route as he lead both Setsuna and Hiryu out of the arena.

He managed to find the girl who beat him on the scoreboard just as they were about to exit out the arena. She was blushing slightly, looking a little embarrassed from all the attention in the middle of a clearing near the edge of the arena, a corridor leading up to the exit allowing him the sight of her.

Sensing his gaze, she turned back towards him, and their gazes locked onto each other in practiced fluidity. They stared at each other.

He smiled, his eyes filling with a mix of adoration, fear and…

Her blush went from pink to neon.

“Wait, how did that…?” Pony looked at the scoreboard the English phrases flowing out on their own at the sight of the massive distance between her and Autumn.

1st place: Uraraka Ochako
2nd place: Midoriya Izuku
3rd place: Asui Tsuyu
4th place: Kirishima Eiko & Bakugo Katsumi
5th place: Tsunotori Pony
6th place: Yaoyorozu Momo & Ashido Mina
7th place: Shiozaki Ibara
8th place: Shinsou Hitsuki
9th place: Todoroki Shoko & Jiro Kyoka
10th place: Tetsutetsu Tetsutetsu
11th place: Shibura Autumn
12th place: Hatsume Mei & Iida Tomoyo

“How is there that much of a distance between us?” She asked, a cute confused expression in her large eyes.

Autumn herself was trying to figure it out too, recalling the rules midnight had set down “She said the point would be averaged…” Then it hit her.

“…every other second.” Meaning that the last effort in the match, Pony setting off IED’s nearby two shootouts, only gave the points to her instead of the team.

Hearing the English words Pony’s eyes widened in understanding, turning to her teammate apologetically, bowing all the while. “I’m so sorry, Autumn. I understood the rules wrong!”

“It’s fine, Pony-chan, we still made it in!” Autumn responded, smiling brightly to her teammate, grabbing her hands and jumping up and down excitedly. “I can’t wait for the finals!”

Pony started giggling at that, smiling back at her teammate. “Yeah!”

They both almost fell down as the walls started shifting back, sinking back onto the hard concrete floor.
Midnight groaned as Cementos started to reset the arena, students stumbling slightly much like her.

“Congrats to the top 16! You all get to really show your stuff in the upcoming finals!” she raised a wobbly arm to the sky gesturing at the spinning roulette “Let’s see what the final match is going to be, shall we?”

The spinner landed on ‘tug of war’.

Then the label started to crack, then shattered, revealing what the final event really was.

“As if it would be anything other than-” Mic roared in the booth, hyping the audience up.

The writing stood bright and proud on the hologram, the audience starting to cheer at its sight.

“One-on-one battles in a formal tournament!”

“But first, a lunch break.”

The crowd started booing.

Mai shuddered as she came to. Looking dumbly at the shifting walls of the stadium… *Wait* what happened?

*What happened to the second match?*

*The last thing I remember is…*
Her eyes landed on the purple haired girl in front of her. “You.”

“I did what I did to get to the finals.” She said simply, not even turning to look back at the confused hero-in-training. “I’m not sorry. Better luck next time.”

With that, she walked off to the gateway leading to the cafeteria.

What?

Izuku breathed a sigh of relief as he handed off Hiryu to recovery girl, earning a scowl from the old woman, alongside a look that just screamed ‘Really?’

Setsuna seemed to be glued to his side after that, prodding him with questions on how to achieve what he did in the paintball match, which he was happy to answer, even if the woman just looked more and more lost on the minute aspects of the state of ‘flow’.

“What do you mean you need to feel as if you can’t fail?” She asked, her dark green eyes squinting back at him incredulously.

“Well, that’s one of the ways to trigger the state, I kinda had a shortcut tho-”

“Midoriya, can we talk?” Izuku’s eyes locked onto the source of the voice, words dying in his throat.

Setsuna looked too, seeing the stoic face of Todoroki staring up at Izuku.

“Oh- would you mind giving us a minute...?” His eyes flared with a sudden realization. *I never got her name*

“Tokage Setsuna,” She finished for him, a smirk blossoming on her face before she walked off. “Monoma was wrong about you guys; you seem like good people”
“Thanks?” Izuku called out as she disappeared off to the side, leaving him alone with Shoko, who promptly turned to the other side and started to walk off.

Kinda confused, but used to the two-toned girl’s less-than-perfect social skills, he followed her.

“Hatsume… why did you build this again?” Tomoyo looked down onto the Frankenstein’s monster of a gun attached to the tendrils sprouting from Mei’s back.

Sure the weapon did fire with deadly accuracy, but there was something off about the point-scaling. Somewhere while building the combination minigun-sniper, the coder for the pellets had gotten messed up.

At least that was the only explanation Tomoyo had for every shot only stealing 1 point from the opposition.

“I like to build, Iida, that’s like asking if you like to run- actually, do you like to run?” Mei’s scoped eyes locked onto the glass-wearing Hero course student.

“Of course! Wait, that doesn’t-”

“Oh- then do I have some babies for you! Then again I should probably build them from scratch considering the make-up of your calves-” Her eyes started shining with unhidden excitement. “I’ll make you the cutest babies for your legs!”

Tomoyo lost her train of thought after that, succumbing to Mei’s unyielding passion.

Shoko was an inherently serious person. At least, that’s how she presented herself to the world. Izuku had seen her maintain eye contact with people while slurping soba too many times to actually believe she was serious through and through.
But at this moment, staring him down with her heterochromatic eyes, he felt the full weight of her demeanor.

“You got second place, congratulations.”

“Thanks…” he forced a smile, trying to lighten the atmosphere she was generating.

“Why didn’t you use your quirk?”

That question held…more weight then it should have, as if it was only the tip of the iceberg weighing over Shoko.

“I have been? It’s not exactly as visible as everyone else’s…” He shrugged: Total Command had been keeping him in the race, after all.

“Are you saying that the lighting you can generate isn’t ‘visible’?” She asked, glare not weakening.

“That…kinda takes a lot out of me- I wouldn’t be able to keep myself in the race if I kept dislocating stuff, would I?”

“I see. So you don’t have a pledge like mine…”

“Eh?” Suddenly he remembered it, the thing he saw weeks ago.

“Wa_if she has…”

“Your fire…” He breathed out before he could stop it.

“It’s not my fire…” Her glare darkened.

“It was engineered in.”
“What do, es th at even mea-”

“No- no-” Izuku shook his head, getting disturbed at the implications.

“You seem to know what I’m talking about… Quirk Splicing.” Her hand tightened to a fist. “I thought you were a similar …project at first.”

“Don’t call i-” He sighed leaning onto the wall, putting all of his weight onto it. “She couldn’t have-”

“But she did.” Shoko’s eye landed on her left hand, igniting with fire, looking down on it with distaste and pure hatred. “I was created to surpass All Might. Endeavor found the perfect quirk to synergize with her own. And my mom just happened to be attached to it.”

Izuku pinched his nose as his legs lost all power to them, causing him to slide down to his ass.

“She pressured her family to sell her off like livestock. Just so she could get her claws into her perfect human incubator.” The fire in her hand extinguished, her gaze landing onto the man sitting on the floor, who was filled with pure dread. “I’m the fourth child she forced into my mother. The fourth experiment that finally succeeded.”

“Jes us Chrigt.”

“And the worst part? I started enjoying myself here.” Izuku’s eyes snapped back to hers.

It was the closest he had seen Shoko to tears.

“A tool, built for solely for surpassing All might. Enjoying itself in a class-” Her left hand landed on the scarring around her eye. “After all the suffering I caused to my own mother…”

“S-Shoko, you didn’t-”

“Yes I did! Do you know what carrying spliced eggs does to people?!” She snapped back, causing him to flinch. That much was true; eggs fertilized using other’s eggs put a massive amount of strain
on the carrying party. And considering her mother carried out four of them…

“It wasn’t your fault, you didn’t-” He grew silent, not finding the right words to say.

“In all of my memories of my mother, she was crying. Suffering from what Endeavor and I did to her.” She continued, not even acknowledging his weak rebuttal. “And one day, she couldn’t take it anymore.”

“I can’t stand the left side of yours.” Izuku flinched at the inflection of her voice.

“That’s the last thing I heard my mother say to me before she poured boiling water on my left eye.” She breathed a sigh of relief as if a weight had been lifted off of her shoulders. “That's the last time I heard my mother’s voice before she was institutionalized by that woman.”

“The woman that broke her down- that took everything from my mother. I have her genes. I have her quirk. After that day, I promised myself that I would never use that side of me in battle.”

“I’m going to make a point of it in the finals.” She pulled off the wall she was leaning against. “I have been out of the top 3 since the start of this festival. She should be absolutely livid by this point.” Izuku shivered at the empty look she gave him. “And when I take first place in the final by just using my mother’s ice, she’ll be denied from even feeling the pride of victory.”

Shoko turned and walked out of the stadium, leaving a stunned and silent Izuku behind her. He didn’t move, still processing what the hell Shoko had just told him.

_I can’t imagine what she’s gone through… And why did she tell me all that?_

Izuku wanted to chase after her, tell her something, but his body wouldn’t move. He could only watch as she turned a corner and disappeared from his vision.

After a few more seconds his body finally started responding again, allowing him to rise back up to his feet, and stumble back to the main corridor. His eyes landed on Katsumi, sitting on the floor head in her arms.
“...There are fucked up people on this world, aren’t there?” She said meekly, not even looking up.

“You shouldn’t have eavesdropped.” He responded, sitting next to her.

“Didn’t mean to…” She huffed, leaning onto him slightly “I should apologize to her.”

“I’d...not bring it up if I were you… She seemed hurt just talking about it.” Izuku huffed, laying his head on hers.

“No, I meant for calling her 'Todoroki'.”

He chuckled weakly. “You probably should wait for that, too…”

“Izuku… am I a bad person?”

His hand found its way to her head, patting it softly. “Not really, you didn’t know…”

“That can’t excuse all the shit I did.”

“It doesn’t. But you feeling guilty and wanting to change for the better does... C’mon, let's get some food.” He got up, reaching out a hand to help her up, too.

“Yeah…” She grabbed on, letting him pull her up. Following him as they made their way to the cafeteria.

“...You are gonna do something stupid in the finals after hearing that, aren’t you?” She asked, after the sustained silence.

“You know me too well.” He smiled weakly.

“Are you real _ly_?”
I just can’t sit by when she is in that state...

“Damn... no, wonder... Toshi chōse you”

“Well, don’t do something too stupid. I wanna meet you at the top.” She smirked back softly, trying to move out of the headspace Shoko’s story had pulled them into.

Ochako was getting overwhelmed by all the praise, following her even to the cafeteria as more and more people congratulated her for coming in first place.

“Oh, Uraraka!” She was tempted to just turn her head to the other side, and run from the source before she placed the voice.

“Midoriya-san?” She turned to see the plump form of Izuku’s mom, followed by a skinnier, blond woman that looked slightly scared.

“I’m so proud of you!” the woman chimed, along with a maternal smile. “You scared me in the race with that last stunt though... Please be careful.”

The point-blank maternal aura almost overwhelmed Ochako’s senses, and she almost hugged the woman as if she was her own mother. “I-I’ll try to.” She smiled back, then thought for a second. “Want to eat with us, Midoriya-san?”

“I’d love to!”

Momo was trying to focus after the adrenaline had left her body. Now that they were in the final leg of the event, she had to potentially fight her loved ones, considering all of them had made it to the finals alongside her. It wasn’t a pleasant thought, especially since she knew how much winning this meant for Izuku, and how much him winning would mean to the world at large.
“Yaomomooooo!” Mina’s voice broke her train of thought, as she did that same cute yet whiny tone to get her attention. “You keep ignoring meeeeee…”

The vice representative of 1-A chuckled at the puppy eyes Mina was giving her, her black sclera letting her achieve a level of cuteness no mere mortal should be able to. “Sorry Ashido, kinda got lost in thought there”

“Oh!” Mina’s eyes started sparkling. “Bet you were thinking of Izuku~!”

Momo blushed slightly, her pink-skinned classmate had hit the nail in the head. “I-its just-”

“Were you thinking about your date with him on the beach?” Mina asked, snuggling close to her slightly, to keep the conversation between the two.

“I-it wasn’t a date~” the taller woman tried to rebuke, only for the memory of Izuku to break the surface and replay in her mind, causing her mind to go blank. Much to the entertainment of her current interviewer.

“Sure sounded like it was one, considering how happy you, Rara, and Hatsume looked after it.” Mina’s face twitched. “I mean, after he was cleared out of the hospital…”

Wait- perfect!

“Well, weren’t you happy after he came back, too?” Momo argued back, trying to at least preserve the lie for a bit longer.

“That- fair point,” Mina huffed, shrinking a bit. “Still, though… you seem very close with him…”

Momo’s eyebrow shot up at that. *Wait, is this going where I think it’s going?*
“Do you know what type of girls he likes?”

Momo was internally screaming as she got her portion at the cafeteria. She wished she could just scream without Mina getting closer to the truth.

Miruko tapped her foot as she waited in the line for Lunch-Rush’s stand in the cafeteria, which was only accessible to the UA staff and students. But being the number seven hero had its perks. Delicious, delicious perks.

Wonder if she still has that steamed carrot recipe…

Her ears perked at a sudden lack of sound as the general murmuring ceased, following the door opening. Her red eyes searching the reason why ended up locking onto him. The man. Miruko then thought something nigh blasphemous. Carrots can wait. As she left her spot in the line, pushing her way towards Izuku Midoriya, the first place in the first match, and second in the second.

She noticed that she wasn’t the only one making her way towards the man in question. Even the glowing flames of Endeavor shifted towards to him, too.

The two heroes finally made eye contact as people shifted away, giving a wide berth even if they looked interested in the man breaking the status quo. The simply had to; none of the weaklings could challenge the second-best, especially with the look she was sporting.

But Miruko was no weakling.

Izuku flinched at the sudden arrival of Endeavor, a normal response to the muscular and tall form of the woman. Which didn’t make sense to the rabbit hero, he was as tall as Endeavor himself. Then she noticed it.

He was holding himself back from fighting the number two right there and then.
“You, kid,” she started, looking up to the man, taking his attention, and a scowl from the number two who hadn’t even noticed his intents, let alone her until she had spoken up. “Great work out the-”

“Miruko?” His tone was one of wonder and awe. Not matching the fighting intent she had detected just seconds ago. “Oh my God, you are Miruko the Rabbit Hero” He took a few steps forward, getting closer to her. “I’m a huge fan!”

The blonde woman that was to his side started cackling, holding her stomach trying to stay upright, as both Miruko and Endeavor were at a loss for words.

“I’m sorry you probably get this a lot but can I get an autograph?”

Miruko blinked, then looked down to the notebook and pen he surely didn’t have a second before.

“Oh- sure” She grabbed the pen out of his hand, aiming to sign the page, only to halt when she saw what was already on it.

A drawing of her, skill prevalent in it. Along with bullet point notes on her fighting style and victories.

“You have been studying me?” Her eyes squinted down to the page, then back up to the giant of a man towering over her.

“Well, kinda… I’ve got pretty strong legs, and I thought having some of your techniques would help…” He looked to the side bashfully, rubbing the back of his neck. “Is that weird?”

“You” Both Miruko and Izuku turned to face Endeavor, who had crashed into the conversation. “How much longer do you intend to make me wait?”

“Oh sorry,” Izuku apologized, looking back down to Miruko. “Would you mind if we moved to the side? I think she wants to pass through,”

“No, boy. I want to talk with you about something important,” the second-best rumbled on again, glaring at the man, who didn’t even flinch at her visible annoyance.
Miruko was getting more and more impressed by the man, standing his ground against the second-best hero of all Japan.

“Oh, sorry I want *nothing* to do with you.”

“What!?” The flames of Endeavor flared up. “Now you listen here you little punk-”

“No, thank you,” he shot back cutting the pro’s speech short.

Miruko had to take a step back as the flames Endeavor was putting out became unbearable. The man didn’t even *budge*.

“How *dare* yo-”

“I’d suggest turning those off before you set the sprinklers off. the UA sprinkler system is a little on the ‘Plus Ultra’ side, if you forgot, might extinguish the flames of your suit entirely. You wouldn’t want that, would *you*?”

Miruko couldn’t believe her ears. *Holy shit!*

The blonde was almost on the floor from laughing too hard.

Endeavor’s flames calmed down, but her expression only hardened. “Just who the *hell* do you think you are?”

“Midoriya Izuku,” he said simply, turning his back to her. “Now, if that would be all, I have a *hero* to talk to.”

Endeavor looked ready to burst like a volcano at that, but the scene was pulling way too much attention, and decking the first male in UA would’ve been a PR nightmare. So she did the next best thing by kicking the door open and leaving the premises, grumbling under her breath.
Miruko just looked at the receding back of the hero, then to Izuku. “Ballsy move, kid. I like that.” She smiled up to him. “Can’t wait to see what you do in the finals.”

He blushed at the compliment. “T-thanks. It means a lot coming from you.”

“And about trying to use my moves…” She glared up to him, gaze turning scrutinizing. “You know what that means right?”

Izuku blinked back in confusion. *Wait, was that an insult to her? Oh God, I hope I didn’t-*

“Means that you are trying imitate me.” Her crimson irises smoldered with what initially seemed like anger. “You think you have what it takes to attempt those?”

Realization dawned in his eyes, his emerald flames of determination leaking through soon after, mirroring Miruko’s. “I’ll prove that to you in the finals then.”

Miruko’s face broke out in another smile. *I like this one.* “Ok then, kid.” She pushed his notebook back to his hands, which sported a new signature. “I’ll take your proof as payment for the signature then.”

She poked his chest. “Now go and prove yourself.”

He smirked back. “With *pleasure.*”

Chapter End Notes

Hope y’all enjoyed it. Happy Sunday to you all btw- if its still Sunday for you guys at least.

Idk I just need some sleeaaaaaaaaaep

See you at the next one

Next chapter: the fights begin.
When one must fight, one had better do it without hesitation

Chapter Notes

A little late, but I hope it was worth the wait for this absolute unit of a chapter.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Izuuuuukuuuuu~” The man stiffened at the sudden sound, turning to the source, taking Miruko by surprise. What kind of monster makes him react like that?

Her question was answered when the strange woman with pink hair tackled the man who had gotten her attention, her arms wrapping around his frame like clockwork. His face broke in a soft smile as his arms returned the gesture, hugging his ‘attacker.’ “Hey, Mei.”

“Good job at getting second place!” She giggled, reaching up and petting his head. Causing him to laugh softly.

Miruko blinked. Huh…

Why do I want to do that now?

“Oi, Hatsume,” The blonde he had arrived with cleared her throat and gestured at Miruko with her eyes.

The pinkette looked at the blonde, then to where she was gesturing. A look of recognition flooded her amber eyes. “Miruko? The Rabbit hero?” she slapped Izuku’s chest as she pulled away from the hug. “Izuku, you know Miruko? Why haven’t you told me before?”

He chuckled weakly. “I just met her, Mei, c’mon.” The woman in question looked back at him, then back to the pro.

Miruko liked the gleam Mei’s eyes got when she looked back at her. “Then, let me introduce myself! Hatsume Mei, genius inventor!” She exclaimed, puffing out her chest with pride.
“You saw my babies out in the field, right Miruko-san?” Mei was grinning like a cat with a new toy in her hands.

Miruko respected that. “That I did, what about them?”

“Want me to build you something? I’m sure you are dying for an upgrade to your shoes.” She pointed her thumb to herself. “I can make them doubly as effective”

“Oh?” Oh, this Mei was fun. “But you know I can't just give you my current ones to ‘upgrade,’ right?”

“It would be easier to start from scratch anyways,” Mei huffed. Miruko noticed the blonde saying goodbye to Izuku and walking away from the corner of her eye. “If Izuku’s estimations about you are correct you can only go to around 50% of your full strength without them breaking, right? That means you need a new chassis on them; it's easier to build that from scratch than to try and fit it into the old design.”

Miruko couldn’t help the smirk she got. “Spot on. Impressive estimate, Midoriya.” Her smirk widened “But can you really build something that can withstand all of this?” Miruku gestured to her toned legs in a teasing tone.

Izuku couldn’t hold back his blush.

Mei looked taken aback. “Are you doubting my skills?”

“Mei, no-” Izuku tried to stop it.

“Tune in to my fight. I’ll prove that I have the skills you would pay for!” She smirked back.

“Mei!” Miruko enjoyed seeing his shocked expression for the first time. “No, wait, that's actually sensible.” He blinked again. “Who are you and what did you do with Mei?”
The pinkette elbowed him in the side, just at the sweet spot to put pressure on his kidney, if Miruko saw it right. “Ow! Alright, alright.” He smiled in response to her pout back up to him.

Oh, these two are gonna be fun to wat-

“LISTEN UP, LISTENERS!” The howl from the PA system brought everything to a screeching halt. “WITH THE LUNCH BREAK COMING TO AN END SO SOON, IT’S TIME FOR THE BRACKET TO BE ANNOUNCED!”

Everyone in the cafeteria got serious, cutlery stilling.

“FIRST UP! URARAKA OCHAKO VERSUS IIDAI TOMOYO! FOLLOWED BY MIDORIYA IZUKU VERSUS HATSUME MEI!” The sound of someone getting hit upside the head echoed through the speakers.

“This is too irrationally drawn out. Everyone, look to your nearest screen.” Aizawa’s lazy demeanor replaced Mic’s over the top presentation.

Miruko gazed over to the screen in the cafeteria

Uraraka Ochako vs Iida Tomoyo
Midoriya Izuku vs Hatsume Mei
Ashido Mina vs Shiozaki Ibara
Yaoyorozu Momo vs Shinsou Hitsuki
Kirishima Eiko vs Tetsutetsu Tetsutetsu
Asui Tsuyu vs Shibura Autumn
Bakugo Katsumi vs Jirou Kyoka
Tsunotori Pony vs Todoroki Shoko

“The matches start in 20 minutes. Don’t be late.”
With that the announcement ended.

Izuku and Mei looked at each other. Miruko crossed her arms. *Let's see how you two react to fighting against each other.*

“Wonder if Midnight would let me call Mecha-Might?” Mei shrugged, a coy smile on her face.

“Why, do you want me to break our baby again?” He smiled back.

“Oh, you are on!” With that, both started walking separate ways.

Izuku stopped and waved to Miruko before he left. “Enjoy the fight, Miruko-san”

...*The fuck is Mecha-Might?*

**WAIT, DID HE SAY OUR BABY?**

Izuku had a goal as he walked up to Ochako’s table, but couldn’t help but get side-tracked as her face came into view. “Hey, Ochako.” His face broke out in an unintentional warm smile.

She seemed to be dealing with the same issues as she looked back at him, her smile almost splitting her face in half. “Mr. Second Place~”

His face scrunched slightly, a blush forming. “You really gonna tease me about that?”

“Only if it gets to you.” She poked her tongue out, earning a snicker from the rest of the table, including...

“It might.” He shrugged casually, eyes locking onto All Might in her civilian form. “Oh, have you met my trainer?”
“I was getting to that sweetie!” Inko cut in, smiling softly in that maternal way. “Girls, meet Yagi Toshiko, Izuku’s trainer!”

They looked between the three, with a deadpan expression.

Inko started chuckling lightly. “S-sorry, I just wanted to introduce her myself”

The table started chuckling along, Tsuyu’s ribbits bleeding through.

“But yeah, mind if I borrow you for a second, Yagi-sensei?” Izuku cut in, his own laughter subsiding.

“Uh, sure thing, you- Midoriya”

Both of them nearly had a heart attack at that near slip-up.

“THAT WAS WAAAAAAAY TOO CLOSE!” Izuku’s chest heaved to catch his breath in the secluded area he pulled All Might and himself into.

“I’ll say,” Japan’s number one hero sighed, holding herself up with a hand on the wall. “What did you need me for, anyway?”

“Oh, right.” Izuku turned to the hero, face resolute.

“I never told my mom that I had a quirk”

All Might’s mouth hung open.
None of them knew how it happened, but 5 minutes before the match they noticed it. The waiting rooms that were assigned to them were directly next to each other.

Izuku thought Nozomi had a paw in it.

“H... paw.”

Would you shut up for a second?

“Shh. Don’t worry about my girlfriend want some attention~”

He turned to the other three that had converged on his waiting room, and saw that was indeed correct.

“You have been acting weirder than normal, Deku... You alright?” Ochako broke the silence in the room.

“Yeah, just have a voice in my head, that's all. Not the weirdest thing that's happened to me.” He shrugged, smiling shakily.

The three in his room started laughing like he had hoped they would. Tension left their shoulders and his as he joined into the laughter.

“I suppose the mental strain is getting to you, then?” Momo laughed softly behind her hand. “It’s taking its toll on me, too... we might end up fighting each other after all...” Her shoulders stiffened. “Well, you and Mei are already fighting...”

“Yeah!” Mei whooped. “It’s gonna be so much fun!”
Momo giggled at the girls' enthusiasm. “If you say so, Mei.”

“Well… how about this.” Izuku raised a finger “We promise each other that, with the obvious exception of Mei, we will meet each other in the tournament.” He smiled, shrugging off Mei's half-hearted punch to his arm. “That way, the stress is gone. No use fearing the inevitable after all.”

“Yeah!” Ochako whooped. “Pinky promise!” She added, extending her pinky out.

“Aren’t we too old for this?” Izuku chuckled, extending his finger still.

“One’s never too old for pinky promises.” Momo’s voice came as she too extended pinky out.

It took them a couple of seconds to figure it out, but the three did manage to wrap their pinkies together, shaking slightly as is the tradition.

“And!” Mei’s voice broke through as she tackled Izuku. “This is for good luck!” And kissed him on the lips, causing the other two to start laughing at the eccentric inventor.

He kissed back after the shock laughing slightly as he pulled away. “Thanks, Mei”

And then in the heat of the moment, she did something really unexpected.

“You are gonna need some too!”

She pecked both Ochako and Momo on the lips as well.

---

I think I am lost… Miruko looked around in the unfamiliar pathways of the bleachers, trying to figure out where her seat was.

“367…367…” her eyebrow twitched, looking at the seat number closest to her. A113? The hell?
“Ma’am, are you lost?” Miruko’s eyes locked onto the shorter woman who had spoken up, her kind green eyes reminding her of the green-head that she’d met a couple of minutes ago.

“Looks like it.” She huffed, crossing her arms. *Stupid seating plan.*

“Uraraka Ochako vs Iida Tomoyo, starting in 2 minutes!”

Miruko’s ears perked at attention at the announcement. “Guess I’ma miss out on the first fight trying to find my place…”

“Yagi-san, we have an empty seat nearby, right?” The plump woman’s words caused her ears to pivot unintentionally.

“Yeah, we got a few empty seats Midoriya-san.” A tall blonde woman who looked too skinny to be healthy responded.

*Huh… she has a weird aura to her, almost as if she is a pro herself…*

“Why?” The blonde added, finally looking up to see Miruko standing next to the plumper woman. She looked frozen in shock.

Miss Midoriya turned back to Miruko. “Would you like to sit with us?”

Miruko’s ears twitched. “Sure- wait… Midoriya?” The dots connected. “You are his mother!?”

Inko chuckled softly. “Yes, and you are… Miruko-san, right?” The hero nodded.

“My son is a fan of yours.”

*Oh- so he wasn’t just saying that…*
Why does that make me feel fucking giddy?

Ochako was still trying to calm her beating heart after the kiss Mei gave her as she walked up to the stage, Mic announcing her arrival with gusto only an entertainer could achieve.

“AND HER OPPONENT, THE YOUNGEST OF THE IIDA FAMILY, IIDA TOMOYO!”

Both competitors faced each other with a slight bow, taking a couple of steps back. Listening for Midnight’s cue to start.

Her whip cracked. “The rules are simple: toss your opponent out, immobilize them, or have them admit defeat and you win.” She smirked, “Don’t worry about fighting ‘dirty’; ethics have no place on the battlefield!”

Tomoyo bowed again. “May the best hero win.”

Ochako smiled back. “Sorry, I got a promise to keep.”

Tomoyo’s eyes widened. “I see.”

Ochako widened her stance. *I have only one chance at this.*

Midnight cracked her whip again. “START!”

“RECIPRO BURST!”

Tomoyo became a blur in Ochako’s vision, she could barely make out her body dashing straight at her, arms extended to push her out.
Ok, just like Izuku showed me. I got this!

He had given her some pointers on martial arts, mainly Aikido; as her smaller stature and gravity nullification lent itself to it.

At least it’s combat roll had come in handy in the race.

With practiced precision she stepped into the oncoming attack, ducking towards Tomoyo’s left extended arm.

The speedster couldn’t react in time at the speed she was moving.

Ochako pushed her classmate’s arm into her core, gripping her wrist in the process, her free hand latching onto Tomoyo’s elbow. Normally, the finish would be to pin the opponent by their arm.

But, normally, the user couldn’t manipulate gravity.

Ochako steadied her legs as the momentum of Tomoyo’s engines hit her. Twisting Tomoyo’s direction slightly to the left as Ochako’s shoulder found its place in the taller woman’s armpit.

Then she simply pulled her arm downwards and let go, watching Tomoyo sail through the air and wincing as she smacked onto the stadium wall.

“AND WE START WITH A GREAT SHOW OF TECHNIQUE FROM THE 1ST PLACE OF THE PREVIOUS MATCH! ” Mic’s boisterous voice cut through the silent stadium.

“Sorry, Iida!” Ochako called out.

Izuku started smiling in the 1-A bleachers watching Ochako prep for her move seconds before the match started. He laughed at the faces of his classmates as Tomoyo’s secret technique only caused her to lose faster, before wincing at the thud of her slamming against the stadium wall.
“I must say…” Momo started from his side. “I doubted your choice at first, but considering *that*…”

“She’s a natural, isn’t she?” He smiled back. But his face froze for a second. “Was it me, or was Iida’s impact weaker than it should’ve been?”

Momo nodded slowly. “Now that you mention it…”

“NEXT MATCH IS STARTING SOON. CONTESTANTS, GET TO YOUR SPOTS!”

Izuku hesitated but got up in the end. “We’ll talk about it later, see you in a bit!”

Miruko had to admit, maybe sitting in this side was a stroke of luck. The seats were closer to the action, and on top of that, she had pleasant company. Inko Midoriya, she had managed to learn it during the wait for the first fight, was a kind woman.

She also had a quirk where she could pull out snacks from her bag regularly or that's what the pro thought, considering the moon-cakes she kept getting handed.

“And here we go!” Miruko stood at attention as Mic’s voice pulled her away from her own musings.

“On the north side, the first man to ever step foot into this ring, the very definition of going plus ultra for his dreams, the quirkless wonder, Midoriya Izuku!”

She couldn’t help but smirk at his entrance, looking slightly overwhelmed yet still standing tall.

“On the south side, the first and only support course student to ever make it this far, Hatsume Mei!”
Let's see what this 'Mecha-Might' they were talking about was.

“What the hell is a 'Mecha-Might'?” Midnight asked, surprised that both contestants were looking at her with expectant eyes.

“A robot Mei built, mind if she uses it in the battle?” Izuku answered, eyes shimmering with excitement.

She pursed her lips, thinking it through. *It is kinda unprecedented, but these two are unprecedented contestants…*

“As long as you both agree to this, I’LL ALLOW IT!” She smirked at the little ‘Yess!’ Mei let out.

The pinkette turned to the camera, cupping her hands. “COME TO MOMMY!”

Izuku did his best to not laugh out loud at Midnight’s sweat drop at the weird summoning call.

It didn’t even take a minute before the familiar sounds of hydraulics echoed throughout the stadium. The speakers that so far carried Mic’s voice crackled as the input was forcefully changed, probably via hacking from the mech en route.

The white noise subsided finally as the all too familiar, broken voice clicked through.

“**HAVE FEAR.**”

Izuku dropped onto a combat stance, smiling widely.

Mecha-Might jumped from the stadiums roof, landing onto the concrete ring, cracking it slightly.

“**FOR THE EVERYWHERE.**”
Midnight, lowered the arm she was shielding her face with “Oh. So that’s why his name...”

“READY FOR ROUND TWO, YOU OVERGROWN TOASTER?!" He screamed back as Mei started cackling. *Oh, how he has changed since their first fight...*

“I WAS BUILT, READY?!”

“Holy…” Miruko didn’t finish the thought as she watched the man *throw down* with the Goliath of machinery. The two figures had barely hesitated, lunging forwards and blurring as they began to throw punches with lethal intent. Each countered punch released shockwaves that shook the sidelines, each parried blow sent sparks and clangs of bone and metal reverberating through the air.

And the crowd was loving every second of it.

“That’s some serious power he is throwing around…” Her ears perked from another shockwave that washed over them, the two figures lunging once more. *He’s just punching the robot though...*

“He’s just warming up.” The tall blonde grinned at her side, pride evident in her blue eyes.

“Measuring up his opponent...”

Mei chuckled breathlessly as another shockwave messed her hair up even more. God, she never knew how much of a thrill standing so close to a fight was.

*Or, specifically standing so close to Izuku fighting.*

Before her, the two clashed once more, but instead of breaking apart for another clash, the two ground to a stop, arms held up and meeting between them.
“You’ve been upgraded, huh?” Izuku grunted, holding back both of Mecha-Might’s fists with open palms, at a stalemate.

The bot roared with laughter. “Yeah, but guess what?” Izuku leaned in as well, before he redirected the mechs fists to his sides, letting the towering machine crash forward at the sudden shift in forces. “Leg.”

The phrase was cut short by Izuku’s leg as it shot straight up with focused intent, his foot meeting with the side of the metal skull, causing the goliath to stumble to the side. A visible dent to its cranium.

Izuku hissed a bit, trying to dispel the burning sensation washing over his leg by stamping it down. “Wow, that stings more than I thought it would.”

“Scan initiated. Good news. Young Midoriya, nothing is broken.” Pushing itself back and rising up once more, the bot made a show of cracking his own knuckles, actual popping sounds coming from them. “Y={e}.”

*Leave it to Mei to make him so intimidating.*

With that, the two rushed back at each other.

Neiro rubbed her eyes. *Eyes, stop this trickery! There’s no way that the bastard of 1-A is actually going toe to toe with that.*

“Kendo, what did 1-A sneak into our food? I think I am hallucinating.” She smiled shakily, turning to her class representative.
Who was just watching the fight, with her mouth slightly ajar.

Tokage was the one to respond, but not in a way she could’ve expected. “YEAH, GET ‘IM, MIDORIYA!”

Neiro blinked. Then turned to Autumn. “Shibura, can you pinch me? I think I am having a nightmare.”

Autumn didn’t even look away from the fight. “Shut up Monoma-san, Midoriya-kun is fighting.”

*What the actual *Fuck*?*

Mt. Lady turned to the stadium, sensing the shockwaves. “What is even going on in there…”

“They said it was the fight between Midoriya and Hatsume, right?” Kamui Woods turned to her fellow security detail. “Why? You interested?”

“Hell yeah, sounds like he is getting beat to shit!” Mt. Lady smirked, jogging up to one of the holograms ahead of the small group of pros. “Let’s see…”

She started babbling at the sight.

“Wha- how is he…”

*THAT STRONG?*! Endeavor fumed, letting her flames roar.

Her mind started clicking again. *This is an opportunity I can’t miss…*
Her face broke out in a sick smirk. *After dealing with Shoko, this should be easy.*

*I’ll just have to bend him to my will, too…*

*I did it before, I can do it again.*

Izuku was having the time of his life as he clashed with the machine again, dodging a few punches and delivering a drop-kick to the center of its mass, causing the robot to skid to almost to the edge of the arena, sparks flying as its feet scraped the concrete.

“*Wgit— so, if you t-o-s-s-e-d hi, m out, w-o-u ld’ t h-s ac, u-g’ t a s y-o-u r w-i-n o-w’s?*”

*Shhh, let me have this.*

Mecha-Might roared with laughter. “*I-thought y-o-u k-n-e-w b-e-t-t-e-r h-a-n t-o t-r-y b-r-u-t-e f-o-r-c-i-n g m-e.*” He lurched forward, steam hissing from his joints. “*A nd h-a t-w-a s y-o-u r m-a s-t e h-a n-c-e.*” The sound of hydraulics and servos began to hiss and whir even louder, the cooling system of the mech boiling in its pipes even while running even harder to counter the heat generated by its power system.

Izuku only smiled wider. “*Gave him a second gear, huh Mei?*”

“*You know it! Try keeping up with him now!*” The inventor laughed as Mecha-might closed the gap in an instant, ready to punch the man with all his might.

“*Q-h shit.*”

Izuku barely managed to jump over the punch, hands slapping down on the metal arm and arms creaking with the force of his movements to throw himself forward and down, moving in even closer to the mech in order to dodge another massive fist jackhammering towards him. Where before Mecha-Might had swung faster and harder than any other man Izuku had ever heard of, now it’s
attacks were a hurricane of flying metal, its red eye strobing with each swing, the shockwaves evening out to a hum that made Izuku think of the rapid beating of a hummingbird's wings.

“I need to end this. Fast. I don’t think, our body can handle the amount of damage.”

Izuku didn’t even pay any mind to the backseat driver in his head as he rolled away from another barrage of fists from the being of steel. He was barely able to turn his dodge into a roll up and away from the impact of a two-handed hammer blow from the machine, the fists cratering the concrete of the arena, throwing more debris up in its wake.

Izuku huffed as he brought his arms up to guard, eyes darting to look at where he was; back against the limits of the ring with Mecha-Might towering in front of him.

*Talk about cornered…*

Midnight was glued to the edge of her… podium watching the fight. It was only the light in the two contestants’ eyes that made her allow the entrance of the mech, and right now, she was *loving* every second of it.

Well, she was, until Izuku got cornered. *I really shouldn’t be taking sides on this but, c’mon Midoriya!*

“Looks like Midoriya has been cornered!” Mics voice broke though as the mech threw another punch. “*IS THIS THE END ON THE LINE FOR THE LONE MAN OF THE HERO COURSE?*”

Miruko was surprised to see Inko and Yagi jump next to her as they roared in their side of the stadium.

“*KICK HIS ASS, IZUKU!*”
**Dammit, I can't keep this up.**

The mechanical fists of Mecha-Might slammed down in unison to the thought, forcing him to reach up, hands braced and body tense as he caught them, the tightening of his grip digging into the heated steel of the robots fists. Slowly, the sheer weight of the robot bore down on him with the squealing of overworked servos, slowly making Izuku stutter and tense under the assault, his legs and arms shaking and slowly beginning to buckle.

**Ok, fuck it. Give me EVERYTHING you got.**

“*I*, *ll, l,...*”

The voice faded before it could finish its statement, getting cut off as he dropped straight from normal thoughts deep into the flow state, pupils dilating as his brain went into overdrive, along with his heart as the floodgates of adrenaline opened up.

The world around him slowed like a projector stuck on half a frame per second. Senses began to fade out, blocking away anything that he couldn’t use, that he didn’t need.

His bare hands started to gather data, information traveling from synapse to synapse even as the grinding of gears and the straining of motors all but mapped out the mechs internal structure.

It wasn’t as easy as it once was. Mei was many things, but not stupid. She had learned from the way he first fought the mech, from his first win. The structure of the robot was astonishing. Complex honeycombed supports reinforced its platings, the interlocking joints thick and robust, with enough strength that the robot could probably stop a train with them.

But for all that Mei was an engineer, Izuku was no fool either.

His mind focused, cutting through the chaff. The reinforcements were too tough to fight, the arms and legs and torso reinforced to hell and back…

But Mei had kept the head almost the same. The thick plated neck had been leagues ahead of the rest of the bot before, but with this new design. The best of the old was lacking.

He felt his arms begin to buckle more, the slow motion of muscles straining and being pushed by the sheer force of his opponent.
A thought struck of using One for All, but he dismissed it.

This was him, and Mecha-might. This was him proving something.

As it was going through his memories, his brain grazed upon a fresh addition.

‘Now go and prove yourself.’

And that made everything simple.

Oh so simple.

He let his left arm collapse, even as he buckled, turning a collapse into a lunge, lurching at the mech up close. Just as the machine was re-adjusting its footing, he ducked and rolled under, escaping between its legs, coming up in a crouch even as he felt every muscle in his body and legs tense.

In the next second he was airborne above the mech, spinning with the intent to decapitate.

Mecha-Might did something he didn’t account for in response, twisting a full 180 at the waist to counter him; his arm was pulled back, ready to release its payload of destructive force. Sparks flew from his armored frame as it scraped against itself, casting the motion in sharp contrast, even against the bright sunlight of the arena.

Almost on instinct, Izuku called out his attack, Mecha-Might doing the same, both parties grinning with vicious intent, one carved, the other forged.

“KAGUYA-“ “DETROIT”

the world around them was washed out, the roar of the crowd, the shouts of Present Mics commentary. None of it mattered.
Izuku was twisting, contorting, every muscle stretching from his shoulders down through his hips and down his leg had contracted, tensed like springs and coiled tight. He could see the shifting steel, could make out the glacial pace of Mecha-Might’s fist as it came up and around.

*Too slow.*

“CRESCENT!” “STEEL!”

He unwound, twisting as the heel of his red boot swung, meeting the steel face of Mecha-might with as much torque and force as he could generate, his muscles stretched and strained at the action, Flow reinforcing the way they all worked in sync, wringing every ounce of force he could from every fiber in his body.

Steel caved in, wires bent and sparked, The LED’s of the bright red eye sparked, and with the sound of tearing steel, the head ripped free of its housing.

The fist, already seizing up and slowing without input from the rest of the mech, passed beneath Izuku as the recoil of the kick sent him twisting up. As his body curved, his sightline began to drop from the blue sky, and in the state of flow he could make it out. The crowd, the widening eyes of hundreds of women, the surprise on his classmates’ faces, the look of shock in his mother's eyes, and the look of recognition of bright eyes surrounded by dark skin and silver hair.

It was one of Miruko's kicks after all, even if he had... adapted it a bit.

With that, time switched gears and his brain resumed normal operation dropping out of its flow state, the rest of his body twisting out of the full body curve of the strike as gravity took hold. Twisting, he brought his feet to the ground, boots skidding across cracked concrete panting heavily.

A wild grin grew across Mei’s face as she saw Izuku decapitate Mecha-Might. The fight was all she had hoped for and more. “You did it!” She mimicked her reaction from the first time he had defeated the metal behemoth. Not as surprising as it once was, but somehow more impressive than the last time.

Izuku turned towards the sound, a lazy grin taking form on his face as he lifted his left arm just as
he once did all those months ago “I did it.” Mei responded with a quick hug to his waist.

“Uh, Mei, we’re still fighting.” he sighed, eyes looking to the bleachers waiting for a reaction, not even the rest of 1-A had reacted yet.

Mei quickly let go of him and took a step back. “Yeah, well then you better push me out of the ring, champ.”

“You could just walk out…?”

“What kind of gentleman makes a lady walk?” She crossed her arms in mock scandal.

He blinked. “Really? Here- did Mina put you up to this?”

She didn’t answer. She just stood there, grinning and staring expectantly. He rolled his eyes a bit and grabbed her by the waist and lifted the woman with ease, carrying her over to the edge of the battleground and plopping her down.

“Oh darn, I guess I lost.” She hadn’t stopped smiling since the fight began.

The whole stadium was still frozen in an eerie silence. “Hatsume is out-of-bounds Midoriya wins” Midnight mumbled, a hint of incredulity in her voice.

She slapped her face to wake herself up from the trance. “Hatsume is out-of-bounds! Midoriya wins!” As if her voice pulled them out of their own trances, the stadium erupted into cheers.

“MIDORIYA IZUKU WINS HIS BATTLE! WHEN WILL HE STOP?! CAN HE STOP?!
ONLY TIME WILL TELL, LISTENERS!”

Miruko stumbled back to her seat, a slight blush flowering on her cheeks. He did it…
He really used it…

Her foot was tapping on the ground excitedly as she replayed the last scene in her head, over and over again. The measured movements that lead to his final strike derived from one of her most powerful attacks, living up to its name as it sheared through whatever metals that thing was built out of.

Izuku was really turning out to be something else.

UA was the right choice for him, and giving the go-ahead for him to use her moves was the right choice for her.

Maybe I should teach him how to perfect that move...

The thought alone brought out a smirk and a darker blush to her cheeks.

Guess it’s not teaming up if he is under me...

As the torrent of thoughts started to subside, she noticed the light panting coming from her side, ears perking towards the source. The mother of the man that had taken her interest, wiping away tears with the blonde softly rubbing her back.

“I-I was so scared… that he was going to get hurt…”

Miruko smiled softly. “Don’t worry about him. You have a strong son out there!”

The blonde chuckled softly. “Doesn’t change the worry of a mother, Miruko-san.”

Her ears flopped down a little at the response. “Well, can’t argue with that…”

Not that I would know…
“B-but thanks...and I’ll try to...” Inko smiled back at the pro hero. “I promised him, after all…”

Kamui Woods didn’t blink, literally rooted to her spot next to Mt. Lady, who was equally as frozen.
“Am I dreaming? Did he really…?”

Mt. Lady nodded softly, a slight dusting of pink on her cheeks. *When I take a second look at him... he isn’t that bad looking...*

*And God, that strength...* The blonde flinched at the thought, shaking her head, *No- No nono he is just an upstart punk. Nothing more- the feed replayed the last attack between the two fighters in slow motion. Giving her ample view of his muscles contorting under his clothes, and the green inferno of his eyes staring down the machine. N-n-nothing l-less...*

*God. Her blush started enveloping her face fully. DAMMIT.*

Death Arms chuckled next to her “I know you hate the kid a little but should you really go red in the face with anger over his win?”

Mt. Lady nodded shakily. “Y-yeah anger- I am so mad right now, uh-huh…”

Death Arms blinked. “I-is she stroking out? Should I call Recovery Girl?”

Kamui woods didn’t respond, on her knees. “I- I lectured that kid...to not be a hero…”

“You two worry me.”

Mandalay blinked again as the fight concluded, the mech halting and falling to its side as Izuku plopped Mei outside the bounds.
“God, I want him to wrap his arms around me and lift me like that…” Three of the team of four turned to the source, Pixie-Bob, who was decidedly still in her dreamland, ignoring everything else in her surroundings.

Tiger groaned. “I’ll beat some sense into her afterward.”

Mandalay smiled softly. “Thanks, Tiger.” *I mean I wouldn’t mind him doing that to me either, but she shouldn’t say it.*

At the silence, Mandalay turned to look around and saw everyone staring at her, including her niece.

“Did I broadcast that?”

Ragdoll nodded, giggling as Pixiebob shot her a look of disgust. “At least I don’t hide it, you hypocrite.”

Ragdoll started rolling on the ground from laughing too hard. As the two teammates started throwing half-hearted verbal jabs at each other.

Endeavor hadn’t blinked in what felt like minutes.

*That punk went toe-to-toe with that mechanical behemoth… and decapitated it?! He’s that powerful without a quirk?!*

Her anger spiked, her flames nearly turning blue, but then subsided as a thought struck her.

*His will is impressive. He moves like a well-seasoned hero and he’s only 18. He dared to stand up to me in public… He is bold. Breaking him will be a challenge.*

A toothy grin stretched across her features. *But that just means he’ll be that much more useful once I have.*
Perhaps Quirk Splicing was the wrong way to go about this…

She turned and stomped away down one of the hallways, leaving the half-molten railing she had been gripping behind.

Mina was still trying to shake off the result of the previous fight as she walked up to the podium. She knew Izuku had physical strength in spades, considering how easy he had lifted half the class up in more than one occasion, but that last kick was definitely something else.

And that was all without even using his quirk to its full extent...

And he still blushes like a tomato around me… She smiled as she recalled how meek and shy he got around her. It was flattering really.

“AND HER OPPONENT! THE GODLY WOMAN OF CLASS 1-B! SHIOZAKI IBARA!”

Mina looked on as Ibara walked up, glaring daggers at the announcer booth; she swore she was mumbling curses under her clasped hands.

“Nice to meet you, I’m Ashido Mina!” She shot her opponent a charming smile. “Ready to dance?”

“I would much prefer not to-” Ibara lamented, looking up to her opponent finally “but I am prepared for it.”

Midnight cracked her whip “START!”

Mina was about to start running before vines sprouted from the ground with impressive power and speed, the light fading as they wrapped her tightly in a cocoon. “Oh wow, no wonder she got in.”

She cracked a smile in the darkness and let her acid start seeping out of every pore on her body.
“Guess wearing the acid-proof stuff underneath was a good call after all!”

The vines hissed and crackled, acid eating through them with ease, along with her uniform, sunlight greeting her once again. “Looks like our quirks don’t mix well, Shiozaki.” The look of shock on her and Midnight’s faces was more than enough to make her smile.

Then, with a few practiced motions from her legs, she slid her way in front of Ibara, the corrosive acid she had previously coated herself with flying off from her body as she did so. Her arm pulled back for an uppercut, “LET ME SEE YOU GRIT THOSE TEETH!”

Ibara couldn’t find words to react before the full force of Mina’s fist hit her chin, her body going slack and tumbling back like a sack of potatoes.

She huffed, trying to ignore the draftiness and tingling of her skin.

“Shiozaki Ibara is unconscious! The winner is Ashido Mina!” Mina smiled at the verdict, placing her palms on her hips with pride.

Then, as she turned to leave the arena, her eyes caught Izuku in the audience blushing lightly as he stared at her body, which was clad only in what amounted to a leopard pattern bikini. Her smile turned teasing as she stopped to blow a kiss in his direction, causing him to blush harder.

Oh, now that is adorable.

Momo took her time on the walk from the waiting room to her entry point, mind racing as she reviewed possible strategies for her upcoming fight.

I don’t know anything about this girl’s quirk, so I should try to finish things quickly. But I’ll be sure to make a shield for myself just in case.

“And we are back for the fourth matchup of this tournament!” Present Mic’s voice broke through her thoughts and she could feel the familiar chill of anxiety and doubt welling inside her.
NO! Snap out of it, Momo. She straightened her back and took a deep, calming breath. You’ve got a promise to keep. The other two kept their promise! I need to show them that we are on equal footing!

“ON THE NORTH SIDE, THE PRINCESS OF CREATION WHO HAS LITERALLY BLASTED HER WAY THROUGH THE COMPETITION, YAOYOROZU MOMO!”

A broad smile stretched across her features as she strode onto the field catching Izuku and Ochako watching her from the corner of her eye, as she watched her opponent approach from the other side.

“AND ON THE SOUTH SIDE, THE RESIDENT INSOMNIAC FROM GEN ED, SHINSO HITSUKI!”

She locked eyes with the purple-haired woman, recognizing her more fully from the day she’d come to ‘size up the competition.’ She doesn’t seem physically strong from what I can see. But, that might be due to her quirk, I need to be on the lookout for anything.

From atop her podium, Midnight raised her whip. “Contestants ready?”

“Ready!” “Ready.”

“Match! Start!” The crack of the heroine’s whip echoed through the stadium.

“Hey!” The woman’s voice sounded tired as she called across the ring. “May the best hero win!”

Momo couldn’t help but admire the sportsmanship this woman was showing, and she bowed respectfully. “Likewi-”

“She’s just standing there…” Ochako’s voice muffled on, doused in worry.

Izuku rubbed his eyes, trying to see if there was the familiar light of her creating something.
“What is she doing?” Ochako half screamed. The two watched as their mutual girlfriend simply turned on her heel and started walking towards the edge of the ring.

“MOMO!”

Mai flinched at the sudden flood of deja vu, watching Momo’s stance turn lifeless, remembering bits and pieces of what happened in the paintball match.

“Hey you are from 1-A right?” her mind echoed out, recalling that voice

“Yea-” she remembered her body going limp, before she’d even finished her response.

“Grab the rifles, we’re going to win this.” And her body obeyed the foreign voice.

The last thing that had passed through her mind was Mic screaming ten seconds, and Shinsou grabbing the rifle out of one of her dupli-hands.

“Lose for me, if you would.” her body went limp again, dropping the other rifle to her side.

Then the sensation of electric arcing through her body as several paintballs hit her back.

Mai’s hand found its place over her eyes. “Yaoyorozu... she already lost…” She didn’t want to see what happened next.

“I’m sorry, but I have to win.”
I….I can’t move. Wh-what’s going on?

The sounds of the stadium seemed muted, as though she was hearing them through a pair of headphones, playing her opponent's voice clearly in her mind.

“Turn around, and walk out of bounds.”

She watched in horror as her body began to obey the command. Her limbs not even responding to her slightest command no matter how hard she tried. What am I doing? I-I’m...

I’m going to lose…I’m going to break my promise...

Please! Just move! Why won’t you listen to me!?

The edge of the ring drew closer with each agonizing step. She could hear Izuku and Ochako screaming her name. She could hear the bewildered voice of Present Mic through the speakers.

She could hear Midnight as she announced her defeat.

Suddenly, the grip her opponent had on her body lifted, causing her to stumble as she regained control of her legs. She panted, gripping her knees as the stomach-churning sensation of being a passenger in her own body faded. She spared a glance only to see Hitsuki’s back as she exited the arena. Not even looking back at her.

I… I don’t even deserve a look back... She forced herself to keep her head up as she walked back out of the arena, hoping the slight tremor to her shoulders was not visible. Izuku was wrong… I really don’t deserve to be here...

The moment she was safely out of the arena, she let her emotions start to show, tears flowed free as her shoulders slumped, hands furiously trying to wipe away the liquid dripping down her face. With her back against the wall, she slid to the floor.

Her sobs echoed down the empty hallways.
see you at the next one.

(P.s. added some scenes, now its 6.8K words! Longest chapter in TC as of now!)
The start of healing is when you acknowledge the pain.

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the wait guys, college has been kicking my ass pretty hard, barely have enough energy to sleep let alone work on this,

but I did manage to do it!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

The bleachers in 1-A’s section were silent as overwhelming darkness started to seep out from both Izuku and Ochako as they listened into the announcement of Momo’s defeat.

Neiro obviously did not get the message.

“Things are not looking good for 1-A are they?” She taunted over the wall separating the two classes. “Your best just walked right off the ring without even fighting back! She must’ve known she couldn’t even win against a… General…” Her taunts crawled to a halt as both of Momo’s secret lovers’ eyes slowly creaked towards the obnoxious source.

Neiro quickly realized she made a mistake as the combination of brown and green eyes stared deep into her soul, clearly wanting to tear something apart.

And after Izuku’s show of power against the metal monster, she doubted that he would have more trouble plucking her head off her shoulders then anyone would have plucking a stem off an apple.

“Talking pretty big for someone that didn’t even make it to the last event, extra ,” Katsumi shot back, trying to diffuse the situation with her own brand of de-escalation.

She turned to Izuku, poking him on the shoulder. “You should go back there and talk with High-Class.”

He didn’t respond verbally, possibly not trusting his voice just yet, and simply nodded, getting up to track down where Momo was in the bowels of the stadium, with Ochako following closely behind.
Momo flinched as she heard footsteps making their way towards her. She quickly rubbed her eyes, trying to look like she hadn’t just been bawling her eyes out for the oncoming guests. *It's Eiko's turn, isn't it?... I should wish her luck...*

As she rose from the side of the wall she had slid down on her way to the ground, her sorrow hid successfully for the moment, her visitors rounded the corner.

Momo gasped as she felt her weight disappear, Ochako crashing into her and hugging her tightly.

Uraraka wasn’t in the frame of mind to avoid touching her with all 5 of her fingers. Momo looked up from the brown bob shoved into her chest at the other visitor. She felt her stomach begin to twist in grief once more.

“What happened out there?” Izuku muttered out, his face frozen in a neutral expression. Even then she could see his eyes burning with something. *Probably disappointment...*

“I... I broke my promise.” She huffed out as she looked away, not returning Ochako’s hug nor Izuku’s gaze. She could feel her eyes start to tear up again, but she adamantly refused to cry. *Not in front of them...*

She saw Izuku flinch from the corner of her eye, and felt Ochako flinch against her.

“I don’t deserve to be in a-“

Mei crashed into her and her argument like a cruise missile, causing both her and Ochako to tumble onto the floor as her arms found their way around the two of them. “FOUND YOU!”

Momo couldn’t handle the bold show of affection and tried to push away from the two of them “S-stop it- why are you hugging me? I lost! I couldn’t even fight back!” Her eyes were wet with unshed tears already “I- I don’t...”
Izuku closed the gap finally, bending down and easily picking up the three on the floor with a hug, adding pressure to the hug until he felt confident that they could feel his warmth enveloping them, in addition to the pleasant pressure of a hug. “Because we love you.”

Momo’s resolve finally failed and she started crying again. “WHY? Why do you...” She sniffled, voice cracking slightly as she continued “I- I couldn't even fight! I was a failure in every aspect, why would amazing people like you...”

The three hugging her slowly let go, but she remained floating in the air as Ochako’s quirk was still active. She felt exposed, hovering in front of all of their gazes.

“Are you kidding me?” Mei broke the silence, staring incredulously at Momo as she curled up in shame. “Momo you came second place in the first event! You were in the top six of the second event!” She folded her arms across her chest. “How is that not just amazing ?!”

Izuku chuckled sadly. “Oh, so this is how you guys feel when I call myself an idiot?” He shook his head as he reached forward and gently pulled Momo by the head to look at him. “Momo, you created a gun from the atoms-up during a race. How are you not seeing how amazing that is just on its own? And before you claim it’s ‘just your quirk’, No. It wasn’t, and we all know that.”

“Just cause you lost doesn't change who or what you are, Momo,” Ochako added from his side, shrugging slightly. “We still love you, and that's not gonna change over something as simple as you losing in a battle... we aren’t that shallow.”

The sounds of metal clashing and grinding against stone echoed throughout the halls as the match started in the main hall, breaking the silence caused by Ochako’s declaration.

“But I-” Momo tried to argue back grabbing Izuku’s hands and pulling them away to look at Ochako. “I couldn’t even fight bac-”

“So?” Mei shoved her way into the argument. “Did you see me fighting against Izuku?”

“But that’s-”
“Momo, did you forget what you told me at the beach?” Ochako pulled her attention back. “Not everyone fights the same way, you know this.”

“I…” She stopped resisting and used Izuku as an anchor point to lower her feet back onto the ground. “I remember…”

Izuku stared down at her, thinking silently as the other two kept bringing up valid points to try and get her to accept that she was just being too hard on herself.

“She has a mind control quirk, doesn’t she?”

The light arguing stopped at his question.

“I think so… I just said ‘likewise’ and control left my body…” Momo looked down at the floor again, shoulders slumping. “I am a-”

“That Trojan-Horse-ass daughter of a bitch!” Mei screeched, face shifting in rage for the first time since Izuku had met her.

“M-Mei?” He mumbled out, taking a step back, along with Ochako and Momo.

“Izuku you gotta beat the shit out of her!” She took a few steps forward, closing the distance the others had made. “Show that system hijacker that shit won’t go unpunished!”

“W-what?” Ochako questioned, half-hiding behind Momo, who herself was sporting a slight dusting of pink on her cheeks.

“Izuku! Explain!” Mei commanded simply, huffing and pouting slightly, still grumbling something under her breath.

“Oh- Ohhh Trojan horse…” He sighed blinking. “That’s a good analogy… Momo, I am guessing you responded to something she said with ‘likewise’ right?”
With Mei’s anger dissipating, Ochako and Momo relaxed a bit, turning to Izuku and listening to his reasoning.

“Y-yeah She said ‘may the best hero win’ and I said ‘likewise’,” Momo responded with a nod, trying to connect the dots. Honestly, the match seemed to be turning from a solid memory to more of a dream she was trying to recall as time passed.

“That’s how her quirk works, exactly like a trojan-horse type of virus.” Izuku pointed out slamming his fist down on an open palm, “Her voice is the ‘data’ your brain processes. That ‘data’ basically acts as a carrier for the ‘computer virus’…”

“And me responding verbally activates it, letting her take over my motor functions…” Momo finished the rest, hanging her head down.

“So my own incompetence made me lose the ma-”

“Would you stop with that?” Ochako huffed from her side with a small pout. “From that explanation, the only way you could have won was if you already knew what her quirk was.”

Momo opened and closed her mouth as she failed to see how to argue against that.

“You lost cause we didn’t know someone’s quirk that we didn’t have time to research on…” Izuku rubbed his chin again “It’s a learning experience, as heroes we won’t always know what we are fighting against… that’s what we are here for, to learn.”

“To be heroes.” Ochako added, smiling softly “and that hasn’t changed at all Momo”

Momo couldn’t help but grow a soft smile at that declaration.

When the three returned to their seats, Mei dashing off to her own section, they witnessed the continuing fight between the two similarly quirked women.
Izuku took a mental note of how shiny Tetsutetsu looked. *Some kind of metal transformation? Wonder if the malleability of metals lets her be more agile than Eiko?*

The match had been going on for a while, both sides panting with exhaustion as the stalemate dragged on.

He perked up as both started screaming about a final attack the other shouldn’t dodge, getting their second wind.

Metal against something rough and hard was something Izuku had gotten used to hearing, but even then the hardened fists clashing sent caused the hair on his neck to stand on its end as the screeching noise reverberated through the air.

Then the clash *shifted*.

Unlike his clashes with Mecha Might, Eiko’s and Tetsutetsu’s fists were similarly sized.

Meaning it was easier for their fists to push past each other in a clash.

And they did.

Eiko’s fist found its way to Tetsutetsu’s face, and Tetsutetsu’s fist shot against her ribcage, both contestants stumbling back.

“**ITS A CROSS COUNTER!**” Mic announced with energy only a radio DJ could produce.

Tetsutetsu shook her face, the metal covering her face that blocked the last punch fading away as she did so. Eiko was rubbing her side doing the same.

...*huh…* Izuku blinked at the thought that passed through his mind *Eiko said her quirk was like flexing a muscle… does that mean she could harden her breasts… since that’s not musculature…*
“How are you thinking about tits in a nonsexual way?”

I- shutup it's a valid question!

“Suuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuu...
Eiko capitalized on the shock the reveal of her endowment made, clumsily moving in for the finisher as she tried to compensate for the sudden shift in her center of mass. "THE MATCH IS FAR FROM OVER!"

Tetsutetsu, who was just as stunned as the rest of the audience, barely had time to respond as she came to her senses at the last minute, crossing her arms in a last ditch effort to defend herself.

She couldn’t block the full force of the punch and got knocked down hard, her swift connection with the ground and subsequent loss of consciousness sealing the deal.

Midnight’s voice broke everyone’s trance “Tetsutetsu has been knocked out! Kirishima wins!”

Autumn made her way to the field, the crowd cheering as she stared ahead at her opponent:

Asui Tsuyu.

Midnight rose her whip up. “You know the rules! Let’s skip the foreplay! MATCH! START!”

The frog heroes’ tongue darted with deadly accuracy towards her, the mucus covering it grazing Autumn’s leg as she managed to roll to the side at the last second. Oh, Jesus Christ, she is fast.

As fast as the tongue darted out, Tsuyu used the new anchor point to pull herself forward, aiming to kick Autumn out, only to fall a little short as she rolled to the side again. Frogs are scary.

But I have something scarier…

She bit into her thumb at the spot she had been cut earlier that day, causing it to start bleeding profusely, wincing at the pain.

Just gotta work on it...
“THE GAME OF CAT AND MOUSE CONTINUES AS SHIBURA KEEPS DODGING ASUI’S ATTACKS!” Mic cheered in the booth “OR SHOULD I SAY FROG AND-” Aizawa proceeded to smack her upside the head, silencing the weird comparison before it left her lips.

“Her motions are erratic, in a way no person would usually move in. It’s making it harder for Asui to guess where she is going. It's a good strategy, but it won't last the entire match if she can't get a full hit in.”

Tsuyu finally managed to wrap her tongue around Autumn after a long struggle.

“As her stamina runs low it makes it easier for her opponent to grab a hold of her,” Aizawa smirked under her scarf and bandages. Nice linework...

Tsuyu panted and tossed Autumn out of the ring.

Well, tried to.

As Autumn was being pulled away from the ground, she started pulling it out with her.

“I would have liked to add more detail but this will have to do!” Autumn declared as her creation took form, the rough humanoid form towering over Tsuyu and gripping onto the flying form of its master, preventing her from getting tossed out. “Asui-san, say hello to Fluffy!”

The cement goliath roared in introduction.

Tsuyu tried to pull her tongue away only, for her to be dragged closer by the beast. Even with the mucus coating it, the organ couldn’t slip through the fingers of the beast.

“Mistakes were made.” She croaked.
The Goliath swung its arm back, her tongue dragging Tsuyu along causing her to fly towards itself. Its free hand grabbing onto Tsuyu mid-air.

Then it proceeded to gently lay her outside of the ring.

“H-huh…” Midnight looked at the goliath then at Tsuyu sitting outside of the ring. “Shibura Autumn wins!”

The golem waved at Tsuyu as it faded away.

“What just-”

“-happened?” Momo blinked at the stage as both Tsuyu and Autumn made their way back to the gates.

“Looks like she can bring anything she draws into reality…” Tomoyo mumbled.

Izuku was still recalling how well she had set up the construction lines for the drawing. *Maybe I should talk to her about drawing techniques?*

“She used her blood for paint…” Eiko held a fist close to her chest, unintentionally causing her recently freed breasts to jiggle slightly. “So *manly*…”

Minerva grumbled ‘show off’ under her breath.

“Not so ‘manly’ after she collapsed while on her way out of the arena” Hana mumbled next to her. “I guess she lost too much blood?”

Izuku blinked a few times “That makes sense. Tsuyu didn’t see it coming huh?”
“I didn’t even notice the red lines on the cement, plus from my angle, it would’ve been hard to see that they meant anything, kero.” Tsuyu added from the back, making herself known, causing Izuku to flinch. How did she make it up here so fast?

Shaking their shock off Izuku and Ochako turned to Momo, glaring expectantly at her.

She started blushing. “F-fine, not knowing other’s quirks isn’t our fault…”

Izuku sat back down into his seat, Momo and Ochako sitting at his sides, looking at the fixed ring with Katsumi and Kyoka standing and staring at each other, ready to battle.

Ochako leaned over to him with a worried expression on her face. “Why does this feel like the worst matchup?”

“MATCH! START!”

Kyoka sent out her jacks to attack, only for Katsumi to counter with a loud explosion, causing her to fall to her knees holding her ears, Izuku swore he could see blood dripping down from under her hands.

“That’s cause it is.” He hummed sadly as Katsumi marched forward, pointing her palm to her face.

“I-I give” Jirou’s voice echoed throughout the stadium

“Jirou admits defeat! Bakugou wins!”

Izuku shifted uncomfortably in his seat when Todoroki walked up to the stage, remembering the revelation she had shared with him just prior to the start of the final event. He noticed that even from here, her expression seemed… strained, and her body language, as much as he could see, screamed of anger.
“MATCH! START!”

With the roaring sound of crystal on stone, Shoko brought her foot down and with a gesture of her hand, the stadium was suddenly covered in ice before Pony could even begin use her quirk. The glacier reached for the heavens, coming close to the bleachers but not quite.

“We are going against that…?”

Jesus…

“Wow. Uh, Tsunotori Pony is incapacitated! Todoroki Shoko wins!”

Mina and Ochako looked at each other as the glacier was slowly taken care of. They were the next ones to fight as the second leg of the tournament began.

“C’mon ‘Rara, show me what you’re made of!” Mina cheered, dragging the other woman along by the arm. Izuku and Momo watched the scene with small smiles on their faces.

“Someone’s excited…” he mumbled, looking back at the melting glacier. “Who do you think will win?”

Momo squirmed a bit on her seat “I think that’s… not something we could guess”

Izuku hummed and leaned back “Fair enough, Mina’s and Ochako’s quirks don’t quite negate each other, and Mina has mobility on her side”

“But considering Ochako’s previous fight it won't help her much” Momo countered “but Mina has her Acid.”

“So,” he smiled, “it’s gonna be a game of chicken.”
“How so?” Momo asked, turning to face the now, crumbling glacier again.

“You’ll see,” was the only response he gave as the glacier collapsed completely.

Mina hopped from one foot to the other as she and Ochako waited for Midnight to officially start to match, excited out of her mind to finally get on with the fight, and who knows, maybe I’ll be fighting Izuku by the end.

Then she saw the focused and, honestly, intimidating look in Ochako’s eyes, ...maybe not?

“MATCH! START” Midnight snapped her whip and the two of them were off

Mina skated across the ring, trying to get close to Ochako and get in her blind spot. That, plus peoples’ inherent wariness of acid would probably cause her to stay ba-

Ochako darted forward, her hand shooting out as she quickly closed the distance the moment Mina came near her. Her fingers touched her arm right beneath the sleeve of her newly replaced tracksuit.

“Oh, goddammit”

“Sorry, Ashido!”

Her weight disappeared as Ochako leaned in, grabbed tight, and spun. Suddenly, Mina was soaring out of the ring with no way to hold onto the ground nor propel herself back into the ring.

“Well. Shit,” she grumbled with a pout, crossing her arms as Ochako deactivated her quirk causing her to drop outside of the ring.

“Ashido is out of bounds! Uraraka wins!”
“Oh, so that’s what you meant…” Momo nodded as the results were announced.

“Mina was scared of using her quirk on human targets, with good reason” he sighed “and Ochako knew that she wouldn’t use it on her…”

“I see…” Momo mumbled back, before glancing at her boyfriend. “Shouldn’t you go and prepare for the next match?”

“I’m going, I’m going,” he singsonged slightly with a soft chuckle, getting up from his seat.

“And Izuku!” Momo called out as he made it to the door. “Remember to not respond to her!”

He couldn’t help but get a scowl as Hitsuki made her way to the ring, standing across from him with her hands stuffed in her pockets. Something about how nonchalant she had been was rubbing him the wrong way.

Midnight seemed to notice the tension between the two, making her announcement sound eerily quieter than normal “Match, start”

“May the best fighter win?” Hitsuki called out, her face scrunching up when she noticed that he wasn’t going to respond. “She told you didn’t she?” He kept staring at her. She shrugged.

“You know, we have a lot in common, you and I. My quirk wasn’t good enough for the hero course, and you’re here without one. We both had to do whatever we had to to get here, right? It’s not fair, is it?” She threw her arms wide. “A man in a woman’s world. A villainous quirk like mine in a heroic one.”

Her arms fell to her side as her tone darkened, bitterness dripping from her every word. “We didn’t have the world laid at our feet, not like that naive bitch I fought before, we had-” her monologue was cut short as Izuku finally spoke up.
“What the fuck did you just say?” Izuku took a step forward, his voice full of unyielding rage.

Hitsuki felt her quirk slither through his words and activate in the back of her mind. Checkmate. She stretched loosely, and looked to the sky, confident that she had already won.

“I said that we didn’t have the world laid at our feet like that naive bitch I took down on the first round.” She smiled, “I’m sorry for this, but could you step out of the ring for me? I know you have something to prove, but so do I.”

“You have five seconds to apologize.”

Hitsuki’s eyes snapped back down to the man who just responded back to a command, head tilted forwards and expression cast in shadow by his hair.

“Turn around and walk out of the ring, now.” Maybe he hadn’t heard her, her quirk was active, she could feel it in her head. What is going on?

The man’s foot raised up and took a step, cement groaning slightly under the force behind it.

A step forward.

“Five.”

“W-wait, what?”

Chapter End Notes

hope you enjoyed it, see you in the next one
And the anger of a gentle man

Izuku was expecting many things during the match.

Unbridled rage was not one of them.

A section of his brain had been taken over, he could feel that, but he didn’t give a damn.

Right now… right now he had a skull to crush.

He took another step that was unnecessarily forceful, the stomp causing the ring to wobble slightly under the pressure.

“FOUR.”

“I-Izuku?” Momo mumbled, watching her boyfriend almost split the arena in half with a single step forward. “W-what's happening? Why isn't he getting mind controlled?”

“M-maybe it’s his quirk?” Ochako answered, unable to tear her eyes away from the ring.

“Jesus…” Mina shivered from behind the two. “Baka-gou have you ever seen him so pissed?”

“Lilac bitch is fucked,” was the only response Katsumi gave.

“S-standing up for your friends is so manly t-though!” Eiko added, shaking in her seat slightly.

With his facial features hidden by shadows, Izuku looked terrifying.
“Remind me to never, ever diss one of Midoriya's friends, please,” Minerva muttered to Tsuyu who was staring at the arena with her mouth slightly agape.

She nodded slowly.

Toshiko blinked at the stage “...Midoriya?” She could feel his rage from there, and considering Miruko’s perked ears, she could too.

“Cold, calculating anger,” the rabbit hero smirked, “not the best thing for a hero, but he’s not ranting or raving in a blind rage.”

“Not a bad thing for a hero to have either.”

“It will be bad if he kills her!” Toshiko rebuked, huffing lightly.

“Don’t worry, my son wouldn’t do something like that,” Inko shot back.

“I- I think…”

The voice was panicking.

Whatever the Hitsuki’s quirk was, it had failed spectacularly.

It was blocking and activating the same circuitry that normally would have locked off consciousness from the motor functions of any human brain and brought them under her command.
Removing their free will.

The only problem was, Izuku’s brain was wired differently than any other human as a result of Total Command doing its best to patch up his dying grey matter after the USJ.

Currently, Shinsou’s quirk was blocking Izuku’s inhibitory system, preventing it from calming down the rage that was building in him.

Removing logic aside and letting him do what he felt like doing.

“Uh... Izuku?”

Give me three more seconds.

“Oh... shit”

“I- I SAID STOP!” Hitsuki screamed as Izuku took another step forward, his green irises shining through the shadows cast over his face by his hair.

He looked like a monster from a nightmare.

“THREE .”

She gulped and took a step back, fearing what was to come. Even the umpire was looking wary.

Midnight shook the urges of a pro-hero that were screaming inside her from the bloodlust emanating from the ring.

From Izuku.
“R-remember, you cannot murder…”

Izuku’s head snapped at her, as he took another heavy step forward, then slowly turned back to Hitsuki.

“TWO…”

Something about his voice finally activated the full extent of the lilac-haired girls’ fight or flight instincts.

“I SAID STOP”

She punched him.

Punched him with all the might her body could generate under the influence of the adrenaline coursing through her veins.

He didn’t even react as her fist smacked against his chest.

She yelled in pain and pulled her arm back, grabbing her throbbing forearm.

His body hadn’t budged.

She had punched what amounted to a brick wall.

“W-wait! STOP. No... no no no no…”

Hitsuki looked up to see his green eyes glaring down at her.
“What the fuck are yo-”

“One.”

Izuku’s hand surged forward, fingers knitting through her lilac locks with ease and clamping tightly around her skull.

Then.

He squeezed.

The stadium remained silent; they had been since the countdown began.

Neiro was scared out of her mind. O-oh God, I knew it.

That man from 1-A was a villain all along.

Now he’s gonna tear her head off.

Mei was sweating.

The human skull could take 500 kg of force before it fractured.

Izuku could produce more than that without straining.

And he was pissed.
He lifted Hitsuki up by her head with ease. Slowly adding pressure as he did so.

“You claim to have such a villainous quirk, yet you depend so heavily on it.” His voice was a deep growl, a far cry from his usual meeker tone. “And you stand there, judging others on your ivory pedestal. A martyr of society.”

Hitsuki panted under the pressure, struggling against his hand and gripping onto his arm to alleviate the strain on her neck.

Her eyes caught a glimpse of his.

They were swimming with rage.

“Such garbage,” he spat, her continued kicks to his chest not even affecting his tone. “You are here to be a hero yet all you do is spite others for having ‘better’ quirks. Doing nothing to better yourself.”

He added more pressure to his grip and Hitsuki started to feel faint from the increasing pain caused by the pressure against her brain.

“Just cause you’ve had it rough doesn’t mean the rest of us are having it any easier.”

He pulled her closer to his face. Staring right into her eyes, as if he could see straight into her soul.

“No one got here without sacrifice and hard work. Get. Over. Yourself.”

He added more pressure and Hitsuki finally succumbed to unconsciousness, going limp in his hands as the pain became unbearable.
He let her crumple down on the ring floor.

The stadium let out a collective sigh of relief.

“S-Shinsou Hitsuki is unconscious... M-Midoriya Izuku wins.”

He shook his head slightly as her quirks affect got cut off, releasing the blocked-off portion of his brain. It starting to attempt to get a handle on his exposed rage.

He proceeded to stomp out of the ring slowly, grumbling under his breath.

Mt. Lady was petrified at the scene; Kamui Woods and Death Arms were in identical states as they all stared at the hologram relaying the feed from the ring.

“How... how the fuck did he even do that?” Mt. Lady finally asked.

“Enough pressure on the skull will knock anyone out... I’ve done it before...” Death Arms mumbled in a haze.

“Huh... the more you know,” Kamui muttered back.

Momo felt... weird.

She told herself that she should feel relieved, or happy that Izuku had ‘defended her honor’.

But she didn’t.
Instead, she felt hollow. Hollow that she couldn’t be the one to beat the opponent that dispatched her with ease.

Someone that Izuku put the fear of God in by just walking at her.

*He took her down, even with her quirk, even with just taking the attacks…*

*Yet she took me down with such ease…*

Her lips tugged downwards as she realized exactly what she was feeling.

She felt inadequate.

The hollowness she felt only deepened at her revelation.

The world faded out around her as she gazed down.

*Maybe I am just inadequate…*

She started going through the vivid memories of her classmates beating the villains at the USJ, Izuku’s brush with death, and Ochako’s combat prowess.

Looking through all of that, it was painfully obvious.

*I really am just inadequate…*

Then, her brain touched another memory, one that still took her breath away
“If you got here, you deserve to be here- don’t let your own doubt say otherwise.” The inferno grew larger in him, and she could finally breathe again as he looked away, his grip tightening around the counter.

“If you listen to that voice, you’ll only go around in circles.”

Her spirit set her self pity and doubt aflame; using them as kindling to nurture the rapidly growing inferno of determination.

*The first thing you said to me... Yet it took this long for me to listen to it...*

She looked back at the ring with a fire burning behind her grey eyes.

*It’s never too late to catch up, though, is it?*

Izuku stomped his way through the depths of the stadium, trying to calm himself down before he lost control over his anger again and went back to squeeze some more sense into Hitsuki.

Considering who he came across, maybe it would have been better if he did.

“You.”

The grating voice of the number 2 hero echoed through the hallway.

Izuku groaned, turning to look at her with agitation evident on his face. “What.”

“You are to marry my daughter.” She casually ordered him as if she was talking to a barista about
Izuku’s agitation turned to fury, revving the activity of his recently overworked limbic system as he repeated himself. “What?”

“She was engineered to surpass All Might. My perfect creation... But with your genes...” She was staring at him like she was appraising him “Your daughter would make All Might but a mere *footnote* in Hero history.”

Her eyes were almost manic at the prospect. “Can you even imagine? The *perfect* hero!”

He tilted his head down and took a step forward, intending to intimidate the raving hero.

Neither reacted fully as their chests pushed against each other. Emerald eyes glaring into turquoise ones unflinchingly.

“What do you think your daughter is? Just a pawn to further your desires?” His voice was cold enough to remind Endeavor of the ice of her daughter and wife.

“But, you are right. Most heroes of our time will become footnotes in history books.” He took a step to the side and stomped past the pro, not looking back as he walked away. “But I’m sure you won’t even be *mentioned* .”

With that, he walked off, Endeavor staring at his back as a cruel grin grew across her face. She felt a shiver run down her spine as the phantom sensation of contact on her chest lingered.

*Oh, he is *perfect*. And if Shoko proves not to be woman enough for him…

*I’ll just have to break him for myself.*

“*Goo’d work back there*...”
What, with the poor excuse of a parent, or the person too spiteful for her own dream? He huffed internally as he continued his casual stroll to calm his mind.

“Bo th really, I ___ wgs scu’re’d y ou’g o wna qctuql ky’mu’re’d thg t purple’ hq’re’d _ oge.” He could feel the voice ‘shrug’ inside his head.

It was fascinating how simply talking to her increased his ‘perception’ of her, making her almost animated with her gestures even as he had no mental image to attach the gesture to.

Thought you knew everything I did? You should know I wouldn’t do that.

“Well… yegh, I w-a-s jys t kiqda s caqed _ when’ I ___felt_your_ihbit_jo’ns get turne’d o_ff,”

Oh, so that was the part that got turned off then…

He continued his walk, turning the opposite way from the place where 1-A was sitting.

“I wanna walk a bit to calm myself down first…

“Oh, _right_, Goo_d, c"all."”

He continued his walk in physical and mental silence down the halls, watching the off-white paint as his feet carried him forward, his previously overacting limbic system finally calming down.

Hey- uh, what should I call you? He questioned in the moment of solitude; it was weird talking to someone in his head yet not having a name to call them by.

He felt her thinking for a bit, “N’ag." she mumbled then nodded, “You can call "m, e Nana_n fe’e I li_k e t, hat was” my_ , n, amg-o , yr nname?”
He chuckled a bit. *Well, you seem to be one ‘being’ right now, so no need to confuse yourself over that…*

“I’m inside the head of an 18-year-old, why shouldn’t I be confused constantly?”

*Touch.*

“Green?”

Izuku stopped in his tracks as the voice broke the silence he had found himself in. He turned to the source. “Kyoka?”

“So you feeling alright?” he mumbled as the two of them made their way back to the 1-A seats, deciding that yeah, he was calm enough now.

“A little bit of tinnitus never hurt anyone,” she joked back hollowly.

Izuku’s pointed stare urged her to continue.

“Relax, you big softie, there’s no permanent damage or anything. If I didn’t know any better, I would’ve guessed Baka-gou was holding back.” She shrugged a bit, something in her voice setting Izuku off.

“That was a bad matchup…” he hummed softly.

“I don’t need pity, Izuku…” she huffed, looking away with a slight blush and a pout.

“Who said anything about pitying you?” he asked with a quirked eyebrow, looking at the back of her head.
“The ‘bad match-up’ part. What is that if not pity?” she huffed back, crossing her arms.

“Just telling you what we saw, pitting someone with super hearing against someone that can create loud explosions isn’t quite the best match-up is it?” he explained.

“I-I guess?” She lowered her arms back down. “I just think I could have done better, I just gave up after the first att-“

The sudden sensation of his hand petting her head silenced her. “You did your best within your circumstances, Kyoka”

She made a soft sound, that was between a purr and an eep at the sudden contact and compliment.

Izuku pulled his hand back immediately. “S-sorry, did I overstep?”

“W-warn me before you do something like that!” she hissed softly. Oh God, why did I make that sound?!

“S-sorry…”

“I-it’s fine… you can do it again i-if you want...” Her face reddened a few seconds later as she realized exactly what she had said.

“Alright…” He placed his hand back and slowly rubbed her head again, causing another soft mewl to escape her lips.

W-why did I tell him it was ok… she asked herself internally as she continued her futile attempts to hide just how much she was enjoying the contact.
“AND BAKUGO MANAGES TO WEAR DOWN KIRISHIMA, WINNING THE BATTLE!”
Mic announced just as Izuku and Kyoka made it to the stands.

“Huh, missed the whole battle, then?” he mumbled as Shoko got up to leave for her own fight, passing by him with a slight glance that just felt heavier after the revelation she dumped on him recently. Not to mention her ‘mother’s’ incessant orders at him.

“Oh, hey Izuku, quick question, what the fuck was that last battle?” Mina asked him as soon as he stepped close enough for the rest of his class to notice his presence.

“I… got kinda carried away when she said those things about Momo…” he mumbled weakly, rubbing the back of his head. “Plus her quirk apparently doesn’t work on me properly, who could’ve guessed?”

“‘Total Command’ cancels out ‘Brainwashing,’” Momo mumbled, “Should’ve guessed that would be the case honestly.”

I am guessing it was because of my rewired brain rather than that, but guess that’s a good excuse…

He blinked.

The class had grown quieter. Staring at him.

“Did I say that aloud?”

Ochako nodded slowly.

“I-Izuku… what do you mean, ‘rewired brain’?” Momo stuttered out.

“I- hm…” He took the final steps to his seat and let himself crash onto it. “Remember the USJ?”

“Don’t say that like any of us could forget that hell…” Doi muttered, shivering slightly.
“Remember how I, uh, ‘died’ for a little while?” he whispered grimly.

“N-no you couldn’t have…” Tomoyo gasped.

He chuckled sadly. “Turns out, not being able to breathe for longer than six minutes isn’t healthy for human brains.” He knocked on his own skull. “This guy took a beating when that happened, but thankfully Total Command was there to keep it from becoming fatal.”

“W-what does that mean?” Ochako asked from his side, barely keeping herself from hugging him fully. She hadn’t known just how close they had come to his death.

“My quirk used the surviving neurons to jury-rig a working human brain out of the half or so that survived, causing most of the wiring to change- it’s fine now though, you don’t need to worry about it!” He shot a smile back at his classmates. “The lost grey matter is back and all, it’s all good…” He shut his mouth as he saw the looks he was getting.

“Half your brain died ?!” Hana exclaimed.

“Why didn’t you tell us this was happening?” Mina mumbled, eyes shadowed by her hair.

“I-I didn’t want to worry you guys?” He blinked and his shoulders slumped “I- it’s not like I didn’t trust you or anything… it’s just… “ He twiddled his thumbs. “I was already healing by the time I found out about it and after that, I didn’t see the point of telling you guys about it and making all of you worry about me…”

“I wanna punch you in the face for that-” Ochako paused for the sound of ice crackling to end as Shoko one-shot yet another opponent. “But I guess that was just you being you. Doesn’t mean I have to like it. Please tell us next time?”

He chuckled weakly at that.

“Wha-” The class turned to see Katsumi standing in the doorway of the corridor leading out into the stadium.
She took shaky steps towards Izuku, managing to make her way to him. “You- you died?”

“I- I didn’t Kacchan!” Izuku defended, raising his hands up. “I just…”

She gripped onto his shoulders. “D-don’t. We both know what brain death means, idiot,” she huffed.

She looked into his eyes. “Why didn’t you tell us?”

“I- I just told you!” He was having trouble arguing with the look of betrayal in her eyes. “I- I didn’t want to…”

“Glasses, how long is there between matches?” she shot at Tomoyo, who responded reflexively that it would be 10 minutes before the semi-finals began.

Hearing that, Katsumi grabbed Izuku by the shirt and pulled him off to the depths of the stadium.

“Shouldn’t we stop them?” Doi asked as the two disappeared.

“You saw how distraught she was back in USJ… I think she needs to talk with him.” Momo answered back, recalling how broken she had been.

“WHY?!” she yelled, punching his chest weakly. “Why didn’t you tell me!?” She was on the brink of sobbing.

Izuku caught her fists. “Y-you told me your worst nightmare was me dying… what did you want me to do, go ‘oh yeah, by the way, half of my brain died back there’?”

That shut her up as both of them tried to find the words to continue.
“Of course not, idiot- just…” Their faces were drifting closer together. “You don't need to shoulder all the weight…”

“I know... “ he huffed.

She could feel his breath against her lips.

Mei’s words echoed in her mind. ‘Jesus Christ, just fucking kiss him once and see what he does’

Her hand surged forward and pulled his head down, closing the gap between them. Her lips found their place upon his in a fiery burst of passion that came and went like one of her explosions.

Swift and short lived, but oh so satisfying.

She pulled back immediately, face flushing fully. “S-sorry, I shouldn't ha-”

Izuku twisted both of them around, slamming his arm against the wall and cornering her, face close enough for her to feel him breathing. “What are you sorry about?”

Leave it to Izuku to make her feel weak in the knees.

As if sensing it, his other hand found its way to her waist stabilizing her as she drifted closer again.

Their lips made a brief contact again, Katsumi’s hands roaming his back and neck till they ended up combing through his hair, nails scratching against his scalp and eliciting the softest of groans from the man. Then she pulled back, tugging at his lower lip as she did so.

He chased the contact, returning her kiss as his free hand shifted from her waist to under her thigh, pulling her up and letting his body pin her against the wall. Her leg wrapping around him instinctually, acting on her desire to be as close to him as possible.
He pulled back slightly to catch his breath, both panting against each other, their breaths tickling each other's skin.

“For not… doing that sooner…” she huffed, her arms around his neck loosely.

“Maybe I should’ve taken the first step instead?” he chuckled softly.

Someone cleared their throat behind them, causing both to panic and Izuku to almost drop Katsumi.

It was Ochako.

“So uh…” She looked pensive. “C-can I get my good luck kiss too?” Or perhaps she was just trying to keep her laughter contained.

Izuku paused, Katsumi looked like she was lagging again, mind tripping at the whiplash from the best kiss she had ever had, to the sudden interruption.

Izuku shook his head, taking a few steps towards her. “S-sorry I did that without asking you three…”

Ochako grabbed onto the sides of his face and pulled him down to eye level. “Oh, don’t worry. Mei told us that was gonna happen eventually… not that she,” Ochako gestured at Katsumi, “was any good at hiding her affection.” She smiled slightly at how red Katsumi was getting behind him.

“Now if you don't mind me~” She pulled him closer and captured his lips with hers, moaning lightly as she pushed her tongue in to get a taste of him, causing him to groan back in return. His hands came to rest on her sides as she slowly stepped forwards, his hunched back slamming into the wall next to Katsumi as she could only stare on at a repeat performance of what she had done not 2 minutes ago, a deep blush slowly filling her cheeks.

Ochako slowly lifted herself up as she began to gasp and moan into the kiss, the sounds making Izuku flush and shiver as she all but formed her body against him, soft and warm skin pressed flat against his, separated only by the sports uniforms they all wore. Eventually, she pulled back, breath coming in short pants, both of them feeling lightheaded from the passionate kiss and the lack of oxygen, some saliva still connecting their mouths. “Haa~” she breathed out, giggling slightly with a glazed look in her eye. Izuku, in the meantime, was putting his quirk in to overdrive to keep from reacting as much as he was tempted too. There was a tournament still going on for fucks sake.
“ITS TIME FOR THE SEMI-FINALS, DEAR LISTENERS, URARAKA OCHAKO VERSUS, BAKUGOU KATSUMI!”

All three took a sharp inhale of air.

“Shit.”

Chapter End Notes

Hope you liked the chapter,

see you all on the next one.
Some say the world will end in fire, Some say in ice.

Chapter Notes

someone made a theme for Total command!

https://soundcloud.com/jonathan-power-dear/total-command

Isn't that cool?

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Tsukiko continued scratching her neck, rewinding and playing the scene, for the sixth time in a row, watching just how easily Izuku had lifted the purple haired woman up and knocked her out with a simple squeeze.

Her eyes had an unhinged glimmer to them as she repeated the clip over and over again.

“That... cheater,” she hissed, accidentally touching her pinky to the remote in her hands, causing it to disintegrate to dust. “I’ll kill you, just like I’ll kill All Might...”

Kurogiri sighed, continuing to clean the glasses at the counter.

Izuku panted as he sat back down in his spot, watching Ochako and Katsumi make their ways to the ring, all three in various states of dishevelment; his hair was more of a mess than usual, and he hoped nobody would notice as he crossed his arms, watching the ring.

Neither Ochako or Katsumi moved even as Midnight started the match, both continuing to measure each other up from the two sides.

Momo rubbed her chin at his side. “Who do you think is gonna win...?”

Izuku didn’t have an answer to give so just shrugged. “Honestly... No clue...”
Mina took that moment to attack, leaning forward from the seats behind him to get to his side. “Can’t decide between the two of them?~”

Izuku froze at how close her lips were to his ear, causing the most delectable shivers to run down his spine. “I- uh… Mina?”

She leaned even farther forward, her breasts pushing against his broad shoulders as she giggled against him. “What’s wrong I~zu~ku~?” Her hand found its way onto his head, trying to find someplace to anchor herself. “You’re all disheveled too. What happened back there anyway?~”

The crowd exploded as both Katsumi and Ochako rushed at each other, causing Izuku to jerk back in shock.

Mina couldn’t follow the motion, and with the sudden shift she stumbled forward, managing to grab onto Izuku’s shirt at the last moment in a desperate bid to stabilize herself.

Only for her momentum to seal their fate.

She flipped forward, landing on his lap.

Momo started having a coughing fit.

Izuku blinked at the sudden weight added to his lap, and Mina slowly opened her eyes after noticing that no, she hadn’t face planted onto his crotch.

I…

I guess when life gives you lemons…

She forced a giggle, shifting her hips a little to get ‘comfortable’ in her new seat, pushing her back against his chest. “Score~ Got the best seat in the stadium!”

Izuku couldn’t see her face from his position, but Momo could see how purple Mina’s face was
Izuku looked like he was about to protest, but then the match started getting intense, Ochako using the dust clouds Katsumi’s explosions were generating as a smokescreen to get closer to attack.

The embarrassed parts of Izuku’s mind clicked off and his arms crossed over his chest as he went back to analyzing. Well, he would have crossed his arms if Mina wasn’t there.

He didn’t seem to notice he was hugging Mina as he continued watching the match.

Mina achieved a new shade of purple humanity hadn’t seen before as she contemplated how well his arms fit around her.

Ochako breathed deeply and slipped back away from the sound and force of another blind explosion in the smoke, her fingers tight around a weightless chunk of rubble half her torso in size. Listening for the stomping and cursing, she lowered herself to leap.

Honestly, her pulse had been racing going onto the field, both from the adrenaline of the upcoming fight;

and the intensity of her… ‘luck’.

Considering the fight so far, Katsumi was just as wired as she was. Probably more so if the fact she had scorched a third of the arena in the first five seconds was any indication.

As Ochako lunged, her arm came back and she whipped the rock forward as fast as she could. The sound of cursing and the pressure of another explosion rushing past where she was made her pulse skyrocket. She quietly doubled back, hands tapping down on the floor of shattered rubble even as her stomach protested with nausea, tying itself into knots as she started overusing her quirk.

*Just a bit more, just a bit longer...*
Miruko’s smile at the goddamn exhilarating fight soured, and then dissipated as an obnoxious group of weaklings started their chatter up again, whining about how one-sided the battle was.

About how ‘it was already decided’ and ‘Katsumi was just tormenting the other girl’, and ‘it was borderline abuse for the fight to continue.’

When she was just about to speak up, Inko intervened.

“I wouldn’t know personally … but isn’t ‘beating unbeatable odds’ part of a heroes job description?” Her tone was level, but there was a certain chilling edge to it that made everyone in the hearing range quickly quiet down with cold sweat running down their neck.

“Now, it’s better when it’s quieter isn’t it, Yagi-san?”

The lanky woman nodded silently.

Katsumi growled in anger, the smoke and the constant rocks being hurled through it was annoying, but dammit if they weren’t good distractions. Her opening strike was loud enough that it was working against her as well. The constant ringing was fading away by now, and the smoke was slowly beginning to shift and diffuse into the rest of the arena.

_C’mon… where are you…_

A blur of movement.

She turned, reflexes taking over as her arms raised and braced; she began to fire on the-

Floating shirt and rock?

Her eyes widened and the hair on the back of her neck raised in alarm, a curse breaking free from her lips even as she shifted her aim, arm bending and sweat building to blast down at her side. The
impact threw her back and to the side, but it also blew the smoke behind her away for a moment, revealing a determined face and reaching arms even as Ochako was blasted back into the smoke.

*A diversion so she could get in close. Not bad, Round Face.*

As Ochako rolled on hitting the ground, Katsumi came up arms cocked back and grin wide.

“NOT FAST ENOUGH, URARAKA!” She thrust forwards, setting off another explosion that blasted at the ground, sending a wave of shrapnel into the smoke, her eyes and ears darting to find her target.

A shifting sound of rubble reached her ears.

*There you are.*

She raised her arm, bracing, planning to use her strongest explosion when the thought hit her.

*Not that hard. But maybe if it hits a wider area.*

She shifted, one thumb pressing to her palm and down her wrist as she aimed down.

“HOLLOW POINT!”

The explosion was different, a widespread curving blast that swept through the smoke, clearing the area around her for a moment and shooting the nearby shrapnel and damage up into the air as it blasted past.

“GAH!”

*Bullseye.*

The blast cleared the smoke around her and revealed that Katsumi had been steadily herded to the side of the now-devastated arena, the out of bounds line a mere 2 meters behind her, and that across from her, under-shirt smoldering and torn and with arms blistered from heat and impact, weeping blood from several scored lines from shrapnel was Ochako.

Honestly, Katsumi was feeling goddamn wired right now. Ochako was pushing her to the limit, had kept up with her, pushed her, and harried her for almost five minutes now! She could faintly hear the
announcers calling out something but with her blood pulsing and ears ringing, she didn't care.

“Damn, Uraraka. You are fucking impressive. But now that the smoke’s gone; let's end this.”

Ochako huffed, her eyes reminding Katsumi of the looks Izuku could give for a second at their sheer intensity. “You’re right—”

“-let’s finish this.”

She hurt.

Her skin was tinted red from the shallow burns each explosion doused her in, her blood dripping from the many scrapes from the shrapnel that now covered her exposed skin.

She felt like her whole body was on fire.

Her only solace was the cool spring breeze kissing her skin; she was almost thankful parts of her shirt had burned off in the brief flashes of flame Katsumi produced with each explosion.

Even with that, she was having a hard time seeing straight; nausea and the ache from her quirk was more pronounced than she ever felt, even worse than the Entrance exam. She had never kept it active for this long, nor used it on so many different objects at once.

But she was ready.

One last attempt.

“Thank you Bakugo… for coming at me with everything you got!”

Mic was having trouble announcing just what was happening in fears of exposing the trap Ochako had set.

She could only stew in her own excitement at the moment, even as the audience continued booing
Katsumi.

Aizawa had other plans.

“WE SAW ENOUGH, SHE IS JUST TOYING WITH HER LIKE A VILLAIN.” The protest from the crowd was the final straw.

Aizawa gripped onto the mic tightly, even with her bandaged hands. “IS THE ONE WHO SAID 'SHE'S TOYING WITH HER' A PRO? HOW MANY YEARS OF ACTIVE DUTY?”

The protester lost their voice at the sudden scolding.

“She’s not toying with her- it’s called being careful and not holding back- anything else would be a disgrace to our name, and worse, a death sentence in the field.” Mic gently placed a palm on the fuming teacher's shoulder, causing her to start calming down. “Now sit down, and watch the real heroes fight.”

As if that was the cue, Ochako finally sprung her trap.

“RELEASE!”

For a brief moment, Katsumi was confused.

Then the fear set in.

Katsumi desperately looked around to see what she had released. *She was planning all along… where is it- WHAT is i-*

She glimpsed the shadows falling towards her, head snapping up to their source.
“Well… Fuck.”

Her arms followed her sight and she slammed her other foot down, readying herself for the kickback that would surely follow.

She let loose her full power.

The falling chunks of debris shattered and turned to dust before they could get within arms reach of her, the shockwave tossing Ochako to the side, and nearly making Midnight skid off her podium.

She dropped her arms, panting slightly.

Sweat glands are shot… might have a heat stroke soon... Her hands sparked ineptly, not even a pop forming...and I’m out of ammo.

The dust cleared, Ochako was groggily getting up, panting just as much as she was.

*No wonder Deku loves her...*

Her face broke out in a smirk.

*She can keep up with the best of us.*

Their eyes locked onto each other.

Both of their quirks were past their upper limits, both knew the other’s body could just give out under them in any second.

The fight wasn’t over yet.
“Holy shit…” Doi muttered in the silence of the 1-A seats, “Is Uraraka pushing Bakugou to her limits?”

Izuku’s head turned to her, still stuck in his ‘analyze’ mode, Mina in his lap watching the fight intently with a massive blush. “She didn’t get first and second places for nothing Kaminari…”

He turned back to the fight. “At first glance, she might seem like it…”

“But she is one of our strongest in a fight like this.”

Both charged at each other, aiming to end this fight.

Fragments of stone still rained down around them, and with a pained yell, Uraraka caught one of the largest, nearly half her size, and pushed it ahead of her, driving it forwards as a shield to meet the blast of light and sound as Bakugou met her charge head-on.

The stone cracked under the first blow, and shattered under the second, but Uraraka only braced her arm across her face and lunged.

“THE FIGHT JUST DOESN’T STOP! THE 1A POWERHOUSES ARE FACE TO FACE AND BLAST TO ROCK!”

Katsumi grinned as the dust and smoke from their clash burst to reveal a lunging Uraraka. Her arms ached, her sweat glands stinging from overuse and her breath coming heavy from the sheer excitement of the clash.

But she was more than just a quirk; she could fight without it if she had too.

She stepped forward and met Uraraka’s lunge with raised arms. The blind slap which would have connected was knocked up, Katsumi ducking under the reaching pads of her fingers even as she tensed, lowering and throwing her body into the motion.

From her side, a hard right hook flew up and around, slamming through Uraraka’s guard with the thunderous smack of flesh on flesh.
The force knocked Uraraka back and to the side, where she bounced off the ground to a mumbled wince and groan from the crowd.

*C’mon, Round Face. That all you got?*

Katsumi raised her fist and stepped closer, trying to see through the last of the dust and smoke…

And there she lay. Still attempting to get up, but her body was no longer listening to her. Her shaky arms not having the power left to push her off the ground.

She finally gave up, rolling to her side. Panting heavily.

With the realization, Katsumi’s knees gave out as her adrenaline drained from her system. With one hand on her knee, she kneeled, panting just as hard as Ochako. Smiling through the crushing tiredness. This victory wasn’t given, nor was it just hero equivalent of rock-paper-scissors. She had to fight tooth and nail for it. In the end, the pride of her victory was the only thing keeping her standing.

“Good fight. Ochako,” the blonde muttered between labored breaths.

She saw Ochako smile slightly, mumbling ‘dammit’.

From the side of the arena, Midnight was counting, and with an emphatic ‘10!’, she raised her whip and snapped it high. *“Uraraka Ochako is unable to continue the fight! Bakugo Katsumi wins the match!”*

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Tsukiko started laughing softly. “You see that viciousness, Kurogiri?...don’t you think that doesn’t fit a hero?” Her face shifted onto a sick smile. “Her…”

“Tell Sensei I have a potential recruit.”

________________________________________

Izuku let go of the breath he hadn’t realized he was holding. “That was a close one…”

Mina squirmed again slightly getting his attention “I-Izuku can you let me go now?”
“Oh- Uh, sure” he mumbled, uncrossing his arms and letting Mina out of his hug.

Then his brain caught up to the situation, his face blossoming dark red. “S-s-sorry, Mina!”

“It’s fine… shouldn’t you go out there for your own match, Cuddles?” Mina asked without turning to look at him. She couldn’t reveal her flushed face to him.

“R-right…”

When Ochako woke up, Katsumi was on the bed next to hers in the infirmary, scarfing down some water and gummies like she had been lost in the desert with no food for the past month.

She winced getting up. “Ow- ow ow…” She couldn’t hold back the whine as her slightly-burned skin grew taut over her joints, aching like a massive sunburn.

Katsumi swallowed her portion, then gestured at the bowl next to Ochako’s bedside “Granny said to eat up, you’re gonna need the nutrients and sugar for her quirk to work.” She tossed another gummi in her mouth.

Ochako chuckled sadly. “We did a number on each other eh?” She gripped the bowl and tugged it towards her, causing the object slowly float towards her.

“It was a good fight…” Katsumi shrugged, “was gonna win anyway, but you made it worth it.”

Ochako almost spit out the gummi she was eating. “Prideful much?”

“Maybe a little,” Katsumi shrugged with a smile that didn’t feel as hostile as it used to.

Guess its just banter for her…
Ochako’s face soured slightly as she woke up further. *Damn… I couldn’t keep my promise either…*

Katsumi seemed to sense her dropping mood and clicked the remote in her hands, the muted TV blaring to life.

“Wanna watch Izuku wreck Icy Hot?”

Izuku shuffled his way onto the arena in a haze, arguing with the voice in his head.

“Ar, e __ you i_n'_sgne? T'hat co'_uld kill you __!”

_The heat would dissipate before it could hurt me though- I don’t see any other way to win…_

“...G__oddam, nyt_fi_ne... you w'_in this r_guند, y__ou suici_dal hunk_ but I’ll stop t'_hi_s the _moment it gets to o out of hǎnd__”

_Fiiiiine, mom._

“I__ could__ be your ‘mommy’__ if you wan__t me ’to’ be~”

He started blushing. _Are- are you flirting with me?_

“Wo,y’dn’t you ’like_ to know?”

Izuku shook his head. _Even when we share a mind, women are so hard to understand…_

“HEY__! I _EARD THA__T!__”
GOOD! He couldn't stop the slight smile forming on his lips as he exited out of the halls of the coliseum to the clearing that housed the ring, his eyes refocusing at the sudden bright light.

Shoko was staring him down from the other side as Mic announced his arrival.

“THE MAN WHO HAS BEATEN THE ODDS SO FAR, AGAINST THE CONTESTANT THAT TOOK DOWN ALL HER OPPONENTS IN THE TOURNAMENT SO FAR IN ONE SHOT!” Mic’s boisterous voice broke through the noise of the crowd.

Izuku didn’t pay attention as Mic hyped the situation to make it sound even more stacked against him, breathing deeply and calmly as his joints started to crack in sequence. His vertebrae cracked from the base up to his neck, then his shoulders. He did his knuckles by hand.

Something felt right about that.

He missed Midnight mumble “Oh god, that’s hot.” She coughed to the side dispelling the words she had let spill out. “READY!”

He dropped into a combat stance, Shoko doing the same. I have a couple of seconds… gotta make them count.

Midnight’s whip cracked “FIGHT!”

Izuku’s world was covered in white.

Mt. Lady stumbled onto her ass, looking up at the glacier jutting outside of the stadium. “Wh-what…”

“Guess even muscles don’t help against a quirk like that,” Kamui Woods muttered at her side.
Mic shook off her shock. “Todoroki Shoko continues her perfect match record, taking out Izuku Midoriya in one move…”

Midnight shivered on her podium. This is overkill on a whole new level… I can’t even see him in there… She stared deep and hard at the glacier that now covered Izuku. The sharp angular corners of the ice refracting light in a myriad of blues. Blocking even the silhouette of him.

“Izuku Midoriya is u-” she stopped as she felt something shift, eyes snapping back to the glacier for a moment.

That was when the world changed.

Shades of green flickered into life inside the glacier, accompanied by a resounding crack that shook the whole stadium.

Midnight took a steadying breath… what is happenin-

Another echoing crack stopped her line of questioning, hairline fractures spreading out from the mountain of ice as it leaked even more green and hissed with steam. With a distinct rumbling that eerily resembled a deafening clap of thunder, a large section broke free of the main mass, crashing to the ground outside of the ring, the cacophony of destruction kicking up mist and flurries of snow in its wake.

The shadow of Izuku became visible in the eternal icy blue of the glacier.

All fractures leading to his silhouette.

“Aizawa?” Mic muttered into her mic.

Midnight could see the silhouette tremble with exertion from her position.

“What is-”
The stadium shook as the glacier cracked once more, hairline fractures growing rapidly throughout it as the neon green glow washed out the blue of the ice, causing Midnight to shield her eyes.

Then, against all odds...

Izuku flexed.

The motion caused the crystalline structure to fail, the glacier shattering into millions of tiny pieces all around him in a glorious light show, accentuating and refracting the green lightning arcing off his body.

He panted as he smirked, steam escaping his mouth in bursts, sweat dripping down the valleys his muscles formed on his nearly bare torso, skin flush and shirt torn asunder in the process of breaking free from his arctic prison. He grabbed the tattered remains of the shirt and tracksuit on his torso and ripped it free, the fabric fluttering to his side.

“You need to do better than that Shoko. Stop holding back.”

“Come at me with everything you have.”

Chapter End Notes

hehehehehe....

oh yeah, considering my current workload in uni plus the mid-terms plus the mid-terms I might need to start posting bi-weekly like this instead of one every week. I'll try to offset it with longer chapters

but no promises

that being said, see you on the next one!
Moments before the flex that changed it all...

Ragdoll started giggling as the guy made it to the podium again, attracting the attention of the rest of the team.

They only heard her giggle like that when she figured out someone else’s plan.

“Kitty looks kinda stiff doesn’t he?” She giggled softly again, “almost as if he has a plan.”

Toshiko looked at Inko, who was fidgeting slightly as her son made it to the field, clearly worried out of her mind about his current opponent. Her hand moved on top of hers, trying to calm the fretting mother, causing Inko’s eyes to slowly click onto the taller woman’s. “Midoriya-san… we probably should have told you this sooner but…”

She knew she was blushing slightly, even in her emaciated skeletal form. “While- while training your son, we… discovered something…”

She could feel Miruko’s eyes on her back, clearly curious about what she was talking about. If the now-familiar sound of a glacier forming was any indication, they both were about to be enlightened.

Starting today, it was no longer going to be a secret anyway. “Your son…”

The glacier started leaking green light.

“He has a quirk.”

Inko blinked, not fully understanding the reality of the situation. Then, the glacier cracked, and
Toshiko’s words hit her like the chunk of glacier hit the floor. Her eyes started watering. “He… I always knew he was special- I just thought that was just what a good mother would think…”

Miruko hadn’t moved since the words left Toshiko’s mouth. Her eyes slowly turned to the glacier shattering by the force of nature that was Izuku.

Toshiko smiled, hugging the sobbing woman gently. “You are a good mother.”

Inko couldn’t help but hug back and let out a happy sob as the building-sized glacier shattered.

You gotta be kidding me- you have to be fucking kidding me…

Miruko jumped to the railing as the glacier shattered to bits, leaning down to get a better look at the ring.

Her legs grew weak as she watched the green electricity he was producing dance over his body, as well as his shining back muscles flexing and contorting with his labored breathing.

He flexed off a glacier.

She crumbled to her knees, head resting against the poles that kept the railing up, eyes still on the source of her distress- and dare she admit, arousal.

Dammit, Rumi, get it together, you can’t get horny in front of his mom.

As Izuku’s muscles rippled in the sunlight and glistened with exertion, she feared that she might have a difficult time keeping her newfound feelings a secret.

Izuku thanked the heavens that he had managed to shut his eyes before the glacier encased him; he
really didn’t need to know what frozen eyeballs felt like.

With the mass around him, he decreased his metabolic efficiency, just like he had done last winter, his core temperature rising rapidly.

“You know ‘I’m could cook yo’u fro’ m the ins’ id’e ou’ t rig’h’t?” Nana berated from inside his head again.

Not with the ice siphoning heat away from me faster than I can generate it- He let his body grow flushed, blood vessels transferring the heat away from his core to the surface of his skin.

“You should do thi’s, t.o” Nana suddenly applied One for All to his heart, and he almost panicked at the intrusion, fearing his capillaries would break under the pressure of his overclocked heart. "Relax it’s just 5% of One f-o r All. A big b-o x like you can handle it”

He smiled as the combination of One for All and his metabolism melting enough of the ice covering him to allow him minuscule motions.

Then, he allowed One for All into his arms, the muscles tensing against the wriggle room he had melted for himself. The green lightning intensified around him as he added more and more muscle groups to swell with the overwhelming energy the quirk provided, the excess leaking out of his body as the lightning.

Lets change society shall we, Nana?

“Oh my go’y o ch’ get’sball”

He could feel the smile in her voice as he pushed himself even more, the ice beginning to shatter the heat he generated caused the cracks to grow rapidly with the sudden change in temperature.

They all sat there, shocked. Each watching the green lightning arcing across the man’s body as the shattered remains of the glacier fell around him.
Mandalay hated her quirk because she knew she was broadcasting, but judging from how everyone else was acting, it didn’t matter that much. She gulped, trying to move away from the intrusive thoughts that were playing at the sight of his bare chest and smirk.

That’s when she realized she had to set the ground rules.

Well, someone had to.

“Pixie, you can’t trap him at the summer camp. We cannot have U.A.- or worse, his mother- suing us because you can’t help yourself.”

Her blonde teammate didn’t look fazed, the look that spoke volumes about what she was planning still remaining on her face. Mandalay turned to Tiger, who was interested in Izuku’s body for different reasons.

“Tiger…” She could help but smile. In a moment all the fears against it had crumbled to dust. “We can do it. If a man can have a quirk…”

The one thing Tiger had needed so desperately for all of these years. “You can go through with it. Once the festival is over for the first year’s, we’ll contact them.” *I want to thank him personally for defeating our fears... even if it wasn’t his intention.*

Ragdoll and Pixie-Bob both turned around at hearing Mandalay’s words, the two fellow pussycats smiling at each other, then at their male teammate stuck in a woman’s body.

Tiger nearly crushed them all with a hug after the realization hit him too, “Remind yourself to send him an internship offer, Mandalay!”

They would meet the kid anyway, but they all could agree on wanting to see and thank him earlier than that.

“And a ‘Thank You’ note!” Tiger roared along with teary happy laughter.
Endeavor sputtered out as the man stood tall, her anger at Shoko refusing to use her fire dispelling in an instant.

*He*....

*He has a quirk...*

*He's more than just a prime physical specimen, he has a quirk.*

*He has a quirk.*

*He will bear me a legacy unlike any other. Shoko means nothing compared to what he could make me.*

She started laughing, a small smile on her face. Soon it spread to encompass her whole face, corrupting into a wide-eyed manic smile with roaring laughter.

*The perfect progenitor... the perfect inseminator... the perfect... man.*

Her flames started to rise up as she looked up to the heavens as if laughing at the face of God.

*He will be the primogenitor of a new era. And he will be. All. Mine.*

Doi was watching the match intently when she caught something in her peripheral vision. She looked to her lef-

Doi’s piercing shriek caused the rest of 1-A to whip around.
Floating next to Doi was a head covered in long green hair and a pair of hands. The head smiled widely, clearly enjoying the reaction.

“Hey, how’re you doing? Tokage Setsuna, Class 1-B, nice to meet you. Sorry to drop in like this but we over in my class had a question for yours.” She brought her floating hands up to her face in a praying motion before chopping them down towards the class.

“What the fuck?”

Neiro was having a hell of a day. The man from 1-A had won the race and placed well in the second round too. That was fine, it didn’t really matter that much, he could’ve done that without a quirk.

Then he kicked the head off of a giant robot that some insane Support Course student had made. That was pretty terrifying, but not entirely unbelievable.

Then he had squeezed the consciousness out of that General Studies poser like juice from an orange. Also terrifying, but again, he was a large man.

Then… then he burst out of a giant glacier in a dazzling light show, glistening in the sun and dripping with sweat and water.

Pony and Autumn screamed in high pitched approval. Itsuka only blinked more and more rapidly as if that alone would subside her blush. Shiozaki started chanting about how she shouldn’t fall into lustful thoughts; all the while still peeking at the ring with a heavy blush, muttering something else under her breath.

“The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want.”

Oh, but I do want.
“He makes me lie down in green pastures; he leads me beside quiet waters.”

*He can make me lie down wherever he wants.*

“He restores my soul; He guides me in the paths of righteousness for His name’s sake.”

*I hope those paths include Izuku...*

“Even though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I fear no evil, for You are with me; Your rod and Your staff, they comfort me.”

*He can comfort me with his rod whenever he- no, bad Ibara.*

“You prepare a table before me in the presence of my enemies; You have anointed my head with oil; My cup overflows.”

*My cup is about to overflow...*

“Surely goodness and loving kindness will follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.”

*I’ll dwell in his house once we get marri-*

Ibara sighed, shaking her head as she rubbed her thighs together, desperately returning to her prayer.

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That settled it.

*Clearly, Kinoko had laced Neiro’s lunch with some psychedelic mushrooms. That was the only explanation for whatever bull-shittery she was witnessing right now, right?*
Men don’t have quirks. Everyone knows that. Women have quirks, men don’t. That’s like saying the sky is blue or that 1-B is better than 1-A. It’s obvious, simple facts of nature.

“K-Komori, wha-”

“For the last time, I didn’t do anything to your food, Monoma.” The short woman didn’t take her eyes from the arena, enraptured by the impossibility on display. And maybe a bit of his uncovered skin, if her blush was anything to go by.

“N-no, that can’t be right, are yo-”

“Boy’s got a quirk.” Tokage’s head had returned to their side of the divider, speaking as if the entire foundation of society hadn’t just been altered. “Apparently, all of 1-A already knew.”

Neiro paled and ran her eyes over the rest of her class. Most of them were just staring with wide eyes, a few of them covering their mouths in attempts to keep their jaws from the floor. Some of them were cheering, some were screaming, and Shiozaki’s hands clenched harder in front of her, praying so hard that her knuckles were turning white.

Yui only looked at the ring quietly. “I am going to fuck him.” It wasn’t a question or a bold declaration, but a simple statement of fact.

“ YUI!” Itsuka spluttered out, head snapping back to the usually stoic woman.

Neiro felt lightheaded.

Since the glacier shattered to bits Mt. Lady was transfixed to one of the projectors, marveling at the sight of Izuku, his torn shirt fluttering to his side.

Kamui woods was just next to her, screaming about how foolish she had been to assume he was quirkless.
Death Arms looked back and forth between the two, concerned for their well being.

“Hey Yu, don’t go chasing down that kid just because he’s had every reason to overshadow your debut.”

The blonde turned to face the muscular woman, face covered in red and eyes hazy. “What- what debut?”

Izuku remained in his stance for a few more seconds, but Shoko looked lost and confused, trying to hide her blush while everyone else was frozen in place.

He looked at Midnight, who was still staring at him, at his chest, and at the sparks coming off of him. “Is the fight still going?”

Midnight only raised an accusatory finger. “Y-you have a quirk!?”

His stance crumbled as he almost face-planted, head snapping to the booth where he knew Aizawa was in. “You didn’t tell the rest of the staff?” he accused back, loud enough to be picked up by the cameras surrounding him.

The speakers hummed a little louder, then he heard his teacher’s response. “Logical ruse, bitch.”

He could hear her smug, slightly crazed smile that Aizawa was most definitely sporting on her voice. He sighed, then looked back at Midnight. “But- wait, I talked about it with you. Remember at the USJ? Total Command?”

Midnight blinked, slowly looking up to meet his eyes, remembering the things he said and starting to blush as she recalled how driven and determined he had sounded that day, even after all that 1-A had gone through. “T-Total Command? Yeah, I remember-” she finally replied dumbly before she snapped back to reality. “WAIT, THAT’S THE NAME OF YOUR QUIRK?!” She pushed her hand through her hair “I thought it was just like- the name of your meditation technique or something!”
“What? No- who calls a meditation technique Total Command?” He rubbed his forehead in frustration, “and what meditation technique gives tenacity?”

“Who names their Quirk Total Command?” the umpire shot back, both almost forgetting that this was supposed to be a match, Izuku was shirtless, and they were being broadcasted to the whole planet.

Almost.

Shoko didn’t let them as she shot another wave of ice after shaking herself out of her own fluster. Izuku didn’t dodge and was encased in a smaller glacier.

Midnight’s eyes locked to the origin of the wave; Shoko was panting lightly, her right side shivering from the cold. “Just. Stay. Dow-”

She didn’t get to finish as Izuku broke out, shifting and turning out of the glacier. His arm ripped through the ice and smashed it loose as he shook the frost off, steam billowing from him as ice sublimated on contact with his skin. His eyes were a radioactive green and glowing from the additional use of One for All, green arcs of lightning dancing across his skin. “I said. Come at me with everything you have, Shoko.”

Izuku had seen rage plastered on Shoko’s face before, but this time felt more visceral. The woman hugged herself as her face soured in anger, her eyes glaring holes into his skull. “You-”

“You know why I will never use her power.” She took a step forward, unleashing another wave of cold, the ground freezing rapidly as it made its way towards her opponent.

Izuku backhanded the oncoming glacier before it made it to him, encasing himself in a white mist of ice. “Her power?”

Shoko didn’t have time to think before the massive form of Izuku shot out from the cloud, his fist meeting her stomach and flinging her across the ring like she was nothing, her body skipping a few times before she could use her ice to catch herself.
“What do you want to be, Shoko?” he asked as she got back up to her feet groggily, wiping the blood from the side of her mouth.

“You know what.” she hissed, getting angrier with the man. *He knows what I am trying to do- why is he-

“Ok, then,” he smirked, one knee lowering again as he prepared to dash. “Riddle me this: How many heroes do you know hold themselves back?”

“What does that have t-” She flinched again as the Goliath of a man seemed to blink into existence in front of her.

“How many heroes do you know that held their power back when lives were on the line?”

She was cornered against the wall of ice that caught her and the wall of flesh that was Izuku as he started pulling his right hand back, green lightning arcing as his right side bulged with contracting musculature.

“How are you going to act when your ice can’t save you?”

In that moment Shoko was a small girl again, watching All Might on TV in her mother's lap cheering her on as she took down another villain.

“I-”

Izuku released the charged punch, stopping just barely before his fist made contact with her skin, the air pressure alone cracking the ice wall behind her and sending her stumbling back and falling against the ground.

He could see the ice forming on top of her as she clawed her way back up to her knees. “What-then…” she spat; eyes hidden by her bangs, “are you going to be the brute force that's going to make me use her power?”

He knew he was being harsh.
But Shoko had walled herself off for too long to do this any other way.

He forced a smile. “I showed the full extent of my power to the world in order to face you, Shoko. I’d hoped you respected me enough to do the same.” He started walking towards her. “Yet now I see that you’d prefer to defy Endeavor than face me properly, let alone be a true hero.”

Shoko took a few shaky steps to straighten herself, “I’ll do both,” she slurred, trying to summon up more ice from her side, skin taking on a blue tint from the exposure to the cold. “I’ll become a hero, without her quirk! Without anything that she gave me! I’ll show h-” Izuku grabbed her by the shirt and tossed her to the other side of the ring.

“It’s not her power. Shoko, nor can you be a hero like this,” Izuku growled, walking towards the woman struggling to stand. If I have to beat the sense into her then so be it. “It’s your power. And this is the time where you need to decide which is more important to you.”

“Being a hero, or shallowly defying your tormentor.”

Shoko groaned as she attempted to rise up, hypothermia starting to mess up her coordination. “Stop-” her eyes were hazy, “looking down on me…” She managed to mumble out as she stood back up. “You would do the sa-”

Izuku stomped down on the ring, the shifting of concrete as he cratered the ground, the ice that had piled up on the ring flinging off from the shockwave along with almost toppling her down. “Looking down on you?” He hissed, “If anyone is looking down on people, it’s you.” His fists clenched at his sides as his arms shook. “So many of us are giving our all to achieve our dreams, to reach the top. To prove ourselves.” His mind went to Momo’s tears, to Ochako staggering to her feet, to Shinsou staring at him with self loathing. “And you are here going on about how only half your power is enough?!” He sighed, hands unclenching. “I am going to ask you again, Shoko.”

He let the power of OFA build in his body, his voice taking on a deep reverb of power.

“What is your decision?”
“Why is he dragging it out?” Doi mumbled, entranced by how much different this was to either one of the contestants fights up to this point.

“He’s trying to make her use her full power…” Momo mumbled, noticing the sparks coming off of him had started fading in some places, barely there. “He is pushing himself too hard to extend the fight…”

“But why?” Mina asked, trying to wipe the blush away from her cheeks that had sprouted the moment he had broken out of the glacier.

Kyoka slapped her upside the head softly “Cause she needs to use that power sometime in her career, and if she can't do it when the time comes, people will die.”

Shoko felt her weak pulse in her ears, looking up to her opponent walking towards her the same way he had against the general studies student.

He was right.

If she wanted to win this, she couldn’t just use her mother's ice powers. They barely dented him, only causing Midnight to shiver from the cold in the sidelines

If she wanted to win this, She would need to use her fire.

But she couldn’t do that.

She couldn’t succumb and use her power after promising herself that he would never use it in battle. Not after what Endeavor had done to her mother. Not after all the suffering that her fire had caused.

She couldn’t turn her back to her mother after all of this time.

“I asked for your answer, Shoko!” Izuku called out again, derailing that train of thought. “WHO DO YOU WANT TO BE!?”
Her breathing started getting shallow as hypothermia began to set in. Soon, he wouldn’t even need to toss her out if her consciousness failed.

For a mere moment, she remembered a far off memory, sitting in her mother's lap, hugging her tightly. Exclaiming that she never wanted to become like Eiji, that she hated what she was doing to her real mother, and never wanted to become a bully like her.

“But… you do want to be a hero, right?” She could still see her mother's sad smile as she looked down on her. She was clearly in pain but loved Shoko too much to say anything about it.

“It’s fine, my little snowflake”

Shoko let out a sob as her tears froze on her cheeks.

*I can’t believe how much I had forgotten...*

“You aren’t bound by her blood. *You* decide who you want to become.”

Her tears flowed out freely as flames flickered to life on her left side, melting the ice that had encompassed her right.

She choked out a stronger sob as her fire grew in size exponentially, the inferno of red mirroring her turmoil as she screamed out the words.

“A HERO!”

Chapter End Notes

sorry for the wait, but the midterms are over so the next chapter should be sooner than expected-

that being said! hope you enjoyed it, and see you all on the next chapter
Natsume shivered as the fight continued, and not just from her nerves. Her eyes drifted over to Fuyumi as she began to see her breath.

She knew how close her sister was to Shoko, ever since their mother’s institutionalization, Fuyumi was the one taking care of her after Endeavor’s training left her broken, bruised and crying.

And now, seeing Shoko getting beaten by-Izuku… that was his name right?—was causing distress on the older sister.

But then… Shoko set aflame as she screamed her convictions.

A tear rolled down Fuyumi’s cheek. “He-he did it…”

“He broke down her walls.”

Shoko started to get back up slowly, her body shaking off the symptoms of hypothermia as the flames she was generating raised her core temperature back up.

Honestly, she was surprised to see Izuku just waiting at the other side of the ring with a massive smile on his face.

She could feel one on her face too; her cheeks ached with the long-forgotten sensation of a grin spreading them apart. “You are insane…” she simply breathed out.

“Tell me something all of 1-A doesn’t know,” he shot back, a bead of sweat sliding down his eyebrow.
“Your quirk can’t beat fire,” she answered, stomping down and letting fire engulf her side fully, ready to fight.

“Oh?” Izuku stomped down into his combat stance too; lightning arcing from muscle group to muscle group. “Wanna test that?”

Endeavor stopped laughing maniacally as she noticed the orange glow coming from the ring. For a moment she stood there, transfixed by the fire of her daughter.

“He actually… forced her to use her fire…” She started cackling more. *This man…*

*He just keeps getting better and better.*

“MIDORIIYAAAAAAA!” She couldn’t help but exclaim, flames flashing high enough to cast shadows onto the ring, finally shaking the crowd, as well as Mic, out of their stupor.

A man had a quirk, one powerful enough to force the daughter of the number two hero into using her fire after tossing her around.

Needless to say, the stadium lost its shit.

“How is that even possible- Men can’t have quirks!” shot a pro out in the open, pointing at the ring accusingly.

“But- but he has one, don’t you see the lightning?” argued someone else from her side.

“*HE FLEXED A GLACIER TO SMITHEREENS! CAN WE TALK ABOUT THAT?!*”

The argument quickly crescendoed, overtaking even Endeavor’s mad ramblings.
Miruko tried to stand back up, but her muscular legs failed her for once. The screams and yells of the panicked crowd went unheard; the only thing that existed for her right now was the man down below and his fight.

She leaned back; supporting her weight with her arms. Ears flopping to her forehead in the turmoil of emotions she was riding out.

Not only had he been strong, to begin with, not only had he spoken his mind whenever the opportunity presented, even against Endeavour.

He had a quirk.

He had a quirk and was forcing others to go at their fullest, in a show of true power and dominance.

The thought alone made something bubble in her chest. And she couldn’t stop the stupid smile spreading on her face.

*I’m sending him an internship offer.*

“*Qh, n_ow y’u’ve don’t i’,*” Nana was cut off as a torrent of flame exploded towards him, engulfing his vision.

*Well, fuck that.*

Izuku let One for All collect in his arms and clapped, the sudden shockwave caused by the impact of skin against skin dispersing the flames before they could even reach him.

“Hypothesis holding up, Shoko?” he called out, trying to look like he wasn’t panting from the exertion.
Nana… I’m running out of steam here… -he lifted his hands up to a boxer’s stance- but I got a plan…

Inko had been weeping happy tears since Izuku’s reveal, gently hugging into Toshiko as she wept.

“I- I’m sorry he didn’t tell you sooner Midorya-san… I asked him to keep it a secret till he was in UA- for his own safety” Toshiko hummed, eyes drifting back onto the ring, Inko slowly following suit.

“N-no no don’t be Ya- no… Toshiko.” She wiped tears away from her eyes with her hand “I understand why he would hide something like this…” Her eyes locked onto her son, smiling against the flames of his opponent. Worry bubbled but something else did too.

Pride.

Inko smiled, eyes locking with Toshiko for but one moment. “I just hope he knows how proud I am of him…”

Midnight quickly lifted her arm up to protect herself from the flash of flame, only for the pressure wave to blow her hair back.

Shoko stared at the spot Izuku had rooted himself in. “Guess not.”

“But now, the question is: how much of it you can handle?”

“How much can you give me?”

Shoko smiled wide, a few tears dripping down her face. “Don’t blame me for what happens next.”
Izuku returned her smile and dropped to a fighting stance with his left side facing the burning woman. “Why would I blame you after pushing you to this?”

“Cause you are going to lose.” Shoko shot back, flames growing stronger on her side.

Izuku started to laugh. “Shoko this has been all going according to plan. What kind of idiot plans to lose?”

That got the woman to start worrying. All this time… it was part of his plan…

I need to end this now.

It’s been a while since I used this side… but It’ll have to do.

He couldn’t have known about how strong it is.

She allowed another shot of flame to fire out towards the man, only for him to snap his fingers on his left hand while rolling to the other side sloppily, the resulting shockwave tearing the flame apart, causing it to singe his skin only ever so slightly.

Coming out of the roll, he panted again, the lightning starting to erratically shift on him. “Looks like it really doesn’t affect me much, eh Shoko?”

“He’s bluffing.”

Ochako almost jumped as Katsumi spoke. In the heat of the moment, she had forgotten the other woman was there. She looked at Katsumi’s crimson eyes glaring at the screen like it was the next opponent she was going to beat.

“Wh-what are you talking about?” Ochako asked after the initial shock passed. “He looks like he has
“Like how he was ‘fine’ after the USJ?” Katsumi didn’t take her eyes away from the screen.

“... This is different,” Ochako sighed, “that time he was trying to protect us so we wouldn’t worry.” She gestured at the screen again. “Him claiming to not be affected by the fire, that he’s not gonna lose...” She gulped as the camera zoomed in on his eyes, which were staring right at Shoko with something going on behind them that she couldn’t quite put a finger on. “He’s not protecting anyone, he has no reason to do that.”

Katsumi blinked, smirking slightly. “You figured him out too, eh?” She crossed her arms almost proudly. “Ok, if you’re right about that all, why is he dragging the fight out? I’m sure you know.”

Ochako deadpanned. “We both heard why Baka-gou. Now that Shoko has opened up and accepted who she is...” Ochako looked back at the screen.

“Deku did all he could for her already... Now, he wants to win to prove himself. He wants to set a precedent for the rest to follow.”

Katsumi almost laughed. “Yeah, maybe you have figured him out...”

Ochako smiled softly.

Unlike her ice, Shoko was a lot less precise with her fire, as expected from not using it for, what he guessed to be, years.

But by no means did that mean that her fire was weak. It was powerful enough that he wouldn’t doubt Momo was feeling it from the bleachers.

Her being sloppy with it only meant that each burst of flame sent heat rippling out in giant waves. He needed to work harder to dodge it.
He looked down for a second as another blast headed his way. His eye caught the rings tiled-looking surface.

He remembered the previous match, how Ochako had used the ring itself as her weapon.

Gotta thank her for the idea-

Izuku slammed his foot down on the edge of the tile and with a cracking sound, the large chunk of concrete snapped upright to form a chest high wall for him to duck behind. It blocked the oncoming wave of fiery death and let the heat and flame blast past him, boiling away the sweat on his skin as he focused.

Crouched, he counted the seconds. For as much power as Shoko’s fire had, she couldn’t sustain it for long. By his mental count of three, the attack faded. Taking his chance, he gripped the upturned tile with his left hand, and shifted, grasping it near the base and tearing it off the ground, letting it come up and drift up even as he spun and slammed a foot into the stone block. Shoko didn’t even have time to catch her breath from the heat before the still glowing red stone projectile came flying at her.

With a surge of effort, Shoko managed to throw her right hand forwards, a wall of ice growing up and around the stone even as it hissed and cooled, billowing steam.

She danced to the side, reflexes and instincts screaming at her as from around the ice wall, Izuku flipped and smashed a fist where she was just standing, the ground cratering under his fist as she backed away.

Even now her reactions are amazing huh?

“Your ‘plan’ won’t work, if you keep m’essing a’round, kid. You’re running on empty as it is!”

Izuku wiped the smile from his face. Nana was right; it was time.
“That’s weird…” Momo rubbed her chin, looking at the literal inferno of a fight down in the ring. “I was sure the chilled air would have-”

Another shockwave ruffled her hair.

Oh.

*His clap- even the punch before this…*

*He was dispersing the cold air. Not allowing it to settle on the ring…*

Momo smiled softly. *You went all the trouble of saving her- yet you were planning far ahead of that, weren’t you?*

...*But what’s your plan now?*

Shoko had to dodge again as Izuku finally closed the gap between them, shooting herself to the side with a pillar of ice under her feet and a slide to catch her at the other location.

She was feeling nervous. Her instincts screamed that it was wrong, that she was missing something. She knew that, considering how fast Izuku usually was, having seen him in action before, that he wouldn’t have given her time to react- something was slowing him down.

*But what?*

As if just thinking about it triggered something, Izuku was on top of her instantly, a cratered step and fast lunge putting him closer than he had been all match since she started using fire. His left-arm pulled back and tensed for a punch, swinging forwards and then flinching back as she managed to defend with a burst of flame and forced him to back off.
A second burst of flame from her hand bloomed out and Izuku stumbled back further, moving away with another lunge even as his chest glowed red and began to blister from the searing flames. The pain barely made him flinch as he landed and rolled to a crouch, his eyes trained on Shoko. Radioactive green eyes glared at her, a small smirk forming on his face.

She looked him over once more, trying to figure out what was going o-

_He has been favoring his left for a whi-

“After you went all out for me, Shoko... I owe you the same thing.” Izuku rose from his crouch and took a heavy stomp forward, his foot cracking the arena even more and digging into the concrete. He lowered himself forwards, arm cocked back and body tensing as he braced.

Shoko’s eyes widened as she noticed the asymmetry of his body, his right arm was bulging. Before she could even process, reactions beaten into her by years of training triggered. Her flames flashed out for a second as she began to encase herself in as thick a wall of ice as possible, icy tendrils digging into the earth to anchor the castle wall of frost as she braced to meet his attack.

_Oh-

“LOCAL ENVIRON!”

_SHIT._

Panicking, Shoko focused her fire through a vent in the ice wall, a billowing sea of flame spewing forth like the gates of hell, rushing at Izuku; the light generated cast shadows even in the midday sun. For a moment, in the face of the rushing flames, the world was cast solely in light and shadow.

Even as the ice and flame shot towards him, Izuku didn’t blink.

As the heat washed over him he felt no fear.

He grinned and One For All _surged_. 
“MIDNIGHT WE GOTTA STOP TH-”

By the time Cementoss shook her own stupor and noticed the building attacks, it was too late.

“TEXAS SMASH!”

Power comparable to that of All Might shot forth, the air pressure alone creating a hole in the flames of Shoko’s attack, the inferno curving and blowing into a massive burning ring around the force before it slammed into the bastion of ice. Shoko focused, her arm raising to reinforce it even as the shockwave hit, vaporizing ice into diamond dust before the air pressure blasted through the bastion like a freight train. The last thing she saw was the gleaming gold and green aura of Izuku’s quirk, flowing off him like a heroes cape as it wreathed his form.

And a pair of green eyes, staring proudly as they met gazes.

Ash and mist consumed the arena a second later.

Midnight slowly lowered her arm as the wind settled down, an eerie calm spreading out on the ring as the snow, now black with the remnants of ash and smoke, began to slowly drift and float around the stadium. As the dark flakes began to drift closer to the ground, the cracked center of the arena floor was revealed. A trench several meters deep with shards of ice still standing split the arena nearly in half, a trench crossing past it of gouged earth showing the last attack as it had cut through everything in its path.

“Th-the fight that changed it all is over dear listeners...” Izuku now had the honor of breaking Mic once again, as the flamboyant hero now sounded monotone, even after a climax as big as this.

Finally, the dust cleared and Izuku himself was revealed. He stood, panting, near the side of the ring, his shoulder dislocated and hanging limply at his side, surrounded by debris. The trench started in front of him and it was clear the force of the blast had sent him skidding backwards, two line of broken stone leading from his embedded feet to the origin of the trench.

As the last of the snow drifted to the ground, Midnight traced the trench from him across the ring...
and then the line of ripped up and upturned earth of the grass beyond that. Eventually, the smoke and snow cleared and she saw Shoko on the far end, her back against the wall of the stadium with a massive flower shaped bloom of ice and hoarfrost surrounding her and holding her unconscious form up like a queen sleeping on a throne.

“Todoroki Shoko is out of bounds- Midoriya Izuku wins!” she called out with a shaky voice.

Hearing that, Izuku stood up straight and staggered slightly, left shoulder sagging loosely too as he breathed out, a massive weight lifted from his figurative shoulders. He could still clearly see as Shoko threw her hand back and cushioned her blow, the massive flower of ice forming, with meters of snow to catch her made almost as an afterthought.

He took a few slow steps forward, his left hand pulling his right shoulder back into place with an audible pop that caused Midnight and audience members to flinch in the memories of similar injuries.

The whole stadium watched in silence as the man wrenched his feet free of the arena floor, his ragged looking red boots scratched and torn. He shook off the crumbled mess that was the leftovers of the ring and made his way to the woman he had beaten, each step ringing across the gravel of his trench and then the still frozen grass of the field as he marched slowly toward his opponent.

Shoko groggily opened her eyes as Izuku’s grew closer, her resting form cast in his shadow with the sun beginning to drop in the sky behind him. For a moment, he seemed to loom over her, blocking the sun from her eyes. “I lost?”

Izuku smiled softly, slowly crouching to get closer to her resting form. “Only as far as the match is concerned… But I think you won so much more-” His smile dissipated. “Sorry, can you stand?”

“Don’ wanna,” she hissed softly, her body aching from the overexertion of her quirk and the impact of the last attack.

“Let me help you to Recovery Girl, then.” Izuku chuckled softly as he leaned down, the hands that just mere moments ago were producing shockwaves tenderly wrapped around her body, pulling her up from her seat of ice.

Shoko’s face flushed slightly, her hands landing against his chest as he lifted her up in a princess-carry.
“Your hands are soft…” she mumbled against his bare chest, her eyes closing shut.

Mic finally seemed to snap from her daze as Izuku turned back to the center of the arena, A sleeping Shoko against his chest. “And a great show of sportsmanship by Midoriya Izuku… a true exemplar of the hero course.”

“Am I the only one that wants him to hold me like that?” Tooru mumbled out, watching the man walk into the doorway leading to the insides of the stadium.

Doi shrugged. “I think ‘big man carry me softly’ is just something hardwired into our monkey-brain”

Tomoyo blinked. “I would like to argue against that… but I don't know enough about evolutionary neurobiology.”

“I don't know about you, but I really do want him to hold me like that,” Tsuyu ribbited, flushing and rubbing her thighs from the earlier show of power. And about a thousand other things too...

“Guess it's hardwired into your frog-brain too…” Doi mumbled

Recovery Girl could feel the headache coming as the stadium finally burst back into sound, the chaos echoing down the halls reaching even the infirmary deep inside the massive structure.

She shook her head lightly as the familiar, heavy footsteps made it to the door. “You never learn do you?”

Izuku shrugged as best he could with Shoko sleeping in his arms. “Thought that would help her…”

The small woman hopped out of her seat, leading him to the beds. “Bakugou, you had your rest right, mind giving up your spot?”
Izuku smiled as he entered the curtained off area, greeting both Ochako and Katsumi with a nod of his head as the blonde got out of the bed, pulling the covers to the side for the new occupant.

Izuku noticed the small smile on Shoko’s face as he finally placed her down on the hospital bed. He brushed a loose strand of hair away from her face, mirroring her small, content smile.

As soon as he pulled his hand back, he felt a pair of arms wrapping around his waist. His smile grew wider as he looked down at Ochako burying her face into his side. “You big oaf, you couldn’t help yourself, could you?”

Izuku patted her head softly. “You know I couldn’t.”

“He wouldn’t be him if he could,” Katsumi added with a soft slap upside his head.

Izuku reached his arm out and pulled the blonde closer. She only dug her fingers into his curls deeper and pulled his head down, planting a kiss on his lips. A small smile of her own grew across her face as she pulled back. “I can’t believe I can finally do that.”

Something fluttered inside him, seeing how much happiness he was the cause of.

Before Izuku could respond, her smile vanished as her brow furrowed. “Don’t think this changes what’s coming next, Deku. I’ll kick your ass no matter if I’m your girlfriend or not.” She poked him in the chest harshly, finger right over his sternum. “And you better not hold back either; this has been a long time coming. I want even more than you gave Freezer Burn here.”

He blinked slowly.

“I-I’ll try my best?”

Katsumi huffed but didn’t argue against that.

Ochako chuckled at the sight of the much smaller Katsumi pouting, and the giant of a man rubbing
the back of his neck bashfully. They do look cute together…

The crowd finally calmed down after the 10-minute recess, the muttering growing silent but eerie as everyone awaited the man to make his way to the reconstructed arena.

Izuku shoved another fistful of gummies down his mouth as he started walking towards the ring, wearing a replacement tracksuit, trying to get back what little energy he could before the fight.

“You know, even with your stupid face up, you’re on the verge of ras, h, ing right? I’m, sur, prised…” you can still wa lk”

Plus Ultra.

He could feel her pouting. “You do n’t get to say that to me, mister. I was born bef or e those words existed.”

Wait, were you?

“L... wait, w...?”

Sunlight shone on him as he walked out to the clearing, feeling Nana think hard about her own existence again.

“I mean, ably- “p_ art of me is f_ h_ e first _after_ q_ right the_ fight”

He would have laughed if he had the power to.

“Alright Deku. Let’s do this.”

Midnight’s whip cracked and the fight started, but before the echo of the crack could even fade, it
was washed away by a salvo of explosions as Katsumi closed the distance almost immediately with an explosion of her palms, shooting towards him in a single lightning-fast lunge.

Even as tired as he was, Izuku still saw the world faster than anyone else and his reflexes were up to the task. He stepping into the lunge, darting to the side as he managed to grab her by the arm, twisting and trying to pin her down before his body gave out.

“THAT WON’T WORK ON ME, NERD!” Detonating her free arm Katsumi added momentum to Izuku’s pin that he was simply not prepared for. As he was caught off guard, the two of them spun around and Izuku’s grip slipped free from the centrifugal forces, sending them both skidding to a halt on opposite sides of the ring from whence they started.

Izuku breathed deep and slow, looking at Katsumi “Nice move.”

She clicked her tongue “I told you to come at me with everything Deku, what are you a hypocrite?”

He sighed, his mind listening to his body screaming at him to stop and back down… and then pushing deeper, digging into any reserves of energy he could find as he crouched arms coming up to fight. “Aight… come at me.”

Katsumi smirked almost maliciously, but he knew that was just how she smiled when she got into the fight. She is gonna hate me for this…

He accessed the power of One for All, lightning starting to arc off him erratically. Just gotta hold on-a little longer…

Katsumi’s hands glowed orange as she used her own small explosions to generate heat, sweating even more in preparation.

Izuku allowed his left arm to bulge as the normally condense musculature expanded to handle the output of One for All.

Then they both initiated their attack.
Katsumi set an explosion off that sent her careening into the air, palms re-orienting themselves behind her as she prepared for her finisher.

Izuku let more power flood into his arm bulging even further, right palm open chasing Katsumi in the air like iron sights. And in a flash, both set off.

“HOWITZER.”

“TEXAS-”

“IMPA-”

Suddenly the lightning flicked off. Izuku’s eyes widened and pain rushed through him as, like a rubber band snapping back to its shape, his muscles snapped and his joints dislocated, the energy he had built up imploding in on itself rather than out. Izuku stumbled to the side as the musculature snapped back to its original form, his left shoulder and his left elbow both hanging distended and loose at his side, the pain screaming through him as he crashed to his knees.

Katsumi stopped the explosion propelling her forward, killing her momentum with a blast at the opposite angle as she landed on the ring, panting and looking at the collapsed man. “I-Izuku?”

With a heavy thud, his legs gave out and Izuku fell onto his back, bouncing once as he hit the ground and laid there, panting heavily. His right arm reached up and grabbed at the burn on his arm as he bit back a scream. “God-” he grunted once more, trying to lift at least his arms up enough to set his shoulder again.

He failed, he didn’t have enough energy left to pop the joint back in.

“Dammit...”

Chapter End Notes

that boi needs some rest...

THAT aside, hope you enjoyed it! Finally, the Sports Festival is coming to a close.

see you on the next one!
P.s. ALSO; thank you all for the 3K kudos! you are the reason I keep on chugging along!
Kae stared, eyes twitching, at the news broadcast that was playing over the sports festival.

The older woman with a large horn, Miyagi Daika, was speaking to what Kae could only assume was an international audience.

“With the First Year Finals coming to a close, it is strange to think that the champion is not our top story, but instead, her opponent. In what could be the largest development in over a century, the second place belongs to a man. And not just any man, a man who apparently has a quirk.”

An image of a shirtless Izuku appeared as Daika was talking, causing Kae’s eye to twitch a little harder.

“Midoriya Izuku, pictured here after his victory of Todoroki Shoko, daughter of the number two hero, Endeavor, shocked the entire world after demonstrating what we can only assume to be a quirk.”

A short video of Izuku cracking out of the ice played, his lightning crackling over him as sweat and water dripped down his shirtless torso.

“Does this mean that men are now capable of having quirks? Is this a genetic fluke or a sign of things to come? We simply can’t know at this point. We reached out to the government and UA for comment, but both declined at present. However, many people have doubts.”

The broadcast cut to an interview of a random person on the streets of Tokyo. “I think it’s a hoax,” the woman said flatly. “A publicity stunt to get us all talking about the UA Sports Festival. If men had quirks, then it would have happened already. Every scientist who has ever studied quirks says that men simply can’t have quirks.”

The camera cut to another interview, this time with someone in a clearly poorer part of the city. “Nah, he’s got a ‘quirk’, see, but it’s not genetic. He’s got those little machines inside of him that give him what looks like a quirk, but it’s not really a quirk, you see? Damn, what’re those things called?”
“Nanomachines, son!” someone from behind the woman called.

“Yeah, those things!”

The interview audio faded as Daika spoke over the video. “More still have other explanations for the seemingly impossible.”

“Men don’t have quirks,” a woman in a business suit said tersely. “So it’s clear that this ‘Midoriya’ is no man. Cosmetic surgery has come a long way in the past hundred years; it should be obvious to anyone with a cursory understanding of quirkology that the only logical explanation for this is that this ‘man’ is, at least genetically, a woman.”

The camera cut back to the studio, where Daika continued the broadcast. “We received an anonymous tip that claimed Midoriya Izuku is, in fact, a genetic experiment created by none other than Nozomi, the principal of UA herself. Normally, we would ignore these sort of baseless accusations, but in these uncertain times, we cannot afford to not consider every angle. We reached out to Gang Orca for her opinion on these matters.”

The broadcast cut to an impromptu interview with Gang Orca, the terrifying, massive woman with a head of an orca, staring down intimidatingly at the camera. A label beneath her read ‘Sakamata Kura, #10 hero, Gang Orca’. “Do I think that he is a genetic…” she paused for a moment, scratching her face. “I wouldn’t be surprised, honestly. Nozomi’s done worse.” The hero shuddered.

“We’ve been following reports from across Japan, as well as the rest of the world,” Daika continued as the scene returned to her, “the advent of a quirked man has caused widespread panic and confusion. It appears that the eyes of the entire world are on UA and Midoriya Izuku. I believe it is safe to say that today we are witnessing history, one way or the other. But for now, we return you to our coverage of the UA Sports Festival, where the award ceremony for the freshman round is soon to begin.”

_The sickness has spread…_

_I need to speed up my cure._

Kae stood up and walked away from the television. “Prepare Eri,” she said to someone in the shadows. “We’re having an extra session today.”
Izuku felt the gentle ministrations of a hand in his hair, his face pressed against an exceedingly soft surface that gave him a sense of peace and calm he doubted he could achieve in any other situation, flow or not.

“C’m’ on sleepy head, y’ou gotta wake up~”

He groaned slightly, digging his head a little deeper into the soft surface. “5 more minutes...”

The surface shuddered slightly with melodic laughter that tickled his ears. “Get up,” *y__ou b"ig lug, people ar e, gonna ge’t wor’ried___”

*Why would people get worrie-

The festival.

His head shot upwards, slamming into something soft above him, his vision blocked by-

*BOOBS!*

A hand wrapped behind his head, locking him against the supple chest he had face planted against. “Gettin’ frisk ya alrea, dy”?~ Ki__d__s thes__e, day s arg s, o, bold~”

He knew that ‘voice’.

“N__t th__t, t I m’ nd~”

He could feel his face warm up as both arms flailed around, trying to find purchase to pull away from the suffocating softness.
Wait- both arms?

WAIT, NANA!?

He finally managed to grab onto her shoulders, pushing his head slightly away from the bust of the-what he only thought to be the voice in his head up until now. Eyes adjusting back to the light after their bout in darkness.

What he saw took his breath away.

He thought he knew what ethereal meant before, but he couldn’t have been more wrong.

His eyes locked onto hers for the first time, green against gray, then blue, purple…

He knew he should’ve been at least a little creeped out by her eyes slowly shifting colors, but he couldn’t help but get slightly mesmerized by them instead.

In fact, her whole body was constantly changing. Her features were shifting ever so slightly under her black hero suit, and even the suit itself changing, its design morphing from one form to the next. Only her face and hair remaining constant. He blinked a couple of times, eyes moving over her hair up in a messy bun, her sharp and intelligent eyes, and the mole under her lip.

She seemed to be doing the same with him.

“I亲眼., er, ou, at, ci, ve,” she smirked, pulling his face a little closer as if appraising a gem. “Cute fr, e, t, oo~”

“... Holy shit”

“What’s wr, on, g?” She asked with a small pout. “Don’t li’k, me, getting hands-y?”
“What? - no, it’s not that.” He pulled back a little then shook his head. “Why can I see you? Why can you touch me?”

“Oh, that’s strange!” she shrugged, lightly laughing while doing so. “What do you think, Misato?”

Nana laughed at him struggling to find the proper phrasing. “Relax, it’s been lik – e – a minute or two?” If your internal clock is to be trusted. She leaned in to poke his chest. “Not that I can trust that rig’ht now because someone decided it was a great idea to keep going, until his body went into safe mode.”

He chuckled weakly, “S-sorry.” Then he noticed it; his own body was slightly changing too, lifting his arms up he watched them slightly shift, “Woah.”

“Weird, right?” She held up her own hand, “I think it’s because we are in what amounts to your mental space; your thoughts are a given form.” She shook her hand rapidly, the motion leaving afterimages. “No the most concrete thing to have, but only it’s something.”

He repeated the motion himself, his hand leaving afterimages too before rapidly fading away. From what he could glimpse they were all different – like he had thought how he could move his hand and his brain spat out all the possible ways it could imagine it happening.

“That’s probably what is actually happening,” Nana shrugged watching the afterimages fade too. “Maybe you worry that I’m in this fit.” She placed her hands on her hips, looking ready to scold him. “Just what are you imagining you young man?”

“We both know that’s your doing, Nana,” Izuku deadpanned, looking her up and down. “Never saw your costume before, but the design feels familiar – guess your old hero uniform got imprinted on the
memories passed on by One for All? Or maybe it's an amalgamation too…”

Nana pouted. “It’s no fun if you get all logical on me.”

He shook his head laughing. “Sorry just- trying to keep calm in all of this, logic hel-”

His eyes landed on her again, and his mind ground to a halt at the sight of her in a swimsuit instead.

“Tee he wr wr n” Nana smirked, crossing her arms under her bust and relishing the feeling of his mind clicking onto overdrive at the sight. “Wha tell me of th’ outside world? Iu?”

He groaned finally slapping a hand over his eyes. “I fucking hate you.”

She giggled. “Hey no” She was next to him, hands sliding up his arms almost teasingly, before cupping his face. “There’s nothing like the rush of having someone turn into rush ju for you.”

He could feel the whole mental plane shudder a bit as his face grew red-hot. “C-could you not-”

“Nope!” She kissed the tip of his nose before pulling away, her hero suit fading onto her again. “Gotta tease you- it’s too fun now bu you can consider it training for the outside world.”

He shook his head. “Fine- whatever- but talking about the ‘outside world’- I should go back. I don’t remember getting carried out of the ring or anything; am I still there?”

“Nah, we’re a t he infirmar y” Now. “W hat, did you think they just left you our , un conscious, ion b do dy on th ing?”
“Ah- right that would be weird.” Katsumi is gonna be piiiiiiiiiiiiiiisssed.

“Fine, boyfriend, I’ll meet you there, if I can get there, you can come, again so your newest girfriend, I end, doesn’t, get scared.”

His eyes widened. “You can do that?”

“Psssh hhh, of course it’s easy as,” she poked his forehead, “boop!”

Izuku gasped, eyes snapping open in the bed he was placed in, startling Ochako who was next to him. “Deku! Are you alright?” she barked on reflex, hand clasping over his right arm.

He blinked and started laughing lightly. “Yeah, yeah I’m fine- sorry for worrying you.” He tried to move his arm to hold her hand, only to find out that he couldn’t move any of his limbs, only his shoulder shifting slightly at the effort.

“Oh.”

“Wh- what’s wrong, are you paralyzed?!?” Ochako sputtered out, clearly panicking more.

“Izuku!” the panic spread to the newly entering Momo, immediately, rushing to his bedside, with Mei following closely. “You’re paralyzed?!”

“Do I need to build a neural bridge? I can build one if you need a neural bri-”

His laughter cut off Mei’s offer, all three slowly calming down as they stared at his smile.

“No- no need Mei just, I think I pulled every muscle I have.” His face ached with the broad smile that spread further across it. He didn’t like worrying them, but a small part of him loved the feeling of someone worrying over his well being. It felt good to be cared for. “I should be fine after a hot bath
“You shouldn’t think like that, you young fool!” Recovery Girl scolded from the side. “God, I thought being ‘thick skulled’ was just a figure of speech,” she huffed slamming her cane down, “but here you are, proving that maybe having a thicker skull does make people more stubborn.”

“...” The three girls turned back to him. Mei blinked a couple of times. “That explains so much.”

Izuku stopped craning his neck trying to look at the short woman as his head slammed back with a heavy thud only his bones could produce. “I- I don’t think that’s how it works.”

“THEN STOP ACTING LIKE IT!” Recovery Girl roared, slamming the cane down again.

Shoko’s eyes snapped open at the sudden noise, sitting up instantly, ready for a fight. Her shoulders relaxed when she saw where she was. “Oh- is the festival over yet?”

“Nope, got a break till the award ceremony in-” Mei looked at her wrist. She didn’t even have a watch.

“... 15 minutes,” Recovery Girl answered for her, looking at the woman with scrutiny. “You alright, young’n?”

Mei let her arm down, “yeah, just forgot Mecha-Might wasn’t… active to finish the gag.” Her voice grew slightly somber, but her smile hadn’t left her face.

“Sorry about that,” Izuku chimed in, melancholy tinting his tone, quickly dispelled by Mei’s rapid shaking of her head. With that being said, his eyes dragged their way onto Shoko, replaying how violently she had woken up. “You alright, Shoko?”

The normally stoic woman sighed. “Yeah…” She was playing with the tip of her red hair, glaring at it intensely. “Just… reflexes.”
Izuku didn’t want to think about how those reflexes came to be.

Momo coughed, taking the attention of the room “Ochako, Shoko, I believe you two should make your way to the medal ceremony.”

Ochako paused for a second “O-oh oh yeah- I got third place”

She blinked as if her brain was processing the concept, eyes widening as she came to terms with her achievement. “I GOT THIRD PLACE!!?”

“You did!” Mei cheered along with her as she hugged her side.

“I GOT THIRD PLACEE!”

Izuku couldn’t help but laugh along, then stopped, thinking of something else. “H-hey Recovery Girl? Can we try something?”

“...I hate your ideas Midoriya, but sure.”

It had all happened too quickly for the fake to react. She lay there, bleeding slowly from the shallow cut her righteous blade delivered, paralyzed by her quirk, Blood Curdle.

She had completed her mission and crossed another name off of her list. Beneath her boot, the fake coughed and stared up at her.

“H-Hero Killer?”

“Hello, Ingenium ,” Chizumi hissed back, eyes squinting at the downed hero. She was her highest ranked target yet; it was only by chance that the pro stumbled into her den.
This was a chance she wouldn’t waste.

As the two women stared at each other with equal contempt, Chizumi sat in judgment.

*What to do with her…*

Ingenium coughed and hissed up at her. “You won’t get away with this. Your reign of terror will end.”

“Yes,” Chizumi simply said, voice resolute as she raised her blade and aimed at the small gap in Ingenium’s stomach armor. “All Might will stop me.”

Tensa didn’t even blink as the blade came down.

She had already accepted her fate.

________________________________________________________________________

Toshiko shifted uncomfortably in her seat as the murmurings of the medal ceremony picked up, the student body filing into the stadium slowly.

Inko and Miruko noticed the odd bouncing of her foot, looking at her with worry on the former, and confusion on the latter’s face.

“Are you alright Yagi-san?” Inko asked, hands interlocking in a praying motion. The mother had been praying since Izuku had lost consciousness on the ring, with intermittent floods of tears.

The lanky woman nodded, hissing slightly “I… I’ll be fine, but I need to duck out for a second. I’ll be back.”

“Nervous bladder?” Miruko asked, face morphing back into a smirk. She had been pouting slightly since Izuku’s loss.
“Yeah, It’s that.” Toshiko nodded along, jogging deeper into the stadium.

Inko watched her leave, sighing softly in thought.

“... you worried about her health?” Miruko asked, without turning her face away from the arena.

“No… just wondering something. It’s not important…” Her face stuck in a serious pout as she turned back to the arena too. ...I wonder

“Ladies and gentleman!” Midnight began, heels clicking on the concrete as she stood at her podium, fireworks firing off in every direction, along with smoke filling the middle of the stadium.

“It is time for the medal ceremony to begin!”

On her cue, a podium started to rise from the ground, hidden behind the bubble of smoke.

“And of course, to present the medals, a special someone will make an appearance!” She added, gesturing at the top of the stadium, signature laughter filling the area.

All Might leaped from the roof of the stadium as Midnight continued.

“Our very own hero, All Might!”

“I AM HERE, WITH THE MEDALS!”

Both paused, then looked at each other.

“Sorry I talked over you-” Midnight mumbled blushing with embarrassment, then coughed to the side continuing with her speech as the smoke cleared.
“And here they are! Our winners of this year's sports festival! Third place, Uraraka Ochako and Todoroki Shoko, second place, who is currently bedridden Midoriya Izuku.” She paused for a second as All Might coughed, gesturing behind her with her head.

Midnight’s eyes followed to see Izuku, standing on the podium, chest bandaged and a tracksuit on his shoulders. His feet were frozen to the ground and hair floating slightly, clearly under Ochako’s and Shoko’s quirks with an IV bag and holder next to him. He smiled awkwardly, causing her brain to short circuit over how the hell he could pull such a cute expression when his body looked so damn rugged.

“I have been informed that Midoriya Izuku will be able to make an appearance in today's ceremony,” she quickly amended, spinning back around, “and last but certainly not least, Bakugo Katsumi! The champion of this year's sports festival!”

Along with her announcement another round of fireworks shot out, red, green and pink filling up the afternoon the sky.

All Might huffed, her chest swelling with pride as she stepped forward, onto the third place podium.

“Congratulations, Young Uraraka,” she started, gently placing the medal around the woman that looked ready to burst out of her skin with excitement and joy. “You have shown us that one doesn’t need a quirk built for offense to win in a fight, just a little ingenuity with its application!” She hugged the shorter woman, patting her back gently “I cannot wait for you to continue to break expectations.”

The titan of a woman took a step back from Ochako, who had happy tears dripping from her eyes, then turned toward Shoko. “Young Todoroki! Congratulations!” She placed the medal on the woman who inspected it with curiosity more than anything else. “I am glad to see you decided to use the full power of your quirk.” She gently hugged her too, noting the way the young woman locked up at the contact.

“I can’t wait for what you do next,” the hero said, quickly pulling away to relieve some of the discomfort she had probably caused.

After All Might stepped back, Shoko relaxed, nodding resolutely.

Then, it was Izuku’s turn.
All Might stepped up, holding the silver medal out, ready to place it on his neck. “Congratulations, Young Midoriya” she paused, looking at his hair, and his feet then pulled the medal back. “...Would you crumble down if I put this on your neck?”

He laughed softly, wincing at the aching of his left side. “Probably- could you hang it on the IV stand?”

The hero nodded, hooking the medal onto the pole. “Today, you have proven that men can not only stand in a field dominated by women, they can even excel.” She gently hugged him, and unlike the other two she didn’t need to bend at the waist to get to a comfortable angle to do so. “And that is not even mentioning that you have proven a two-century-old assumption false, and truly showed what it means to go Plus Ultra!” She patted his back and parted. “But, next time please remember that going that far past one’s limits isn’t the best for a marathon.”

Both chuckled slightly at her light scolding.

Katsumi huffed at the side, crossing her arms and looking away. She had been pretty much moping since the end of the fight, neither her explosive behavior nor her pride shining through.

“Young Bakugou!” All Might cheered, stepping up to her pedestal. “Congratulations on your victory, there is no need to mope about the fight you couldn’t have!” She presented the medal to her, Katsumi looking at the piece of gold as if it was talking shit about her mother.

“I don’t want it.” She huffed, turning away from the medal.

Izuku noticed a slight change in her voice. Oh.

All Might looked at the medal, then back at the woman “I know you didn’t get to enjoy a fight like you hoped, but you need to take it, consider it as a promise to have one that will fulfill you in the next battle.”

Katsumi’s eyebrows twitched, her face falling before finally extending a hand to accept the medal.

All Might placed the medal in her open hand and turned around, hopping down to the front of the podium.
“But, hold on everyone.” The hero coughed, placing her hands on her hips. “They might be the ones to stand on the pedestals,” she gestured at Katumi and the rest “But as you all witnessed, everyone in this field showed why our choice to cultivate them was the correct one! Competition, encouragement, pushing each other higher and higher with each clash of their wills!”

She swept her hands forward, gesturing at all of the student body, “the sprouts of today will grow into the heroes of tomorrow!”

“NOW THAT LEAVES ONE THING LEFT UNSAID!” The top hero cheered, pointing to the sky “SAY IT WITH ME, EVERYONE!”

“PLUS ULTRA!”

Izuku wanted to chase after Katumi once the festival ended, so he could talk to her about why she sounded so… disappointed in herself. But he couldn’t, as Recovery Girl dragged his paralyzed body back to her infirmary as soon as the podium lowered back underground.

Five hours later, he was able to move again; the combination of Recovery Girls quirk, proper nutrients, and Total Command overclocking in his regenerative processes way past human norms, he had healed enough of his torn muscle tissue to leave under his own power. Not that he wasn’t in any pain while doing it, however. Each motion caused his body to scream at him about how sore it was.

*It was worth it though*. He hissed inside his head. *I made my splash.*

“Yeah and pain’t a t’arget go y’our b’ack.” Nana hummed back; he could ‘see’ her smirking. It didn’t help that he had a face to attach to the sensation now. “Not that i w’as _avoidable_ you _cou_ld’n’t hide yo _u_r _powa_ f _orever_.”

He grimaced. *I am gonna get lots of weird fan mail after that glacier thing, aren’t I?*

Melodic laughter filled his head. “Oh I _w_ould bet on it.”
He sighed, grumbling to himself and finally reaching the 1-A dorms, long after the last of the students went to bed.

“Did you just wish that your girlfriends were up and waiting or you went on worry about you?” Nana accused, a slightly teasing tone bleeding into her voice. “Even when you asked them to go to bed, didn’t worry about you?”

He blushed, his own thoughts sputtering a bit. I can’t help it! He gripped the door handle, the machine humming slightly as it scanned his fingertips and clicking open. Is it that bad to want that?

“Not at all!” Nana chirped back. “But it isn’t a dog, ble~”

He huffed, blush still on his face as he silently made his way to the staircase leading to his dorm room, only to pause when he heard a clatter in the kitchen.

His head swiveled, causing him to wince as his neck ached at the motion after hours of inaction.

He stared at the source of the clatter, eyes making out the silhouette of someone before they focused down, cones going into overdrive as his body attempted to see better in the darkness of the common room.

The form sharpened, and he could make out the details.

It was Katsumi, wearing a giant T-shirt that went down to her thighs. He couldn’t help but wonder if she was wearing anything under it.

She was staring back at him, but he doubted that she could see him properly. As if to prove his point, she clicked the light on, eyes full of rage for a split second before she realized who she was looking at.

Then her eyes met the floor as she tried to escape out of the common room. “Wait- Kacchan!” he whisper-screamed, the woman stopping in her tracks.
“What do you want, Deku?” she hissed, but it sounded broken.

“...You know you’re a hard person to read, right?” he mumbled, slowly making his way up to her. “But- I think I am starting to figure you out.”

She huffed, avoiding his gaze. “What are you babbling on about?”

“It wasn’t your fault.” He placed one hand on her shoulder. “You don't need to feel guilty about me getting hurt.”

She stiffened for a moment before her shoulders slumped. “Fucking… god dammit-” she sniffled slightly, “even All Might thought I was just mad that I didn’t get to fight-”

“And she was right! I was mad about it!” She pulled him into a hug, pressing her head against his chest. His brain started to short circuit as he started to feel her skin through the flimsy layers of fabric between them. “But I was fucking worried sick about you too!”

Izuku patted her back softly, trying to keep calm. “And let me guess, you didn’t think you deserved to come to check if I was alright, because, according to your logic, you were the cause of me getting hurt?”

“I- Izuku…” She hummed into his chest, then looked up at him. “Am I a bad person?”

“Yeah, dumbass! Last time I checked I was the one that pushed you to use your full power!” She headbutted his chest.

His hand found its way to her head and caressed her hair softly. “We both know that's bullshit.”

She melted into his touch; at that moment he couldn’t even feel the aching of his body. “I- Izuku…” She hummed into his chest, then looked up at him. “Am I a bad person?”

He almost started laughing. “Well… you are crass, you swear a lot, take pleasure in seeing the fear in villains’ eyes, love a good fight, and aren't afraid of cussing out people who you don’t respect.”
“I bullied you for 14 years, trying to keep you away from your dream. I hurt you physically and pushed people away from you,” she mumbled, her ruby eyes looking away from his green. “I am a terrible person, aren't I?”

He cupped her cheek, pulling her into a short, chaste kiss. As they broke apart, he smiled down at her. “You keep forgetting why you did that: to keep me safe. Even when it hurt you.” He pushed his forehead against hers, seeming to stare straight into her soul. “That's self-sacrifice, no?”

She nodded softly, mesmerized by the logic and intoxicated by his presence.

“You’re a fan of All Might, just like me... You know she says that the greatest indicator of a true hero is the spirit of self-sacrifice…” he almost whispered, pulling her waist a little closer to him.

“That’s some idiotic logic…” she mumbled, not really arguing against it.

“Of course it’s ‘idiotic’, It's my logic.” He smirked, almost laughing. “But it makes sense, doesn’t it?”

“Of course it does. It's your logic,” she shot back, almost offended by his self-deprecating joke. “B- but it shouldn’t excuse it all. Izuku, what I did to you was unforgivable.”

“The feeling is not mutual,” he huffed. “I already forgave you, Kacchan. I forgave you a long time ago and you know it.”

“I can’t accept that forgiveness...” She pushed away from him. “I’m just- abusing your kindness at that point- I can-”

“Ok, fine,” Izuku cut her off, his voice dropping a few octaves as it became commanding, “then you need to make it up to me.”

The sudden change in his tone made her knees feel weak. “W-what do you mean?”

“You need to make it up to me then,” he repeated, taking a step forward and towering over her. “Something hard.”
She hoped he couldn’t see her growing blush.

“\textit{I want you to forgive yourself,}” he \textit{commanded.}

“A-alright- only if it's with yo-” She paused. “Wait, what?”

He paused too. “What?”

“Did you just-” Her face was glowing red hot. “\textit{Fucking- are you serious?}”

“Wait, what did you think I was-” It clicked, and Nana started laughing inside his brain, hard enough that he could feel her tears dripping down her face as his face grew neon red. “\textit{Wh- NO! I wouldn’t!}”

“What, am I not good enough for you?!” she screeched, her face somewhere between embarrassed, angry and disappointed.

“What!? No! You- I wouldn’t pressure you into doing that!” he rebuked, waving his arms around defensively. “Kacchan, you are beautiful! Why would I even think that!?"

Both paused again, faces somehow growing even redder.

“Just fuck already,” Mei groaned, walking out of the bathroom with her goggles on her eyes. “But later. First, I need my body pillow.” She hugged Izuku’s side sighing contently with her head against his pectoral muscle.

Katsumi looked like she was buffering again as all the information passed through her head. “N-night Hatsume, Izuku.” She turned around robotically and climbed up the stairs.

Izuku blinked a few times before Mei shifted, yawning again as she tugged on his right arm. Even when she was groggy from sleep she seemed to be avoiding his left, which had long since healed.
“Cmon Zuku-” she mumbled. “It’s 2 AM, you need your sleep.”

He squinted slightly, almost mumbling ‘that’s rich coming from you’, but he held his tongue and followed the pinkette up the stairs to his room.

Chapter End Notes

It’s done- finally, the sports festival is done! AHAHAHA!

God I feel like I spent a year on that whole arc even if it was- what 15 chapters? anyway, I'm glad to have pushed through- FLUFFY SHIT HERE I COME!

with that being said, I hope you all enjoyed the new chapter, and see you all on the next one!
The day after the sports festival was hectic, to say the least.

The whole class except Tomoyo had packed into the common room early that morning before class, flipping through channels, watching the sports festival coverage.

Much to his embarrassment, most of it was about him. Even live feeds of the UA Barrier were mixed into the flood of news as the news anchors made reports on him.

The gazes of his classmates went between him and the screen, before Katsumi’s mind registered “Wait- did that anchor just talk about Auntie?”

Izuku’s eyes widened, worry bubbling in his chest about what he had pulled his mother into. He took a few steps back, excusing himself as he called the only person that could possibly help him.

Nozomi picked up her phone before it even rang once. “H-how?”

“Thought you might call about the outcry you caused, ” the president of the university chuckled. “Don’t worry about your Mother, she has been placed in ‘witness protection’. She didn’t seem to mind when All Might- posing as ‘Toshiko’ your trainer, of course offered her the spot ”

He gulped for a second, worrying about how much discomfort he was probably causing for his mother.

“Midoriya, don’t tell me you didn’t think you would have a fallout like this. You are the first man with a quirk, be it now or after you make your debut as a hero, your mother was going to be a target. The earlier she is used to it, the better. That’s my opinion on the matter.” The president responded,
not letting him wallow in his moment of self-doubt. “Also, you are under house arrest till the media frenzy dies down. I’m giving it a year.”

“A YEAR?!” he blurted out. “I’m gonna be stuck at the dorms for a year?!”

“That’s my call on the matter, you can try going outside of UA in a disguise or something in a month or two, but for now you are to stay put.” He knew she liked to mess with people, but at that moment he trusted that order was in his best interests. “Also, since you called, I’d like to speed up some processes. Tell the student body the next four days are off and to enjoy their long break. Everyone earned it after their show in the Sports Festival.”

He mumbled out a “yes, ma’am,” and the line went dead.

He paused, staring at his phone. A part of him wanted to comment on just how much Nozomi talked, but more of him was just happy to hear that his mother was in the safest hands he knew of.

He tucked his phone back into his pocket and went back to tell the class about the news.

Ochako was the last to leave, hugging him tightly and pulling him in for a passionate kiss. He would’ve loved for her to stay, but her mother had come running to Musutafu after the sports festival. There was no way he was going to keep her away from them.

All others were in the same boat; Momo’s parents calling her up to talk with her about something and even Mitsuki called Katsumi back home.

Suddenly the dorms he had lived in for almost a month felt alien with how empty they had become. In their month together, his classmates had become a second family.

And he wanted that family back, even Minerva.

He shuddered at the thought, making his way up to his bedroom. Nozomi was right, he needed the rest. Maybe a nap, then a shower?
He rolled his right shoulder, wincing at the soreness. "Yeah, it think a ba"th is mor_’e a.Propr_it_’e," Nana chimed. "Plu’s I. ge_t, o s. e. you nak.ed for longer."

Please don’t make it weird… He mumbled, blushing slightly.

"C’m_on, you’re living, in a’dorm full o’f. girls, when w_a s_h, he last time you… you know~" He shuddered at the thought and the slight sensation of part of him getting aroused. "Be_y ou are. _pent_y_tu_bu~?"

W-We both know Total Command suppresses that! he shrieked mentally, trying to dispel the sudden urge Nana had brought out from inside him.

He stopped right in front of his door ...Wait- when was the last time I did that anyway?

"Ok s_o I was look’i n, g around your memories, cause I am nose_y." Nana broke his line of questioning "U_h did you ev_er do it~?"

"Cause_t’here, are _no memories o_f it,"

He blinked "Oh yeah, I guess not…"

"TOLD YOU IT SUPPRESSED IT!"

"Zuuukuuuu," came a tired voice from his room. "Beee quiieeet."

"Mei?"

He opened the door to see Mei in one of his t-shirts, rubbing her eyes and yawning. "Did everyone else leave?"

"Y-yeah," he mumbled, hoping that she wouldn’t push on who he was screaming to, “you not going to leave?”
“Nah, Power Loader told me the workshop was gonna remain open. Oh yeah—” she reached a hand under the baggy t-shirt she was wearing, pulling out a card, “and said that… You were in charge of me.”

His eye twitched. “W-what?”

“Here.” She tossed the card at him and crossed her legs on the bed.

He looked down on the card. ‘Izuku is still technically a staff member at UA, tell him that he needs to keep you in check, and only his fingerprints will open the workshop doors.’

His shoulders slumped. “Well she isn’t wrong…” Goodbye nap…

Mei looked at him. “…There is no rush if you’re tired though,” she added shyly and a little sadly.

His heart skipped a beat, he knew how much she loved inventing and to push it off for him…

It just felt good to know she cared for him that much.

“You got it boy~” Nana teased inside him.

~Tuning you out now.~

Mei flopped back onto the bed, trying to look like she wasn’t moping at the loss of her full day of inventing.

“M-Mei, it’s fine, we can go. I just need a shower to relax my muscles a bit first,” he finally said, placing the card on top of his desk.

He almost fell down when Mei tackle-hugged him, her smile shining brighter than ever. “I love you! I love you so much, Izuku!!”
He chuckled at her boisterous show of affection, blushing slightly. “C’mon, you didn’t think I was going to keep you away from your passion, did you?”

She was rubbing her face into his chest at this point, trying to show just how much she appreciated him. “You are the BEST!”

Mei’s leg bounced as she watched another documentary about how mining machinery was built. She couldn’t help but be a little antsy; Izuku was taking a long time in the shower.

*I mean… it's normal. He did pull most of his musculature in the Sports Festival… He is probably still pretty sore, even with Total Command…*

She remembered how he broke out of the glacier again, his body drenched with water and flush with power. She knew she liked seeing him that way but wasn’t sure why. *Maybe it’s something about sex?*

*Hmm…* She completely tuned out the television trying to remember if she heard about how it was supposed to work. *Nope- nothin. You would think they would’ve covered that in school.*

She remembered the beach, with him breaking out of the water again. Some weird sensation of warmth tingled through her skin, the same one she had been ignoring since she was a child. But this time it was different, she knew what she craved, instead of this ambiguous feeling of emptiness that she had been filling with inventing.

She wanted- no, *needed* someone’s touch.

Her brain pulled up the sensation of Izuku applying the sun lotion on her back again. How good it felt, and how relaxed she go-

“THAT’S IT!”
She rushed off to her own dorm room.

Izuku was trying to relax under the warm water washing over him, rubbing the places that ached the most, but it didn’t even help alleviate the general ache that filled his body.

Usually, Total Command let him just tense and relax rapidly to warm up his muscles and get them to relax, but with how torn they were, he didn’t want to risk pulling things again.

“Ugh- guess that’s going to have to be enough for no-”

“ZUKU!”

He yelped, trying to cover up his manhood. “MEI?!?”

The woman in question was wearing her school-issued swimsuit with a manic look in her eyes and a blush on her face, carrying a towel and a folding plastic stool. “I have an idea!”

He was panicking. “Wh- what?!”

“Here!” She tossed the towel on him, letting him cover up. “Sit on it! Imma give you a massage!”

He paused and considered it, rubbing his chin slowly “I-” His forearm cramped; a massage was sounding better and better. “If… If you want to.”

Mei nodded violently and pulled him down onto the chair. “Just relax, okay? Think of it as payback for that time on the beach.”

As she said that, he grew tense and his face flushed a deep red. “O-Ok- thank you, Mei.”

She giggled. “Thank me after.” He couldn’t see it, but he almost heard her blush harder.
Then her hands went to work.

He knew she was dexterous, she couldn’t build the things she built without having nimble and strong fingers, but he never knew her hands on his back could feel so damn good.

Mei was breathing slightly heavier, her hands gliding against his muscular back. The tingly sensation that had made her come up with this idea flared again, faintly pulsing every time Izuku groaned under her touch.

The feeling of her fingers working expertly through his knotted back and undoing the tension with precision made Izuku melt like putty in her hands.

Her breathing started becoming erratic and she felt Izuku starting to breathe faster under her hands too. His chest rose and fell, muscles pushing against her hands with every strong breath.

She should’ve let him turn the water off first, as the hot water running over her was making the tingling worse- or better? She wasn’t sure, her mind only focusing on the slight aching down in her pelvis and the urge to make him relax further, to make him groan like that more.

“Mei- it feels amazing.” Izuku muttered, gulping like he wanted to say something else but held his tongue. “Thank you…”

“It’s just your back, Izuku…” she nearly panted, her hands rubbing his lower back. And in a moment of losing herself, her hands drifted to his front, rubbing over his stomach and chest. “Does it ache here too?”

He grunted in approval, leaning back a bit to give her access to the area. “Y-yeah, the whole left side is…”

He was lost in the moment and if her breathing was anything to go by, she was too, her chest pressing up against his back with her chin hooked over his shoulder.

He felt like he was drowning in her touch and wondered for a brief second if this was what the girls felt when he hugged them. The ghosting of her breath as it came in short huffs feathered along his clavicle into the nape of his neck; the whole sensation created an electric current that jolted through him.
Mei didn’t know what she was doing right now, but she knew she didn’t ever want to stop. Her chest pressing against his back was sending shivers down her spine, enraging but satisfying the tingly sensation that made its home at the base of it. The feeling of being *empty* echoed through in wave after wave in her mind.

Maybe her hand could figure out what was wrong there...

Maybe his hand could fix it...

She blinked at the sudden new urge and pulled back, the tingling turning to a terrible ache at the loss of contact. *What was*… Confused and shocked by the sudden urge, she decided to end the massage.

“H-how do you feel now?” she mumbled, trying to suppress her desire to rub her hands against her thighs, succumbing to just rubbing them together in hopes of it at least diminishing the yearning slightly. “Any better?”

Izuku turned around, his eyes locking onto hers. For a brief moment, the tingling returned even harder than before at seeing how hazy his eyes had become, how flushed and almost drunk his face looked.

He leaned in and kissed her on the lips, his arms pulling her in and his tongue in her mouth as his thigh rubbed and pushed its way between hers.

Her arms wrapped around his neck instinctively, one hand going up and kiting through his extremely disheveled hair as the other rubbed the muscles of his upper back.

She felt like she was melting into him. Her skin was feeling so soft and so *hot*.

Then, as if noticing what he was doing, he pulled back, panting as he tried to collect himself. “Amazing… thank you, Mei.”

She smiled, her ache forgotten for now. “Meet me at the workshop?”
He pulled her close and kissed her on the forehead. “See you there.”

“You are horny,” Nana stated bluntly as he relaxed on a seat at the workshop, Mei soldering away at Mecha Might's new head.

Yep.

“IT’s not repressing shit”

Yep.

“You are extremely horny, Izuku-” Nana mumbled again. If he didn’t know better he would call her shy. “I can tell because…” her voice strained growing low “I am too.”

Oh.

“Why did you pull back?” she complained, Izuku’s eyes suddenly straying away from Mei’s form. He couldn’t help but take her in, jumpsuit tied at her waist, a black tank top covering her rather busty frame. He hated to admit it, but he wanted it off, he wanted to feel her skin against his.

Cause… cause... He had no answer for her. They were dating and he had no doubt she wanted it too, with how her arms wrapped around his neck after he kissed her. I don’t know.

Maybe I’m not ready…?

Nana was quiet after that, and he took the cue to continue his line of thinking.

She pulled away, too… maybe we weren’t... He sighed, eyes locked onto her arm as she heaved the new chassis of the head up. Am I being weird right now?
He couldn’t help but feel something twitch and his heart beat faster. *How did you do that?*

“You felt that?” she hummed, he could feel her smile. “We are conect at the brain kid, I can excite her and…”

He felt a touch against his thigh

“You feel that…”?*

*Please stop…*

“Ok, getting turned on here too…”

This was a first.

Mei had dealt with that ache before, it was never this bad, but she had dealt with it. She just had to ignore it long enough, and building her babies always put her mind off of it enough.

But now… now her mind couldn’t even focus on building with the ache, her tank top was too tight against her frame, but at the same time too loose. And every time she looked his way Izuku’s eyes were on her.

Somehow that excited her, her brain going through more and more scenarios of him doing stuff with her. Maybe he would rip the damn clothes off that were agitating her so much, maybe massage her.

“Mei, watch ou-”
Izuku’s hand was on her wrist immediately, pulling her hand away from the plate she was spot-welding.

She had almost touched her ungloved hand against the surface.

She hadn’t even twisted her goggles to activate welding mode yet.

She looked at the way he had gently but firmly grabbed her. Her skin buzzed with the feeling of his skin against hers. She followed his hand up to his arm, then to his face. “Thanks, Zuku,” she mumbled.

She knew she was blushing.

“Wanna take a break? I’m getting kinda hungry,” he responded back, his hand loosening, but still remaining on her wrist.

Food? Maybe that was the reason for the empty feeling?

“S-sure, I was feeling hungry too,” she nodded, placing the welder down with a sigh.

The emptiness hadn’t gone away.

If anything, watching him cook only made it worse.

She had told him she wanted whatever he wanted, which turned out to be katsudon.

Watching him pound the pork into the optimal thickness was- she couldn’t even describe what it made her feel. It was like smelling food when she hadn’t eaten for the whole day, but not knowing the source.
Also the serious look he got while cooking with the skill of a chef, his body moving in precise motions. She wondered if it was normal to be stuck up on such minute details. She never was one to watch someone so intently. But... maybe it's love?

Her face scrunched, or maybe I'm being weir-

“'It's done,” Izuku announced, turning with bowls in hand and cutting her thoughts short. She hadn’t even felt the time pass.

“Your apron looks good on you,” she mumbled out of reflex more than anything and continued staring at his hands before shaking her head. “Oh- thanks for the food!”

Izuku blushed at the compliment, setting the bowls down and taking his apron off. “Thank me after you eat it, you’re drooling.”

She didn’t argue against it and dug in.

Ibara burst awake, face flush with what she had dreamt. The angel from 1-A...

...Conceiving a child with her.

She placed her hands on her cheeks feeling the warmth. Was that- was that a message from God?

He blessed him with a quirk- now did He intend me to bless him with a child?

No- no … she shook her head dispelling such sinful thoughts. Must be me... I had impure thoughts-

I am having impure thoughts...

She sat up in her bed, swinging her legs to the side of it. Yes, she did have him still in her mind. His
shirtless body glistening in the sunlig-

Stop it!

Ibara shook her head again. She might have had him in her mind, but she doubted anyone else could get him out of theirs either. Men were a rare sight to behold and he was an exemplary specimen in his own right. One blessed with good looks from God.

And he was blessed with a quirk to go along with it.

Then... maybe the dream was a sign from Him?

But- then why was the dream so... Lewd?

No! Remember the Sermon on the Mount, Ibara. Everyone who looks at a woman with lust has already committed adultery with her in his heart.

Well, I'm not a man and he isn't a woman, so it's okay?

No! You know that isn't right.

Alright, another verse. Um...

Her traitorous mind turned to the beginning. To Genesis.

Be fertile, then and multiply-

No!

Ibara whined.
She could still feel the fullness she had dreamt of, now replaced with the reality of a pleasant-yet-not ache in her core. And the wetness down below. She looked down past her torso, staring into the culprit. *Blasphemous traitor!*

*It’s- its the temptation of the Devi-

*HER.*

*Ashido! Of course! Those horns!*

She was the Hellspawn that corrupted her mind. Brought the Lucifer’s touch upon her mind and body. The reason of her- of her having a dream like that- getting impregnated while she was still training for her calling in the greatest hero academy.

She couldn’t be a rescue hero if she was too busy with motherhood. The hellspawn was trying to sway her away from her calling.

Though, perhaps she could engage more with orphanages and children in need when they weren’t at U.A. Charity work helped her clear her head. She needed a clearer head before she went to interact with… *him, to warn him about the demon in his mists.*

“Why must I be tempted? I want to help people, I do not have time for such… *sinful* thoughts.”

She wasn’t ready for this, and Blood Queen would be livid if she had to drop out because she caved in on the temptation of the Devil and… and…

She remembered the dream vividly.

A screech tore through the dorms of 1B as Ibara lost control of her mind once more. After a few tense, panting minutes, she steeled herself.

“I’ll just… go visit him. I’ll talk to him- he is blessed by Him, being in his presence will help. Then I
can email my Aunt about places where I can help people who were caught in collateral damage. It’ll be a good way to spend the break.”

She nodded again then went to get up, her thighs rubbing against each other causing a shiver to run up her spine.

“M-maybe a cold shower first.”

After their lunch, Mei started to lounge on the couches of the common room due to the sleepiness the food had brought on. “Zuku you cook so welllll,” she moaned, not willing to get up from her spot.

Izuku was in a similar state, the food weighing his body down so he could only lay down on the couch next to her. “Thanks- you don’t want to go back to the workshop?”

She paused and flushed a little. “N-No, I can’t think that straight right now- worried I might hurt someone.”

He blinked. “You have grown more mature…” he muttered, trying to dispel the weird sensation of arousal spreading through him by looking back to the ceiling. “…wanna do something else then?”

“Just lie here, maybe nap,” she mumbled, spreading her arms out. “It’s more comfortable than I thought.”

“I know right? I can just fall asleep here…”

“Midoriya- are you here?”

He jolted up at Midnight’s voice entering the dormroom. “Kayama sensei?”

“Oh! Hey- Uh- this is gonna be weird to ask but…”
“So, Lunch Rush needed to go away for a mission?” Izuku asked as he stood in front of the skillet, cooking a burger patty for Midnight. *Wait, what kind of missions does Lunch Rush need to go on?*

“Pr̩obably with staying victims?”

...*Makes sense*

“Ye-yeah sorry about this,” Midnight uttered back-shyly, blushing slightly.

Mei was sure that ache was just making her see things.

“It’s really no problem. You were hungry right?” He looked to her over his shoulder with a smile. “Hope you like my cooking.”

Mei blinked. ...*I think I just fell for him again.*

Midnight looked down shyly. She didn’t know which was worse, someone younger than her being a better cook or the fact that her heart skipped a beat when he smiled at her like that. “S-still though, I got you off the couch and everything-”

“Meh, worth it.” he shrugged as he flipped the patty over, eyes locked onto the sizzling piece of meat. “What do you want on this?”

“Oh, cheese and no buns,” Midnight piped up, looking at the patty with hunger in her eyes. “On rice, if you have any left over.”

He shot her another smile. “Interesting combination- wouldn’t have guessed you ate something like that.”

Mei laughed, “Yeah *right*, Mr. ‘I can guess your favorite foods’.”
His smile turned to a cute pout. “C’mon, you know that freaks people out.”

Midnight looked lost for a second, but then smiled slightly. “So you knew?”

He pressed the spatula on the patty, letting some of the juice escape from the sizzling meat. “I had an inkling, rice cooker was on the whole time.”

Midnight giggled and Izuku had to pause to consciously ignore how cute it sounded. “Not bad at all Midoriya, I might need to swing by here more often- if you wouldn’t mind, of course.”

“I’ll message you while I’m making food tomorrow then,” he confirmed as he placed the cheese on top of the patty. “It’s nice to have your company.”

Midnight blushed at the implication and tried to hide it as he turned around with the prepared meal, chopsticks in his other hand. “Here you go.”

Midnight blinked at the utensil of choice then back at Izuku. “What, no knife?”

“No need,” he smiled, taking a seat next to her. “Try it, you’ll see.”

She looked back at the delicious-looking meal and tried cutting the meat with the chopsticks. The patty cut clean with ease, the cheese stretching as she lifted the chunk up. “I- how?”

“Lunch Rush taught me, though she told me it was a secret I can’t tell.” He smiled embarrassedly, “Hope you don’t mind it melting in your mouth.”

Mei’s ache throbbed harder.

Midnight looked mesmerized by the meat, extending her tongue out to catch the gooey cheese. She took the small portion into her mouth with a content moan, barely even chewing as she felt the meat dissolve in her mouth. “Midoriya, this tastes great! Your meat is the best I’ve ever had!”

Izuku was just staring, his face flushed as the woman ate “G-glad you like it-”
“FKCK- i s he doing th @ on p urpose?” Izuku could practically feel Nana squirming in the corners of his mind.

S-shut up, Nana-

He could feel Nana’s focus, his eyes being drawn to follow the squirming and twisting that Midnight was doing across from him, her throat making an exaggerated swallowing motion and her body squirming as if in pleasure. “How are you even keeping—”

WILL POWER.

His mental… Monologue was cut off by the slamming open front door of the dorms.

“IZUKU MIDORIYA!”

Midnight paused, another portion of meat and cheese on her tongue. Her eyes snapped to the source of the sound, along with Izuku who managed to tear his eyes off the woman and Mei, who looked ready to burst into flame.

“THERE is a demon in your…” Ibara’s outburst died on her lips as she looked over the three of them.

“I- I knew it! Midnight Sensei is a succubus!” she yelled out again, her finger pointed at the taller woman accusingly.

Midnight blinked and swallowed the food. “I- by profession only?”

“That’s wors-” the godly woman’s stomach growled, and her mouth clamped shut, cheeks painted by red.

“One fried fish, served on a bed of spinach and greens with a side of toasted french loaf bread?” Izuku offered, getting up and dusting his hands.
Ibara’s stomach growled again.

She couldn’t refuse.

20 minutes and one fish, bread, and spinach meal later, both Ibara and Midnight were full, lazing on the couches next to Izuku and Mei.

“I must not give in to gluttony- but that was amazing Midoriya” Ibara sighed, content and slightly sleepy.

“Cafeteria is closed tomorrow too right? You can come and eat with us again if you want to of course” Izuku offered, currently melting into the sofa.

“I- I wouldn’t want to cause that much trouble,” Ibara answered, sitting on the couch with trained modesty, but leaning her back enough to get comfortable.

Izuku laughed “It’s no trouble at all, and what is it the bible says, ‘love thy neighbor’ right?”

Ibara blushed. *Love… he loves me?*

*No, no, he is just quoting the Word.*

Ibara’s blush grew deeper. *Why does that make me feel so light headed?*

As he turned back around to begin cleaning the dishes, Ibara couldn’t help but stare at his dense, refined musculature that was visible even under his loose shirt. She licked her lips unconsciously.

_Calm yourself. Remember the woman at the well. Jesus answered and said to her, “Everyone who drinks this water will be thirsty again; but whoever drinks the water I shall give will never thirst.”*
Then why am I so thirsty?

The day had ended with them lazing around on the couch, the frustrating ache still in Mei’s stomach, still wanting his touch. That yearning that kept drawing her gaze to Izuku. To his lean form and messy green hair.

But she didn’t act on it, she didn’t know what to do with it after all the touching- maybe hugging him tight as they slept would help?

She didn’t know, she only knew that when he asked if he could sleep shirtless the ache only worsened, her skin feeling like it was on fire, her eyes drawn to the perfect examples of defined muscle tone under his skin and that her throat had felt dry as a desert.

She thanked that the shirt she stole from his closet was comfortable and large enough to cover her thighs, not sticking to her skin at all. She honestly thought with how soft her skin felt the shirt would’ve stuck onto her.

At least the weird amount of sweat pooling between her legs would cool off with the lack of pants.

She shivered at the sensation of the covers getting pulled over her legs and body, hugging tightly to Izuku’s side as if he alone was anchoring her to reality.

She honestly thought that was the case with how turbulent her mind had gotten.

Even with the ache, feeling his heartbeat under her hand, hearing her breath and sensing how warm he was set her mind at ease after a while, and sleep consumed her.

It's time
Mei found herself laying prone, blood rushing in her ears and the world seemingly composed of rosy hues. The only sensation she was aware of aside from the hazy warmth that encompassed her was a heavy desire.

She glanced around, feeling vulnerable, and found the one person who could make her feel safe.

Towering over her, the warmest smile she’d ever seen plastered on his face, was Izuku.

She attempted to speak to him, but found that no words escaped her as she raked her eyes down his exposed body. The ache pulsed accentuating every pause in her eyes’ course down the man’s exceptionally muscular body.

There was a want, a need.

Izuku took his time, walking toward her and bringing her into a kiss, his hands cupping her face, bringing her lips to his gently.

Mei’s world went pink and she found her ache subsiding and a pleasant tingling replacing it. The sensation rippled through her body, up from between her legs, echoed by her breasts as his body pressed against them, just like when she pushed them against his back in the shower. There was a satisfaction here that she hadn’t felt before, but at the same time, she craved more and more.

Izuku was above her, his face screwed into concentration, eyes nearly glowing with adoration for her. She could just feel the sensation of his muscles working, but she couldn’t figure out what he was doing.

But by all the goddesses of technology, she never wanted him to stop.

In the corners of her mind, she was aware of herself begging him to continue whatever it was that he was doing, a keening cry that kept rising in volume until she felt the intensity ramping higher and higher. In response, she cried along, body twisting and thrashing until she felt hands on her shoulders.

They were his hands. She knew they were, they were so strong and safe and warm...
She cried out for more.

“-ei!”

_**Izuku...**_

“Mei!”

_**My Zuku...**_

“Mei wake up!”

Her squirming against him had woken him up, body on high alert at the labored breathing his senses picked up upon consciousness.

His eyes latched onto the panting moaning mess that was Mei, flushed face and rubbing against him in her sleep.

Brain still groggy from sleep, he didn’t think of the implications as she started moaning his name. Hand latching against her shoulder and shaking her lightly, trying to wake her up from her ‘nightmare.’

After a beat, her eyes snapped open, hazy with something as she panted, looking like she had run a marathon. “I- its- god it's back,” she whined, voice barely above a whisper.“ It feels so much worse.”

Izuku was panicking, but the parts of his brain that were waking up were on overdrive, he could feel his own breath getting deeper, skin feeling almost tight. “A-are you ok? Should I call Recovery Girl?”

“Zuku- it's aching- It’s aching so bad…” her breath hiked as she gently squirmed against his side, thighs rubbing against each other, her head against his shoulder “It’s- it’s never been this bad before…”
“You... YO_ U WOK’E HER UP?!” Nana screamed in his head “She was having... she was trying...” He could feel her gulp.

...Oh- Izuku’s mouth suddenly felt too dry to function and he darted his tongue out, licking his parched lips. “You- Mei are you-”

Her dazed eyes locked onto his “Fix it- fix it, Izuku- please.”

He gulped.

“I- if you want me to- I can-” he mumbled, tongue feeling like lead in his mouth.

“Please!” Mei begged once more, hands over his chest, gripping over what she could. “Do what you can.”

He paused at the silent mewl his girlfriend let out, confused and aroused beyond belief.

“O-Ok I’ll do my best.”

The moment his hand caressed her shoulder she moaned, the sensation that was so familiar now so alien and so exciting. The ache left in waves as he rolled her under him, straddling her waist as his piercing green eyes looked down on hers.

She was happy, face splitting to a smile even with the small moans escaping her lips. “It’s- It's better now...”

“Do you want me to stop?” he asked tenderly, looking scared to move.

She shook her head, pink locks covering the bed at the motion.
He gulped and nodded in response, hand ghosting over her skin again. She just wanted him to touch her again. “Tell me if you want me to stop.”

Then, he touched her again, her back arching into the contact desperately as his hand pressed against her stomach, slowly pulling up his T-shirt off of the area. His other hand snaking under it and rubbing over the exposed skin so gently. She had to bite her lips to stop herself from moaning again.

Then, the t-shirt was bunched up on her torso, her breasts free to tingle with the cold of the night.

She barely remembered that Izuku hadn’t seen her naked, but from the look on his face, she knew he wouldn’t forget.

Somehow that made her tingle more.

“You are beautiful…” he breathed out, hands slowly raking their way up to her exposed bosom. “C-Can I?”

He had leaned down slightly, instinctually. His breath against the skin of her breasts felt like jolts of pleasure striking right against her spine. She wanted him to touch them, her back arching again, just to get a little closer to his mouth, his warm breath.

“Yes,” she moaned out, her hands gripping the sheets tightly as her eyes squeezed shut and she savored his touch, his hot breath across her skin. “Please…”

As his hands touched the area her legs jolted under her, thighs snapping together as the feeling of pleasure overrode her senses, body twitching at the over stimulation.

She couldn’t even hold back her moans as something started pressing against her stomach, where his- his…

Oh…
His shorts were still on him, but she could feel the warm sensation of it pushing against her stomach, the empty feeling she was drowning in pulsed more and more, she could feel something on her start to fill with blood too.

She felt hot on her lower lips.

Then his finger strayed too close to the bundle of nerves on her breasts, erect and aching much like their counterpart on her lower body.

Izuku paused, looking like he was arguing with himself internally.

Then his head leaned further down, breath against her nipple, eyes on her face to see if she had any objection.

She didn’t.

His tongue slowly poked out, and with a delicate press, gave her an experimental flick on the nipple.

She felt her insides twitch as her breath hitched, heat pooling up in her core. “M-more~”

Izuku complied, lapping his tongue around her sensitive button, causing her insides to twist so pleasantly.

Managing to get control of her hands, she reached out and grabbed his head, pulling him closer and his lips and face down against her breast in an attempt to get more of the sensation, to bring her to the end of the road her body was leading down. Her legs finding enough grip to raise her hips up, giving her space to rub her stomach against the hardened rod digging against it.

Izuku groaned against her breast at the sensation, the vibrations of it feeling so damn good.

Then her legs lost their strength as the wet feeling of his mouth locked around her nipple, sucking on it lightly. She felt light-headed, lungs burning in her chest as she started to hyperventilate. But... “It still feels so empty... down there...”
Izuku’s ears all but twitched at her whine, his eyes, now swimming with lust, locking onto hers. She moaned at the look he was giving her. He pulled back from her nipple, tugging at it with his teeth softly as he did so. “I can help.”

She didn’t even know his voice could get so husky.

His head dived back onto her nipple and she whined, thinking that was the only thing he was going to do.

Then she felt his other hand on her thigh, then she felt it pull her whole body up as he shifted, moving until he was sitting under her, back arched as kept his mouth and lips where they were, drawing more gasps from her lips.

For a second his entire length ground against her thighs and around her core, the emptiness throbbing in response to the stimulation. Then she felt it between her buttocks. She wanted to whine for him to do that again; but didn't get the chance, as his hand caressing her lower stomach caused her to moan heavily again.

Then it trailed down, and down…

She gasped when his hand hit her womanhood, fingers tracing over her hooded clit. Her whole body convulsed, and the heat in her stomach felt like it was going to explode. The feeling passed as soon as it arrived, the ache of emptiness growing in its stead.

Then his finger ground against and pushed into the opening.

She shuddered, pleasure flooding with the sensation. A simple ‘fuck’ escaping her lips.

He pulled his head back, eyes locked onto her face like he wanted to etch her face into his memory.

Then his finger pushed in fully, fingers warm and hot as he dragged it against the inside of her.
For a moment her brain stopped everything, white-hot pleasure blowing every fuse she had as the feeling of emptiness transformed into the enrapturing feeling of being full, her mouth dropped open in a silent scream of pleasure.

Then it flickered and her mind started working again, her eyes looking onto him, a small smile and a flushed face. He looked drunk.

Seeing her in such intense pleasure had intoxicated him.

She felt herself clench at the thought, inner walls rubbing against his inserted finger. It felt wonderful.

Her eyes dropped down, looking at his hand on her crotch, feeling the connection. She would’ve ground herself against him if she could feel her legs.

Then instead of making her feel even better by moving it, he pulled it out completely, she whined at the loss, eyes tracing their way back up to his face-

“You are so wet…” he breathed out, rubbing his fingers against each other as he held them up, gleaming with a sticky wetness, then parting them to let her see the liquid stretch between the digits like a spiders web. Was that what was making her feel so sweaty down there- it looked like lubrican-

Her brain shorted out again as he slowly licked his finger, lips smacking silently as he tasted the weird liquid.

Grinning down at her, cheeks flushed bright red and grin sheepish and eager, he leaned in and whispered to her. “It tastes better than I imagined.”

Her face felt like it was burning. Izuku was always hot but now- now she couldn't describe it.

It was like comparing a candle to the Sun.

She looked at him like he was the only thing important to her, and he responded with a similar look, licking his lips. “Mei- can I taste you directly?”
She nodded slowly.

His strong arms wrapped around her torso, and she was lifted off the bed. He turned around, leaning against the headboard as he sat back down, then her head was back on the soft surface, next to his… throbbing…

She couldn’t think about anything else as her gaze settled on it, even as her thighs were hoisted around his head, arms locked around her hips. To keep her in place and comfortable.

“Can I touch it?” she moaned feeling his breath against her core.

His tongue brushed against her entrance and she shuddered at the sensation, the heat in her stomach reaching a boiling point.

She felt his tongue criss-cross over her mound, jolts of electricity spasming throughout her.

Then she noticed the weird paths he was taking.

He was spelling out the kanji for yes.

She had trouble getting her arms to work with the sensations Izuku was supplying her with, but managed to grab a hold of it in the end.

The warm, pulsing rod felt so tantalizing under her grip, and the grunt it had elicited from Izuku was more than worth the effort. “W-wha-” she moaned again, cutting herself short as his tongue pushed into her folds, filling her again. “What… what should I do?” she finally managed to pant out, her hand gripping the girth softly almost feeling his heartbeat through it, even with his pajama shorts covering it. It filled her grip perfectly.

He hummed in consideration, a shiver running up her spine at the stimulation, then without decoupling from her core one of his arms uncoiled from her thigh, hand gripping onto the hem of his shorts and tugging it down. She let go, letting him pull the garment down to his thighs, releasing his-
“Wow…” she breathed out, even with the flood of pleasure from her lower body, her brain still took the time to take his shape in. her hand touching it tentatively again.

It felt so warm.

A part of her wanted it inside her, to tighten against it as she had done with his finger. Another wondered if he would feel as good as she did if she licked it like he was doing right now.

Her curiosity came to an end as his hand wrapped around hers and started moving it up and down his length, the gentle vibrations of him groaning vibrating against her core pulling her closer to the edge.

She liked how much pleasure she was making him feel, making her feel even warmer. “Does it feel good?” she asked, as she continued jerking him off slowly, his hand wrapping back around her thigh and pulling her even closer. Her response wasn’t a hum, but a deep-throated groan. The motion made her entire body vibrate, and spasm in pleasure.

The heat was getting unbearable at this point. It was like she had wound a spring too tight, the tension and friction turning the metal red hot- soon it would snap in glorious release. The thought of release sounded so good, just it alone sending another shiver throughout her body, her stomach muscles spasming slightly in response. But, was he feeling the same?

She wanted him to feel the release too.

One hand reached up to his head, managing to cling onto the green mop of hair and tug at it to get his attention, one eye locking on hers over her mound capped with her pink bush. She breathed harshly, trying to convey how good she was feeling without the words she could no longer even mouth out.

The spark in his eyes told her he understood, darting to her hand then back at her face.

She sped up her hand in response, his groans grew louder in response and something started to leak from the tip, clear yet sticky with each pump of her hand.

She wanted to lick it.
She looked at him and he nodded the best he could while pleasing her the best he could with his tongue.

She leaned over and lapped at his tip, tasting him for the first time. The emptiness faded and turned to pleasure again, reverberating with each lick, each stroke.

Then the spring snapped.

Her lifeless legs twitched to life, trashing against his head as the heat pulsed, her muscles responding to each pulse with a contraction, her whole body shaking apart in the most glorious fashion, leaving her panting and content as Izuku refused to stop stimulating her insides, his tongue getting pinched by her inner musculature.

When the sensation ended, the empty feeling was gone. Her eyes focused again slowly and she saw that white liquid had covered her hand, thick, heavy, warm…

She pulled it close and sniffed at it.

She didn’t recognize it in any fashion, but her body did, the empty feeling returning full force.

She listened to her urges and licked it off her hand, eying up the rod in front of her.

It pulsed at her gaze, tip leaking out more of the substance she was lapping up.

More…

Her breath hitched as Izuku started lowering her thighs, his hair tickling her thighs.

He was panting, looking at her like she was a goddess. Emptiness throbbed harder.

Finally, her voice returned.
"-ore- I want more… Izuku." Her eyes were hungry, they had to be with how much she was wanting it. Her hand latched onto his girth and pumped it again, lathering it with the white substance he was leaking “I- I want this inside me- I want to feel full.”

He looked lost for words for a second and gulped, thinking about it. She just kept staring at him hungrily.

“...It might hurt a bit,” he mumbled finally, one hand reached down to her shoulder and pulled her torso up.

Her vision fluctuated slightly, her brain not having enough blood with how much of it had spread through her skin, making her flush and oh so warm again. “I want it,” she repeated again, she would’ve moved to set herself up but her legs still felt like jelly.

“...I want it too,” he breathed out, his face level with hers “I want it...” he shook his head “Ok- Ok, just tell me if it hurts.”

Mei nodded and shivered at his touch as he wrapped an arm around her torso, supporting her under her armpits as he pulled her up and against him, one hand on her leg for support. “Can you aim… it at the hole ?”

She nodded again, one hand spreading herself- god that felt good - while the other wrapped just under his slick tip.

She was leaking onto him. Hope he liked the sensation.

Then he slowly started to lower her, the feeling of the heat radiating off him making her whine with anticipation. The whine was cut off by a moan as his tip pressed against her core, hands losing their grip on both organs.

It slipped out, hitting her engorged nub, causing her to scream out with pleasure. The wound spring almost breaking prematurely.

He panted against her clearly enjoying the sensation too. “Hold it tight-” he mumbled as he lifted her up again, his tip grinding against her again.
She loved the feeling.

But when the tip pushed in. Love didn’t describe the feeling she felt for that sensation. She wanted so much more of it.

Izuku was slow, tender, probably afraid of hurting her, while she only wanted to feel the full damn thing inside her. The slow spread of her walls was making her go insane after an entire day of feeling so empty.

Izuku inched further in, as slow as humanly possible.

She couldn’t take it anymore.

Her hand gripped his wrist on her thigh and pulled it off, the sudden motion causing him to drop her.

Spearing herself on the girth her insides had been yearning for long.

She felt something break inside, an ounce of pain echo, overtaken by the torrent of pleasure as his tip slam against something else deeper in her. Maybe that was what Izuku was worried about? She didn’t care.

Her expression melted onto one full of ecstasy, her blurred vision not letting her see his. But if his resonant gasp was anything to go by, he was feeling the same.

“Go- God, I feel so-” She moaned again, forehead hitting his shoulder “full-”

Izuku gripped her buttocks in response, kneading the flesh softly as his mouth latched onto her neck, kissing and licking his way up to her ear, nibbling on the organ.

This- this might be heaven…
“You feel so great Mei- I almost came just then-” he mumbled against her ear. *Cum? Is that what it’s called?*

She remembered the heat washing over her mere seconds ago. She wanted to feel that again.

“Make~ Me~ Cum~” she ordered, her own voice sounding husky to her ears.

Izuku obeyed, hands gripping her ass and starting to bounce it, the girth inside her moving with every bounce, rubbing at all the places that were just aching to be touched.

She felt her stomach rubbing against his chest- but they were…

Her hand reached over where she felt the jolt of his skin. There was a slight bulge, just on the underside of her stomach, forming every time he fully hilted himself.

*Oh…*

The concept of him so deep inside her; making her bulge had managed to tighten the spring further. her folds tightening around him with a shudder.

“Me-Mei I’m close- where do you want it-” he mumbled into her shoulder, “you won’t- you don’t need to worry about-”

“Inside.” She breathed out, cutting him short, feeling the bulge push against her hand harder. She was close too, so close. “Inside- I want to feel all of you inside.”

He nodded, and continued with his rhythm, picking up pace, slowly dragging her to bouts of pleasure she hadn’t dreamt of. “Your hand-” he breathed out between thrusts, “rub it against the-” another gasp of pleasure, ”the nub down there.”

She complied, trying to find what he was talking about. *What nub-*

Her finger grazed it and she screamed, her walls tightening around him harshly. Almost cumming
He gave a breathless laugh, “That’s the one.”

She panted more, whining at how tight she felt, how fucking full she was. She started rubbing the nub harder, her walls coiling spasming around him as he continued bouncing her.

*God- so close- so damn close-

He pulled his head back from her shoulder and kissed her on the lips, deeply. Desperately. So full of love, even as his tongue pushed in.

She came.

She came *hard.*

Her mind ceased, only registering the wet feeling of her eyes as they leaked happy tears, and the heat pulsing throughout her body, legs spasming in aftershocks of pleasure.

She felt him pulse inside her, and that just made the heat spreading through her feel that much better. Her gut filling with something warm and sticky.

She could get used to that feeling.

Izuku shuddered, riding out his own climax; propagated by the spasming of her around him.

*Milking* him.

She smiled, forehead against his as they parted the kiss.

“I love you.”
“I love you too.”

Chapter End Notes

Wew- 8 thousand and 6 hundred words. longest chapter yet, but It was fun to write. Hope you all had as much fun reading it as I did writing.

first smut in a harem story 153 thousand words in- If that ain't a record I'll be surprised.

well! in any case, hope you enjoyed, see you all on the next chapter
Every heart sings a song

Chapter Notes

There might be a spoiler in this chapter, but I won't even say what it's spoiling. I ask of you to give fellow readers the same courtesy.

with that being said, I'm back!

LET'S GET THIS PARTY STARTED!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Izuku softly grunted, rays of sunshine rousing him out of his slumber.

He hugged the soft mass next to him a little harder as his body acclimated to the waking world, causing Mei to mewl softly against his shoulder.

Right... must have fallen asleep after all of... that.

“Morning, sunshine” Nana whispered in his head huskily, clearly just waking up herself. “How was it for you there?

He should've been embarrassed- or at least blushed- but he was strangely calm as he remembered the previous night. He caressed Mei’s hair with a small smile on his face, enjoying the content smile spreading on hers.

Good, it felt good. Thanks for the pointers, Nana. He heard the woman in his head chuckle heartily and felt the faint sensation of his hair getting ruffled.

“Now, than, you for that-, being wanting to, feel, that, or, a while of myself...”

He almost laughed at the feeling of her blushing. “Wait, did I say that, out loud?”

You know I would've felt it even if you hadn't, right?
Mei blinked slowly, her mind slowly rising out of the depths of sleep, staring at the soft reflections of the sun on Izuku’s ceiling. *That... what was that...?*

*Was that sex?*

*Why did no one tell me it felt... so good?*

She groaned at the memories, her body shivering at the phantom sensations. She rolled over trying to ignore the feelings washing over her, just wanting to rub her face against her boyfriend's chest and go back to sleep.

The lack of boyfriend snapped her awake.

“Wha- Izuku?” She tossed the covers to the side, trying to find him, but instead only finding an empty bed. “W-was it all just a dream...?”

If anything, the soreness in her legs should’ve given it away, but she was too sleepy to notice such blatant hints.

The door to his room opened and Mei finched, pulling the covers to cover her body on reflex.

“Good morning Mei,” Izuku greeted with a soft smile, holding a tray full of food in one hand pushing the door open with another.

*Did Izuku always look so... so handsome?*

“So It wasn’t a dream...” she mumbled, looking down on his body. There was something attractive about seeing him just wearing an apron and shorts. She paused and touched her own cheek with her hand, *Yep, I’m blushing.*
Doing it a lot… She couldn’t help but smile more. Didn’t know blushing could feel so good...

Izuku gently placed the tray on her lap with a smile. “Breakfast is served, hope you like it.”

Mei didn’t even blink before tugging at his apron and pulling him down to give him a soft kiss on the lips. “I love you.”

Izuku chuckled softly. “I’m aware” He left a quick peck on her lips. “I love you too.”

After her breakfast was done, Mei kicked her legs over the side of the bed. Then she attempted to get up.

Attempted.

The moment actual weight was put on the limbs, they buckled and Mei almost face-planted on the floor, if not for Izuku’s arm grabbing her shoulder and stabilizing her.

“...Is this normal?” she asked innocently, worry in her eyes but no regret.

“I don’t know…” was the only response Izuku could give as he ignored the cackle echoing through his synapses. Dammit, Nana...

Putting the tray he was holding to the side, he pulled Mei upright; the woman had to hold onto his shoulder to stand upright. “...Maybe a warm bath will help?” he offered, looking into her eyes.

Mei nodded quickly, clinging onto him a little tighter “Alright- I think I can-” She let out a small yelp as he grabbed her from the back of her thighs and lifted her up onto his back.

“What, you thought I was gonna make you walk?” He chuckled softly.
Mei gave a half-hearted punch to his back, pouting against the nape of his neck. “Warn me next time...”

(°_3º) It’s that time again (°_3º)

Water sloshed around as she slowly moved her legs, the aching starting to fade away from yesterday’s... activities.

Still... worth it. A thousand times worth it.

“Mei?”

She almost slipped under the water of the large bath at the sudden intrusion “Izuku!?”

“Hey.” He smirked softly, popping out if the mists wearing swim trunks. “I’m here for payback.”

Mei’s cheeks started to warm up. “Y-you don’t need to…”

“And you didn’t need to massage my back yesterday. Now-” his smirk fell- “you’re okay with this, right?”

She silently let herself slip further into the water, hiding her cheeks as best she could without blocking her own air as she nodded softly.

Izuku softly entered the waters himself, the warm bath rippling around as his mass displaced what it could, gently tugging her leg onto his lap as he did so. “Okay, it might hurt a bit at first, but I promise It’ll feel better by the time I’m done.”

She nodded again and his hands went to work, slowly rubbing her thighs and calves.

Mei whined against the contact. “You are way too good at this...”
“I’m guessing you like it?” Izuku snarked back, caressing her leg softly from her ankle to her upper thigh.

Mei gripped onto the sides of the tub as she held back a moan, biting her lips. “I-Izuku- don’t-”

He stopped his ministrations instantly. “S-sorry-”

Mei whined at the sudden loss. “You- you’ll make the emptiness return-” she mumbled softly.

Izuku gulped. “I- I mean… I can just cure it if it happens… do you not want that?”

Mei’s eyes locked onto his. “I- ...I wouldn’t mind it but- do you want to do it?” Her hand grasped onto his shoulder. “I- I don’t want to make you-”

The words melted in her mouth as he gently touched her inner thigh, the sudden sensation jolting her out of those thoughts.

Izuku began gently massaging the soft skin of Mei’s inner thigh, careful not to work too roughly. Mei’s soft hums were his reward, her own hands trying to goad his to go a little higher. He removed one hand from the warmth between her legs to gently cup the back of her head, pulling her in for a kiss.

Mei melted into his mouth, her tongue almost instantly seeking the warmth of his. Izuku’s hand slid from Mei’s neck to the small of her back, gently pulling her closer to him until she was nearly straddling his lap.

Izuku thanked whatever higher power was listening that Total Command kept his muscles from cramping as his fingers worked the delicate skin between Mei’s thighs before sliding up to gently stroke the outer folds of her entrance.

“I-Izuku-” Mei gasped, her face full of want, even as her teeth clacked she gasped into his mouth. “S-stop teasing me already...”
Izuku gently pressed his thumb to Mei’s clit, careful not to overstimulate her as he slowly pushed a single finger past her folds to tease at her insides. “Like that?”

Mei responded by attacking his mouth with renewed frenzy, wrapping her arms around his neck and grinding into his hand seemingly on instinct. Izuku increased the kneading of his thumb as his finger searching for the spot.

“M-More, faster, please Zuku-” Mei flinched, moaning against him harder, pleasure filling her system. Izuku smiled as he gently circled the differently textured spot within her.

He could feel Nana’s labored breath in a moment of clarity and the pleasure seeping its way into Mei’s face was a sight to behold.

Mei’s shaky eyes landed on him, confused but oh-so-aroused to question just what he was doing. He gently rubbed the spot causing her to shiver with pleasure, water rippling as her legs twitched and her back arched into him, her eyes began to flutter and her breath hitched. “Zuku, oh my god, fuck.” Mei seemed to tense like a spring before snapping with a high pitched gasp, melting into deep, shuddering breaths as the spring snapped and-

He started rubbing the spot again.

All coherence left Mei’s mind as the wave of pleasure suddenly started building up again, her breath lost in her chest as she felt every neuron in her fire at the same time, overloading her senses with pure pleasure-

The spring snapped again.

She started panting trying to catch her breath before he started up again, not even out of the aftershocks before the spring snapped again.

For a moment the only thing in her mind was the pleasure he was letting her feel.

She didn’t know how many times that spring had snapped as she was consumed by pleasure, in her own bubble of pleasure with just him.
But he slowed down gently, at last, letting her ride out her final climax to its end.

After half a beat of grabbing her breath, Mei was back on him, her hands furiously reaching down to grasp beneath his swim trunks.

“M-Mei, we don-”

“Please, let me return the favor.” Mei’s eyes flashed with golden fire as she stared deep into Izuku’s own. “...Or do you not want to?”

“Th-That’s not what I sai-”

Mei freed his girth from his shorts with a smile, giving it a few experimental pumps before gently pushing Izuku back a little. The young woman carefully pushed herself up to straddle Izuku properly, rubbing the head of Izuku’s rod against her before slowly inserting it inside, taking it slowly, unlike the day before.

After the torrent of pleasure he let her feel, the anticipation of getting full again was a heavenly sensation, and she wanted to feel every millimeter of him as he parted her.

The gasps that she was eliciting from Izuku was just the cherry on top. Her arms wrapped around his head, pulling him back into her exposed chest as her hips finally touched his in a final grunt on both sides.

She gave a breathless giggle, pushing him away to look him in the eye. “Do you love me, Zuku?”

“L-like you need to-” he gasped, grabbing onto her hips to stabilize himself, “ask.” With that encouragement, Mei smiled widely before beginning to raise and lower herself, picking up a slow, steady rhythm. Tender and passionate.

“I love you- hah- I love you too.” Mei slowly picked up the pace, tenderness lost in the waves of pleasure and passion, relishing in the fullness that was Izuku.

She was dumbstruck by how one person could make her feel so satisfied in every stretch of the
imagination. Mei lost herself in the moment as she rode her lover with reckless abandon, another climax building up with each thrust.

Judging by the look on Izuku’s face, he wasn’t far behind.

Mei felt that coil tighten again and before it could snap, she crashed her lips onto his, kissing him deeply as her insides twitched and convulsed with her climax, her hips rubbing against the base of Izuku’s pelvis as she rode it out. That, with the addition of the tightness that came with her climax, Izuku couldn’t hold back either. The sensation of him pulsing inside her only intensified her own climax.

The man shuddered, unable to speak as he wordlessly growled into Mei’s mouth, the mutual climax making his own mind go blank.

After a few more languid strokes, Mei dismounted with a satisfying pop that sent shivers down Izuku’s spine.

“T-that was… amazing...” he mumbled out, still trying to come down from the high of his own orgasm.

Mei smiled softly- then stopped for a second, remembering something. “Total Command takes care of… impregnation, right?”

Izuku’s head snapped down “Oh- uh that, yeah I tried telling you yesterday but-”

“Unless I say otherwise,” she leaned in, slipping Izuku her tongue again before humming into his open mouth, “Maybe one day~”

“Ne… ever let this one… o~ Izuku.”

as if I would.

(°͡益͡°) It's done (°͡益͡°)
“How did we end up like this?” Izuku questioned Mei, who was snuggling onto him on the couch.

“How do you not like it?” she responded, rubbing a hand over his chest.

“Didn’t say that…” Izuku mumbled back, smiling softly at her. “Wanna go to the workshop soon?”

He loved seeing the sparkles in her eyes whenever he said that. “Do you even need to ask?” she whispered back, faking offense.

“Guess not, but first: lunch?” he asked, gripping onto the couch and slowly sitting up.

Mei stole a kiss as their positions shifted, her sitting on his lap.

“I’d love some.”

“So…” Izuku huffed, looking at the small group collected into the common rooms of 1-A’s dorm. “Care to tell me how I’m cooking for five people today?”

Setsuna and Itsuka smiled sheepishly as Ibara stood behind them with the slightest ‘I told you so’ look.

“I’m sorry Midoriya, Ibara just sounded so content that we got curious…” Itsuka mumbled, grabbing onto Setsuna’s shoulder and making her bow too.

“It’s fine, it’s fine.” Izuku waved, trying to break the awkward atmosphere. “I hope you guys can wait, it’s gonna take a little while longer to prepare for five.”

He turned back to the boiling broth, trying to figure out how he was going to make more.
Itsuka looked at his back sheepishly. *Should’ve told him sooner…*

“So! Big Guy, whatcha making?” Setsuna sauntered into the kitchen to stare, or rather, attempt to stare, over Izuku’s shoulder at the meal he was preparing.

Izuku hummed to himself, reaching over and grabbing more of the dashi stock and pouring it in. “Mushroom rice. Just gotta make some extra stock. We should have more than enough rice.” He gestured to the rice cooker working further down the counter before leaning past Setsuna to grab a cutting board.

Setsuna’s eyes were immediately drawn to the strip of skin that was exposed as the hem of his shirt rose. She cleared her throat, hoping her mouth wasn’t too dry before speaking. “Can I help?”

“That’d be great, would you mind rinsing the mushrooms? They’re in the colander, just need to go under the tap.”

The green haired woman acquiesced, rinsing the mushrooms before handing them back to Izuku. As she attempted to help where she could, Setsuna was struck by how *domestic* this man who was a literal force of nature in the Sports Festival could be.

“I think I’ve got it from here if you wanna go back and join the others, thanks for the help.” Izuku offered a smile that made the young woman’s heart clench.

Setsuna turned on her heel before plopping back down on the couch next to Itsuka, her face unreadable.

Itsuka turned with concern. “You alright, girl?”

“…Husband material.”

The redhead turned crimson. “W-what?”

Setsuna pointed accusingly toward the kitchen. “Husband. Material.”
Itsuka glanced over and, upon seeing the tower of a man bustling around the kitchen happily humming to himself as he prepared lunch, she couldn’t help but agree.

“He is, isn’t he?” Mei injected herself into the conversation, Itsuka almost jumping out of her skin at the sudden interruption. “Wanna play a game while he finishes it up?”

The three students from 1-B looked at her with levels of curiosity and fear.

“Any of you played ‘Car Wars’ before?”

Itsuka hadn’t heard the name of the board game, but overall it was a solid game, with math-heavy rules that she hadn’t expected from a game of its kind. Then Mei let it slip that it was older than the millennium and things started clicking to place.

Honestly, it was slightly concerning how nonchalant she was with the info. She chalked up to ‘Her being her’ and focused on other issues.

Like Ibara’s eyes slowly glazing over and the widening of Mei and Setsuna’s mutual devious smirks.

The poor girl seemed to be under a lot of stress for some reason, and Mei’s insistence they design their own vehicles… it was putting pressure on the poor woman.

Itsuka considered herself good at math, much like Setsuna, but Ibara struggled at times with the subject. She claimed it was due to her being unable to focus on numbers.

Itsuka was inclined to agree as she noticed Ibara using her hands to try and remember the numbers as she did math in her head.

“Hey Ibara, you have to mount weapons or you won’t be able to participate!” Setsuna giggled, trying to get the fellow green head to add at least some offensive capabilities to her vehicle.
“Weapons, only to destroy! there’s nothing in here useful for saving people. I do not condone violent games, Setsuna!” Ibara rebuked, huffing gently.

“Oh come on, everyone loves a little mayhem in a safe space. It’s not like we’ll be dealing with these weaponized cars ourselves as heroes!” Setsuna smirked, and Ibara shuddered, almost seeing the gears turn in her classmates head.

Mei was helping Ibara somewhat, mainly by providing a basic calculator to help with the math-heavy creation system. She had chosen a more modest frame, with a station wagon while Setsuna had gone for an explosive-laden sports car clearly built for the confetti rules.

Itsuka had gone for a basic build focused on reliability, over the flashier things Mei and Setsuna built. Ibara’s refusal to arm her vehicle build had ground everything to a halt. She would admit to not truly looking forward to the incoming fights, but at least it would keep people occupied.

“Midoriya?” Nemuri asked, entering into the dorm rooms in her casual clothing for once: baggy hoodie and leggings. *Hope he doesn’t mind…*

*Wait, why should I care about what he thinks I look like?!!*

“Oh, Kayama-Sensei welcom-” Izuku paused a second when he saw her state of dress.

*I knew I should’ve dressed better!* She hissed internally at the taller man’s gaze, flustered out of her mind.

*Wait… is... Is he blushing?*

She blinked as she noticed red seep onto Izuku’s face.

*Did I forget to zip up the hoodie?* She looked down, trying to see if she was showing more skin than intended.
She wasn't

_Wh-what?_

She started blushing _even_ more in response. “Uh- hello?”

And like that, Izuku’s trance was broken. Shaking his head slightly to shake the blood off his face. “Sorry- uh- you look cute.”

“_Th-thank you._”

“SETSUNA!”

_Itsuka?_

Izuku and Midnight turned to the source of the shouting.

“You… why’d you blow yourself up!?” the redhead yelled, part of her competitive nature shining through at the end of the board game.

“Because you were about to kill me so I went for M.A.D.!” the greenhead chuckled with a sly grin.

“First Ibara drops out, then we have to tag-team Mei, and now you do this!? I thought we were going to have fun!” Itsuka huffed, pouting softly.

“Girls, the food is ready” Izuku chimed, all four heads snapping onto him.

“Just help me set up the table please.”

Mei was the first to jump away from the table. “‘Kay!”
The hospital staff looked at her with scrutiny. Considering her absence for the last 13 years, she didn’t take any offense.

“You know…” the Nurse leading her to her mother’s room broke the silence “There is no reason for her to be here any longer.” The nurse gulped, worried that she had insulted her.

She hadn’t.

“Her psych evaluations has been stable since her second year here, I don’t know why the doctors haven’t given her the all clear yet for her retur-”

“Endeavor has a lot of people in her pockets,” Shoko mumbled softly. “It’s probably not even the doctors that are blocking her release…”

The nurse gulped again. “I-I see…” She gestured at the door in front of them. “That’s her room.”

Shoko bowed slightly and thanked her for her time, slowly moving toward the door.

Her mother flinched as the door opened, but as she looked, her slight confusion melted away to a bright smile. “My little Snowflame…”

Shoko felt the words hit her like a punch to the gut, a small smile breaking across her face and tears escaping her eyes. “Mom…”

“You grew up into such a beautiful young woman…” Rei was tearing up herself.

The flowers she had brought fell to the ground forgotten as the hero-in-training took a hesitant step forward. “I- I’m sorry I didn’t come sooner.”

Rei just smiled wider, wiping her eyes. “No- no it's fine, I’m just happy I got to see you one more
She didn’t know how she got there, but the next moment she was hugging her Mother like it was the last time she would be able to do it, crying into her shoulder, her mother hugging back just as tightly. At that moment she was five again.

“L-love you 3000.”

Her mother laughed, crying a little harder as if she had given up on hearing those words again until that moment.

“Love you 3000.”

A sense of pride filled Izuku as he watched the girls eat his meal; Itsuka and Setsuna were clearly surprised by how good it tasted, while the other three happily dug in.

“You sure you want to be a hero and not a house husband?” Nana teased, causing his face to falter. “I’m pretty sure any of these girls would love to come back to your arms after a long day’s work~”

I- you- He was blushing madly and raised his plate to hide it. Nana, you’re just saying that!

“Yeah, no. Admit it, Izuku, you are husband material~” He felt the phantom sensation of Nana hugging him from his back. “I for one would’ve loved to have you as my husband…”

She started laughing as she felt him start to scream internally.

After the tear-fest ended, Rei continued to pet her daughter’s hair calmly, enjoying the sensation she so dearly missed in the past 13 years.
“You know, they let me watch the Sports Festival…” she murmured, causing Shoko to stiffen under her hand. “I’m proud of you.”

Shoko hugged her mother tighter, relishing in the affection. “But I only came third place…”

“I’m proud of you,” Rei repeated, rubbing her head a little harder- almost playfully. “Now, that boy though…”

“Mom, no-” Shoko looked back up.

“My little Snowflame found herself a crush, hasn’t she?” Rei cooed, combing a red strand of her daughter’s hair behind her ear. “You looked cute snuggled up to him- he doesn’t do that to you normally, right?”

“...He picked me up before,” Shoko mumbled matter of factly, yet her reddened cheeks were hinting at her real emotions.

“We both know I didn’t mean that part,” Rei huffed, pouting cutely.

“...He is gentle normally- I just didn’t give him any other option then- well…” Shoko trailed off. “I’m sorry…”

“What? No, no, why are you sorry?” Rei smiled. “Is it cause you used the fire?”

“...Yes” Shoko deflated against the bed. “I used he-”

“You know,” Rei cut her off, looking out the window. “I want to get out of here, just to meet this ‘Izuku Midoriya’ to thank him for saying what I couldn’t back then.”

“What?” Shoko stuttered looking up to her mother.

“Back then… I said things I shouldn’t have- things I didn’t believe in.” She was crying softly again. “It was always your power to use Shoko, all of it. But I lashed out at you…”
“It’s 13 years too late, but I’m sorry, Shoko.”

“I hope you can forgive me.”

“Fuck off, Hag!” Katsumi yelled, dashing away from Mitsuki, who was holding a frilly dress.

“C’mon lil’ shit, it’ll look cute!” the older Bakugou hissed, chasing her daughter down in the confines of their home “Just try it on for a second, I bet Izuku would like a pic!”

“I SAID NO!” Katsumi screeched back, dashing behind the dinner table to put it between her and her mother. “HE WOULDN’T LIKE SOMETHING LIKE THAT ANYWAY!”

“OH YEAH?! THEN WHAT WOULD HE LIKE, HUH?!”

“MY HERO COSTUME!”

Mitsuki stopped. “Oh-”

“Oh, that boy is kinkier than I thought-” Suddenly the frilly dress was set on the couch. “Wonder if my old costumes would fit you…” Mitsuki mumbled as she climbed her way back up to her room.

“…wHAT?!”

“So…”

“So…” Ochako mumbled back, trying to read her mother’s expression as she took another sip of her tea.
“How big?”

Ochako choked on her tea and started coughing “M-MOM!?”

“C’mon, I bet you snuck a peek already~” she huffed, smiling teasingly. “No way you were so touchy with him in the festival without seeing at least that much.”

“Oh my God you are worse than Ashido,” Ochako mumbled, hiding her face in her palms, pinkies out to keep herself from floating away.

“Ashido was the girl that ended up in her underwear, right? The one you flipped out of bounds?”

Yes good steer the conversation away from that- “Y-yeah, she’s in our class.”

“You know she’s gonna steal him away from you if you don’t pounce on him right?”

“She can’t-” She slapped her mouth shut before she finished that thought, but it was too late.

Her mom was smirking.

“Gotcha~” she said with a wink.

Oh no.

“She sure is going at it,” Nemuri mused, sitting next to Izuku in the workshop. “Any clue what she’s building?”

“She hasn’t told me and with the way she builds, things become apparent only after its almost
done…” Izuku mumbled back. “Basically I have no clue, but she sure is going at it fast today, faster than normal…”

“THAT’S CAUSE I’M INSPIRED!” Mei shouted triumphantly, tossing the welder to the side with expert precision and landing it perfectly in its holder “I CAN SEE EVERYTHING!”

“I’m not sure if I’m scared or impressed,” Nemuri whispered, scooting slightly away from the mad scientist.

“With Mei, it’s a good call to be both.” Izuku shuddered “And pray that it doesn’t blow up.”

Nemuri looked ready to bolt as she turned fully to face the man. “Are you serious? That happens often?”

“More than you think.” He simply shrugged, turning to face her as well. “You get used to it, it's a part of he-”

Suddenly his hand shot up to catch a metal plate that was shot across the workshop during one of Mei’s engine tests, his head barely turning to see what he was doing.

Nemuri felt the wind ruffle her hair, looking back just in time to take a glimpse of his show of strength and dexterity.

“-Of her process,” he finished, shaking his hand to get the numbness out. “Mei, c’mon, we have visitors.”

“Sorry!”

Nemuri let an unsteady breath out as the sudden burst of adrenaline faded, her eyes still locked on Izuku.

Does he do that on purpose?!
Momo shifted warily at the sight of her mom and dad planning something.

Something she didn’t agree on.

“So should the color theme of the marriage be green and red?” her mom asked, looking through swatches.

“Contrasting colors, yet it would look like a red rose with a stem. I approve,” her dad mumbled, pulling out the dark green swatch and placing it next to a saturated red. “What do you think honey?”

“I think this is going too fast…” Momo mumbled, trying not to get flustered over the mental image of Izuku waiting for her at the end of the aisle, dressed in a tuxedo, and looking at her with love in his eyes…

She shook her head, trying to dispel the blush as her parents laughed at her dazed state.

“You got it bad, my little sunshine,” her mom cooed, ruffling her hair. “Now, tell me: do you have a maid of honor in mind?”

“M-Mom, no- we aren’t doing this- we aren’t even engaged yet!” Momo stuttered out, fanning her face to try to get the blush to fade faster.

Her mom and dad looked at each other. “Yet,” they repeated with small smiles on their faces. “They grow up so fast.”

Muscles rippled over his powerful frame as Izuku lifted her into the air, his hands rough but gentle as he carried her to his bed.

“We shouldn’t…”
Izuku laughed, his voice sounding like music to her ears. “Nemuri-“ The woman moaned in response as Izuku used her given name. “I am yours, nothing could be more right.”

Dexterous fingers undid her costume, easily tearing away at the thin fabric. Nemuri blushed, suddenly shy under Izuku’s gaze. A single hand tilted her chin up to face his.

“I love you, Nemuri.”

Nemuri’s vision blurred green as she felt her body ripple with ecstasy, heat pooling in her lower stomach as her tense muscles quivered with effort.

Soft beeping began, at the edge of her senses as pleasure overrode what else she had.

“I-Izuku!”

The beeping crescendoed louder and louder until all she could feel was the rumbling of the mechanical beeps.

‘Wha-’

Nemuri rolled over, groaning as she hit her alarm clock, shutting down the incessant beeping.

*Day three* - she huffed. *Maybe I should get out away from him for a while.*

The vestiges of her latest dream resurfaced, causing her face to fill with color.

*He is eight years younger than I am- I shouldn’t be feeling this way-*

Her phone beeped.
A message from Izuku.

‘Breakfast is ready if you want some.’

‘Also, I got a question for you… might be a little weird.’

She was beating herself up for getting excited about that last part.

‘Be there in 10 minutes.’

Another text hit her phone, from Nozomi.

‘Reminder that there is no rule against student-teacher relationships.’

Her face flushed again, slamming it against her pillow to muffle her screams.

_That rodent is gonna be the end of me..._

Chapter End Notes

Hope you enjoyed it, see you at the next one.

which might be sooner than usual~
The purpose of life is to be defeated by greater and greater things

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

She didn’t know what she expected, but it was certainly not this.

“Are you sure about this?” Nemuri asked as she pulled her hair into a ponytail, shaking her head a bit to let it sway. “It might not be safe, I’ve never used it against a man.”

Izuku grinned, taking a seat on the floor of Training Hall Gamma. “It’s fine, your quirk lets you release a pheromone right?”

“Yeah, puts people to sleep. I call it ‘Narcoma’, you probably can guess why.” She smiled softly. “What even made you think of this anyway?"

“Well,” he shrugged looking up at her for a second, “I felt like I was skimping on quirk training, plus I wanna see if this actually works…” His eyes hit the floor immediately as he remembered why he was avoiding looking at her.

Her outfit was a sports bra, a loose tank top, and some sweatpants..

And that tank top was now tossed to the side to allow her quirk better access.

God dammit, calm down Izuku. She probably doesn’t like being ogled like that...

“She does,” Nana added with finality.

You shut up.

He scratched his cheek, trying to calm his blush down. “You don’t mind, do you?”

Nemuri was blushing too, looking away. “After you feeding me three days in a row? I don’t think I
can say no to something this trivial.” She thought for a second, then sat down next to him. “But just in case I need to catch you when you fall asleep…” she murmured, still looking away.

He nodded slowly. “Ready when you are.”

Nemuri nodded as well and lilac gas started to emanate from her skin, bathing the area in a soft pink haze.

Izuku breathed in, letting the gas fill his lungs.

“You know, your quirk smells reall…” He couldn’t finish the sentence as the pheromone kicked in, his eyes getting heavier and heavier.

“-y goooo…”

He leaned to the side, then tumbled down into her lap, asleep.

She huffed softly, a small smile in her face. “Guessed you wouldn’t be able to withstand that…”

She was blushing even as she started softly petting his curly mess of hair. A lewder part of her was disappointed, saddened that she couldn’t do anything with him without him falling asleep.

She shook her head, trying to get the part to just shut up and letting her quirk start to fade.

It was gonna take a while for the aroma to fade, and even longer for him to wake up.

Her posture eased, now that she was effectively alone, looking down on the sleeping man.

“You look cute while you sleep…”

She almost had a heart attack when he twitched and started to wake up.
Panicking, she looked around, staring at the pink mist that still surrounded them.

“B-but how?”

He yawned, rubbing his eyes, looking up to her face from her lap. “Oh… this is familiar…”

A beat passed as Midnight looked down at him blushing redder and redder until her face felt like it was on fire.

He managed to wake up fully in that beat, flinching, then rolling out of her lap. “S-sorry- I didn’t notice that you were-”

“How are you awake- my quirk is still-” She slapped her own cheeks. “Oh my god, you’re immune-”

“I- I think so, yeah.” He stood up to his full height, taking in another gasp of the pink mist.

“I don’t feel sleepy…”

Nemuri just stared. Her mind immediately began whirring with the possibilities. “H-how?”

Izuku started laughing awkwardly. “Total Command, remember? Your quirk activates a neural pathway in anyone that breathes in your aroma…. And well…”

“You turned the pathway off...” she finished, still surprised that there was someone that could withstand her quirk.

“Yes, I had to fall asleep to find the pathway it seems like, but now I should be immune entirely…”

Nemuri huffed. “I’m kinda disappointed that you managed to nullify my quirk so easily…”
That got Izuku to start waving his hands around. “I- I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to make it sound like your quirk was weak or anything- it’s just—”

Nemuri let out a giggle, looking at the taller man devolve into a murmuring, stuttering mess. She got up smiling at the man who was still mumbling up a storm. “It’s fine Midoriya, besides…”

Suddenly her leg kicked his out from under him, her hand gripping onto his shirt before he could fall down properly, capturing him in a weird position.

She licked her lips.

“No pro is just her quirk.”

Izuku stared up at her with awe and amazement, almost making her internal screaming external.

WHY DID I EVEN DO THIS?

“Midnight-sensei?”

The sudden interruption caused her to let go, Izuku catching himself in a roll to avoid hitting his head and quickly standing up next to her. “Who was that?” Izuku asked.

“Togata?” Nemuri mumbled, looking through the dispersing smoke, then cleared her throat, standing straighter.

“Well, to what do we owe the pleasure of meeting you?” Midnight announced, smirking.

Izuku was not ready for the sudden change to her persona, flinching at the more seductive voice coming from his professor.

“We?” the person called out from the other side of the smoke. “You’re not alone in there?”
“Oh, right, Midoriya, could you be a dear?” Midnight asked, leaning onto his shoulder softly.

“Ah- right, that thing I do- sure,” he muttered.

“Funny_th_jng isn_even_in he_re__ l” don’t know, wh__ich person_na_you’re ‘more__s_mitten with.”

Shut up!

He clapped with the power of One for All, the pink cloud surrounding them dispersing with the shockwave. Midnight gripped onto his shoulder to avoid getting tossed to the side by the gust of wind.

With the pheromones dispersed, the two saw the arrivals, a shorter girl with baby blue hair down to her hips bouncing from foot to foot, a muscular blonde with short spiky hair styled in what could be counted as a pompadour, and someone hiding behind her more muscular friend.

As soon as they saw him, the blue haired one shot forward, shooting something out of her hands to propel herself forward much like Katsumi would, crashing into his chest, the sudden attack causing both to tumble down onto the ground.

“IT'S YOU!”

Izuku flinched, unprepared for the assault or the sudden increase in volume. “...It's me?”

“How_strong_is_t_his_girl?, You_weight__g_t_on!” Nana sounded almost impressed. “A__l_s, nice, I_anding, Y_get_’em, cowgirl__” She giggled as he felt her point at the woman’s current position.

Izuku glanced down, only now noticing that in the tumble of the blue-haired woman’s attack, she had ended up straddling his hips...
...and was now bouncing up and down, her hips grinding against his with each excited bounce, as she muttered off a veritable monologue worth of questions, unaware of the precarious position she had placed them in.

His mind clicked into gear, analyzing the sudden passenger on him. Supple body, but with every bounce, he could feel her strong muscles under the soft of her skin, probably not wearing a bra considering how her bountiful chest was movi-

EYES UP.

“-and you have a QUIRK!? Like, I thought only women could get quirks, but then you were like WOOSH and BAM! You flexed a glacier off of you! You were all like ‘POWER!’” She glanced over her shoulder, her hair whipping around like a shampoo commercial “Like Mira! Mira! Hey! You should do the ‘power’ thing with big, green, and muscly here!”

Izuku leaned up to look at Mira who was just laughing at her friend’s antics. “C’mon Hado you can’t just straddle a guy like that!”

“Hmmmm?” She turned around fully, kicking a leg over him to straddle him backwards “Why not? He doesn’t seem to mind… or do you?” She looked over her shoulder at him, one blue eye piercing through his.

He couldn’t respond.

“My, my, energetic as always, aren’t you Hado?” Midnight teased, smirking. “I guess I should’ve expected that much vigor from UA’s top three.”

Wait… top three?

“Oh! You are-” Izuku couldn’t help but get that fanboyish sparkle in his eyes, sitting up fully behind Nejire. “You three are UA’s top students? People closest to All Might even among pro heroes?”

“That’s us, alright!” Mira cheered, flexing with her arms to her sides before pointing at him “And you’re the guy with the quirk from 1-A, no?”
“Izuku Midoriya, right?” Nejire asked, turning back to face him fully.

“Oh my God, the Big Three know me.”

“OH MY GOD, THE BIG THREE KNOW ME!”

“WAIT, THEN THAT MEANS!” He looked at the woman still in his lap; baby blue hair, power to shoot out something yellow—“Nejire Hado? The Nejire Hado?”

He was vibrating with excitement.

“You power output isn’t even matched by Endeavor when it comes to pure strength! How does that work? I know your bio said that it was based on vitality but when you use it does it drain your vitality? Or is it a constant level you can sustain unless you get hurt? Does your vitality regenerate with you consuming food? Or is it with rest?” His hands were moving as if he was flipping through notes. “Why does it spiral? Were you able to pinpoint what that energy was? Is it plasma or light? Are you able to change the direction of your shots after you fire them?”

“I- Izuku, down boy. Down!” Nana screeched, the sensation of getting smacked upside the head pulling Izuku out of his mumble-storm.

His eyes focused on Neijire, who was a blushing mess.

“I- uh- sorry, I got excited…”

“No-no-it’s-fine-” she squeaked, her voice in a higher pitch than usual. “I-I’m just not used to…”

She trailed off, noticing her position finally: straddling his lap with him sitting up, her chest almost rubbing against his- wait, was she wearing a bra today? Oh God, can he see my n-

She shot away from him, hiding behind Mira who was laughing boisterously at her sudden shyness. “You seem to know a lot about us, don’t you?”
Izuku didn’t even blink “Yes of course- Tamai Amajiki is behind you, right? Her quirk is amazing! Does she have a limit on how many organisms she could turn into at a ti-”

Mira couldn’t help but laugh harder as she felt the heat of her friends blush against her back. “You really are a fanboy, huh?”

“I- uh I guess? Sorry is this weird?” he asked, finally standing up to look at the woman properly.

Even with his height and stature, Mira looked like she could challenge him when it came to intimidation.

“So that makes you Mira Togata, right? I don’t know much about your quirk- I don’t know if anyone else does either- but Lemillion is almost a household name at this point, I can't believe I’m meeting you!”

He noticed that he was suddenly looking at nothing, while Nejire and Tamai noticed that their shield was missing a moment later.

“Huh- wha-”

“So, is he always like this?” Mira asked, leaning onto Midnight, acting like she was whispering gossip in an exaggerated manner.

Midnight played along. “Yeah, he gets real fanboy-y the first time he meets any hero, it’s kinda adorable though, right?”

Mira laughed again.

Izuku was starting to see how similar that laugh was to All Might’s.

“Now, Midoriya.” Mira turned to face him. He noticed that she wasn’t wearing the UA provided gym gear, but a pale yellow shirt and shorts; they seemed similar in color to her hair now that he looked at them again.
“Wanna spar?”

Izuku blinked “Wait, really? I’d be honored!”

He glimpsed her start to fall into the ground, then she was in front of him, fist aimed for his gut.

The fight at the Noumu flashed before his eyes, body locking up for a second as everything in him went to overdrive. His eyes hardened as flow kicked in, one leg snapped behind him, his whole body pivoting away from the punch in a mere millisecond as his hand shot forward gripping the underside of Mira’s wrist, pulling her forward for an Aikido lock-

His hand literally went through her wrist like she was just a hologram after the initial purchase against her skin, the woman laughing all the while she fazed through him, rolling to a stand behind him. “Good reflexes!”

“There’s... no way for me to win, is there?” he mumbled, looking at the back of the woman.

“Nope~” Mira chuckled again.

“Ow…” Izuku huffed from his place on the floor, feeling bruises starting to form even with his higher regenerative capabilities. “I knew the Big Three weren’t a joke but- I couldn’t imagine the gap being this large between us.”

“Honestly, I’m surprised you could keep up for that long,” Nejire mumbled, looking at the man collapsed on the floor, “and that you’re still conscious.”

“Oh- that’s cause of my quirk- I’m in real pain right now…” he muttered with a forced laugh. “Your punches are no joking matter, Lemillion.”

Mira flexed, screaming ‘power’ as she did so, then shook her hands as if getting numbness out of them. “You can call me Mira and what even is your quirk? It felt like I was punching a brick wall
back there… not to mention you didn’t have the green lightning you showed off at the sports festival either!

“Oh- Uh- that… well” He attempted to sit up, only to fail gloriously- Midnight laughing sadistically before giving a helping hand, struggling to pull the heavier man up to a seated position. “The lack of lightning wasn’t for lack of trying.” His face froze for a second as he realized that that rhymed. “Simply put, I need time to ‘charge up’ before I use it.”

“And I didn’t give you time! I see!” Mira punched her palm “Then that is a current weakness of yours, but I am sure you’re aware.”

“Painfully so-” Izuku smiled slightly, “-especially now.”

Mira guffawed at the pun, almost doubling over “I like you, Midoriya!”

“But- yeah it just lets me control my body on a …Organal? Level.” He paused, scrunching his nose. “That’s not a word. Um, I can control my body’s organs and processes consciously.”

“…An invisible quirk, huh?” Mira smiled. “No wonder we couldn’t notice until you pulled that stuff with the glacier… but one question, you seem preceptive, what do you think my quirk is?”

Izuku paused, looking up to the blonde. “You can phase through objects, that much is obvious… but your speed is also unmatched- almost a teleportation…” He looked back down, pulling his hand up to his chin, wincing as he did. “But those two quirks are too far apart to be natural… And while you can certainly phase through objects, it’s not that clear that you can telepo-”

He flinched looking up. “You always popped out from the ground whenever you ‘teleported’.”

“Oh, you are good.” Mira chuckled with slight pride. “When I go intangible using my quirk inside something solid, then become tangible again… you can guess the rest”

“You shoot out- incredible,” Izuku mumbled with pure awe. “How did you even figure that one out?”
“Trial and error. What about you with your quirk?”

“I had an… unnatural growth spurt.”

Mira guffawed again. “That’d do it, now I think it’s time for us three to spar, right Tamai?”

“R-right,” the black-haired girl muttered, now hiding behind the shorter Nejire.

Izuku could see her face; she had a shy beauty to her, it contrasted nicely with the bubbliness of Nejire, who was bouncing on the balls of her heels again after shaking off the shyness from earlier.

“Wow—are you crushing on all of them?” Nana giggled “Damn, you go, ‘Casanova’”

Wha- NO! He gulped looking back down, trying to get the sensation of Nejire’s body against his out of his head.

“Oh, you are crushing on the blue hair, the red one! That’s a dorgbl*!"” Nana teased. “And so is she!"

Nana… you’re gonna be the death of me…

“Oh, shush, you big baby… you like it!"

He kinda did.

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“Ow-” he hissed gently, leaning away from the ball of cotton in Nemuri’s hands.

“Told you it’d sting,” she mumbled, pulling the ball away. “Recovery girl isn’t in and you need those dressed properly.”
“You’re right, you’re right,” he mumbled, adjusting himself back. “I’ll be still, go ahead.”

Nemuri smiled softly, gently dressing the scrapes on his cheek and shoulders. “You’re sure these won’t scar, right?”

“They can’t, got too many stem cells for that. They’ll probably be healed over by this afternoon.” He let out a soft forced laugh. “It’s really no big deal.”

Nemuri hesitated, then slapped his shoulder. “It’s good that you heal that fast but don’t let that get to your head! I don’t want you hurting yourself too much cause ‘you can heal’, got that?”

Izuku’s face froze, then broke out in a genuine smile. “I won’t, don’t worry Kayama-Sensei.”

Nemuri blushed softly and pouted. “Good. Don’t forget it.”

Both were thinking the same thing in that very moment.

That’s… that's cheating- don’t look at me like that.

“AH! Izuku!” Mei cheered as he stumbled his way into the workshop. “How was training?”

He chuckled heartily as Nemuri followed him in. “Learned a bunch, got beat to hell though. Did you behave?”

“She did, actually,” Itsuka mumbled, flipping a page on her magazine. “Plus she promised to build me a flying motorcycle and if you get between me and that, we are gonna have problems, Izuku.”

The man froze then looked between the girls. “Aight- aight, I won't stop you there- everyone ready for lunch?”
“BEFORE THAT!” Mei screamed, hugging into his chest. “Wanna do the honors?”

“The honors?” Izuku’s eyebrow quirked upwards as he looked down on the woman crushing herself into his torso.

“Here!” She pulled back, pulling a remote out of her jumpsuit. “It’s the ‘on’ button. Go ahead!”

Izuku looked at Mei then at the button. “What am I”

“Just press it!” she insisted.

“Fine fine-” He looked at the remote again, flipped its cover, and pressed down on the bright red button.

Hydraulics hissed and he heard the soft hum of a rotary engine speeding up, followed by the low hiss of steam escaping.

He finally noticed the white canvas tarp over something on the side starting to move.

“Oh.”

Mecha-Might rose back to his feet, “I AM-” one hand grabbing and pulling the tarp off of his massive frame- “BOOTING UP LIKE A NORMAL PERSON”!

“Pretty sure normal people don’t boot up,” Izuku shot back with a teasing smile as Nemuri dropped into a fighting stance. He paused then looked over his shoulder to the woman in question. “It’s fine Kayama-Sensei he won’t attack”

“Father, it’s corre, c’t, there is no need to start subroutine. Sparring: A pleasure to meet you, Kayama. Ne, nur,”

“What is with your voice…” the teacher mumbled, standing back up straight then bumping an elbow
“He helped me build him ages ago, so he kinda is his father.” Mei shrugged.

“That is… honestly kinda cute,” Itsuka remarked, closing her magazine and looking at the mechanical marvel up close for the first time: arms large with synthetic muscles and hydraulics poking out from under its armored plating, its humanesque forms making up its massive torso, heavy joints all across the major pivoting points, armored to hell and back.

The machine looked strong. Stronger than what she had seen Izuku decapitate.

“So- how much of him was lost? Data wise, I mean,” Izuku asked, looking at the shorter pinkette.

“Not much! Turns out he had a black box in his central chassis that held a copy of his current ‘self’. Funny, I don’t even think I had access to such heavy-duty tech when I was building him…” Mei paused, then spun to face the robot. “Wait- do you update your hardware on your own, Mecha-Might?”

“I do no,” he hissed quickly.

Too quickly.

“...Well, AI can’t lie so…” Mei turned her back to her creation. “Guess I managed to build one when I was sleep-deprived!”

Izuku didn’t buy that. Not one bit.

But the alternative was scarier so he let it go.

He shrugged. “Lunchtime?”

“Lunchtime!” the other three cheered, trying not to let Mecha Might’s unblinking camera get to them.
End Notes

Discord link to the Total command server: https://discord.gg/5pjUyUt

Works inspired by this one: Total Command Omakes by SeaofFallingStars, Total Command: Autumn’s Origin by Toony, The Director: Total Command Edition by Titus621, Total Chat by ExcuseMeNo

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