# The Quirkless Hero: Deku!

by [PolarKarma](https://archiveofourown.org/users/PolarKarma)

## Summary

Midoriya Izuku, by his idol, was told that he couldn’t be a Hero. The hope he held for so long was shattered in an instant. However, he wouldn’t—couldn’t let things end there. He was only told that he couldn’t be a Hero because no Quirkless had become one before. He was going to be a Hero. No matter what preconceptions existed against Quirkless people and Hero-ship. He was going to show the world that Heroes don't have to be born. They can be made.

Cross-Posting with FF.NET

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## Summary

Midoriya Izuku, by his idol, was told that he couldn’t be a Hero. The hope he held for so long was shattered in an instant. However, he wouldn’t—couldn’t let things end there. He was only told that he couldn’t be a Hero because no Quirkless had become one before. He was going to be a Hero. No matter what preconceptions existed against Quirkless people and Hero-ship. He was going to show the world that Heroes don't have to be born. They can be made.

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See the end of the work for notes.
Midoriya Izuku was told that he couldn't be a hero by the hero of Japan, rushed into danger for no good reason to save someone who hated him, and got scolded and yelled at for it by both the Pro-Heroes and the person he tried to save.

He sighed, trudging through his house, and quickly found his room when he returned home. He shut the door and locked it after him. He couldn't bring himself to walk forward anymore. His knees buckled before his back met his wall and he slid to the ground.

Midoriya put his head in his hands, "Damn it…" He shook his head, tears welling up in his eyes, "How frustrating…"

"It's not bad to dream. But you also have to consider what's realistic."

As All-Might's words bounced around inside his head, "What's realistic, huh…?" He leaned back, and his head hit the wall. "Ow…"

There was a knock on his door and his mother's voice spoke, "Izuku?"

Midoriya blinked, rubbing his eyes, "Y-Yeah, mom?"

She asked, "Did you send in your high school application, yet?"

He got up from the ground, "N-No… Not yet."

She reminded him, "Well, be sure to send it in soon!"

He nodded to the door, "Y-Yeah… I will…"

His mom spoke once more, "Well, I'll get to work on dinner."

He nodded to the door… again, "Yeah, I'll be there soon."

Midoriya scratched the back of his head, "High school…" He reached into his bag and pulled out the application sheet, "I have to be realistic… right…?" His mind wandered as he grabbed a pencil and sat at his desk, "I just want to help people… I… I thought…" His hand moved on his own and his pencil made its marks as he thought absentmindedly, "I thought I could become a hero—no… I wanted to be a hero… Even if it was unrealistic…"

His mother's voice cut through his thoughts, "Izuku! Come help with dinner!"

He pushed away from his desk, standing, "O-Okay, mom!" He didn't look at the application—he didn't realize that he had, without thinking, written Yuuei High School for his application.

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Their homeroom teacher brought Midoriya and Bakugo into the teacher's office to talk about applications, "Ah, you seem to have been allowed to test for Yuuei as well, Midoriya." The teacher held out the Yuuei card for the entrance exams for the courses at Yuuei.

Midoriya blinked at the card, "W-What?"
The teacher shrugged, "Yeah, I guess they'll even give Quirkless kids a chance."

Bakugo growled at Midoriya as he pinned him against the wall, "What the hell, Deku?!"

Midoriya raised his hands, "K-Kacchan, I-I…" All-Might's voice rung through my head, "-what's realistic…" He bit his tongue and struggled to say it, but it came out eventually, "I… I won't be applying for the Hero Course…"

Bakugo relaxed slightly, "What?"

Midoriya paused for a moment before speaking, "I'll be applying for the…" He thought for a moment, "-Support Course, I think… that way my notebooks wouldn't have been a waste of time…"

Bakugo sucked his teeth, "Tch…" He shook his head, "Fine… Just make sure you don't get in my way, Deku." He shoved off the wall with a small explosion from his palm.

Midoriya waited for Bakugo to walk off before he slowly slid to the ground. The explosion shook him to the core—way too close for comfort.

Once his heart had calmed, he thought to himself, "Support Course, huh…? I should probably do more research into that…" He got up, dusting off the dirt on his slacks before walking home, "At least, I'll be able to help someone with some gear, I guess…"

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The next six months came and went in a blur. Midoriya had spent his time studying for the Support Course's entrance exam. The Support Course definitely involved some heavy-lifting, so Midoriya had begun a simple exercising regime to build muscle mass. He also, within those six months, studied everything he could about engineering and programming.

Midoriya was many things: Quirkless, useless, but something he was proud of was his title as a quick study. Learning coding was painful, and the burns he got from soldering were another type of painful. He bared it, and his mother was worried sick because of all of his new-found scars.

Midoriya trudged through the front gates of Yuuei High School. He yawned and rubbed his eyes, "I was way too nervous last night…"

A familiar voice growled, "Oi, Deku, what's wrong with you?"

Midoriya turned to meet the eyes of his old bully, "I-I… I just couldn't sleep last night. I've been having trouble sleeping lately." He didn't notice the fact that he and Bakugo walked alongside each other without any negative air between them for the first time in a very—very long time. "From what I understand, I have to make a useful piece of tech in some time limit." He shook his head, "But I don't know what could make… I have… I have too many ideas."

Bakugo rolled his eyes, "Just focus on what a Hero could use, you idiot. Stop overthinking it."

Midoriya nodded, yawning at the same time.

They walked into the school and towards a folded-out table with a seemingly normal lady acting as a receptionist. She smiled politely, "Which courses are you applying for?"

Bakugo nodded, "Hero."
Midoriya spoke, "S…” He trailed off for a moment before taking a deep breath and saying, "Support."

She gestured as she gave directions, "The Hero Course is off to the left and the Support Course is to the right and down that hall."

Midoriya bowed politely, "Thank you," as Bakugo just walked off.

They had walked ahead on their separate paths. Midoriya stopped before turning to Bakugo, "H-Hey, Kacchan?"

Bakugo turned, irritation on his tongue, "What?"

Midoriya smiled, "G-" He paused, "Saying 'Good luck' would just piss him off…" He, instead, raised his fist, beaming at his childhood friend, "Show them who you are, and make sure they don't forget it."

Bakugo turned away from his childhood victim, "Hmph…" He turned to Midoriya, the faintest of smirks on his lips, "Obviously."

For a while—a long while, that was the last time the childhood friends saw each other.

Midoriya walked into a large lecture room of some kind. He looked around, noticing a, surprisingly, small number of students spaced out across the students. He found a seat next with only a singular person nearby—she was out cold. Students slowly filed in, but not enough to fill the entire room.

Midoriya looked around as the doors to the room shut, "I guess not that many people wanted to join the Support Course…"

A short hero wearing yellow, mechanical gear on his head, "So, this is who we have?"

Midoriya's eyes glittered and blinked, "Power-Loader…! The Excavation Hero…!" He beamed, "Of course, Yuuei would be run by heroes…!" He let out, "W-Wow…"

The teacher nodded, "Yo, I'm Maijima Higari. If you make it into the Course, I'll be your main teacher." He scratched the back of his neck, "So, the principal wanted me to give you the standard written exam and then hit you with the practical." He grinned, "But, I don't want you guys to fail just cuz' you don't know which bubble to fill in, so…" What he said next changed the entire atmosphere of the room.

"-if you pass the practical exam in the top twenty—then I'll exempt the written."

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The written exam was a blur, and, for the practical exam, the students were moved to a large workshop with more than enough stations for the students. Students rushed to their stations and quickly began to work and build. But not Midoriya.

He turned to the short teacher, "Um, Power-Loader?"

Maijima nodded, "Yeah, kid?"

Midoriya looked around, "Are we sharing this space with the other years?"

He shook his head, waving his hand, "Nah, there are separate workshops depending on their year."
He pointed at an empty station, "Now, get to work! You have till sunset to finish!" He watched Midoriya rush off towards a station before shrugging, "If you need that time"

Power-Loader patrolled around the workshop, watching his possible students work. His eyes landed on a grey-haired student before walking up to the student and putting a hand on his shoulder, "Oi, kid."

The student turned, "Y-Yes?"

Power-Loader frowned, "Your station's a mess. It's dangerous for you and the rest of your classmates—fix it or I'll remove you."

The student looked panicked before quickly nodding, "Y-Yes, sir!"

Power-Loader turned and walked on, "A little bit of pressure is a good way to test their endurance… What makes or breaks a Support…? Grace under pressure… If they can't handle that, they should build themselves before they reapply…"

A student caught the teacher's eyes, spotting a student with pink hair and yellow eyes. She was at hard work with a welder, laughing manically. He could hear her beaming about her 'babies'. There was a sudden puff of smoke and she put her work aside for a moment before going back to work.

His eyes narrowed at her, "You seem like trouble…" He grinned, "A passionate student… How fun…"

Power-Loader turned and spotted a green-haired student. The student was still planning the device he was going to make. He was muttering to himself, but all of it was drowned out by the students' tools. The teacher watched the student plan and plan. He had even turned his attention away and made a full round about the workshop before student finally picked up a tool.

Power-Loader looked at the student once more, "Meticulously planning until every detail is just right… A good quality, overall… But everyone in Yuuei needs that ability to make spur-in-the-moment decisions… Eraserhead would probably say you don't have the potential to adapt…" The teacher turned away and walked away, "I'll wait… and we'll see…"

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Midoriya looked over his creation one last time. Mostly everyone had left and turning in the gear they made. Power-Loader had graded the students bluntly and on the spot. The practical exam wasn't based on points but was pass or fail. His heart squeezed every time he heard a harsh and blunt fail.

Midoriya put his back to his creation, strapping himself into place around his arms and legs before buckling it with a belt across his chest. He slipped his fingers into metal-tipped armatures and flexing his fingers. He hit the center button of the chest-buckle and the exo-skeleton came to life. The exo-skeleton was bulky and not at all comfortable.

He thought to himself, "But does it work…?"

He turned and walked up to an abandoned sheet of metal. It was heavy when he used a sheet earlier, but now with his index finger and his thumb, he could pick it up easily. He looked around, spotting car that was used for scraps—all that was left was its frame.

He jogged over to it, "It should be around 156 kilograms…" He lowered his body, gripping its front bumper, "If I can lift it... Then I've truly done it…!" The exo-skeleton hissed and its internal
machinery whirled.

Midoriya put all of his strength into lifting the car—all most forgetting the exo-skeleton's enhancement of his strength. He lifted the car easily, but the force he put behind his arms kept pushing it upward. The car frame went flying into the wall behind it—not only cracking the wall but crushing the frame into a pancake against the wall.

Midoriya blinked, "Ah…"

Power-Loader walked over to Midoriya as the frame fell back to the ground, "Oi-oi-oi-oi-oi…"

The student turned to him, "I-I'm so sorry! I-I didn't mean to…" He stopped apologizing when he saw the grin on Power-Loader's face.

Power-Loader walked up to the frame before putting his foot on it and turning to the student, "Kid?" He chuckled, "You're pretty amazing."

Midoriya's cheeks flushed as a goofy grin grew on his face, "R-Really?"

Power-Loader nodded, "That's some crazy strength in that thing." He crossed his arms, "How did you do it?"

Midoriya explained, "O-Oh, um, the joints, arm-braces, and leg-braces have hydraulic-based supports."

Power-Loader rubbed his chin, "High-power hydraulics, huh?" He chuckled once more, putting his hands on his lips, "Well done, kid. Pass"

Midoriya beamed before bowing before the teacher, "T-Thank you, Power-Loader!"

The Hero waved off the gesture, "Head home, but uh, leave the suit at your station." Midoriya raised a brow and Power-Loader smirked, "It'll be here when you get back."

The freckled student beamed once more, "Yes, sir!"

Midoriya left the workshop and Power-Loader took one last look at the pancaked frame, "This kid…" He chuckled, "Ah, man, a novice making something like this?" He shook his head, grinning, "Crazy."
The Support Course

Chapter Summary

A really short chapter... That's all I got. Just a simple depiction of the Support Course, nothing else really.

The workshop was a buzz with students. They were a week into the school year and were at work with another assignment: to create something for a Hero to use. Sometimes, the assignment would be more specific for certain situations, but always align with the same premise.

Students always approached it differently. Sometimes, making something big and impractical, something useless, and then a consistent amount of people made functioning devices. Whenever an assignment was given, the sounds of tools and sparks flying consumed the workshop. Students mostly confined themselves to their own stations and only occasionally left to grab materials or extra tools.

Midoriya, himself, was sat at his station, working in his burned notebook. It was a preliminary design for an automatic hacking device. He wore the standard Yuuei gym uniform with its upper half tied around his waist, revealing the black tank-top he wore.

He scratched his cheek, "A universal key, so that Heroes can enter buildings undetected... It needs to be portable, but... A hacking device and some sort of adapting tech to unlock a physical lock... Place it over the lock...? What about a keypad...?"

A feminine voice chimed in, "Hey~.

Midoriya blinked as he turned to her, "H-Huh, what?"

She had blue-ish skin with horns and purple hair, "Hi~, I'm Rei."

He nodded, "H-Hi."

Rei held out a blue bottle, "Hey, do you want a water bottle?"

He took it, "Uh, sure."

She tilted her head, "Can I borrow your drill? I haven't had a chance to charge mine."

Midoriya nodded before standing and looking for his drill, "Um, yeah, sure."

As he looked through his shelves, unbeknownst to him, she flipped through the pages of his singed notebook. She grinned as she came across a device with specific and well-made instructions for construction. She waited for Midoriya to pull out the drill from the shelf, causing a loud scraping noise. She took that time to rip out the page and flipped back to the page he was on.

She folded up the page and tucked it into her bra as Midoriya came over, "Thanks."

Midoriya smiled innocently—none the wiser, "No problem. Good luck."
Rei gave a small wave, "You too~.

Unbeknownst to them both, Power-Loader watched it all and the scowl he wore turned to a grin as a fitting punishment came to mind.

Midoriya shifted to work on the new device he designed. He used simple metals, wirings, and other simple hardware for the device. He used a soldering tool and was finishing up his work. He wiped the tool and set it to the side before looking over at his notebook.

He narrowed his eyes, "Wait…" He opened the notebook, flipping through the pages before landing on the remnants of a ripped-out page. "W-What?" He blinked, standing from his desk, "W-Wait, what? W-When? What?" He turned before walking towards the teacher who was grading a device from a student before the teacher spotted him and held up his hand to stop him.

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Power-Loader accepted and looked over the device handed in by Rei, "Hmm… Impressive, Yuji." He looked over the compact black and silver device, "Tell me what it does."

She smiled proudly, "It is a device meant to act as portable and easily deployable rocket thrusters. These can be slapped onto anything, turning normal objects into projectiles and can even restrict bigger villains."

The teacher nodded, "Interesting…" He looked up to see his green-haired student's look of disbelief, "Yes, Midoriya, it is your design."

Rei stumbled, "S-Sir?"

It was almost as if a record-scratch silenced the room. Saws, drills, soldering—all of it came to end once the accusation was made. People turned away from their stations and their creations to watch something some of them never expected. While others looked on knowingly, those who expected it to happen eventually—just not this early in the year. Overall, people looked to Rei, Midoriya, and Power-Loader, murmuring amongst themselves.

Power-Loader stood, "I saw. I watched." He turned to her, frowning, "And I am thoroughly disappointed with you." He played with the portable device in his hands, "You stole designs from his notebook. Midoriya, go get it. It's underneath the drill you lent her."

Midoriya walked over to her station and pulled out his notebook page from underneath the drill. "W-What?"

Power-Loader shook his head, "Don't be surprised. Some people just aren't creative enough to come up with their own ideas." He stepped onto a table, "Listen up! Everyone!" He scowled, "I understand the spotlight for Support Companies is singular and narrow. But, we, at Yuuei, don't sabotage or steal from each other!" He looked at Rei, "You are supposed to be better than that. And you should be ashamed."

Rei stuttered out, "I-I…"

Power-Loader gestured to her, "You'll get off with a punishment," He turned and addressed the workshop, "but next time, anyone pulls something like this? Expulsion. Are we clear?"

The workshop responded, "Yes, sir!"
With that, the needle dropped, and the record began to spin once more. The sound of tools filled the room and people, once again, confined themselves to their stations. In the end, no one was surprised. Logic concluded that people would fall off the climb to the top. And no one minded the fact that she had knocked herself off the ladder. In actuality, they were happy to see it.

Power-Loader addressed the female student, "First? Apologize to Midoriya."

Rei bowed towards Midoriya, "I-I'm sorry."

Midoriya looked between her and his designs, still reeling, "I… I…"

Power-Loader continued, "Yuji, report to the Principal and tell him exactly what you did. We'll decide on your punishment by tomorrow. When you come back? Sit quietly at your station until the bell."

Rei nodded, "Y-Yes, sir."

The teacher gestured to the door, "Go." He waited for her to leave before addressing his other student, "Are you okay, Midoriya?"

He shook his head, "Why-why would she do that?"

Power-Loader shrugged, "She couldn't come up with any ideas or she just didn't feel like putting in the effort. Don't get hung up on it too much."

Midoriya looked at his designs, silent.

The teacher walked alongside the student, moving towards his station, "Don't let this stop you from making friends. You just have to find the right people."

Midoriya nodded absentmindedly, "Yeah…"

Power-Loader raised a brow, "You seem… disappointed."

He shook his head, "She didn't have to-to do something like that. I…"

The teacher tilted his head, "Would've helped her?"

Midoriya shrugged, "I wouldn't have given her my designs, but-"

Power-Loader nodded, "You would've helped her."

The student seemed to deflate, "Y-Yeah." He turned to the teacher, "Why did she do it?"

Power-Loader scratched his chin, "Well, Support Course students are aiming to become major assets for Support Companies. Those companies usually don't take teams, but individuals. So, some students aren't aiming on making friends in order to maintain their individuality. The path towards becoming a major asset is a ladder—a cutthroat competition."

Midoriya put his notebook page away, "So, I should be careful who I make friends with?"

The teacher nodded, "Yeah, but don't let it change you too much." He patted his student's shoulder, "I'm sure, you'll be able to tell the difference between the liars and true friends."

The student turned back to his station, "Hopefully."
Power-Loader nodded once again, "Hopefully."

Midoriya stood at his station before turning to the teacher, "If you hadn't seen her do it, would you have known?"

The teacher thought for a moment before answering, "Yes."

The student blinked, "How?"

Power-Loader explained, "Engineers and inventors have a signature way of approaching certain processes of design. Her internal wiring in her devices is always messy and stops her from receiving any higher of a grade. Your internal wiring in your devices is color coordinated and neatly put together." He shrugged, "There's a noticeable difference between the both of you."

Midoriya bowed, "W-Well, thank you."

The teacher waved it off, "Don't worry about it. It's a teacher's duty to make sure student's goals are realized and undeterred."

The student turned back to his station, "Well, I'm going to get back to work."

Power-Loader nodded before walking away, "Looking forward to it."
Chapter Summary

It's a Small World

Worlds collide of the Hero Course and the Support Course, and Midoriya's frustrations are revealed!

It was well-into the year. Everyone had come to grips of Yuuei's expectations and were trying to follow them accordingly. After all, their teacher was now keeping a keen eye on everyone since the… 'incident' as people have dubbed it.

Rei had returned from her two-week punishment of a week-long suspension, and another week of detentions. She couldn't meet any of her classmates' eyes after the event. She avoided Midoriya like the plague.

The student ahead of him frowned as Power-Loader gave him a C as Midoriya took his place. All of the students wore Yuuei's standard gym uniform either completely or the upper half tied around their waist. They were testing their made devices in a large white room with a grid like design across the room's surfaces. Dummies were placed behind podiums and were a sufficient distance away from the students. Each dummy was different and was meant for different types of testing.

Power-Loader looked through the list on his clipboard. "Izuku Midoriya." He nodded, "Alright, give me a device a Hero could use in infiltrating a facility."

Midoriya held a silvery disc with a blue-glowing light, "An electrocuting disc."

Power-Loader nodded slowly, "Alright." He gestured ahead of them, "At dummy number 5" He pulled out a tablet and activated the dummy's sensors.

Midoriya activated the disc before chucking it at the dummy. It landed on its abdomen, sticking in place before delivering an electric charge.

Power-Loader looked at the tablet, nodding, "The charge is good." He pointed at Midoriya, "But, people have a tendency to scream when being electrocuted and the disc is a high-risk gear as a villain could capture the device and reengineer it." He went back to the clipboard, writing beside his name, "It's a B. Grab that thing and head back to the workshop."

Midoriya bowed before doing as he was told, "Yes, sir."

Midoriya sat his station, scribbling across his notebook, "Deployable devices should be able to self-destruct or automatically retrievable…"

A feminine voice, "Hey, you're plain-looking one?"

Midoriya blinked, "H-Huh?" He turned, closing his notebook, "Um, m-me?" before coming face to face with a pink-haired and yellow-eyed girl who was mere centimeters from his face, "S-She's too close…"

She finally backed up before pointing at the exo-skeleton which was displayed on an armature next
to his station, "Did you make this?"

Midoriya nodded, "Uh, yeah."

She beamed at the creation, "What an impressive baby!"

He blinked, "Um, 'baby'?"

She gestured to the invention, "You know? Your baby!"

Midoriya scratched the back of his head, "Ah, oh... The exo-skeleton, yeah."

She rubbed her chin, "Do you think about modifying it?"

He tilted his head, "Um, n-no—uh, not really."

She grinned, "You should! You can make this a truly beautiful baby."

Midoriya fidgeted with his thumbs, "Um, I could try something, I guess... Um, uh, w-what's your name?"

She beamed, "Ah, I'm Hatsume Mei, at your service!"

He smiled politely, "Midoriya Izuku."

Hatsume invaded his personal space even more than before, "Hello, Midoriya!" His cheeks flushed as he avoided her eyes while she chuckled, "Heh-heh!" She tilted her head, "There's a group project coming up soon! Do you want to join me?"

Midoriya gulped, "She's way too close...!" He smiled nervously, "Uh, I-I—um, uh... S-Sure."

She chuckled, "This'll be fun!" finally backing off.

He nodded, "U-Um, sure..."

She stopped grinning, speaking almost thoughtfully, "You're really nervous person, you know that?"

He scratched the back of his head, "Y-Yeah..."

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Uraraka Ochaco and Iida Tenya walked down the hallway towards the Development Studio. Uraraka pouted, "Dang it, we were so close!" She looked at her damaged costume, "I can't believe Bakugo would do all of that." It was burned in some areas, and it had burned so badly that holes were put in it.

Iida nodded, "For a Hero, he doesn't seem to act like one." He sighed, "But we have to admire his abilities in combat." His armor was singed and damaged, and the white was covered with unremovable black soot.

She pouted, "But he could hold back a little. We're his classmates after all."

The Excavation Hero slowed to a stop as he walked around the corner and into the two Heroes-in-training, "Ah..."

Iida quickly bowed before the teacher, "Power-Loader." Uraraka blinked for a moment before
mimicking her friend.

Power-Loader put up his hand, "No, don't do that." He mumbled, "Midoriya does it way too much."

Iida raised a brow, "I'm sorry?"

The teacher shook his head, "Nothing." He nodded to them, "So, you three got your costumes damaged?"

Uraraka frowned, "Yeah…"

Power-Loader nodded, "I see." He shrugged, "Par for the course." He gestured to them as he turned to walk down the hall, "Come on, you can follow me to the Development Studios"

Iida nodded, "Of course."

A long bout of awkward silence filled the air as the now group of four walked down the hall. Uraraka was the one to break it, "So, um, what's the Support Course like? Compared to the Hero Course, I mean."

Power-Loader stopped and turned to her, "Ah, well, it's a lot less exciting."

As if on cue, the door to the Development Studio down the hall bursted open and a green, curly-haired teen ran out into the hall. He wore the standard gym uniform, an exo-skeleton of some kind, darkly-colored goggles, and a respirator which bore a striking resemblance to a certain hero if he had a sharp-toothed grin.

He nearly tripped on his own feet as he slammed the metal door shut before he spotted Power-Loader. He began to run down the hallway towards them, "G-Get back! H-Hatsume—"

And then an explosion from the Development Studio roared as smoke bellowed into the hall, sending the door flying and bouncing about its walls. The door smacked into the Support Course student's back, sending him to the ground.

The Hero Course students stood in shock as Power-Loader rushed to the student's aid, "M-Midoriya!"

The student pushed the metal door off himself, "I-I'm fine! C-Check on Hatsume."

Power-Loader stood, shouting, "Hatsume!" He stepped over some metal scrap as he entered the studio, "What did I tell you about setting off those damned explosions?!"

Both of them asked in a concerned manner, "A-Are you okay?"

Midoriya sat up, "I-I'm f-fine, but…" His hand was atop his respirator and in turn over his mouth, "I-I bit my tongue when I fell…"

Iida asked, "Does this happen often?"

Midoriya pulled down his respirator and pushed his goggles upward, giving a pained expression to the Hero Course students, "T-Too often…"

Uraraka frowned, asking concernedly, "Are you sure you're okay?"

Midoriya nodded, "Y-Yeah. My exo-skeleton took the brunt of the damage." He stood, dusting off his legs, "S-So, um, what brings you here?" He smiled politely, "You're Hero Course, right?"
Iida nodded, "Yes, our costumes were damaged recently."

Midoriya nodded, turning down the hall, "Oh, okay. Just follow me."

Uraraka raised a brow, "Um, isn't the Development Studio gonna be shut down or something?"

The Support Course student answered simply, "Nope."

The two Heroes-in-training followed the student forward. They stepped into the room and were surprised to find a still-intact room. There were the singes and burns on the floor near the door—the epicenter of the explosion. Power-Loader was busy scolding a pink-haired student who delivered famous quotes of previous inventors to defend herself. Desks, computers, tools for building, and abandoned prototypes left on shelves and tabletops.

Midoriya kept the students' attentions, "Follow me, please." He turned to them, "What kind of costumes do you have?" He looked at the damaged wear in their arms, "Armor and cloth?" He then walked up to a large machine with spindles of cloth and other materials, "This is basically a 3-D printer, but it deals with textiles." He walked over to the terminal, "Do you have your student cards?"

Iida pulled his card, "Yes."

And Uraraka, after some searching, found hers, "Yup!"

Midoriya nodded, "Okay." He held his hand out towards Uraraka, "May I?"

She simply responded by giving him the card.

Midoriya slotted his card into the terminal and the machine came to life, "Alright, give me a moment..." He typed on a keyboard before removing his card from the machine.

She blinked, "Ah, I'm Uraraka Ochaco, by the way."

Iida bowed, "I am Iida Tenya, a pleasure."

Midoriya bowed back, "H-Hi, I-I'm Midoriya Izuku." He then took the card and slotted it into the machine. He typed on the machine a little longer before the machine began to knit her costume over a blank armature. "Iida follow me."

Iida nodded, "Yes, sir."

Midoriya walked over to another, similar machine, "Heh-heh, y-you don't have to call me 'sir'." He gestured to the machine, "This is an actual 3-D printer." He performed similar actions to the machine before it began to recreate Iida's costume over a blank armature.

Uraraka looked at the machines at full speed, "Whoa, this is pretty cool."

Midoriya nodded, "Yeah."

Iida raised a brow, "By the way, if you don't mind me asking, what is this suit you're wearing."

Midoriya raised a brow, "Hm?" He blinked, "Oh, y-you mean my exo-skeleton." He explained, "It's strength-enhancing and it's just useful for heavy lifting and stuff like that." They seemed impressed with that, "I brought here to upgrade it with a grappling system."

Uraraka tilted her head, "Why?"
Midoriya chuckled, "Oh, I just—uh, wanted enhance it in some way." He shrugged, walking over to a table with an incomplete belt in place, "I just thought I should keep moving forward with my gear." He scratched the back of his head, "Who knows when I'll need it." He picked up a fallen stool and took a seat.

Uraraka stared at Midoriya's face, blinking.

The 3-D printers dinged with a bell before the armature was moved out of the machine. Midoriya stood, "Ah, your costumes are done." He gestured to their destroyed suits and pointed to a trash can of some kind, "You can just toss those away."

Uraraka nodded, "O-Okay."

Iida bowed, "Thank you, Midoriya."

Midoriya waved him off, "N-No problem, it's my job to fix Heroes' gear…"

Uraraka walked down the hall some distance behind Iida, thinking to herself. Iida noticed her slow pace, "Uraraka?"

She blinked, "Huh?"

He raised a brow, "Are you okay?"

Uraraka nodded, "Y-Yeah, I was just thinking…"

Iida then asked, "About?"

She smiled, picking up her pace, "N-Nothing!" She thought to herself, "It was Midoriya… I don't know why… But he looked so sad…"

XXX

Midoriya stared at the ceiling, "So, they're Heroes, huh…?" He turned back to the incomplete belt, "Lucky…" Something stung his eyes, he shrunk on his stool, and he trembled. His hand balled into a fist, "I didn't expect this to hurt so much…" He pulled down his goggles and put on his respirator, "So frustrating…" He put his head down and went back to work on the belt once again.
Field Support at U.S.J.

Chapter Summary

Power-Loader tries to free his student of his frustrations via the Hero Course assignment at USJ, but will soon regret that decision.

Power-Loader bowed towards the seated principal of UA, "Thank you for meeting me, Principal Nezu." The short Pro-Hero was meeting with the principal in a teachers' lounge.

The genius-level animal nodded, "Of course, Higari." He took a sip from his mug of coffee, "What did you want to talk about?"

Power-Loader answered, "It's about a student of mine, Quirkless."

Nezu nodded, "Ah, a rare trait."

Maijima explained, "I wanted to put forward a vouching for him to be put in the Field Support program."

Nezu tilted his head, "Oh?"

"Y-Yes."

"May I ask why?"

Power-Loader explained, "After he met with some Hero Course students—after they left, he…" He shook his head, "I'm not very good at reading people, but I know pain."

Nezu then asked, "And why would you give this student such an opportunity?"

"I believe that this negativity, whatever it is, should be addressed now because I am sure it will constrict him later down in life."

"How would the Field Support program help him?"

Maijima scratched his chin, "I believe that this student wanted to become a Hero—like anyone else his age. His inability to manifest a Quirk no doubt damaged him. He has a lack of confidence that I believe should be re-built."

Nezu nodded, "And you wish to use the Field Support program to do so."

Power-Loader bowed, "Yes, sir."

"What about other students?"

Maijima explained, "My other first-years don't seem to have problems like him. They're more focused on gaining the attention of Support Companies rather than his problems. Which is to be expected of them."

Nezu nodded, "But this student is different with different motivations, so you wish to act upon
"With your permission, yes. And I would like to start him off with assisting the Hero Course students during their U.S.J. assignments."

"Is he prepared for such a thing?"

"I believe so, yes."

Nezu nodded, "I will allow it."

Maijima bowed once more, "Thank you, Principal Nezu."

"But, Higari?"

"Yes?"

Nezu wagged his finger, "Be wary of favoritism. You're a teacher first and forth most."

Power-Loader bowed, "Of course, sir."

Power-Loader walked alongside Aizawa as the dry-eyed Hero walked towards his classroom, "So, you'll be grading him on how he acts during these simulations."

Aizawa nodded, "Fine."

"Pass or fail will do. He's used to it by know."

"What's failing?"

Power-Loader shrugged, "If he does as he's told. He doesn't get in the Hero's way. He doesn't do the saving unless told to. That sort of thing."

Eraserhead nodded, "I understand. I'll handle it."

Maijima turned off to the side, "I'll send him your way."

Midoriya exited the school and jogged over to the bus meant to take 1-A and himself to the U.S.J. dome. He wore his newly-enhanced gear over the standard Yuuei gym uniform with his custom protective wear over his face. Plus, in his hand, he brought along a toolbox just to fix something of the… Heroes just in case.

He frowned, "Heroes… Iida and Uraraka hurt… But a whole class…? This'll be a horrible day, huh…?" He walked up to the teacher before a bit of fear squeezed his heart as he came to meet a familiar face.

The explosive blond growled at the sight of his childhood victim, "Deku."

Midoriya stumbled, "K-Kacchan?!" His mind panicked, "Never mind about hurting emotionally… I may get hurt physically… Of course, Kacchan made it into the 1-A Hero Course…!"

Aizawa stepped between them, "Oi, the time for greetings is for later." He turned to his class, "Everybody got on." He gestured to the Support Course student, "Let me talk to you."
Midoriya stepped over to the teacher after waving at Uraraka and Iida as they entered the bus, "Y-Yes, sir?"

Aizawa explained, "Your assignment is to provide in-field logistics to the Heroes while they search for 'civilians'. You'll follow their orders whether or not their orders are good or bad. And you are not to get in their way. You give them a guiding hand. You are not saving anyone. Do you understand?"

Midoriya nodded, "Y-Yes, sir!"

The teacher straightened, "Alright, this'll be a pass or fail assignment. Get on the bus."

Midoriya nodded once again, "Yes, sir!" before stepping onto the bus.

A bulky student nodded to him, "Hey, man, sit next to me."

Midoriya raised onto a knee, "U-Um, are you sure?"

He smiled in friendly manner, "Yeah, come on."

The Support student took a seat next to a group of Heroes in training. "They seem nicer than Kacchan…"

The bulky student in a mostly yellow costume, "Name's Sato."

The blond student with a black highlight in his high nodded, "Yo, I'm Kaminari."

The other blond with a glittery cape, "And I am-"

The male with spiky red hair interrupted him, "I'm Kirishima"

"And I'm-"

The pink-haired and skinned female interrupted as well, "Hi! I'm Ashido!"

A student with glasses and white armor bowed, "Hello again, Midoriya!"

The glittery-caped blond finally got a foothold in the conversation, "And I'm Yuga Aoyama!"

Midoriya greeted everyone, "H-Hi."

A girl in a green costume spoke, "I'm Tsuyu Asui. I usually say whatever comes to mind."

Midoriya blinked, "O-Oh?"

She pointed at his exo-suit, "That suit isn't standard, is it?"

The freckled boy stuttered, "U-Uh, no it-it isn't."

Ashido asked, "So, you know Midori, Iida?"

Midoriya blinked, "M-Midori’…?"

Iida nodded, "Yes, he repaired my armor after Bakugo damaged it."

Midoriya scratched the back of his neck, "W-Well, I replaced it and it wasn't really-"
Kaminari raised a brow, "Wait, can you modify our costumes?"

Midoriya nodded, "Y-Yes, if you come to the Development Studios with a written note from your teacher we can begin modifications."

Kirishima raised his arm, hardening his skin with his Quirk, "Sweet, maybe I can get me a flashier costume. My Hardening isn't really flashy enough on its own."

Midoriya beamed, "I-I think your Quirk is pretty amazing. Your Quirk's more than enough if you wanna go Pro."

Aoyama spoke, "Pro! But don't forget that Heroes also have to worry about popular appeal!" He bragged, "My Navel-Laser is both strong and cool, perfect for a Pro."

Ashido put a hand on his shoulder, speaking bluntly, "As long as you don't blow up your own stomach."

Aoyama's face seemed to darken, but he somehow maintained his smile.

Kirishima grinned, "You wanna talk strong and cool? That'd be Todoroki and Bakugo."

Midoriya thought to himself, "Someone as flashy as Kacchan, huh...? I wonder if Todoroki is anything like him...?" A sense of dread fell over the Support Course student as that thought passed.

Asui pointed at the explosive teen, "But Bakugo's so unhinged. He'd never be popular."

Bakugo shouted, "What'd you say, Frog-Face!?"

Midoriya watched as Kaminari began to tease the explosive teen, "Kacchan getting bullied...! Who'd have thought...!?" He looked around at the 1-A students, "T-These are the next generation of Heroes, huh...? M-Must be really strong to stand up against Kacchan... Crazy..."

Midoriya stood off to the side as Aizawa addressed the class alongside the Hero Thirteen. His eyes glittered with stars, "W-Wow... Thirteen...! That's Yuuei for you... Always bringing in the best...!"

There was another level excitement when Uraraka gushed over the space-age hero too. He also caught something as well. Thirteen mentioned something about All-Might and gestured the number three. "Maybe... Did he go over his limit...?"

The teachers went on to explain the assignment and explain Midoriya's reason for being there. They went over nature of saving people, the lethality of Quirks, and then Thirteen ended his lecture with a bow. Aizawa was about to go over the assignment before he noticed something in the main area of the U.S.J.

A rift of purple wisps opened at the base of the steps ahead of them. It suddenly widened and tens of tens of people began to pile out of it.

Midoriya blinked, "W-What...?"

Aizawa's ribbon like scarf came apart, "Nobody move! Those are Villains!"

Midoriya spotted the golden goggles that Aizawa pulled over his eyes, "Eraserhead...!"

XXX

Kurogiri looked at the two Pro-Heroes, "Thirteen and Eraserhead, is it?" His yellow wisps of his
eyes, narrowed, "According to the staff schedule I received the other day, All-Might is supposed to be here."

Tomura Shigaraki growled, "Where is he? We've come all this way... And brought so many playmates... All-Might... The Symbol of Peace... Is he here?" His eyes wondered over the students, landing on a green-haired student who went rigid underneath his gaze, "I wonder if some dead kids will bring him here?"

XXX

Everything that came next was a blur. Eraserhead spouted orders for evacuation and to signal of help. Thirteen began to lead the students before another rift of violet opened before them.

The warp-quirk revealed its gold wisps that seemed to be his eyes, "Greetings. We are the League of Villains. Forgive our audacity, but... today, we've come here to Yuuei High School—this bastion of heroism...to end the life...of All Might, the Symbol of Peace."

Kirishima and Bakugo rushed forward to attack him but were ineffective. The Villain spouted words that Midoriya couldn't hear. The students' visions were blocked out by violet wisps while purple rifts consumed them.

With that, Class 1-A was scattered amongst the U.S.J. as it was besieged by Villains with a Quirkless Support thrown into the mix.
The Battle

Chapter Summary

The Battle between the League of Villains and our Heroes-in-training begins! How will our Quirkless inventor fair?

Midoriya blinked as he stood in the Mountain Zone with his toolbox beside him, "A warp Quirk of some kind…" He spotted the white, rising walls of the dome, "I'm still in the USJ… A distance limit…?"

A feminine voice shouted, "Look out!" as two hands thrust into his back, pushing him out of the way of a man's barreling fist.

They rolled for a moment before moving onto their feet. Midoriya noticed a few things. He was warped here with two Hero Course students, and they were surrounded by Villains.

XXX

Jirou Kyoka asked Midoriya, "What kind of Quirk do you have?"

He raised his fists as Villains began to encircle them, "I don't have one."

Jirou cursed, "Well, shit…"

Yaoyorozu Momo pulled a staff from her skin, "You should stay b-" Before she could finish her sentence a villain rushed into her view. She quickly blocked his strike before batting the man's face to the side.

Midoriya lunged forward as a Villain rushed at Yaoyorozu's back, "I may not have a Quirk, but…" He reared one fist back before launching a right hook across the villain's jaw, "I have this suit!" He sent the Villain flying into the high wall of brown rock. He landed on his feet, skidding to a stop, "I can fight."

Yaoyorozu nodded, "Understood." A handle grew out of her shoulder before she took it and tossed it to Jirou, "Just be careful."

He simply nodded in response.

His hands tapped the sides of his belt and two grapples shot forward, stabbing into the rocky terrain ahead of him. His belt whirled as the wires yanked him forward. They released, and he slid underneath a Villain's legs, grabbing their ankles as he did so. He leapt backwards, bringing the Villain down as his back collided with the Villain's.

Another Villain rushed at Midoriya—her nails grew into long, sharp talons. He looked between the female Villain and the one underneath him. Midoriya rolled off the Villain, picking him up and tossing him to the side. He caught the wrists of the female Villain as she tried to stab him.

With his exo-skeleton, she couldn't bring her hands forward a millimeter. He trapped her wrists together before whipping her around and tossing her into more of her allies.
Jirou ducked underneath a man's swing before smacking his knee out, bringing him down to her level. She then swung her pommel against his head, knocking him out.

Yaoyorozu swung her arm, sending out a net from her forearm to ensnare a lunging Villain. Midoriya dashed into view, grabbing the Villain out of the air and using him as a weapon to smash into other Villains.

A big, bulky Villain charged at the green-haired student as he knocked out another Villain, "You Quirkless nobody!"

Midoriya spun, catching the man's fist with both of his hands. He turned, bending his knees and lifting the Villain into the air. "Yeah... Just a nobody, Cyclops!" He slammed the Villain into the ground, cracking the ground and knocking all of the wind out of the Villain.

Jirou blinked, slightly confused at the early retort, "Cyclops...?"

Midoriya knocked the man out with the swing of his foot before launching his grapples and sliding over to the Hero Course students. As he slid across the ground, a Villain landed a blow against his back, causing him to fall and skid across the ground. The Villain attempted to follow up the attack, but Jirou plugged her jacks into her boots, amplifying a sound that caused the thug to stop in his tracks to cover his ears. This gave Yaoyorozu enough time to rush forward to knock the Villain out with her staff.

Jirou yelled at the Quirkless student, "Get up!"

He quickly did so, "Y-Yeah!"

XXX

Tsuyu Asui, Mineta Minoru, and Kaminari Denki crouched on the deck of the boat in the Flood Zone. Kaminari held up his hand, causing electric sparks to fly in between his fingers. "I can only discharge electricity from my person." Asui and Mineta blinked at the electric blond before he was pushed off the boat. "Ah, what the hell!?"

Golden lightning sparked across the blue waters of the Flood Zone.

XXX

Midoriya punched another Villain into the ground before backhanding another into the air. "There's no end to them!"

Jirou's earphone jack travelled down her body and plugged into her boot, "If only we had a way to take them all out at once!" Her boots emitted soundwaves and shockwaves from the speakers in her boots.

Midoriya caught a man's wrist, putting a hand on his neck, and shoving him to the ground, restricting the Villain's arm. His eyes looked over Jirou's boots before they moved over to his toolbox. A lightbulb went off.

A simple idea bounced around in his head, "Resonance drilling..." Midoriya turned to Jirou as he slammed the Villain's face into the ground with a free hand, "I need your boot!"

She ducked underneath a Villain's attack, "W-What? Why?" While Midoriya lifted his Villain and slammed their face into a wall, knocking him out.
He shouted, "I can't explain with all these Villains around! They might stop us!"

Jirou hopped on one foot, "Shit, alright!" ripping off her boot and tossing it towards Midoriya.

He fumbled with it for a moment before his grapples launched forward, sending him across the terrain. He leaned down and snatched his toolbox from the ground before using his grappling system to yank him back towards his fellow students.

Midoriya skidded to a stop behind them, "Cover me!" He began to take apart her boot, ripping open his toolbox before meddling with the boots speaker. "These speakers are like Present-Mic's collar... Not as strong, but... with a little tinkering...!" Sparks flew as he rewired the boot's internal system, "It'll deliver one big burst of sound... It won't work as well after the hit, but we're not in a position to consider the aftermath of all of this... We need to get out of here before we're overwhelmed...!"

Jirou stumbled with only one shoe on, "I feel so stupid with one boot on!"

Yaoyorozu ducked underneath a Villain's swing, "What's your plan exactly, Midoriya?"

Sparks flew from Jirou's boot as Midoriya finished before tossing her boot back to her, "Put the speakers to the ground and send your most powerful soundwaves through it!"

Yaoyorozu looked to the green-haired student, "Wait, are you doing what I think you're doing?"

Midoriya blocked another attack, "Do you have any other plans?"

Yaoyorozu paused for a moment before nodding to Jirou, "Do it!"

Jirou stabbed her jacks into her boot before amplifying her heartbeat through them. The ground started to vibrate before cracks began to form across the rocky terrain. The Villains cried out in surprise and confusion as the ground they stood on became unstable. The ground broke apart as the center of the terrain erupted with dirt and rock.

The unstable terrain became nonexistent as the Mountain Zone collapsed.

XXX

Tsuyu, Mineta, and Kaminari watched on in horror as their teacher was pinned underneath the hulking monster named Nomu.

Dirt and rock began to rain upon them as a cloud of brown covered the Mountain Zone, "Eh...? Yuuei students are pretty crazy." He crouched in front of the teacher, "Right, Eraserhead?" He tilted his head at the Hero's glare, "What scary look on your face..."

Mineta covered his mouth, "W-What're we gonna do?"

Tsuyu sank in the water, "Ribbit..."

Kaminari went quiet.

XXX

Midoriya swung about the rubble and debris of the soundwave explosion with his grappling system. He caught the girl in red, "I got you!" before swinging across the stone to catch the rocker girl, "And I got you!" He skidded to a stop, "I'm sorry I don't know anyone's names!" They were unconscious in his arms and blood began to flow over the right side of his goggles. The wound stung, but he pushed himself to ignore the pain as he repelled down the mountain.
He finally hit the ground and laid the girls against a nearby tree. He blinked as he heard a familiar, ghostly voice spoke, "Tomura Shigaraki."

Midoriya turned as the dust parted, spotting the Villain with detached hands on his body and the warp Villain. His heart sank at the sight of the Pro-Hero underneath the hulking monster, facing towards the water and Tomura.

Tomura addressed the living rift, "Kurogiri, is Thirteen dead?"

Kurogiri answered, "He's incapacitated, but there were some students I couldn't warp away and one of them escaped."

Midoriya didn't react to the good news. "He's on edge..." He leaned closer to the ground, "This won't end well..." His eyes then landed on Kaminari, Asui, and another student in the water nearby before refocusing on the Villain.

Tomura growled, scratching and scratching at his neck, "Kurogiri, you... I'd turn you to dust if you weren't our ticket out of here." He stopped, sighing, "We won't stand a chance against dozens of Pros. It's game over, man... It's game over, for now." His hands left his neck, "We're leaving."

Midoriya narrowed his eyes, "To do all of this and then just leave on a whim...? No..."

Tomura turned slightly, "But before that..." Midoriya tensed, "Let's leave a few dead kids..."

Midoriya froze—the Villain was far too fast for him to even perceive. The Villain's hand enclosed over Midoriya's face and his goggles and respirator began decay and fade while pain shot throughout his forehead.

Midoriya panicked, smacking the Villain's hand away before raising his right hand to punch him. Tomura caught Midoriya's forearm. The Villain's hand covered the metal supports of the exo-skeleton. The metal turned brown and withered away before the decay ate through Midoriya's clothes and chipped away at his flesh. Midoriya tried to launch his other arm, but Tomura caught it before it even moved, gripping the inner part of his forearm.

Midoriya cried out in pain as his knees buckled.

Tomura tilted his head, "Oi-oi-oi... You don't look like a Hero Course student." His head turned towards the unconscious students behind Midoriya, "Oh. Two more after you."

Midoriya gritted his teeth, "L-Like I'd let you...!" He grabbed Tomura's forearms before launching his foot upward, his heel connecting with the Villain's chin. The hand over Tomura's face went flying into the sky before Midoriya lifted his whole body, using Tomura's arms as supports, before slamming his feet into the Villain's chest. Tomura flew back, skidding across his back, as Midoriya hit the ground.

The Support Course student quickly got up before stumbling for a moment. He looked at the leg he used to kick the Villain. The metal supports for his right leg were disconnected from the hip joint with sparks flying from the disconnected joint. With the fallen supports, the strength for his leg was nonexistent and so it was useless. Midoriya quickly ripped the limp metal supports before tossing them to the side.

Tomura spoke almost obsessively, "No good... I'm sorry...!" The Villain crawled about, covering his face, "Father..." He finally found the fallen hand and placed it on his face. "You..." He growled at Midoriya, "Nomu... Kill-" The hulking beast left Eraserhead on the ground, waiting for its order to be completed.
But, before he could finished his sentence, a resounding boom befell the dome as its front doors fell aside. Midoriya winced at his wounds as he turned to look, "A… All…” His heart sank while it rose. His mind exploded while it died. His eyes showed relief while a frown grew across his lips.

Tomura growled out, "All-Might…”

XXX

Toshinori Yagi walked threw the fallen front doors of the USJ, "I had a bad feeling… So, I cut my talk with the Principal short and came right away." He balled his hands into his fists, "Then I ran into Iida on the way… He told me the gist of what's going on here." He scowled as he stomped forward, "You must've been so scared… and it made my blood boil!" He ripped off his tie, "FEAR NOT. I AM HERE!"
Chapter Summary

All-Might arrives and Midoriya moves for the rescue and safety! However, All-Might's time limit may cause our Hero to move without thinking!

All-Might was a show stopper. The Villains stopped in their tracks and watched as the Symbol of Peace made his entrance. That was his chance.

Pain shot throughout Midoriya's arms as he reached for Yaoyorozu and Jirou. "I can barely move my right hand..." Tears began to well up in his eyes as the pain numbed his mind. He pulled the two girls over his shoulders before turning towards the distracted Villains. He spotted the abandoned teacher, laying on the ground and ignored by the Villains around him. "I can save him...!"

He launched his grapples and yanked him forward across the ground. He used the grapples to whip him around, skidding to a stop by the Pro-Hero. "My arms are full so..." He leant down grabbed Aizawa's shirt with his teeth before flying across the ground and towards the entrance.

XXX

Toshinori made quick work of thugs on the main landing of the U.S.J. before rushing towards the remaining Villains. Time seemed to slow as a student slid by him. The green-haired student carried three people. As the Hero rushed past them, his blue eyes landed on the Heroic student.

The blond Hero was shocked to see, "Y-Young Midoriya...?"

The student's eyes landed on his hero. There was something behind them that made Toshinori's heart rise and drop.

Toshinori continued forward, "The eyes of a Hero... but..." His mind was wandered for just a moment, "Do you resent me, Young Midoriya...?"

XXX

Midoriya slid past the Hero as he rushed towards the other students. Midoriya slid to a stop at the base of the staircase to the entrance. The ground rumbled as the Hero battled the Villains.

Sato shouted, "Nice! They totally under-estimated what All-Might's capable of!"

Uraraka pointed at the base of the stairs, "Ah! It's Midoriya and those guys!"

He couldn't pay attention to the students calling out his name, his mind was moving a mile a minute, "They might have a way to kill him... No reason to speculate about the Villains... All-Might can..."

He laid Aizawa, Jirou, and Yaoyorozu at the base of the stairs, "I'd only slow him down if they took me hostage..." He couldn't bring himself to move his right arm anymore, letting it hang on his shoulder, "But I know... He's already past his limit..." He turned and spotted Asui, Minoru, and Kaminari rushing towards the stairs. "And only I... And only I... know his secret...!"

His blood went cold as Nomu dug his fingers into All-Might's sides. "All... Might...?" Midoriya
took a step forward and a sudden pang of pain shocked him to his core. He gritted his teeth as his eyes landed on his right arm as blood seeped from the hand-shaped wound, "I can't... I can't move my arm..." He looked at the Pro-Hero once more before taking a deep breath, "I'm just Quirkless nobody... I can't do anything... There's no point in... me..." He let a frustrated growl as he charged forward, "I have no idea what I'm doing...?"

As Midoriya closed in a rift opened up before him, but before he fell through it, Bakugo exploded into view.

Bakugo slammed his hand against the metal brace that floated amongst the living rift, "GET THE HELL OUTTA HERE, DEKU!" He brought the Villain to the ground.

Midoriya slid to a stop as Kirishima attempted to attack Tomura but missed. "Crap! Almost had 'em!"

Ice grew across Nomu's body, allowing All-Might to free himself. A boy with white and red hair spoke, "So, I heard you people are here to kill All-Might. But scum like you could never kill the Symbol of Peace."

Bakugo grinned, "You're not all that, you misty shit!"

Tomura looked at Bakugo, "You've pinned down out way out..." He tilted his head, "Well, this is a problem..."

Bakugo gave some threatening, expositional dialogue about and to Kurogiri, ending the conversation with, "If I decide you're doing anything fishy, I'll blow you straight to kingdom come!"

Kirishima looked at Bakugo, "That's not very Hero-like dude..."

Tomura spoke, almost mockingly, "Not only have you beaten our level, but most of you are at full health... Today's kids really are something... Our League of Villains should be ashamed."

Midoriya ripped out a metal bar from the right arm of his exo-skeleton, "Kirishima, be careful about him! If his hands grasped you, they'll decay anything."

The boy with red and white hair turned to him, "Are you okay?"

Midoriya thought to himself, "Flashy as Kacchan...? Must be Todoroki..." He shook his head, gritting his teeth, "No, but there are other things to worry about right now."

Tomura pointed at Bakugo, "Nomu, take out the explosive brat. We need our escape route back."

The hulking monster broke his limbs of ice as he rose from the rift.

Midoriya was shocked, "His body's falling apart, but he's still moving?"

All-Might extended his arm, "Get back, everyone!" Nomu's broken limbs regrew with a burst of muscles, "What the... I thought his Quirk was Shock Absorption?"

Tomura chuckled, "I don't remember saying that's all he can do."

The beast rushed forward and towards Bakugo, but before the attack landed Bakugo suddenly appeared beside Midoriya.

Midoriya blinked as the wind ripped about and as shockwaves bursted through the ground, "K-Kacchan!? Did you dodged that!?"
Kacchan gritted his teeth, "I didn't. Shut it, you idiot."

All-Might stood where Kacchan was—taking the hit for the explosive student.

Tomura tilted his head, "Anything to save a comrade, right?" His finger pointed towards Midoriya, "Just like earlier when, uh… that one… the plain one." He scratched his chin, "He came at me with everything he had when I threatened his classmates… But violence in the name of saving others is admirable? Isn't it, Hero?" The Villain began to rant and reave about All-Might and violence breeding violence.

However, All-Might saw right through him, "What a load of hooey. Idealistic criminals have a different sort of fire in their eyes. But you're just enjoying yourself, you big liar."

Tomura sneered mockingly, "You got me. Saw right through me."

Todoroki spoke, "It's three on five."

Midoriya straightened, fighting through pain, "Kacchan showed us Kurogiri's weak point."

Kirishima pounded his knuckles together, "These are some brutal dudes, but with us supporting All-Might, we can beat 'em back!"

All-Might extended his arm, "No! Get out of here!"

Todoroki retorted, "Things wouldn't have gone so well if I hadn't just stepped in."

All-Might nodded, "Right you are, Todoroki! So, thanks for that!" He clenched his fist, "But fear not! Sit back and watch a Pro get serious!"

Tomura commanded, "Nomu, Kurogiri, take him. I'll handle the kids." He rushed towards the students, "Let's clear the game and go home!"

Kirishima hardened his fists, "He's coming! Get ready!"

Before the battle between a Villain and students could start, All-Might rushed forward at Nomu and their fists clashed, causing a shockwave of wind that blew back the students and Tomura. The Symbol of Peace led on a head-on assault against the hulking beast. Their fists clashed and with each blow they caused ripples and waves of wind and destruction.

The students endured bursts of wind, nearly blowing them away like a leaf in the wind. Anything All-Might or the Villain said was drowned out by the whipping wind.

Midoriya spotted All-Might's face amongst the continuous blows, "He's spitting up blood…!"

After the clash finally finished, in a moment, All-Might reared one fist back as the wind went quiet, "Tell me, Villain, do you know the meaning of these words?" His fist slammed into Nomu's stomach.

"PLUS ULTRA!"

The beast was sent flying through the sky, exploding through the dome's ceiling and into the distance. He could hear his fellow students talking about the fight, but Midoriya was completely focused on All-Might.

All-Might let out a strained chuckle, "Yep, I'm slowing down. In my heyday, five of those punches would've been enough." He put his hand on his chest, "But that was over 300 hits just now." He
turned to Tomura, "Well, Villain. How about we hurry up and finish this?"

The Villain growled, "You cheated!" He began to scratch at his neck, "He's not weak at all! They… They lied to me!?

All-Might stood tall, "Well? Coming to get me? What happened to clearing the game?" He glared at the Villains, "If you can take me, then bring it on!"

Midoriya gritted his teeth, "He's bluffing… It's mixed in with the dust cloud, but that looks like the steam when he's transforming…." He crouched, "He's biting off more than he can chew, right now…!"

Tomura was on the edge of giving up before Kurogiri convinced him to fight. The rest of the students began to walk away, leaving the fight to All-Might.

His belt hissed, "I'm... I'm the only one who knows...!" Midoriya was sent gliding over the ground with the grapples in his belt. Suddenly, the back of his exo-skeleton sparked—exactly where the power system of the device, "W-What...? W-Why...?" He gritted his teeth as he was sent flying towards the Villains, "D-Dammit...! There'll be no real strength behind this punch, but..." He gritted his teeth, rearing his functioning arm back, "I have to do something...!"

Midoriya gritted his teeth, "Get away from him!" as he flew towards Kurogiri's neck brace. His heart squeezed as Tomura's hand came from the purple rift. But, before the hand could make contact, a bullet collided with it.

The Heroes had arrived.

Tomura's hand disappeared as more gunshots fired off. The rift shifted away as Midoriya collided and skidded across the ground. He laid, breathing hard and heavily. His vision became tunneled as the pain from his arms finally numbed his brain. Tomura Shigaraki laid across from him, bullet wounds in his shoulders and legs.

Their eyes met before he was consumed by the rift and looked at the Pro-Hero, "I may have failed hero, Symbol of Peace, but the next time we meet... You're dead."

Midoriya blinked as the Villains disappeared. He panted, and his breathing slowed. "That's enough... They're gone..." His eyelids grew heavy as the world began to fade away, "Everyone else got to safety... Right...?"

All-Might's voice echoed through his last moments of consciousness, "Young Midoriya?"

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Toshinori laid on the nurse's bed as Recovery Girl finished putting the cast on Midoriya's right arm and bandaging his left.

Toshinori nodded to the Quirkless student, "Young Midoriya, thank you."

Midoriya didn't meet his eyes, mumbling, "My body moved on its own..." He turned away from the Symbol of Peace, "Recovery Girl?"

The elder woman turned to the student, "Yes?"

He asked with concern on his tongue, "Did I hear right? Everyone made it out okay?"
"Well, the teachers have been badly injured, but all of the students made it to safety with only minor injuries."

Midoriya seemed to frown at the beginning part of the news, but his expression turned to one of relief as she finished her sentence.

The Pro-Hero sat up, "Y-Young Midoriya… Ten months ago… I-"

Midoriya's smile faded as Toshinori spoke, "I have to go report to Power-Loader." He bowed to the Symbol of Peace, "It was nice seeing you again, All Might."

The man blinked, "A-Ah, I… see…" He then bowed back, "Goodbye, Young Midoriya."

Midoriya continued forward, "Thank you for caring for me, Recovery Girl," before leaving the nurse's office and closing the door behind him.

Recovery Girl, Shuzenji Chiyo, looked between All-Might and the door, "That was strange… Is there something going on?"

Toshinori explained, "I encountered Young Midoriya ten months ago when I first arrived in the city. He asked me if he could be like me even though he was Quirkless. I told him no."

Chiyo nodded, "Very responsible of you."

Toshinori fidgeted with his hands, "I… I believe that my bluntness may have… harmed the boy."

Recovery Girl rubbed her chin, "Well, if he idolized you or looked up to you, I believe that could happen."

He scratched the back of his head, "Perhaps, I should have repeated what my predecessor did and chose a Quirkless to be my successor."

She shook her head, "Well, you can't approach him now. Whatever negative emotions he's feeling right now, it will prevent him from becoming a proper successor. He may not even accept your power."

Toshinori nodded, "Yes… I believe you are right."

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Midoriya sat silently in the hall. He had left the nurse's office, turned the corner, and slid to the ground, silently. "All-Might…" His head hit the wall as he stared at the ceiling, "Ten months ago, I would've jumped at the chance to talk to you, but… now…" He closed his eyes, "Talking to you hurts too much…"
New Friends

Chapter Summary

The Aftermath of USJ passed over quickly and soon enough, our Heroes return to life as normal. However, change is on the horizon and that change starts with some new friends.

It had only been a few days since the U.S.J. incident. It bounced across media outlets and transferred orally amongst the students. The 1-A students became the talk of the school, but the single Support Course student was lost amongst the retellings and reports. It mostly remained that way, but students of the Support Course had known. Midoriya and the U.S.J. incident became a passing topic for the Support Course students but was quickly forgotten.

Jirou walked into the Development Studio in her uniform without her blazer. She carried the boots of her costume as she slid open the door.

She walked in and spotted the green-haired student with bandaged arms, "Ah, Midoriya?"

Midoriya dropped his tools, pulling a drape over an armature of some kind, "Oh, um…” He pulled off his goggles, "It's you. I-I never asked your name." He was in his gym uniform completely, lacking his respirator.

She introduced herself, "Jirou Kyoka."

He bowed on his stool, "Midoriya Izuku." He smiled politely, "What brings you here?"

Jirou held up her boots, "Well, my speakers don't really work the way they used to and-"

Midoriya nodded, "O-Oh, sorry. Yeah. I-I'll fix that up."

She wrapped an earphone jack around her finger, "Actually I wanted to be able to do what I did to the Mountain Zone. Without taking off my boot, obviously."

He nodded, "Oh, so… Um… I could put high-powered speakers on the soles of your boots." He started to repair the boot he had manipulated during the USJ incident, "Oh, do you have a note from your teacher?"

Jirou blinked, "What? Why?"

Midoriya smiled politely, "I'm not allowed to modify Hero's costumes without a note from their teacher."

She frowned, frustrated, "Really? I didn't know that." She shook her head, "Should've asked before hand."

He fidgeted with his tools, "W-Well, I'm sorry."

Jirou looked at him, confused, "What for?"
Midoriya blinked, "I-I… W-Well, um… it… It just came out."

She nodded slowly, "I see…" She looked at him incredulously before looking between him and her boot. "Do you need my student card or something to pull schematics, so you can bring it to normal?"

He looked confused, "What?" He shook his head, turning to the boot, "No, I remember."

She raised a brow, "You remember?" She chuckled, "What? You just memorized my boot's internal stuff in like the two minutes you had them?"

Midoriya answered matter-of-factly, "Yes."

Jirou nodded slowly, "Oh, well, never mind then." She shrugged off her confusion before lifting herself onto the table and taking out her phone.

He stuttered out, "O-Oh, u-um…"

She blinked, "Oh, should I not sit here?"

He shrugged, scratching the back of his head, "I-I guess it's fine. Just—uh, be careful, I guess."

Jirou made a simple hand gesture, focusing on her phone, "Promise."

Midoriya turned to the boot, "G-Great…"

Both individuals fell into a comfortable silence. This was mostly due to the fact that neither had focused on interacting with each other, but we're distracting themselves with separate activities. She plugged one of her jacks into her phone, listening to something. He replaced the wiring and undid the modifications he already made, returning it to form. The silence ticked on and nothing really happened.

At least until Jirou broke the silence, "Do you know Bakugo?"

Midoriya fumbled with the soldering tool, nearly burning his finger, "H-Huh? Y-Yeah…"

She then asked, "Why does he call you 'Deku'? Is that like a childhood nickname?" Still scrolling through her phone.

He lowered his head, "Y-Yeah… Something like that…” He scratched his cheek, "It's, uh…"

Her attention was pulled away from her phone as he pondered on his words.

He trailed off again before turning to her with a sad smile, "It's his way of calling me useless. You know, because I'm… Quirkless."

Jirou blinked, concern crossing his face, "O-Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't mean-"

Midoriya shook his head, "It's fine. That sort of thing becomes normal over time, you know?" He scratched his cheek, "Well, um, maybe you don't."

There was a moment after the realization, giving time for all the information to accommodate with her already-formed image of Bakugo.

She shook her head, frowning, "And the guy wants to be a Hero, but is just an all-around jerk, huh?" She spoke bitterly, obviously disgusted by the explosive blond.
He shrugged, "That's just the way he is."

Jirou retorted, "That doesn't make it right."

Midoriya finished, "And just because it isn't right, doesn't mean he'll change." He spoke knowingly with a hint of sadness and bitterness on his tongue.

Jirou blinked, "I... I guess, you're right."

Silence befell between the two once again. However, it was an uncomfortable one—for one party at least. Jirou was thinking, attempting to understand Midoriya's position and trying to find away to talk to him. Midoriya was the uncomforted party. He let some of his negative emotions onto his sleeve and worried that allowing those negative emotions to slip had offended or came off as rude to the Hero Course student.

Midoriya blew on his soldering tool before putting it away, "I..." He held out her boot, "Here."

She took it, "Thanks."

Midoriya turned on his stool, back to a strange undeterminable object, "Have a nice day."

Jirou nodded, "You too." She turned and was about to walk, but stopped, "Actually, do you wanna eat lunch with us?"

He blinked, "U-Uh, w-what?"

She shrugged, "You know, with Yao-Momo—1-A."

Midoriya tilted his head, "'Yao-Momo'?...?"

She corrected herself, "Yaoyorozu." She spoke once again when she saw the maintained confusion on his face, "The other girl from the mountain zone."

He blinked as realization clicked, "O-Oh!" He rubbed his arm, "W-Well, are you sure?"

Jirou nodded, "Yeah, Kirishima and Yaoyorozu have been wanting to talk to you, actually."

He blinked once again, "R-Really?"

She shrugged, "Yeah, they've been curious about you."

Midoriya smiled—glittering and innocent, "Um, sure, yeah."

Jirou nodded, "See you," before walking off.

He waved at her back, "Bye." Something in his mind clicked when he quickly said, "W-Wait!"

She turned, slightly surprised, "What?"

The green-haired student flipped through a burned notebook, "I-I was wondering about your Quirk."

He scratched the back of his head, chuckling nervously, "I-If you don't mind me asking about it, that is."

The violet-haired student simply shrugged, "Alright, I guess. Fire away."

He asked, "Mutant type?"
She crossed her arms, "Yeah."

"Your earphone jacks can extend?"

"Yep."

"Is there a limit to how far they can stretch?"

Jirou wrapped one of her jacks around her finger, "Obviously."

Midoriya nodded as he wrote in his notebook intently. "So, is it a conscious decision for your jacks to input or accept the output of sound?"

She got a little lost, "I'm sorry?"

He explained, "Do you choose for your jacks to input and output sound? Or is it subconscious, it just inputs or outputs sound without you having to think about it?"

Jirou scratched her cheek, "Um, I'd say the first one."

Midoriya nodded, "Right-right."

"Is that all?"

He bowed, "Yes, thank you."

She shrugged, "No problem." She was about to leave, but turned to ask, "Why're you so curious about my Quirk?"

He chuckled, "It's… uh, um…” He trailed off before scratching his cheek, "kind of a hobby really."

Jirou spoke bluntly, "So, you're like a Quirk-Otaku, huh?"

Midoriya flinched at the new term, "U-Uh, um…"

His reaction caused her to smirk as she rubbed her chin, her bluntness slowly turning into a more playful demeanor, "Oh!" She snapped her fingers before she pointed at him, "You're more like a Hero-Otaku, right?"

He shrugged slightly, "S-Sure."

She chuckled before turning to the exit, "I'll see you at lunch."

He waved at her back, "S-See you." He turned on his stool as she walked off, "Hero-Otaku, huh…?" He internally sighed, "I guess it isn't that bad…"

Midoriya fixed his necktie as he jogged down the hall towards the cafeteria. He slowed to a stop as a familiar voice called out to him, "Oi! Deku!"

Midoriya turned to see the explosive blond, "K-Kacchan?"

Bakugo pushed forward and Midoriya began to back up in turn. The blond kept pushing forward until the freckled teen's back met the wall, "Don't let what happened at the fucking dome, get to your head!"

The green-haired student blinked, "W-What?"
The blond jabbed his finger against Midoriya's shoulder, "Jumping around! Getting in All-Might's way! It ain't your fucking place!" He growled, "Don't forget you're some useless, Quirkless nobody. If you get in the way again, I'll fucking blast you to kingdom come!"

Midoriya gritted his teeth, "W-What did you e-expect me to do?"

Bakugo scowled, "Get out of the way and stay out. You're not a Hero and you'll never be a goddamn Hero, Deku. The only reason you held out as long as you did is because of that damn suit! Without it, you wouldn't be able to do anything! People can't waste their time saving some moron, rushing into shit that he can't handle!"

A plain, calm voice spoke from out of view, "Oi, are you shit for brains, you blond moron?"

The explosive teen spun towards the voice, "EH!?" Then… He froze, his furious expression disappearing in an instant.

The purple-haired, tired-eye student commanded, "Head back to your class and take a nap at your desk, 'kay?"

Midoriya looked at his childhood bully, confused, "K-Kacchan?"

The purple-haired student held a hand up, "Shush, if you do anything to him, he might wake up. Then we'll both be in for trouble."

The green-haired student watched as Bakugo mindlessly walked off, "U-Um, t-thanks."

The stranger shrugged, "No problem." He looked to the walking bomb, "That guy's supposed to be a Hero, huh?"

Midoriya rubbed his arm, "H-He is one—in his own way…"

He shrugged once again, "Sound like you know him more than I do."

Midoriya introduced himself, "U-Um, I'm Midoriya—Midoriya Izuku."

The purple-haired student nodded, "Shinso Hitoshi."

The Support Course student looked in Bakugo's direction, "What did you do to him?"

Shinso explained, "My Quirk: Brainwashing. Basically, mind control."

The Hero-Otaku beamed, "R-Really? Wow! I-I didn't know that was possible. What an amazing Quirk!"

The tired student was taken aback, "Y-Yeah…"

They began to walk towards the cafeteria together as Midoriya asked, "How does it work?"

"Well, I can control anyone who takes back to me."

Midoriya grinned, "That's a great Quirk for a Hero! If there's a riot all you need to do is to trick the crowd into a chant and then crisis over!"

Shinso blinked, "Uh," before he smiled, "yeah."

"So, what class are you in? 1-B or were you just out that day during the whole U.S.J. incident?"
"No, I'm not in the Hero Course."

Midoriya was genuinely confused, "What? How?"

Shinso shrugged, "The practical exam was more focused on Heroes who could do damage to robots. I can only trick and control living things, so…"

The Hero-Otaku rubbed his chin, "What? Why Yuuei pass something like this up?"

The tired student shrugged, "I guess even the top school makes mistakes."

They entered the cafeteria and Midoriya spotted a group of 1-A students waving at him. He waved back before turning to Shinso, "W-Well, thanks again, I guess."

He smirked, "No problem." He turned, "See you around, Midoriya."

Midoriya jogged to the lunch line, "Bye!"
Midoriya took a seat at a lunch table with five Hero Course students. He recognized all of them: Kaminari, Kirishima, Jirou, Ashido, Asui, and the girl he now knew as Yaoyorozu. An exchange of greeting of passed as the conversation began.

Kaminari shook his head, leaning back in his chair, "Man, it must've been crazy for you." He laughed, "I mean none of us expected to come against the League of Villains, but that must've been double for you."

Midoriya scratched the back of his head, "Yeah… It was, uh… It was pretty surprising."

Jirou started eating, "Understatement of the school year."

Ashido then asked, "You used that exo-skeleton thing to fight, right?"

Midoriya nodded, "Uh, yeah…" He rubbed the back of his neck, chuckling nervously, "I was pretty lucky to have that thing along." His mind bounced about, "Otherwise, I would've been some dead weight on everyone…"

Yaoyorozu smiled politely, "I heard that you saved Jirou and myself from a dangerous fall and from that Villain." She bowed slightly in her seat, "Thank you."

Midoriya lowered his gaze slightly, "There… There isn't really a need to." He tilted his head, smiling, "After all, I-I was the one who really put you two into danger."

Jirou shrugged, "Meh, you did what you had to do."

Yaoyorozu nodded, "She's right, if you hadn't been there, who knows what would've happened." She held up a finger, "While what happened was dangerous and your plan was dangerous. It was a better action than fighting endlessly on the Mountain Zone."

Midoriya blinked, "I… um…"

Kirishima leaned forward, "You went up against that handy guy, right?" He pounded his fist against his palm, "Heard you got a real hit in on that freak."

Midoriya nodded, scratching behind his ear, "Y-Yeah…"

Ashido asked, "He got your arms, right?"

Kirishima nodded, "You said that he could… 'decay' things?"

Midoriya nodded once again, "Yeah."

Kaminari smirked, "Did you get any cool scars?"
Midoriya blinked, "Um… I guess?" He pulled off his blazer, letting it lay on the back of his chair. "Recovery Girl said that she wasn't sure how well her Quirk would combat the decay." He began to roll up his sleeves, "She said the scars could remain."

Both scars were on his forearms and were vaguely shaped like hands. The one on the inner part of his left forearm was pinkish with a hint of red as well. The scar looked almost like a harsh burn on his skin. It was tame in comparison to the scar on his right. The scar was on the outside of his right forearm. It was colored with a dark-grey with spots of black dotting across the handprint.

Midoriya blinked as he showed his arms, "Ah… They're eating…! I shouldn't have-"

Kirishima's voice caught his attention, "W-Whoa…"

Midoriya looked amongst the Hero Course students. They had all abandoned their food. They blinked at his scars and the looks on their faces were pure, and simple concern mixed in with shock.

Asui let out a ribbit, "Does it hurt?"

Midoriya shook his head, "No." He smiled as he pulled down his sleeves, "I don't really feel anything in those spots."

Yaoyorozu removed her hand from her mouth, "What a dangerous Quirk. It's even more dangerous in the hands of a Villain."

Kaminari shook his head, "I know it ain't my fault, but… I'm sorry that you had to go through with that."

Midoriya pulled his blazer back on, "T-Thanks, but…" He rubbed his arms, smiling, "I don't mind."

Jirou raised a brow, "Why? Those scars could be permanent."

The Support Course student smiled at Jirou and Yaoyorozu, "You two are safe." He blinked for a moment, "A-Aizawa! H-How is he?"

Kaminari nodded, "He's fine, man."

Ashido shrugged, "I mean he's bandaged head to toe, but he's alive—teaching actually."

Midoriya sighed out of relief, "Thank goodness."

Kirishima grinned, "You're a pretty cool guy, Midoriya."

The Support Course student blinked, "H-Huh?"

Kirishima explained, "I mean, you don't have a Quirk, but you still put yourself in danger to help people. Not a lot of people would do that."

Midoriya smiled, "T-Thanks."

Ashido agreed, "Yeah, Midori!"

The group of students slowly left the topic of the U.S.J. incident and transferred into idle chatter amongst each other. Soon enough, the lunch period left, and all of the students left for their next classes.
The school day had come to an end, but Midoriya nor Hatsume were not quite done with their day. Midoriya walked down the hall from his classroom, long after Hatsume.

He had come across a few other Hero Course students. Sato, from the bus, greeted him and apologized for not being able to help.

Aoyama reintroduced himself by asking Midoriya if he remembered him before answering the question himself with an, "Of course, you do!" The conversation was a nothing conversation that somehow ended with Aoyama bragging about himself.

An invisible girl commented on Midoriya's involvement with the USJ incident, calling it crazy and calling him amazing. He blushed, of course, quickly turning into a wreck. She then realized that she didn't introduce herself and did so promptly—her name was Hagakure Toru.

Midoriya had finally came upon the Development Studios, spotting Hatsume coming around a corner with boxes of materials in her hands.

She grinned at him, peering around the boxes she was carrying, "Midoriya!" She laughed, "Great! I got everything we need to fix up our baby!"

Midoriya flushed at hearing, 'our baby', "R-Right…" He blinked, "D-Do you need any help?"

She beamed, "Nope!" She came to the closed door, "Ah…" She kicked the metal door, "Could you get the door?"

He quickly opened the door, rushing inside, "Of, course!"

Hatsume followed him in and they walked deeper into the studio and towards the draped device. She put the boxes down on a table.

Midoriya shared with Hatsume, "I got us permission to use the studio until five."

She clapped her hands together, "Cool!" She beamed, "Now, pull off that drape from our baby!"

He gripped the white sheet, "Yes-yes." He yanked off the drape and revealed the new and improved exo-skeleton underneath. The exo-skeleton was on a blank mannequin.

The first exo-skeleton, the Alpha-Version, was bulky and slow, made of iron. The newest one? The use of the 3-D printer opened up the two students to whole new world of materials. For the Beta-Version of the suit, it was made of carbon fiber with a slimmer and more flexible design.

The skeleton now had the framework of gauntlets and greaves, but neither parts were completed. There was also an added chestplate for the simple sake of some protection. The parts of metal were leading up to the mannequin's face—a collapsible mask was in the works. The grapple system was remade: it was compacted better into the belt and better rationed the gas needed to power it. The entire suit was better made for versatility and quick movement. The entire suit was also collapsible and could barely fit into Midoriya's backpack

And yet, it was not completed.

Hatsume beamed, "There it is!"

He nodded, "Y-Yeah…"

She blinked, "So…" She put her hands on her hips, "What should the main power compartment
should be?" She grinned, snapping her fingers, "What about a lithium ion battery?"

Midoriya rubbed his chin, "B-But, aren't those prone to failure?"

She blinked, "Ah, good point…"

A look of frustration washed over her face before he spoke, "Wait, what about a dual carbon battery?"

She beamed, "Ooh! Good idea! Then we can maintain it with a…" She trailed off, trying to figure out the words, "A hybrid wave generator!"

He nodded, "We'd have much more freedom in picking a fuel source."

She grinned, "Exactly!" She stepped closer to the exo-skeleton, "Okay. So, what do you want to put into the greaves and gauntlets?"

He rubbed his chin, "Before we move beyond that, I need to consider the system failure that disabled my exo-skeleton during that last push."

She nodded, "Right-right, you said that the power system just began to shut down on you."

He affirmed, "And I don't know why…" He sucked at his teeth, "They had to remove my suit when they moved me into Recovery Girl's office. I checked in with her, and the suit was thrown out. So, I can't even reverse engineer or examine what went wrong."

Hatsume rubbed her chin, "Well, did a Villain land a hit on you?"

Midoriya went quiet for a moment, thinking back. He blinked, ruffling his hands through his hair, "Y-Yeah! A Villain landed a hit on my back! I can't believe I forgot that!" His mind berated himself, "He put me out of commission… While it was delayed reaction, he put me out just by chance…!"

She shrugged, "Well, that means we just need to reinforce the back area."

He nodded, crossing his arms, "Y-Yeah…" He thought to himself, "I need to be more careful when I'm moving around…"

"So, you want to finish some of this before the Sports Festival?"

"Yeah."

"Why? If you gave me enough time, we could—"

Midoriya spoke firmly, "I could become a Hero."

She blinked, confused, "What?"

He shook his head, "There was something I heard. Just a tiny whisper." He took a breath, "If a student does well enough in the Sports Festival, then the staff may consider moving them into the Hero Course." He explained, "With the fact that Support and General Education students are allowed to petition for equipment, I have a chance."

He stepped towards the exo-skeleton, "If we can get this combat ready in time for the Sports Festival, I have chance—a real chance at becoming a Hero."

Hatsume blinked, "What about the Support Course?"
He shook his head, "I think… even when I had applied for the Support Course, I still wanted that.” He gritted his teeth, gripping his shirt, "That's why my heart ached… I wasn't following my wants. I was just doing what I was told, not realizing how much torture that was."

Hatsume shook her head, "A Quirkless becoming a Hero?"

Midoriya nodded, "It sounds ridiculous now, but… That's just because it hasn't been done before." He looked over the exo-skeleton, "Everyone has a preconception on what makes a Hero, getting hooked on the need for a Quirk." He took a deep breath and stood tall, "I'm going to show them something different. I'm going to show them that a Hero isn't born,” He pointed at the exo-skeleton as he turned to her, "but they can be made too."

He turned back to the invention as Hatsume thought to herself, "A Quirkless Hero using high-tech to fight Villains…?” She grinned, "That sounds like amazing advertising…!" She stepped towards him, pulling out blueprints, "Midoriya!"

He flinched slightly, "H-Hatsume?"

Hatsume grinned, "Let's turn you into a Hero!"

Midoriya blinked for a moment before he grinned excitedly, "Yeah!"
Chapter Summary

Midoriya's plans move forward, but are interrupted by Hero Course students, looking for an upgrade.

Kaminari slid open to the door to the teachers' office with two of his classmates behind him. He looked around before his teacher spotted him.

The bandaged teacher spoke, "What, Kaminari?"

Kaminari smiled, "We were wondering about getting modifications for our costumes?"

Aizawa stated, "You can't use your costumes during the Festival."

Kaminari blinked, "W-We know, but-"

Yaoyorozu stepped into view, "We would like to start the development now—while there's time before the Festival so that any long modifications could be completed by the time the Festivals over."

Aizawa considered it, "Hm… Fine." He wrote the notes, "Don't hassle the students."

Yaoyorozu nodded, "Of course, sir."

XXX

Midoriya stood in the white-grid room that was attached to the Development Studios and workshop. He wore the gym uniform and the in-progress Beta Version of the exo-skeleton. His gym uniform was stained with sweat as was his face and hair.

The framework of the gauntlets and greaves were now plated with newly-added rocket thrusters. The thrusters were on the back of his calves, his elbows, and wrapped against the sides of his abdomen, pointing towards his back. The back area of the exo-skeleton was now reinforced as suggested.

He adjusted the metal braces around his wrists, "Okay… Thruster-" He stopped when he looked over to Hatsume, narrowing his eyes, "Why're you behind the plexiglass?"

She waved at him behind the glass with a tablet in her free hand, "No reason!"

Midoriya took a deep breath, "Thruster-Boosters test with ten percent power."

Hatsume gave him a thumbs-up, "Calibrated!"

He nodded, "3… 2… 1…" He took a step forward and the thrusters in the back of his calves attempted to boost his movements.

The idea was that thrusters would increase the speed and movement behind Midoriya's leg movements and punches; and his back was another source for speed to push him forward.

This didn't happen. The exhaust ports bursted with thrust as he stepped forward. The force and thrust
sent him flying into an uncontrollable flip. With each accidental and panicked movement, the thrusters activated on his elbows and back along with his calves continued to let out bursts of flames. This not only kept him in the air but caused him to spin in the air uncontrollably. He let out panicked screams before Hatsume finally shut off the thrusters.

Midoriya landed with a thud and a pained grunt.

Hatsume typed on the tablet, walking over to him, "Yeah, we definitely need to create a system to regulate movement and thrust."

He slowly got up, "Y-Yeah." He sighed, "Test three should be considered a failure."

The frustration was in her voice was evident, "Agreed…" She rubbed her chin, "We could make a voice control system and separate the thruster usage."

He grinned, "Those call-outs could be like my super moves!"

She nodded, "Right?" She gestured to the Development Studios, "I'll get to add the voice control to our baby while you get to programming?"

He nodded back, "Sure." He stretched, "How're the other gadgets coming along?"

She nodded again, "All set."

He then let out a breath, smiling pleadingly, "Let me take a bit of a break before we work on it?"

She nodded, putting her hands on her hips, "Well, I need to grab the materials anyway."

Midoriya nodded as she left the room, "Thank you."

The aspiring-Hero wandered into the Development Studio, peeling off the exo-skeleton and putting it on the blank armature. He took off the top of his gym uniform and tied it around his waist. He wandered around and found a water bottle, taking a seat on a stool and leaning against the metal table. He sighed comfortably as the cold metal touched his skin.

Midoriya took a big swig from his bottle, "I didn't expect the suit to feel so hot…" He pushed off the table, "Installing a coolant system has become a priority…" He leaned over the clean floor before he poured the cold water onto his back. "I feel gross…" He stretched as he looked at his chest, "Muscle mass is more functional for fighting… I'll need a regime to reach a good build…"

A familiar voice knocked on the metal door, pushing it open, "Hello?" Kaminari stepped in, spotting the green-haired student, "Hey, Midoriya!"

Midoriya blinked, "K-Kaminari?"

A hand pushed him into the room, revealed to be Jirou's, as she stepped in after him, "And us," to be followed by Yaoyorozu. They all held their costumes in their hands, except Yaoyorozu.

The ponytailed girl smiled politely, "Hello, Midoriya."

Midoriya put his bottle down, "What're you guys doing here?"

Kaminari walked towards Midoriya, "We wanted to modify our costumes."

Midoriya blinked, "Oh?" He looked at the three students, "Do you-"
Jirou pulled out a yellow slip alongside her fellow students, "Don't worry. We remembered to get notes."

Midoriya turned to the earphone jack girl, "Oh, well, do you still want what you wanted last time?"

She nodded simply, "Yep."

The green-haired student turned to the ponytailed girl, "Yaoyorozu?"

Yaoyorozu shook her head, "Oh, no. I don't need anything I was just asked to come along to ensure that they were able to get notes."

Jirou lifted herself onto the table near Midoriya, putting her boots next to him, "Well, for Kaminari's sake."

The blond flinched, "H-Hey, I'm not that bad."

Jirou shrugged, "Compared to Mineta? Nah, not at all…" She sucked her teeth, "But still."

Midoriya looked confused on his stool, "W-Who?"

Yaoyorozu scratched her cheek, "He's… well…"

Jirou spoke firmly and bluntly, "A pervert." She pointed to Kaminari, "He's an accomplice."

Midoriya blinked, "O-Oh…"

Kaminari stuttered, "O-Oi, it's…" He flinched underneath the gaze of the two girls before turning to Midoriya, "There's nothing wrong with being attracted to girls, right?"

Midoriya blinked once again, remaining silent before turning to Jirou, "Speakers, right?"

Kaminari deflated, "D-Don't ignore me, man."

The Support Course student turned to the blond, "Right, um, what do you need?"

Kaminari raised his finger to speak, "I…" before sighing, "I need something to help me do more ranged stuff."

Midoriya picked out a notebook from underneath the table he sat at, "What's your Quirk?"

Kaminari explained, "I can discharge electricity from my person—only from me though."

Midoriya jotted down the information into his notebook, "Alright."

Jirou began to snicker as she added, "He also turns moronic when he goes past a watt limit."

Midoriya asked, concern on his tongue and a look of worry in his eyes, "Literally? Like he fries his brain?"

Yaoyorozu added, "Temporally."

The green-haired student turned to the blond, "Does it do permanent damage?"

Kaminari smiled, tucking his hands into his pockets, "Uh, no. My mom made sure it didn't."

A relieved smile grew on the Support student's face, "That's good."
Kaminari put his hand on Midoriya's shoulder, smiling, "You're a good guy, Midoriya."

Midoriya blinked, confused, "W-Wha…?"

Kaminari glared at Jirou, "See? He shows concern for his classmate! And he barely knows me!"

She smirked playfully, "Which is why he cares."

Midoriya tapped his pencil, "So, um…” He stood and walked over to the 3-D printer, "I'll get to 3-D printing the parts for those speakers."

Yaoyorozu looked around, "Um, where is Power-Loader?"

Midoriya looked away from the machine, "Hmm?" He turned back, "Oh, he's at a meeting. He left a third-year in charge."

Kaminari leaned against a table, "Where is he?"

Midoriya pointed in a direction, "She went out to test something."

Suddenly, as if on cue, an explosion roared outside of the school. The room rumbled, and the students quickly caught a few falling items before putting them back to where they were.

Yaoyorozu looked to Midoriya, "Was that her?"

He walked back over to the printer, "If it's outdoors, then it's a third-year or a senior." The machine began to work as he turned back to the Heroes-in-training, "If the Development Studio goes boom, it's Hatsume."

Jirou raised a brow as she plugged one of her jacks into her phone, "Hatsume?"

Speak of the devil, "Midoriya! I brought the materials!" She walked in carrying in boxes, putting them down on the table. "Ah…"

Midoriya nodded, "He wants a modification to his costume."

A grin glowed on her face, "Oh?" She sped forward, entering the personal space of the blond teen, "Modifications, you say!?"

Kaminari enjoyed the sudden attention as Midoriya spoke, "An Emitter Quirk of electricity with a watt limit that, if exceeded, would lead to a dummy version of himself. He wants a ranged weapon for battle."

She looked past the blond, "Ooh…” She beamed, "With electricity, we could do anything!"

Midoriya spoke bluntly, "We should avoid lethal weaponry."

Hatsume pouted slightly, "Hmm, that severely limits us." She gestured to the two ladies, "What about them?"

He gestured to Jirou, "She's the only one that wants a modification." He gestured to himself, "I'm already on it. Speakers on the soles of her boots that are capable of resonance drilling and possibly sonokinetic hovering."

Hatsume beamed, "Ooh! Clever!" She rubbed her chin, "Well, a nonlethal weapon electric-based…"
Midoriya raised a brow, "A gun that has a limiter system to regulate power output?"

She snapped her fingers, "A tesla gun!"

He shook his head, "No, that could be lost…"

She gasped, snapping her fingers once again, "We could compact it into a gauntlet!"

He nodded, "The power output could be edited on the fly."

Hatsume grinned, walking towards the 3-D printer while tying the top half of her jumpsuit around her waist, "Yes-yes!"

Midoriya followed, "You can work on that while I fix up those speakers?"

She gave him a thumbs-up, "On it!"

Jirou raised a brow as the two Support Course students went to work, "Sonokinetic?"

Yaoyorozu tapped her chin, "Sonic kinetic energy possibly?"

Kaminari blinked, "I have no idea what either of those mean."

Jirou, blunt as ever, spoke, "Unsurprising."

Kaminari lowered his head, "All sides today, huh?"

Jirou smirked, "You make it too easy."

Jirou stood in the white-grid room in her full costumed attire with her new boots with silvery soles which held her new-found speakers.

Midoriya looked to Yaoyorozu, "Can—Could you make… like a boulder for us to test on?"

She nodded, "Sure." She began to unbutton her dress-shirt and blazer, "Give me a moment."

Midoriya blinked, "O-Oh! U-Um…” He spun on his heel, looking away from the creative girl. There were a few moments of silence before a loud thud echoed the room.

Yaoyorozu spoke, "There all done."

Midoriya turned to see a large brown boulder and a redressing Yaoyorozu. He coughed, "Your Quirk requires your creations to come from your skin?"

She explained simply, "The larger the object; the bigger the canvas—the longer the time."

Midoriya nodded, "Ah, I see." He scratched his cheek, "So, she sees it as a necessity and ignores the… indecent nature of it…" He coughed, "Um, so Jirou, just step onto this."

Jirou nodded, "Alright."

Midoriya hovered around the boulder, typing on a tablet and accessing the boots remotely, "So, we'll be testing the resonance drilling and sonokinetic hovering capabilities."

Jirou looked down to him, "This is safe, right?"
Midoriya didn't meet her eyes, "Should be."

Jirou flinched, "'Should be'…?"

Yaoyorozu smiled, "I'm everything will be fine."

Midoriya nodded as he took a few steps away, "Yes…" He tapped on the tablet, turning to look at her, "Go ahead and connect your jacks."

Jirou did so, looking down at her boots, "Okay…" 

Yaoyorozu watched as Midoriya, with a guilty look on his face, side-stepped behind a plexiglass wall. She blinked before taking a simple step back.

Jirou then began to output sound into her boots and from the speakers on her sole, came the thundering rhythm of her heart. The rock began to crack and shake, becoming unstable before the whole thing gave way. She would've fallen a small distance, but the soundwaves from her boots kept moving. In so, she hovered in the air. She had trouble keeping balance, however.

She struggled to keep stationary. As she leaned forward she began to fly forward. She tried to correct herself but overcorrected and began to fly backwards. It became a simple game of trail and error before she was able to hover over a single spot.

Jirou let out a breath of relief as she finally found her balance, "W-Whoa… Okay…"

Midoriya smiled, "Test 1 has been completed—success!"

Yaoyorozu smiled as well, "Well done, Jirou."

Jirou scratched the back of her head, "Y-Yeah, well-" She looked up and spotted Midoriya, "Why're you behind the plexiglass?"

He couldn't meet her eyes, "N-No reason…"

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Kaminari looked at Hatsume's face as she strapped the gauntlet into place, "She's pretty cute…" He grinned as an idea came to mind, "Maybe I should ask her out…"

The gauntlet itself was steampunk-ish in look and was colored in silver and gold. An armored glove held the shooting mechanism in the palm of its hand. On the inner part of the gauntlet, there was the regulating mechanism that allowed the user to adjust the firing voltage.

Hatsume nodded at her handiwork, "Okay, this should do it." She pointed to a dummy, "Just fire at that dummy, alright?"

Kaminari followed her finger, "Uh… yeah, got it." He turned to her as she walked away, "Hey, I was wondering-"

She waved him off, "Shush-shush! Get to testing!"

He turned forward, "R-Right."

Jirou turned to Midoriya, "Is this dangerous?"

Midoriya side-stepped behind the plexiglass, "More than likely…"
Jirou and Yaoyorozu shared a look before joining him—soon Hatsume joined them as well.

Kaminari looked over his shoulder, "Just fire at the dummy, right?"

Hatsume nodded, "Yep! We're starting with 30,000 volts!"

He nodded, "Alright!" He lifted his arm, aiming towards the dummy, "**Aimed Discharge: 30,000 VOLTS!**"

His electricity flowed into the gauntlet and its system whirled to life. The electricity focused into his metal-covered fingertips before striking his palm and building up energy. A stream of electricity fired from his palm, striking the dummy. The stream was far from focused, however. Arcs of lightning bounded off the stream, hitting the walls and even bending backwards to strike the plexiglass.

Everyone, but Hatsume, flinched in response, letting out cries of surprise. She sucked her teeth, "It isn't a precise enough weapon… It needs work."

Midoriya nodded, "It's a start."

Hatsume rubbed her chin, "It needs a focusing point."

Midoriya suggested, "Maybe a disc he could place on his targets?"

Hatsume nodded, "Maybe…"

Jirou shrugged, "It's pretty crazy on its own though."

Yaoyorozu nodded, "At least now, he can project his electricity."

Kaminari spun after the discharge was complete, laughing, "Hey, did you see that?! HA-HA!" He blinked, "Wait, why're all of you behind plexiglass?"

Jirou spoke bluntly, "Electricity is dangerous."

Kaminari scratched the back of his head, chuckling, "Uh, I guess I'm dangerous, huh?" He seemed very proud of such a thing.

Hatsume frowned, "It's not fit for the field, though."

Midoriya nodded, "Leave it here for us to work on when you go."

Kaminari shrunk, "R-Really? Aw, come on, man, it's so cool."

Midoriya shook his head, "It's also too dangerous for use. We don't want you to electrocute your classmates on accident."

Kaminari groaned, "Fine…"

Yaoyorozu looked at the two Support Course students, "Well, I suppose with that, we shall leave?"

Midoriya nodded, "Sure."

Jirou smiled politely, "Thanks for this stuff."

Midoriya smiled, "No problem." With that, the Hero Course students left and the Support Course students went back to work on suit fit for a Hero.
The Obstacle Course

Chapter Summary

As time continues on, the famous Yuuei Sports Festival begins, and our Hero's plans go into effect!

The day of the Sports Festival finally came, and Midoriya dreaded it—not due to the stress of proving his heroism, but rather…

Midoriya smacked his head against his locker after he closed it. He groaned, "I can't believe I forgot to turn in the petition…"

Power-Loader shouted to the down-trodden student, "Midoriya! Catch up with the others!"

Midoriya straightened as he chased after the back of his class, "Yes! Power-Loader!" He frowned, looking through his large, brown bag on the back of his belt, "I'm just stuck with these for now… I'm lucky they accepted my petition today…"

"You probably won't get clearance for your exo-skeleton until the second or third event," that was what the lady in charge of those petitions said.

Midoriya closed his bag, "Second or third event, huh…?" He looked ahead to the entrance to the stadium floor, "I'll make do… I have to…"

Hatsume backed through the crowd of Support Course students, wearing her petitioned gear, "Midoriya! Where's the suit?"

He clapped his hands together, "I-I'm sorry! I forgot to turn in the petition, but I should be able to get it for the third or second event."

She pointed at him, "Then you have to make it past the first one!"

He nodded as the class stopped before the entrance, "Y-Yeah…"

Present Mic introduced the first-years, giving 1-A the biggest opening. The rest of the student courses got almost tacked on introductions. Midoriya looked around at the massive crowd overlooking them, "W-Whoa…" Nervousness ate away at him as the crowd cheered.

The R-Rated Hero, Midnight cracked her whip, "Now for the Athlete's Oath!" on the stage.

Midoriya's eyes widened like saucers, "M-Midnight!"

She cracked her whip once more, silencing the jittery crowd of students, "Pipe down!" She gestured to 1-A, "Your student representative is from class 1-A, Katsuki Bakugo!"

Midoriya blinked as the childhood bully stepped onto the stage, "K-Kacchan?"

The explosive blond stepped onto the stage, "I pledge…" he smirked, "to be number one."

With that, the crowd of students jeered and booed at the blond who obviously didn't care.
Midnight silenced the crowd, "Now, without any delay, let's get the first event started." A screen began to roulette amongst events, "These are the Qualifiers! It's in this stage that so many are sent home crying every year! And the fateful first event this year is..." The event appeared: Obstacle Course Race, "THIS!"

Midoriya frowned, "An obstacle course..." He gritted his teeth, "Dammit...! If only I had my suit... It would've been perfect for this...!"

"Without it, you wouldn't be able to do anything!"

Midoriya took a breath, balling his hands into fists, "No... If I can't overcome something like this... Then there's no way I can become a Hero...!"

Midnight grinned, "Our school preaches freedom in all things!" She chuckled, "So as long as you don't go off the course anything is fair game! Racers, to your positions!"

Midoriya readied himself as the race started. He charged forward and was bumped, struggling through the narrow starting gate. He could shouting and screaming as a crowd of students were frozen to the ground. Several Hero-Course students ignored the student-made obstacle. Midoriya himself rushed past the ice, avoiding the immobilizing obstacle.

A short, purple-balled hair student was knocked around by a robot as students rushed forward.

Midoriya heard someone shout, "The faux villains from the Entrance Exam?!

Midoriya's heart dropped as he saw an army of gigantic robots standing, lofting towards the sky. "W-What...?"

Present Mic laughed, "Every Obstacle-Course needs obstacles! starting with the first barrier: Robo Inferno!"

The skyscraper bots weren't terrifying for long, however. Ice exploded over them, freezing them into place. Then, the giant bots began to crumble and fall, causing a wave of icy debris.

Present Mic shouted, "1-A's Todoroki! Busting through and sabotaging the others in one move! This guy's cold! Amazing! He's way ahead of the pack! Almost feels unfair!"

Midoriya ran through the iced path, "I gotta find a way past while dealing with these robots... Think, think..." He gritted his teeth as smaller robots closed in on him while the skyscraper bots loomed in the background.

Several other students found their way past the robots by going through or over.

Midoriya rushed towards a robot and slid underneath a swing of its arm. He spotted a long piece of metal, "It's an armor plate from one that Todoroki...!" Midoriya dove for it, dragging it against the ground before getting a better grip of it. He heard a robot rushing at his back, "It must be locked onto me...!"

A lightbulb went off as he skidded to stop, "If it's traveling that fast..." He reared the metal plate back before swinging it at the rushing robot, "It won't be able to stop suddenly...!" The robot did exactly as expected, slicing itself against the metal plate.

He gritted his teeth as he brought the metal plate with him, "What I have is only good against people...! This could come in handy...!"
He was rushing towards the next obstacle as Present Mic began to introduce it to the leading students, "So, the first barrier was a piece of cake? How about the second?! Fall and you're out! You gotta crawl across if you wanna make it!" Midoriya cursed as he came across the ravine with pillars of rock and ropes attached between them. "This is The Fall!"

Midoriya spotted Hatsune fly across through the air with her gear. He didn't have time to think about her though. He gripped the wire attached to the metal plate with his teeth before crawling across the ropes.

He cursed as he heard Present Mic's announcement, "The leads keep breaking ahead, while the rest of the pack is bunched up! Our racers don't know how many will get to move on, so all they can do is aim for first place!" There was a pause, "And our leader has reached the final barrier! That is to say…" He laughed, "This minefield. A quick glance is enough to reveal the mines' locations! So keep both eyes open and watch your step!" He then explained, "I should mention our mines don't pack a deadly punch, but they're loud and flashy enough that you might need a change of underwear when it's all over!"

Midoriya finally reached the middle of the ravine, panting, "A minefield…? That should slow the leads down… Of course, the last obstacle is a block to ensure that the race is still interesting… Providing 'edge of your seat' mentality as anyone could clear the minefield before the rest given their Quirk…" He rushed to the other side and began his weighted sprint towards the next obstacle. "If I play this smart, then maybe I get ahead on this one…!"

Present Mic shouted excitedly, "We have a new leader! Get excited, mass media! You guys love this sort of turn-around! But the rest are catching up! With these two grappling for first, can they hold on to their lead?!

Midoriya finally reached the minefield, looking around as students rushed across the minefield. "They're only strong enough to toss us around a bit, but if you're blown off course, you could cause a chain reaction and lose time…" A lightbulb went off in his head, "Wait… A chain reaction…!" He began to frantically look around, "Which spots are the people back here avoiding…? They'll be on their highest guard here…" He began to use the metal plate as a shovel, digging up the avoided mines.

Jirou looked back out of curiosity at the sound of metal and dirt. She blinked confused as Midoriya dug up the ground, "What's Midoriya doing…?" She then shook her head and continued forward, focusing on the race at hand.

He soon amassed a mountain of mines, "Taking a page from your book, Kacchan…!" He gripped onto the metal plate as he took a few steps backwards before leaping onto the mountain of mines. A massive pink explosion roared at the beginning of the minefield, sending the Quirkless student rocketing towards the finishing line.

Present Mic was just as surprised as everyone else, "A giant explosion from behind! What caused such a blast!? An accident? Or was it intentional?!" He shouted, "Class H's Midoriya rides the wave in hot pursuit!"

Midoriya soared through the air, right past Todoroki and Bakugo!

Present Mic saw fit to comment, "HE'S PASSED THEM!"

Midoriya gritted his teeth, "This is intense…!" His heart skipped a beat, "W-Wait… Landing…! I didn't think this far ahead…!"
Bakugo's voice screamed past the ringing in his ears, "DEKU! GET THE HELL BACK HERE!"

"Our former leaders have called a cease fire to chase down Midoriya! When a common enemy appears, people stop fighting! Well, actually, they're still fighting just not each other!"

Midoriya began to lose momentum and began to flip through the air, "I'm stalling...! Of course, it's coming away from me...! If I lose time on this landing, passing them again will be impossible...!"

Todoroki and Bakugo began to pass him, "Dammit...! No...! Don't let go...! While I'm still ahead, this is my one chance...! Otherwise...!" He gritted his teeth as he flipped through the air, planting his feet firmly on Bakugo's and Todoroki's shoulders, "If passing them again is impossible... THEN I GOTTA STAY IN THE LEAD...!" He took the metal plate by the wire and slammed it down against the minefield.

The resounding explosion both rocketed Midoriya to the lead while knocking Todoroki and Bakugo off course.

"And Midoriya blows off the competition with no time to lose!"

Midoriya hit his head on the ground before rolling on to his feet and sprinting towards the finish. "Don't stop...! Don't stop...!"

Present Mic shouted into his microphone, "Well, who could have predicted such an incredible turn of events so early on?! The one who made it back to the stadium first is none other than, the Quirkless Support Course student, Midoriya Izuku!"

Midoriya ran through the gates as the massive crowd cheered. He panted with his hands on his knees, standing. "Ha-ha-ha..." He coughed, "I-I... I made it..." He let out a breath, "Oh, I should add cardio to my regime." He raised his head, grinning excitedly as he pumped his fists into the air; tears welling up in the corners of his eyes, "Yes!"

The crowd seemed to get louder due to his celebration.

He blinked, realizing just how much attention was on him. He quickly spun away from the crowd and towards the finishing gate, "W-Wow! T-T-T-That's a lot of people...! E-Everyone's looking at me... T-That's crazy..."

Bakugo stomped towards the green-haired student, "DEKU! YOU QUIRKLESS BASTARD!"

Midoriya took an instinctive step backwards. His heart stumbled out of fear. His knees buckled, and fear consumed his face. He stopped, gritting his teeth, "N-No... If I can't s-stand up to someone like K-Kacchan..."

He took a few deep breaths as Bakugo continued forward. He recomposed the best he could. His hands balled into fists as he forced himself to stop shaking. He gritted his teeth to stop his quivering lip. He furrowed his brow and narrowed his eyes to hide the panic behind them. He then took steps forward, meeting Bakugo and meeting the blonde's eyes.

This only made Bakugo angrier.

Midnight's voice rang out to them before anything truly happened, "Oi! You two! Back away from each other!"

Midoriya looked between the Hero and his childhood bully, opening his mouth to say the last words before they parted.
Once the words fell onto his ears, Bakugo glared at Quirkless student, eyes raging with fury.

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Principal Nezu sat in his chair in the teacher's observation seats, "It seems a Support Course student is aiming for number one."

The Cloning Hero, Ectoplasm turned to his fellow teacher, "Do you know why, Power-Loader?"

Power-Loader mumbled to himself, "Midoriya… You aren't…" He slowly left his mumblings as he gave an answer, "I… I think it's possible that he's aiming for the Hero Course or… maybe, I'm wrong."

All Might shook his head, "No, I think you're right…" He took a deep breath, "Young Midoriya wants to show us he's capable of being a Hero."

The Homing Hero, Snipe shook his head, "That's crazy! He's Quirkless!"

Nezu chimed in, "Well, maybe we should wait and see what he does." He rubbed his chin, "He is intelligent enough for the Support Course and has a very impressive set of gear in need of petition-clearing."

The Blood-Manipulating Hero, Vlad King asked, "Will it clear in time for the next round?"

Nezu answered simply, "No."
The Cavalry Battle

Chapter Summary

Our Hero bursts through the Obstacle Course and now must face a dreaded Cavalry Battle!

Midnight grinned almost sadistically, "There's more suffering ahead for those at the top. As you must have heard countless times since at Yuuei, this is PLUS ULTRA! After taking first place in the qualifiers, Midoriya Izuku has got ten million points!"

Midoriya's heart went crazy as everyone's eyes landed on him, "The eyes on me are different than before…" He stood firm while he internally wavered, "It was just luck that I was able to grab first… But… There's a lot of pressure…!"

Midnight went on to explain on upcoming event before giving the students 15 minutes to assemble their teams.

Midoriya rubbed his chin, "Points don't matter so…" He looked around, noticing the evading nature of his fellow students, "They're avoiding me like the plague…!" He cursed internally, "Of course, no one would follow the Quirkless nobody… Dammit…!"

Hatsume rushed up, "Midoriya! You got first place!" She grinned, "Well done! Our babies will be sure to stand out!"

Midoriya blinked, "H-Hatsume!" He breathed a sigh of relief, "G-Good…" He looked off, "They haven't brought out the exo-skeleton yet, so…"

Hatsume's grin faltered before she pumped her fist, "Then we have to make it to the third event!" She pulled out even more gadgets and gizmos, "Don't worry. I brought some of my babies too!"

He picked up one of the many gadgets, "This looks like Air-jet's jetpack!"

She grinned, "To your liking, eh?"

Midoriya stood, tapping his chin whilst looking around, "We need more people…" He spotted someone, jogging over to them, "Iida!"

The blockish student turned, "Midoriya?"

The Quirkless student clapped his hands together, "Please join my team."

Iida blinked, "I…"

Midoriya bit his lip, "I-I get it… Everyone will be after us, b-but, um…" He took a deep breath before standing firmly, "Iida, there's a rumor that if someone does well enough in the Sports Festival then they'll be moved into the Hero Course." He gritted his teeth, "I want to be a Hero! This is my chance and I need a lead horse here." He pleaded, "Please."

Iida's eyes were hidden behind the glare of his glasses, "Midoriya…" He put a hand on the Quirkless
student's shoulder, "Alright, I will lead your pack! You can count on me!"

Midoriya beamed, "Thank you, Iida!"

Iida watched as Midoriya rushed off to find their final member, "He saved Yaoyorozu and Jirou... He wants to be a Hero... even though, he's Quirkless... Sorry, brother... I may not win this, but... I believe it's the right thing to do—to help him...!"

XXX

Present Mic shouted to the stadium, "Hey, wake up Eraser! They've had their time to form teams and strategize. And now all 12 teams are lined up and ready to move!"

Aizawa spoke, "Interesting... The teams they've come up with."

Present Mic cried out, "Let's get a battle cry! Here comes the starting signal! Blood begets blood in the Yuuei grand match!"

Midoriya's team stood firm, "Iida!"

The leader of the pack nodded, "Ready!"

He nodded towards the girl supporting his right leg, "Hatsume!"

She chuckled and grinned, "Heh-heh-heh!" and, of course, she sported her own gear.

Midoriya then acknowledged their secret weapon, "Shinso!"

The student supporting his left leg nodded, "Yeah." He sported some of Hatsume's gear as well.

Midoriya tightened his headband, "Let's do this!" He began to whisper to his teammates, "Everyone, I heard something that could come in handy."

Shinso looked up at the Support student, "What is it?"

Midoriya answered as Present Mic shouted, "Formed your teams? Made your plans? Too bad if you haven't! Here we go! The countdown to this brutal battle royal! 3... 2... 1... START!"

As soon as the green was given several teams rushed Midoriya's. Midoriya sucked his teeth, "Right off the bat?"

Tetsutetsu shouted, "This is really a fight for the ten million and everyone knows it!"

Hagakure laughed from the top of her pack, "Ha-ha-ha! We're coming for you Midoriya!"

Midoriya put his hand on Iida's shoulder, "We need to move!"

Iida tried, "M-Midoriya!" He shouted as ground beneath them became goop, "Our legs are sinking!"

Shinso scowled, "Guess that's one of their Quirks."

Midoriya looked to his leg supports, "Shinso, Hatsume!" He lifted the wire connected detonator, slamming his thumb down on the red button, "We're blasting off!" The jetpack whirled before blasting all four of them up and above the attacking students.
Midoriya heard Hagakure's voice shout, "Jirou!"

He instinctively snapped his head to below them, reaching into his pouch of gadgets. He whipped out three tiny, black metal balls and chucked them towards Hagakure's team. They beeped for a few moments, Jirou's jacks flying past them, before exploding into a thick grey cloud of smoke.

Midoriya's eyes widened at the upcoming ground, "Iida, Shinso, Hatsume! Landing!"

Shinso extended out his left leg, Hatsume extended her right leg, and Iida lifted his legs, pointing his exhausts towards the ground. Hatsume's hover boots and Iida's engine ports jettisoned enough thrust to just stop their fall. They stalled in the air for a moment before fully landing.

Hatsume asked excitedly, "How do you like my babies?! Cute, right?! That's how I made them!"

Midoriya turned to his classmate, "Your babies are great, Hatsume!"

She grinned, "Aren't they?!

Shinso flinched, nearly stepping onto a purple ball, "What the hell?"

Iida turned to Shoji, who used his wing-span to cover his teammates, "Mineta!"

Midoriya blushed, "The pervert?"

Shinso nodded, "Pervert, huh?" He apologized to his teammate, "Sorry, Hatsume."

She blinked confused, "Huh?"

Shinso shouted towards the charging student, "If you give up, our teammate will let you touch her chest!"

Mineta stuck his head out of Shoji's wing-span, a lewd look on his face, "R-Really?!" His expression quickly died as his eyes glazed over.

Asui let out a ribbit, "Mineta?"

Shoji looked at his teammate, "Oi, Mineta!?"

Shinso commanded, "Now, quickly! Tie your headband around one of those hairballs of yours and chuck it over to us!"

Mineta blankly did so, much to the dismay of his teammates. Before they could stop him, all of their points were sent sailing to the number one team.

Midoriya caught it, "Nice one, Shinso!"

Present Mic commented, "WHAT?! Team Mineta has seemingly given up their place in the match?! How crazy is that?!"

Aizawa chimed in, "I knew it…"

"Eh?"

"The practical exam wasn't rational enough…"

Midoriya narrowly dodged Asui's tongue as it desperately tried to grasp a headband, "We need to get
outta here before they recover!” He hit the detonator once again and the pack went sailing into the air as he attached Mineta's headband ball to the back of his neck.

Bakugo's voice grabbed his attention whilst the flew, "Getting pretty full of yourself, huh, you bastard?!

Midoriya froze for a moment, "K-Kacchan…!

He reached into his pouch pulling out a gun-like trigger of some kind with a strange disc at its nozzle. He pulled the trigger, sending the disc into the blonde's chest before four legs extended and clamped down onto his chest. It then let out a burst of flaming thrust, sending Bakugo sailing backwards.

He flipped through the air before Sero's tape wrapped around his bicep and yanked him down to his team.

Present Mic saw fit to comment, "Oh? Is that disc thing and leaving your unit really allowed?!"

Midnight nodded, giving an o-k sign, "Technically!"

Present Mic continued his commentary, "Both doggedly pursued first place team and its determined pursuers from class A are nothing to sneeze at! Let's take a look at the current point spread! How are our teams doing after seven minutes of play?" He blinked, "Oh? Now wait just a second?! Class A's not looking so hot… What happened to Bakugo?!!"

Midoriya looked to see members of class B challenging Bakugo, "Class B… They threw the qualifiers and planned for the long game…! Clever…” He breathed a sigh of relief, "But from that, I guess that they're not necessarily dead set on targeting me…!" He smiled, "Everyone, I think it won't be too hard to evade-"

Then, as if on cue, Todoroki's team slid into view, consisting of: himself, Kaminari, Yaoyorozu, and Tokoyami.

"Looks like the match is half over already!"

Midoriya let out a breath, "Or maybe it won't be quite that easy."

Todoroki spoke firmly, "We're coming for you." Midoriya looked past them, noticing the sudden wave of teams rushing them. Todoroki was about to command his team, but Midoriya's voice distracted them all.

Midoriya reached into his pouch, "Iida, Shinso! It's time for our offensive move!" In his left hand, he held five tiny, silver, metal balls and in his right, he held three more smoke bombs.

Iida nodded, "Ready!"

Shinso nodded as well, "Yeah."

Midoriya tossed all six towards the area ahead of them.

Todoroki looked at he devices, "We need to-" The silver ones went off first, dispersing a white, blueish liquid across the ground. The crinkle and crack of ice literally stopped everyone in their tracks as the liquid solidified, including Todoroki's team.

Kaminari looked up to their leader, "W-We need to get out of this!"
Todoroki reached towards the ground, his hand glowed with a red flame, "Hang on!"

Midoriya braced, "Iida!"

Iida's exhaust ports revved, "Aye!" He launched forward, slipping right past Todoroki's team and into the field of smoke.

Yaoyorozu blinked as their enemy ran instead of attacking their vulnerable position, "W-What?"

Todoroki quickly commanded, "Yaoyorozu, the insulator! We don't know if anyone's already freed themselves!"

She nodded, "Right."

Todoroki continued, "Tokoyami, pull in Dark Shadow."

The bird-teen nodded, "Aye."

"Kaminari-"

Kaminari interrupted him, nodding, "Yeah, I got it!" Todoroki pulled the insulated blanket over them before Kaminari shouted, "Indiscriminate Shock: 1.3 Million Volts!"

Gold lightening arced across the ground, electrocuting the immobilized students in the smoke. Sometime passed before the smoke finally cleared. The immobilize teams seemed to slightly recover.

Kendo Itsuka grabbed the remaining headband around her neck. There was a shocked expression on her face, "I… I just gave it to them…"

Yanagi Reiko reassured her, "D-Don't worry we still have the big one!"

Kendo gritted her teeth, touching her forehead, "We have to protect this with our lives!"

Rin Hiryu shook his head, "I-I'm sorry! Shishida! I-I don't know what came over me!"

Yaoyorozu looked amongst the shocked students, "W-Where's Midoriya's team?"

Present Mic commented, "WHOA! Team Midoriya rushed through his smoke and snatched up all attacking teams' headbands!"

Todoroki looked upward, "Up there!" spotting Midoriya's team sailing through the air.

Midoriya looked back, smiling, with one headband on his head, one attached to the back of his neck, and the last two wrapped around his neck. "Hypnosis Rush was a complete success!"

Aizawa chimed in, "Clever… With Iida's speed, the Support students' gear, and Shinso's Quirk, they engineered a winning scenario for themselves. But, it's only by chance that Midoriya had the perfect gear necessary to pull the attack."

Present Mic gave his co-worker a thumbs-up, "Nice commentary!"

Team Midoriya landed on the ground, rushing towards the least occupied part of the field. Midoriya rummaged through his bag, "I only have one more disc… One more ice bomb… And the sonic gun-"
Midoriya took this time to look at the scoreboard, "We're still number one—somehow… with 10,000,990… Team Monoma has 1,350 in second… Team Tetsutetsu has 705… Team Todoroki is still at 610… and Team Kendo still has 575 points left… Everyone else is at zero…" He blinked, shocked, "K-Kacchan's at zero…!

"Team Bakugo's stolen two, putting them in third place! A late shake-up in the rankings! That's the spirit of youth for ya!"

Midoriya blinked as the scoreboard changed, "Oh… That makes more sense…" Midoriya nodded to his team, "We can't slack up, we need to evade everyone else!"

Uraraka's voice caught the team's attention, "Sorry, Midoriya—Iida!" She supported Aoyama alongside Shoda Nirengeki with Ojiro Mashirao taking up the lead horse, "We're taking your points!"

Hatsume shouted, "Midoriya, the sonic gun!"

Midoriya whipped out the greyed-out gun-like device, being narrowly grazed by Aoyama's laser, "Sorry, Uraraka, Aoyama, strangers!"

He pulled the trigger, sending a shockwave of high-pitch sound. All three slid to a stop, crying out in pain, before the noise came to a stop. They watched as a silver ball rolled into view before exploding and covering their feet with ice.

Hatsume shouted as they rushed past them, "Bye!"

Iida and Midoriya both shouted, "Sorry!"

Shinso smirked, "Nice try!"

Present Mic stole their attention, "Bakugo! Absolutely merciless! What a perfectionist! Anything worth doing is worth doing right! We're nearing the end of the game!"

They all heard the blond scream, "DEKU!"

They also spotted Todoroki's team chasing after them, "You didn't think we were done, did you?"

Present Mic began to shout, "We're nearly at the final ten seconds!"

Iida braced his legs, "If we wait for them to get close… I can get us past them…"

Shinso added, "If that's the case we need to slip past on Todoroki's left."

Midoriya leaned forward, "Can you do it?"

Iida nodded, "Yeah." He gritted his teeth, "Don't worry, Midoriya! I'll help you realize your dream! All of your dreams!" He readied himself, "Because that's what Heroes do!"

Shinso smirked, "Thanks, Hero."

Hatsume saluted, "We're leaving it to you, engine-guy!"

Midoriya nodded, bracing, "We'll follow your lead on this one."
Bakugo sped towards them, bouncing through the air with his explosions, as his team chased after him on their left. Team Todoroki rushed at them on their right.

"10!"

Midoriya's team stood still and firmly as their two opponents rushed at them.

"9!"

Iida bent his legs, "Brace yourselves!" as their enemies closed in.

"8!"

Iida's engine exhausts burst with blue and red flames, "**Over-Torque: RECIPRO BURST!**" With a sudden, extreme burst of speed, Midoriya's team flew past their attacking opponents.

Midoriya could barely keep his eyes opened against the whipping winds, "W-What an amazing speed…!"

"7!"

Bakugo growled with a shout as he spun back, rushing after his childhood victim, "DEKU! GET BACK HERE YOU QUIRKLESS SACK OF SHIT!"

Midoriya shrunk slightly, "Oh, man…! We really pissed him off…!"

"6!"

Team Todoroki spun in their place, "After them!" Todoroki sucked his teeth, "We're so close…"

"5!"

Team Midoriya's speed began to die.

"4!"

Team Midoriya's speed completely died and they came to a screeching halt.

"3!"

Midoriya pulled out the sonic gun and unleashed a deafeningly painful sound at the rushing teams.

"2!"

Bakugo forced himself through the rushing soundwaves as Tokoyami sent Dark Shadow screaming ahead.

"1!"

Bakugo blew another explosion behind him—incidentally hitting Dark Shadow and sending the creature back. The blonde reached out, clawing for the headband on Midoriya's forehead. Midoriya yanked his head backwards, just barely preventing Bakugo from snatching first-place.

"TIME'S UP!"

Bakugo went sailing past Midoriya's team, skidding across the ground, as his team stopped in front of Midoriya's. Team Todoroki came to a stop as well, all were silent.
"Let's see who the top four teams are right now! In first place, aren't you surprised folks?! It's TEAM MIDORIYA!"

Midoriya couldn't stop the goofy grin dawning his face, "W-We…"

Shinso was the one to finish the sentence, "We did it!"

"In second, Team Bakugo!"

Bakugo stood silently, glaring over his shoulder at Midoriya's celebrating team.

"In third, Team Tetsutetsu!"

There was a victory cry somewhere on the field.

"In fourth, Team Todoroki!"

Todoroki shook his head, "Damn…"
The Calm Before the Storm

Chapter Summary

The Cavalry Battle ends before rivalries are forged and as the public and the staff of Yuuei takes in the idea of a Quirkless Hero.

Present Mic dismissed the crowd, "We'll proceed to the afternoon portion after a one-hour lunch break! See you then!"

Present Mic leaned back in his seat, "Hey, Eraserhead, wanna grab some food?"

Aizawa leaned back in his, "I'm taking a nap."

Present Mic seemed to recoil, "Wha?"

Aizawa blinked tiredly, "Midoriya… Maybe… Maybe our selection should've been tailored to accept people like you here…" Sleep began to take him away, "Maybe…"

The audience members left the stadium—heroes and civilians spoke amongst each other. One friend shared with another, "Man, I can't believe a Quirkless kid is making it this far."

The other chuckled, "It's kinda cool actually, the ultimate underdog."

-X-

A Pro-Hero nodded, "He's a quick thinker and his gear was very smartly chosen"

His partner shook her head, "Don't you remember what Eraserhead said? It's completely by chance that he had that stuff."

He shrugged, "That doesn't take away from his success. He outmaneuvered Endeavor's son!"

She rolled her eyes, "Endeavor's son isn't taking the competition seriously."

He blinked, "What? What makes you say that?"

She groaned, "Come on! He didn't even use Endeavor's Quirk offensively or defensively! Fire and ice? The perfect combo? But he didn't even bother to try it."

He rubbed his chin, "Maybe he thought he didn't need to."

She huffed, "What an insult to his competitors then."

-X-

A Pro-Hero dressed as a green condor rested her hands on the back of her head, "What do you think that Support kid's aiming for?"
Another Pro-Hero dressed in blue and with a fish fin on his arms, shrugging, "Maybe just wants the attention of Support Companies?"

She frowned, narrowing her eyes, "I don't know… I feel like if he wanted their attention, he wouldn't have acted so desperately."

He blinked, "What?" He chuckled, "Do you think he's trying to become a Hero?"

She shrugged, "Maybe."

He shook his head, "That's crazy."

She countered, "So is the idea that a Quirkless kid took first in two events."

He made a face, nodding, "Got me there."

-X-

The lawyer looked at her 'friend' incredulously, "Rigged? Are you joking?"

She huffed, "Come on! How else could a Quirkless kid get this far?"

The lawyer leaned back in her seat, "Hard work? Dedication?" She rolled her eyes, "Oh, wait, you don't know what either of those are."

The N.E.E.T. rolled her eyes, flicking off her 'friend', "Fuck off."

XXX

The students began to clear out from the stadium. Asui frowned, frustrated, "This sucks. But congrats all the same, Mina."

Ashido shook her head, frowning, "Bakugo only picked me as a counter strategy against Todoroki's ice. This win doesn't really say anything about my strength."

Uraraka frowned at her block-ish friend, "Man, that gun was no fair, Iida." She rubbed her ears, "My ears are still ringing."

Iida waved her off, "Sorry, Uraraka. However, in battle, there isn't a matter of fairness."

Asui put a finger to her lip, "Hmm…"

Yaoyorozu turned, "Tsu?"

She let out a ribbit, "Where's Bakugo?"

Ashido shrugged, "Who knows? Probably taking out his anger for second-place on something."

Kaminari stumbled around, "Yay~." Translation: "I feel sorry for whatever that is."

Midoriya stumbled backwards as Bakugo's palm slammed into the wall beside his head, letting out a small explosion. Bakugo had stomped Midoriya towards a secondary hall for students to walk through, leaving the childhood friends alone.

Bakugo had a shaky grin, "Oi-oi-oi-oi…" His eyes raged in fury, "Deku… What the hell game are you playing at?"
Midoriya tried to speak, "I-"

The explosive blond grabbed his childhood victim's collar, "Don't tell you're still chasing that damn fantasy of yours!?"

The green-haired student struggled against his hand, "K-Kacchan-"

Bakugo repeated his words, "'My Deku isn't going to mean useless forever'?" He pushed Midoriya deeper into the wall, "Was that a challenge you damn Quirkless shit!?"

Midoriya took a series of breaths before gritting his teeth, "Yeah… I…" He shook out of fear as met Bakugo's eyes defiantly, "I won't be your punching bag forever!"

Bakugo growled, "EH!?"

A cold voice spoke from down the hall, "Oi, put him down."

They both turned to see the red-and-white-haired student. Midoriya was the one to address him, "T-Todoroki?"

Bakugo growled, "Stay out of this, you half-and-half bastard!"

Todoroki looked around, "You know, there are a lot of Pro-Heroes in this stadium. I wonder how many would enjoy lecturing you about this. I wonder how much Yuuei would enjoy lecturing you." He crossed his arms, "Aizawa?"

Bakugo shoved Midoriya into the wall before walking off, "Tch, fine."

Midoriya adjusted himself, "T-Thanks, Todoroki."

Half-and-half student shrugged, "No problem."

Midoriya stuttered out as Todoroki walked past him, "U-Um, why won't you use your Quirk?" Todoroki stopped, "T-The fire one… I-If you don't mind me asking?"

Todoroki blinked, "How did you-"

The green-haired student scratched the back of his head, "I noticed, and…" He looked off to the side, almost guiltily, "I-I… may over heard your prep-talk to your team…"

The Hero Course student made a face, "Ah. Hmm…"

The Support Course student shook his head, "U-Um, n-never min-"

Todoroki spoke firmly, "It's a pledge I've taken against my father, Endeavor."

Midoriya blinked, "E-Endeavor? Why?"

Todoroki growled out, "I hate him. That's all you need to know."

Midoriya blinked, "R-Right."

Todoroki then turned and left Midoriya standing there before Support Course student left himself.

Midoriya walked off to the lunch hall, spotting his purple-haired teammate, "H-Hey, Shinso," as he entered the lunch line.
Shinso nodded to him as they moved through the line for food, "Midoriya."

Midoriya smiled, "We made it!"

"Crazy, huh? A Quirkless, a Support student, and a kid from General Education got first in a battle against the Hero Course." He added, "With the help of someone from the Hero Course, of course."

"Y-Yeah, I'm sure they didn't appreciate it though."

Shinso shook his head, "They won't underestimate us…" He then shrugged, "Or maybe they will. It's hard to say."

Midoriya spoke firmly, "We'll just have to make them take us seriously."

Shinso nodded, "Yeah…" He turned to his friend, "Oi, Midoriya."

"Hmm?"

"Iida said something about you wanting to become a Hero. Is that true?"

Midoriya nodded sheepishly, "Y-Yeah…"

Shinso nodded, "I do too."

"R-Really?"

"Yeah."

Midoriya picked up his tray as they began to walk towards a table, "D-Do you know about the rumor about how if you do well in the Sports Festival then-"

Shinso affirmed, "Then you could get moved into the Hero Course, yeah."

"After all of this, I think we can make it."

"Definitely."

Midoriya spotted the waving hand of Uraraka and waved back.

Shinso nodded, punching Midoriya's shoulder, "I'll see you at the Finals, Midoriya."

Midoriya smiled as they parted, "Yeah, I'll see you there!"

XXX

Midoriya walked through the stadium entrance, adjusting the exo-skeleton over his gym uniform. He watched as the gauntlets automatically closed around his forearms. He pulled a metal respirator over the bottom half of his face. He then adjusted a smooth-black visor over his eyes, tapping the earpiece attached to it.

He spoke as lifted his right leg, "Microphone check: 0.01 percent thrust." He named the voice-command, "M-Series: Guillotine." The thrusters, on the back side of his right calf, let out a miniscule burst of thrust. "End microphone check. Revert thrust capacity to 75 percent." He stepped onto the stadium and walked towards the main stage.

Midoriya blinked, spotting the girls of 1-A in cheerleading attire. A blush came to his covered
cheeks, "W-Why're they in cheerleading outfits…?" They seemed frustrated and upset, glaring at Kaminari and Mineta, "Oh... They must've done something..."

Present Mic continued his commentary, "Hope everyone enjoys this little recreational competition! Once that's over, we're on to the final event!" An image of tournament brackets appeared on the lofting screen above the students and 16 students tensed as Present Mic spoke, "Between the 16 members of the four winning teams, we'll have a formal tournament!" They spotted each other across the stadium, "A series of one-on-one battles!"

The brackets listed the first eight battles: Bakugo V. Honenuki, Kirishima V. Tetsutetsu, Ashido V. Yaoyorozu, Tokoyami V. Awase, Hatsume V. Iida, Shinso V. Todoroki, Kaminari V. Shiozaki, and Midoriya V. Sero.

Midoriya thought to himself, "Sero...? I don't know Sero..." He rubbed his chin as he began to mutter, "I'll just have to be careful." He looked at the brackets, "If I win, I'll be going up against either Kaminari or Shiozaki. I know Kaminari's Quirk, but Shiozaki's... I don't even know him or her. I'll have to pay close attention to their battle..."

He continued to mutter, creeping out those around him, "If I win that fight, then I could be going up against Shinso, Iida, Todoroki, or Hatsume." His muttering stopped as his thoughts continued, "Iida... Hatsume... Shinso... I don't want to fight any of you, but..." He balled his hands into fists, "I can't lose... Not when I'm so close..."

-X-

Todoroki looked at the board, "Shinso... That was Midoriya's teammate during the cavalry battle..."

-X-

Hatsume jogged up to her teammate, "Iida!"

Iida turned to her, "Hatsume?"

She lied, "I wanted to do something for you! For team's sake!"

XXX

Principal Nezu nodded, "Hmm... Midoriya Izuku surpassed my expectations." He nodded, "I suppose even the smallest probability gives him a chance."

Snipe shook his head, "A Quirkless getting into first-place and maintain it? Unprecedented..."

All-Might leaned forward, "Is he wearing-"

Power-Loader answered, "It looks like his exo-skeleton design that passed him the practical exam and that helped him through the U.S.J. incident. Although, it looks like an upgraded version."

Principal Nezu took a breath, "So, allow us to make this decision now, so that I may draft the possible rules needed for his case—and undoubtedly, those who'll follow in his footsteps. And we shall allow his placement in the tournament decide whether or not it happens." He asked a question that hooked all of their attention, "Should we consider Midoriya Izuku's admission into the Hero Course with the backing of the Support Course's workshop?"

All-Might took a deep breath, "Hmm..."
Power-Loader rubbed his chin, "Yes…"

Snipe turned to him, "Power-Loader?"

He leaned back in his seat, "That's my vote—no more to it," waiting on the tournament to start.
Chapter Summary

The Tournament for First Place begins while our Hero is put out on the bleachers till his time.

Midoriya sat in a seat in the observation deck for the Festival. Some were missing and were off in the workshop. Others were watching intently, looking for inspiration for their next piece of gear. And some stared at Midoriya and Hatsume, only two Support Course students readying for the tournament.

Hatsume was meddling with her hover boots, implementing an electro-magnetic system, "Finally time for our baby's debut!"

Midoriya nodded, "Yeah…" He leaned back in his seat, rubbing his chin, "But, if I'm not careful, I'll fall off the stage before the show even begins."

Hatsume beamed, "That's why I'm giving my own babies their own debut!"

Midoriya kept to himself, "N-No words of encouragement, H-Hatsume…? T-Thanks…" He took a deep breath, pulling out his notebook, "Well, it's time for Bakugo to battle against Honenuki."

XXX

Present Mic's voiced announced the next battle, "A celebrity since his middle school days, with a face only a mother could love… It's Bakugo Katsuki of the Hero Course! VERSUS! The titan of softening, can you believe this guy got in on recommendations?! It's Honenuki Juzo, also of the Hero Course!"

Bakugo scowled, "You're part of that team that attacked Deku early on… Was that quicksand thing you?"

Honenuki rolled his shoulder, "You're the one Monoma was screwing with, yeah?"

Bakugo growled, "You're friends with that copycat shit?"

Honenuki got defensive, "That 'copycat shit' stole your and a bunch of your classmates' headbands." He popped his shoulders, "Don't underestimate us!"

"START!"

Honenuki stomped his foot on the concrete ground and making a path of semi-liquid concrete. The path moved so fast that Bakugo's feet got caught in the wide area of concrete quicksand.

The 1-B student gritted his teeth, "If I just immobilize him for long enough…"

The 1-A student's palms glowed with explosions before he was sent into the air and out of the trap.

Honenuki lifted his foot and the path of quicksand reverted back to concrete, "Tch."
Bakugo exploded forward, rocketing for the 'titan'. "Just die, small fry!" He reared his right arm back with an explosion building up in his hand before launching his hand forward. Honenuki slipped by Bakugo's explosion. However, as Honenuki moved past Bakugo's left, the 1-A student's left hand clasped over the 1-B student's face, his fingers gripping onto Honenuki's jaw. Honenuki's eyes widened before a resounding explosion sent him flying out of the ring—not without bouncing and skidding across the ground, of course.

Midnight cracked her whip, "Honenuki has been knocked out of bounds! Bakugo Katsuki moves on to the second round!"

-X-

Midoriya muttered as he wrote in his notebook, "His Quirk must be softening of some kind. An emitter type and his range's wild! It was able to reach Bakugo from across the ring in a matter of seconds! It'd be perfect for capturing most Villains. However, one just needs a propulsion of some kind to escape the trap. Wait! Maybe the propulsion becomes negated once the means of escape is enveloped by the quicksand! Could the softened material also act as a negating agent against other Emitter types? No-no, that would depend on the Emitter's way of delivery. Maybe if Bakugo's hands were caught, he wouldn't have been able to escape!" The Hero-Otaku continued to mutter and over-analyze the student's Quirk much to the disturbance of his classmates. "I wonder if he can soften anything or could there be some sort of limiter in what type of materials he can work with. If anything, he's perfect for urban heroism!"

Except Hatsume, who ignored him as she beamed as inspiration struck her, "Ah…! We could put weapons into the palms that also act as a propulsion system…!"

-X-

Jirou sat back in her seat, shaking her head, "Brutal."

Iida pushed up her glasses, "As expected of Bakugo."

Uraraka made a face, "S-Scary…"

Ashido shook her head, "Crazy. There was barely a fight."

Yaoyorozu took a breath, "Most impressive…"

XXX

Present Mic announced the next fight, "Manly and passionate steel! From the Hero Course, it's Tetsutetsu Tetsutetsu! VERSUS! Manly and passionate hardening! From the Hero Course, it's Kirishima Eijiro!"

Kirishima lowered his head, "Even our intros are the same!"

-X-

Mineta snored, planning on napping through his classmate's battle. Jirou's earphone jack slithered up to the napping scum. Jirou said, "Get a hold of yourself," as it stabbed into the left side of his head, waking him.

-X-

"Let's start this passionate seventh match!"
Kirishima hardened his skin and Tetsutetsu turned his skin to steel. They rushed at each other, rearing their fists back while letting out their own battle cries. They skidded to a stop in each other's spaces, kicking up stone as they did so. With cries of effort, they threw their fists forward and their fists collided. The force behind their punches died as the energy canceled out. They remained there with their fists against each other, trying to push the other back with their extended arm. Kirishima was the first to break with battle of strength by delivering a left hook with his free hand. Tetsutetsu took it to his jaw, the force of the punch sending him skidding backwards.

Tetsutetsu stomped his feet, kicking up stone and rock as he came to a stop, "THAT DIDN'T HURT AT ALL!" He rushed forward, rearing his fist back and delivering a left hook to Kirishima's jaw. This sent him skidding backwards.

Kirishima kicked up stone and rock as he came to a stop, "THAT DIDN'T HURT, EITHER!" He rushed against Tetsutetsu, shouting with passion.

Tetsutetsu crossed his arms to block from an expected frontal attack. Kirishima slipped into Tetsutetsu's space and through his defense, delivering a fierce uppercut and sending Tetsutetsu's head rocketing back. He stumbled back before rushing at Kirishima, rearing his fist back.

Kirishima raised his arms to block the hook, but Tetsutetsu's slipped into Kirishima's space. Tetsutetsu harshly decked Kirishima across his jaw. Kirishima reacted quickly and gave a downward blow to Tetsutetsu's temple. Tetsutetsu stomped his foot before delivering another left hook to Kirishima's jaw once more. As Kirishima stumbled back, he reared his arm back and delivered a backhanded blow to Tetsutetsu's face.

They stumbled away from each other. Tetsutetsu and Kirishima panted, glaring at each other. They each reared a fist back and let out a battle cry as they charged at each other one more time. They slipped into each other's space and delivered devastating hooks to each other's jaws. Both stumbled back before they fell to the ground, unconscious.

Present Mic commented, "It's a mirror image Quirk matchup! Tetsutetsu versus Kirishima! Just a straight-up beat down with these two! And the winner is…"

Midnight stepped into the ring, looking over them both, "They are both down! We have a tie!"

Present Mic interjected, "In the event of a tie, we'll determine after they recover with a quick-arm wrestling match or something."

Midoriya muttered into his notebook, "Kirishima's Hardening and Tetsutetsu's Steel seem to be equal in terms of power and effectiveness. Both are transformation types but have no real power or speed enhancement. Although, their powerful defenses can technically act as weapons—like using a shield as a bashing weapon. Their Quirks aren't a matter of speed or power, but about personal technique. There are probably limiters about how long or how effective their Quirks can work. Hardening seems more along the lines of flexing—a natural thing. Steel could require a fuel source—maybe iron?"

Hatsume meddled with a microphone and a speaker system, "A collapsible shield in one of his gauntlets could be useful…"

Present Mic announced, "We'll move on to the third match now! All-purpose Creation! She was
admitted through recommendations, so her abilities are certified! From the Hero Course, it's Yaoyorozu Momo! VERSUS! Is something going to come out of those horns? Well? Also from the Hero Course, it's Ashido Mina!"

-X-

Mineta pumped his fist, standing in his seat, "GO ASHIDO!"

Uraraka blinked, "Wow, Mineta's taking this really seriously."

Mineta soon met expectations, "MELT YAOYOROZU'S CLOTHES OFF!" He then began to chant, "MELT THEM OFF!"

Jirou scowled, "What are you, scum?"

-X-

"Let the third match, START!"

Ashido reared his arms back, secreting acid into her palms, "I won't go easy on you, Yao-Momo!"

Yaoyorozu summoned a metal, riot shield from her forearm, "Nor I, you, Ashido."

Ashido rushed forward, chucking blobs of acid towards Yaoyorozu. The ponytailed girl hid behind her silvery-grey riot-shield. The acid landed, but the metal didn't corrode. She faltered, now cautiously waiting for Yaoyorozu's next move. She secreted harsher acids into her palm and threw the liquid at her classmate. The metal, wailed tarnished, didn't falter. Ashido secreted more acid, "Tch."

Yaoyorozu asked from behind her shield, "Ever heard of Inconel?" She dipped past her shield, extending her arm and shooting out an extending staff at the pink-skinned girl, "It's one of the best corrosion resistant alloy in the world!"

Ashido ducked underneath the staff, chucking some acid at her exposed friend. Yaoyorozu abandoned her staff, slipping behind her shield once more.

Ashido rushed at the shield, "It's resistant? That means I can melt through eventually, right?"

Yaoyorozu kicked the shield towards her opponent, "I wouldn't recommend it!"

Ashido leapt from the shield's falling path only for a net to fall over her. Yaoyorozu grasped the ends of the net and tightened it over her classmate. Ashido fell to the ground while Yaoyorozu held onto the net's ends. Ashido took a hold of the wires, "I can just melt-"

Yaoyorozu spoke firmly, "The wires are Inconel-lined! You won't be able to free yourself anytime soon!"

Midnight asked from outside of the ring, "Ashido? Can you move?"

Ashido tried to melt through the wires, "I... I..." She sighed, giving up, "No..."

Midnight cracked her whip, "Ashido's been immobilized! Yaoyorozu advances to the next round!"

-X-

Midoriya's pencil went to work, "Ashido and Yaoyorozu both have Emitter types of Quirks."
Ashido's Acid is a useful, versatile Quirk! It's perfect for a Pro-Hero! I'm going to assume that she can control is solubility and viscosity of the acid. If so, she'll be an amazing Hero." He quietly added, "Note: Her skin, horns, and hair are probably the result of her acid, but have nothing to do with her actual Quirk." He continued, "Yaoyorozu's Creation is crazy! Can she create any and everything? She's so versatile that it's crazy. If she wants to have other work apart from being a Hero, she could be anything she wants! She could be the richest person in the world if she wanted!? It's completely crazy! There must be some sort of limiter! Maybe she needs some sort of fuel to use her Quirk? Crazy…"

Hatsume tapped her microphone, "We'll need to make the suit anti-corrosive at some point."
A Starting Line

Chapter Summary

The Tournament continues before our Quirkless Hero finally reaches his starting line!

Tokoyami's Dark Shadow made quick work against Awase's welding. Tokoyami made quick work of Awase who didn't really have any offensive capabilities that he could use. Dark Shadow kept him at a distance and landed a few hits. Awase couldn't touch Dark Shadow nor Tokoyami, and thus couldn't immobilize either with his welding. A desperate attempt of attack was him welding himself to Dark Shadow. However, nothing came from the tactic but bruises on his person and an overall loss.

In the time after their match, Kirishima and Tetsutetsu settled their draw with an arm-wrestling competition. There was struggle between the two, but Kirishima came out on top eventually. Whatever feud was between the two, it seemed to end as Kirishima helped Tetsutetsu up and an air of respect sparked between them—much to Midnight's delight.

XXX

Uraraka took a sip of her drink, "Tokoyami's Dark Shadow is crazy, huh?"

Iida nodded, "Yes, a very powerful opponent." "I must be going to prepare for my battle."

Uraraka smiled, "Good luck, Iida."

Sero pumped his fist, "We'll be rooting for you man!"

-X-

Midoriya pumped his fist as Hatsume stood, "Give it your all, Hatsume!"

She grinned, "Of course!"

He blinked as she left for the arena, "She's going to use him, isn't she…?" He shook his head with a fumbling smile, "No… E-Even she wouldn't do something like that…"

-X-

"The fifth match is about to begin! Next up is Iida Tenya of the Hero Course! VERSUS! Covered head-to-toe in support items… Hatsume Mei of the Support Course!"

Iida stood on the other side of the ring, also equipped with support items. Murmurs in the crowd questioned how it effected the rules.

Iida apologized, "I'm terribly sorry! Except… I was touched by my former opponent's sense of sportsmanship!" He lowered his head, "Although she's a member of the Support Course… She came to me and said, 'If we're to be seen as equals seen as equals, then we should fight o equal footing.' She gave me these items to use! Her earnest spirit…" He raised his head, speaking proudly, "I could never look down on it! That was my thinking!"
Midnight grinned, "Ah! Youth!" She cracked her whip, "I'll allow it!"

Present Mic shrugged, "Good enough for me."

Aizawa blinked, "If both parties are fine with it, I think we can allow this… right?"

-X-

Midoriya put his head in his hand, "H-Hatsume… R-Really?" He sighed internally, "Sorry, Iida… I'm pretty sure Hatsume's real intentions aren't known to you…"

-X-

"START!"

Hatsume pulled down a microphone, "What incredible speed, Iida!"

Present Mic blinked, "Huh? Oi, the center text is for us, commentators! BOLD IT! Yeah…"

Iida charged forward, "A microphone?"

Hatsume pitched, "Your legs feel even lighter than usual, do they not?! That's what you can expect with my custom leg parts, which keep up with their user's speed!" Iida closed in on her, but before he could make contact, metal poles extended from her belt, moving her out of the way, "But dodging is no problem for me with my Hydraulic Attachment Bars!"

Hatsume looked about the observation decks, "Now where did they seat the Support Company…?"

Her eyes zoomed into their deck with the use of her Quirk, "Yeah…! They're eating this up…!"

Iida, with the help of Hatsume's gear, spun to rush at her once more, "What's she doing?"

Hatsume continued her pitch, "What deft maneuvering, Iida! My Auto-Balancer makes those sorts of movements possible!"

Present Mic tapped his finger "What the…?"

Aizawa spoke plainly, "She's a born saleswoman…"

Their game of tag, complete with a play-by-play sales pitch went on for another ten minutes…

Hatsume let out a breath, taking a step out of the ring, "I believe they've seen it all now." She wiped her brow, "There's nothing left to show!"

Iida shouted angrily, "YOU DECEIVED ME!"

Midnight cracked her whip, "Hatsume is out of the ring! Iida moves on to the second round!"

Hatsume looked off to the side, "Sorry… for using you like that."

Iida cried out, "I really dislike you!"

XXX

Todoroki walked down the hall, scowling as his father stood before him, "Out of my way."

Endeavor leant against the wall with his arms crossed, "You disgrace me, Shoto." Todoroki began to walk past him, "You could've won both the Obstacle Course and the Cavalry Battle if you'd used
your left side." Todoroki's scowl worsened, "Grow up. Stop rebelling like some petulant child. Remember, your duty to surpass All-Might!" Endeavor turned as his son continued past him, "Understand? You're different than your brothers. You're my greatest creation!"

Todoroki growled, "That's all you've got to say to me?" He continued forward, "I'll win this with Mom's power alone. I'll never use you power in battle."

Endeavor retorted, "That may be good enough while you're a school kid. But you'll reach your limit soon enough."


Shinso thought to himself, "I have to get him to talk..." He started, "So, you're the son of great Endeavor, huh?"

Todoroki had his head lowered and his eyes were dark as he walked forward.

Shinso shouted, "Must be nice—being born into greatness like that! To be born with exactly what you need to achieve your dream!" He bit his lip, "S-Shit... He's not talking...!" He tried again, "You mustn't be taking anyone here seriously—to not use your left!" The tired-eyed student stepped back, "Dad must be so proud of you!"

Todoroki stomped his foot, causing Shinso to flinch. The son of Endeavor raised his head, glaring at Shinso. He then stomped his right foot, and then, in a single instant, ice burst from his foot, spreading and enveloping the entirety of the other side of the arena.

A giant wall of ice grew over Shinso, towering above the crowd and lofting out of the stadium. The ice wall brought silence over everyone; its shadow consuming the back half of the stadium.

Midnight stood, her right side encased in ice, "Shinso... can you move?"

Shinso had a hard time speaking, "N-No..."

Midnight shouted, "Shinso is immobilized!"

Todoroki walked up to his victim, "Sorry... I overdid it." He put his left hand on Shinso's shoulder, "I was just annoyed." The ice he created began to thaw away.

Midnight announced, "Todoroki Shoto moves on to the second round!"

-X-

Midoriya stopped writing in his notebook, "Shinso..." He focused on his writings, "They won't underestimate us... Not even for a second, huh...?" He looked up once more and his eyes landed on Todoroki. His eyes narrowed in confusion before Hatsume caught his attention.

Hatsume asked, "We should worry about icing, shouldn't we?"

He nodded, "Y-Yeah, that would be for the best..."

She tapped her chin, "Maybe instead of carbon fiber we could..." She hit her palm with her fist, "We could use Nickel-Titanium."

He raised a brow, "Nitinol?"
She nodded, "If you get into the Hero Course, I'm sure we could get Power-Loader to spring for the material."

Midoriya looked forward, "Hopefully."

Hatsume leaned back in her seat, "Hopefully."

XXX

"With the arena all thawed out, it's time for the next match!" Kaminari and Shiozaki walked onto either side of the arena, "The sparkling, killing boy! Kaminari Denki! VERSUS! It's Class B's assassin! Every... something or-other has its thorns, right?! It's Shiozaki Ibara!"

Shiozaki turned towards the commentator's booth, "Pardon my objection, but what exactly did you mean by 'assassin'?" A holy light seemed to dawn upon her, "In the first place, I wished to enter Yuuei High School not for wicked reasons, but for the salvation of others"

"S-Sorry about that!"

Kaminari scratched the back of his neck, "Class B's got all types, huh..." He noticed as she turned and walked to her side of the arena, "She's got big eyes and a pretty face... Actually, she's pretty, but she's also kinda cute... I've gotta ask her out sometime, right...?"

"START!"

Kaminari spoke confidently, "Wanna grab something to eat when we're done here?" He smirked, "I'll be happy to console you, if you'll have me."

Shiozaki raised a brow, "Huh?"

He raised his arms, golden arcs electricity danced in between them, "'Cause this match will probably be over in an instant!" He brought his arms downward and the gold lightning danced across the arena, "Indiscriminate Shock: 1.3 Million Volts!"

Shiozaki turned calmly, bringing her hands together as her vine-like hair moved. It stabbed into the ground before detaching from her head and becoming a giant wall of green against the lightning. The green grounded the lightning and rendered Kaminari's attack useless. Her vines cracked the ground as they traveled underneath the surface.

Kaminari blinked, completely dunce-faced, "Yay?" as he wrapped in vines and lifted into the air.

Present Mic commented, "It was decided in an instant! I'll say it once more! An instant!"

Midnight cracked her whip, "Shiozaki advances to the second round!"

XXX

Sero stretched as he stood, "Midoriya's that Quirkless guy, right?" He stood amongst his classmates in their observation deck.

Uraraka nodded, "Yeah."

Sero chuckled, "Heh, I don't this'll be too much of a problem then."

Yaoyorozu crossed her arms, "I wouldn't underestimate him."
Sero shrugged, "Eh, he's Quirkless." He chuckled, "How much trouble could he be?"

-X-

Midoriya closed his notebook before standing and leaving the observation deck. He adjusted his exoskeleton as he walked down the halls of the stadium before coming across a familiar face, "Shinso?"

Shinso scratched the back of his head, "Hey, Midoriya." He sighed, "Recovery Girl just let me out of the nurse's office."

"W-Well, I'm up."

"Yeah…"

"Shinso~"

Shinso gritted his teeth, "I'm not giving up—I will never give up. I'll show them I've got what it takes to make the Hero Course—there's always next year, Midoriya." He balled his hand into fists, "But, for now, win Midoriya." He turned, meeting his friend's eyes, "We'll show them that we can better Heroes than they could ever dream!"

Midoriya nodded, "Right." Suddenly, Midoriya lost himself as his eyes glazed over, "H-He…"

Shinso shook his head, chuckling, "Be careful, Midoriya. At this rate, someone'll trip you up in no time." He turned away, looking over his shoulder, "Just promise me…" Midoriya was freed from Shinso's Quirk as he smiled, "You won't lose in a sorry way out there."

Midoriya blinked, "Shinso…” He took a deep breath, "I won't!" He froze again much to Shinso's and his own surprise.

Shinso shook his head, chuckling, "Come on, Midoriya."

Midoriya scratched the back of his head, chuckling himself.

Shinso looked forward, "If you make it—if we make it, they'll be so many people who'll try too."

Midoriya balled his hands into fists, "We'll change what it means to be a Hero—uproot the entire word." Shinso stopped, "We'll show them that power isn't what makes a Hero." Shinso turned, "It's spirit."

Shinso took a breath, "Yeah, definitely."

Midoriya turned and walked out the doors and into the arena floor. His heart fluttered and butterflies filled his stomach as the crowd cheered.

He heard people in the crowd cheer him on, "Kick ass, kid!"

Another shouted, "Win one for us, Quirkless!"

This filled him with confidence as he stepped onto the concrete floor, standing across from Sero. He pulled the smooth-black visor over his eyes and the metal respirator over his nose and mouth.

"It's the eighth and last match of the first round! It's the cream of the crop! Yet this guy's somehow still as plain as they come! Sero Hanta of the Hero Course! VERSUS! He's the one I'm rooting for! From the Support Course, it's Midoriya Izuku!"
Sero stretched, "Ouch…"

"START!"

Sero rubbed his head, "After something like that, I don't really feel much like winning…" He whipped his arms and lines of tapes shot from his elbows, wrapping Midoriya's torso and legs with his tape, "But I don't feel like losing either!"

"He's trying to win with a surprise attack! It's probably the best str… t… Ah! Midoriya didn't budge!"

Sero tried to use his tapes to yank Midoriya out of bounds, but Midoriya didn't budge. He tried a few times to move Midoriya, but he wasn't strong enough to move the metal-equipped student. Midoriya pushed his limbs outward. The exo-skeleton allowed him to rip through Sero's tape like tissue paper. Midoriya rolled his shoulders before stomping towards his opponent.

Sero acted quickly and smartly, wrapping a line of tape around Midoriya's moving leg and yanked on it. Due to it being in the air, Sero was able to yank Midoriya's leg out from under from him. Midoriya's back met the ground. Sero's tape never left his leg and so he began to retract it, allowing Sero to yank himself across the ground and Midoriya toward himself. Sero landed a kick to Midoriya's jaw before detaching his tape from the Support Course student.

Midoriya began to get up; a line of tape wrapped around his left wrist and then his right wrist. Sero began to pull on the tapes, trying to restrict Midoriya's arms, but his exo-skeleton didn't allow for such a thing. Midoriya brought his arms over his head, bringing them together and grabbing ahold of the tape. Before Sero had a chance to detach the line, Midoriya yanked Sero into the air and whipped him downward, slamming the Hero Course student into the ground.

Sero groaned, stumbling onto his feet, "O-Ow…" His mind rung and throbbed.

Midnight cracked her whip, "Sero has been thrown out of bounds!" She gestured to the Quirkless student, "Midoriya Izuku advances into the second round!"

The crowd cheered as Midoriya thought to himself, "This is just the beginning…"
The Tournament rages on! Our Hero faces off the Vine-Assassin of 1-B and his battle against the powerful student, Todoroki, begins.

The battle between Bakugo and Kirishima was the first battle of the second round. They traded blows using their Quirks. Kirishima's hardened skin damped Bakugo's explosive blows. Kirishima even managed to cut Bakugo's cheek with his hardened skin. The fight continued for a long while becoming a battle of attrition for Bakugo. Kirishima rushed at Bakugo, trying to land a blow with a flurry of punches, and Bakugo was able to dodge all of his attacks but lost ground in the process.

Bakugo finally fought back with an explosion to Kirishima's side which actually did damage. Bakugo, having found Kirishima's limits, pushed Kirishima into the defensive. Bakugo unleashed a large barrage of explosions that force Kirishima to overuse his Quirk. This weakens Kirishima to the point that gave Bakugo the freedom to launch the decisive blow. Kirishima fell and Bakugo was declared the winner—much to Tetsutetsu's disappointment.

The second battle was between Tokoyami and Yaoyorozu. The match begun with Yaoyorozu being caught off-guard with Tokoyami's Dark Shadow. He delivered blow after blow, forcing Yaoyorozu into a state of constant defense. She tried to go onto the offensive, but Dark Shadow's blows didn't give her enough time to focus. After losing a shield and replacing it, Yaoyorozu defended against Dark Shadow ramming into her shield, constantly knocking her further and further back. She was knocked out of bounds before she even realized and Tokoyami advanced to the next round as the victor.

The third battle between Iida and Todoroki was fast. Todoroki started with a freezing attack, forcing Iida to evade Todoroki's attack. Todoroki covers his right by freezing the ground. Iida stopped short only to realize that he was trapped between to waves of ice. Todoroki tried to finish the match with another attack of ice, but Iida avoided it with a standing long jump.

Iida activated his Recipro-Burst for a lightning fast kick. Todoroki was able to dodge the initial attack but was unable to react in time against the second powerful kick that slammed Todoroki into the ground. Before Todoroki could properly recover, Iida leaped over him, hoisting him by the back of his shirt, and running to the edge of the arena. Iida believed he could run Todoroki out of bounds, but suddenly stopped short due to Todoroki freezing his exhaust ports shut. Todoroki then froze the ground and grabbed Iida's arm, encasing the student in ice. With Iida immobilized, Todoroki was declared the victor and would move to the next round.

Midoriya stood on the other side of the arena, meddling with his gauntlets, as Shiozaki stepped onto her side of the arena. Present Mic went through the students' introductions and the crowd cheered.
"START!"

Midoriya stomped forward, rushing towards his opponent. She brought her hands together and her vines stabbed into the ground. The concrete between them cracked and broke before vines shot up from the stone. Midoriya's body was wrapped in vines. His feet were trapped, his arms were restricted, and his torso was wrapped with vines as well.

Midoriya gritted his teeth, "I need to move before they count this as immobilization…!" He angled his elbow thrusters towards his back. "M-Series: JET-SET-BURST!" The thrusters on the back of his calves and on his back burst with red flames before growing so powerful that they turned a raging blue. He sped forward at lightning speeds, ripping through the green vines.

Midoriya flew across the arena, rearing a fist back. Shiozaki turned, stabbing her vines into the ground and forming a wall between them. The sound of screeching metal caused Shiozaki to blink. She waited for something to happen—a blow against her wall of vines but nothing came. She turned to her left and spotted Midoriya flying into view with one leg reared back.

His left calf thrusters burst with energy, "M-Series: GUILLOTINE!" His leg swung so fast that Shiozaki barely had enough time to dodge. The kick landed against the wall of vines and the force behind it knocked a chuck of the vines out of the wall. He put his hand on the ground, flipping into a crouch and aiming towards her. "M-Series: JET-SET-RUSH!"

He burst forward once more, rearing an arm back. She stumbled backwards and had no time to move as Midoriya was already upon her. He gripped her by the shoulder of her shirt as he flew past her, dragging her along. The wind whirled past her ears and her heels skidded across the ground.

Midoriya skidded to a stop, letting go of Shiozaki and allowing her to stumble and fall backwards. He stepped back, panting.

Shiozaki slowly got up, "W-What?"

Midnight blinked for a moment before cracking her whip, "Shiozaki is out of bounds! Midoriya moves forward to the third round!"

Shiozaki looked at her feet and realized that she truly was out of bounds.

Midoriya pulled up his goggles and pulled down his respirator, "A-Are you okay?"

She blinked confused, "H-Huh?"

He scratched the back of his head, "I-I was just… N-Never mind."

Midoriya turned and was about to walk away but Shiozaki answered his question, "I'm fine. Thank you for asking."

He bowed to her, "N-No problem!"

She smiled politely and walked away, "Good luck in your next battle."

He nodded and walked off the arena, "T-Thank you!"

XXX

Sero rubbed the back of his head, "Midoriya's still in this, huh?"
Jirou leaned back in her seat, "Don't sound so surprised."

Kaminari stretched, "It's crazy that he's made it so far though. He's Quirkless and everything…"

Yaoyorozu rubbed her chin, "I suppose we should have seen him as competition from the beginning."

Kaminari stretched as Cementoss repaired the arena stage, "Why do you think he's trying so hard?"

Iida pushed up his glasses, "Midoriya aims on entering the Hero Course."

Kaminari blinked, "What really?"

Hagakure leaned forward against the seat ahead of her, "Is that even possible?"

Iida spoke, "Do you remember what Shinso said?"

Sato scratched his cheek, "That purple-haired guy who showed up and declared war or something?"

Asui turned to him, "He was on your team in the Cavalry Battle, right?"

Iida nodded, "Yes. It's said that people who do well enough in this Festival they could enter the Hero Course."

Kaminari nodded, "Right…"

Sato shrugged, "Well, after the U.S.J. incident thing, I'd say let him in."

Kirishima leaned back in his seat, "Yeah, he didn't have a lot gear, just the exo-skeleton. I mean-"

Jirou shrugged, "He's got my vote."

Yaoyorozu spoke, "He stood face to face with a Villain, and he didn't run. No training—no Quirk, but-

Kirishima nodded, "Faced him head on, like a man. He's a quick thinker and doesn't run away from things he's scared of." He balled his hand into a fist, "Even if he's Quirkless, I think Midoriya is a real Hero."

Ashido smiled, "It would be cool to have him with us."

Bakugo stood and left for the arena after Tokoyami already left. He scowled, "Fucking Deku…"

-X-

Present Mic covered the commentator's microphone, "Man, this Quirkless kid's made it far."

Aizawa leaned back from his, "Why do you sound so surprised? Wasn't he your pick or something or-other?"

Present Mic shrugged, "I like betting on the underdog." He tapped his earpiece, "I heard Principal Nezu over the earpiece, talking about accepting him into the Hero Course."

Aizawa raised his brow, "Really?"

Present Mic nodded, "Yeah, after seeing him make it this far, I have to admit I kinda want to see him there."
Aizawa nodded, "Me too…"

Present Mic blinked, "Wha… Really?"

Aizawa leaned back in his seat, "Yeah… Just a bit."

-X-

Yanagi Reiko turned to her friend, "Kendo?"

Kendo blinked, "H-Huh? S-Sorry. It's just that the Cavalry Battle…"

Tokage Setsuna chimed in, "Oh, how you gave them your headband?"

Kendo frowned, "I-I didn't!" She rubbed her forehead, "I-I mean I did, b-but…"

Yanagi raised his hands, "Maybe I could help you."

Kendo blinked, "Could you?"

Yanagi put her hands on the side of Kendo's head. Her hands began to fade as her eyes became a ghostly white. Kendo opened her eyes and they flashed a similar color.

Yanagi spoke quietly, confused, "There's some sort of block here…" She blinked, "I think I have it."

Kendo let out a sigh of relief, "I can finally remember what happened after I talked to that guy."

Tokage asked, "What happened?"

Kendo answered, "The purple-haired guy controls people. He told me to hand over all of headbands, but then that Midoriya-guy told him to change the order…"

Tokage raised a brow, "He stopped you from losing completely?"

Kendo raised a brow, "He said it was cruel…"

XXX

Tokoyami launched Dark Shadow against the rushing Bakugo. Bakugo cursed in response, blasting the mass of shadows, "That's so fucking annoying!"

Tokoyami skidded back, "What bloodlust!"

"It's Bakugo versus Tokoyami! And Bakugo's unstoppable!"

Bakugo reared his hand back and launched another explosion against Tokoyami, who used Dark Shadow who defended against the attack.

"Tokoyami's come this far with a series of wins thanks to his near-invincible Quirk, but now he's totally on the defensive! He can't even get close!"

Tokoyami's Dark Shadow seemed to shrink as Bakugo bounced forward through the air with his explosions. Dark Shadow flew at him, but Bakugo quickly blew it away. Dark Shadow was sent flying back before it turned and sped forward, attempting to grab Bakugo out of the air.

Tokoyami commanded, "Grab him, Dark Shadow!" Bakugo quickly used an explosion to send him over and behind Tokoyami and Dark Shadow.
"He's behind him!"

Bakugo brought his hands together, keeping a distance between them. Sparks began to dance in his hands, becoming a sphere of light between his hands. He shouted, "STUN GRENADE!" The sphere grew more and more intense before exploding into a large-scale flash of light alongside one big explosion.

Present Mic commented, "What's happened down there?!"

Tokoyami's Dark Shadow whimpered and shrunk. Bakugo tackled Tokoyami through the smoke, grabbing him by his beak, while holding a hand over Dark Shadow and keeping it at bay with some weak explosives.

Tokoyami coughed, "So you knew… somehow…"

Bakugo grinned, "It was obvious after enough hits." He chuckled, "Well… bad matchup for you. What a pity." A few explosions went off in his hand, "Checkmate."

Tokoyami growled out, "I give."

Midnight cracked her whip, "Tokoyami has surrendered! Bakugo wins!"

XXX

Midoriya walked out of the stadiums and towards the arena, checking the pouch attached to the back of his belt, "With his Quirk… This'll be crazy… It'll be hard…" He pulled down his goggles and pulled up his metal respirator.

Todoroki stood across from him on the other side of the arena. "You ready?"

Midoriya braced himself, "He'll come at me with ice first…"

"The Quirkless student from the Support Course—the ultimate underdog! It's Midoriya Izuku! VERSUS! The best of the best! Blessed with an immensely powerful Quirk! It's Todoroki Shoto!"

"START!"
Victory

Chapter Summary

The Quirkless Inventor versus the Half-and-Half Juggernaut! Who will win?!

Midoriya walked out of the stadiums and towards the arena, checking the pouch attached to the back of his belt, "With his Quirk… This'll be crazy… It'll be hard…" He pulled down his goggles and pulled up his metal respirator.

Todoroki stood across from him on the other side of the arena. "You ready?"

Midoriya braced himself, "He'll come at me with ice first…"

"The Quirkless student from the Support Course—the ultimate underdog! It's Midoriya Izuku! VERSUS! The best of the best! Blessed with an immensely powerful Quirk! It's Todoroki Shoto!"

"START!"

The last battle of the third round for the tournament began. A wave of ice raged at Midoriya from Todoroki's right foot. Midoriya fell onto his back, pointing his elbows to the ground, "M-SERIES: JET-SET-BURST!" He was blasted upward, flipping through the air and landing atop of the wave of ice, before charging towards Todoroki.

"Whoa! Midoriya's successfully dodged the attack!"

Todoroki put more pressure onto his foot, generating another wave of ice into the already made structure. The ice rushed over the wave of ice. Midoriya leapt over the wave, rolling onto his face as he charged down the growing mountain of ice. Todoroki let out an icy breath as he forced the ice to grow even further. Midoriya leapt over another burst of ice, rushing down the hill even further.

Todoroki sent another burst of ice through the wave and Midoriya leaped over the burst. He reared his arm back, feigning a punch to mask his other hand reaching into his back pouch. However, Midoriya swung his arm, revealing the disc launcher in his hand, and fired it. The disc flew through the air, clamping onto Todoroki's right calf before bursting with fiery energy. Todoroki's leg was pushed backwards by the attack, causing him to trip up and fall.

Todoroki glared at the disc as ice grew over the device and it sparked dysfunctionally as it deactivated. Todoroki shook his head, quickly standing only to see that Midoriya was already upon him.

Midoriya's leg was extended and reared back before it launched, landing a harsh blow across Todoroki's jaw, "M-Series: Guillotine!" He spun onto both of his feet before closing into Todoroki's space, rearing his right fist back, "M-Series: Spear!" Midoriya sent a jet-powered fist into Todoroki's gut. "Hammer!" His left fist was sent rocketing into Todoroki's gut, replacing the other as he reared it back. He began to go blow after blow, "Spear! Hammer! Spear! Hammer!" He then reared both fists back, "M-SERIES: JET-BOXING!" His fists rocketing forward and back into Todoroki several times over, riddling his body with blows. He finally reared one fist back and landed a jet-powered upper-cut to Todoroki's jaw, sending him upward. He sent his other fist
Present Mic shouted, "WHOA! Midoriya landed a flurry of blows against the nearly-untouched Todoroki!"

The blow rocketed into Todoroki’s flying body and the force sent him flying backwards. Todoroki flipped through the air, putting his hand on the ground and forming a wall of ice behind himself to catch himself.

Midoriya panted. His eyes widened underneath his goggles as they traveled to his immobilized arm due to the ice covering his right arm. "W-When…?" He tried to move it, "I-I can't bend my arm…!"

Todoroki stood firmly, putting weight onto his right leg as Midoriya tried to break through the ice on his arm, "That was impressive…" His eyes left the field and looked off to someone in the crowd, "But, it's time to end this." Frost began to grow over his skin and he let out an icy breath, trembling slightly. A wave of ice began to consume the little amount of field between them, rushing towards Midoriya.

Midoriya's eyes blazed with anger underneath his goggles as the ice rushed towards him. He reached into his pouch, whipping out the sonic gun from the Cavalry Battle, "WHERE THE FUCK ARE YOU LOOKING!?!" The sonic gun let out a high pitch wail that hummed through the ice. The wave of ice began to shatter and destabilize as the high-pitched wail reached Todoroki's ears.

The sonic gun sparked and failed before Midoriya tossed it to the side as the wave of ice began to fall, allowing Todoroki and Midoriya to see each other.

Midoriya growled, grabbing ahold of his ice-covered arm, "I won't pretend that I understand all of the possible reasons behind your pledge… I won't pretend that I know anything…" He gripped himself by his right forearm, "But you'd better stop screwing around! Handicapping yourself? Even when you're at physical limits… What an insult to Shinso… to Iida… to everyone here!" Ice began to crack as he began to force his arm to bend, "Everyone's giving it their all to win… to achieve their goals… to become number one!" He growled out, "And you want to win with just half your strength?!" as the ice began to crack and crumble. "You're fucking joking!" He fully bent his arm, shattering the ice encasing it, before balling his hands into fists, "COME AT ME WITH EVERYTHING YOU'VE GOT!"

Todoroki scowled, growling, "What are you planning? 'everything I've got'? Did my bastard of a father pay you off or something?" He rushed forward, "You're pissing me off!"

Midoriya rushed forward as well, "You're slow!" Todoroki stepped and leapt forward—in that instant, Midoriya used his thrusters to dance around Todoroki. "JET-SET-BURST!" He rammed his shoulder into Todoroki’s back, sending him flying.

Todoroki hit the ground, bouncing and skidding over his previously-created ice, "W-Why're you trying so hard?" He stomped his foot, sending a wave of ice towards Midoriya.

Who simply said side-stepped it before crying out his attack and rushing forward, "I want to be a Hero!" He reared his fist back, "A cool… dependable…” The image of All-Might appeared in his head even though it hurt his heart, "-smiling Hero…! That's what I want to be!" He extended one leg back and bent the other underneath himself as he reared Todoroki who created a wall of ice to shield his side from the anticipated attack. "That's why…” Instead landing a blow with his extended leg, he kicked Todoroki with the full force of his other leg, "AXE!" landing a blow against Todoroki's jaw. "That's why everyone's giving it their all!!"
Todoroki went flying back onto the ice as Midoriya landed on his feet. "S-Shut up…" He stumbled over his feet, "I'll show my father-"

Midoriya shouted, running his hand through his hair while shaking his head frustrated, "IT'S YOUR POWER, ISN'T IT!?"

Todoroki stumbled back as his stared at the Quirkless student ahead of him as his mother's words echoed throughout his core, "It's okay… for you to become who you want to be…" Fire began to erupt from his left side and blaze wildly.

Midoriya watched the flames with a gleam and a hint of frustration in his eyes, smiling slightly, "F-Finally…"

-X-

Endeavor walked down the steps of the stadium, "SHOTO!" He grinned proudly, "So, you've finally accepted it! Yes! Excellent!" He stomped forward, "It all starts now for you!" He laughed, "With my blood pumping through your veins, you will surpass me… You will fulfill my ambitions!"

-X-

Present Mic spoke bluntly, "A sudden pep-talk from Endeavor, huh? What a doting parent."

Todoroki shook his head, "Dammit… Even though you wanted to win… To help your enemy… Which one of us is screwing around now?" The ice behind and on him began to melt away. "I… I want to be a Hero too!"

Midoriya growled, bracing himself, "Come on then." He shouted, "Fight, Todoroki!"

Todoroki lifted his foot, "Yeah… Don't blame me for what happens next."

An explosion of ice raged from Todoroki's foot and rushed towards Midoriya who had already fell onto his back. "JET-SET-RUSH!" He was sent flying through the air and over the attack before angling his thrusters and sending him towards Todoroki. The explosion of ice slammed into the wall between the arena and the crowd. Midoriya reared one fist back, "M-Series: JET-HAMMER!" as Todoroki raised his hand which glowed a brilliant orange-gold.

Todoroki breathed out, "Thank you, Midoriya."

There was a flash of light and the stadium rumbled as an explosion of cooled and heated air rocketed through the crowd. The crowd was rocked to its core as a plume of vapor and smoke slowly faded away from the arena.

Cementoss stood, "I don't believe that bigger is better, but… that was something else…"

Present Mic stood back up, "What's with your class?"

Aizawa explained, "All that chilled air was heated in an instant making it expand."

Present Mic shook his head, "What a blast, though. And what heat! Can't see a thing. Has the match been decided?"

When the obscurities cleared, Midoriya was revealed with his heels at the edge of the arena, but not out. Todoroki stood where he had before the explosion—half of his clothes burnt and singed.
The only thing that had kept Midoriya from sailing out of bounds were the grappling hooks protruding from his belt. His black goggles were shattered with parts of the glass embedded into his forehead and cuts danced across on his cheeks. His respirator was gone with no hint to where it could be. The hooks disengaged from their attachment points and slowly slithered back to the student who stood still.

Midoriya's mind was in a haze, his vision tunneled, his body numbed, and his exo-skeleton was sparking and failing. He stumbled forward and away from the edge before wobbly standing up straight. He rocked back and forth for a moment before his eyes rolled into the back of his head and he began to fall backwards.

His eyes suddenly snapped forward as he clenched his fists and brought himself forward, hunching over his own feet. He gasped for air and panted before lifting his head and letting out a cry of will and desperation as his exo-skeleton sparked and died, which rocked the crowd to its core. His shout died, and he stood there silent.

Todoroki stood ready, but Midnight waved him to stand down. The Pro-Hero snapped her fingers over Midoriya's face. "He's… passed out…" She shouted to audience, "Midoriya has passed out! Todoroki moves on to the finals!" The crowd shouted both in celebration or in sadness.

Midnight pushed on Midoriya, but his exo-skeleton was rigid and broken—not allowing for any sort of movement. "So, he didn't pass out standing, but his suit kept him up." She looked around as the crowd murmured about the battle, "Still… this is pretty crazy for a Quirkless to pull."

    Present Mic spoke to the crowd, "W-We will take a half-hour break to the repair the arena."

Midnight hefted Midoriya onto the robot's stretcher and watched them carry him away. She dusted off her hands as Cementoss went to work on repairing the arena floor.

XXX

Jirou sat back in her seat, "T-That was crazy…"

Kaminari rested his hands on the back of his head, "I-I kinda wanted him to win… Man, I guess it was too much to considering it was Todoroki."

Yaoyorozu rubbed her chin, "I never thought Todoroki would use his left…"

Kirishima pumped his fist—a tear in his eye, "Midoriya, that was so manly!"

Iida stared ahead, "Midoriya…"

Uraraka asked, "Do you think we could check on him in the nurse's office?"

Iida nodded, standing, "We could try."

Yaoyorozu stood, "I would like to come."

Jirou stood as well, "Yeah, me too."

-X-

Shinso leaned forward, balling his hands into fists, "Midoriya…"

He stood and one of his classmates turned to him, "Where are you going?"
Shinso answered, "I'm going to go see if Midoriya is okay."

His classmate blinked, "O-Oh, okay…"
Paths Realized

Chapter Summary

Midoriya suffers the sting of defeat and upon the podium of victory, faces All-Might once more.

Midoriya blinked awake, groaning, "O-Ow…" He was in the nurse’s office placed within the stadium. He laid in a white bed with Recovery Girl tolling over him. Ice packs were placed on his limbs and torso. His mind was still hazy, but his vision had upgraded from tunneled to hazy—so plus. His body was cold, but he was considerably relaxed. The glass that was in his face was removed and his exo-skeleton was peeled off of him before he was laid down.

Recovery Girl replaced one of his melting ice packs with another, "Don't move. You need some rest and you shouldn't disturb your own body."

Midoriya tried to speak but felt an aching pain as tried to do so, "I… I…"

She put a hand on her shoulder, "Please, you shouldn't try to talk right now."

He strained—pushing himself to speak, "I lost… didn't I?"

She blinked for a moment, confused, before asking, "What do you remember?"

Midoriya blinked, thinking back, "I… I remember flying at Todoroki and… I remember… using my grappling hooks, but after that…"

Recovery Girl nodded, "I see." She then ordered, "Please rest. You need to regain your stamina before I can properly heal you."

He blinked for a moment before meeting her eyes, "I lost?"

She answered simply, "Yes."

Midoriya turned his head away from her, "R-Right… That… makes sense…"

Recovery Girl frowned as she turned away from him, sighing.

The door swung open and several students came into view all saying, "Midoriya?"

Recovery Girl came in between the students and her patient, "Ah, w-wait."

Uraraka asked concernedly, looking past the nurse, "Midoriya? Are you okay?"

Shinso stood behind the crowd of students, "Midoriya…"

Recovery Girl shook her head, "He's in no position to talk right now."

Some of the students gasped before Yaoyorozu asked, "Will he be okay?"

Recovery Girl answered while ushering them out, "He just needs some rest before I use my Quirk on
him. That's all."

Jirou asked, "Can we come and see him later?"

Recovery Girl answered, "If we're lucky, he'll be up in time for the handing out of the medals."

Uraraka nodded, "O-Okay." The students began to leave, leaving Midoriya to rest.

XXX

*Kiss*

Recovery Girl's lips retracted, "There." She asked Midoriya sat up, "How're you feeling?"

Midoriya answered her as rubbed the back of his neck, "Fine…" He looked at his hand before gritting his teeth, "Dammit…"

Recovery Girl sorted through her drawers, "You should be happy. You made third place in the tournament with that Tokoyami-child."

Midoriya growled internally, "Is that good enough…?" He sighed, frustrated, "I could've won though… If I didn't open my big mouth… It was just… so frustrating…" He murmured to himself, "Born with such a powerful Quirk—not using it…"

"There's no point in dwelling on it. You should clean yourself up the final match should be over soon."

Midoriya slowly nodded, "Right…" He pushed off of the bed, groaning as he landed on his feet.

Recovery Girl turned to him, "You'll be sore for a while."

He stumbled as the ground rumbled and the room shook due to the raging finale. He left the office and began to walk through the stadium halls. He found his way to his class's observation deck and watched as Todoroki caught Bakugo's arm with his left hand. In that moment, the audience seemed to hold their breath, waiting for Todoroki to use his left, but instead he tossed his opponent to the side.

Midoriya blinked, confused, "He's… still not using his left…?" He walked to the front railing of the deck, leaning against it.

He could faintly hear Bakugo's voice, "Am I not strong enough to make you use it?"

Aizawa's commentary echoed, "That kid's abilities shine every time he fights."

Present Mic seemed to agree.

"Todoroki's moving well, too, but his attacks are too simple."

He growled, "Bastard…" He shouted, "I'll show you what'll happen if you make a fool of me!" He raged, "I'll fucking kill you!" He began to rush forward, "If you don't plan on winning then don't stand in front of me! Why're you just standing there, dammit!?"

Todoroki paused, lowering his left hand. "I'm sorry… Bakugo… I just don't know what I should do… whether or not what I'm doing is right… I'm not sure about anything anymore…"

Midoriya gritted his teeth before sucking in air and shouting from the observation deck,
"TODOROKI! DON'T LOSE! DO YOUR BEST!"

Todoroki sucked his teeth, "Midoriya…!" He gritted his teeth and clenched his fists as heat began to emit from his body, evaporating the frost on his arms. His left erupted into flames as Bakugo used his explosions to fly at his opponent.

Bakugo began to use his explosions to spin himself like a corkscrew through the air, "That's it…! Yeah, that's it…! If you're gonna fight me… fight to win…!" He began to turn into a whirlwind of black smoke and ash as he flew at Todoroki, who raised his flaming hand. His palms began to warm and glow, "Howitzer…" In that moment, just before he landed the attack, Todoroki's flames died, and he lowered his hand, "IMPACT!"

The explosion rippled through the arena, resulting in a big cloud of smoke. When the smoke cleared, Todoroki was blown out of bounds while Bakugo laid on the ground in the arena, looking at his opponent with shock and anger.

He growled as he stood, "You put out your flames!" He ran over to his unconscious opponent, gripping him by the collar and lifting him, "Didn't I tell you there was no point, dammit?!" He shook his head, "To get first place like this! Like this?!" as a purple cloud of smoke covered him. He fell to the ground unconscious.

Midnight spoke, "Todoroki is out of bounds! Which means, Bakugo wins!" The crowd cheered while some knowingly remained silent.

Midoriya looked both confused and worried, "Todoroki… Kacchan…"

Present Mic announced, "And that concludes out contest! The First-Year winner of Yuuei's Sports Festival is… Bakugo Katsuki of Class A!"

XXX

The arena floor removed, making room for the placement pedestals and the crowd of students. Tokoyami stood next to Midoriya on the third-place pedestal. Tokoyami stood calm and cool with his arms crossed. Midoriya's head was lowered slightly both due to the disappointment he had for himself and the nervousness caused by the crowd staring at him. Todoroki stood quietly on the second-place pedestal with his head slightly lowered. Bakugo stood on the first-place pedestal restrained with chains, a muzzle, and heavy-duty cuffs to a standing cement block.

The explosive blonde struggled like a rabid dog on a short leash.

Tokoyami opened an eye, "What a bloodthirsty beast."

Midoriya flinched when Bakugo rushed in his direction as he tried to free himself, "W-Wow… I've never seen him this angry…!"

Todoroki remained silent.

Midnight announced to the crowd, "Now, we will award the medals!" She grinned, "The presentation of the medals will, of course, be by this man…"

A Heroic laugh echoed through the stadium, causing mixed feelings in the Quirkless student while elating the audience. All-Might leapt from above, "I have…"

Midnight happily announced, "Our very own Hero, All-Might!" At the same time, All-Might shouted proudly as he landed, "-brought the medals here!"
All-Might looked to Midnight who clapped her hands together, apologizing, "I talked over you…" She held up a rack of four medals, "Now then, All-Might, please present the medals, starting with our third-place winners."

All-Might nodded, turning to the third-placers. His eyes landed on Midoriya and the student looked away. All-Might took a medal and walked up to the bird-faced teen, "Young Tokoyami, congratulations." He placed the medal of Tokoyami's shoulders. "You sure are strong."

Tokoyami stood firmly, "You are too kind."

All-Might chuckled, hugging the student, "However, in order to fight well against different types, you must not rely only on your Quirk." The Hero stood tall, "If you train your own strength more, then you'll have more options when you fight."

Tokoyami looked at his medal, "Yes, sir."

All-Might took a bronze medal to the other third-placer, "Now… Young Midoriya…" He put the medal over the student's shoulders, "Ten months ago, I admonished you. I am sorry for that." The next thing he said sent ripples throughout the Quirkless student, "And I was wrong, ten months ago."

Midoriya's eyes widened as he looked up at the Hero.

All-Might kneeled to the same level as Midoriya, pointing at his head, "With this" and then gesturing to his heart, "and this," then came the one thing the young man always wanted to hear from… anyone as his Hero hugged him, "you can become a Hero."

Midoriya's breathing went rigid as a lump in his throat formed and as something stung his eyes.

All-Might stood tall, "With your competitive placement in this Festival, we, as the staff of Yuuei, see fit to admit you into the Hero Course with the backing of the Support Course." He grinned, "Congratulations."

Midoriya gritted his teeth as tears began to fall from his eyes, nodding while trying to wipe them from his face.

Ashido pumped her fist into the air, "Woohoo! Midori!"

Kaminari clapped along with other students in 1-A, "Congratulations, man!" A certain General-Education student clapped along with a few certain 1-B students.

All-Might coughed, silencing the crowd, before walking over to Todoroki, "Young Todoroki, congratulations." He placed the medal on Todoroki's shoulders, "I assume there is a reason you did not use your left side in the final?"

Todoroki's eyes looked towards the recomposing student, "I had an opportunity during my match with Midoriya, but then I became unsure of myself." He stood firmly, "I wanted to become a Hero like you. But I didn't think it would be right for me to be the only one to break away." He looked forward, "There is still something I must settle."

All-Might nodded, "The look on your face is completely different from before." He hugged the student, "I won't ask about the details. I'm sure that you will be able to do what you need to do."

Todoroki nodded, "Yes."

All-Might straightened and turned to the first-place winner, "Now then, Young Bakugo!" He
chuckled slightly at the chained student, "This is too much." He began to undo the muzzle over Bakugo's mouth, "Good job doing what you said you would during the player pledge!"

Bakugo growled, "All-Might…" He shouted, "First place like this… is not worth anything! Even if the world recognizes it, if I don't recognize if myself, then it's trash!"

All-Might held back a chuckle, "His face is amazing…" He then nodded, "Right." He gestured to the crowd, "In this world where people are constantly being compared publicly, there are not many who can keep aiming for the top of an unchanging scale." He looked to Bakugo once more, "His face is amazing…!" He held up the gold medal, "Take this medal, okay? Think of it as a 'wound,' so you never forget!"

Bakugo growled, "I said I didn't want it!"

All-Might tried to put the medal around Bakugo's neck, "Now, now."

Bakugo lifted his head, stopping the strap with his nose, "I told you, I don't want it!"

All-Might tugged on the straps, catching on Bakugo's jaw, and left it at that. "There we are." The Hero then turned to the crowd, "Well, they were the winners this time! But listen here! Anyone here could have ended up on these podiums." He nodded, "It's just as you saw! Competing! Improving each other! And climbing even further! The next generation of Heroes is definitely sprouting!" He pointed a finger into the sky, "So, I have just one more thing to say! Everyone, please say it with me! Ready…"

All-Might shouted, "Thanks for you hard work!" as the crowd shouted, "Plus Ultra!" Then came a bout of silence before the crowd began to jeer, "What?! It should've been 'Plus Ultra!' there, All-Might!"

All-Might flinched, "W-Well, I thought everyone worked hard…"
The Quirkless Hero: Deku!

Chapter Summary

Todoroki corrects his path while Uraraka and Midoriya receive the support they need. Finally, with his plans are realized, Midoriya Izuku attends his first day as a Hero Course student!

Todoroki dressed casually with a bag slung over his shoulder, slipping on his shoes before he left the house. His older sister, Todoroki Fuyumi questioned his departure, "The hospital?" She looked around, "Why so sudden? I mean, can you really go without telling father, Shoto?"

Todoroki slipped his shoes on and left the household, "Yeah."

His sister called out to him as he walked away, "Why now? Why go see her now, after all this time?"

He didn't say anything as he remembered what his mother said, "Sometimes I look at him and hate what I see."

Todoroki thought to himself as he made the trip to the hospital, "My very existence drove her away… That's why I never went to her…"

He entered the hospital and talked to the staff, "I know that my mother's been… my and my father's prisoner this whole time…" He hovered over the door to his mother's room, "So I, with all I've got… with my whole spirit… I'll say, I want to be a Hero' again…" His hand shook as he reached for his door. He took a deep breath before pushing open the door, "I'll tell her that… There's so much I have to say…" He stepped into the room, "Mom." His mind affirmed as his mother turned to him, "Even if she's not asking for it… I'll save her… That's my starting line…"

XXX

Uraraka walked to her apartment, "For lunch today, I'll have…" She pondered to herself, "something cheap… yeah…" She affirmed with herself, "Mochi, then." She walked to her apartment door, twisting her key in the lock before blinking confused, "Huh? The door's… unlocked?" She pulled open the door, staring into her apartment.

Two individuals burst forward, shouting, "OCHACO!"

She let out a sound of fear and surprise, her eyes popping out of her head, before she recognized her parents, "M-Mom?! Dad?! Wha—Why're you here?!"

Her mom answered, "To see you."

Her father chuckled, "Your old man just had to see his little champion."

Her mother chuckled as well, "We're here to celebrate with you."

Uraraka blinked, "H-Huh? B-But, I didn't… I didn't even make it that far and…" Tears of frustration began to well up in his eyes, "A-And what about work?!"
Her mother raised a brow, "What're you talking about honey? You were amazing!"

Uraraka sniffled, "I didn't even end the Cavalry Battle with any points… I totally lost…"

Her father smiled reassuringly, "Hey, just because you lost doesn't mean you're done, right? There's always next year!"

Uraraka shook her head, "It only matters if you… You gotta show how you deal with all different types… The scouts can't learn anything if you don't have a chance to stand out."

He kneeled in front of his daughter, wiping the tears away, "What's the rush?"

Uraraka cried, "I-I have to… for you two…"

Her mother kneeled as well, "Ochaco, you don't gotta go crazy over us."

Her father nodded, "No matter what, I know my kind, little Ochaco is gonna be a great Hero someday."

Uraraka sniffled, smiling slightly, "You guys…"

Midoriya groaned slightly as he tried to eat his dinner. His body was still sore even a day after. "Torn tissue… pulled muscles… cracked bones… All from operating my suit at 75 percent capacity…" He got some food into his mouth, "We need to put better support into the limbs… into everything…"

Midoriya Inko exclaimed, "I fainted ten whole times since the Cavalry Battle! And the last four times were from dehydration!"

Midoriya nodded, smiling slightly, "You've got me beat in that department." He pondered for a moment, "Although… I did cry in front of everyone…" A faint blush came to his cheeks as he closed his eyes, "It's really embarrassing now that think about it…"

Inko blinked before smiling brightly, "Oh! I have a little surprise for you!" She reached into a bag underneath the table, "I started on it once the results were aired." She pulled out a green jumpsuit with white accents and a hood-mask with long ear-like protrusions—there was also room in the hood that left space for his hair to escape. "Congratulations on getting in!"

Midoriya blinked, "T-That's…" His mind recognized it, "It was from when I really wanted to be like All-Might…"

Inko smiled, "I-I realize it's no the coolest costume out there. One time when you fell asleep while studying I noticed your open notebook. I noticed that you wore the gym uniform underneath that gizmo of yours, so I thought you might need something like this.

Midoriya took it, "T-Thanks, Mom!" He smiled warmly, looking between his mother and his suit, "It's perfect."

She sniffled, "I… I said something awful to you… I've always regretted that." She looked off to the side, ashamed. "Back then… I thought you've might've thought I gave up on you. But, you look at you… You never quit, Izuku." Tears began to flow from her eyes, "I'm sorry, Izuku. Now, I'll be cheering you on with everything I've got!" She wiped away her tears, "But please, do be careful out there, watching you go down like that was terrifying." She laughed slightly, but the worry was still evident and clear as day.
Midoriya stood and walked over to his mother, pulling her into a hug, "Of course, mom."

Rain pelted the train Midoriya rode on to school. He was squished amongst business men and women on their way to work. He, like on his usual trek to school, was scrolling through his phone. He was reading stories about Heroes and what they had gotten themselves involved in earlier that morning and the evening before.

A businessman spoke amongst the crowd, "Young man… Young man!"

Midoriya blinked, turning to a man, "H-Huh?"

He grinned, "You're Midoriya, right? You got into the Hero Course, right?" He gave the student a thumbs-up, "Nice going! I was really rooting for you against Todoroki!"

Soon other riders began to address him, "You made it into the Top Three, that's crazy kid!"

"You're shorter than I imagined."

"Man, you really pulled one for us Quirkless!"

"You were the ultimate underdog out there! That's so crazy!"

Soon everyone seemed to speak at once, "Good luck, Hero!"

Midoriya stuttered out, trying not to shrink in response, "T-Thanks!"

XXX

Ashido grinned, "I had all these people talking to me on the here!"

Hagakure—probably—nodded, "Same here! So many stares… It was so embarrassing!"

Kirishima smiled, "Me too!"

Sero scowled, "Some grade-schoolers made fun of me for losing against a Quirkless."

Ojiro's tail wagged, "One little event and suddenly the world's got its eye on us."

Shoji nodded, "That's Yuuei for ya."

The bell rang and Aizawa entered the classroom—in that instant, all of the students organized themselves into their seats. "Morning."

The class replied, "Good morning!"

Asui smiled kindly, "Good to see your bandages off, Aizawa."

Aizawa scratched underneath his eye, "The old lady's treatment was excessive." He turned to the doorway, "But anyway, you already know him, but meet your new classmate, Midoriya Izuku." The new Hero Course student walked into the classroom, holding a costume case labeled 17.

Ashido grinned, "Midori!"

Kaminari smiled, "Hey, man!"

Midoriya smiled with a blush on his cheeks before bowing, "I'm not really caught up in all of the
Hero Course subjects, so I'm in your care."

Aizawa hit a button and shelves extended from the wall, "Put your costume case in the appropriate spot." He then gestured to the rows of desks, "Take that empty seat in front of Bakugo and behind Hagakure."

Midoriya flinched under Bakugo's gaze before nodding, "R-Right." He took his seat, shifting uncomfortably in front of Bakugo.

Aizawa addressed the class, "Now, today, we've got Hero Informatics Class, and a special one at that."

Some of the students seemed to shrink and winced at the mention of the subject.

The teacher finished the thought, "You'll be coming up with your Hero aliases."

Most of the class leapt from their seats, "We're gonna do something exciting!" Bakugo and Todoroki didn't react in any meaningful way, while Midoriya flinched at their suddenness.

Eraserhead's eyes glowed and his hair began to float before the entire class fell silent. Aizawa took a breath as the glow of his eyes died down, "This is related to the Pro-Hero draft picks I mentioned the other day." His hair fell, "The drafts begin in earnest in the second and third years, after students have gained experience and can become immediate assets to the pros. In other words, for them to extend offers to first years like you…" His eyes drifted to Midoriya, "shows that they are interested in your future potential." He looked back to the class, "These offers are often cancelled if that interest dies down by graduation."

Mineta hit the desk, mumbling bitterly, "Adults are so selfish!"

Aizawa turned, lifting a small remote and hitting a button, "And here are the totals for those with offers." The blackboard behind him—a screen apparently—displayed the listings as forth mentioned.

Todoroki was first and Bakugo was a close second with their numbers grossing thousands. The rest of the list wasn't such a close game. The game of thousands dropped to minimal hundreds then to tens and even dropping to single digits. Not to mention, that not all students had made the listing. Those who were: Tokoyami, Midoriya, Iida, Kaminari, Yaoyorozu, Kirishima, and Sero; and even some who didn't make it into the Tournament had made the listing: Uraraka, Shoji, and Ojiro.

Aizawa addressed the listing, "In other years, it's been more spread out, but all eyes were on these two this year."

Kaminari groaned, throwing his head back, "There's such a big difference!"

Aoyama huffed, "Those Pros don't know a good thing when they see one!"

Jirou raised a brow, leaning back in her seat, "Todoroki's first, and Bakugo's second…?"

Kirishima blinked, confused, "It's the opposite of their placement in the Sports Festival."

Sero gave his own explanation, "Some people are too scared to ask for a guy who had to be restrained on the podium."

Bakugo shouted, "What're the Pros scared of?!"

Yaoyorozu sighed before turning to Todoroki, "You're amazing, Todoroki."
Todoroki replied simply, "They're probably all because of my Dad."

Urara knocked Iida, "Wow, we got offers!"

Iida nodded, "Yes, yes."

Midoriya sat back in his seat, chuckling out of disbelief, "I... I got offers..."

Aizawa spoke, "Keeping these results in mind, whether or not anyone asked for you, you will all be participating in internships with Pros."

Midoriya blinked, "Internships?"

Aizawa nodded, "Yeah. At U.S.J., you already got to experience combat with real villains, it will still be meaningful training for you to see Pros at work firsthand."

Sato pumped his fist, "So that explains the Hero names!"

Urara pumped her own fist, "Things are suddenly getting a lot more fun!"

Aizawa continued, "Well, those Hero names are still temporary, but if you're not serious about it..."

The classroom door slid open and the R-Rated Hero finished, "You'll have Hell to pay later!"

Midnight walked in, resting her hands on the back of her head, "Because a lot of Hero names used by students become recognized by society and they end up becoming Professional Hero names!"

Aizawa nodded, "Well, that's how it is. So Midnight will be making sure your names are okay." He leant down, pulling himself into a yellow sleeping bag, "I can't do stuff like that." He added, "When you give yourself a name, you get a more concrete image of what you want to be like in the future and you can get closer to it. This is what it means when they say, 'Names and natures do often agree.' Like 'All-Might,' for example."

Hagakure passed whiteboards to Midoriya after taking one herself. Midoriya continued the chain as he thought to himself, "A Hero name... A name for what I want to be like in the future, huh?"

Some time passed before Midnight turned to the class, "Okay, let's start presenting names starting with those who are ready." Several students flinched in response—Midoriya included.

Aoyama walked in front of the class confidently, pulling up his board slowly, "Here I go..." He opened his eyes, "Shining Hero:" He whipped his board above his head, "I can not stop twinkling'!"

He elaborated, "Which means, you can't stop my sparkles!"

Urara, Sero, Kirishima, Kaminari, Jirou, and Midoriya froze out of shock, thinking in sync, "It's a sentence...!"

Midnight took his whiteboard and began to edit it, "It'll be easier to use if you take out the 'I' and shortened the 'can not' to 'can't'."

Aoyama nodded, "You're right, mademoiselle."

Kirishima, Kaminari, Sato, Jirou, and Midoriya asked in sync, "It's okay?"

Sato shook his head, "Anyway, choose one—English or French!"

Ashido jumped in front of everyone excitedly, "Then, I'll go next!" She presented her whiteboard,
"Hero name, 'Alien Queen'!"

Midnight's eyes widened, "Are you trying for the thing with acidic blood? I wouldn't if I were you."

Ashido walked back to her desk, pouting, "Dang it."

The class thought in sync, "Idiot…"

Midoriya, Jirou, Serō, and Kirishima thought in sync, "Since the first ones were weird, it feels like we're supposed to make them funny now…!"

Asui let out a ribbit as she raised her hand, "Then, may I go next?"

Midnight smiled, "Go ahead, Tsu."

She stood in front of the class, "I've had this in mind ever since I was in elementary school." She turned her whiteboard, "Rainy Season Hero: Froppy!"

Midnight cooed, "That's so cute! It seems friendly. I like it!" A weight was lifted off the students' shoulders, "It's a great example of a name that everyone will love!"

Soon students began to chant her Hero name with several thinking in sync once more, "Thanks, Froppy…! You've brought things back to normal…!"

Kirishima went next, "Then, I'll go too!" He presented his name, "Sturdy Hero: Red Riot!"

Midnight raised a brow, "'Red Riot'?" She smiled, "You're paying homage to the Chivalrous Hero: Crimson Riot, right?"

Kirishima scratched the back of his head, "Yes. It's pretty old-fashioned, but the Hero image I'm going for is Crimson himself."

Midnight looked at the young man, "If you're bearing a name you admire, it'll come with that much more pressure."

Kirishima stood firm, "I'm prepared for that!"

Midoriya looked at red-head in awe, "Kirishima's so cool…” He looked down at his own board, going quiet. "Hmm…"

Kaminari rubbed his chin, "Man, I haven't thought of a name yet…”

Jirou tapped his shoulder, "Why don't I give you one?" She smirked, "How about 'Jamming-yay'?"

Kaminari grinned, "It's like Hemingway who wrote, 'A Farewell to Arms'!" He nodded, "Sounds smart!" He gave her a thumbs-up, "It's cool!"

Jirou held back her laughter, "No… It's because even though you're strong," remembering Kaminari's fired state. "you end up like that." She made a cute face before standing up and moving to the podium ahead of them.

Kaminari whispered angrily, "Hey, Jirou! Stop messing with me!"

She presented her name, "Hearing Hero: Earphone-Jack."

Midnight nodded, "That's good! Next!"
Shoji went next, "Tentacle Hero: Tentacole."

Midnight broke down the name, "It's like tentacle with some octopus thrown in!"

Sero presented his name, "Taping Hero: Cellophane!"

Midnight gave a thumbs-up, "Nice and simple! That's important!"

Ojiro went up, "Martial Arts Hero: Tail-man."

Midnight commented, "Your name reflects your body!"

Sato went next, "Sweets Hero: Sugar-man!"

"So, sweet!"

Ashido pumped her fist into the air, "Pinky!"

"Peachy pink complexion!"

Kaminari smirked, "Stun-Gun Hero: Chargebolt, combining 'charge' with 'lightning bolt'!"

"Ooh, I feel tingly!"

Hagakure presented her name energetically, "Stealth Hero: Invisible Girl!"

Midnight nodded, "That's great!" She extended her hand, "Come on, let's keep going!"

Yaoyorozu presented her name, "I hope I will not bring shame to this name. Everything Hero: Creati."

"Creative!"

Todoroki spoke simply, "Shoto."

Midnight blinked, "Your name? Is that okay?"

Todoroki nodded, "Yeah."

Tokoyami went next, "Jet-Black Hero: Tsukuyomi."

"God of the night!"

Mineta wasn't tall enough for the podium, "Fresh-Picked Hero: Grape Juice!"

"Pop and kitschy!"

Koda stood shyly, but his whiteboard said it all, 'Petting Hero: Anima'.

"Okay, I got it!"

Bakugo stood with a scary look on his face, "King Explosion Murder."

Midnight rubbed her chin, "You probably shouldn't use something like that."

Bakugo dropped his whiteboard, "Why not?!"
Kirishima suggested, "You should be 'Explosion Boy'!"

Bakugo growled out, "Shut up, Weird-Hair!"

Uraraka went next, "Okay, my turn…" She was nervous, "This is what I thought of: 'Uravity'."

Midnight smiled, "Sounds stylish!" Uraraka breathed a sigh of relief. Midnight then turned to the rest of the class, "Choosing Hero names is going more smoothly than I thought it would! All that's left is Bakugo, who needs to rethink his, and Iida… and Midoriya, right?"

Iida settled on his name before walking up, "This shall be my Hero name. Engine Hero: Quicksilver!"

"Stylish!"

Midoriya stared at what he wrote, silently.

Midnight looked to the Quirkless student, "Midoriya, are you ready?"

Midoriya looked between the teacher and the whiteboard before nodding, "Yeah…" He took a deep breath before turning his board to everyone else, "This'll be my Hero name…"

Jirou blinked, "Midoriya?"

Kaminari raised a brow, "Are you really okay with that?"

Kirishima looked concerned, "You might be called that forever, you know."

Midoriya lowered his head, "Yeah." He shook his head, "It was a reminder on how impossible my dream was." He lifted his head, taking a deep breath, "But I want to change that. Turn my impossible dream into a reality. Turn this… insult into something else and make it my own." He smiled, "Not just for me either. I'll change everything. Starting with this word…"

He presented his Hero name, "Quirkless Hero: Deku!"
Midoriya and Jirou get acquainted with one another and wide up in an unfortunate incident. Or fortunate, depends on your perspective.

Class had begun to come to the end and Aizawa explained, "Your internships start in a week. For this all-important decision, I'll be handing out personalized lists to those who were drafted. You may choose from among those who scouted you." He held up a piece of paper, "For those who were not drafted, the list I just passed out contains forty agencies from all over the country willing to accept interns. You will choose one from that list."

Midoriya looked at his list of offers, "Picking something urban is best for me…"

Aizawa added, "Submit your choices by this coming weekend."

Sero blinked, surprised, "We've only got two days to pick?!"

Uraraka walked up to Midoriya's desk, "Which place are you going to?"

Jirou turned in her chair, "Yeah, did you get a lot of cool places?"

Midoriya nodded, "Y-Yeah, but… I have to think carefully about this…"

Uraraka tapped her chin, "I think I'll apply for Battle Hero: Gunhead's agency."

Midoriya blinked, "Gunhead?"

Jirou raised a brow, "Isn't he that scrapper guy? Are you sure about that?"

Uraraka nodded, "Yeah, I mean, he drafted me!"

Midoriya looked at his list, "Hmm…" He rubbed his chin, "Maybe… Him…?"

Uraraka turned, "What about you, Iida?"

Iida turned, speaking proudly, "I've been drafted by my brother's agency. It seems only right for me to attend."

Midoriya blinked, "W-Wait… Iida…" He covered his mouth, "Is your brother-"

Iida stood tall, "Yes! My brother is the Turbo Hero: Ingenium!"

Midoriya gasped, "Whoa!"

Uraraka and Jirou looked between the two. Uraraka smiled awkwardly while Jirou smirked, slightly amused by Hero-Otaku.

Midoriya smiled excited, "He's the leader of the Team Idaten Agency, right?"
Iida nodded proudly, "Yes-yes."

Midoriya's eyes glittered, "Wow!"

Jirou chuckled, shaking her head, "God, you're a dork."

Midoriya flinched, "Eh…?"

Yaoyorozu walked up to the group, "Midoriya."

He turned to her, "Y-Yes, Yaoyorozu?"

She bowed out of courteously, "I wanted to offer any help if you need any. As 1-A's class representative, it falls under my responsibility to help you in your transfer."

Midoriya nodded, smiling back, "Thank you for the offer."

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Jirou yawned in her hand as she walked back to the classroom. It was the last day before the weekend—the Hero Internship discussions were yesterday. She slid opened the door and spotted Midoriya in his seat, writing in his notebook.

He looked up, "Jirou?"

Jirou raised a brow as she entered the room, "Hey, what're you doing here?"

He smiled nervously, "Remedial lessons."

She blinked, "What why?"

Midoriya rubbed the back of his neck, "T-There are several topics not brought up in the Support Course that the Hero Course classes go over." He explained, "Now that I'm transferring in, I have to catch up with the rest of you."

Jirou took her seat, "Sounds like a pain."

Midoriya shrugged, "Same as you." She played with one of her jacks, whirling it around her finger, "I missed a day or two before the whole U.S.J. thing. I knew I needed to catch up with some remedial lessons, but with the Sports Festival and now the internship, I really haven't had the time."

Midoriya nodded, "Hmm…"

The two students sat in their seats, falling into a comfortable silence. Jirou pulled out her phone, plugging one of her jacks in. Midoriya continued to write in his notebook. Some time passed before Midoriya had stopped writing and began to doodle.

Jirou leaned back in her seat, mumbling to herself, "Where's the teacher…?" She looked over to Midoriya and blinked in surprise when she saw a decent doodle of her profile.

Midoriya yawned as he looked away from his drawing. He froze when he realized that Jirou had spotted his doodle. He flinched, and his pencil went flying from his hand. "U-Uh…! Um…" He looked for his pencil, picking it up off the floor, "S-Sorry…" A light flush to his cheeks as he rubbed the back of his neck.
Jirou raised a brow, "What for?"

Midoriya made weird arm movements as he tried to explain, "I-It… It's just that…" He trailed off, "N-Never mind…"

She asked, "Could I see it?"

He tried to come up with an excuse for her not to before he gave up on himself and pushed the notebook towards her, "S-Sure."

Jirou took the notebook and looked at the drawing of herself. "You're pretty good at least."

Midoriya scratched the back of his head, "W-Well, this is…" He sighed at his own struggle before putting his hands down and looking off to the side, "T-This is the first time I haven't had to work from memory…"

Jirou closed the notebook, raising a brow, "Why're the sides singed?"

He seemed to flinch, "O-Oh, u-um…"

Midnight slid open the door, "Hello~, I just had to finish up some paperwork." She stood behind the podium, "Take out your textbooks on Modern Hero Art so we can start."

Both students replied as they took out their textbooks, "Yes, ma'am."

Midnight dusted off her hands, "Okay. Lessons are over." Both students packed their textbooks away as Midnight began to leave the classroom, "Be sure to study for your quiz on Tuesday~!"

Both students replied as they stood, "Yes, ma'am."

Jirou was the first to finish packing, slinging her bag over her shoulder. "So, how're you feeling?"

Midoriya raised a brow as he pulled his bookbag on, "Hmm?"

She elaborated, "About Modern Hero Art?"

He adjusted his bag, "O-Oh, um… pretty good."

She whirled one of her jacks around her finger, "Yeah…"

They both began to walk to the exit. Midoriya pulled open the door for her.

Jirou blinked before walking through, "Oh, thanks."

Midoriya smiled politely, closing the door behind them, "No problem."

They walked in silence for a while before Jirou spoke, "So…"

Midoriya's cheeks were already flushed, "H-Hmm?"

Jirou smirked, "Crying in front of everyone…"

His blush deepened, "H-Huh?" He looked off to the side, scratching his cheek, "O-Oh… w-well…"

She shrugged, "It's a brave thing to do."
He mumbled, "It-it wasn't controllable…"

Jirou turned to him, "Did you know All-Might? He said something about…"

Midoriya answered, "W-We crossed paths…" His mind spoke at the same time, "I can't tell her everything… I don't want to let anything slip…"

She blinked, "Really? You met All-Might?" Her surprise died down before she raised a brow, "He apologized…"

He rubbed the back of his neck as they turned a corner, "Y-Yeah… I-um… I… uh…" He settled with an answer, "I'd rather not talk about it."

She shrugged, "Alright."

He blinked, "A-Ah?"

Jirou raised a brow, "What?"

Midoriya looked ahead—his blush had died slightly, "N-Nothing."

She shrugged, "I'm not gonna pry. Your life is your life. If you don't want to talk about it, you don't want to talk about it."

He smiled, "T-Thanks."

She smiled back, "No problem." They rounded another corner and came across a vending machine. Jirou gestured to it, "Want something to drink?"

Midoriya nodded as they came to a stop, "U-Uh, sure…"

Jirou looked over the possible selections, "You go ahead." She commented on his choice of beverage, '"Georgia', huh?"

He smiled nervously as he opened his canned coffee, "Y-Yeah, I could use the caffeine."

She made her selection, shrugging, "I never had it."

He blinked, "Oh?"

She nodded, popping open her bottle, "Yeah…"

They continued their way to the front entrance of the school. A silence fell in between the two once more as they made the trek. Both were comfortable with the silence, finding it nice even. Although, they did want to find something to talk about.

Jirou took a swig from her bottle as they stepped into the front courtyard of the school, "Do you have to take the train home?"

Midoriya nodded, "Yes."

She winced, "Same." She grumbled, "It's always a pain in the morning."

He nodded again, "It does get crowded."

She whined, "It's gonna get worst when summer hits."
He affirmed, "Yeah…"

They continued down the hill of Yuuei and towards the nearby train station.  

Jirou grimaced, "You don't think we'll get there at rush hour, do you?"

Midoriya held a grim face, "I don't know."

She began to jog, "We should pick up the pace."

He quickly followed her as they rushed to the train station. They jogged into the station and looked down the track for a train.

Jirou tossed her empty bottle into the trash, "Which stop's yours?"

Midoriya finished the drink, "The fourth one."

She shrugged, "Mine's the third."

He tossed his can away as the train arrived. They stepped onto the semi-busy train. There weren't any seats available for them and they stood at the locked door on the other side of the car.

Jirou looked out the window, "If we're lucky, we just beat out the rush."

Midoriya nodded, "If we're lucky."

Some silence passed before Jirou turned to him, "So, do you have any other hobbies?" She smirked, "Other than stalking Heroes I mean."

Midoriya's cheeks flushed as he stuttered out defensively, "I-I d-don't-"

She put up her hands, "Joking-joking." She chuckled, "Serious about the question though."

He shook his head, "Um, n-no, not really." He scratched his cheek, "I w-wasn't exactly… I-I, um, wasn't very social, so I-I really never g-got to explore anything like that."

She teased, "Except stalking Heroes."

He looked off to the side, "P-Please stop."

Jirou chuckled, "Sorry." She whirled one of her jacks around her finger, "So, what you don't, like, listen to music or anything?"

Midoriya rubbed the back of his neck, "I-I do." He added, "O-Occasionally." He then explained, "One of the third years made a radio that could intercept some music stations internationally."

She blinked, "Whoa, that's kinda cool." She raised a brow, "Developed any preferences?"

He teetered his head back and forth before answering, "North American Rock is nice…"

She blinked, "Oh?"

He shrugged, "The English is good for class and the beat is nice." He added, rubbing the back of his head, "S-Sometimes—n-not all the time."

Jirou chuckled, "Came across a crappy song every now and again?"
Midoriya chuckled back, "Yeah." He blinked, "Oh! I-I was wondering about who used to be number 17?"

She made a face, "Oh, her…" She shook her head, "She was a jerk. Not an angry one like Bakugo, but more like a whiny, self-important brat." She wrapped one of her jacks around her finger, "She was like a technopath or something? I think they said she cheated on the practical part of the Entrance Exam."

He blinked, "She cheated?"

She nodded, shrugging, "Yeah. We had to take on those robots for the practical part of the exam, and I think she somehow got a huge score by taking on one bot."

Midoriya rubbed his chin, "Hmm…” He suggested, "If they were using an automated scoring system, then she could've hacked its internal system and jacked up the score she'd earned."

Jirou shrugged again, "Probably."

The trains slowed to a stop and the door dinged before a wave of business-dressed adults crowded into the train car. The students had sadly not beaten the rush-hour.

Jirou stumbled as she was shoved. She got a face-full of necktie as she fell into Midoriya. She looked up—a slight blush creeping onto her cheeks as their eyes met. Her reaction was tamed compared to him. His face burned as his heart skipped a beat due to their proximity. Steam seemed to fly out of his ears as she was squished up against him, pinning him against the locked door on the other side of the train.

He stuttered out, "J-Jirou, a-are you okay?"

She grumbled, "Y-Yeah… Sorry about this"

Midoriya couldn't meet her eyes, "I-I'm s-sorry too…"

Jirou shook her head, "It's out of our control."

Midoriya's view of the entrance to the train car allowed him to see a rushing influx of people trying to crowd into the car before it left. He took a hold of Jirou's shoulders and changed their position. "H-Here…” He kept his arms extended over her shoulders, putting space between the two.

The space was short-lived, however. The new influx of people shifted the position of everyone else in the train car. Backs and shoulders pushed against Midoriya, pinning him against Jirou. The students' blushes reddened as they uncontrollably pressed against each other.

The doors closed before the train started to move once more. Jirou couldn't look ahead—she'd just get an eyeful of Midoriya's mouth. That definitely wouldn't help the awkwardness of their scenario. Midoriya was a mess compared to her. His mind ran far and wide as he tried to ignore the feeling of her against his chest. He tried to ignore the feeling of her breath against his neck.

Jirou joked, "G-Guess we didn't beat rush hour, huh?"

Midoriya mumbled out, "Y-Yeah…” He asked, "T-Third stop, right?"

She confirmed, "Yeah…”

He apologized, "S-Sorry."
She shook her head, "It's not your fault... It'd be stupid for me to yell at you for it."

The train slowed to a stop once more and the doors pulled open. Some people left the train and luckily no one entered, alleviating the students' situation. Both breathed a sigh of relief as they were able to put some centimeters between them. The train doors pulled shut and the train started moving once more.

They blinked as their eyes met for a moment before looking away. "She's/He's still too close..." They were unknowingly thinking in sync, "My heart won't calm down..." Their close proximity problem didn't worsen, nor did it get better.

The train finally reached the third stop and with some from Midoriya, Jirou was able to get off the train. She turned, coughing, "T-Thanks..."

He bowed to her, "S-Sorry..."

She shook her head, "It's n-no problem..." She scratched the back of her head, "We, uh, won't speak of this... to-to anyone, alright?"

He nodded, "Y-Yeah..."

Jirou turned to walk away before looking over her shoulder, "Have a nice night."

Midoriya smiled awkwardly as the doors slid shut, "Y-You too..."

Jirou stepped into her house—the blush on her cheeks still hadn't died. She shook her head as she walked deeper into her home.

Her mother, Jirou Mika, walked into view, "Welcome home, Kyoka."

Jirou took of her shoes, "H-Hi, Mom."

Mika looked concern, "Are you okay? Your face is really red!"

Jirou nodded, "Y-Yeah... It's just that, um..." She rubbed the back of her neck, "The train was really crowded and I... I got pinned up against a classmate and it was just embarrassing."

Mika blinked, "Oh, I'm sorry that happened."

Jirou shrugged, "Y-Yeah." She walked deeper into her house, "I'm gonna go get changed."

Mika nodded, "Okay, I'll go ahead and start on dinner."

Jirou made her way into her room, "Okay."

XXX

Midoriya Inko raised a concern brow to her son sitting across from her, "Izuku, honey, are you okay?"

His cheeks were still burning as he tried to his dinner, "H-Huh? Y-Yeah... It's just that... um..." He coughed, "It's just that something embarrassing happened on the train today."

The concern remained, "Oh, what happened?"
He shook his head, smiling in a reassuring manner, "N-Nothing... J-Just something embarrassing."

Inko wasn't satisfied with her answer and instead dropped it, "Well, if you need to talk, I am always open."

Midoriya smiled, nodding, "Got it. Thanks, Mom."
Ripples of Advancement

Chapter Summary

The notion and consequences of a Quirkless Hero is realized by the public and Yuuei. And Midoriya comes to bare the burden of those worries and fears.

With the weekend, Japan seemed to catch up with the results of the Sports Festival—with the admittance of a Quirkless into the Hero Course of Yuuei. Everyone seemed to be blinded and taken by the Quirkless student's emotional response to his acceptance. Once everyone fully realized what happened, then came the articles, then came the blogposts, then the talk-shows, the newspapers, and etc.

The implications of the Quirkless Hero were called into question. What rules would apply to him? What would Yuuei do about the dangers for this student? What would he be allowed to do? What about the future admittances of Quirkless students? What implications upon the superhuman society will occur? Some Heroes advocated both for and against the admission. While others didn't enter the debate, entrusting Yuuei to take the proper steps.

It is important to note that the debate ran within the school as well. Principal Nezu, All-Might, Eraserhead, Present Mic, Midnight, Power-Loader, and others were for Midoriya's admission. Recovery Girl, Cementoss, Thirteen, Snipe, Ectoplasm, Vlad-King, Hound-Dog, and etc., while trusting the principal's decision, held their own doubts and worries for and about the student.

And also… in the alleyways and in the depths of the country… the acceptance led to envy—to jealousy. A middle school student growled as gas secreted from his skin. A high school girl slammed her fist against her dinner table as the machines around her went haywire. A young man stared at the announcement, feeling anger and rage as he grasped a needle. A young, blonde twiddled her bloodstained fingers and cooed in interest at the announcement.

Overall, the announcement brought a rippling reaction to Japan—to superhuman society as it stood. The Quirkless student stood in the spotlight with eyes of many views, watching carefully.

XXX

The uneventful weekend passed quickly and Midoriya found himself on a train to school as usual. The train was surprisingly less busy than usual. Midoriya scrolled through his phone, hoping to read through recent news articles about Hero activity. Although, he found many articles about him.

He couldn't help but look, and it bothered him. The things they said about him and Yuuei. He saw it as his fault. If he hadn't tried to get in and got in, then this wouldn't have happened. He looked through the articles, feeling guilt upon guilt falling upon his shoulders.

The train came to a stop and Midoriya failed to notice Jirou stepping onto the train. She tried to wave—a light blush coming to her cheeks but noticed that his attention was absorbed with his phone. She raised a brow before walking towards Midoriya and standing in front of him.

She waved her hand, but he didn't seem to notice. "Midoriya?"
Midoriya blinked, finally noticing her, "H-Huh?"

Jirou chuckled, "Hey, there."

A light blush came to his cheeks as he smiled, "H-Hey."

The thing is it's not like the whole train incident had altered their relationship—the two were still friends. However, they had become more acutely aware of each other, fully recognizing each other as members of the opposite sex.

She leaned back, "What's got you so absorbed?"

He blinked for a moment before settling on a lie. "I-I was just reading some articles about recent Hero activity." He blinked as he realized the ammunition he just handed her.

Surprisingly, she didn't bite, "Do that every morning?"

He nodded, "Y-Yeah."

Jirou nodded back, "Makes sense."

Midoriya blinked, "Huh?"

She smirked as teased in singing manner, "Hero-Otaku~."

He flinched, "R-Really?"

She chuckled, "You make it too easy."

He seemed to pout as he looked away. "W-Well, it doesn't mean you have to."

She smiled, "Wah... What's with that reaction...?" She looked around, noticing some eyes glued to Midoriya, "Some people are staring at you."

He blinked, "H-Huh?"

She shrugged, "Guess it makes sense." She gestured to him, "How's the public attention getting you?"

Midoriya smiled, rubbing the back of his neck, "It-It's just a bit nerve-racking." His smile turned warm, "I went to the supermarket with my Mom and this little kid walked up to me." He seemed proud as he recalled, "Her smile and her eyes were so bright. She told me how cool it was for someone like her could be a Hero. She really wanted to be like me."

Jirou nodded, "You're a real inspiration, huh?"

He seemed slightly defensive, "W-What d-do you mean?"

She chuckled, "I'm not messing with you here."

He blinked, "O-Oh, s-sorry."

Jirou smiled, shaking her head, "No problem..." She added with a smirk, "Hero-Stalker."

Midoriya stuttered out, "T-That's worse than Hero-Otaku!"

She chuckled, "Eh, that's the point."
He pouted, "That's a terrible point."

Jirou smirked, "That's exactly the point."

There was a pause in the conversation before Midoriya added the best he could muster, "You-you're a point."

She shook her head, chuckling.

XXX

Midoriya didn't get a chance to sit through his first period. Aizawa had informed him that the principal wanted to talk and sent him to the Hero's office.

He was nervous, of course. Several possibilities ran through his head. His mind mostly stuck to the negative ones. It was perfectly possible in Midoriya's mind that he could be removed from the Hero Course in response to the media. He stopped short before the office door.

Midoriya lowered his head, "I don't want to lose this... B-But..." He slowly reached for the handle, biting his lip, "It isn't my place..." He sighed, "My wants don't matter..." He slid open the door to see the furry principal, pouring a cup of tea.

Nezu smiled friendly, "Young Midoriya, I've been waiting for you."

The student walked in, "S-Sorry. I-I didn't mean to keep you waiting."

The principal gestured to the seat ahead of him, "No need. I'm sure you were contemplating why I wished to speak with you." He reached and pushed the steaming cup towards the seated student, "Tea?"

Midoriya took it, "N-No, b-but thank you."

Nezu raised a brow, taking the cup back, "Do you have any idea why?"

"Y-Yes..."

"You've kept up with the news?"

The student lowered his head, gripping his knees, "Y-Yes."

The principal took a sip of tea, "Hmm..." He deduced, "You worry or believe that I will remove you from the Hero Course."

"Y-Yes..."

Nezu rubbed his chin, "Hmm." He explained, "To remove you from the Hero Course would not only undermine my decision, but the agreement of several Heroes. I would not do such a thing."

Midoriya smiled, "R-Really!"

"But, I must ask you to make some preparations for the sake of your and public safety."

"O-Okay."

The principal explained, "With your machinery, there needs to be blocks in order to ensure accountability for any damage you cause." He placed a computer chip in front of Midoriya, "I'm
asking you to implement this override function to your suit and to allow the teachers here and the Pro-Hero you will be interning under access."

The student asked while taking the chip, "To shut down my suit?"

"Once you receive your license, you may remove this function, but for the time being, it is best to ensure to the public that you and we will be held accountable for any damages."

"I understand."

Nezu sipped his tea, "I am sure that you do not need me to order you to refrain from killing?"

Midoriya shook his head, "N-No, sir."

"Plus, while we are establishing accountability, I do urge you to stay out of trouble."

"Of course, P-Principal Nezu."

"You will be held at different standards than other students by the media. I ask that you refrain from causing or staking part in anything outside of school."

"I-I understand."

The principal nodded, "Good, that will be all, Young Midoriya."

The student stood, "T-Thank you, Principal Nezu," and, with that, the student left the office, relieved.

XXX

Midoriya made his way to the Development Studio during the lunch period after an uneventful first half of the day. He pulled open the metal doors and stepped in, "Hatsume?"

Hatsume straightened, turning away from another blueprint while pulling up her goggles, "Ah, Midoriya!"

Midoriya tiptoed around the crumpled balls of blueprint paper on the ground, "R-Recovery Girl said you took the rig while I was recovering?"

She grinned, "Yes, I began upgrades as soon as I could!" She giggled excitedly as she gripped the edges of a white drape over an armature, "Ready to take a look?"

Her excitement was infectious to him as he grinned, "S-Sure."  

Hatsume ripped the drape off and unveiled the updated rig. The exo-skeleton rig was made with carbon-fiber internal parts with the main armor fittings and main components were made with the silvery-grey nitinol metal. The lower part was exactly the same due to the upgrades not being fully implemented.

The upper body part was different now. The chest-piece was more fortified and armored than before. The gauntlets now included the fully armored gloves—instead of the simple armatures—for his hands and also included thrusters embedded into the palms. There was also the addition of a tablet screen to the inner part of the right gauntlet. Rerebraces were now added to the upper arm areas. Couters were added to the elbows to finish the arms. And pauldrons were added to the shoulders. The belt was also redone. It now acted as a compacted, metal carpenters belt which could hold most of Midoriya's devices. The grappling system was slightly moved to make room for the upgrade.
Midoriya stepped around it, "W-Wow…"

Hatsume put her hands on her hips, standing proudly, "I know!"

He lifted the right arm of the armature to look at one of the upgrades, "The screen?"

She explained energetically, "Remote access to any of the gadgets we'll make!"

He pointed out another upgrade, "Thrusters in the palms?"

She explained, "Well, with your whole grappling movement, I thought a stabilizer would come in handy."

He nodded, "I see…"

She chuckled, "But it's also a good preliminary design for flight capabilities!"

Midoriya looked concerned, "H-Hatsume…"

Hatsume nodded, "Yes-yes, with the rockets' thrust and the consistent G-forces, it's possible for you to miscalculate the turn and for you to rock your brain against your skull or to paste yourself against a wall." She strained a grin, "So, I thought we'd create another form of thruster for propulsion."

He nodded slowly, "Okay… What is this other form of propulsion?"

She frowned, frustrated, "I… haven't quite finished the design." She walked to the left-behind blueprint "I am… having quite the trouble with it."

He stood next to her, looking over the design, "M-May I help?"

She nodded, "Sure…" Her energy returned when she turned back to the rig, "But, first, let's talk about what I've already done."

He nodded again, "A-Alright."

She picked up a brown, pocket-sized notebook, "Here is a little notebook of voice commands for you to use."

He flipped through the notebook, "Oh…" He skimmed through the commands and stopped on a blank page, finding the rest of the small book blank, "With room for more."

Hatsume pointed to the arms of the rig, "The rerebraces act as supports for the jet-fast movements."

Midoriya tucked the small book away, "I-I'm guessing you'll add cuisses for my legs?"

She grinned, nodding, "Exactly!" She added, "They'll also hold some devices that can't fit in the belt."

He nodded in response.

She grinned, "I also added in a collapsible mask!"

He smiled excitedly, "That's great!"

Hatsume crossed her arms, "If we do reach the point of flight, then we'll have to update it into a retractable helmet."
Midoriya nodded, "R-Right." He took a deep breath, "Let's talk about this new propulsion system."

She nodded, "Alright."

**X-CANON EVENT: TEASING I-X**

Jirou laid her head down as she finished her Modern Hero Arts Quiz. She internally sighed as her confidence wasn't that high. She blinked as she looked around the room. The usual suspects were sitting up and were done with quizzes. Midoriya sat to her left, tapping his pencil on his bottom lip—befuddled by something on the paper. She started playing a game with herself. "*Maybe he's stuck on number four…?*" He ruffled his hand through his own hair, "*Nah, that's some number ten frustration…*"

She blinked, falling into boredom as she settled on her answer. Her eyes landed on his side, blinking as a light bulb became lit. She looked at Midnight, their teacher, who twirling her riding crop in her hand. She looked at Midoriya before slyly slithering her earphone jack down the side of her desk. It travelled down her desk's leg before carefully travelling across the floor. Jirou looked at the teacher as she sent her jack up Midoriya's chair.

Jirou waited for Midnight to look off towards the right side of the class. Jirou didn't stab Midoriya's side, but she did jab at it. Apparently, the Quirkless student's sides were sensitive. He jerked his body at the sensation and his knee slammed into the underside of his desk. He let out a pained wheeze as his hands dipped under his desk to rub his knee.

Jirou snickered, holding back her laughter with her hand.

Midnight turned to the student, "Are you okay, Midoriya?"

Midoriya blushed, "I-I'm f-fine. S-Sorry."

Midoriya frowned during the break between classes, "Jirou!"

Jirou looked away, resting her chin in her propped-up palm, "I don't know what you're talking about."

Midoriya pouted, crossing his arms and turning away, "Hmm…"

Jirou turned to him, "Did you get stuck on anything on there?"

He didn't answer her.

She smirked, "*Silent treatment…?*" One of her jacks slithered over to Midoriya, poking his cheek, "*Oi~, Midoriya? Did you get stuck on any questions?*" Her tone shifted to a teasing one, "Anything you need help on?"

He grumbled, "*N-Number ten…*"

Her smirk widened into a grin, "*I was right…!*"
Friends

Chapter Summary

Midoriya's past comes back to bite him while he finally gets to be a normal teen and hang out with friends.

The days of the Hero internship were closing in and the atmosphere of the classroom grew more anxious and more ecstatic as the days passed. Jirou stood from her desk, slinging her bag over her shoulder at the end of the school day. Ashido called out to her friend with Kirishima and Yaoyorozu behind her. "Yo, Jirou!"

The rocker-girl turned to her classmates, "What's up?"

Ashido smiled, "Do you wanna hang out with us after school?"

Jirou thought for a moment before whirling one of her jacks around her finger, "Uh, sure. I got time."

Ashido pounded her fist on her palm, "Ooh, we should invite, Midori!"

Yaoyorozu tilted her head, "Well, I saw him already leave."

Kirishima fished out his phone, "Hang on, let me just text him." He tapped on his phone as the group began to leave the classroom. He received the answer quite fast, "Ah, he's at the Development Studio." His phone vibrated in his hand once more, "He said he'll meet us at the front gate."

Ashido grinned, "Sweet!" She chuckled, "Where do you guys want to go?" She suggested with the tilt of her head, "The mall?"

Jirou shook her head, "Nah, I don't want to risk spending money on anything."

Ashido rested her hands on the back of her head, "Hmm… Then where should we go…?"

Midoriya worked with Hatsume within the Development Studio. She had replaced her standard uniform with the gym uniform. Midoriya himself had stripped off his blazer and tie before rolling up his shirt's sleeves. Power-Loader was nearby, observing the pair work and ensuring that no horrible accidents. He was also keeping an eye on Hatsume as, recently, she had snuck past the patrolling teachers and remained in the studio over night.

The exo-suit was left on its armature, and wires were connected to the suit's power-source, leading towards the students' current project. The project was the experimental propulsion that Hatsume was designing with Midoriya's help.

Midoriya was soldering the inner workings of the circular device. He blushed madly as Hatsume hovered over his shoulder, ignorantly pushing her chest against his back. "H-Hatsume…"

She turned to him, blinking, "Yeah?"
He coughed, "C-Could y-you… uh… b-back up a little bit?"

Hatsume backed up, "Ah, sorry." She crouched down to the same level as the table, observing Midoriya's work, "I just don't want anything to mess up."

Midoriya blinked at the device, "Y-Yeah…" The mere mention of the possible mistakes and the horrible, death-causing consequences, "C-Could you get me that blast-mask?" He murmured, "I've- I've suddenly realized the danger I'm in…"

Hatsume straightened, unintentionally bumping into the table, "Gotcha! Don't move!"

Midoriya's hands latched over the device, keeping it secure to the table. "B-Be careful!"

Power-Loader watched on from a distance, "This device is insane… Taking excess electrons and turning them into usable muons…"

Hatsume handed off the protection mask and Midoriya continued to work with some added protection. Hatsume had been the primary builder of the device and was almost done with the whole thing. Midoriya was acting as a scalpel to buffer out details and finish up its creation. And, with a few more tools and some more alterations, the circular device whirled to life becoming a bright white disc brimming with power.

Midoriya squinted at the glowing device, "There it is…"

Hatsume cooed joyously, "It's beautiful."

He turned to her, "What about the suit's systems?"

She stood and made her way to a computer monitoring the suit's systems, "The device is taking up a lot of the power-source's generation of energy…" She bit her fingernail out of frustration, "We'll need to upgrade the power-source or alter the device or create a system to regulate the power to it."

He sighed, "Meaning we're nowhere near the testing phase…"

Her frustration was obvious on her tongue as she worked on the computer, "I'll disconnect the device and start running up some calculations. And I'll take another look at the designs."

Midoriya stood, pulling down his sleeves, as the device lost its glow and died, "I'll start running some calculations of my own and we'll meet up to compare?"

Hatsume nodded, "Yeah."

Midoriya blinked when he heard his phone vibrate and looked for his blazer, fishing out his phone. "Ah, Kirishima?" He began to a short conversation with his classmate, ending it by accepting an invite to hang out.

Midoriya walked on the sidewalk amongst his group of friends. Ashido walked backwards, resting her hands on the back of her head, "Maybe we should go to that karaoke place!"

Jirou made a face—a light blush filling her cheeks, "N-No, thanks…"

Kirishima grinned, "Come on, we'll be awesome!"

Midoriya scratched the back of his head, "I-I don't know…"
Ashido suggested, "How about this? We go, but you two don't have to sing."

Jirou looked at the acid girl suspiciously, "Really?"

Ashido nodded, "Yeah, definitely!"

Jirou thought about it for a moment before sighing, "Alright, fine."

The pink-haired girl turned to the green-haired boy, "Midori?"

He rubbed the back of his head, "I-I guess that's fine."

Ashido pumped her fists, "Woohoo! Karaoke!" She spun on her heel, "But before we go." She then jogged along the direction of a restroom sign. The other girls followed her as well.

Yaoyorozu smiled politely, "We'll be right back."

Kirishima nudged Midoriya's shoulder, "You need to go?"

He shook his head, "N-No, I'm fine."

Kirishima nodded before jogging towards the men's room, "Alright, I'll be right back."

Midoriya nodded, "Right..."

The Quirkless student stood on the sidewalk, fidgeting with his fingers. A small nervous smile was on his lips—after all, this was the first time he had ever gone out with friends.

Two girls nudged each other while whispering to one another before one of them addressed him, "Hey, you're that Quirkless guy, right?"

Midoriya blinked, "H-Huh?"

The other grinned excitedly, "Yeah! You were so cool during the festival!"

A blush flushed his cheeks as he scratched the back of his head, "T-Thanks."

One asked, "Could I get a picture?"

Midoriya blinked for a moment before smiling both nervously and warmly, "S-Sure."

The trio began to pose together as one of them cooed, "Wah! This is so cool!" The phone snapped, and the picture was taken.

The girls gasped excitedly and happily about their picture as one of them waved goodbye to the Yuuei student, "See you!"

The other waved as well, "Good luck!"

Midoriya waved shyly, "B-Bye." It was a strange feeling of heat in his chest—a mixture of embarrassment and happiness.

However, a familiar voice made everything suddenly cold, "Midoriya?"

The Quirkless student turned to see two middle school classmates of his: Haisha and Hakushaku. Hakushaku nudged his friend, "Shit, I barely noticed him."
Haisha rolled his eyes, "Yeah, he's so fucking plain-looking…" They walked over to the Quirkless student, "Hey, Midoriya."

They crowded the student who shrunk unknowingly, "H-Hey, Haisha, Hakushaku…"

Haisha placed his hand firmly on Midoriya's shoulder as it turned to stone, mumbling, "You know, it makes me wanna vomit when I hear you say my name." He laughed bitterly as he shook his old classmate, "Bakugo's punching bag. Guess you've made a bit of a name for yourself."

Hakushaku jabbed his finger into Midoriya's shoulder, "Yeah, you got into the Hero Course, right?"

Haisha spoke bitterly, "Better not let it go to your head. It's important to remember your place."

Hakushaku laughed, "If only you had your little gadgets now, right?" He mocked, "Bet you could teach us a real lesson, huh?"

Haisha laughed—almost hysterically, "It's so bullshit, you know?" He gritted his teeth, "Yuuei must be in the shitter if they taking in an ass-rag like you."

Kirishima chimed in with his arms crossed over his chest, "Oi, are you going to say anything?"

Haisha left Midoriya, smiling in a friendly manner, "Ah, you're that Hardening guy, right?" He shifted his arm into stone, "Ha-ha, you and me got the same type of Quirk."

Kirishima looked to Midoriya, "Are you going to say anything, or am I?"

Midoriya had a fearful look in his eyes, "T-There isn't a need, Kirishima."

Hakushaku shook Midoriya, "Right?"

Haisha patted Midoriya's shoulder, "No need. Just friends chatting with friends."

Kirishima balled his hand into a fist, hardening his flesh, "Leave him alone."

Hakushaku and Haisha almost instantly deflated, "O-Oi…"

Midoriya escaped the two and put a hand on the red-haired student's shoulder, "K-Kirishima!" He forced a pleading smile, "It-It's fine. C-Come on, we-we're going for karaoke, right?"

Ashido's voice pulled off their attention, "Guys?"

Jirou raised a brow, "What's going on?"

Midoriya quickly, desperately answered, "N-Nothing!" He looked at his old classmates, pleadingly, "R-Right, everyone?"

Haisha nodded, "Y-Yeah."

Hakushaku pulled on his friend's arm, "Let-Let's head to the arcade."

The situation was completely defused. The old classmates rushed off and left the Yuuei students to themselves. The walk to the karaoke place was filled with occasional idle chatter and bouts of silence. The girls knew some semblance of what happened, and the boys were silent about the matter. Kirishima, of course, had his own words about the entire situation, but he knew better than to address them and put Midoriya in a corner. They were supposed to be having fun as friends. No point in ruining that over two petty pricks from the past.
The rest of the trip fell into awkward fun at karaoke. True to her word, Ashido never forced Midoriya or Jirou to sing. Although, she did try to convince them to—albeit failing. Everyone proved to be pretty good singers, and no one had to endure any horrible singing.

Ashido picked a song and dragged Kirishima along, "Kirishima, let's do a duet!"

He stumbled, "E-Eh?"

She laughed, "Come on!"

His eyes narrowed at the lyrics, "W-Wait, w-what song are we singing?" He wasn't answered as the song began to play.

Jirou leaned back in her seat, speaking quietly to not interrupt the duet, "Man, I can't believe Kaminari and Mineta tricked us into those stupid outfits."

Yaoyorozu shook her head, "It is my fault. I shouldn't have listened to them."

Jirou grumbled into her drink, "I bet I looked ridiculous in that thing."

Midoriya smiled warmly, "N-No, you guys looked great!" He blinked for a moment—not fully understanding the implications of his statement. The blush that came to their cheeks were the ding to the timer. A blush blazed across his cheeks, "A-Ah! N-Not that I-I was l-looking! O-Or really s-seeing…" He struggled to find the words, "B-But… u-uh…" He settled on saying, "S-Sorry."

Yaoyorozu smiled politely, "Thank you for the compliment."

Midoriya could meet either of their eyes, "N-No problem."

Ashido took a breath as they took their seats, "Oof." She took a swig from her drink, "This is fun."

Jirou raised a brow, "This is the first time doing this sort thing, right, Midoriya?"

Midoriya scratched his cheek, "Y-Yeah."

Ashido slapped his shoulder, "Then you should totally sing!" She extended the mic to her, "Just once—or else you haven't really experienced it!"

Midoriya rubbed his shoulder, "I-I don't know…"

Jirou shrugged, "We wouldn't laugh at you."

Ashido grinned, pumping her fist, "Yeah! We'll like it even if you're awful!"

Yaoyorozu looked to the pink-girl, "Ashido."

Kirishima chuckled, "Eh, she's not wrong."

The Quirkless thought for a moment, "I-I…" He clenched his fist, blushing slightly, "S-Sure, I'll-I'll try."

The acidic girl rushed to the tablet, "Okay! I'll pick something for you!"

He smiled, "T-Thanks."

She passed him a song, "Good luck!"
The song on screen was Sugar Song to Bitter Step by Unison Square Garden. Some instrumental began before the lyrics appeared on screen. He took a deep breath as his cheeks flushed, standing, "I've gotten used to supernatural insanity, enough to p-presuppose that life is peaceful and b-benign~. But I'm caught on the rails~ of this m-masochistic thrill ride! And I know there's something I cannot lose sight of~. I'm swallowed by e-equalitarian philosophy, and I can figure out what my emotions even mean~. But If I~ can't rela~ just exactly what I'm feeling~, I-I'm really just a puppet on a string~. As I step into the night! To the crowds among the street. They're all happy in their loneliness —Ah, I read ahead of the song!"

Ashido encouraged him, waving her arms, "Keep going—Keep going!"

Midoriya did his best to jump back into the song, "-S-spinning all around~… L-Like melodies from notes upon the sheet… The rhythm of the music singing! M-Marmaduke and sugar songs; peanuts and a bitter step! Too sickly sweet and bitter, sends my head into a spin~! C-Come along and dance with me! Party~ till we lose it all! And this will be a night to make a mark upon the world!" "Y-Yeah, this is it! I feel like I'll never look back and never let go~!" "Sh-Marmalade and sugar songs; peanuts and a bitter step! Too sickly sweet and bitter, sends my head into a spin~! Come along and dance with me! Party~ till we lose it all! And this will be a night to make a mark upon the world!"

He pushed through the last of his embarrassment, "Y-Yeah, this is it! I feel like I'll never look back and never let go~!" He turned to his friends; ignorant to the ending of the song, scratching the back of his head whilst fighting the madden blush on his cheeks.

Ashido stood, throwing her arms into the air, "You miss the end of the song!"

Midoriya spun—his blush returning in full force, "I-I d-did!? S-Sorry!"

Yaoyorozu smiled, "You were great, Midoriya."

Midoriya scratched the back of his neck, blushing still, "T-Thanks."

Jirou smirked, "I mean you said 'Marmaduke' instead of 'Marmalade', but you were great."

He pouted, "J-Jirou."

She laughed, leaning back in her seat, "Just teasing. You're a pretty good singer."

Midoriya rubbed the back of his neck, "T-Thank you."

Kirishima checked his phone, "Well, we're about out of time."

Yaoyorozu stood, "We should take our leave then."

With that, the Yuuei students bid each other goodbye and walked their ways home. Jirou and Midoriya themselves walked the same path for a time in a comfortable silence. They were waiting at the train station, waiting for one to arrive so they may depart their separate ways.

Jirou's train was only a few moments away from pulling in. She took this time to ask, "So... What happened?"

Midoriya didn't meet her eyes, "W..." He turned to her, smiling, "W-What do you mean?"

She blinked as her train pulled into the station. "Nothing." She stepped onto her train and she could hear Midoriya's train arriving on the other side of the platform. "See you at school, man."

He waved, his smile shifting to a more genuine one, "See you."
Aizawa stood in front of his class in a train station as they readied to depart. The students were excited and anxious as their expectations made their imaginations run wild with what they may do. All of were hopeful to work under all sorts of Heroes.

Aizawa turned, "You've got your costumes, right? Wearing them in public is strictly prohibited, but don't drop them."

Ashido pumped her fist excitedly, "Yeah~!"

Aizawa tucked his hands into his pockets, "And don't slur your 'yeah', Ashido." He gestured past himself, "All of you, be on your best behavior! Now go."

With that, the students moved apart and went their separate ways with some incidentally walking in the same directions.

XXX

Midoriya stood before the agency he'd be interning under. Midoriya took a deep breath as he tried to remove the butterflies from his stomach. The student walked deeper into the building, and up to a receptionist's desk. The man behind the desk recognized the costume cases in his hands and gestured for him to make their way to the floors above. The building was semi-busy and Midoriya, as politely as he could, made his way upwards. When he made his way to the top floor, he found the Ninja-Hero: Edgeshot meditating in a peaceful botanical garden of some sort. The student carefully made his way through the garden and found himself standing before the silent Hero. The ninja remained silent and the Quirkless Hero soon began to wonder if the Hero even knew he was there.

Edgeshot opened an eye, "You are Midoriya Izuku, I presume?"

Midoriya's heart skipped a beat, "Y-Yes, E-Edgeshot!"

Edgeshot tilted his head, "Nervous?"

Midoriya nodded sheepishly, "V-Very…"

The Hero stood, "Principal Nezu informed me about a device meant to override your exo-suit. Do you have it?"

The student nodded, "Y-Yes." He kneeled, settling down his case before opening it. He slid open a small compartment and unveiled a small phone-like device. He took it out and activated it. It beeped to life with a light-green glow. The student meddled with the suit and the device before they beeped with the same light in sync. He then extended it to the Hero, "H-Here."

Edgeshot took it, "Thank you." He gestured for the student to follow as he began to leave the room, "Do you know why I drafted you?"
Midoriya shook his head as he followed Edgeshot, "N-No, sir."

The Hero tucked his arms behind his back, "I decided to ask around about you before making the decision. Eraserhead, Kamui Woods, and Power-Loader gave me the most information. While you are smart and tactful, you also have a recklessness that you fall into during stressful. I'm going to ensure that this habit will be diminished after your time with me."

The student nodded slowly, "O-Okay."

Edgeshot looked over his shoulder, "Do you have anything beyond your suit?"

Midoriya answered, "M-My belt can be detached from the main suit and it contains gadgets along with a grappling-hook system."

The Hero asked, "What about you?"

The student blinked, "H-Huh?" He nodded after the light bulb went off, "O-Oh, I've been studying some fighting styles."

"Such as?"

"Krav-Maga, Wing-Chun, and a bit of Silat…"

"Silat? That's quite a savage style."

Midoriya fidgeted slightly, "I-I thought it'd be best to prepare for anything, and if I'm without my suit, I—um… may not be able to have the luxury of being…” He tried to find the write word before landing on, "kind."

Edgeshot nodded, "Smart."

"T-Thank you."

"Do you move well with your belt?"

"I like to think so."

Edgeshot nodded, "We'll see." He turned and began to walk towards the exit, "Suit up."

Midoriya nodded, "Y-Yes, sir!"

XXX

Iida stood armored in his costume along side his brother. They stood within the Team Idaten Agency. Iida looked around, "It is just the way I remember it!"

The Pro-Hero Ingenium, Iida Tensei, clapped his hand on his brother's shoulder, "Albeit with a few more people and a plenty of new faces."

The student grinned, "Always growing."

The Hero nodded, laughing, "Always improving."

The siblings chuckled proudly at their family's continuing legacy.

XXX
The thrusters in Midoriya’s greaves bolstered his momentum in his swing. When he had reached the highest of his swing, he retracted his grapple. The force of the retraction sent him spinning through the air. He twisted his body to miss the edge of a building before sending another grapple out to start another swing. The protrusions from his hood-mask rippled through the air as he swung.

His exo-suit had gained all of the planned upgrades except Hatsune’s experimental propulsion system—too dangerous for field use. The belt itself was filled with other gadgets with the similarity overall being in a ball-shape. The armor had also received a green-focused paint job of dark and military greens with black and silver mixed in. The suit well-supported his current movements and this was a great field-test for its capabilities.

Midoriya grunted as he flew through the air, "With this much wind against me, it's hard to breathe…” Once he flew through the air once more after completing his swing, he pulled his head forward, "Mask-On!” Metal panels began to lift from the collar of his exo-suit. Metal plates covered his neck and began to lock into place over the lower half of his face, finishing with a mechanical lock and a hiss of air. Two headphone-like cylinders covered his ears before a smooth, black visor slid over his eyes. The mask helped him breathe as he continued to swing between buildings.

Edgeshot shouted to his intern, "Deku! Take a right here."

Midoriya gave him a thumbs-up as he sent another grapple for his next swing. He swung through the air and used another grapple to alter his path. He flew to his right and swung around a building. With another pendulum swing, he flew through the air. He blinked as he realized that he was on a collision course with an antenna.

He bent his arm and aimed his thruster before commanding, "Hammer!” With a burst of flames, Midoriya spun through the air and barely avoided the metal attachment. With another grapple, he continued his swing forward. He swung upward before landing with a stagger on the edge of a building’s rooftop. He stumbled along the edge of the rooftop before leaping off, grappling into another swing.

Edgeshot leapt from rooftop to rooftop, observing his intern's movements, "He moves well… With a bit more time, he probably would perfect his movement…”

Midoriya swung into the sky once more before landing along another building’s edge. He took a few steps before one accidentally slipped past the concrete. This misstep sent Midoriya stumbling off the building and plummeting towards the street.

Edgeshot was on the verge of leaping after his intern, "Deku!” as he heard metal hooks stabbing into concrete. With the whirl of some wires, Midoriya was yanked into the sky, disengaging his hooks before flipping onto the rooftop. Edgeshot blinked, stepping back.

Midoriya looked behind him, wrapping his knuckles against his chest plate, "T-That was terrifying…!"

"Good save."

"T-Thanks." He grumbled underneath his mask, "I shouldn't have mis-stepped though…”

The Hero shook his head, "Everyone makes errors. It's fine."

The student nodded, "R-Right."

"You move well, and I am impressed with your potential."
"T-Thank you, E-Edgeshot."

"Tomorrow, we shall patrol in a city more familiar to you."

"Why?"

Edgeshot explained, "Most Heroes, when investing in their personal agencies, usually go somewhere near home. Tomorrow you'll hold a home-field advantage like most Heroes on a regular basis. The next day, however, you shall patrol streets unknown to you as Heroes may have to flee their nest for the greater good."

"U-Understood."

"Now, let's race back to the agency."

Midoriya blinked, "W-What?"

The Hero chuckled, "I'd hate for your first internship to be joyless. You are in the prime of your youth after all." He turned, "Shall we?"

The intern nodded, "R-Right!"

XXX

Jirou followed Death-Arms through his agency. Her first day of an internship mostly consisted of the Hero testing the capabilities of her Quirk and herself. Her ability to hover in the air seemed to impress the Hero. "I'll have to thank Midoriya later…"

Death-Arms nodded, "We'll go out on patrol tomorrow."

Jirou blinked, smiling excitedly, "Really?"

The Hero stretched, "Yeah. You'll provide support and keep your distance if we get into anything—unless we're handling an in-door scenario. Keep close, we'll have to rely on you in that situation."

She nodded, "Aye-aye, Death-Arms."

He turned, "Otherwise, just keep your distance and I'll trust your judgement in sending out your sonic attack."

Jirou nodded once more as they continued forward, "Understood."

XXX

Midoriya used his thrusters to bolster his swing once more. Edgeshot had well kept ahead of him. He could see Edgeshot rushing across rooftops and leaping from one building to another. Midoriya launched another grapple to swing over the road before wall-running across a building's wall before leaping into another swing.

Midoriya internally panicked, "Don't hit a wall… Or the road… Or a car… Or a person…!" He ran along the edge of a rooftop, stumbling slightly as he did so, "Don't slip—don't misstep…" He leapt off the concrete roof and into another swing, "Don't run across a window or you'll break it… Don't swing INTO a window…!" He quickly shot another grapple and yanked himself away from his collision course with a building.

Midoriya landed on a rooftop with a roll before sprinting across the concrete. He looked ahead and
spotted Edgeshot. The Pro-Hero stood on a rooftop far ahead of the intern, waiting for the intern to catch-up. The Quirkless shook his head before rushing towards the end of the building and leaping into another swing. He could vaguely see the Pro-Hero turn and rush ahead, continuing the race.

He swung over a rooftop before rolling into a sprint. "I need to catch up…" He looked around at his environment, "Something… …" A light-bulb went off before he picked up his pace before leaping off the rooftop and falling over the road. He then launched two grapples from his belt into two buildings on either side of the road. His belt yanked on the cable-wires, "BURST!" His thrusters sent him rocketing forward as his cables gave him a set path. He flew through the air, reeling his cables back into place, and towards Edgeshot's agency.

Edgeshot blinked as his intern rocketed ahead of him. He smiled underneath his mask before rushing after his intern. "Clever…" He watched as Midoriya struggled to control himself after the catapulting move, "However, not very forward thinking…" The intern fell into an alley between two buildings. While the Pro couldn't hear what happened, he did see his intern rocket out of the alley with panicked body language.

Midoriya shot his grapples into the agency's rooftop before flipping onto it. He panted as he slowly got up, dusting off his legs. He stretched as Edgeshot landed next to him.

The Pro-Hero turned to his intern, "Well done, Deku."

The intern smiled underneath his mask, "T-Thanks."

Edgeshot patted his intern's shoulder, "You move tremendously well. Your ability to come up with solutions on the fly will be very useful. However, your solutions may require a bit more planning before enacting them." Midoriya nodded in agreement as the Hero guided him towards the exit from the rooftop, "Let us end our day with a nice meal."

Midoriya nodded, "R-Right…" He tapped his respirator, "Mask-Off."

Edgeshot watched as the mask collapsed into the collar of his suit, "He's like a Sentai-Hero… The kids will love that sort of thing…" He explained, "While the voice commands act as super moves, you should find a way to use them sparingly. Eventually, as you gain popularity, you risk becoming predictable in a greater fashion compared to other Heroes."

The student nodded as he pulled off his hood-mask, "Y-Yes, sir!"
Chapter Summary

Not everyone is happy with a Quirkless getting into the Hero Course, and some of those people are dangerous. And those people could be relying on a very dangerous drug to hurt you.
Think fast, Hero.

Edgeshot and Midoriya stood in the sidewalk—surrounded by civilians and pedestrians. Most of them were getting autographs of and pictures with the Pro-Hero. Others were going onto to compliment and congratulate the Quirkless student, wishing him luck and even asking for pictures. Midoriya's exo-suit stood upright behind them. It followed them closely, mimicking Midoriya's movements. Both Edgeshot and Midoriya were impressed by the function. People even posed next to it for pictures.

Midoriya tugged on his jumpsuit's mask as a nervous blush flooded his cheeks, "T-This is… c-crazy…"

Edgeshot nodded as he signed another object, "This is the spotlight and fame of Heroism. It's best that you're, at least, accustomed to it. You could always repeat how Eraserhead deals with media, of course."

"U-Understood."

A hooded stranger walked up to Midoriya, smiling while extending his hand, "Hey, you're that Quirkless guy, right?"

Midoriya shook his hand, "Y-Yeah."

The stranger didn't let go as he shook his head, "Man, it's crazy that you got into the Hero Course."

The Quirkless student nodded, "Y-Yeah, I-I've been blessed with the opportunity."

The stranger chuckled darkly, "I applied for the Hero Course at Yuuei myself."

Midoriya blinked, "R-Really?" He looked at his hand as the stranger didn't let go, "U-Um, w-what's your Quirk?"

The stranger's grip tightened as his other hand fumbled in his hoodie's pocket, "It's so unfair, you know?" His false smile faded as it turned into a scowl, "No, you don't." He shouted, revealing his pitch-black tongue as he spat, "How could someone like you get into the Hero Course?!"

Deku tried to take a step back but the stranger didn't let him, "U-Um-"

The stranger yanked Midoriya forward as he pulled out a small knife from his pocket. The stranger aimed his stab towards Midoriya's abdomen. Midoriya's eyes widened before pain shot through him and as his blood dripped onto the concrete.
Jirou jogged after Death-Arms as he explained, "It's always best for a Hero to look after our own." He looked over his shoulder, "Edgeshot just requested some assistance. We'll swing by and make sure everything's alright, doing anything we can offer at the time. Once everything's in the clear, we'll continue on our patrol."

Jirou nodded, "Right." She thought to herself, "Edgeshot's the No. 5 Hero, right…? This is could be serious…"

They sprinted forward before coming across a crowd of rushing civilians, running from whatever is going on. They rushed down the sidewalk and their eyes widened as, from around the corner of the building to their left, a pink deformed tentacle swung into the building. The concrete cracked, and the glass shattered, raining upon the screaming civilians who ran from whatever was going on.

Death-Arms looked over his shoulder, "Earphone-Jack! Head to the rooftop and keep your distance."

Jirou stepped onto the road as her jacks slithered to her boots, "Aye-aye!" They stabbed into place before a rumbling rhythm echoed through her soles. The soundwaves carried her upward as she launched herself towards the nearby building's rooftop. She cut off the sound as she flew above the ceiling and her hands gripped the edge as she pulled herself up. She shook her head, "This is crazy…"

She rushed to another part of the rooftop to overlook whatever was going on. Edgeshot was jumping around the source of the tentacles who looked like a strange deformed creature on all fours with bulbous skin and tentacles sprouting from his back—blood dripping from his nose. Off in the distance, she could see a path of destruction of shattered glass, cracked concrete, and damaged cars. Civilians were acting as idiotic on-lookers. Some rushed down the road, trying to remove themselves from the violence as much as she could. Her eyes widened as a car was thrown through the air—towards Death-Arms. With the whirl of two wires, she spotted Midoriya attach himself to the flying car before landing with the car in his arms and his feet cracking the pavement. He struggled as he fell into a kneel before lowering the car to the ground.

XXX

Midoriya looked over his shoulder, "D-Death-Arms!"

The Hero blinked, "Kid?"

The Quirkless winced at his hand, "Edgeshot's trying to contain his tentacles." He activated his grapples and swung away, "I'm going to get the civilians out of the way!"

Death-Arms shouted as he rushed to assist his fellow Hero, "Stay out of danger this time!"

Midoriya soared through the air, using his thrusters to maneuver past the attacking tentacles. He spotted as a tentacle whipped towards a woman civilian. The Quirkless Hero altered his swing and wrapped in her arms, carrying her away as the tentacle decimated the pavement she stood. He blinked recognizing the earphone jack-lobes of her ears. They landed and Midoriya let her go, "Run—Run now!" She nodded before following the sprinting crowd away. Midoriya sent another grapple towards a building and swung through the air to avoid the more tentacles.

Edgeshot ducked underneath a thrusting tentacle before flipping over a swinging one. During his movement, he thinned himself and twisted himself into a pointed string, launching himself at the villain. "NINPOU: Thousand Sheet Pierce!" He attempted to stab into his opponent but found himself to bounce off the villain's thickening skin. He sucked his teeth before landing firmly next to
Death-Arms caught one tentacle, but let it go to roll away as another tentacle swung. "Edgeshot, what's going on?"

Edgeshot nodded, flipping over another attack, "This villain is a Trigger-User of some kind. The drug's mutated his Quirk beyond recognition." He ducked underneath another attack, "And he's after Young Midoriya!"

"Then why don't you tell the kid to get outta here!?"

Edgeshot shook his head, "I did. This villain wouldn't let him leave so simply." He looked towards the wake of destruction, "He chased after him and attacked indiscriminately during the chase."

Death-Arms gritted his teeth, "Keeping the kid here contains the situation."

"As much as it upsets me, yes."

Midoriya soared through the air before wall-running on a building, using the thruster in his palm to stabilize his sprint. In the corner of his visor, he spotted a pink tentacle launch from the stranger. The tentacle crashed through the window panes Midoriya ran across, attempting to smack him out of the air. He looked over his shoulder and saw that the tentacle was catching up. He also noticed the bone shards growing out of it.

Midoriya's mind moved a mile a minute, "It's adapting on the fly…? His skin's thickened into a leathery hide… His tentacles sprout and grow without hinderance… His original Quirk must've focused on the growth of flesh—to mutate the body by choice… That growth and mutation reacts to his anger uncontrollably… This is the power of Trigger…?" He looked ahead only to see another tentacle covered in bone whipping in the other direction. It slammed into Midoriya's head, sending him sailing through the air and causing him to crash into a parked car with a cry of pain. In his moment of weakness, the villain sent another bone-tipped tentacle stabbing towards the fallen student.

Eagshot slid underneath another tentacle, "Deku!"

Death-Arms tried to rush to the fallen intern but yanked himself backwards as a bone-tipped tentacle launched at him, "Kid!"

Jirou, on the rooftop, plugged her jacks into her boots. A high-pitch rhythm roared towards the villain and caused him to cover his ears and cry out in pain, stopping his attack. He looked over his shoulder at Jirou and sent a tentacle flying at her. She ducked underneath the attack and rolled away as it slammed downward. Another tentacle stabbed through the concrete, ripping through it like tissue paper and destabilizing the ground she stood on. She stumbled as she fell towards the pavement below. She would've used her boots to lessen her fall, but a stab of metal into concrete and the whirl of a wire signaled Midoriya swinging in to catch her in a bridal-like carry. He landed on his feet with her in his arms. His metal boots skidded against the ground, cracking the stone, as they slowed to a stop.

Midoriya commanded, "Mask-Off." The metal plates shifted away as his visor slid away, revealing his concerned eyes, "Are you okay?"

Jirou blushed, nodding, "Y-Yeah…" She watched as Midoriya's eyes widened before she was tossed away as a tentacle wrapped herself around his torso, locking his arms at his sides. Her eyes widened, "M-Midoriya!"
In the moment before being yanked away by the villain, Midoriya commanded, "**Mask-On.**" The mask locked into place as he was yanked into the air and whipped skyward as more and more tentacles wrapped around him.

The villain snarled, holding Midoriya above, "Get back!"

Jirou shouted, rushing forward, but skidded to a stop when the tentacles tightened around the Quirkless student, "Midoriya!"

"Deku!"

"Kid!"

The villain growled, "Get back!"

Midoriya shifted his arm, allowing him to tap a compartment on his belt. "*Sorry, Kaminari… I'll be stealing your move…*" He felt the metal, cyan ball fall into his hand, "**E-Series…**" Midoriya activated the device and his hair stood on end as it charged up. "**Indiscriminate Shock!**" Electricity surged through and from the Quirkless Hero. Both the student and the villain cried out in pain as the shock surged through both of them. The tentacles tightened around Midoriya before winding up and chucking Midoriya into the distance, ending the painful attack for the both of them. The villain panted before Death-Arms' fist collided with his jaw. Edgeshot turned to rush after Midoriya but saw that Jirou was already acting. He skidded to a stop to assist his fellow Hero.

Jirou activated the soles of her boots and sent herself into Midoriya's path. She caught his arm and his momentum yanked her onto his collision course with the ground. She pumped soundwaves from her soles, stalling them in the air, before she aimed her feet downward and landed with a stumble. She put his arm over her shoulders, "Midoriya? Are you okay?"

Midoriya groaned, "Ow… That really hurt…"

Jirou chuckled as the Heroes attracted the attention of the villain from them, "Yeah, I remember dealing with something like that during the Sports Festival."

He stood up straight, removing his arm from her shoulders, "I'm never doing that again…"

She chuckled, "For your own sake, that's for the best." Her eyes widened as a tentacle lunged at them, "Move!" She shoved Midoriya away and allowed the tentacle to fly right past them before retracting to its body. She shook her head, "Shit, what're supposed to do?"

The stranger shouted as he threw the Pro-Heroes to the side as the distant wails of sirens rung through the air. "Damn you! Damn all of you!" He lifted several tentacles into the air before whipping them all in the same direction, sending the Pro-Heroes through buildings before turning to his original target. "This isn't over, Midoriya Izuku!" His tentacles stabbed into a nearby building before yanking himself skyward, fleeing the scene as emergency vehicles flooded the area.

Midoriya stumbled onto his feet before flying towards a rooftop himself to give chase. Once he landed on a rooftop, he looked over the view and saw nothing of the would-be villain. Jirou would've followed suit, but Death-Arms called out to her.

Edgeshot yanked himself upwards, landing next to his intern, "Deku, fall back and remain here."

Midoriya flinched, "E-Edgeshot?"

"I will give chase."
"B-But-"

Edgeshot spoke firmly, "Midoriya, leave this to the Pros."

Midoriya backed down, nodding, "Y-Yes, sir."

Midoriya sat on the steps to the back of an ambulance, having his hand wrapped in bandage. His suit stood off to the side, rigid and deactivated. The Trigger-User was chased after by Edgeshot as Midoriya was watched over by Death-Arms. He was brought over to an ambulance to be looked over. It wasn't too long until Edgeshot returned, stating that the villain was gone. The police officer on hand stated that the local force will handle the man-hunt for the time being. Both students wished they could've chased after the stranger themselves but knew better than to state said wish—due to the challenge it may seem as to the Heroes' authority. Overall, they all were thanked by civilians and police as they heard that anyone caught in the action received only minor injuries.

Midoriya himself didn't suffer any injuries other than the cut in his hand which was a shallow cut. Nothing some gauze and a lack of activity couldn't fix. The electric shock was enough to deliver pain, but not enough to deal any worrying damage.

Death-Arms nodded, "So, he tried to stab you?"

Midoriya nodded as the paramedic left, "I caught it before it met his target..." He lowered his gaze, "I moved without thinking and headbutted him to put distance between us." He scratched the back of his head, "And you know everything else."

Edgeshot stood, crossing his arms, "He despaired over his failure to be accepted into Yuuei."

Death-Arms shrugged, "Probably has something to do with his addiction to Trigger."

Edgeshot nodded, "Probably." The two Pros stepped away from their interns, leaving them in the care of paramedics, as they followed a police officer to handle the media and public attention. They also began to speak about things purposefully out of earshot of their interns.

Jirou leaned against the door of the ambulance, "You okay?"

Midoriya flexed his hand, "It wasn't that deep of a cut."

She shook her head, "You look sad."

There was a moment of silence before he spoke, "I... I understand him..." He shook his head, "No-Not on the same level, but..." He sighed, scratching his jaw, "I get it—that despair. In another life, our places would be switched, and it'd make complete sense."

Jirou blinked before rubbing her chin, "I get that you understand. I don't quite agree with you though." She shook her head, "Don't make yourself feel guilty for him."

Midoriya smiled sadly, "Sorry. Can't help it."

She shrugged, "Eh, adds to your character, I guess," a smirk grew across her lips, "more than a simple Hero-Otaku, huh?"

He blinked, flinching at the name, "R-Really?"

She chuckled, "You haven't given me a lot of material to work with." She teased, "I mean, I could
call you 'Crybaby' after the Sports Festival."

He shrank, "P-Please don't."

She shrugged, "No promises." She let out a breath, shaking her head, "But, man, this has been a
crazy internship so far, huh?"

He chuckled tiredly, "Y-Yeah, and it's only our second day."

Death-Arms walked up alongside Edgeshot, "Hey, you two."

Edgeshot explained, "We'll be patrolling as a group for the rest of the day."

Jirou blinked, "Really?"

Edgeshot nodded, "Yes, we have expended a large amount of stamina, yet the streets need to be
patrolled still." He explained, "We'll travel as a group to cover any exposed weaknesses. It's
important, especially with a villain targeting Midoriya."

Midoriya lowered his head, "Villain…?" He then pushed off the metal step, "I understand." He
looked to his suit as he pulled his hood-mask over his face and head, "Engage." The suit flicked to
life as it made its way towards him before it opened and allowing him to step in. The metal
mechanisms shifted and locked into place before finishing with a hiss. "Mask-On."

Jirou raised a concerned brow, "Are you sure you're okay?"

Midoriya rolled his shoulders, "S-Sore, if anything."

Death-Arms nodded, "Let's continue on then." The Pro-Hero led the interns forward as Edgeshot
took up the rear, allowing him to make a call.

Jirou whispered to Midoriya, "Oi, are you going to interview, Death-Arms?"

He blinked, confused, whispering back, "W-What do you mean?"

She smirked, "This could be your chance to fill out a page in your stalker-notebook."

He flinched—his wide underneath his visor, "S-Stalker n-notebook? D-Don't call it that—I don't
even have it."

She blinked, "What? Isn't that what it is though. Why would you ever let it leave your side?" She
mockingly gasped, "What if someone sees it?"

He whispered, "S-Stop it, Jirou. I-I'm not a stalker!"

She nodded, "Right, right…" She teased, "Can't let anyone find out."

Midoriya whined, "Jirou!"

Jirou laughed at his response.

XXX

Jirou Mika stumbled into her house where her husband's voice rung from the living room, "Sweetie,
is that you? Our Kyoka was on the TV!" She could hear his footsteps, "She involved with some
crazy villain attack in that part of town you were in!" His face popped into view around the corner,
peering into the hallway, "Did you see…" His eyes widened in concern, spotting her disheveled outfit and hair, "Mika, are you okay?"

He walked up to her as she smiled comfortably, "I was there, Kyotoku."

He rushed to her, "Are you okay? Did you get hurt?"

She answered, "No, one of the Heroes saved me."

He led her deeper into their household, "Whoa… R-Really?"

She rubbed the back of her neck, "I'm fine. My neck hurts a little bit."

He led her to a couch, "Here, sit. Let me get you an ice pack."

Mika smiled as she sat, "Thank you, honey." She spoke to him as he walked towards the kitchen, "I saw Kyoka. She was out of harms way for the most part."

Kyotoku stepped out of the kitchen, "Yeah, I saw on the net and on TV." He extended an ice pack to his wife, "She gave the villain a real whopping!"

She accepted, putting it against her neck, "Yes…"

He sat next to her, "So, which Hero saved you? Edgeshot or Death-Arms?"

"N-Neither. It was uh… a masked, young man… with a metal suit?"

Her husband blinked, thinking for a moment before saying, "No, that wasn't a Hero. That was one of the interns—one of Kyoka's classmates."

His wife blinked back, "Oh?"

Kyotoku chuckled, "Yeah." He sat close to her, "Heh, guess the next generation of Heroes is pretty rocking, huh?"

Mika leaned against him, finding comfort and warmth, "Very much so."
Some people aren't born evil, instead, they are corrupted into such. Thus is his story--his origin. And with him on the run, Yuuei takes steps to protect their Quirkless student who trains diligently underneath the Hero, Edgeshot.

Haruka Katashi nodded to his sister, Haruka Kasumi, with a grin. She smiled back before tossing the empty can skyward. Katashi whipped his arm and a tentacle sprouted from it, flying towards the aluminum and knocking it out of the air. The siblings had black hair and blue eyes, matching their parents and those before them.

Kasumi pumped her fists into the air, jumping up and down, "Woo!"

Her excitement was contagious, causing him to laugh proudly.

The siblings were in the park that was in close proximity to their house. Children laughed and played with their parents in the playgrounds and swing-sets. The

Kasumi ran to pick up the can before rushing to her brother, laughing, "You're getting really good at that!"

Katashi whipped his tentacle back before pulling it back into his body, "To be expected!"

She tossed the can to him, smirking, "It's still gross though."

He fumbled with the can before retorting, "Oh, shush. You're just jealous you got Mom's Quirk instead of Dad's."

Kasumi rolled her eyes, "Yes, I am so jealous of you."

Katashi chuckled before turning to leave and tossing the can into a trash-bin, "Come on. Let's back home." Kasumi jogged up next to him as he grinned, "Heh-heh, I'm gonna nail Yuuei's Entrance Exam!"

She punched his shoulder, "Yeah, you are."

Haruka was just walking down the street from a swim-meet when the ground rumbled, and smoke bellowed skyward. He was much like the crowd, following it to watch the Heroes work. A Sludge-monster was attacking a middle-school student—someone his age! He watched as explosions decimated the shops and as the Heroes tried to do anything to save the student and stop the villain.

He looked down at his hands, sprouting tentacles from his forearms, "I could do something…!" He took a deep breath as he stood firmly, "If I could reach him, I could pull him out and Death-Arms could pull us-" A resounding, ground-rumbling explosion silenced any brave thoughts bouncing around in his head. He stumbled, "There's no way… There's no way I could do anything…! This is too much… Even the Heroes can't do anything… What am I supposed to do…?!" His eyes widened
as a green-haired kid rushed from the crowd and leapt towards the Sludge, clawing at it. "What is he-
"

Everything else came in a blur. All-Might appeared and saved both students. Through news-outlets, he came to understand that the green-haired kid was Quirkless—not to be named—while the attacked student was the one causing the explosions.

He blinked and watched the news detail the event, sitting on the couch of his house. He leaned back in his seat, "He was Quirkless..." He looked at his hand and a tentacle sprouted from his forearm, curling around his hand, "Braver than I was..." He growled internally, "I should've done something...! If only I was stronger..."

His father's voice cut into his thoughts, "Katashi?"

Kasumi's voice chimed in as well, "Oi, Big-Bro, come on. Dinner's ready!"

Katashi blinked before standing, "C-Coming!"

He turned off the TV before making his way to the dinner table. He sat with his family before they all started to eat.

Katashi blinked, "Ah, Mom's-"

His father explained whilst eating, "Running late. She's working overtime tonight."

Katashi blinked, "Oh."

Kasumi shook her head, "Man, that sludge thing was crazy, huh?"

Katashi deflated slightly, "Y-Yeah."

His father placed a hand on his shoulder, smiling thankfully, "I'm glad you got home safe." "I understand that you want to be a Hero, but until you get that license, when you see something like that, run the other way, alright?"

Katashi flinched for a moment before nodding, "P-Promise..."

XXX

Katashi stared at the letter that was once sealed with the logo of Yuuei before lighting aflame with a match and tossing it to the ground. Tears welled up in the corners of his eyes as he cursed underneath his breath. He stood in the empty playground as the sun set, stomping out the burning letter on the sand.

He shook his head angrily, "Dammit... Stupid Yuuei..." He shouted skyward, "DAMMIT!" He cried, shaking his head angrily, "If only I was stronger..."

A feminine voice called out to him, "Hey there." He spun to see a young woman. She stood tall and her skin was fair. She seemed young as there wasn't a single discolored strand in her pitch-black mane. She smiled politely, pushing up her glasses—the glare of them covered her eyes, "What's up with you?"

Katashi shrunk, "S-Sorry."

She waved off his politeness, "Hey, nothing to be sorry about." She tucked her hands into her pockets, shrugging, "What's up, Morumotto?"
He blinked, "I…" He shook his head, lowering it while rubbing his arm, "I shouldn't bother you with my problems."

Her smile wavered before she stepped towards him, "Nonsense. Go ahead."

Katashi lowered his head, "I… I wasn't strong enough to get into Yuuei."

She tilted her head, "Strength, huh?" She chuckled, scratching her cheek, "I could give you something to fix that."

He blinked, "W-What?"

She grinned, "You can call me, Doc, and boy, do I have something for you." She reached into her lab-coat, "A new formula of my… personal invention." She fished out a black-filled syringe, "It used to be Trigger, but now… It's something much more manageable." The glare faded, and her pitch-black eyes were revealed.

XIXIX

Yaoyorozu spoke out of concern, "So, are you sure you're okay?" It was the third day of the internships—a full 24 hours after the incident.

Midoriya tried to control his trembling, "Y-Yes, I'm f-fine." He stood within Edgeshot's agency, off the side of a gym-area for the Hero. He was in full-gear, leaving some training to answer the call.

She replied, "That's good." She spoke firmly, "Be careful from now on please."

He nodded, "O-Of course, g-good luck on your internship."

"Good luck to you too."

With that, Midoriya's phone call with 1-A's class representative ended. He breathed, lowering his phone, "Talking on a phone with a girl is amazing…! Her voice was so close…!" His phone vibrated, finding texts from Kirishima and Kaminari.

Edgeshot walked around the corner, "Deku?"

Midoriya looked up from his phone, "A-Ah, sorry, Edgeshot." He gestured to his phone, "It's just after the whole mess-"

"Your friends are worried—it's understandable."

"R-Right." The Hero was about to walk away before the student spoke, "Um, Edgeshot?"

"Yes?"

"You said, um… that the person who attacked me was most likely… uh… Haruka Katashi?"

"I did."

Midoriya rubbed the back of his head, "In-In your opinion, d-do you think he could be… reasoned with?"

Edgeshot crossed his arms, "You mean to surrender?"

"Y-Yeah."
The Hero pondered for a moment, "It greatly depends on his reliance upon Trigger. As one uses it, they lose their sense of reasoning. I would say it is a possibility."

The student lowered his gaze, nodding, "Right…"

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Jirou stopped short of following Death-Arms, causing him to turn to her, as she fished out her phone. She blinked at the name at the screen before turning to her Hero, "Um, it's my Mom."

Death-Arms nodded, "I understand." He then gestured ahead of himself, "Meet me in the gym when you're done."

She replied politely, "Thank you." She answered the call, "Mom?"

Her mom's voice spoke, "Kyoka, are you okay?"

Jirou nodded, "I'm fine, Mom."

Her father's voice jumped in, "Honey, are you alright?"

Jirou crossed her arms, "I'm fine, old man." She whirled one of her jacks around her finger, "How're you two?"

Kyotoku added, "Your mother got caught up in that mess!"

Their daughter blinked, worried, "W-What?"

Mika chastised her husband, "Don't say it like that, you'll just worry her."

Jirou asked, "Are you okay?"

Mika replied, "Yes, your father just made me get a check up at the local clinic. I'm fine."

Their daughter crossed her arms, looking off to the side, "So, how did you get caught up in all of that?"

Her mother answered, "The villain was just about to hit me with one of his tentacles when one of your classmates saved me."

Jirou blinked, "Midoriya?"

Mika replied, "Is that his name?"

Kyotoku spoke, seemingly disappointed, "Oh, the internet was right."

Their daughter shook her head, "That's crazy."

Her mother then asked, "Would you mind saying, 'thank you' to him for me?"

Jirou shrugged, "Uh, sure."

Mika replied, "Well, sorry for holding you up."

Her father shouted, causing her to pull her phone from her ear, "Be careful, sweetie!"

She replied with a genuine smile, "Yeah-yeah." She shook her head, "I'll see you when I get home."
Kyotoku could be heard as Jirou ended the call, "Be safe!"

She shook her head, fiddling with her phone. "Silly, old man." She whirled one of her jacks around her finger, "Midoriya…" She opened up an app on her phone and was about to text her classmate before stopping short. "Ah… I don't have his number… Did I never ask for it…?" She closed her phone, tucking it away, "I guess I'll have to say it in person…" She scratched her cheek, "Kind of embarrassing…" She shook her head, jogging ahead, "I should catch up with Death-Arms…"

XXX

Edgeshot pulled open a drawer filled with an assortment of weapons. "Silat is never properly trained without some form of weaponry training." He twirled a blade between his fingers, "Do you truly aim to put these arts to their fullest potential? Some of these arts call for a killing blow." He extended the blade's handle to Midoriya, "Is that what you wish, Young Midoriya? To kill?"

Midoriya took an instinctive step back, "I… I don't want to kill anybody."

The Hero raised a brow, "If you had to?"

The student lowered his gaze, "I'd… I…” He took a deep breath before raising his head, "I'll find another way."

Edgeshot raised a brow, "What if-"

Deku affirmed, "There's always another way."

Edgeshot stood still before chuckling and putting the weapon away, "Good answer." He pushed the drawer shut before pulling out the one below it, unveiling an assortment of blunt weaponry. "If you learn to control yourself, these weapons will be the best nonlethal choice." He gestured to them, stepping back, "Have a preference?"

Midoriya looked over the weapons before making his selection.

Edgeshot nodded. "Ah, Escrima sticks." He took one of the long batons from his intern's hand. He twirled and made it dance amongst his fingers, "Fast versatile, useful… a good choice." He extended back to the student.

The student took back the weapon, "T-Thank you."

The Hero nodded, "I'm sure you will recreate one to your liking when you return to your school." He walked deeper into the gym, picking out a bow-staff and twirling it with his fingers, "Remove your exo-suit. We shall begin with the basics."

Midoriya nodded, "Y-Yes, sir!"

Deku rolled underneath the swing of Edgeshot's staff. The Hero quickly swung it back in the opposite direction. The intern blocked it before redirecting to the ground and stomping on it. The staff snapped as Deku rushed forward. Edgeshot, despite his broken weapon, could still spar with his student. The Hero took a more defensive stance as he blocked his intern's attacks. Deku delivered a flurry of blows to which Edgeshot blocked easily. The intern wouldn't beat the Hero in a game of attrition.

Unbeknownst to the Hero, however, Deku was fully aware of this. The offensive blows were a simple faint. Edgeshot's eyes were no doubt focused on the weapons. Deku continued to land blow
after blow before purposefully letting go of the baton. Edgeshot's eyes couldn't help but follow it as it flew off to the side. This opened the Hero to Deku's blow against his forward knee, causing the Hero to fall into a kneel. Deku then swung upward and struck Edgeshot's jaw. As Edgeshot's head flew back, Deku landed a push-kick to the Hero's chest.

Edgeshot stumbled back, shaking his head, as he smirked. "Clever..." Midoriya swung his Escrima-stick at the Hero, but Edgeshot quickly delivered a sharp block to the Quirkless' forearm. The sudden and dead stop to Midoriya's swing not only shot a pain up the intern's left arm but caused the student to lose his grip on the weapon, sending the wooden stick flying away.

Midoriya swung his other arm, trying to attack with the other Escrima-stick. The Hero's free hand snapped over his intern's right wrist before swinging his leg in-between Midoriya's and hooking it to snap his heel into Midoriya's inner knee. The intern let out a cry as he lost his balance. The well-trained Hero, of course, took advantage of his opponent's disbalance and locked Midoriya's arms across each other before following his opponent's fall. Edgeshot slammed Midoriya against the matt, pinning one of Midoriya's legs with a knee while disabling any further attack by locking Midoriya's arms.

Edgeshot glared, "The fight is done. Do you yield?"

Midoriya nodded, speaking with slight grogginess and pain in his voice, "Y-Yes..."

The Hero laughed as he got up, "Well done, Young Midoriya." He shook his head, walking towards the little armory, "You surprised me for a moment—which is very commendable." He stopped, turning to his intern, "However, you failed to properly follow-up. I was able to recover and, instead of falling back to recompose, you attacked without thinking forwardly." He put a hand on Midoriya's shoulder, "You should be careful. Considering the situation, your weakness could be exploited in a far worse situation."

Midoriya swallowed, "U-Understood."

Edgeshot patted his student's shoulder before they made their way elsewhere, "But, beyond that, how do you like your weapons?"

The intern picked up his fallen weapons, "They feel..." Deku twirled one of them between his fingers, "-good."

The Hero thought to himself, tucking his arms behind his back, "This kid..." He rubbed his chin, "I wonder if I'm going the right thing, allowing you into danger as you are..." He took a deep breath, "I suppose... in the end... it's not my call..."

XXX

Jirou leapt backwards, dodging Death-Arms' arm. She then used her boots to soar backwards before simultaneously sending a rippling wave of high-pitch sound at her sparring partner. The Hero's hands covered his ears before slamming his fist into the ground and grabbing some of the rubble to chuck at her. She upped the wail as she dodged the attack.

Death-Arms gritted his teeth as his ears rung, "Utilizing your advantage over my range. Well done!" He raised his fists in the air, enduring the wail, "However, I've fought many like ya!" He slammed his fists into the ground, causing a wave of cracked rubble and stone towards her.

Jirou brought her arms up to protect her face from the wave of dust and sharp pebbles. It hurt her flesh as they pelted her like a hailstorm. The pebbles weren't enough to break skin, but they hurt like
hell. In that moment, when she covered her eyes, Death-Arms had greatly closed the distance between them. He leapt and caught her foot before bringing her to the ground.

Her back slammed against the ground before the Hero stood over her, "Yield."

Jirou coughed, holding up her hands to surrender, "Y-Yeah, ya got me."

Death-Arms helped her up, "You played smart." He dusted off her shoulders, "You should look into weaponizing yourself a bit more though."

She coughed again, "Gotcha."

He raised a brow, "You okay?"

Jirou nodded, "Yeah, all good."

Death-Arms spoke, "Alright, let's head out for patrol."

She followed him as they left the agency, "Yes, sir."

XXX

Midoriya Inko met with the principal of Yuuei. She was nervous, of course. She slid open the office door and was greeted by the animal principal.

The furry animal blinked, "Ah, Ms. Midoriya. I'm glad you could make our meeting." He poured two cups of tea, "I do apologize for any inconvenience I've caused."

She took a seat, "N-No, thank you for being so k-kind."

He pushed one of the cups to her, "Tea?"

"S-Sure."

"Now, I'm sure you have concerns about your son."

"Y-Yes, actually."

Nezu nodded, "It has come to our attention that Young Midoriya's acceptance into Yuuei has placed a target on his back from disgruntled individuals. After the USJ incident, I began to implement a future security measurement. Dorms to keep students under the protective eyes of Heroes employed at Yuuei. "I believe it is of our best interest to place Midoriya within these dorms to keep him safe."

He added, "That is, of course, with your permission and with your agreement."

Inko leaned forward, "Could I ask for more details?"

He nodded, "While we're still constructing most of the dorms, we did complete the first-years first as they have been targeted before and this… League of Villains could hold a grudge. We also finished constructing a teachers' dorm and some have already begun to live there. Considering that your son will be the only student admitted at this time, he will be under all of their care." He also added, "If you're worried about him being lonely, we will be extending offers into the dorms for students who live away from their parents."

She took a breath, "I-I see." She thought for a moment before affirming with herself, "I… I guess this is the safest choice."
He nodded, "I will also see to it that he obtains some hardwire for him to use outside of school—something he can lawfully use, of course—just in case."

"T-Thank you."

"We will assist in the move as much as possible."

Inko braced herself, "S-So, what about rent?"

Nezu shook his head, "There will be none, ma'am. It is our duty as Heroes and as a school to ensure the safety of our students not to leach their parents."

She nodded, placing the cup down, "I see." She asked with concern on her tongue, "What about visiting?"

"As his mother, you will receive a permanent visiting pass, but I do ask you to refrain from coming too late or too early in the day for both of your sakes."

"I understand." She stood, bowing, "Thank you, Principal Nezu."

Nezu smiled, "Thank you for understanding, Ms. Midoriya." He stood on his seat and bowed as well, "We will do our best to ensure your son's safety here at Yuuei."

Inko opened the door, looking over her shoulder and smiling, "H-Have a nice day."

"I extend that message to you as well."
The League of Villains remains dysfunctional without their original leader, but his replacement maintains power. And Haruka attacks once more after our Hero's internship ends, catching Bakugo and Jirou in the crossfire.

The scientist spun on her heel and standing firmly, "You cannot speak to me after losing the Nomu." She stood in the secret bar managed by Kurogiri and occupied by Tomura. Her voice was eerily calm, yet her eyes breamed with a buried anger, "Recreating these monsters is difficult enough without losing them to the authorities."

Tomura wobbled, "Doctor, what am I supposed to do next?"

She sighed as she turned away from him, "You spat on Yuuei's doorstep already." She shrugged, "Aim bigger. Do worse to them. Damage their reputation." She put a hand on his shoulder, "I will give you as many tries as possible. Our master would've wished that for you." Her eyes met with Kurogiri's before looking back to the boy, "Take your time in making your next plan." She took a breath, turning to the exit, "I'll be in my laboratory, trying to do our master's work without All for One. The more Nomus we have, the better."

Tomura nodded, "Thank you, Dr. Yuu."

Yuu spoke firmly, "Be strong and cunning—you are the only one capable of truly harming this... infallible symbol."

Kurogiri cleaned a pint glass, "Good day, Doctor."

Yuu walked out of their immediate area and as soon as she was out of view and earshot, she sighed. She pinched the bridge of her nose, as she took her leave, "Idiots... Incompetent idiots... So 'powerful' with their 'amazing' Quirks, can't even kill a single child in a room filled with them..." She stepped into the alleyway, tucking her hands into her lab-coat's pockets, "Incompetent... Tomura's impatient and childish anger is useful for me, but some horrible weakness as a Villain... and Kurogiri is busy babysitting him..." She sighed, "Haruka... My little experiment went wild... I wanted to research more of its effects before letting your leash loose..." She grumbled as she turned onto the street, "I'll just wait for the police to catch him. Then I'll go grab him myself."

XXX

The days of the students' internships came dwindling to an end, and the students began to return to their homes. Some came home to their empty apartments, others came to their worried and happy parents, and Midoriya came home to his empty room. He wasn't surprised as his mother had already contacted him about the move.

He took a deep breath, in his uniform and with his costume case in his hands.

Inko walked up to her son with a wet tissue in hand and red bags under her eyes, "Izuku..."
Midoriya dropped his case before pulling her into a hug, "M-Mom."

She sniffled, "E-Eat well. S-Stay safe." They parted, "I-I'll visit when I can, a-and if you ever need me, t-then please call."

He nodded, "I will, Mom."

She walked into the apartment before coming back with a metal case that looked the splitting image of his backpack with a sticky-note attached to it, "Some girl came by from the school to drop this off for you."

He took it, rolling it in his hands, "Did she have pink-hair?"

She nodded, "Y-Yes, actually."

He took the sticky-note, reading it, "Hatsume…"

Inko gasped, "Y-You know a girl!?" She put her face in her hands, "I-I s-should've invited her in. Oh, I f-feel so rude now."

Midoriya peeled his eyes from the note, "M-Mom, it-it's fine…" He looked between her and the note, sighing slightly, "A- Are you really okay with this?"

She caressed his cheek, "I'm okay with anything that keeps you safe." She took a deep breath, "Yueei made a mistake with U.S.J., but ever since All-Might battled they've gone silent and nothing's happened at the school ever since. With teachers on campus, you should be safest there."

He smiled warmly, nodding, "R-Right."

Inko pushed a smile onto her lips, "I just want you to be safe," she began to sniffle, "s-so y-you do what your teachers tell you an-and I'll visit you every weekend an-and when I-I c-call you better answer, o-okay?"

Midoriya hugged his mother as she began to cry, "Y-Yes, always. I promise that I'll do my best to keep myself safe." Tears were welling up in his own eyes, but he fought them in order to comfort his mother.

She sniffled, "T-That's g-good."

He sniffled too, "I'll always come home, promise."

XXX

Midoriya wore his metal backpack, holding onto one of the poles in the train car while his costume case leaned against his leg. He never expected to leave home like this for these reasons. He cycled through his phone, looking for any findings about Haruka since his attack.

The train slid to a stop and Midoriya looked up from his phone to see Jirou, costume-case in hand. She nodded to him, "Hey, Midoriya."

He smiled politely, "H-Hi."

She fished out her phone, "Can I have your number?"

He blinked, a blush flushing his cheeks, "W-What?"
She nodded, "Yeah, I realized that I never got yours."

He breathed and nodded, "R-Right." They began to exchange numbers before he said, "Y-You know you could've j-just asked one of the others for it."

She blinked, shaking her head, "You're right. Can't believe that slipped my mind."

They finished before Midoriya asked, "How'd your internship turn out?"

Jirou shrugged, "A bit of grind…" She crossed her arms, "Almost annoyingly strenuous." She blinked, "Ah, right, my f-"

Bakugo's voice cut into their conversation, "Oi, Deku!" His hair was in this ridiculous slick-back form.

Midoriya flinched as Jirou snickered, "What happened to your hair?"

The explosive blonde spat at him, "Shut it, Triangle-Eyes."

She scowled, "Oi, what did you just say?"

The Quirkless student stepped in-between them, "W-What is it, K-Kacchan?"

Bakugo replied, "What happened with that tentacle freak? Did you get him?"

Midoriya shook his head, "N-No, he got away."

The blonde rolled his eyes, "Of course, he did." He shook his head, " Fucking idiot." He jabbed at Midoriya, "You probably got in the Hero's way—having to waste their time protecting you."

Jirou defended him, "Hey, he didn't have a choice but to be there!"

Bakugo turned his glare onto her, "What the fuck would you know?"

A sudden and loud thud against the metal roof of the train car interrupted all three students and attracted the attention of several passengers. A bone-tipped tentacle popped into view, stabbing through the glass window and wrapping around Midoriya's waist. Several other tentacles stabbed through glass, causing chaos in the small train car.

Midoriya shouted as he was whisked away, "C-Call a Hero!"

Midoriya was pulled into the whirling wind caused by the speeding train before being whipped through the air and slammed onto the train's rooftop. Midoriya grunted in pain as he bounced across the metal—the metal bookbag added to said pain.

Haruka shouted as two of his tentacles kept him in place, "MIDORIYA!"

Midoriya was pushed back on the rooftop by the wind, "S-Shit…" He pulled off his bookbag before slamming it down and shoving his arms within. "Portable-Exo: Alpha Version…!" Metal plates shifted around, locking into place over his body, creating a thin and blockish version of his exo-suit. His mask was lacking, and his suit was overall functional. "Hatsume's note said it would automatically send a distress signal through the Hero Locator App… It's 75 percent as strong as the actual suit… 50 percent as durable… My grapples—nonexistent… My jets—nonexistent… All I have are enhanced limbs…" Midoriya ducked as a skin-colored tentacle swung at him. He leapt to dodge another attack, but a tentacle sped at him, sending him flying back. The green-haired Hero bounced across the metal surface before his fingers dug through the metal, bringing himself to a stop.
He pulled himself onto his feet as Haruka spat, "Not as strong as before, huh?! So much weaker without your Heroes!" The monster sent two tentacles to sandwich the student with a harsh blow. Midoriya flipped away from the attack before dropping onto his stomach to avoid another. Haruka growled, sending two tentacles slithering within the train car. He then sent another string of attacks at the student. Midoriya flipped, ducked, and slid under every attack he could.

Midoriya took a harsh blow to his face, sending him flying backwards, "I have to hold out... For as long as possible... leaving could draw him away, but the Hero could lose track of us and I'll be stuck with Haruka alone... Or, worse yet, he'll use the civilians as leverage against me..." His fingers caught the edge of the metal roof before flipping back onto it, "Can't risk it... Have to stay..." He landed on his feet and narrowly dodged another attack, "Kacchan and Jirou are below... Jirou will contact a Hero... She knows the rules... She won't equip her gear and she isn't in a position to equip them to begin with... Kacchan knows the rules too... He'll use his Quirk in the most minor way possible so that he can't be attacked legally..." He backstepped another attack before leaping backwards, "They'll protect the civilians below me... Once they do, Kacchan will make his way up to me—undoubtedly wishing to join the fray... Hopefully, a Hero will be here by then..." He skidded on his feet, "They'll handle the situation below... All I have to worry about is—" a bone-tipped tentacle skidded off Midoriya's arm, knocking off plates and causing sparks to fly, "survival..."

XXX

The screams from the civilians were jarring when the tentacles attacked. The battle above damaged the ceiling, putting dents and ripping through the metal like tissue paper. Tentacles were inside the train car slamming into the ceiling from the windows. The sound of painful metal cracking under pressure and screams were mind-numbing. Midoriya was whisked off by Haruka, and Jirou and Bakugo were left to their devices. Bakugo cursed before blowing a door open and screaming at people to get out of there. Jirou fell to the ground, using her jacks to move the glass to find her phone.

Jirou snatched up her phone, "Contacting a Hero is the best thing to do right now...!"

Bakugo turned—his hair exploding into its usual form, "Oi, Triangle-Eyes!" He pointed at the cowering businessmen and women in front of her, "Get those morons to the front cars!"

She shook her head, "Shit... This is insane...!" She shouted at the group, "Oi, you four, follow me, right now! Quickly!" She ran ahead of them before pushing the train-car's door opened, "Hurry, hurry!" The train car shook as ceiling caved underneath the impact, "Midoriya..."

XXX

Midoriya and Haruka grunted as the train skidded to a stop. Midoriya skidded across the metal surface before Haruka sent him flying backwards with a swing. The Quirkless grunted and cried out of pain as he bounced across the metal surface.

Midoriya shook his head before throwing himself in the air to avoid swinging and stabbing tentacles, "Haruka Katashi... Charged with possession of Trigger... the assault and battery of his sister, father, and the Pro Hero, Native..." He flipped through the air to dodge more attacks, "How could someone fall so much...?" While lost in thought, Haruka smacked him out of the air before wrapping an appendage around Midoriya's legs and slamming him into the ground.

Haruka lifted Midoriya into the air, "Having trouble, Midoriya!?!" He slammed Midoriya into the side of the train, "You're not strong!" He slammed the metal-equipped student into the metal roof, "You're weak!" He lifted Midoriya into the air before chucking the student onto the empty tracks, "How can someone like you become a Hero!"
Midoriya stumbled onto his feet, "Haruka… W-Wait…"

Haruka's tentacle wrapped around Midoriya's throat, lifting him into the air, "What!? Are you going to beg for your life?"

Midoriya kicked his legs as he was lifted into the air, "Y-You wanted t-to be a Hero, r-right?"

The Trigger-User slammed the Quirkless Hero into the rooftop, "WHAT'S IT TO YOU?!"

He coughed as he was lifted into the air once again, "T-Then…" His eyes widened as the tentacle tightened, "Then you know t-this is w-wrong…" Breathing became harder, "Y-You were a g-good person once…" Midoriya's legs kicked as his oxygen was cut off, "Y-You s-still… c-can… be…"

Haruka lowered Midoriya, "Sh…" before yanking him into the air and slamming him down, "SHUT UP!" His tentacle slithered away from Midoriya's throat, "I… I…" His skin grew thinner and his tentacles began to shrink. He shoved his hands into his pockets and searched for his next dose. He pulled out the black-filled syringe before hesitating from injecting it.

Midoriya coughed, shaking his head, "It-It's the drug, Haruka. Y-You have to be s-strong." His eyes widened as he spotted Bakugo and Jirou climbing onto the rooftop. The Quirkless student quickly held up his hand to signal for them to stay back.

Haruka's eyes widened, stumbling back, "W-What?!" He spat with his black tongue, "YOU JUST WANT MY DOSE, DON'T YOU?!

Midoriya shook his head, pushing himself onto his feet, "I don't have a Quirk—it wouldn't work on me." In the corner of his eye, he spotted the swinging wood-themed Hero, making his way over to the train.

Haruka shook his head, "I…"

The Quirkless student extended his open hands, "You can still be a good person, Haruka… You can push yourself to become a Hero still…” He tried to keep himself as calm as possible, "J-Just drop t-the syringe."

Haruka looked between Midoriya and the syringe, "I…” He shook his head, "N-No…” He growled as he stabbed the syringe into his flesh, "No!" He spat with his pitch-black tongue, "I'm-I'm strong now! You just want to make me weak—like you!" His skin festered and bubbled, "I WON'T LOSE WHAT LITTLE STRENGTH I HAVE!"

Bakugo cursed before he lunged forward, causing sparks and flames in the palm of his hand. Haruka lifted his arm and a bone-covered tentacle sprouted from his underarm before swinging it at the two students behind him. Jirou didn't have any time to react, taking the full brunt of the swipe. She grunted in pain as she was sent skidding off the train top and onto the empty tracks below. Bakugo's reaction time was leagues above hers. He aimed his palm downward and blew himself over the attack, letting his classmate go sailing off. With both of his hands, he pumped explosions through his hands and rocketed himself at the monstrous opponent.

Midoriya rushed forward, raising a hand, "K-Kacchan, wait!"

Haruka brought his arms close together before exploding with tentacles sprouting from his chest and sides. The burst of bone-covered tentacles didn't give any time for any reactions, sending Bakugo and Midoriya flying. Bakugo grunted in pain, bouncing across the metal rooftop towards the front of the train. Midoriya got sent flying off the back. The Quirkless Hero bounced on the concrete and metal tracks, losing more and more panels of his suit, as his left shoulder let out a sickening crack. He
let out a cry of pain as he struggled onto his hand and knees.

Haruka raised his hand into the air, sprouting tentacles from his flesh, "WEAK! YOU'RE ALL WEAK!" Tentacles grew upon tentacles as they grew larger and larger, melding into a lofting train-sized tentacle that's shadow engulfed Midoriya, "I'M THE STRONGEST THERE IS!"

Haruka brought this tentacle downward upon the Quirkless student. A wood-themed Hero swung under the tentacle and over the student, wrapping wooden-beams around the student. Kamui Woods yanked the student out of the way of the attack.

Kamui released the student, allowing him to roll towards the recovering Jirou. Kamui landed on the train top, facing the tentacle villain, "Get outta here!" Police sirens grew louder and louder alongside a visible helicopter closing in on the scene.

Midoriya shook his head, trying to get onto his feet before his mind rung. He fell to a knee as nausea flooded his senses. Adrenaline had been flooding his system and, combined with shock, the symptoms were numbed. However, with a break from the entire situation, the symptoms slammed against him like a freight train. His mind was numbed by a horrible headache, he struggled to stay up right, and the taste of vomit soured his mouth.

A distant voice suddenly became focused and Jirou snapped him into reality, "Midoriya!"

Midoriya groaned as Jirou pulled one of his arms over his shoulder, "J-Jirou…"

Kamui Woods launched more and more wooden beams from his arms, wrapping around Haruka. The villain spat with his black tongue as his tentacles tried to slip from in between the wooden wrappings. The Hero's eyes widened as a tentacle with bone and hair grew from the Villain's head. Kamui ducked underneath the attack before the wooden beams from his arms grew further, wrapping around Haruka's head. He continued to wrap the Villain with wood, restricting the junkie for the police.

Jirou lifted Midoriya onto his feet, "Come on! Get up!" She began to help him away from the fight, "It's up to the Hero now."

Police cautiously made their way onto the tracks to evacuate the civilians from the train, taking the Yuuei students out of the equation as well.

Midoriya could hear Kamui Wood's shouts as he faded out of consciousness.

XXX

Kamui Wood grunted as Haruka's tentacles pushed against his restraints, cracking the wood more and more. Haruka's tentacles, due to their boneless structure, began to slither their way through the cracks and spaces between the wrappings of woods. "D-Dammit… This… This is Trigger…? It's unlike any victim before…” He gritted his teeth as he continued to wrap the villain in wood. He spotted police officers making their way onto the tracks. "GET THE CIVILIANS OUTTA HERE! DON'T COME NEAR US!" The officers nodded as they focused on helping the Yuuei students and passengers off the tracks. The wood that surrounding the junkie's head began to crack and his muffled, manic howling could be underneath the oak. "Tch…"

The wood bursted apart revealing the screaming Haruka who had sprouted bone-tipped tentacles from his face to free himself, turning the once aspiring Hero into a monster out of a Lovecraftian novel. Before the monster could do anything else, however, a thread-like arm shot down the villain's throat before bending as its source landed opposite of the wooden-Hero.
Kamui blinked before his eyes widened, "Edgeshot?!"

The Pro-Hero replied calmly, as Haruka struggled for a few more moments, "Hello, Kamui Woods." The villain went limp and the ninja-like pulled his arm from the monster's throat, returning it to normal at his side, "Sorry, but it was my initial failure that left this man to lurk in these streets' shadows. I had to return to find him... Once Midoriya's distress signal came through the Hero-Locator App, I knew that it must be him." He flicked his hand, dashing a mucus-like liquid off his arm, "He is unconscious, but I do not know for how long."

Kamui raised a brow as he bound the villain properly with a new coffin of wood, "How did you knock him out?"

Edgeshot explained, "I remember our initial battle. His skin was too thick for me and I couldn't pierce his skin, so I could cut off his blood flow to render him unconscious." He looked at the unconscious villain, "Luckily, the inner parts of the human body remained soft enough to allow me to do it now."

The wooden-Hero nodded, "Well, thank you for your assistance."

The thread-like Hero shook his head, "It is of no problem..." He looked about the train, "Where is Young Midoriya?" His eyes softened, and worry plagued his voice as he spotted his intern in a battered and beaten exo-suit being lifted into an ambulance, "Oh, no..."
One Day More

Chapter Summary

Our Hero recoils after Haruka's attack and deals with the consequences upon his body and mind.

Midoriya's eyes snapped open before he yanked himself into a sitting position—almost in a panic. His mind rushed, attempting to get ahold of the world around him. However, this attempt was futile as blood rushed to his head and a wave of nausea and lightheadedness flooded his head. He groaned for a moment as he laid his head back down.

Recovery-Girl rushed to his bedside, "Midoriya! Don't do that!"

Midoriya blinked, "R-Recovery-Girl?" He sat up slightly, "W-W-What h-happened? Is-Is everyone alright?"

She put a hand on his shoulder, "Yes! Just please lay down."

He did as he was told, "What… What happened?" His tone became a bit more frantic as time went on, "A-After everything? Jirou? Kacchan? H-Haruka? T-The civilians?!"

Recovery-Girl sighed, "Midoriya, take deep breaths and calm down. I'll tell you, just lay down." She explained, "Bakugo has been in class for most of the day. He didn't require much medical attention. Jirou just left for class. She just needed to rest after I healed some of her minor injuries. And Haruka's been arrested and detained. When it comes to bystanders, at most they suffered some cuts, but nothing else."

Midoriya blinked, closing his eyes, "O-Oh… Okay…"

She shook her head, "You should be more worried about yourself in this scenario…" She walked to the end of his bed and flipped through the clipboard hanging there, "A dislocated left shoulder, several broken ribs, a cracked radius and tibia," she sighed once more, "and even a minor concussion." She turned to him, hanging the clipboard, "We're lucky your broken ribs didn't pierce any of your organs."

He nodded, "R-Right…"

"Just lay in bed for a little while longer and don't move that arm. My healing relocated your arm without the nasty blowback, but it took more of your stamina."

He laid his right arm over his eyes, "Right…" He mumbled out, "I'm sorry for all the trouble I've cost…"

Recovery-Girl sighed, "It's fine. Just…" She turned to him, "Just be more careful. Letting yourself get used as an anger-management toy by a crazed junkie, isn't something you should allow."

Midoriya nodded as he closed his eyes, "Y-Yes, ma'am."
At the end of the school day, Aizawa took the time to run Midoriya through a tour of the dorms after school. The laundry and bathing rooms were separated by gender on the lobby floor. A large kitchen and large living room were set on the lobby floor too. There was also an addition made especially for the Quirkless Hero. A mechanic's workshop was built into the back part of the floor. The upper floors consisted of gender separated rooms with bathrooms and closets.

Midoriya lowered his head as he pushed open his door, "I'm sorry for all of the problems I've caused." He pulled on the sling that kept his left arm up—forcing him to avoid using it just in case.

Aizawa rubbed the back of his neck, "As teachers, it's our job to keep you safe—especially since it was our decision to bring you into our world. Anyone who thinks there's a problem with this then they should quit."

The student bowed, "T-Thank you, Aizawa-sensei."

Aizawa stretched, "There's something else to clarify." He explained, "Due to the fact of that you have a target on your back, then you'll need some protection beyond your suit. For short trips, on your own, you'll be escorted by one of the teachers who can. If you go out with any of your classmates, then you'll meet your escorting teacher at the train station when you return."

Midoriya nodded, "I should plan ahead if I head out with anyone."

"That would be preferred, yes."

Midoriya walked into his room, looking over the packed boxes, as the teacher made his leave. The bed was already unpacked and so the student took the time to unpack and reassemble drawers and cabinets, storing supplies and clothes away. The desk and his laptop came after that, and he was left with one last box. This box was filled with All-Might memorabilia and figurines. Midoriya took out one figure in his golden-age costume in his classic pose. He placed the lone figure on his desk before shutting the box and pushing into his closet. He took a deep breath before heading down to the kitchen.

XXX

"Weak... Useless... You're not strong... That damn suit... Without it, you wouldn't be able to do anything..."

Kirishima's voice snapped the Quirkless student back into reality, "Midoriya! Come on, man!"

Midoriya shook his head, "R-Right!"

The 1-A Class stood within Yuuei's gymnasium with their gym uniforms on, handling physical endurance training under the tutelage of their homeroom teacher. While the workout was strenuous, no one were really pushed to their limits.

Midoriya rejoined the grouped class, "S-Sorry."

Kaminari raised a brow, "You okay, man?"

Midoriya smiled in a reassuring manner, "Y-Yeah..." He rolled his shoulder, forcing a chuckle, "25."

Iida chimed in, "You should see Recovery-Girl for that."

Midoriya rubbed the back of his neck, "I-I will."
Aizawa crossed his arms, "Alright, after that, you can all revert to your personal regimes." He pulled up his sleeping bag, "Yaoyorozu, I'll entrust you to keep an eye of the equipment."

Yaoyorozu nodded as she and the rest of the class responded, "Yes, sir!"

Several students went to work on the standard equipment: Aoyama, Ashido, Asui, Hagakure, Jirou, Mineta, Shoji, and Yaoyorozu. Yaoyorozu took breaks between her reps to monitor her classmates. Others got into sparring of sorts. Due to Aizawa's and Yaoyorozu's objections, sparring was restricted to heavily-monitored, Quirkless, full-contact spars. Bakugo, Kaminari, Kirishima, Ojiro, Sato, and Sero started a little, friendly sparring tournament monitored by the ever-diligent, Vice-President, Iida. The last numbers of the class wanted to practice fighting without getting involved in any spars. Midoriya, Todoroki, Tokoyami, and Uraraka pulled out dummies and started some combat practices.

Midoriya was happy to find a Wing-Chun practice dummy. A part of him wished it was made of a softer material, but the wood was a firm lesson against any further mistakes. The Quirkless student started the standard practicing against the wooden dummy with spinning wooden arms. He struck against the wooden arms, causing a section of the dummy to spin. Thus began to flowing spar against the alternating dummy. He began to alternate from striking and blocking with his arms and legs.

Bakugo lifted Kaminari over his shoulder before tossing him out the ring. The electric blonde grunted in pain as he landed on the matt with a thud. Bakugo grinned as explosions rocketed from his hands, "TAKE THAT, YOU SHIT-TALKING DUNCE-FACE!"

Kirishima blinked as Sero went to help Kaminari up, "He's really riled up, huh…?"

Ojiro nodded, looking tired despite not sparring himself, "Y-Yeah…"

Iida shook his head, "How merciless."

Jirou put down a set of weights before taking some time to stretch. "After Death-Arms, this stuff doesn't seem that bad anymore…" Her eyes landed on Midoriya, causing her to sigh as she scratched the back of her head, "I'll just tell him now, so I don't have to do it later…" She stretched as she jogged over to the green-haired student, "Yo, Midoriya."

The Quirkless student turned without thinking, "Huh?" as the top section of the dummy swung its arms, smacking the back of his head. He let out a cry of pain as his hands latched over the back of his head.

Jirou's reaction was mixed: internally, she wondered if he was okay… outwardly, she clasped her hand over her mouth to hold back her laugh. She shook her head as her held-back laughter died, "Are you okay?"

He rubbed the back of his head, "Y-Yeah… What is it?"

She rubbed the back of her neck, "So, my mom got caught up in that whole mess with Haruka, the first time."

Midoriya blinked, "Ah… I remember seeing someone with your Quirk." He added, "I thought it was my imagination, so I didn't think to bring it up."

Jirou nodded, "Yeah, she wanted me to say thanks for her."

He smiled politely, "O-Oh, that isn't necessary." He bowed, "I'm sorry that she got caught up in my
He asked out of curiosity, "What was she doing there?"

She explained, "She was in that area to substitute for one of her friends' music classes."

He went back to work against the dummy, "Music classes?"

"Yeah, she's a pretty rockin' player."

He smiled, "Eh? That's pretty amazing."

"Yeah, definitely."

Midoriya then asked, "Did she teach you anything?"

Jirou nodded, whirling one of her jacks around her finger, "Y-Yeah."

He nodded, "Sometimes, I wish I learned an instrument."

She chuckled, "I'll give you her business card. Maybe she could teach you a few things."

Midoriya pushed against the swinging arms of the dummy, chuckling uncomfortably, "She might have to come to me though."

Jirou crossed her arms, leaning back on her leg, "You okay?"

Midoriya caught the swinging arms of the dummy, going quiet. He remained silent for a moment before raising his head and flashing a smile, "I'm fine."

She looked at him inquisitively, "Really?"

He forced out a chuckle, "Y-Yeah..." He slipped back into his spar with the wooden dummy, "You know, we have a big assignment from All-Might coming up and Final Exams will be right around the corner after that."

She rubbed the back of her neck, "Yeah, they're really cramming everything in before the break."

She then asked, "How're you doing in Modern Hero Art and Hero Foundational Studies?"

He nodded, "I think I've gotten a handle over it all." He added, "B-But, I'm still worried about it."

There was a moment of silence before he asked courteously, "You?"

She shrugged, whirling one of her jacks around her finger, "I might need some help here and there."

Midoriya smiled, "W-Well, if I can help in any way, please don't hesitate to ask."

Jirou nodded, "Yeah, I might take you up on that." She looked at him striking and blocking against the dummy, "You're moving really well with that thing."

He smiled, blushing a little bit, "T-Thanks."

She then turned to the students in the sparring ring, "Why don't you join them..."
and began to rush Sato towards the edge of the ring. Sato growled before railing his fists and slamming them upon Kirishima's shoulders, ending the rush. Sato grabbed Kirishima's face before lifting the redhead into the air and slamming him into the ground. With Kirishima laid across the ground, Sato picked him up and tossed him out of the sparring ring.

Midoriya blinked, "I'd…" He turned to her with a slight look of despair, "I'd rather not."

Jirou nodded, "Yeah, I get that."

There was a moment of silence and Jirou was about to leave to continue to exercising, but Midoriya asked, "With your parents working with music, I'm guessing you're pretty knowledgeable about the subject."

A light blush came to her cheeks as she played with one of her jacks, "W-Well, I'm not an expert or anything."

He blocked a wooden arm, "Do you have any recommendations?" He thought to himself, "Music's always nice to listen to when I'm working in the Studio…"

She started with, "X-Japan is a bit on the metal side of rock, but they're pretty amazing if you're interested," and her eyes became a bit livelier as she broached on the subject. "Gazette has this amazing cohesion. Uruha's and Aoi's guitar, Reita's bass, Ruki's voice and Kai's drums are just awesome." She added, "L'Arc~en~Ciel are awesome, too—you know, they were the first Japanese act to headline at Madison Square Garden in New York, crazy." She gushed, "Girugamesh is amazing too. It's fast and hard, the singing is so melodic, and the guitar work is amazing." She added, "Uverworld is a pretty amazing fusion Rock band too!" She blinked as she stopped herself from gushing anymore and met Midoriya's eyes. A blush came onto her cheeks as she looked away, "B-But, uh… I'm not really an expert on it… so…" she rubbed the back of her neck, "it's really up to your tastes."

Midoriya smiled, "Right, thank you, Jirou."

Jirou's blush faded away, "N-No problem."

His smile turned into a somewhat nervous one, "So… um…" He stopped the wooden arms to scratch his cheek, "If I'm a Hero-Otaku, then… are you a Rock-Otaku?"

The blush came back at full-force, "I-I…" Her earphone jack stabbed into his side, "S-Shut up, d-don't call me that."

He jerked his body as she removed it. "A-Ah, ow!" He rubbed his side before adding sincerely, "S-Sorry. I-I didn't mean to offend you."

She rubbed the back of her head, "I-I'm not offended, it-it's just that…" She scratched her cheek, "It's just embarrassing to hear…"

He smiled, blinking knowingly.

Jirou turned and began to walk away, "Shut up."

Midoriya genuinely smiled before sparring against the dummy once more.

XXX

The day had come to a close and Midoriya made his way to his dorm as everyone else left for home.
He slipped off his shoes as he walked into the lobby of the building. "I'm home!" He looked around at the empty building, sighing, "Who am I even talking to..." He rubbed the back of his neck as he made his way through the living room. "Hey, Mr. Couch." He pushed a button to summon the elevator, "Hello, Mr. Elevator, I would like to go to my room."

After he left his uniform and finished up whatever homework he was assigned that day, he made his way to the kitchen and peeked into the fridge, "Something to eat... Something to eat..." He picked out some ingredients, "I... want... dinner..." He began to cook what he could. With a plate of soggy rice and burnt curry, he ate and thought, "I should invest in a cookbook."

He blinked when he heard a knock on the dorm's front doors. Abandoning his meal and turning off the TV, he stood and dusted himself off before making his way to meet this unexpected visitor. He opened the door to a casually-dressed Kamihara Shinya.

Midoriya blinked, "Um... H-Hello, uh... y-you are?"

He chuckled, smirking slightly, "Don't recognize me, Young Midoriya?"

The intern's eyes widened, "Edgeshot!" He bowed, "S-Sorry for not recognizing you!" before straightening to scratch his cheek, "It-It's just that you don't really reveal yourself in casual wear so... most of the public doesn't know what you look like."

The Hero nodded, tucking his arms behind his back, "Yes, I know. I was teasing you, Midoriya."

The Quirkless blinked, "A-Ah..."

Edgeshot nodded, "I came to see how you were doing after the train-incident." He scratched his cheek, "Recovery-Girl informed me about your injuries." He raised a concerned brow, "Any lingering pains?"

Midoriya remembered his own words before smiling assuringly, "N-No, I'm the picture of health."

The Hero blinked, "That's... good." He coughed before making his exit, "Well, I, sadly, don't have much time. I could only swing by." He looked over his shoulder, "Be safe, Young Midoriya."

The intern bowed as his teacher left, "Y-You too!"
Chapter Summary

Midoriya and Kaminari are invited onto the Business-Course students' radio show. (MyHeroAca Radio inspired)

Families collide as Jirou and Midoriya meet each other's parents.

X| A LUNCH-RADIO SPECIAL! |X

Several members of Class 1-A were enjoying their lunch within the cafeteria. A voice within the PDA system came online, "Hello, everyone~!" He took a deep breath, "I am Hoshano Musen of the Business Course and this is Yuuei High School's Weekly Lunch-Radio Special! PLUS ULTRA!"

Jirou looked up, making a face, "I'm surprised this is still going."

Yaoyorozu nodded, "It's either there's a want for it or its some sort of assignment for Business Course students."

Hoshano shouted, "Today, we have two special guests from the Hero Course!"

Ashido blinked, "Eh?"

Jirou looked confused, "Really?"

Kirishima nodded, "Yeah, I think Kaminari's in there?"

Jirou whirled one of her jacks around her finger, "He seems like the type."

Hoshano spoke, "Please, introduce yourselves!"

Kaminari introduced himself, "I'm Kaminari Denki! My Quirk is Electrification and my Hero name is Chargebolt! Steady your hearts, ladies. PLUS ULTRA!"

Jirou groaned, "Annoying as ever."

Midoriya introduced himself, "I-I'm M-Midoriya Izuku! I am Quirkless and my H-Hero name is Deku! P-PLUS ULTRA!" He whispered to the host, "D-Do I h-have to say anything else?"

Hoshano chuckled, "No, you're good." He whispered, "By the way, if you don't want to be heard, whisper away from the mic."

Midoriya responded, "A-Ah, o-oops…"

Kaminari chuckled nervously, "E-Eh? Your nervousness is contagious, man."

-X-

Midoriya bowed in the booth towards Kaminari, sitting across from him, "S-Sorry."
Hoshano looked between his guests, "So, what's on your minds?"

Midoriya leaned back in his seat, tapping his chin, "Well, it's July so…” He scratched his cheek, "I-I can't come up with a-anything at the moment..."

Hoshano turned to the green-haired student, "Your birthday's in July, is it not?"

The Quirkless blinked, "Y-Yeah…” His eyes narrowed, "how-How do you know that?"

The Business-Course student replied, "I have your file. I was wondering whether you were marketable."

"E-Eh? You... Y... Y-You just have that?"

"Yeah!"

Midoriya blinked, rubbing the back of his neck and looking away from the host, "I-I'm worried."

Hoshano grinned harmlessly, "Well, don't be."

Kaminari blinked for a moment before exploding with surprise, "Ah! EH?! AH! This is bad! EH?! H-Hold on! N-No way—no way!"

Hoshano flinched, "K-Kaminari?"

The blonde adjusted his chair, pointing to his classmate, "W-Wait, when's your birthday?"

The green-haired student looked concerned, "A day after the 14th."

Kaminari blinked, "E-Eh? Hold on…"

Midoriya answered, "The 15th."

"The 15th?"

"Yes."

The blonde took a deep breath before letting it out, "Ok-ok."

The green-haired student forced out a chuckle, "W-W-What was that face?"

Kaminari leaned back in his seat, shaking his head, "Man, June and July is really Class 1-A's birthday rush, huh?” He raked his hand through his air, "I can't believe I forgot! I suck at remembering this stuff..."

Midoriya nodded, "Y-Yeah, Hagakure's, Sato's, and yours birthdays were last month, right?"

The blonde sighed, "Yeah… Whose birthday's next?"

"Sero's and Ashido's are after mine."

Kaminari seemed exasperated, "R-Really?” He ruffled his hair with his hands, "Dammit, how am I supposed to remember twenty birthdays!"

Hoshano whispered, "Please don't curse, Kaminari~. The teachers' permissions are the backbone of this show~."
Midoriya added, "Jirou's is almost right after Ashido's."

Kaminari blinked, "E-Eh, r-really?"

Midoriya nodded, "Ashido's is on the 30th of July and Jirou's is on the 1st of August."

Kaminari sighed, "Man, how do you remember all of this stuff?"

Midoriya leaned forward, "I-I just do..."

The blonde lowered his head, "D-Don't make it sound so simple, M-Midoriya... Please, it makes me sound terrible..."

The green-haired student whispered, "S-Sorry."

"S-So, what do you want for your birthday, man?"

Midoriya shook his head, waving his hand, "T-There isn't a n-need."

"No, man, it's fine. Come on."

A shrug of the shoulders came alongside an answer, "A-A pork-cutlet bowl?"

Kaminari blinked before he raised a brow, "Are you really alright with just a pork-cutlet bowl?"

Midoriya blinked, "Eh?" He shook his head, speaking with some excitement on his tongue, "T-That's totally fine."

"Really?"

"Yeah."

The blonde chuckled, leaning back in his seat, "I'll totally buy you one"

The green-haired student gasped excitedly, "R-Really?"

Kaminari laughed, leaning back in her seat, "Yeah, we can go today! After school."

Midoriya smiled like a child getting exactly what he wanted for Christmas, beating the desk like a cat, "Y-Yeah, l-let's!"

Hoshano coughed, "S-So, u-um... W-We d-definitely didn't broach the topics I would've liked, s-so, I'll ask about them."

Midoriya bowed, "S-Sorry."

Kaminari scratched the back of his head, "Y-Yeah, sorry."

-X-

Ashido chuckled, "Midori's pretty crazy over pork-cutlet, huh?"

Yaoyorozu nodded, "Evidently."

Hagakure laughed, "He sounded really excited—it seemed really cute."

Asui scratched her cheek, "His birthday's coming up, huh?"
Jirou whirled one of her jacks around her finger, "Even Kaminari's getting him something…"

Ashido sighed, "We all can't give him pork-cutlet bowls…"

Their conversation ended, and they caught the tail-end of the radio show's. Kaminari said, "I think it would be really interesting to see everyone else on this show."

Midoriya asked, "You think so?"

Kaminari chuckled, "Y-Yeah, like… you and Bakugo."

Midoriya took a deep breath before mumbling out, "It wouldn't be a radio show."

Kaminari laughed, "E-Eh? He'd go wild?"

The green-haired student replied, "N-No, he-he wouldn't want to be here."

The blonde laughed, "Do you think that the whole show will just be your anguished screams?"

"I-I'd rather not say…"

Kaminari chuckled, "Eh, he's probably listening, huh?"

Midoriya answered, "H-Hmm…"

Bakugo growled "Fucking Dunce-Face, Deku."

X| A CHANCE ENCOUNTER IX

Jirou walked behind her parents, holding a few bags in her hands, as she followed them through Kiyashi Ward Shopping Mall. The family was on a small outing. Her father was playing manager for one of the bands he's dealing with at his agency. Most of his purchases were packed away and were paid to be delivered to his agency. While they were there though, his daughter and his wife took the time to get some 'essentials'.

Kyotoku turned to his wife with a smile, carrying a box in his hands, "Anything else, babe?"

Mika looked at the bags she held, "No, this should be it for me."

Kyotoku turned to his daughter, "You, sweetie?"

Jirou looked off to the side, hiding her blush, "Tch."

He flinched, "O-Oi, what the hell?"

She sighed, "Don't call me that in public, old-man."

He shrugged, "Eh, come on. I'm your father."

She scratched her cheek, "It's embarrassing."

He sighed, physically deflating, "Fine, fine. Do you need anything use, Kyoka?"

Jirou looked into the bags in her hands, "Nah, I should be good with this stuff." She looked ahead and spotted a familiar face, blinking for a moment. Midoriya looked strange in casual wear. She couldn't help, but snicker at his shirt. The Quirkless held a few plastic bags in his hands. He stood next to a woman who seemed anxious about something.
Her father's voice caused a scowl to grace her lips, "M-Mika, Kyoka's staring at boys!" He dramatically gasped as he turned to his wife, "God, it's already started?!"

Jirou turned to him, blushing, "D-Dad, s-shut up!"

Midoriya turned to the family, looking on as a bystander, "Ah…"

Inko turned to him, "What is it, Izuku?"

Mika gasped quietly, "Oh, it's him!"

Kyotoku looked between his daughter and his wife, "What? Wait, what?" He pointed between them, shouting dramatically, "You've met him before me?!"

She kept her pose formal as she walked towards the Quirkless, "Kyotoku, he's the boy who saved me."

He blinked, "A-Ah, so he's Kyoka's classmate…" His face became dark as he said, "That's even worse!"

She held out her open hands to calm down her husband, "Honey, calm down. This isn't some rock concert, you're disturbing everyone."

He looked around, "A-Ah…" He deflated and rubbed the back of his neck.

Mika looked over to the Quirkless Hero who seemed to flinch at her gaze, "Well, we've already got his attention, we might as well introduce ourselves." She turned to her husband and daughter, scratching her cheek, "It feels a bit rude otherwise."

Kyotoku crossed his arms, "Yeah, let's."

They began to walk before Jirou rushed ahead of them, scratching her cheek, as she tried to control the blush on her cheeks, "H-Hang on, l-let me do the introductions."

Kyotoku looked at her daughter suspiciously, "Hmm…"

Mika smiled, "Of course."

Jirou walked up to Midoriya, rubbing the back of her neck, "H-Hey, Midoriya."

Midoriya smiled nervously, "U-Uh, h-hi, Jirou…"

She sighed, gesturing to her parents, while she seemed to almost pout, "T-These are my folks: Jirou Kyotoku and Jirou Mika."

He bowed, blushing slightly, "H-Hi, Jirou's Father, Mother." He gestured to the woman beside him, "T-This is my mother, Midoriya Inko, and-and I-I am Midoriya Izuku." He whispered to his mother, "This is my classmate."

Inko whispered back, "A-Ah, I see."

Her mother smiled, "Mika is fine."

Her father pushed his hands into his pockets, "Kyotoku will do."

Midoriya's blush reddened as he flinched, "A-Ah?"
Inko bowed, "H-Hello, it's a pleasure to meet you."

Jirou snickered slightly, looking between the Midoriyas, "Nervousness runs in the family, huh…?"

Mika smiled warmly, "Yes, I am pleased to meet you as well. Your son saved my life."

Inko blinked, "R-Really?"

Midoriya deflated, rubbing the back of his neck, "Y-Yeah…"

Mika turned her smile to the Quirkless, "I wanted to th-

However, Midoriya bowed and spoke first, "I'm sorry."

She blinked, straightening, "E-Eh?"

He looked off to the side as he straightened—a look of guilt on his face, "Haruka was after me, and you were caught in the collateral." His eyes met Jirou's before he bowed once more, "I'm sorry you got caught in my mess."

Inko looked at her son in a concerned manner, "I-Izuku?"

Jirou blinked, "Midoriya…"

Mika took in what he said, nodding, "Hmm." She smiled warmly and politely, "I don't know anything about Haruka, but I do know, that if you hadn't been there, I could've been…” She trailed off, choosing not to say the k-word. She then bowed, "I owe my health to you—no matter the causes. Thank you."

Midoriya blinked, "I…" He nodded, rubbing the back of his neck with a kind smile, "Y-You're welcome."

Kyotoku nodded to the Quirkless, "Thanks, kid."

He chuckled nervously, "It-It's no problem."

Inko smiled politely, "W-Well, it is a pleasure to meet all of you."

Mika nodded, "I would like to do more to extend my thanks." She raised her finger, "Perhaps lunch?"

Inko blinked, "O-Oh, I'd h-hate to impose."

Mika smiled, "Please." She leaned forward, whispering, "There's a new café nearby that I've been dying to try. I hear they have the most amazing cakes."

Inko smiled back, "W-Well, I-I suppose."

Mika clapped her hands together, "Wonderfull!"

The pair of mothers fell into a simple, friendly conversation as they led everyone to this new café. Kyotoku nudged Midoriya, "So…"

Midoriya flinched, "S-So?"

Her father glared at the boy, "What is my daughter to you?"
Midoriya blushed as his eyes widened, "E-Eh?"

Jirou shoved her way between the two, "Quit it already, old man." Her blush was well under her control as she glared at her father, "We're just friends for god's sake."

Kyotoku spoke dramatically, "Likely story."

Midoriya scratched his cheek, chuckling awkwardly, as his cheeks blushed slightly, "I'm lost... I'm so terribly lost..." The father walked ahead of the teens, walking alongside his wife—occasionally, looking over his shoulder at the pair.

Jirou sighed, shaking her head, "S-Sorry about him. He can be so... overdramatic."

Midoriya smiled politely, "It-It's no problem."

There was a moment of silence before she smirked, "So... you're wearing a T-shirt that says... 'T-Shirt'..."

Had a face of genuine concern and hurt as he looked down at his shirt, "What-What's wrong with it?"

Jirou chuckled, "God, you're dork."

Midoriya deflated, "O-Oi..." He blinked before he stopped walking and turned to look behind him.

She stopped a few moments after him and turned, "Midoriya?"

The green-haired student didn't respond for a moment. He blinked before turning to her, "S-Sorry... It..." He looked back one more time before shaking his head and catching up with her, "It's n-nothing, I guess." He mumbled as he walked past her, "Probably just my imagination."
The Gauntlet

Chapter Summary

Midoriya endures the life of living alone. Before Class 1-A encounters their newest assignment, which forces Bakugo and Midoriya into a partnership. Charge into the Gauntlet, students!

Midoriya rubbed the sleep from his eyes as he sat up in his bed. He pulled his uniform on as he looked through the fridge. "Breakfast..." He pulled out the simple ingredients, "Eggs... and bacon..." He griped during his meal, "I burnt the bacon..." He took the time to clean before making his way to school.

-X-

Midoriya went to work in the dorm's studio after a poorly made dinner after school, creating a dangerous device of sorts. He prepared the machine before setting up the target board at the other end of the room. He pulled up a clipboard as he pushed the goggles over his eyes. "Test #2 of Alpha Version of the Compact High-Power Laser." He wrote on the clipboard, "Have to come up with a better name later..." He flicked the device on, "And..." It powered on and whirled to life. He walked behind the device and held his hand over the gun-like-trigger handle, "Ready... Aim..." He triggered the device. From the front end of the device, a bright red line emitted into the target. The sound of the laser sizzling the board's material filled the room alongside a terrible smell.

Midoriya turned the device off as he walked over to the target, "It works and didn't blow up so..." He grinned, "Success!" He walked up to the target and blinked as he realized that the laser went through the target, into the wall, and beyond. "Works too well..." He noted on the clipboard, "Good for breaching. Could never be used on people." He put the clipboard down and examine the hole on the wall, "Cementoss will be upset with me..." He bowed at the wall, "Sorry..."

Midoriya looked at the book, "Poached egg...?" He looked around for the necessary ingredients, "Vinegar in boiling water..." He tipped the bottle over the boiling water before he slipped, dropping the whole bottle into the water. Instinctively, he reached in with his left hand and tried to grab it.

He screamed in pain as he cursed at himself, "I JUST STUCK MY HAND IN BOILING WATER!'" He turned off the stove as tears collected in the corners of his eyes, "I'm such a fucking idiot..." He wetted a towel with cold water before he wrapped it around his hand. He sighed, blinking the tears from the corners of his eyes as he fell onto the couch, "I need to go see Recovery Girl... and Lunch-Rush..." He groaned at himself before getting up and making his way towards to the exit of the dorms so that he can head towards the school.

XXX

The next school day came, and the 1-A had been taken off campus to one of Yuuei's many sites: Ground Sigma. On the outside, the building was a giant metal box that lofted towards the sky. The students had barely entered the mammoth of a building and stood in a metal room with hallways leading to break-rooms and bathrooms. There were also two large metal doors on either side of the front wall: one labeled A and the other labeled B. The students had equipped their Hero costumes
and were adjusting said costumes while in wait.

All-Might stood before everyone, "Welcome, young Heroes!" Midoriya adjusted his gauntlets as the teacher explained the assignment, "You will be randomly paired with one of your classmates to run a gauntlet of dangerous trails!"

Midoriya's exo-suit had gained a number of upgrades as of late. New forms of weaponry and propulsion were added here and there. The already armored parts were more heavily designed with more plating. The suit also included armor around his lower torso in response to the Haruka incident. The mask of his jumpsuit was the only part of his jumpsuit that was visible now. (With his exo-suit's mask in place, the top of the mask with the ear-like protrusions were the only things left visible.)

All-Might raised a finger, "This is meant to enforce randomized teamwork that you'll face in the field." He pulled out an electronic device, "We will be choosing partners by electronic randomization!" He activated and listed the pairs: Sato and Todoroki, Kaminari and Ojiro, Yaoyorozu and Koda, Aoyama and Hagakure, Mineta and Tokoyami, Asui and Jirou, Bakugo and Midoriya, Kirishima and Ashido, Shoji and Uraraka, & Sero and Iida.

Sato punched his palm, "I won't let you down, Todoroki!"

Todoroki—ever aloof—nodded, "Right."

Kaminari bumped fists with his partner, after adjusting his new gauntlet, "Yo, Ojiro! We're gonna do great!"

Ojiro grinned, "Yeah, I'll be counting on you too!"

Yaoyorozu smiled politely, "Let's do our best, Koda."

Koda nodded shyly because he is shy, and shyness is a normal thing.

Hagakure's glove waved, "Hi, Aoyama."

Aoyama flamboyantly spun, "Bonjour, Mademoiselle."

Mineta shouted, "Oi, Koda! Switch with me~!"

Tokoyami shook his head, sighing.

Asui let out a ribbit, "I'll be counting on you, Jirou."

Jirou gave her a thumbs-up, "We'll do great, Tsuyu."

Bakugo growled, "Don't get in my way, Deku."

Midoriya flinched before scratching the back of his head and spoke tiredly, "Yes, yes…"

Ashido rushed over to her middle-school friend, "Sweet! Let's do awesomely, Kirishima!"

He grinned, "Yeah, you can count on me."

Uraraka pumped her fist, "Let's do our best, Shoji!"

The multi-armed student nodded, "Yeah."

Iida bowed, "You can count on me, Sero!"
Sero chuckled, "Yeah, let's do our best."

All-Might raised a finger, "Now, in order to keep the grading equal, the rest of you will not be observing the gauntlet run." He added, "You may strategize and plan with your partners in the meantime." He turned and pointed at the first two pairs, "Once your pairs have finished your runs, you shall join me in the observation room." The Hero gave the class a thumbs-up, "Plan and fight well! I shall see you on the other side!"

Midoriya blinked, "Strategize…?" Bakugo stomped off as he sighed, rubbing the back of his neck, "That's not possible…"

XXX

Midoriya sighed as he slid a colorful bottle of a fruity drink towards Jirou and a bottle of water to Asui, "If our runs are privatized, there must be some surprise waiting for us…” He cracked open his canned coffee, "Two pairs are going at one time…”

Asui let out a ribbit as she opened her bottle, "Midoriya, shouldn't you be strategizing with your partner?"

He took a swig—almost looking like a tired patron at a late-night bar, "Not possible—it really isn't possible."

Jirou took her bottle, "He remembered what I picked…" She blinked, shaking her head, "He really doesn't get along with you, huh?"

Midoriya sighed, "Everything changed one day…" He shook his head, "And I have no idea why…”

Jirou shook her head, "Lady Luck wasn't with you, huh?"

He sighed again, looking at his metal-covered hand, "No, he's such a versatile fighter that he's an amazing partner—one of the best I could've hoped for." He shook his head, "If only I wasn't me…"

Jirou shook her head, "Why do you always talk like you're the one at fault? Bakugo's the one with a problem."

Asui nodded, "An irrational one at that…"

Midoriya thought for a moment and opened his mouth to answer but was cut off when All-Might called for Asui, Jirou, Mineta, and Tokoyami to the gauntlet. He stood as they did, smiling supportively, "Good luck, Jirou, Asui."

Jirou patted Midoriya's shoulder, "Thanks."

Asui replied, "Call me Tsuyu."

Midoriya blinked, a minimal blush on his cheeks, "R-Right."

Jirou smirked, "See you on the other side."

He waved, "Be safe!"

XXX

Bakugo stood at the A-Entrance, glaring at Midoriya as he jogged up. (Kirishima and Ashido stood at the B-Entrance.) The blonde glared ahead as they stood side-by-side. Bakugo's air of intensity and
anger was heavily contrasted with Midoriya's air of nervousness and determination. Instead, Bakugo's intensity melded with Midoriya's determination while Bakugo's anger was mellowed out by Midoriya's nervousness. Instead of appearing as victim and abuser or friend and foe, they seemed like a Yin and Yang—a duo of polarizing energies. At least… that's how most of the observers were interpreting the view.

For the pair, however, the image of Yin and Yang wasn't felt. Bakugo felt disdain for his partner as well as an uncomfortable spec of respect. Midoriya felt fear of his partner as well as a worrying need for spite.

The metal doors slid open and the pair stepped through, finding themselves in an elevator. There was a moment of nothing after the doors closed before it jerked into motion. An intense awkward silence filled the air between them as they moved forward.

Midoriya took a deep breath and mentally prepared himself for what could come.

Bakugo's voice cut into his meditation, however, "Oi."

The green-haired student flinched on reflex, "E-Eh?"

The blonde didn't even turn to his childhood friend, "The dorm… What's it like?"

The Quirkless Hero went silent for a moment before answering, "R-Really big… It's weird being the only one in there…"

The Explosive Hero spat, "Don't complain about that now." He criticized, "If you were strong enough, none of that would've been necessary to begin with."

Midoriya lowered his head, "Y-Yeah…"

Bakugo shook his head, "Now that you got in, a bunch of useless morons will think they can, and all the weak losers who got rejected think they have the right to be pissed."

The Quirkless Hero sighed, "T-That's true…" The elevator jerked to a stop, the doors slid open, and the pair silenced themselves as they walked forward.

They stepped into a large room. The first thing they saw was a wall with one entry way. The whirls and crashes of machinations as whatever they could see through the entry way shift as metal walls settled into place. To their left, there was a map of a maze and a podium holding earpieces with microphones. There were also humanoid robots baring similar colors to police officers.

All-Might's voice filled the room, "Heroes!" He explained, "You must infiltrate the Villains' lair! Before you, there stands a labyrinth that will shift and change every two minutes!" He chuckled, "Luckily, a Field-Support agent has provided you with an accurate map that will track its changes." He then stated, "One of you must stay behind in order to watch over the police's equipment and ensure that none of the villains attack them while the other runs the maze."

Bakugo looked upward, using explosions to bounce him towards the ceiling. Midoriya flinched at the noise and sudden force, causing him to stumble. The blonde obviously aimed to go over the maze rather than through.

Bakugo hovered in the air, looking over the maze. There was enough space for him to fly right over the maze, but metal panels shifted in the ceiling and several turrets fell into view. They hammered fire in his direction. Bakugo used his explosion to send him towards the ground—barely dodging the fire.
Midoriya rushed to the blonde, "K-Kacchan!"

Bakugo growled underneath his breath, "He's forcing us to work together…"

All-Might's voice rung once again, "Ah, you've now seen the full defensive weaponry of these Villains! While these guns don't kill, the pain they cause is a bit… shocking." Both students looked to the higher-part of the back wall to the ammunition of the turrets. Electrified darts were latched onto the ceiling, causing arcs of lightning between each other.

Bakugo sucked at his teeth, walking over to the podium, "Run the maze." He took an earpiece, tossing it to Midoriya, "I'll lead you from here. Do what I tell you and don't wander off."

Deku caught it, putting it in his ear, "Understood." He stepped towards the entrance to the maze, "I'm in your care."

The blonde walked towards the map, "Yeah-yeah, go make yourself useful."

The green-haired student took a deep breath before jogging into the maze.
The Labyrinth

Chapter Summary

Midoriya runs a dangerous, ever-shifting Labyrinth with Bakugo as his aggravated guide.

Bakugo sucked at his teeth, walking over to the podium, "Run the maze." He took an earpiece, tossing it to Midoriya, "I'll lead you from here. Do what I tell you and don't wander off."

Deku caught it, putting it in his ear, "Understood." He stepped towards the entrance to the maze, "I'm in your care."

The blonde walked towards the map, "Yeah-yeah, go make yourself useful."

The initial wall was encompassing, but now that he could look down into the labyrinth, he noticed how claustrophobic it was. The metal walls lofted over the student and the hallway was so narrow that his shoulders were only centimeters away from scraping across the walls. The white lights weren't blinding, but their blue-ish color gave the entire maze a discomforting and unnatural feeling. While a giant metal maze isn't at all natural, the feeling was... eerie and grew increasingly discomforting; and, as Midoriya moved ahead, he felt more and more like a lab-rat. The glares of cameras above grew more and more heavy as the student feared the consequences of failure—tensing at the possibility of punishment.

Midoriya's metal boots clanked against the floor—his heart dropped when the entrance shut with two slamming panels. He looked back before shaking his head and rushing ahead. He tapped on the tablet screen on the inner part of his right gauntlet, setting a timer for the next shift.

He stopped at the first forked path. "Kacchan, left, right, or center?"

Bakugo's voice growled in his earpiece, "Hang on." There was a moment of silence before he replied, "Take a right and then the first left." He growled, "Listen good. There are three checkpoints along the correct path and several bullshit things that'll get in your way." There was a moment of silence before stating, "Nothing here gives any details about any of that, so watch your ass."

Midoriya nodded, "R—" The sound of metal scraping across metal tore at his ears, causing him to skid to a stop before dashing around the corner of a path to his right.

"What is it?"

Midoriya's eyes widened as he peaked around the corner. A lofting mechanization of pitch-black metal walked across the hallway he was just in, moving from a left hallway to a right one. His feet clucked against the metal floor as it stomped forward. Its body was designed like an unnaturally lanky human. It's head was designed like a bull's and its horns scraped across the metal walls.

Bakugo's voice rung in his earpiece, "What the fuck is it?!"

Midoriya struggled to speak, "It…" The initial shock faded away and Midoriya lowered himself to the ground, watching the machine past, "It must be one of those obstacles you were talking about. It's a patrolling… minotaur." He thought for a moment, "I should avoid fighting it—no idea what it's
Bakugo asked, "Why, the fuck, are you whispering?"

Midoriya shook his head, "I don't know if it can pick up audio." He watched as the machine left his view and its presence became harder to hear, "There are two possibilities: it's either a beatable obstacle or its an impossible fight waiting to happen." He stood, "I don't want to get lost in here if it's the latter."

The blonde replied, "Right… That's what this big ass dot is. Didn't show up until you said something about it."

Midoriya rushed down the hall and took his first left, "These earpieces are probably broadcasted to All-Might's observation room, and he probably has master control over what's going on in here." He slowed to a cautious crawl, "I'm took that left. There's a right coming up."

Bakugo directed, "Go past it." "There'll be a left and center path ahead. Take the center."

The Quirkless nodded, "Done."

The living explosive directed again, "First right."

Midoriya did as he was told, "Yep." He sold when stepping near a branching path, "Kacchan, left?"

Bakugo took a moment to answer, "No…" He snarled, "Get into cover! There's a red dot making its way down that path!"

Midoriya spun, rushing around the corner of the path he was directed away from, "C-Crap!" Just like the one before he could hear it before he could see it. Four distinct footsteps said that it was a quadrupedal machine. The Quirkless Hero fearfully peaked around the corner, spotting the bestial machine. It had a cat-like body and a femininely-designed head. He lowered into a crouch, "It looks like a sphinx."

Bakugo growled, "And it's coming right down that hallway." He commanded, "Head down the left and take your second right. It'll led you back onto that hallway and towards the checkpoint."

The green-haired student did as he was told, "Gotcha." Midoriya could hear the metal monster make its way down the hall as he rushed down the path given to him. He rushed down the hall and spotted a yellow hexagon on the floor. "Kacchan, I think I've found the first checkpoint." He looked at the inner part of his forearm, finding the timer dwindling to a zero, "Just in time too…" He stepped onto the hexagon, "I guess I'll wait for the maze to shift." He blinked when he hadn't heard anything, "Kacchan?"

The blonde replied, "Shut it! I can hear something…"

Then, when he was distracted, something had approached him. It's four footsteps coming to a stop behind him. Suddenly, the lights shut off, plunging both students into darkness.

Midoriya looked around, noticing red lights shining onto his legs, "K-Kacchan, did the lights…"

Bakugo shouted, "Shut up! These bullshit cop-bots are getting attacked."

The Quirkless turned as a wave of fear flooded his system, "T-The sphinx…" The sphinx prepared itself to pounce as its bright-red optics glared at him. "W-When…" The machine let out this horrific, ear-piercing screech before charging at the student. Midoriya extended his palms and the circles in
them glowed brightly with energy as the machine lunged at him.

The lights suddenly switched on as the walls of the maze slammed into the machine, separating it from the student. The maze shifted and turned around the student who brought his arms to his sides as the metal reformed into a newly-made maze.

Midoriya was stiff—locked up by fear and worry. He slowly relaxed, falling to his knees, as he brought a hand to his chest, "T-That was terrifying! W-What the h-hell…?" He panted, "Damn maze of horrors…" He brought his hand to his earpiece, "K-Kacchan?"

-Bakugo ducked underneath the swing of a humanoid bot, planting his hand against its abdomen. With a resounding explosion, he turned the thing into makeshift projectile against a wave of robots. He angled his arms and with a resounding explosion, he sent himself into a breakneck spin, slamming his kneepads and rendering the mechanizations surrounding him to scrap.

He landed with a grunt before making his way to the maze-map, "Bullshit metal-civvies—can't fucking save themselves!" The blonde growled, "Oi, you're still on the first checkpoint, right?"

Deku's voice came through the earpiece, "Yeah, I've already reset my timer."

Having the useless idiot's voice so close to his ear was annoying, "Alright, listen up…"

-Jirou leaned back against her arm, rubbing the back of her neck, "Thank god, I wasn't the one who ran the maze." She shook her head, "I can't handle that horror stuff…" She looked to her partner, "I'm sorry you had to run it."

She sat on the floor within the observation room behind All-Might who stared intently at the screen and control board in front of him. Six of the pairs who had already gone were patched up and sitting on the floor, watching on. The room was connected to some lengthy hallways and an elevator. One of the hallways led to a room containing Recovery-Girl that in which Sato and Mineta were just leaving. All-Might stood firmly in front of the console that controlled elements of the ongoing trial. His eyes were carefully following the information on screen. A miniature map was in the corner of the screen, displaying the runner's progress as well as the obstacles' positioning. The overall screen was split between two shifting views: one of Bakugo and one of Midoriya.

Asui was sat next to her partner, "It's fine." She put a finger to her chin, "Although, it's not like they ever caught me." She let out a ribbit, "After seeing what the sphinx does, I'm happy they didn't."

Sato bowed towards his partner, "Sorry for leading you into those things, Todoroki."

Todoroki spoke simply, "It's fine."

Kaminari raised a brow to his partner, "How do you think they'll do in the last trial?"

Ojiro rubbed his chin, adjusting the bandages on his tail, "It's hard to say."

Kaminari leaned back, shrugging, "Well, I guess if you look at the tournament, then it's a pretty easy choice."

Ojiro added, "But everyone's full of surprises."
The electric blonde shrugged, "True."

XXX

Bakugo ripped a head off another villain bot before tossing it to the side, squinting at the map, "Take your second right!" He spun to duck underneath another attacking bot before blowing its legs off and catching his torso. His palms glowed before rendering the machine into scrap. He rushed away from the map and drop-kicked a villain-robot away from a cop before sending it flying with an explosion. "Damn useless bots!" He spun on to his feet before dashing for the map, "A dot's moving down the path you were just on."

-X-

The minotaur scrapped down the hall and Midoriya ran as fast he could, "Y-Yeah, I can hear it. Is there anywhere for me to go?" He cursed underneath his breathe as his pauldrons scrap across the metal walls.

Bakugo grunted, "Take a left!"

Midoriya rushed down the path, "Done!"

The blonde directed, "Go down the center path and take your third left!" He shouted, "Wait-" before he grunted as he was dragged back into another fight.

The green-haired student skidded to a stop, "W-Wait?" He blinked as the sphinx stepped into view from a path on his second left. The lights shut off and its head snapped towards Midoriya with beaming red eyes. "K-Kacchan, I need a path!" He could the scraping of the minotaur coming closer. The sphinx yowled as it stepped towards the student, "I either deal with the minotaur or the sphinx...!" The sphinx leapt from wall to wall before lunging at the student with horrific screech.

Deku rushed forward, "Mask-On," before sliding underneath its metal body, his metal armor scraping across the ground. The sphinx's claws scraped across the metal floor. Its head bent over backwards to glare at the student who saw reason to comment, "Okay... That's... disturbing..." It lifted his body into the air before its limbs twisted and turned, spinning its head like a horror movie monster before letting out another screech. Midoriya whispered to himself as he stepped back, "It got worse..." It lunged forward as Midoriya reared his arms back, "Set strength capacity at 100 percent!" The suit's systems whirled as its internal systems adapted to the command before steam hissed out of the suit's joints, signaling completion.

Midoriya pushed his arms forward, catching the lion's paws. His boots grinded against the metal floor before he stomped his feet, pushing the meet into a stalemate. He had to rear his head back as its jaw snapped at him. He gritted his teeth before lifting the cat into the air and slamming it into the ground. He lifted a leg and stomped his foot on its head before ripping its limbs from its torso. He tossed both of the limbs to the side before bringing his arms upon its chassis. The student looked around, noticing that he was still plunged in darkness. He looked up and his eyes widened as the minotaur stomped into view. Air hissed from its nostrils as red-glaring eyes looked down upon the student.

Midoriya looked at the screen on his gauntlet, "Don't have that much time..." He sent two grapples at the upper parts of the walls. "BURST!" His thrusters went off and Midoriya was sent rocketing into the machine's jaw. The minotaur rocked backwards and Midoriya realized that he was in-sight of the ceiling turrets. The student panickily ripped his fingers into the machine's head, throwing himself over the machine as the turrets fired. The minotaur was riddled with the turrets' ammunition as electricity surged into its systems, rendering the machine's internal working into a malfunctioning
mess. It twitched and spun, scraping itself against the metal and causing ear-piercing sounds before it fell to the ground.

The lights came to life, temporally blinding the student. Midoriya listened for his earpiece, "Kacchan?" He blinked when he heard metal panels above shift. He sent out his grapples once more and pulling himself to the ceiling. He cautiously peaked over the walls, keeping an eye on the turning turrets. He internally cursed as he saw another robotic sphinx and minotaur dropping into the maze to replace the ones defeated.

Bakugo's voice rung in his ear as he lowered himself to the ground, "Oi, Deku! Did you do what I tell you?"

Midoriya lowered himself to the ground, shaking his head. "Give me a second." Once his boots met the ground, he turned and jogged down the hall before making a left turn, "I'm making the turn now."

The blonde—aggressive as ever, "So, you fought the ass-rags then? Their dots are gone."

The green-haired student nodded, "Yeah, but replacements have been dropped into the maze." He came to a stop at a split path, "Avoiding them is better for time rather than confronting or running away from them." He looked at his timer, "We're almost out of it actually." He asked, "Left, or right?"

Bakugo replied, "Take a right, the checkpoint is coming up."

Midoriya nodded, "Got it."
Moving Forward Together

Chapter Summary

The maze trial has been passed by our Heroes and they're met with a hostage situation. How will our Heroes handle this?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Midoriya rushed down the hall, narrowly avoiding the Minotaur. He pushed back into the pathway he just left, "O-Okay, out of the dead-end."

Bakugo shouted, "GREAT! Don't fucking mess up your left and rights again, dumbass!"

Midoriya murmured to himself, "H-Honest mistake…"

"You facing the way you were?"

"Y-Yeah, lead the way."

The living explosive spoke, deliberately, as slow as possible, "Take… your… first… right."

The Quirkless student sighed internally, "Y-Yes, yes…" He thought to himself, "Is that really necessary…?"

"Continue down that path until you reach the fork, keep on the left and take your second left."

"Understood, r-reaching fork now."

"Can you reach that turn in the next five seconds?"

Midoriya slipped around a corner as he heard the sphinx round onto the path he was just on, "Already in!"

Bakugo shouted as mechanizations could be heard, "Rush down the path and take your third right!" He cursed, "The exit's on your left!" The clang of metal and explosions rung in his ears, "Rush your ass, Deku!"

-X-

Bakugo ducked underneath some skinny robot with bright-red optics, grabbing its arm before aiming one of his palms downward. He sent himself into a whirling spin of smoke and ash towards large, heavily-plated mech. He shouted, "DIE!" as he slammed the skeleton of a machine into the tank of metal and circuitry, rendering both into heaps of scrap. He extended his palms and blew several rushing bots away before launching himself into the air to land on a Tank. He slammed his palms against the sides of its head before exploding its head into bellowing smoke. He leapt off the standing husk, gripping the edge of its chestplate and dragging it towards the ground. "Waste of fucking metal." He glared at the 'cop' bots who were tied together in a corner with one of his grenade belts. "You too, ass-rags."
The lifeless husk thudded against the ground as Midoriya's voice rung in his earpiece, "Maze cleared!" He could hear the Quirkless wander, "Um… Ah, there's a console here… Security is… down."

Bakugo looked through the entrance of the maze and the walls shifted in a blur, becoming an open hallway that led straight to the other side. Midoriya stood there, nodding to his partner, before leaving his view. The blonde turned to the cop-bots and ripped his grenade belt from them, reattaching it to his costume.

Bakugo walked through the hall and met his partner on the other side. "Congratulations, you can follow instructions."

Midoriya sighed internally, "Y-Yeah, thanks…"

All-Might's voice rung into the room as the exit of the room slid open, "Heroes! Well done! You've successfully infiltrated the Villains' security system! But sadly, the naïve rookies within the police force rushed in without you and have been captured! Please save them, Heroes!"

Bakugo growled as they entered the darkened hallway, leading to a level blow, "Wonderful, we have to save those fucking robotic morons." Their boots echoed throughout the metal hall, making their way towards a sealed metal door colored red, blue, and gold.

Midoriya looked to his partner as they descended down the slanted hallway, "Do they respond to voice commands?"

The explosive blonde didn't grace the Quirkless with a response.

The Quirkless blinked, "K-Kacchan?" When his childhood friend didn't respond, he turned away from him, thinking silently, "He's willing to tolerate me for the sake of moving forward… But he's not willing to work with me… This is going to be hard…"

They made their way to the sealed door. It hissed as its mechanical locks moved and the metal door scraped across the ground as it slid open. On the other side was a room with an open door to another room and a man-sized vent. The pair made their way into the room.

Bakugo looked up, listening for All-Might's voice, "No instructions…"

Midoriya adjusted his mask, "I guess the last thing we heard was supposed to be the instructions."
"Two ways in."
"Direct and indirect. Like-"
"Like a video game. One will be quiet and the other will be loud."
"We s-"

Bakugo growled, pounding his fist into his palm and causing sparks and smoke, "We're going loud. We blast them to pieces. The hostages will get out in the smoke." He took a step towards the open door.

Midoriya raised his hand, "W-Wait-"

The blonde growled angrily, "What?"

The green-haired Quirkless backed down, "N-Nothing. I'll-I'll follow you."
Bakugo stepped through the open door, "Good."

Midoriya followed, "I can't challenge his choices... It'll cause more problems than good... I'll have to be smart about this..."

-X-

The students had two ways to enter room: a simple doorway onto the ground floor or the ventilation system allowing access to all levels and many areas of the room.

This room looked like a warehouse of sorts, losing the metal surfaces for a more real looking area. The ground was made up of concrete and metal beams continued upward as supports to metal catwalks. Lights hung from the ceiling, swinging slightly. Wooden crates and cardboard boxes were placed here and there across the ground floor. Two bots were painted with cop uniforms onto their bodies. They were tied with rope by their wrists and ankles. Villain-bots patrolled these two: a dozen in all. Four patrolled the catwalks above while eight patrolled the floor, carefully watching the two hostages. Each one held a gun in their hands.

("Hello, readers, this is Present-Mic! Can I get a 'Yeah!' in the reviews!? Anyway, these bots are equipped with non-lethal guns. 'Cause, of course, they are! Their ammunition consists of pellets made up of a solid material which will collapse on impact—like a paintball. And they'll hurt just as badly. But, these things are connected to a special tracking system that shows the teachers where the students, and hostages, got hit. Being so careless as to let yourself get riddled with bullets is just a stupid thing for most Heroes! Though, there are some lucky kids who wouldn't at all be affected by bullet fire. All of this will be taken to account in their grades after their assignment is completed.")

Bakugo blasted into the room with a manic grin on his face. The hallway he came from bellowed with smoke and debris. His heels skidded across the floor as he slid into the center of the room. While most of them took aim on the blonde, some took aim on the hostages. Before anyone could attack, the smoke parted in an instant as Midoriya flew into the room. His grapples flew, and his belt hissed loudly as he was yanked through the room. His feet slammed against the wall before he swung by the two hostages, gripping both of them by the collar of their chest-pieces. He swung them into a corner of the room before landing in front of them.

He looked at the two bots, "Stay behind me!" He looked ahead, "Hopefully, they'll listen..."

Bakugo rocketed upwards, dodging the gunfire. He flipped through the air, angling his arms to send himself towards the catwalks. He landed knees-first against a machine, shattering it into scrap. He exploded off it, stepping onto the railing and leaping downward. He aimed his palms upon a machine aiming at him. A raging explosion rendered the machine into a crater before flipping towards its allies, laughing.

He used his explosions to send himself rocketing knee-first into one bot. The bot couldn't stand against his momentum and gave way, becoming a vehicle for the blond to surf on. He flipped off the metal sled and landed next to another bot. He then angled his palms and used his explosions to send him into a whirlwind whilst extending his legs. He kicked a bot's torso from its body before skidding to a stop and sending an explosion at the torso. The torso rocketed into the bot's allies as a makeshift projectile.

Deku punched the ground, activating panels of his gauntlet to shift and extend into a riot shield. The metal was pelted with gunfire. He disengaged the shield from his gauntlet before picking it up to smack another machine to the side. He adjusted it in his hands before launching it at the machine that was firing him. With the strength of his exo-armor, the shield's edge cut through the machine's body before stabbing into the wall behind it. The Quirkless Hero dashed in front of the hostages as one of
the villains opened fire from the catwalk above and across from him. He curled up his arm to shield his head as his body was pelted with its ammunition.

Once he heard the click of its empty magazine, his free hand hovered over his belt, "I-Ball!" A crimson, metal ball launched from his belt and into his hand. He twisted it with two of his fingers before chucking it at the catwalk. With a rumbling explosion, the supports of the catwalk gave way, causing the villain to fall to the ground and become entrapped in the falling metal. Two more villains ran out from behind a crate, taking aim. "BURST!" Deku flew towards the villains. He extended his arm and clotheslined one of the villains as he rocketed past them. The attacked villain was rendered to scrap as the armored Hero landed feet-first against the wall, cracking the concrete. He lunged from the wall at the remaining Villain, extending his leg, "GUILLOTINE!" He spun like a tornado of fuel and metal, slamming his leg against the machine and rendering it to scrap. Deku landed on his feet, skidding in a spin before plunging his metal-covered fingers into the ground and slowing himself to a stop.

Midoriya straightened, looking around the room and finding only plumes of smoke and scraps of metal. "Is that it…?"

Bakugo turned to his partner. His ever-present glare remained, but with the addition of a manic grin. He shouted, "Oi, Deku! Hostages?"

Midoriya turned to the bots with painted on cop-uniforms. He walked over to the bots and gave them a look over, "Um…" Once he was satisfied, he patted the machines and stood, "All-clear."

All-Might's voice rung into the room as a panel in the floor slid open, "Heroes! Well done! You have saved the hostages and taken out these awful villains!" The students walked over to the hole in the floor, looking to see a platform rising to meet them. "There is only one more room between you and the ring leaders of this base! Hurry before they try to escape!"

The platform hissed into place before the students stepped onto it, descending below. They stood in silence as the shaft lit up with lights embedded in the walls and as the panel above slid shut. Midoriya commanded his mask to collapse into his chestplate before letting out a breath. He looked down at his gauntlets, adjusting them.

He thought to myself, "I don't have my shield anymore… I wonder if they'll let me go back to get it…" He rolled his shoulders, "I'm getting a good handle on my movement…" He looked at the orange splatter on his chestplate.

Midoriya heard Bakugo growl. He turned to his childhood bully who was looking down on the splatter on parts of his costume. Midoriya's eyes wandered over the hits and concluded several aspects about the splatter.

His mind wandered, "The shots are few and far from each other and lack any form of accuracy… Probably the shots that made it through the smoke and ash of his explosions…" He shrugged, "Guess it works both ways… There aren't that many hits though…"

Bakugo growled, "What?"

Midoriya blinked, "Huh?" He shrunk slightly, "S-Sorry." He quickly asked, trying to deflect the conversation, "Do you think we'll be dealing with more mock-gunfire?"

"Who fucking knows."

"R-Right…"
A bout of silence fell between the two—uncomfortable for Midoriya while Bakugo maintained an aggravated indifference. The silence turned awkward as both individuals remained silent as the elevator ride continued, seemingly becoming longer as the silence continued.

Midoriya broke the silence, "Oh, Kacchan-

Bakugo glared at his partner, "What?"

The Quirkless Hero smiled nervously, "I-I was thinking about your Hero name." He raised a finger, "Why not, 'King'?"

The Explosive Hero cocked a brow, "'King'?"

The green-haired student chuckled awkwardly, "Y-Yeah, just 'King'."

The blond went silent, looking ahead at the passing metal wall.

Midoriya slowly deflated as the silence persisted. He resisted a need to sigh as he turned away from the blond. "I don't know how to talk to you… Not in the slightest…"

Bakugo spoke simply, "That could work."

The Quirkless Hero blinked, "Huh? Eh?"

The Explosive Hero went silent, crossing his arms.

Midoriya just nodded, "Okay then… That's better than before…"

Another bout of silence fell between the two before Bakugo stepped forward, speaking firmly, "Listen up, you nerd, whatever's coming we can't fucking split off like before."

The Quirkless Hero nodded, "Right."

The Explosive Hero popped the bones in his neck, "We've been through two trials and they've involved some form of combat. It's going to escalate from here on out. Splitting off will screw us, so keep the fuck up."

The elevator lowered them into a metal room with the lines between panels making up its walls. White lights shone from within the ceiling and the metal walls were colored white to silver. The embedded lines between panels gave the room a grid-design. The ceiling shut above them as the platform locked into place.

All-Might's voice rung, "Heroes! This is the last room before the bosses' lair!" Metal panels in the walls, ceiling, and floor slid open. "However, the Villains' henchmen are making one last, loyal stand to stop you from reaching their bosses!" The students turned to watch them enter the room, stopping when they were back to back with one another.

Two types of villain-bots were brought into the room. All were colored with black metal and had bright-red optics. Some were skinny in design—skeletal mechanizations, holding weapons from taser-batons to the guns from the previous room. Others were brutish in design—tanker mechanizations with fists heavier than boulders and as large as hubcaps.

"Heroes, there is only one way forward! Brute force!"

Midoriya commanded his mask into place as Bakugo grinned, causing sparks and bellowing heat in his palms; before the robotic villains rushed at the students.
So, just for explanation's sake, I'm going to restate how and why the relationship between Bakugo and Midoriya is different and the logic behind it. This explanation is also stated in the FF-Posting

FF Note: Why? Well, Bakugo, before Midoriya received One For All, simply disrespected Midoriya due to his Quirkless nature and was irritated due to Midoriya's consistent 'Heroic' behavior, thinking it wasn't the nerd's place. Bakugo only hated Midoriya after learning of his sudden Quirk, losing to him, and witnessing his strangely close relationship with All-Might. (Amongst other things, but we're focusing on these details.) These factors do not completely apply. Midoriya still doesn't have a Quirk, earning his place rather than randomly gaining it (as Bakugo would see it). Bakugo hasn't lost to Midoriya. Finally, Midoriya and All-Might's relationship is completely different and it wouldn't take a rocket scientist to see the distance between them. While it's known that Midoriya and All-Might have exchanged words, with the minimal amount of words exchanged, they don't come off as close. (Unlike canon, where they even ate lunch together.) I do think that Bakugo would have, at the very least, a milligram of respect for Midoriya as he had fought to be in the Hero Course. Although, he would never acknowledge it nor show it. Bakugo still bites at Midoriya, but in a different manner. He figures out what Midoriya's thinking and then snaps at Midoriya whenever the Quirkless Hero says something he doesn't agree with nor like. (Trying to demean while lifting; to teach while punishing, using logic instead of irrational thought.) When Midoriya complains about the dorms, Bakugo snaps at him. He would think that if Midoriya was stronger he could've defeated Haruka during their first encounter and negated the second which enforced the need for him to placed in the dorms. Bakugo also places blame on Midoriya for anyone else like Haruka who might show up. Which can be a logical conclusion.

They're co-workers not friends. You can dislike the person you're working with, but you can still function as a productive pair when necessary. That is Bakugo's and Midoriya's status in their relationship. They're like Cable & Deadpool, Wolverine & Cyclops, Daredevil & the Punisher, Batman & Green Lantern, and funnily enough, Iron Man & Captain America. They don't agree with each other or how the other does things, but they are willing to accept the others efficiency in their line of work. They're a Dynamic Duo with a shit dynamic.
All-Might's voice rung, "Heroes! This is the last room before the bosses' lair!" Metal panels in the walls, ceiling, and floor slid open. "However, the Villains' henchmen are making one last, loyal stand to stop you from reaching their bosses!" The students turned to watch them enter the room, stopping when they were back to back with one another. "Heroes, there is only one way forward! Brute force!"

Midoriya commanded his mask into place as Bakugo grinned, causing sparks and bellowing heat in his palms; before the robotic villains rushed at the students.

Midoriya caught the launching fists of a Tank., forcing a stalemate. His suit hissed before he lifted the machine into the air and slammed it up upon a wave of Skeletons before whipping it around to knock a few more bots back. He threw it over his head and into Bakugo's space. "Kacchan!"

Bakugo extended his palms at the tumbling husk, "Go to Hell!" With a resounding explosion, he turned the husk into a makeshift projectile into his rushing opponents. He stepped back to dodge a Skeleton's baton, slamming his palm into its head and blowing it clean off. He dropped underneath a Tank's arm before he angled his palms downward and exploded upwards, slamming his rising knee into its jaw. "Deku!" The Quirkless Hero spun and caught the husk before spinning to slam it into the ground to shield him from gunfire. He straightened before push-kicking the husk towards the firing Skeletons, rendering all involved into scrap.

The Explosive King landed on his feet before extending his palms to blow a Tank away. He angled his palms and sent rippling explosions at several attacking bots. He then exploded himself into a breakneck spin, slamming his knee into another villain before exploding into the air and landing on another Skeleton. He aimed his palms at its head, "DIE!" With a resounding explosion, he blew the machine away, leaving a crater of blacken concrete and metal, as he flipped away. Bakugo landed in a crouch, allowing Midoriya to sail over him with a rocket-powered roundhouse against a Tank. Midoriya spun in front of several gun-toting villains and shielded Bakugo from the gunfire. Then the blonde exploded over the Quirkless and flipped over the villains before blowing them away with a fiery explosion. "DIE!"

Midoriya pulled up his arms to block the gunfire of a rushing Skeleton before he kicked one of its legs in. He took the falling machine and then chucked the villain into a Tank. Midoriya crouched, rearing his arms back, "BURST!" He rocketed into the Tank, knocking it off its feet and sending it onto its back—skidding past Bakugo who was blasting several villains away. Midoriya rolled from its husk before his fingers dug and bent the Tank's metal panels. He spun before tossing the husk at several gun-toting Skeletons, stopping them from opening fire upon his partner.

A loud air-horn sounded off as both students straightened. Ripped up metal, bits of internal machinery, scorch marks, and robot-corpses littered the room. Midoriya pulled on his left gauntlet as Bakugo rolled his shoulders.

All-Might's voice filled the room as the panels of a nearby wall hissed and shifted. "Heroes!" The panels moved and revealed a metal door. "Well, done! With the last of the Villains' henchmen, the path is cleared between for you to battle these Villains!" The large door hissed as it slid open. "Quickly! After them!"
Bakugo and Midoriya jogged towards and through the open doorway, finding a descending hallway to the final room.

XXX

Kirishima and Ashido panted as the last robots in blue fell. All-Might's voice filled the room as the panels of a nearby wall hissed and shifted. "Villains!" The panels moved and revealed a metal door. "Well, done! With the last of the police force vanquished, the path is cleared between for you to escape from these do-gooders!" The large door hissed as it slid open. "Quickly! Before these Heroes get in your way!"

Ashido shook her head, "It feels wrong to be called 'Villains'."

Kirishima nodded, "Yeah, but it's just an assignment in the end!" He pumped his fist, "Come on, let's ace it!"

She grinned, "Yeah, let's!"

The pair of students rushed ahead, descending down the slanted hallway to the final room.

She turned to him, "So, we're fighting Bakugo and Midori, right?"

He nodded, "I think so—why else send two pairs in?"

She made a face, "Do you think you can beat Bakugo?"

He grinned confidently, "Yeah."

Ashido secreted acid from her palms, "Hopefully, I can melt through Midori's suit."

Kirishima nodded, "Yeah."

The final door hissed before they reached it before it was slowly raised, allowing them entry. They jogged into a room with metal walls, floor, and ceiling. The room was colored with a gun-metal grey with bulbs lighting up the room from within the ceiling. What was, undoubtedly, the final door was to their left which was painted with red and gold.

The large door across from them slid upwards and the Heroes entered the room. Bakugo and Midoriya ran into the room before they slowed to a stop.

Kirishima hardened his flesh before pounding his fists together, "Time for a rematch, Bakugo!"

Midoriya's hand over his belt, "E-Ball." A cyan, metal ball launched into his hand. He tossed it into the air and caught it, twisting it twice with his fingers.

All-Might's voice rung once more, "Heroes! Villains! This mock battle between good and evil begins!" The final door hissed open before locking into place. "The Villains have two options! Defeat these two Heroes or escape through the exit-door!" Panels hissed and shifted, revealing a digital clock in the wall, starting with five minutes. "Heroes have two options as well! Defeat these Villains or hold them off from escaping until reinforcements arrive!"

Tension filled the air between the pairs. Kirishima and Ashido were fully confident in their abilities, but they knew who their opponents were. The first-placer and one of the third-placers of the Sports Festival stood before them. The student who took first place in the practical portion of the entrance exam. The Quirkless who had earned his place into the Hero Course from the Support Course.
Bakugo's grin and Midoriya's covered face didn't ease their worries.

Midoriya had his own worries in this fight. He's analyzed both of his opponents' Quirks but didn't quite understand all of the details of said Quirks. "Kirishima's Hardening… protection against all kinds of physical attacks, but also elements like Bakugo's fire…" His eyes drifted over to Ashido, "We took steps to handle corrosive materials, but… who knows if they'll work…"

"Ready… START!"

Ashido threw balls of acid towards Midoriya, but Bakugo extended his palm and an explosion blew the acid away, corroding the ground it splattered against. Bakugo exploded forward and towards Ashido. Kirishima moved to help his partner and to fight Bakugo, but a metal ball flew at him before splitting into two pieces-connected by a metal cable. The cable hit Kirishima, wrapping itself around him and locking his arms to his sides before electricity discharged from the cyan ball. Kirishima quickly hardened his skin, rendering the electric-shock useless. He extended his arms and ripped himself free from the cable.

Midoriya's voice, which was modified by his metal mask, echoed, "So, your hardened skin protects you from shock-based attacks too." He rolled his shoulders, stretching as he walked up to his opponent. "I guess I can't use those on you…"

Kirishima hardened the flesh of his fists, "I won't go easy on you, Midoriya."

Midoriya's suit hissed as he pounded his fists together, "I wouldn't have it any other way, Kirishima!" Midoriya blinked, underneath his mask, at his H.U.D., "My strength capacity was just decreased…? All-Might lessened my strength so that I don't too far… I'll have to make do with 75 percent of my strength…!" He refocused at the situation at hand to see Kirishima's hardened fist flying at him. He barely had enough time to back-step the attack. Kirishima's knuckles scraped along Midoriya's abdomen, scratching up the paint and metal while causing sparks to fly.

Midoriya found his footing before launching a harsh-blow against Kirishima's hardened face. "Spear!" Flames burst from the exhaust ports, adding force to Midoriya's punch and allowing him to push Kirishima back. The redhead grunted as his heels dug into the metal floor before coming to a stop. Kirishima rushed forward, rearing a fist back to launch a straight-punch to Midoriya's jaw. The Quirkless' hand pushed Kirishima's fist to the side while bringing his elbow across his classmate's face. He activated the thruster in his palm to launch his elbow into the redhead's nose. Due to the student's hardened flesh, the attack did nothing more than rock the warrior back.

The Quirkless Hero bounced on the balls of his feet, backing away from the Sturdy Hero. Kirishima rushed forward, starting with a straight-punch. Midoriya's hand landed on his opponent's wrist, redirecting the attack and gaining control of said wrist. Kirishima quickly launched his other fist at Midoriya's head. The Quirkless took control of that wrist too. Kirishima attempted to retaliate, rearing his head back for a headbutt. However, Midoriya's palm was faster as it slammed into Kirishima's unhardened throat.

Midoriya let go of his opponent's wrist as Kirishima hacked. The redhead stumbled back, gripping his throat. The Quirkless rushed forward, gripping his opponent's by his shoulders and kneeling him in the stomach. He lifted the redhead before throwing his opponent against the wall. Kirishima shook his head and leapt out of the way of Midoriya's rocketing kick which plunged into the metal wall. The Quirkless student's foot was trapped in this new-found hole, allowing for his opponent to fully recover. Midoriya ripped his foot free of the wall before turning to his recovered opponent.

Kirishima rushed at Midoriya, launching a right hook against the Quirkless’ face. Midoriya yanked his head back, allowing Kirishima's fist to scrape across his metal mask. Kirishima's flesh was hard
enough to rip through the mask's surface. The punch forced Midoriya's head back before his opponent reared both of his hardened fists back and lunged.

Kirishima riddled Midoriya's body with blows. The Quirkless raised his arms to guard against the attack. The redhead's hardened knuckles and fists scraped and dented the armor, slowly pushing his opponent back. Kirishima finally slipped into Midoriya's space and landed a harsh upper-cut against his jaw, sending Midoriya's head rocketing back. His eyes fazed and his mind hazed.

Midoriya shook his head, stumbling backwards. Kirishima rushed forward, launching his fist at the Quirkless. Midoriya side-stepped the attack and allowed the hardened fist to scrape across his armor, knocking a pauldron clean-off, while he slipped his arm underneath Kirishima's. The Quirkless' hand wrapped around Kirishima's throat before lifting his opponent into the air and slamming the redhead into the ground.

Kirishima's hands clamped over Midoriya's forearm before hardening them. His fingers dug into the metal before ripping a hole into the gauntlet. Electrical wiring sparked wildly, fuel leaked, and the metal was left deformed. Midoriya's eyes widened underneath his visor before rearing his right arm back, "HAMMER!" His fist rocketed into Kirishima's hardened nose, sending the student's head into the ground and denting the metal floor. His metal fingers wrapped around the redhead's face before throwing him away. Kirishima bounced across the ground before skidding to a stop.

Midoriya shook his head, looking at the broken, dysfunctional gauntlet. "Nickel-Titanium isn't good enough…" He commanded, "Disengage 'Left-G'. Clamp 'Left-F.T.'! Cut 'Left-E.C.'." The gauntlet loosened and Midoriya threw it to the side. His eyes widened as Kirishima invaded his space.

The Quirkless leapt backwards and the redhead's knuckles scraped and ripped apart the sides of his armor. Kirishima decked Midoriya's chestplate, knocking the wind out of his opponent and denting his chestplate. Kirishima didn't let up, of course. He rushed in and dug his hardened fingers into the underneath of his chestplate before picking up his opponent and throwing him away.

Midoriya's chestplate became useless scrap as it fell off his body, bouncing across the floor. He groaned as he rolled across the floor. "I need to think…" His mind raced as Kirishima rushed forward, "Kirishima's the immovable wall and the indestructible spear… Heat and electricity don't affect him… He's turning my armor into a scrap heap…" He leapt backwards from Kirishima's fist, "The Incendiary and the Arc Grenades are off the table… Smoke gets him to lose track of me, but I lose track of him too…" His eyes narrowed while hovering his left hand over his belt, "C-Ball."

A silver, metal ball popped into his hand as he ducked underneath Kirishima's attack. He then slipped underneath Kirishima's right arm, slamming his open left hand into the redhead's chest. The silver ball exploded in his palm, freezing Midoriya's hand onto Kirishima's chest. Midoriya growled out, "Jet-Boxing." His right hand pistoned into Kirishima's side, riddling the redhead's body with rocket-fast blows. Kirishima gritted his teeth as he struck Midoriya's mask with his hardened elbow, trying to free himself while hardening his side from the attack. Kirishima reared his arm back and his hardened fist backhanded Midoriya's mask, knocking the metal mask clean off.

Midoriya slipped his right hand over Kirishima's right bicep, overpowering his opponent's strength. His opponent responded by punching Midoriya's side with his free hand. He then swung out his right leg and hooked it to strike Kirishima's inner knee. As the redhead lost his balance, Midoriya put force on Kirishima's chest and arm, slamming him onto the ground. Midoriya pinned Kirishima's arm down with his elbow while aiming his palm towards the redhead. The circle in his palm glowed brightly and whirled with energy.

A loud buzzer rang into the room and the four students stopped as All-Might's voice rang, "The time is up, and reinforcements have arrived! The villains have been defeated!"
Midoriya and Kirishima froze, panting as the circle in Midoriya's palm died. Midoriya pushed himself up before striking the ice over his hand, freeing himself. Midoriya fell backwards, laying on his back before turning his head to look to Ashido and Bakugo. Her costume was burned and singed while Bakugo's costume was partially melted, and one of his gauntlets was a melted mess.

Midoriya pulled off his visor and tossed them off his face, letting out a breath. He slowly pulled himself up and blinked when he saw Kirishima's extended hand. He smiled before taking his classmate's hand. Kirishima helped his friend up as Bakugo left through the exit.

Kirishima chuckled, "Nice moves, Midoriya."

He smiled, "T-Thanks." He looked at his mangled suit, "You really put the suit through a runner, huh?"

Kirishima chuckled, "Y-Yeah, sorry."

Ashido pouted as she dusted herself off, walking up to the pair, "Man, I can't believe I couldn't do anything to him!" As Kirishima turned to his partner, Midoriya walked away to pick up his abandoned gauntlet and gadgets.

Kirishima chuckled, "Are you okay?"

She nodded, rubbing the back of her neck, "Yeah, although I feel like that could've gotten worse for me."

Kirishima nodded, patting her shoulder, "Come on, we should get going." With that, the trio followed the blonde's exit and making their way to the observation room.

All-Might puffed his chest, "Ah, students, you all did well in your separate trials as Heroes and Villains." He laughed, "Of course, all of you have places to improve. Young Kirishima and Ashido, the both of you lack technique in your Quirk and your fighting style." He waddled his finger, "Both of you should put more thought into these and to take the time to develop them."

Kirishima and Ashido responded in sync, "Y-Yes, All-Might!"

All-Might turned to the Heroes, "Young Midoriya and Bakugo, the both of you have proven to be versatile and powerful Heroes in your trials." He leaned forward, "However, that doesn't mean you are without flaws! You're most apparent flaw is… each other!" He raised his finger, "Due to your versatilities, your selection of your maze run didn't matter. And the both of you worked well together underneath the on slot of henchmen and moved naturally in your battle against your villains. The hostage situation is where you had no proper cooperation. The both of you moved independently of each other to achieve specific goals within the situation. Young Midoriya, you focused on rescuing the hostages and Young Bakugo, you focused on solely defeating the villains." He lectured while standing tall, "While the situation worked out for the best, it is always important to remember that Heroes must win and rescue. Perhaps, through each other, you could learn to do both." He finished, "Your grade will be given to you at a later time."

Midoriya looked to Bakugo, who looked away from his childhood friend. All-Might dismissed them and Bakugo left the room, stating he was going to take a nap in one of the breakrooms. The rest of the class who had completed the Gauntlet congratulated their classmates before turning their attention to the last two pairs starting their run.

Midoriya commanded his suit, "Disengage." The suit hissed and cried out as it tried to follow the steps of releasing its pilot. He mumbled to himself, "Oh, no…"
Kirishima blinked, "N-Need help, Midoriya?"

He smiled politely, "N-No… It-It's fine. We just have to let it go through its paces." It let out another 
whine, bringing a dreaded look to his face. He started to mumble to himself, "Please-don't-slingshot-a-metal-plate-through-me—Please-don't-slingshot-a-metal-plate-through-me—Please-don't-slingshot-a-metal-plate-through-me…” His eyes widened as panic set in, "A-Ah, it-it's pinching—it's burning!"

The panic in his voice worsened, "Someone help me!"

Kaminari rushed up, "S-Shit, we got you, Midoriya!"

Ojiro walked around Midoriya, "Stay completely still!"

Yaoyorozu nodded, causing her forearm to glow, "I'll make a tool kit."

Kirishima tiptoed around the Quirkless student, "Midoriya, we might to destroy this thing to get you 
out."

Midoriya's eyes widened as he was slowly bent backwards by the suit malfunctioning, "P-P-Please 
do!"

Jirou's jacks stabbed into Midoriya's suit, "We were going to do it with or without your permission 
anyway."

By the time the Hero and Villain teams had cleared the maze-trial, Midoriya was freed from his suit. 
The hardware was left a mechanical mess on the floor. He panted on his hands and knees, "That was 
terrifying…” He waved to everyone, "T-Thanks, everyone." He was met with an array of 'You're 
welcome' from his classmates.

Jirou crouched next to him, chuckling, "You okay there?"

Midoriya shook his head, "My life flashed before my eyes."

She teased with a smirk, "Was it boring?"

He sighed, turning his head, "Really?"

Jirou shrugged, "You're alive, it's fine."

Midoriya turned himself to sit, "You're horrible."

She sat next to him, "You're a horrible inventor." He looked away from her—seemingly pouting, 
causing her smirk to turn to a grin. "Silent treatment?"

He pouted, "Rock-Otaku."

Jirou blushed madly before pushing him over, "S-Shut up! D-Don't call me that."

Todoroki blinked, "'Rock-Otaku'?"

Yaoyorozu shrugged, "Gemology?"

Chapter End Notes
AN: Hello. I probably won't have the time to write any long notes. I'm sure you all understand the thinking behind the relationship between Bakugo and Midoriya. If you are at all confused by their relationship, it is all explained in the previous note and I implore you all to read it over. If there are any more questions or concerns, I'll do my best to answer them. About Bakugo and Midoriya's relationship in particular.

Something to note is that the fight between shows a very important detail about Midoriya's fight scenes. Midoriya's suit is not invincible and can and will get decimated against the right opponent.

Then the chapter ends with a moment between friends and a possible romantic partner. Not much else to note.

And so, criticize away, leave all your thoughts and opinions in a review, and thank you for reading!
And Time Goes On

Chapter Summary

Things continue on for our Hero. He trains with his fists, builds with his tools, talks with his friends, and meets with two government officials about whether or not they're going to take away his suit. Just... a normal... Wait a minute? Take what?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Midoriya leapt backwards, dodging Kirishima's fist. They both wore Yuuei's gym uniform and were amongst their classmates in the gym. He bounced on the balls of his feet as the redhead rushed forward. The Quirkless had large mats on his hands and calves, so that the two could practice without too much danger. Kirishima dashed forward, pumping out punches and kicks. The Quirkless redirected and blocked his classmate's attacks.


The redhead shook his head, sucking his teeth, "Tch, really?"

The Quirkless smiled apologetically, "Y-Yeah, a bit." He rolled his left shoulder, and an audible pop made him groan.

Ojiro chimed in, walking up with an offering hand, "Here, let's switch out."

Midoriya smiled thankfully, "Thank you, Ojiro."

-X-

Hagakure was spotting Jirou, who was exercising with a bench-press. However, she was doing a poor job of it as she was watching Midoriya training with Ojiro and Kirishima. It's not like Jirou could tell either.

Jirou put the weight back into place before sitting up and sighing, "Man, I can't tell if I'm getting better at any of this."

Hagakure absentmindedly responded, "Yeah…"

The rocker raised a brow, "What's up with you?"

(Possibly) the invisible girl turned to her classmate, "Should I learn karate?"

Jirou looked and spotted several groups sparring. She spoke facetiously, "Inspired by something?"

Hagakure waved her finger, "It could be really useful…"

"Yeah, definitely."
"Should I ask someone for help?"

"Anyone would do."

Hagakure blinked, "I think I'll ask Ojiro about it." She tilted her head, "Or maybe Midoriya?"

Jirou tensed internally at the mention before shaking her head, "Yeah, either one seems like a good idea."

"Ah, Midoriya's birthday is soon, right?"

"Yeah."

Hagakure nodded, "We should do something." She emphasized, "I mean even Kaminari already got him something."

Jirou nodded, fiddling with one of her jacks, "True…"

The invisible girl clapped her hands together, "Okay, my turn!"

The rocker stood up, dusting herself off, "Want me to take off some weights?"

"Yes, please~." XXX

Midoriya rubbed his chin as the 3-D Printer worked with the new material, "A Magnesium alloy… Light as aluminum yet as hard as any Titanium alloy…" He was in his workshop within the 1-A Dorms, wearing his gym-jumpsuit. The top half was tied off at his waist, revealing his black tank-top, while a pair of welding goggles hung from his neck. School had only just ended.

He closed his eyes as Power-Loader's voice rung through his memories, "Midoriya, when you were in the Support Course, updating your suit was a big deal, but now that you're in the Hero Course. You have to bend to the rules of a Hero. While you don't have to give your designs over to a Support Company, they do have to be approved by our government. You and Hatsune have to jump through the proper hoops now. Tomorrow, two government officials are coming, and you'll have to show them your suit. Tell them everything about it—as well as any upgrades you have in the works. They'll give an unofficial choice. You'll either have to degrade it or you'll get to keep it as it is. They'll be more steps afterwards, but it'll have to wait after the assessment."

"A government-assessment…" Midoriya took a deep breath as the machine rolled out the newest piece on a conveyor-belt. He picked it up and set it aside as the next piece was created in the printer. He blew raspberries as it went through the slow process of creation. He remembered another conversation, causing him to sigh, before he reached up to pick at one of the many curls of his hair. He took a seat before fishing out his phone. He rubbed the back of his neck, "I need something to do… News…? No… Cooking…?" He mumbled to himself with a tired and dreading look, "That won't end well for me." He took a breath, "Um…" He went into his contacts, "Maybe…" He shook his head, tucking his phone away, "No-No, I might get hated…" He wiped his face before leaving the workshop, "I'll just find something else to do." He blinked as he heard a hand knock against the front door. He made his way over and pulled open the door, "Hello?"

Jirou stood on the other side, "Hey." She wore her school uniform and her bag was slung over her shoulder. She, no doubt, had just left the school.

Midoriya blinked, "Jirou, w-what're you doing here?"
She shrugged, "Just thought I'd swing by." She peered past him at the lobby of the dorm, "Wanted to see what this place was like."

He pushed open the door and let her in, "U-Uh, sure, come on in."

She whistled as she walked into the living room, "This place is gigantic."

He let out a chuckle, "Y-Yeah, it is." He rubbed the back of his neck, "Uh, each room gets a closet, a bathroom, a balcony-"

"It's like an apartment building."

"Yeah." He gestured to a far doorway, "There's also a bathing room—gender separated."

Jirou spoke flatly and simply, "Did you go see what the girl's was like?"

A blushed flooded his face, "W-What?"

She let out a laugh, "Why're you blushing? It's not like anyone's actually in there."

Midoriya's blush maddened and flustered, "I-I…" Steam seemed to escape from his ears as he tensed, "I—u-uh…"

She chuckled, "He's literally malfunctioning…" She patted his shoulder, "Yes, yes. Sorry, Pure-Boy. Joking, joking."

He calmed, and his blush died, "N-Not funny…"

His childish pout caused her to chuckle, "Sorry." She shook her head as he turned to look around, "How's living here?"

He blinked, "It's…" He went silent for a moment. His head lowered slightly before he rubbed his arm and forced a smile, "It's fine."

She noticed his response before she turned away, rubbing the back of her neck, "Must be terrifying at night."

He let out a chuckle, "Y-Yeah…"

"Does it creak a lot?"

"N-No, thankfully."

Jirou looked over to him, tucking one of her hands into her pocket, "Must get pretty lonely…"

Midoriya didn't meet her eyes, looking off to the side, "N-No…" He let out a chuckle, rubbing the back of his neck, "B-But, Uraraka and Iida are moving in after the holiday, so… e-even if I was-"

She sighed internally, "Got it." She turned to him, "So, what're you planning for your birthday?" She shrugged, "Gonna throw a party in here or something?"

He blinked for a moment before shaking his head, "N-No, my Mom's just coming over for dinner." He mumbled underneath his breath, "I don't think anyone would come anyway."

She raised a brow, "Why wouldn't anyone come?"
"Why… Why would they?"

"We're your friends. Of course, we'd come—as long as you invited us."

Midoriya hummed, teetering his head. "I…" He mumbled out, "I have no idea how to have a party…" He chuckled genuinely, "The idea's kinda… nerve-racking."

Jirou punched his shoulder, "Don't kill yourself over it. Just do what feels comfortable."

"R-Right."

She tucked her hand into her pocket, "Well, I better get going."

Midoriya walked with her to the still-open door, "I would offer to walk you to the gate, but…" He scratched at the back of his head, "T-That seems a bit redundant."

Jirou rolled her eyes, speaking in a teasing manner, as she left the dorm, "Never lose your gentlemanly charm, Midoriya."

He let out a chuckle—a blush reddening his cheeks, "'Gentlemanly'?"

She stopped, turning to him while chuckling, "You can't really handle compliments, huh?"

Midoriya's blush only grew, "W-Well…"

Jirou waved at him before she took her leave, "See you around, Midoriya."

He smiled, "S-See you!" before pushing the door shut. "Complements…" He blinked, patting the door, "Hard to take them when you've never really got them…" He rubbed the back of his neck as he turned into the lobby, blushing slightly, "It's also… just embarrassing…" He paused for a moment before he rubbed his arm, "I'm not really a party person anyway…"

He took a seat on the couch and turned on the T.V. "A storm's coming in this week…? Hmm…"

XXX

The next day one only had to look skyward to see the distant dark-clouds rolling towards the city. Midoriya stared at the approaching storm, leaning against the window sill with a canned coffee in his hand. Jirou felt a nudge against her shoulder and she turned to Kaminari and Ashido, who were smiling. Ashido tugged on her arm as she led the rocker-girl into the hallway. Kaminari, Kirishima, Uraraka, and Yaoyorozu followed the two.

Ashido grinned, "So?"

Jirou crossed her arms, leaning against the wall, "He doesn't have any plans for his birthday other than dinner with his mom."

Uraraka blinked, "Dinner with his mom?"

Kirishima made a face, "Maybe a surprise birthday party wouldn't work then…"

Ashido shook her head, "No-no-no-no-no, we can work with that."

Yaoyorozu frowned, "We shouldn't intrude on their dinner."

Ashido gestured with her hands, "We won't have dinner with them. We'll just have a small party
after school and leave when the sun sets."

Kirishima rubbed the back of his neck, "That's not a lot of time."

Ashido held up a finger, "It's enough for cake."

Kaminari shrugged, "He probably wouldn't like a big party anyway." He chuckled, leaning against the wall, "I mean he only wanted a pork-cutlet bowl from me—after I forgot his birthday party."

Kirishima punched the blonde's shoulder, "Yeah, even Hagakure didn't let you off that easily."

Kaminari groaned with a dreading look on his face, "Yeah..." He chuckled, "At least, I've gotten better at those claw-machine-games."

Ectoplasm's voice cut their conversation short, "What're you kids doing?"

They responded, "N-Nothing!" before they filed into the classroom alongside their already seated classmates.

Ectoplasm commanded the class, "Get seated. It's time for Mathematics."

-X-

Midoriya walked behind Power-Loader with a folder tucked underneath his arm and his exo-armor also walked behind him, mimicking its pilot's movements. They were in an unfamiliar part of the school for Midoriya. Time-wise, school had only minutes ago before Power-Loader swung by 1-A's classroom.

The newest of the version of the suit wasn't quite complete. To simply put it, this was the bare-bones version of what would become Suit Epsilon. The internal working of the armor was exposed, lacking the metal armor that would go atop of it. The circuit-boards and wires were fully visible. The whirling hydraulics in the joints, thighs, and biceps were louder than they would usually be. The miniaturized generator on the back of the armor whirled and hissed. The panels in the shoulder areas, which were held over his personal Escrima sticks, were slightly out of place. A circular light glowed underneath the metal paneling of the chestplate. The track that would spin and deploy the gadgets in his building occasionally shifted. Still, there were aspects visible and hidden amongst the skeleton of his newest suit: from weaponry to programming.

The basic form of the retractable helmet was in place alongside the black, glass visor that would cover his face. Visor's design was in the shape of Midoriya's old hood-mask that his mother made. The paint job of the armor would follow suit in mimicking a mother's love.

It was hardly ready for a proper assessment. It only added to the discomfort in the Quirkless student's heart.

Power-Loader looked over his shoulder, "Nervous?"

Midoriya frowned, rubbing his arm, "V-Very..."

Power-Loader spoke firmly and assuringly, "Remember, the worst they can do to you is take away the suit." He looked over his shoulder, meeting Midoriya's eyes, "They can't stop you from being a Hero."

Midoriya smiled nervously, "Thank you, Power-Loader."
They came to a stop in front of a door to an office. The teacher pushed open the door and gestured for the student to walk through. Nervousness already plagued the student, yet seeing the two individuals in business attire, made it worse—so much worse. Their age wasn't physically apparent, but the air around them suggested their maturity in life. The woman's eyes were cold and pierced through the young student. The man's smile was energetic, and his body-language was jovial. However, his dead-fished eyes made the expression feel out of place. One, a predator who'd kill you the most efficient and easiest way possible. The other, a killer who plays with his food.

Midoriya bowed while he sheepishly spoke, "H-Hi…"

The lady of the pair opened the folder in front of her, "Hello… Mr. Midoriya?"

The student nodded, "Y-Yes."

The male crossed his arms, "A pleasure."

She gestured to the two of themselves, "We're representatives for the Lawful Improvements of Heroes and Technology Organization."

He chuckled, "He's heard of us." He looked between the teacher and student, "Right?"

Midoriya nodded, "Y-Yes, a bit…"

The businessman looked to the bones of exo-armor. "So, this is the Deku-Suit." He stood, tucking his hands into his pockets whilst walking over to the machine, "It's very impressive; even if it isn't completed."

Midoriya nodded, "T-Thank you."

Power-Loader stepped between the suit and the armor, "I'll stay to moderate anything necessary."

The businessman chuckled as he turned back to his seat, "Name's Masami Rin."

She smiled politely, "Asuka Sora."

Masami leaned onto his elbows, "So, armor, what will it be made of?"

Midoriya answered simply, "A Magnesium-alloy."

Masami looked to Asuka, "Ah, that's become more popular during this age, yes?"

She nodded, "Strong as titanium alloys while being as light as aluminum." She raised a brow, "You've figured out a way to copy the nanoparticle stabilization for this?"

Midoriya lowered his head, shaking it, "It's one of the reasons why the suit isn't complete." He rubbed his neck, "The versions I created just wasn't strong enough to complete the production."

Asuka nodded, seemingly satisfied, "Hmm."

Masami raised a brow, "So, weaponry. Got anything to tell us?"

She added, "Do you have anything lethal?"

Midoriya's answer came without hesitation, "Anything I've made could be lethal if I'm not careful."

Asuka nodded, "What have been your steps to void such a thing?"
"Programming. The weaponry is set at its most nonlethal point."

"Example?"

"Electricity-based weaponry has a base volt of 120 volts and can be upped based on the opponent."
Masami chimed in, "You use explosives, right?"
Midoriya nodded, "Flashbangs, smoke, and normative explosives."
Asuka raised a brow, "Do they have set limits?"
The Quirkless student replied, "They have different versions—high and low."
She nodded, "For varying opponents."

"Yes."
Asuka made note of his answer before looking to the student, "Anything else you wish to make clear?"
Midoriya thought for a moment before answering, "There's a high-powered laser that isn't meant to be utilize against people—for breaching. Then there are the repulsors."
Masami raised a brow, "Repulsors?"
The Quirkless inventor explained, "They take excess electrons and turn them into muons for propulsion. There's also the ability to run an electric current into and generate plasma to be fired with the muons."
Masami blinked, "Plasma?"
He shared a look with Asuka, who voiced, "That's... incredibly impressive."
Midoriya blinked before bowing slightly, "T-Thank you."
Masami raised a brow, "The repulsors' intensity can vary as well."
The student answered, "Yes."
Masami then asked, "Did you create this on your own?"
Midoriya shook his head, "N-No. I work with one of my classmates from my time in the Support Course, Hatsume Mei."
The businessman nodded, "Heard of her." He whispered to his partner, "Send her an internship request when we get back."
She nodded, "Of course."
Power-Loader coughed, pulling on the conversation back onto assessment.
Asuka turned back to Midoriya, "She assists?"
Midoriya affirmed, "We work together on it."
Masami waved his hand, "Understood," ending Asuka's line of questioning.
Asuka looked through her notes, "Any other features beyond weaponry to add in?"

The inventor looked off to the side before answering, "Um... Flight capabilities might be possible."

The officials shared a look before they nodded to each other and Asuka began to speak, "Mr. Midoriya, our organization is fully aware of your situation. We understand that your suit has non-lethality in mind, as well as its pilot, and that you need this suit in order to survive your battles against the Villain world."

Masami picked up the conversation—his tone and body language shifting to a more serious one, "So, Mr. Midoriya, you are getting a special pass of sorts. You are allowed to upgrade and rebuild your suit personally. However, you must send us a 30 day-ahead notice or, in an emergency, 15 to 5 day-ahead notice—depending on the situation, of course. Either one should be sent with preliminary designs of said changes. If we approve them, you allowed to make said changes, but," he gestured between himself and his partner, "you will be overseen by either Ms. Asuka or myself." He looked to the Pro, standing beside the armor, "Power-Loader, I request that you do not allow anyone else than the two of us to over see his operations."

Midoriya blinked, tilting his head, "Why?"

Asuka shook her head, "That is a discussion amongst adults."

Masami gestured to the door, "You're free to leave."

Power-Loader put a hand on his former student's shoulder, "It's okay, Young Midoriya. Head back to the dorms."

Midoriya deflated before leaving the room with his armor in tow, "Y-Yes, sir." Humorously, the armor mimicked his deflated nature.

Chapter End Notes

Hello, readers. This will be another short note, but I don't there's much to say on this one anyway. We have some hintings about Jirou and Midoriya from the former's perspective. Knows that she likes Midoriya, but not at the state in which she likes Midoriya. (She's in a state of friction basically.) We have some set up for the next arc which is a more talking-based arc. So, sorry, we won't be having action for awhile. It's important to remember that they're kids and their lives shouldn't be filled with too much excitement. Finally, we have some rule-stuff that places the suit into the world better; that also doubles as a nice not completely encompassing exposition breakdown of Suit Epsilon which is depicting in the cover-art.
A Card Gained

Chapter Summary

The League of Villains make a move; hidden from public eyes. A long-term game is being set underneath our Heroes' noses.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"Yuu Emi… I've heard that you're a very talented doctor… with a… peculiar curiosity about Quirks."

That was how All-For-One started the conversation when they first met. She was his lab-assistant of sorts as he began his first steps in creating Nomus. He had revealed many things about his Quirk giving powers and its effects on the victim—subjects. How some individuals' minds and bodies couldn't handle the transference, breaking either one or both. She was given the express purpose to enhance their bodies and brains for the transference.

Her I.Q. combined with her Quirk gave the ability to do so. Her Quirk, dubbed the "Black-Blood", was a strange thing. Her blood had the ability to mutate organisms, apart from herself, to a monstrous degree. The peculiar curiosity began when she was a child.

Like any child, she tripped, and she fell, scraping her knee and such. One day, the scrape was deep enough to draw her black blood. A droplet of blood hit the pavement and a bug just so happened to crawl through. The spec of an ant turned into a monstrous little thing with gnashing pincers and red-beady eyes. It grew into the size of a pinky as it twitched maniacally. Her father found the abomination disgusting, stomping on it when he had returned. Much to her internal despair, but it was enough to peak her interest.

Soon, she started to experiment with her blood. Squirrels… Birds… Cats… Dogs… Each one only fueled her and her understanding of what her blood could do. She couldn't wait to up her testing… Dad was next… The effects on his Quirk were maddeningly fascinating.

Hiding her curiosity was hard at first, but in time, she learned and then no one knew any better. And then one day she met All-For-One. And then one day the big-bad brought a kid. And then the idiot got himself killed by All-Might. It's not like she cared, but the kid was an annoying mess about it. She didn't want to leave the lab though… She played mother to the thing and raised him into what All-For-One wanted—presumably.

She stood in her laboratory, laying her lab-coat on her chair. She stretched and yawned. The laboratory was once an abandoned factory turned into a Nomu-Factory turned to her laboratory. She rolled her shoulder as she waved at a cylindrical tube with several mechanical machinery attached to and filtering out to it. "Hey, Dad." (This tube contained her father who was turned into a fountain of her blood. While his brain was gone, tubes and machines kept everything else running.) She pulled her necktie loose, "I need to go rescue some animals."

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Yuu watched as her father coughed from around the corner of the hallway, peering into the living room. Her beady, black eyes followed her father, who had just come home from his job in the factory. He sighed as he fell onto the couch, tired. His breath hitched before he was sent into a harsh coughing fit. A manic, dark grin grew across her face before she snuck across the room and into the kitchen, hiding under the guise of the T.V.’s speakers. She pulled open a drawer and found a pair of scissors before searching for a glass.

Yuu filled the cup with water before nicking a bit of her flesh on her finger. She was about to dip her finger into the glass before stopping short. She blinked before turning and going to grab a colorful straw. She hovered her finger over the opening of the straw and allowing a trickle of her blood to fall into the straw. She then put the straw in the iced water and took it to her father.

She waited with bated breath as he brought the straw to his lips and happily took a sip, thanking his daughter for the drink. She blinked as nothing happened. He thanked her once more and promised to take her out for food later. He petted her head before standing up to go to the bathroom.

Yuu looked at her wounded finger before scowling, "It didn't work…?" She blinked, "The cat and dog needed more than the ant…" She looked at the left-behind glass of water, "More water…" She snatched the glass before rushing back into the kitchen.

XIXIX

The moon hung in the air of the starless sky as street-lights lit the mostly empty streets of the city. The white and blue police station stood on the edge of an intersection. It was fancily designed, of course—for the sake of tourists and children. Easy to point out and friendly looking enough for peace of mind. Officers were beginning to switch out as their shifts changed.

A rookie parked her car in a nearby parking garage before making the quick stroll to the police station. She jogged into the empty front lobby before the officer in charge of the reception desk nodded to her. "Hello."

She panted before pushing a smile to her lips, "Hi, I'm new."

The policeman blinked, "Ah, Tomomi Ikari, right?" He flinched as a metal clang rung through the station.

Tomomi stood stiffly, "Y-Yes."

He typed on his keyboard before wincing, "Oof, you have to patrol the holding cells…" He flinched as another clang rung through the station, "What a shitty first day. I'm really sorry. I would trade out with you, but my shift's ending in a minute or two." He chuckled, "And the lady after me wouldn't go near there tonight."

Tomomi rubbed the back of her neck, "O-Oh, really?"

The receptionist gestured to where the source of the clang was, "Yeah, have you seen the news where the Quirkless kid got attacked?"

She nodded with a clueless look on her face, "Y-Yeah."

The receptionist leaned back in his seat, "Well, we've been holding that tentacle guy for the past few days." Another clang rung as he explained, "They're going to transfer him out to a maximum prison next morning, so you won't have to deal with him your next day."

She nodded, "T-That's good."
The receptionist smiled in a friendly manner, "The guy you're working with tonight is already in. Follow his lead, okay?"

She bowed, "Y-Yes, sir."

He waved as she walked deeper into the building, "Good night."

Tomomi held a nervous look on her face, "G-Good night." She murmured underneath her breath as she followed the clanging.

An aging, lizard-faced man in blue turned to her with a tray in hand, "Ah, are you that rookie?"

She nodded, "Y-Yeah, you're my partner?"

He smiled—probably, "Yes." He stood between her and the entryway into the holding cell area as the Villain attacked the cell holding him, "So, listen, I'll handle patrolling the holding cells, and you can just hold this doorway, alright?" He shook his head, "Hate for anything to happen to you on your first day."

Tomomi saluted to him, "D-Don't worry about me, sir!" She looked at the tray in his hands, "You're delivering its meal?"

He nodded, "That is the goal."

She puffed out her chest, "S-Sir, l-let me!"

He blinked before shaking his head, "You're brave, but there's no n-"

She retorted, "Please, if I can't stand up against this… Villain, how am I a true officer?"

The veteran took a breath before sighing, "I understand." He extended the tray to her, "I'll be nearby and all you need to do is pull open a sliding door at the bottom of the door and push the tray through."

Tomomi nodded, taking the tray, "O-Of course!"

He stepped to the side and she made her way into the mostly empty holding cells. The area consisted of jail cells which were mostly empty with metal bars acting as walls between those who entered as guard and those who entered as prisoners. However, there was a wall lined with cylindrical metal doors with slots to look within and to put things into the cell. Undoubtedly, these were where the most uncontrollable and dangerous individuals were kept. The doors were extremely, heavy-duty with highly complicated mechanical locks.

The rookie looked past the jail-bars and saw a certain, damaged metal door. The veteran officer kept his distance while also being mindful for his junior's safety. She stood firmly and walked forward towards the metal door. She kneeled in front of the metal door, reaching into her breast-pocket and putting something on the tray before sliding it into the cell.

Yuu subtly looked over her shoulder before turning back and whispering, "Hello, my little Morumotto. It's time for you to come home." The clanging and struggle from within the cell went silent, "Don't wander off this time, okay? I need you and your strength." She stood, "Take my blood and wait for my signal before restoring yourself."

The veteran blinked, "Huh…"
Tomomi stumbled back surprised, turning to her partner, "M-Maybe he was just hungry?"

She began to walk past him before he asked, "Did you say something to him?"

A dark look of annoyance and anger washed over her face before she turned with a nervous and relieved smile, "I-I was praying that he wouldn't attack the door."

The veteran shrugged, "Hmm… Well, that kid wanted to be a Hero once."

Tomomi rubbed the back of her neck, "Y-Yeah, maybe it was that."

The next morning came and the rising sun turned the navy sky into a brilliant orange. The veteran walked out the front door with his junior in tow. The metal cylinder holding the would-be villain was removed from the building and chained to the inside of a trailer attached to a semi-truck.

The truck drove out of the lot and the veteran commented, "Off he goes." He looked over his shoulder and blinked when he saw that his junior was gone, "Tomomi?" He rubbed the back of his neck, "Guess she left without me."

Within the cell, Haruka was chained to the inside of a metal casket which was locked shut with electronics. The casket was suspended above the solid ground of the cell. Despite the casket's design, Haruka's tentacles were forced against its small openings. His tentacles slipped through whatever small opening he could. (In seeing this, none of the officers risked freeing the villain to feed him.) In his most recent meal, Haruka found a syringe. He couldn't bring it within his prison within a prison, but he could hide it within a bundle of his tentacles.

The truck jerked and bumped on a dirt road on the countryside. Ahead of it, there was a bridge over a deep river leading westward towards the ocean.

The maximum prison, that they were driving to, was set up far away from any city in the nearby area, and they had long left the limits of Musutafu. The only individuals on the long ride would be two officers in the cabin and Haruka in the trailer in his cell.

Suddenly, the engine of the truck died in an instant, causing the truck to slow to a stop. The officers in the truck cursed before one of them exited the truck to examine the engine. The driver stuck her head out of her side-window, "What's wrong with it?"

Her partner shrugged, "I… I can't tell." He rubbed the back of his neck, "It's almost as if the engine just turned off. Try the keys."

Haruka's screams could suddenly be heard from within his cell, "What the-" A bone-tipped tentacle ripped through the metal of the truck, wrapping the officer's head before yanking them into the trailer.

The other officer screamed as his partner was taken from the cabin, "AKI!" He blinked as tears formed in the corners of his eyes and the sound of a pickup's revving engine could be heard. He rushed past the trailer and towards the car, "Get outta here!" The pickup skidded to a stop before a woman with pitch-black eyes stepped out of the vehicle. The officer recognized her, "T-Tomomi?" She walked over to him as he ran to her, "Y-You need to go." He looked to the eerily-silent trailer, "T-There's a r-radio in the c-" He looked past her and spotted five individuals piling out of the pickup, "W-Who're they?"
Yuu's fist collided with the officer's jaw, knocking him out, "It's not any of your concern." Her party fell in line. They all wore civilian wear and one of them carried a duffel bag filled with more. A bald man with rocky skin and glowing veins walked alongside a pale-skinned man with pure-white eyes and silvery hair towards the trailer's doors. A faceless woman with dark-brown hair walked around the back of the pickup before lifting a sleeping bag into her arms and following after the others. And a teen-girl with auburn-hair and electric-yellow eyes followed after the faceless woman. The last woman walked up to Yuu. She had electric-blue hair and eyes, and she grabbed the unconscious officer before dragging him towards the cabin.

The teen lifted her hand before her irises glowed and the cylindrical cell hissed open. Haruka stumbled out with blood decorating his body. He looked at the four individuals in front of him, "W-Who."

Yuu's voice stopped him from becoming aggressive, "Friends, Katashi. Friends." She nodded to the ethereal-man, "Set, give him his new clothes." Haruka was given the duffel bag before leaving the trailer as Yuu spoke, "Get dressed and let Makeshift take your wrist." He did so and gave his hand to the faceless woman who slightly opened the bag and pulled out a lifeless arm.

Haruka blinked, "W-Who's in-in the bag?"

Makeshift mumbled, "A woman who was late for her first day, but now…" The sound of bone cracking and flesh-moving could be heard from within the bag before it went quiet. She pulled open the bag and showed someone who looked his double, "She's you."

Yuu nodded to the rocky individual, "Apollo, get it dressed and put it back in there." She then looked to the teen-girl who was Haruka's age, "Machinist, lock it back up and send this truck into the river."

Everyone did what Yuu commanded. The blue-haired woman was the last to return the pickup. She climbed into the truck-bed with Haruka before grinning darkly, "Sup, call me, Whiplash."

Haruka pulled on his hood, "Hey…" He murmured, wobbling slightly, "That last dose… drained me…"

Yuu spoke from the driver's seat, "You've been gone too long. Don't worry, I'll make you strong again." The guinea pig seemed to relax as she looked to the other teen in the group.

The former Yuuei student took a deep breath before her irises glowed and her hand flexed. The semi-truck suddenly came to life before speeding ahead and barreling towards the bridge before launching off its railings and into the river.

Yuu cooed to the teen who took her seat in the back seat, "Well done, Hitomi."

She crossed her arms before leaning back and looking off to the side, "Thanks."

Their leader turned the keys in the ignition, "Okay, let's go home." The pickup reversed before speeding away from the scene and back towards Musutafu.
know, it is important to something like this occur. Otherwise, it'd just seems like sitting around doing nothing before the next major event. So, we'll have these chapters to simply show that the League of Villains are retrieving their lost pieces, preparing for something... grand. We've finally come to see what I've planned since the Sports Festival! God, this stage has been long awaited on my part. I avoided hinting at any of it, but plans will soon be in full motion! Of course, we'll be moving into a more talkative stage of the story for awhile. We'll leave that eventually.
Chapter Summary

Things change, things are planned, and scars fester.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Jirou yawned as she walked down the hall. "I thought I'd overslept and rushed here… Woke up thirty minutes early for no good reason…" She rolled her shoulders before she pulled open class 1-A's door. She blinked when she saw Midoriya in his seat. Her surprise wasn't the fact that he was already here. He lived on campus, after all. Her surprise was found in his remarkably different look.

Midoriya had a worried look on his face. His body language and nervousness spoke volumes about his self-conscious worry about his new haircut. Midoriya's curly mess of dark-green hair was remarkably cut down. The sides and the back of his head were completely shaven, leaving a gradient patch of hair. The messy undercut was topped with his curly, dark-green hair.

A blush was faintly apparent on his cheeks as he turned to her, "H-Hey."

That woke her up a bit as she walked over to her seat, "You got a haircut."

He rubbed the back of his neck, "Y-Yeah, with a retractable helmet, my hair would get in the way so I… I had to get it cut."

She sat next to him, "It looks good."

He breathed a sigh of relief, smiling, "Thanks."

Jirou raised a brow, "Worried?"

Midoriya chuckled, rubbing his neck, "Y-Yeah, I was worried that I looked stupid or something…"

She smiled, "It's a pretty cool look, but people will probably have a harder time recognizing you."

She chuckled, "The messy hair was a trademark."

He blinked, "Messy?"

"Did you ever brush it?"

"N-No."

"Then it's messy."

Midoriya rubbed his chin, "Is that how that works?"

Jirou shrugged with a smirk across her lips, "No idea." She turned to him, whirling one of her jacks around her finger, "Gotta a reason for the undercut?" She clarified once she saw his confused look, giggling, "I mean, why that style. You could've just gotten some military-cut or something."
He blushed, "I… I didn't think I'd look good." He rubbed the back of his neck before messing with the shaven part of his hair, "This is the most drastic haircut I've ever had, and… well…"

She nodded, "You wanted to look good."

He forced out a chuckle, deflating slightly, "Y-Yea…" He blushed, looking off to the side, "Although… I feel kinda silly now—getting embarrassed for nothing."

Jirou shrugged, "Eh, it's a normal thing to worry about."

Midoriya smiled shyly, "T-Thanks for the assurance."

She played with her pencil, "Did any of the teachers say anything about quizzes or stuff for today?"

He rubbed the back of his neck, "Uh… Ectoplasm hasn't given us a pop-quiz in a while, so he could give us one today."

She winced before sighing, "Wonderful…"

Midoriya shrugged, "Although, he could let us off considering final exams are soon."

Jirou blinked, "Ah…"

He chuckled, "The semester's almost over." He raised a brow and tilted his head, "Did it slip your mind?"

She put her face in her hand, "Y-Yeah, dammit…"

He smiled, "Well-"

A loud gasp cut the pair's conversation short. Ashido stood in the doorway of the classroom with Kirishima, Kaminari, and Mineta behind her.

Ashido pouted, "Midori, no!"

Midoriya blinked, "H-Huh?"

She gestured between herself and him, "We used to have the same kind of hair!"

Kaminari grinned as the quartet entered the room, "You look awesome, man!"

Midoriya's eyes widened, "R-Really?"

Jirou smirked, "Better than you."

Kaminari recoiled, "O-Oi."

Kirishima pumped his fist, "Yeah, it's a manly look."

Midoriya blushed, "T-Thanks."

Hagakure's voice caught their attention, "Midoriya! You look awesome!"

The blush maddened as Midoriya turned to the invisible girl, "Eh?" Soon enough, everyone filed into the classroom, exchanging conversations and interacting with each other. Some of Midoriya's classmates took the time to comment on his extreme change in hair—all good things.
Bakugo walked past Midoriya before stopping short and looking him over.

Midoriya shrunk slightly, "K-Kacchan?"

He walked on and took his seat, "You look stupid."

Midoriya blinked before chuckling and rubbing the back of his neck, "A-Ah…" He internally sighed, "Expected as much…"

XXX

Midoriya was off in the lunch-line, talking with Shinso whilst moving down the line. Ashido nudged Jirou, pulling the rocker-girl into the conversation with her classmates at their table. The pink-haired and skinned girl dramatically raised a finger, lowering her voice, "So, Midoriya's surprise birthday party planning is in session."

Kirishima played with his fork, "I asked around." He took a mouthful of his meal, "Ojiro, Koda, Sato, Shoji, Tokoyami, and Mineta can't make it—family, studying—that sort of stuff."

Ashido pouted, "Boo."

He sighed before he replied, "Kaminari is coming though."

She nodded, "Better."

Kirishima added, rubbing the back of his neck, "Bakugo… He… sent a mixed message. I'm not sure whether or not he'll come."

Jirou chimed in, "Uraraka, and Tsu are coming. Hagakure can't make it."

Ashido grinned, "Great!"

Yaoyorozu added, "Iida's busy with studying, but Todoroki is willing to come."

Ashido snapped her fingers, "Awesome." She laughed, pumping her fist, "This is gonna be great!"

Midoriya's voice caused all of them to recoil and flinch in an instant. "What's going to be great?"

They all replied with an array of "N-Nothing!" with varying degrees of shock and nervousness.

Midoriya took a seat at the table, blinking whilst raising a brow, "Eh?"

Ashido coughed, "Hey, do you have anything to do at the dorms?"

Midoriya blinked and pondered for a moment before answering, "They installed a workshop, but now that I have to operate under the L.I.H.T., I can't really do much." He scratched his cheek, "There's a TV, but… considering it's mid-TV season, most shows are in the middle of their plots so… I get lost pretty easily." He blinked, "They put in a breakroom last weekend."

Jirou raised a brow, "A breakroom?"

Midoriya turned to her, "Yeah, it used to be some empty room off to the side of the lobby, but now, there's a billiards table and some other stuff."

Yaoyorozu blinked, "Billiards?"
Ashido gasped, "You get to play billiards all the time!"

Midoriya chuckled, rubbing the back of his neck. "Y-Yeah…"

XXX

The sunset lit the sky with a brilliant orange, marking the end of the school day. Most people had already left for the day, but someone had to attend some lessons under Ectoplasm. Jirou, sadly, couldn't properly grasp the subject yet, and left more frustrated than before.

She stretched as she walked out the front doors of Yuuei, sighing. "Man, I just hate all of this… Can we just have Hero Foundational class for the rest of the semester…? That would be great…" She yawned before blinking whilst hearing a familiar voice grunting before letting out a sigh. She turned and saw Midoriya in the distance, preforming a handstand in the grass.

He kicked his legs before falling onto his back, flattening the grass underneath him. "Ah… T.V. lied to me." He was in Yuuei's gym uniform—which was stained with the green of grass.

Jirou chuckled as she walked up to him, "Hey, there."

Midoriya sighed with his eyes closed, "H-Hey, Jirou…"

She crouched, looking down upon his face, "What're you up to?"

He rubbed his brow, "I noticed in a lot of shows that characters kick their opponents by spinning on their hands with their legs extended." He blew raspberries, "It makes me dizzy and… sucks…"

She laughed, "My condolences."

Midoriya opened his eyes, "Yeah…" His eyes widened for a moment as he saw Jirou's hovering face. For some reason, his eyes couldn't help but take in all of her features. Her eyes had a beautiful light in them. Her laugh rung in his ears. Her smile was turned beautiful due to the brilliant orange painting the sky beyond her. Her hair just seemed amazing. It was all so sudden and, in that suddenness, a blush flooded his cheeks, "P-Pretty…" The thought rung through his head before he caught up with himself. The blush maddened as he shot up into a seated position, forcing out a cough.

She raised a brow, "You okay there?" She straightened onto her feet, "Swallowed a bug or something?"

He shook his head whilst getting up, "Some grass just tickled my nose…"

Jirou blinked before spotting Midoriya's open notebook and walking over to pick it up, "So, just trying to figure new moves?"

Midoriya nodded, rubbing the back of his neck, "Y-Yeah…" He turned to her once he knew that his blush had died, "Apart from some martial-art moves, I haven't really figure out anything else." He walked over, shaking his head, "My suit's flexible, but not flexible enough for some of them."

She flipped through a few pages, "You know, it's just crazy how detailed you get in this."

He took his notebook back, "Thanks."

She smirked as she teased, "As expected of the resident dork."

He flinched as a blush graced his cheeks, "O-Oi…"
She laughed, "It always catches you off guard."

Midoriya closed his notebook, "S-Shut it."

Jirou adjusted her bag, "Do you still study everyone's Quirks?"

He nodded, answering matter-of-factly, "Yep."

She pushed her hands into her blazer's pockets, "Why do you study Quirks, anyway?"

He chuckled, "We live in a world filled with the extraordinary." He smiled proudly, "How could I not admire what makes everyone so amazing?"

Jirou shrugged, "But doesn't it-" She cut herself short, realizing that what she was about to say wouldn't be the best thing to say.

Midoriya blinked, tilting his head like a confused puppy, "Hm?"

She shook her head, waving her hand, "N-Nothing." She rubbed the back of her neck, "You're pretty weird, Midoriya."

He blew the specs of dirt off his notebook, "Yes, yes. Thank you for the complement."

She chuckled, "Heh…" She tilted her head, "So, uh, what would you want for your birthday?"

He blinked, "Huh?" His eyes widened for a moment as he rubbed the back of his neck, "O-Oh, uh… I…" He let out a nervous chuckle, "Haven't really thought about it."

"Well, if you want anything, I… I could get you something."

"That's nice, but… I really don't need anything. And I'd hate to take any money away from you."

"Don't look at it like it's a burden. It's just a nice thing I want to do."

He thought for a moment, "U-Um, w-well…" He trailed off for a moment before answering, "A T-shirt."

She nodded, whirling one of her jacks around her finger, "Okay. Want anything in particular?"

He blinked before shaking his head, "N-No, not really…” He thought for a moment before adding, "I don't need an All-Might T-shirt or anything." He mumbled to himself, "I have too many already…"

Jirou chuckled, "You a big fan?"

Midoriya blinked before looking away whilst rubbing his neck. "Um…” He let out a chuckle, "I don't think so."

She raised a brow, "You don't think so?"

He looked off to the side, "Y-Yeah…” He rubbed the back of his neck, "It's… It's a bit of a stupid story."

She tilted her head, "Oh?"

He took a deep breath, "S-So, um… Did you ever see news about that 'Sludge' incident?"
"Yeah, I remember. Bakugo was involved with that, right?"

"Yeah…"

Midoriya lowered his head slightly, "A bit before that, I was able to talk with All-Might, and… and I asked him whether or not I could be a Hero despite the fact that I was… Quirkless." His brow furrowed as he shook his head, "And he said no." The amount of emotions that washed over his face was minimal, but they passed so fast that they were hard to identify. He landed on a saddened one, letting out a dejected sigh as his head hung, "'Never meet your Heroes.'" Tears seem to well up in his eyes before he shook his head, wiping them away, "'Crap…' He pinched the bridge of his nose, forcing a smile onto his lips, "I didn't…" He lowered his head as well as his voice, "I didn't think it'd still hurt…"

Jirou blinked, frowning, "Midoriya…" Jirou's known that Midoriya has bottled up his problems for a long while. With some of their conversations, she could tell that Midoriya wallowed in the physical and emotional pain he's received. Though, she never felt like it was her place to pry and it wasn't. However, now, she couldn't help but feel guilty for knowing and not being able to do anything.

He shook his head, running his hand through his hair, "It's not like he was wrong or cruel…" All of his emotions of frustration, sadness, and confusion were mixing together. He rubbed forehead, shaking his head, "It was logical." He lowered his head, shaking it, "It made sense." He let out a frustrated sigh, "And he apologized… but…"

She finished, "But that doesn't mean that it didn't hurt."

Midoriya blinked, "Y-Yeah…" His body relaxed as if a weight was lifted off his shoulders. He took a deep breath before taking a seat on the grass, sighing, "God…" She walked over to him and he nodded to her, "Sorry." He shook his head, forcing out a chuckle, "You asked if I was a big fan of All-Might and I…" He blinked, shaking his head, "I…" He lost his own words before rubbing his temple, "S-Sorry…" He sighed again, rubbing the back of his neck, "I… I shouldn't have-

Jirou sat beside him, smiling kindly, "Hey, it's fine." She nudged him, "If you ever need someone to talk to, just ask."

He was silent for a moment, just blinking at her. "I…" His voice fell as did his gaze, rubbing his arm, "I don't want to impose…"

She spoke firmly with dash of warmth in her voice, "Helping you out isn't a burden, Midoriya."

He blinked before he let out a breath, smiling slightly, "Thanks."

A bout of silence fell between them. Midoriya was reeling from his outbreak while Jirou was prepared to provide any support she could. Neither individuals really expected the conversation to reach this point but felt solace in it.

Midoriya let out a breath, blinking as if he just realized what happened, "That just… came out, huh?"

Jirou nodded, chuckling slightly, "Like a river."

He blushed, putting his face in his hands, "That's embarrassing."

She chuckled, "I promise I won't tell anyone."

He put his head on his knees and turned to her, "Please don't."
She nodded before standing up, "Well, I should get going."

He followed her, rubbing the back of his neck, "Yeah, sorry, about this."

Jirou frowned as he walked with her to the gates, "Stop apologizing." She turned to him, smiling kindly, "It's not a hassle for me."

Midoriya blushed before bowing slightly, "T-Thanks." With that, they parted and Midoriya waved to her, "See you."

She waved back as she left, "See ya."

Chapter End Notes

Howdy, folks. We have this chapter. A mixture of humor, updates, further planning, a hint of attraction, and the flood of bottled up emotions. I feel like most of these don’t need any explanations, but who knows?

Midoriya’s haircut - Purely practical reasons within universe, undercut because I think it looks the best for Midoriya, not to mention undercut-Midoriya is a pretty well-seen bit of fanart.

Lunch - Just an in-universe conversation-not much to explain.

Midoriya’s attraction to Jirou - Right place, right setting, and hormones. The realization comes from a random moment. Physical attraction is a bit more of a controllable and linear thing. It usually happens at first sight or there could be a delayed reaction. Again, not much to explain there.

Finally, the river - Now, I will admit that those who criticize this moment will be expressing this from the suddenness standpoint. But, from experience, bottled-up emotions aren’t hinted at in reality. They’re hidden from the people around you and even yourself, depending on your situation. And while the wound that separated Midoriya and All-Might was healed after the Sports Festival, that doesn’t mean there isn’t a scar. Like many scars, physically and emotionally, it’s a dangerous game. The wrong treatment, the wrong movement, and the scar festers. It opens and the blood gushes out.

That’s what happens. Midoriya starts explaining this history. The reasons for that is that Midoriya thought he could tell the story without it hurting. However, he was wrong. Just by bringing it up, remembering it, the emotions are reborn and they hurt him the same way they did before. And you can see the conflict that befalls him with this pain. He almost feels guilty feeling it. He defends All-Might, understanding that it was something that any normal person would do.

In the end, there’s only two things to really walk away with this chapter. First, Jirou has become a pillar of emotional support for Midoriya in the void of his mother. As, if he wasn’t moved into the dorms, Inko would fill the roll. Second, we are entering the build-up arc to the Final Exams which is going through. I’ll talk more about it later.

Until then, criticize away, leave all your thoughts and opinions in a review, and thank you for reading!
The Final Exams are announced! And a surprise birthday party for Midoriya starts off with a... different sort of surprise.

Aizawa left the classroom, allowing for the class to properly soak in the information about the coming final exam. Ashido and Kaminari had the most explosive reaction. She laughed, and he screamed dreadfully, "I DIDN'T STUDY AT ALL!"

Kaminari (20/20) cursed, "I COMPLETELY FORGOT!"

Ashido chuckled, scratching the back of her head, "I was busy planning…” She looked to Midoriya before looking away—leaving the Quirkless confused. "-something…”

Mineta (9/20) grinned cockily, "Sucks that there's gonna be a practical exam too."

Ashido (19/20) pointed an accusing finger at #9, "We thought you were one of us!"

#20 glared at Mineta, "Guys like you are only likable when they're morons! Where's the demand for this!?"

Their angry and upset nature only bolstered the purple-ball-haired student's ego, "The world, I guess."

Midoriya pumped his fists, "Ashido, Kaminari! Let's do our best!" He pushed his fist into the air, "Let's go to camp together!"

Ashido and Kaminari blushed and looked to the Quirkless student, "Midoriya!"

Jirou (7/20) turned to Midoriya, "Oh, yeah, considering you transferred in, how did you do on the make-up exam?"

He rubbed the back of his head as he pondered, "I think they said…” He smiled before answering, "I think I ranked 5th."

Yaoyorozu (1/20) turned to Ashido and Kaminari, "You two, I may be able to be of assistance with the class lectures."

Ashido and Kaminari spun to her, "Yao-Momo!"

Jirou walked up, "I'm not one of those two, but can I join, too? I'm having some trouble with quadratic functions…”

Sero clapped his hands together, "Sorry, me too! How are you with classical Japanese?"

Ojiro walked up as well, "I'd like to join, too. There's a bunch of stuff I don't get…"

Midoriya chimed in as well, "Me too?"
Jirou blinked, turning to him, "Midoriya? You got top five."

He rubbed the back of his neck, "Yeah, but I've missed an entire semester—there's something I'm bound to have missed." He scratched his cheek, "And I'm not very well-versed with Literature…"

The quartet asked in sync, bowing towards Yaoyorozu, "Please!"

She stood, smiling, "Yes, of course." They replied with an array of celebration. Her eyes seemed to glitter with excitement, clapping her hands together, "Then, let us hold a study session at my residence this weekend!"

Ashido smiled, "Seriously? I can't wait to see your house!"

Yaoyorozu spoke in a bubbly manner, "Oh, in that case, I must tell Mother and have her open up the hall!"

Kaminari and Ashido blinked, "Hall?"

Yaoyorozu raised a brow, "What kind of tea are you all partial to?"

Ojiro and Sero blinked, "Tea?"

Yaoyorozu smiled, "In my family, we always drink Harrod's or Wedgwood, so if you have any preference, let me know!" She beamed proudly, "Of course, you can trust me to help you study, too!"

Kaminari mumbled, "It's like she casually slapped me with the huge difference in how we were born…"

Jirou finished, "But her bounciness is so cute that I don't care."

Midoriya chimed in, "Do you have black tea?"

Yaoyorozu grinned brightly, "Yes, Harrod's Spiced Black tea is sublime!"

Jirou raised a brow, "Black tea?"

Midoriya smiled—with stars in his eyes and a bit of drool on the corner of his mouth, "It goes great with Pork-Cutlet."

XXX

Midoriya moved through the lunch-line. Lunch-Rush looked up at the student, "Ah, Young Midoriya!" The Pro looked around his counter before extending a small cupcake towards the Quirkless student, "Happy birthday."

The Quirkless took the cupcake before shaking his head, "T-Thank you. But, there really isn't a need."

The Hero laughed, "It's no issue. Keep moving forward, Young Midoriya!"

Midoriya smiled nervously as he left the lunch-line, "Y-Yeah. Thank you!"

The purple-haired and tired-eyed student walked up to the Quirkless, "Oi, Midoriya."

The green-haired and bright-eyed student spun to the brainwashing-male, "Shinso!"
Shinso slipped his tray into one hand before pulling out a wrapped rectangle and extending it to his friend, "Happy birthday."

Midoriya blinked, taking it, "Shinso-

"I heard what happened with your internship." He raised a concerned brow, "You okay?"

"Y-Yeah…"

Shinso rubbed the back of his neck, "You know… I get it. All of that-

"Resentment. Yeah…"

Shinso finished, "But, it isn't your fault, he has no right to blame you for his pain."

Midoriya lowered his head, "Still…"

His friend put a hand on his shoulder, "Well, don't think about it. It's your birthday—it's a time for you to be happy."

He smiled, "R-Right… Thanks, Shinso."

Shinso bumped his fist with his friend's, "No problem."

Midoriya and his friend parted and went to their separate tables. He took his seat with Kirishima, Ashido, Yaoyorozu, and Jirou. "Hi, everyone." He took his present and tucked it into his blazer.

Kirishima nodded, "Yo."

Ashido smiled, "So, what're you gonna do for your birthday?"

Midoriya answered, "I'm having dinner with my Mom tonight."

She raised a brow, "Are you heading out?"

He shook his head, "No, my Mom doesn't like the idea of me staying out late for too long, so we're having dinner at the dorms."

Ashido pouted, "Eh? That's too bad."

Midoriya smiled warmly, "I'll just be happy with the company." Some idle conversation passed before Midoriya asked, "What do you all think about the practical portion of the Finals?"

Yaoyorozu shook her head, "It could be anything."

Kirishima shrugged, "It could be about action or rescuing people."

Jirou whirled one of her jacks around her finger, "How would they make a test out of rescuing people?"

Midoriya rubbed his chin, "Hmm…"

An orange-haired girl walked past the wall of the view, blinking when she saw the Quirkless student, "Oh, hey."

Midoriya blinked, "Kendo, right?"
She nodded, "Yeah. Happy birthday, by the way."

He blushed slightly, "T-Thanks."

"Thanks for taking it easy on us during the Sports Festival."

"E-Eh?"

Kendo chuckled, "Although, you shouldn't be nice to all of your enemies."

Jirou commented, looking knowingly at her classmate, "Yeah, he has a habit of doing that."

Kendo continued, "I overheard you guys were talking about the practical, right?"

Midoriya nodded, "Y-Yeah."

She smiled kindly, "Well, between you and me, I hear it'll be a battle against robots, like in the Entrance Exam."

He blinked, "Huh? Really? How did you know?"

She chuckled, "I know an older student, who told me. It's a bit unfair, I know."

Midoriya shook his head, "No, it's not unfair at all! Preliminary intel gather is just another aspect of the exam. Of course..." Kendo blinked as the Quirkless fell into his master-art of mutterings and over-analyzation.

Two Support Course students walked by the table, hearing the student's mutterings. "Ah, there's old Muttering-Midoriya—he's back."

She nodded, "It's been awhile since I saw that."

They sighed wistfully, "Ah, memories."

Jirou smirked, turning to a blushing Midoriya, "'Muttering-Midoriya', huh?"

Midoriya's head sunk as he let out a tired sigh, mumbling, "That's not going away anytime soon..."

Kendo waved, "Well, I'll see you. Good luck!"

He waved back as she left, "T-Thanks."

Ashido waved as well, "The Muttering-Midoriya thanks you!"

Midoriya sighed, whining, "It's never gonna go away."

XXX

Jirou walked towards the side exit of the main Yuuei building. She blinked when she heard Uraraka's voice, "Ah, Jirou!" She clapped her classmate's shoulder, "Hey, Midoriya's already there, right?"

Jirou nodded, "Yeah, he already left class a while ago, so he should already be there."

Asui let out a ribbit, "This should be fun."

Kaminari already stood on the other side of the glass doors, opening it, "Yo."
Ashido, Kirishima, Todoroki, Yaoyorozu, and Bakugo stood on the other side with the electric-blonde.

Yaoyorozu looked over the small group, "Is this everyone?"

Uraraka smiled, "Yep!"

Jirou blinked, "Bakugo?"

He scowled as he looked to her, "What?"

She shrugged, "I didn't think you'd come."

Bakugo spat, "The fuck would you know?"

Jirou stepped back as he tried to push past her, walking towards the Heights Alliance Dorm, "E-Eh?"

She shook her head, "Rude as ever..."

Kaminari grinned as they made their way to the dorm, "Come on, let's get going."

Ashido pumped her fists into the air, "Ooh, Midori's gonna be so surprised!" She opened up her bag and pulled out a white, colorful box, "I got a game for us to play!"

Yaoyorozu blinked, squinting at the box's title, "Twister?"

Kirishima rubbed the back of his neck, "Do you have anything else? It isn't exactly enough for everyone."

Ashido blinked, "Eh..." She snapped her finger, "We could play the King's Game!"

Kaminari laughed, "King's Game!"

Urara blinks, raising a brow, "King's Game?"

Asui tapped her lip, "That's the game where you draw numbered sticks, and someone gets to order everyone around, right?"

Kaminari grinned, "Yeah, there'd be nine numbered sticks and one marked with something else. Whoever draws that is King and they get to order the numbers around."

Yaoyorozu brought her hands together, "This sounds interesting."

Ashido blinked, "The version I played didn't have any numbered sticks."

Kaminari nodded, "It's so that no one can target anyone during the game."

Kirishima smiled, "Yeah, that sounds fun!"

The group came to a stop before the dorm's front doors. Ashido grinned as she pushed ahead of the group, "Ready, everyone?" She was met with an array of 'Yes' and Bakugo's 'Get on with it'. Ashido shoved open the dorm's front doors and shouted with (most of) the group, "SURPRISE!" They blinked as they were met with an empty ground floor with a playing T.V. and an, otherwise, quiet living room and kitchen.

Ashido blinked, "E-Eh?" She looked around, "He's here, right?"
Yaoyorozu brought her hand to her mouth, tilting her head, "Well, the T.V. is on. Perhaps, he's in his room."

Kirishima cupped his hands around his mouth, "Midoriya!"

Todoroki tucked a hand into his pocket, shrugging, "He could be sleeping..."

Kaminari walked within, "Whoa, this place is amazing."

Asui looked around, "It's so nice."

Uraraka gulped, "It's like a palace!"

Jirou shouted as the group entered the room, "We're coming in!"

Yaoyorozu scolded the group as they walked in, "Please take off your shoes."

Kaminari blinked, "S-Sorry."

Ashido scratched her cheek, "I wonder where he is?"

Kaminari dropped off his bag and bounced over to the kitchen, "I'll look for sticks to use!"

Kirishima followed the blonde, "Wait, Kaminari, don't just use his chopsticks."

Yaoyorozu followed them both, "I could just create them—we're on school grounds after all."

Uraraka stepped in front of the couch, "Whoa, this TV's huge!"

Asui nodded, "It's pretty amazing." She let a ribbit out, "There's some bad weather coming in tomorrow."

Uraraka spun to bounce over to the kitchen, "I wonder what the kitchen's like!?" Asui followed after her, wondering the same thought.

Jirou deadpanned as she watched the 'party' mess around in the kitchen and lobby area, "Everyone's already gone off to do their own thing." She turned to the explosive-blonde who was looking over an abandoned shirt, "Bakugo?"

The blonde looked to her before walking off.

She followed him with a curious and confused look before walking over to the shirt. She picked it up, "It says, T." Her thought was caught short as the elevator door ahead of her dinged and slid open.

She looked up to see a shirtless Midoriya walking though—coming short as his eyes met hers and the surprise turning him stiff. He wore a pair of shorts, but these shorts weren't powerful enough to solve all the problems here.

Jirou blinked as her eyes traveled down to his torso. For some reason, her eyes couldn't help but look at ever detail of his toned upper body. From his collarbone to his abs, her eyes took in every detail they could. A blush flooded her cheeks as she screamed, "P-PUT A SHIRT ON!" as she threw the shirt at the Quirkless' face, causing him to stumble back into the elevator as its doors slid shut.

She heard his voice shout, "W-W-What're you doing in h-here?!!"
Jirou stood quietly with a maddened blush on her face as several of Midoriya's party peered at the situation from the kitchen. The array of cheers and whistles worsened the rocker's embarrassment before she spun and shouted for them to 'Shut up'.
Happy Birthday!

Chapter Summary

Midoriya's Birthday Party had a stuttering start, but it know begins with the beginning of the King's Game

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Jirou rubbed her face as the elevator dinged once more and a shirt-wearing Midoriya stepped out. Their eyes met before the blushes on their faces brightened, forcing them to look away from each other. He scratched the back of his head, shaking it, "W-What're you guys doing here?"

Ashido threw her arms into the air, "Happy birthday, Midori!" as the group made their way over to the pair.

Kaminari chuckled, nudging the rocker's shoulder, "Maybe it's Jirou's birthday, yeah?"

One of her jacks stabbed into his head as she blushed and growled, "S-Shut it."

Yaoyorozu explained, "We avoided bringing any food as to avoid spoiling your appetite for your dinner."

Kirishima smiled, "So, we're just gonna hang out with ya."

Midoriya smiled thankfully, "T-Thanks." He shook his head, blushing, "But you really should've said something."

Kirishima shrugged, "Eh, Ashido wanted it to be a surprise."

Asui commented, "Didn't work out, though."

The explosive-blonde walked up to the Quirkless student who automatically stumbled back, "K-Kacchan?"

Bakugo shoved a nicely-wrapped box into the Quirkless' hands, "Here." He turned and began to leave the building, "My Mom says, 'Happy Birthday'."

Uraraka turned and gave the blonde a confused look, "Eh? You're not gonna stick around?"

He scoffed, "Fuck, no."

Kirishima blinked, "E-Eh?"

Ashido gave him a thumbs-down, "Boo!"

Kaminari shook his head, "Come on, man."

Bakugo left the doors with a, "Fuck off."
Todoroki chimed in, "Well, there's eight of us still."

Kaminari held up the numbered sticks, (after tossing one away), "So, let's play the King's Game!"
He was met with an array of agreement.

Midoriya rubbed the back of his neck, "'King's Game'?

XXX

The group sat in a circle amongst the couches of dorm's living room with a coffee table in the center of the circle. On said table, there was a cup holding the labeled sticks, in arms-reach of everyone. It was a strange looking get-together as eight individuals were in the summer version of the school uniform—ties and all, while one was in a casual shirt and a pair of gym-shorts.

Midoriya shifted, rubbing the back of his neck, "For some reason, I feel out of place…"

Kaminari stood "So, let's set up some ground rules-

Yaoyorozu spoke firmly, "Nothing… indecent."

Several of the boys and girls blushed as Midoriya questioned, "N-No one w-would do that, right?"

Jirou coughed, fighting the blush away, "It-It's for the best."

Kaminari coughed, "R-Right, nothing like that." He looked around, "Uh, anything else?"

Midoriya looked around before answering, "N-No, I-I don't think so."

Kaminari nodded, "Okay then, other than anything indecent, the King's Orders are…" Those who knew of the games motto finished with the electric-blonde, "Absolute!" Kaminari took his seat, "Alright then. Everyone, grab a stick."

Todoroki shifted as he was slightly pressed against Yaoyorozu, "It's a bit crowded."

Yaoyorozu coughed, "Y-Yes."

Kaminari nodded, "Ready? One, Two…" Those who knew how the game worked shouted as the group pulled their selected sticks from the cup, "Who's the King?!"

Ashido bounced onto her feet, "Woohoo! I'm the King!"

Kaminari chimed in, "Remember, you can't name people, you can only use the numbers."

Ashido pouted, "Darn." She thought for a moment, "Um…" She grinned, "Number five!" She jutted her red-marked stick into the air, "Reveal the name of your first crush!"

Kirishima blinked, "Eh, starting with something embarrassing already?"

Todoroki looked at his number, looking up at the group, "I never really had a crush."

Ashido deflated slightly, "E-Eh?"

Todoroki thought for a moment, "My…" He looked off to the side with an annoyed look on his face, "Dad didn't really let me hang out with many kids."

Ashido blinked, "Oh…" A bout of silence followed the reaction. She quickly shouted,
"REDRAW!" before starting up the next round.

"One… Two… Who's the King?!"

Asui let out a ribbit, "Ah, it's me."

Kaminari snapped his fingers, "Darn it!"

Asui ordered, "Number five ride number six's shoulders for the next ten minutes."

Kaminari sighed, "E-Eh?"

Kirishima turned to his fellow victim, "Eh, so you're number five, Kaminari?" He stood up, "Alright—alright, let's get this over with."

Midoriya smiled kindly, "I'll set up a timer on my phone."

Kaminari fumbled with his words as he wobbled on his classmate's shoulders, "O-Okay, h-here we go!" Kirishima stumbled due to the blonde's shifting weight, "W-Whoa!"

Kirishima grunted, "Don't move so much, Kaminari."

Kaminari stuttered fearfully, "S-Sorry." He pumped his fist into the air, causing Kirishima to stumble, "R-Redraw!"

"One… Two… Who's the King?!"

Uraraka smiled, "Yay! It's me!" She thought for a moment before answering, "U-Um… Number six through eight, do a tongue twister!" Midoriya, Ashido and Kaminari reacted to the order.

There was a moment of silence before Ashido took a deep breathe before shouting the twister, "AKABA-JAMA AOBAMA-MAKIPA!"

Everyone blinked before Asui asked, "Which tongue twister was that?"

Ashido blushed before hanging her head, "T-The pajama one…"

Uraraka turned to the blonde on the redhead's shoulders, "K-Kaminari!"

Kaminari forced out, "KONU KUGE HAKINUKE NIGU KUKUI DA!"

Jirou commentated, "Ah, this is really going downhill…"

Uraraka turned to the last victim, "Midoriya?"

Midoriya took a deep breath, "There is bamboo growing in the bamboo grove because he wanted to grow bamboo in the bamboo grove so there is bamboo growing in the bamboo grove!" He was met with a bout of stunned silence before Uraraka cooed and several of them gave a casual, quiet applause. He blushed slightly, chuckling awkwardly.

Ashido and Kaminari looked at Midoriya with shocked expressions. Ashido was the first to speak, "You can do tongue twisters?"

Midoriya rubbed the back of his neck, "Y-Yeah…"

Kaminari sighed, raking his hand through his air, "Aw, man, you make it seem so simple…" He
growled before pumping his fist into the air, "Redraw!"

"One… Two… Who's the King?!"

Kirishima shrugged, "Numbers one through eight, name the grossest thing you've ever eaten."

Todoroki spoke simply, "Root beer."

Midoriya frowned, "Apple-skins…"

Jirou grimaced, "Natto."

Yaoyorozu shook her head, "Rice-pudding."

Asui stated, "Sea-cucumber…"

Uraraka frowned, "Licorice."

Ashido sighed, "Green pepper."

Kaminari shook his head, "Tomatoes."

Ashido turned to Midoriya, "Apples-skins?"

Jirou turned to the blonde, "Tomatoes?"

Kaminari turned to the rocker, "Natto?" He shook his head, chuckling, "Jirou, really? Natto's like a kiddy treat."

Jirou shook her head, shivering, "It's just… icky, okay? I can't stand it." She pointed at the blonde, "But you can't judge me. Tomatoes, really?"

Kaminari recoiled, "It's just bitter, alright?"

Ashido murmured to the Quirkless, "Apple-skins?"

Midoriya mumbled out, "Shush…" He quickly diverted the conversation back to the game, "Redraw!"

"One… Two… Who's the King?!"

Ashido smirked as she waved the stick through the air, "Number one sit in number six's lap for the rest of the game."

Jirou blushed, "Eh?"

As did, Midoriya, "What?"

Jirou shook her head, furiously, "What about anything indecent?"

Ashido shrugged, "What's so indecent about sitting on someone's lap? It's like sitting on a chair, right?"

Midoriya meekly stated, "Sorry…" as Jirou stood up.

She shook her head, "Don't worry, I don't blame you." She glared at Ashido before making her way over to Midoriya, "Excuse me."
He mumbled sheepishly, "R-Right…"

Jirou took her new seat and both teenagers' faces burned as their cheeks flushed with blood. While their closeness had happened before, on the train, this was different as they were surrounded by their peers and classmates. The proximity and their audience made it worse. Their hearts thumped against their ribcages and their ears burned as their blood rushed through their heads.

The snap of a phone's camera shutter made Jirou snap to the acid-girl, "Ashido!"

Ashido gave her classmate a peace sign whilst chuckling, "Heh-heh…"

Jirou balled her hands into fists, hanging her head to hide the maddening blush on her face, "I-I… regret… everything…"

Midoriya stuttered out as steam seemed to pour out of his ears and his face burned red, "I-I-I'm s-s-s-sorry."

Kaminari was let off Kirishima's shoulders as a timer went off, "Man, Midori, Mineta would be jealous of you."

Midoriya muttered out, "P-Please, s-s-stop t-talking a-a-about it-it."

Jirou glared with a bright-red face, "Yeah, stop."

Kaminari chuckled, "S-Sorry."

Jirou shook her head, "L-Let's just redraw."

Midoriya nodded, setting his arms at his sides and avoiding eye-contact with her, "R-R-Right."

"One… Two… Who's the King?!

XXX

The game continued for the next thirty minutes. Sadly, Jirou nor Midoriya were able to become King and were stuck in their predicament for the rest of the game. The group took their time departing, one-by-one. Jirou hung back with the express purpose of avoiding Kaminari and Ashido as, no doubt, they would tease the rocker-girl for Ashido's embarrassing order. She stepped out the door as Kaminari and Ashido had long left her view.

Jirou shook her head, "Well, this was… a thing."

Midoriya nodded, leaning against the door-frame, "Yeah, it was nice."

She looked off to the side with a light blush on her cheeks, muttering, "Could've done without a few things, though."

He rubbed the back of his neck, blushing slightly, "Y-Yeah…"

Jirou waved and started to walk away, "Well, I'll see ya at Yao-Momo's place."

Midoriya waved back, "See you."

Jirou heard the dorm's doors slide shut as she walked towards Yuuei's front gate. Her mind wandered as she pulled out her phone, plugging her jack into her phone. She looked to the orange sky, noticing
a mass of rolling clouds heading towards the city, "Eh…? Is it going to rain tomorrow of something…?"
She began to look up the weather report for the next day, but stopped as she received a message from Ashido, grumbling, "Oh, boy…" She opened the message to find a picture of herself sitting on Midoriya's lap. While her face wasn't in the picture, but she could recognize her own head. She blushed as her fingers jabbed against the digital keyboard, 'DELETE IT'. She sent it with a huff as shook her head, blushing, "What a dumb order…" She stepped through the front gates as she shoved her phone into her pocket. "I mean… it would've been hilarious if it were anyone else, but the fact that it was me, makes it dumb…" She blinked for a moment, "W-Wait…" She pulled her bag in front of her before pulling it open to see a wrapped box within, "Crap, I forgot to give it to him…"
She rubbed the back of her neck as she looked over her shoulder. "I guess I could just give it to him tomorrow."

A feminine and familiar voice grabbed her attention, "Ah, J-Jirou?"

The rocker blinked "Huh?" as she looked to see Midoriya's mom, "Oh, hi, Ms. Midoriya."

Midoriya Inko smiled politely and kindly, "H-Hello, how're you?" She carried several bags of groceries with one slightly overfilled.

Jirou smiled politely, "I'm fine."

Inko blinked, "Oh, you're probably wondering what I'm doing here."

"No, I heard from Midoriya that you're having dinner tonight."

Inko let a sweet smile grace her face as she nodded, sounding almost proud, "I see."

Jirou would've walked on, but she heard a bag's material began to rip, "Do you, uh, need some help?"

The mother nodded assuringly, pumping her fist determinedly, "N-No, I should be fine, but t-thank you."

The teen nodded, "Okay." She turned to walk on, but the bag fully ripped—sounding off audibly, and spun to see a bottle of soy sauce, can of chicken stock, and a bottle of vegetable oil rolling towards her. Both the mother and teen blinked, sounding off with an "Ah…" Jirou quickly picked up the fallen ingredients and walked over to Inko, "I'll just carry them for you."

Inko nodded, smiling out of both embarrassment and thankfulness, "R-Right, t-t-thank you very much."

Jirou smiled with a shrug, "No problem."

The mother and the teen walked towards the dorms, "S-So…"

She turned to the older woman, "Hm?"

"How is Yuuei? As a school?"

"Well, it's one of the best schools out there. There's a lot of work, but all of the Hero classes are fun—in their own right."

Inko nodded, "T-That's good." A worried look crossed her face before turning to the teen, "Midoriya hasn't been hurt or anything, right?"
"What do you mean?"

"I ask about it sometimes, but I worry, and I wouldn't be surprised if he hid any of it to spare my feelings."

Jirou blinked, remembering a certain situation, "'A-Ah, it-it's pinching—it's burning! Someone, help me!'..." She waved off the worry, "He-He's fine. The occasional slip-up, but he doesn't get hurt too much or that badly."

Inko breathed a sigh of relief, "T-That's good."

They made their way to the front door of the dorm. Jirou knocked on the door and it opened to reveal Midoriya. A confused Midoriya who blinked at Jirou before looking at the ingredients in her arms and then his mother.

Midoriya automatically went to help Inko, "Oh, Mom, let me help you."

She smiled warmly as she entered the building, allowing her son to take the plastic bags, "Th-Thank you, Izuku." She turned back to politely bow towards the rocker-girl, "And thank you too."

Jirou returned the bow with a casual one, "No problem."

Midoriya spoke as he placed the bags on the island counter in the kitchen, "You should have told me when you reach the station, I would've come and helped."

Inko spoke as she followed her son, "I didn't want to be a bother."

He turned to his mother, "You'd never be a bother. Please don't go out of your way for my sake." He looked to his classmate, "And thank you for helping my Mom."

Jirou shrugged, "No problem." She blinked before reaching into her school-bag, "Actually, I forgot to give your birthday present."

Midoriya blinked and slightly blushed in receiving the wrapped gift, "O-Oh, thanks."

Jirou zipped up her bag, "Well, I better get going."

Midoriya nodded, "R-Right."

Inko bowed politely, "Have a nice day, Jirou."

Jirou bowed back, "You too." She waved as she made her way towards the exit, "Have a nice dinner."

She was met with a pair of "Thank you" from mother and son as she took her leave.

Chapter End Notes

AN: Howdy, everybody! Happy holidays and such. This chapter is just for fun. I had more for it, but I couldn't fit everything and not everything worked. I did my best to maintain what you'd see in an anime. Tongue Twisters & The King's Game. I had a moments with billiards, twister, and some more shipping type of stuff in the King's
Game. But you know, I didn’t want it to over stay. I put a lot unnecessary research into this whole birthday thing. Gifting culture in Japan. Ingredients that go into a Pork Cutlet Bowl. What drinks pair well with a Pork Cutlet Bowl.

Anyway, I wanted announce somethings. First, the posting schedule will be maintained through the holiday season, but maybe not perfectly. We’ll see how things turn out. There's also my next My Hero Academia fanfic. A Medieval AU. I figured out which characters will be considered the main party: Midoriya, Ashido, Uraraka, Jirou, Kaminari, Bakugo, Kirishima, Todoroki, and Yaoyorozu. Or respectively: The Librarian, The Demon, The Mage, The Archer, The Gunslinger, The Pirate, The First-Mate, The Bastard Prince, and The Knight. Main pairing? Ashido and Midoriya. Which Fantasy Races are Included: Check. Magic Rules: Check. History: Check. Entire Plotline: Check. There's only a few more details to settle and then I can get started on it. If anyone's curious about it, feel free to ask questions. (However, there are limitations in my answers because spoilers.) I'm honestly just excited about this project.

(The Japanese tongue-twisters, respectively: Aka-Pajama, Ao-Pajama, Ki-Pajama – Red Pajamas, Blue Pajama, Yellow Pajama | Kono kugi ha hikinuki nikui kugi da – This nail is a nail which is difficult to be pulled out | Takeyabu ni take tateka-keta no wa takeyabu ni take Tateka-ketakattakara takeyabu ni take tateka-keta – There is bamboo growing in the bamboo grove because he wanted to grow bamboo in the bamboo grove so there is bamboo growing in the bamboo grove.)
Study Group

Chapter Summary

Eraserhead defends the choice of accepting a Quirkless Hero. Jirou and Midoriya head off for their study session at Yaoyorozu's with Ojiro, Sero, Ashido, and Kaminari during the monsoon season.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Midoriya stood in the lobby of the teachers' dorm before Aizawa. The teacher rubbed the back of his neck, "So, we shouldn't stop you from interacting with others, but considering how long you could be out, you should contact us on a thirty-minute interval." He rolled his shoulders, "You still have that app, right?"

Midoriya nodded, "Y-Yes."

Aizawa explained, "Contact a teacher once you reach the stations and then Yaoyorozu's household. Once you're done with your study session, call us when you leave and when you reach the station. One of us should be waiting for you when you get there."

The student nodded, "Yes, sir."

The teacher was about to walk away but stopped to add, "Oh, and considering it's monsoon season, be sure to bring an umbrella and an extra set of clothes just in case."

Midoriya bowed, "Of course." With that, the student waved as he made his leave, "Bye~!"

Midnight peeked her head out from the kitchen with a mug of coffee, "You know, he's too obedient for his own good." She was only in a very large shirt, covering her black jean-shorts, with her tied up in a messy ponytail.

Aizawa shrugged as he pushed his hands into his pockets, "We've made him greatly aware of his situation." He stepped deeper into the building, "It's rational to rely on individuals who understand the world he's about to enter."

She took a sip from her mug, brushing some of her hair behind her ear, "Why did you vote to let him in?"

He shrugged once again, "With that brain of his and his actions during the USJ, it seemed logical. Why shouldn't we let someone who's perfectly capable in?"

Snipe shook his head as he leaned against a far wall, near the elevator to the upper floors, "Because of how dangerous it is." "He could get himself killed." He was in simple casual wear. Although, he kept his mask on for... some reason.

Aizawa scratched his cheek, "So could anyone else—anyone of us." He walked towards the elevator, "Just because he's Quirkless doesn't mean he's incapable of surviving."
The Homing Hero pushed off the wall, shaking his head, "Without his suit-"

The Erasure-Hero walked forward, "Without a gun, you can't shoot from a distance." He tilted his head towards Midnight, "If all of her opponents wore gas-masks, then her Quirk's useless." He pulled out eye-droplets and using the medicinal liquid, "And if my dry-eye acts up, I can't keep my eyes open through a fight."

Snipe paused for a moment before shaking his head, "We're different."

Aizawa shook his head, "Because we taught ourselves how to make up for our weaknesses and ensured that we're not just one-trick ponies." He sighed, walking past his fellow teacher and pressing the elevator button, "Just because he relies on technology and has no Quirk to rely on, doesn't mean he can't handle himself without them." The elevator dinged before the doors slid open and the tired-eyed Hero entered it, "And even if he can't handle himself, it's our jobs as teachers to ensure that he can." He raised a brow as the doors slid shut, "Is it not?"

The elevator dinged before ascending upward. Snipe blinked underneath his mask before crossing his arms and stepping back, "Dammit… That makes sense…" He turned around to face Midnight.

She shook her head, "Hey, don't look at me, I voted the kid in too."

He nodded to her, "Why did you?"

Midnight chuckled, "Why would I vote for a kid who pulled himself from the brink of unconsciousness just to stand and scream defiantly to the sky, as if saying that he will never give up until he achieves his dream?" There seemed to be a glint of stars in her eyes, "A kid who tinkered away underneath our noses and brought himself up as a mecha-sentai ranger before any of us realized?" She returned to a neutral look as she shrugged, sipping from her mug, "Why would anyone ever think someone like that could be a Hero?"

Snipe sighed, "Could do without the sarcasm." He made his way into the living room, "They had good points though…" He took a seat on the couch as his mind wandered with the idea before he sighing internally, "I still don't like it…"

The crash of a cup and Midnight's, "Ah," stole his attention though. She looked over her shoulder at him, still holding her mug—meaning she had broken some other cup, "Um… From the bottom of my heart…" She winced, "My bad."

He shook his head, "Are you going to clean it up?"

She blinked before taking a deep breath, "After I finish my coffee."

Snipe sighed internally, "Why am I living here…?"

XXX

Jirou leaned against a wall while adjusting her bag underneath her arm, looking out the window of the speeding train and towards the dark clouds rolling across the sky. She wore some casual clothing to the session with monotone colorings. One of her jacks was plugged into her phone and she was listening away as it sped to the next stop. She was thinking about her conversation with her folks when she explained the session.

XXX

Her mother spoke reasonably, sitting on the living room couch, "Oh, you're going to a study thing
with your classmates? That should be fine."

Her father stood from the couch dramatically, "Hold on, babe." He asked needlessly, putting a foot on the coffee table between them (while ignoring the protests from his wife), "Kyoka, will there be any boys there?"

Jirou lied as she plopped upon the couch across from her mother, father, and the coffee table, "Nope."

Kyotoku strained his voice as he spun his head away from daughter, "I don't believe her."

Mika shook her head and pulled on her husband's sleeve for him to sit down before turning to her daughter, "Sweetie?"

She sighed before answering half-truthfully, "Like two."

Kyotoku bit his sleeve as he sat next to his wife, "She's hiding them from us!"

Jirou shook her head, "You keep overreacting!"

Her father stomped, "No boy is good enough for my daughter!"

His daughter groaned, putting her face in her hands, "Oh, god."

Her mother put a hand on her husband's shoulder, "Kyotoku, calm down."

Jirou hung her head, sighing, "I hate all of this..."

Kyotoku shouted dramatically in the English language, latching his hands on his heads, "OH MY GOD!"

XXX

Jirou blushed as she rubbed the back of her neck, "God, Dad... you're too much still." The train slowed to a stop and she could feel the air whipping into the semi-busy train-car.

Midoriya's voice caught her attention, "Ah."

Jirou turned, blinking as her eyes lowered and saw the shirt she bought him on his torso, "Hey, Midoriya."

It was a shirt that bore a design that was vaguely similar to his jumpsuit. Plus, the colors of green and white were switched. The shirt, itself, popped because of his darkly-colored pants, but completely clashed with his bright-red shoes.

He smiled, waving, "Hi."

She looked off to the side, blushing slightly, "You're wearing it."

He chuckled as he moved to stand next to her, "Yeah."

She nodded to him as he stood next to her, "Well, that's good." She chuckled, whirling one of her jacks around her finger, "I was worried that I got the wrong size or something."

Midoriya smiled warmly as they looked out the window, "No, it fits perfect."
Jirou smiled back, tucking her hand in her pocket, "Great."

He took a deep breath, "So, have you been to Yaoyorozu's?"

She shook her head, "No."

He rubbed the back of his neck, "S-She, uh seems… to… be…” He trailed off.

She nodded, "Rich?"

"Yeah."

"I am preparing for a mansion with a big fence and a long driveway."

"Do you think there'll be a limo or… one of those long, fancy cars?"

"Now that you've mentioned it, I wouldn't be that surprised…"

Midoriya blinked, narrowing his eyes slightly, "What do rich people have?"

Jirou shrugged, "I don't know. They don't really show off."

He nodded, "Yeah…" He chuckled, scratching the back of his head, "I-I'm kind of nervous…” He seemed stiff and even slightly uncomfortable, "This is the first time I've been over at someone else's house—well, apart from Kacchan's."

She chuckled, rubbing the back of her neck, "Probably a really different environment in comparison to Yao-Momo's." She thought internally, "If Bakugo's any of a hint…"

He nodded, rubbing his shoulder, "P-Probably."

Jirou pulled on her shirt "I get it though. In hindsight, I probably should've worn something a bit more formal."

Midoriya looked down at himself, rubbing the back of his neck, "Y-Yeah, me too."

XXX

Ashido and Kaminari were walking down a sidewalk across from the opposite pair of Midoriya and Jirou. They were well into their walk towards Yaoyorozu's. Dark clouds were rolling over them, invading the once blue sky. Wind was picking up leaves and ripping them from the trees nearby.

Ashido blinked before waving, "Oh, hey…"

Kaminari rubbed his chin, smirking, "What're you two doing, walking around together?"

Jirou's jacks hovered menacingly in the air and towards the blonde, blushing slightly, "S-Shut it!"

He put his hands up, chuckling, "Joking, joking." The two pairs merged together walking along a red-brick and metal fence.

Jirou slowed her pace to match Ashido's as Kaminari and Midoriya fell into casual conversation, "You deleted that picture, right?"

Ashido smiled, nodding, "Yeah, yeah." She chuckled, "Don't worry. It was just for fun for a day"—she dusted off her hands, "but gone."
The rocker breathed a sigh of relief, "Thanks."

Sero's voice caught the group's attention, "Hey, guys!" The jogging pair of Sero and Ojiro ran up to the quartet.

Ojiro smiled, "Wind's getting pretty crazy, huh?"

Midoriya nodded, "Hopefully, it won't rain."

Sero rubbed the back of his neck, "Yeah, I didn't bring an umbrella."

Ojiro looked towards the darkening clouds, "I hope that there aren't any floods this year."

Kaminari shrugged, "Heroes get better at handling it every year, but… you know…"

Ashido pumped her fist, "We'll put a stop to it!"

Sero nodded as the rest of the boys smiled determinedly, "Yeah, definitely."

There was a small bout of silence before Kaminari scratched his cheek, "How do they handle it, though?"

Jirou instantly looked to the Hero-Otaku, "Midoriya?"

He replied without hesitation, "In the past, or present strategies?"

She chuckled, smirking, "Of course you know."

Ashido waggled her finger, "Now-a-day stuff."

Midoriya looked skyward, scratching his cheek, "They don't really go into detail about strategies today." He teetered his head, "Especially since U.S.J., revealing strategies for handling emergencies, even for peace of mind, is seen as a risky prospect." He shrugged, "I have some assumptions… though…” He began to trail off as he spotted the gateway of the long fence.

Sero was focused on the conversation, but trailed off as he realized the same thing, "R… R-Really…"

The group had found their way to the front-gate of the Yaoyorozu abode. With their minds distracted by each other, they didn't really notice the fence or the light-posts. The large gate, intercom, and the plaque naming the property's owner were the things that caught their attention. They fell in line in the front of the gates, blinking and standing stiff in shock.

Ojiro blinked, "E-Eh…?"

Kaminari let out a weak and shocked chuckle, "W-Wow…” He shook his head, "I knew she was rich, b-but I didn't think she was this rich…"

Midoriya mumbled out—eyes wide, "I-It's… It's bigger than my apartment building… and-and t-the dorms… c-combined…”

Sero leaned forward, blinking, "S-So… u-um… the, um intercom?"

Jirou nodded, "Y-Yeah, I got it," walking forward to turn use it.

The rocker hit the button and Yaoyorozu's bubbly, and excited voice rung through, "Everyone, I
have been waiting for you!" The front gates swung open, unveiling the long driveway towards the mansion, "Please come in!"

The group of six was led into what Yaoyorozu called the lecture hall. It was a well-kept room with an immaculately-designed carpet. Wall decorations of amazing paintings, family photos, and even plaques added to the elegance of the room. Each of the family photos held an amazingly happy family with a growing Yaoyorozu grinning brightly. Two bright, golden chandlers hung from the ceiling. The long, oak table and amazingly-designed chairs, while physically comfortable, placed more discomfort upon the students.

Ojiro smiled slightly, "I feel so out of place it's making me nervous…"

Sero looked around the room, "Me, too…"

The clanking of China cups and tea-pots on a rolling tray with a metal structure holding a few plates of dessert caught everyone's attention. Yaoyorozu was the one pushing it, looking to her classmates with her bubbliness in full-force, "What is it?"

Soon, the group of six lost themselves in her energetic nature, "Oh, nothing…"

Chapter End Notes

Howdy and Happy Holiday things! A conversation heavy chapter. Now, this is a tangent, separating from the action-focused portion of the story. It'll be like this for a while. All-in-all, we have Aizawa defending his Quirkless Hero-in-training. Our favorite students bonding and the beginning of a Monsoon-seasoned study session. I don't have much else to write at the moment.
Flood Warning

Chapter Summary

The study group's departure is stunted by flood warnings and precautionary measures! Now, the boys and girls must endure a bittersweet sleepover!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Midoriya stretched before jumping as lightning flashed and thunder cracked, knocking his knee into the table and causing his pencil to jump and fall. Yaoyorozu stopped her pacing and her lecture as she looked out the lofty window-pane. "Hmm, perhaps we should try and get everyone home now…"

Jirou smirked, chuckling, "Scared of thunder, Midoriya?"

The Quirkless student crawled underneath the table to grab his pencil, "I-I'm more scared of the suddenness!" Another crack of thunder caused the searching student to jump once again, smacking his head into the table and letting out a cry of pain doing so.

Kaminari looked to his classmate on his right, "You okay, Midori?"

Midoriya pulled himself onto his seat, rubbing his head, "Y-Yeah…"

Ojiro looked amongst his friends, nodding, "So, I guess it's time for us to leave."

Yaoyorozu smiled, readying to escort her friends to the exit, "I hope that I helped."

Kaminari grinned, "Of course, you did!"

Ashido pumped her fist, "Yeah, I feel like I have a chance now!" The group began to pack up their things and were readying to take their leave.

Midoriya blinked as his phone began to ring and Jirou looked up to ask, "Who's that?"

He replied, reading off the caller ID, "Eraserhead…" He answered it as his friends continued on their way, "Hello?" He blinked as he talked with the teacher, "O-Oh? No-No, I understand. I'll tell the others."

The last bit caught the attention of his friends and Sero turned to ask, "What's up?"

Midoriya explained, "Flood-warnings have been issued in the city and the train-lines are being shut down."

Ojiro blinked, raising a brow, "Really?"

Yaoyorozu added, "Well, they issue these warnings every year for safety reasons."

Midoriya smiled, "If we're lucky, the rain may let up and the trains might start back up before dark." He added, "B-But, Aizawa said we should contact our parents and tell them everything."
His friends blinked before Ojiro pulled out his phone, "Y-Yeah, that makes sense."

Kaminari frowned, "I hope I have signal."

Jirou groaned, "God, he's gonna talk my ear off."

Ashido tapped on her phone, "I hope everyone's okay..."

Yaoyorozu fished out her phone as well, "I should call my parents as well."

The group of friends turned away from each other and ignored each other's conversations, focusing on their own.

Midoriya's mother picked up before he even heard the first ring, "Izuku?!"

He smiled warmly, as if on reflex, "Hey, Mom."

A mother's worry and concern were extremely evident and there was even a bit of panic in her voice, "I saw the warning on the news. Are you back at Yuuei yet?"

He rubbed the back of his neck as he paced in place, "N-No, we didn't really realize the weather picking up until the lightning and thunder started. I'm still at Yaoyorozu's household."

She gasped, "A-Are you okay there—are you safe?"

Midoriya nodded, his tone shifting to a soft one, "Yes, I'll be safe here." He spoke assuringly to his mother, "Don't worry, Mom, everything's going to be okay. Even if something does happen, Heroes will be on high-alert—they'll be here in a second."

There was a moment of silence before Inko replied, "O-Okay." She quickly added, "J-Just contact me if anything happens, okay?"

He smiled, "I promise." He blinked, worry in his voice, "What about you? Are you in the warning areas?"

She replied, undoubtedly shaking her head, "N-No, sweetie, but I'll keep an eye out for any changes. You should, too."

He breathed a sigh of relief, "I will."

Inko finished, "Be safe, Izuku."

Midoriya nodded, "You too." With that, the conversation between mother and son ended and Midoriya turned to see that everyone else was wrapping up their own conversations.

Sero looked around, "Is everyone good?"

Yaoyorozu smiled kindly, "That's great." She added warmly, "Oh, and in case the warnings go into the night, my parents have insisted that you stay the night."

The boys blinked and blushed slightly—alongside Jirou, and Midoriya was the one to speak, "R-Really?"

Yaoyorozu nodded, "Yes." She picked up her glasses, "Shall we finish our study session?"

Ojiro nodded, "Y-Yeah, we were just about done anyway."
Kaminari raised a brow, "You know, how do they handle floods nowadays?"

Half of the group turned to Yaoyorozu while the other turned to Midoriya who both fell into a pondering stance. Midoriya was the first to answer, "Elemental-Quirk Heroes will be the most obvious choice, and Heroes with weather or foresight abilities would also be useful as well."

Yaoyorozu added, "Heroes who can predict the floods will ensure that the correct areas are evacuated to the nearest and safest crisis centers."

Midoriya rubbed his chin, "And every other Hero involved will be focused on preventing looters from stealing left behind valuables while ensuring the least amount of property damage occurs." He popped his left shoulder as he stretched, "Not to mention, other Heroes will be on alert elsewhere in the city."

Sero raised a brow, "Why?"

Yaoyorozu started, "Some Heroes will be removed from the areas they usually patrol…"

Midoriya nodded, "So, other Heroes who are also within the area will now face double the workload than before."

Ojiro leaned back in his seat, "I guess these times are stressful for everyone involved."

Midoriya blinked at the aspect of the statement, rubbing the back of his neck, "W-Well, this is all the most likely thing of our knowledge."

Yaoyorozu nodded, "Yes, it is quite possible that the current Heroes are several—perhaps hundreds of steps ahead of us."

Ojiro nodded, "Well, let's get back to studying."

Ashido thrusted her fist into the air, "Yeah! Let's ace this test!"

Kaminari did the same, "Yeah!"

Midoriya rubbed his brow, "I'm sorry… but…" He turned to the tutor, "How does that make any sense?" A look of pure confusion and dread on his face.

Yaoyorozu backed away, rubbing her chin, "What is a better way of explaining it…?" She began to ponder, "Hmm…"

Another flash of lightning and the crack of thunder rung through the room before the group was plunged into darkness. Their hearts jumped, but nothing escaped their mouths as their surprise rang through their systems.

Yaoyorozu's voice spoke in the darkness, "Oh, my." She created a flashlight from her body before flipping it on, "I'll go check the circuit breaker." She began to make her way before stopping, "The rest of you stay here, and please don't try to write or read, it'd be bad for your eyes."

Jirou's voice spoke as the flashlight on her phone flipped on, "H-Hang on, someone s-should probably go with you."

A seat moved as its occupant stood before Ojiro's phone lit up with his own light, "I'll go."

Ashido's phone-flashlight flipped on, "Be safe."
As did Kaminari's, "Watch out for all of those… like… hallway-nightstand-things…"

Ojiro chuckled as he followed Yaoyorozu out of the room, "Got it."

Ashido turned and looked out the window, "It's getting pretty dark out…"

Sero pushed his seat and stood, "We should close the curtains."

Kaminari stood as well, "Yeah."

The floorboard creaked underneath one of the moving individual's feet, "Eep!"

Ashido jumped, "Eh?"

Sero blinked, "What was that?"

Kaminari chuckled slightly, "'Eep'?"

Midoriya stood, "Come on, we should close the curtains, right?"

Ashido shared a knowing nod with Midoriya, "Yep! Let's get to it!"

Unbeknownst to everyone, Jirou blushed madly in the dark and her jacks were jumbled up as she forced herself to remain as quiet as possible. The curtains were pulled over the windows before the students wandered around the room a bit.

Kaminari's light fell on some of the Yaoyorozu-Family's photos that hung on the walls, "God, it feels kinda weird to look at these." Sero walked over to him, causing Kaminari to address him, "I mean, she's just so happy, you know? It's just so personal…"

Sero nodded, "Yeah, I get you."

Ashido's light shone over the wallpapers and the carpets, "It's all so fancy… I wonder how much it all costs…"

Midoriya whispered, taking a seat next to Jirou, "You okay?"

She grumbled, whispering as well, "It's like a setting in some horror movie bull… Storm, blackout, big-ass place like this…" She shook her head, "I hate it."

He looked about the room, a look of slight dread on his face as he agreed, "Y-Yeah, I understand, but you're with us, we'll be fine."

She sighed, "I know, it's just that…" She shivered slightly, "I just… hate horror things."

He chuckled, "I understand." There was a small bout of silence between them before Midoriya hummed in thought, "Hmm…"

Jirou turned to him, "What?"

She could make out the knowing smile on his face, "You kinda making fun of me earlier for jumping at thunder."

She blushed, rubbing the back of her neck, "Ah… S-Sorry."

Midoriya leaned back in his seat, chuckling, "It's fine." He mumbled, "It's not like you've ever tried
to hurt me—or that you have.”

She muttered, shaking her head, "I could do with some lights…”

A flash of light shone into the room, peering through the fabric and giving all of them a perfect view of the room around them in a single instant before they plunged back into darkness. Then came the loud crack of thunder reverberating through the mansion and their ears.

Movie-like setting jolted Jirou's heart to skip a beat and a look of dread to flash onto her face. Her hand latched onto a place of comfort almost instantly. She took a few deep breaths as she bounced back from her scare. Her heart slowly began to calm as everyone else in the room recovered from the loud drum of nature. Once she calmed, she looked to her own hand and found it clutching Midoriya's.

She quickly ripped it free from his hand, blushing madly in the dark, "S-Sorry!"

He stuttered out, taking his hand back, "I-I-I't's f-f-fine…” He turned away from her slightly, looking at his hand, "H-Her h-h-hand was so soft…!

Jirou looked at hers, rubbing her fingers together, "His hand was so rough…”

Kaminari made a face, ignorant of the conversation between the musician and the mechanic, "Shit… I guess there's no way we're getting home tonight, huh?"

Sero nodded, "Yeah…” He chuckled, rubbing the back of his neck, "It's the first time I've ever stayed at a girl's place…”

The blonde chuckled nervously, "Y-Yeah, I'm gonna try not to think about it…”

The warm and bright lights of the room came back to life, bringing comfort to those nervous and bringing everyone back into the mansion of Yaoyorozu’s childhood.

Kaminari turned, switching off his flashlight and spotting the blushing pair, "What's up with you two?"

Midoriya's blush deepened slightly, "N-N-Nothing!"

Jirou's jacks hovered menacingly, "S-Shut it."

Ashido stepped towards the table, tucking her phone away, "It took them awhile to fix it."

Sero nodded, taking a seat, "It'll probably take them awhile to get back."

Kaminari leaned back in his seat, "Uh, what should we do in mean time?"

Midoriya spoke up and suggested, "S-Study?” Kaminari and Ashido turned to him and he quickly shrunk, "N-Never mind…”

Ashido tapped her chin, "Do you guys want to play a game or something?" She snapped her fingers, smiling, "King's G-"

Jirou snapped to her classmate, "No."

Kaminari grinned, "Spin the bot-"

Midoriya shook his head fervently, "N-No!"
Ashido pouted, "Come on, we gotta do something."

Jirou frowned, "I don't trust any of your games..." She nudged the mechanic next to her, "H-Hey, Midoriya, you analyze everyone, right? Why don't you give us some pointers for the practical?"

Midoriya blinked, "U-Uh, y-yeah, I can do that." He stood and went to dig his notebook out of his bag. He flipped through the book, "W-Who wants to go first?"

Ashido waved and pumped her hand, "Ooh~! Me, me!"

Midoriya landed on a page, "Ashido... Quirk: Acid." He began to read aloud, "She-" He stopped for a moment before making eye-contact with the pink-skinned girl, "Y-You can control the acidity and solubility of acid that you can secrete from your skin."

She gave him a thumbs-up, "Yep!"

He continued, "The longer you used it and the more acidic you made it; the quicker you lost your natural protection against it." He began to pace, "You have good physical prowess, and I haven't really seen you use your Quirk to creatively—in a combat sense." He smiled warmly as he commented, looking to the acid-girl, "Your technique of using acid to create holds in buildings around you is really clever!"

She smiled back, "Thanks."

He fiddled with her hair, "A-Although, you shouldn't rely on that version of movement in your early years as a Hero." He added, "All that property damage would put a real dent in your start."

Ashido nodded, "Good point..."

Kaminari chuckled nervously, "D-Do you analyze everyone?"

Midoriya blinked, blushing slightly, "Y-Y-Yeah..." He looked at his notebook before closing it and putting it away, "I-I'm not sure about this anymore..." He fiddled with his fingers after closing his bag and moving to take his seat, "It-It j-just kinda seems..."

Jirou smirked, "Stalker-ish?"

He seemed to deflate slightly, "Y-Yeah..."

Yaoyorozu's voice entered the room as the doors were pushed open, "Hello!" She smiled apologetically, "I am sorry we took so long."

Ojiro mumbled to himself, "This place is gigantic..."

Yaoyorozu frowned, "I apologize for this inconvenience."

Sero shrugged, "It's no problem."

Ashido grinned, "Yeah, it's not like you can control the weather Yao-Momo!"

Midoriya smiled kindly, "You've been a great host."

Yaoyorozu blinked, "Everyone... Thank you." She gasped as a thought ran through her mind, "I should give you all a tour!"

Ojiro nodded, "Y-Yeah, where are we sleeping?"
The Creation-Hero nodded, "There are plenty of guest bedrooms."

Jirou rubbed her arm, "Eh, this place is so big… I'm not sure how comfortable I am with that…"

Yaoyorozu's eyes seemed to sparkle, "Then perhaps we could have a sleepover?"

The rocker jerked her chin towards the others, "What about the boys?"

Yaoyorozu nodded, rubbing her chin, "Hmm…"

Kaminari shrugged, tucking one of his hands into his pockets, "We can just crash in a guest bedroom together."

Ojiro nodded, "Yeah, I'm sure we'll be fine."

Ashido pumped her fists, "Woohoo! Sleepover!"

Yaoyorozu smiled brightly, "Yes!"

Chapter End Notes

Howdy, folks. Don't exactly have much time to leave a long note this time. This chapter, this whole arc really, is mostly about reminding everyone that our favorite Class 1-A are kids. They're 15 to 16 years old. Their lives should just be bittersweet, heart-throbbing moments like this. However, I just guess they weren't lucky enough in reality. Medieval AU is still in the works. I'll hopefully be able to post one or two chapters before the end of February.
Staying the Night

Chapter Summary

Staying a night at a girl's house during a storm? Our Hero's nervousness persists.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Thunder and lightning flashed and roared in the dark-cloudy skies above the mansion. Luckily, the rumblings and the stormy lights were getting quieter and less noticeable as day shifted into a sunset. Although, with the thick cloud layer, it was difficult to tell. Yaoyorozu was currently leading the study group through her home.

Yaoyorozu spoke firmly, "So, we should be coming up on the guest-bedroom."

Kaminari spoke underneath his breath, "She's so rich… It's insane!"

Ojiro rubbed the back of his neck, "Yeah…"

Jirou nudged Midoriya's shoulder, "You okay?"

Midoriya turned to her, blinking the swirls out of his eyes, "Y-Yeah…" He shook his head, chuckling, "I can't imagine growing up in a place like this."

Jirou shook her head, rubbing the back of her neck, "Neither can I."

Yaoyorozu pulled on the doors to the guest-bedroom, "This is it." She walked in, gesturing to the fanciful and elegant bedroom, "This'll be where you four will be staying."

Kaminari whistled before whispering to himself, "This is a guest bedroom?"

Ojiro coughed, "The bed's gigantic."

Sero looked around, rubbing the back of his neck, "There's a sofa in here?"

Midoriya mumbled as he wobbled slightly, "I think it's bigger than my apartment…"

Jirou chuckled, crossing her arms, "You okay?"

He took a deep breath, "G-Getting there…"

Yaoyorozu stepped forward, "There is a bathroom, and a closet, but there's nothing in there." She tapped her lip, "Um, perhaps, I could make you all some pajamas…"

Ojiro rubbed the back of his neck, sharing a look with his soon-to-be roommates, "W-We wouldn't want to cause any trouble."

Yaoyorozu shook her head, "Nonsense." She took a breathe, "We can discuss it later. Let us go have dinner!"
Jirou rested her hands on the back of her head, "So, we'll have to cook something, right?"

Kaminari chuckled, "Yeah, I'm guessing you don't have any instant ramen?"

Yaoyorozu chuckled back, shaking her head, "No," "But do not worry, my mother gave us permission to eat the food we prepared yesterday."

Ashido raised a brow, slightly worried, "Yesterday?"

Creati didn't skip a beat, however, "Yes, it's so that the salmon can properly absorb the marinade."

Pinky chuckled, "Ooh, sounds fancy."

Ojiro and the boys hung back as the three girls of the group walked on ahead, "You know, all of this is kinda… making me nervous."

Sero nodded, "Yeah…" He rubbed the back of his neck, "I've never stayed at a girl's house before…"

Midoriya lowered his gaze, scratching his cheek, "I'm trying not to think about it."

Kaminari balled his hand into a fist, "We-We just gotta be confident in ourselves, right? W-We'll be fine."

Ojiro gave a nervous smile, "It doesn't feel that simple."

Sero rubbed the back of his neck, "I hope I don't do anything stupid… or embarrassing…"

Kaminari looked amongst his friends, "C-Come on, guys…" Their nervousness beginning to affect him, "T-The more we doubt ourselves the worst off we'll be."

Jirou's voice cut into their quiet conversation, causing all of them to flinch and jump slightly, "Oi, what're you guys talking about?" The girls had stopped at a staircase, waiting for the turtle-paced boys to catch up. (The mansion was large and winding after all—they could get lost with their guide.)

Ashido raised a brow, tilting a brow, "Why're you walking so slow?"

Midoriya's voice replied to their commentary before the boys picked up the pace to follow the girls properly, "S-Sorry!"

Midoriya dusted his hands off on his apron, "Too bad Todoroki couldn't come," after he added sugar-snap peas and carrots to the cooking pot of soba noodles. "If I remember correctly, he really likes soba."

Ojiro looked away from the cutting board, "He likes the cold-type, doesn't he?"

The Quirkless student blinked, "Hmm."

Yaoyorozu adjusted her apron, as the marinated salmon cooked in the pan, "I'm sorry to have requested your help, Midoriya, Jirou, Ojiro."

Jirou, who stood beside her, waved it off, cooking more servings of the teriyaki salmon on the adjacent fire, "Eh, it's no problem."
Midoriya looked over his shoulder, "Y-Yeah, we're happy to help!"

Ojiro looked over his shoulder, "After helping us as much as you have, there's nothing too much for us."

The tailed boy turned to Midoriya as he stepped towards the cooking soba, "The soba should be done now."

Ojiro nodded, "I'm just about done cutting these up."

Kaminari turned as he dumped the last of the broken plates into the trash-bin, "We-We wish we could help too!"

Ashido rubbed the back of her neck, "S-Sorry about the plates, Yao-Momo." In their rush to help, Kaminari and Ashido dragged Sero into the kitchen. They stumbled over a matt in the kitchen and were sent fumbling into a cabinet—hilarity ensued.

Yaoyorozu smiled warmly, "It's no harm, really."

Jirou smirked, "If you still want to help, you could set the table."

Kaminari, Ashido, and Sero hunched over slightly as they began to do so, "Yes, yes."

Midoriya commented absentmindedly as he and Ojiro finished the soba-noodle salad, "Don't drop anything this time."

The pink and blond-haired pair jerked and flinched due to the comment. Leading Kaminari to mumble out, "It's worse when it's Midoriya…"

Midoriya blinked as Ojiro continued to toss the soba-noodle salad with all of its ingredients, "Eh?"

Ashido mumbled out in agreement, "Yeah, 'cause he doesn't even mean it like that…"

Midoriya scratched his chin, looking concerned about the matter, "Is that true?"

Ojiro smiled assuringly while chuckling slightly, "I wouldn't really know."

Jirou shook her head, "Don't worry about it."

Midoriya blinked, nodding slightly, "Right." Ojiro and Midoriya put the soba-noodle salad in a large bowl for serving before they dusted off their hands. "Is the salmon done, Yaoyorozu?"

Yaoyorozu shut the stove off before lifting the pan off the heat, "Yes, all done."

Jirou looked at her own salmon, nodding, "Looks about done."

Kaminari stood, alongside the others, in the doorway to the kitchen, "Wha?! That smells awesome, Yao-Momo!"

Ashido clapped her hands together, "Yeah, I can't wait to eat!"

Sero grinned himself, "Need any help moving everything?"

Yaoyorozu began to move the cooked fish as the cooks took off their aprons, "No, the four of us should be able to handle it."
Kaminari and Ashido pumped their fists into the air, "Let's eat!"

Midoriya smiled as they made their way to the dining room, "This is nice, having dinner with friends."

Ojiro nodded, "Yeah."

Yaoyorozu smiled warmly, "Well, it is my pleasure to have you all here."

Ashido looked to their host as three of the group took their seats, "Thanks again, Yao-Momo."

Yaoyorozu grinned as the cooks place the serving plates on the table, "You're very welcome."

Sero blinked, taking in the view of the scars on Midoriya's arms, "How are those, by the way, Midoriya?"

Midoriya blinked with a smile, "Hmm?" He looked at the faded, hand-shaped scars on his forearms, "Oh… They're fine." He set the food down before walking to his seat, now subconsciously scratching at the scarring.

The group would've dived into their food with spunk, but due to the fanciful and elegant room they were in, they couldn't help but eat slowly and as politely as possible. Sadly, this meant that the energy that the group would have was almost completely, uncomfortably repressed.

Yaoyorozu broke the layer of discomfort, "So, how do you all feel about your subjects?"

Sero nodded, "I feel way more comfortable with Classical Japanese now."

Jirou smiled somewhat comfortably, "Yeah, I think got a grasp on quadratics now."

Sadly, the conversation died after a few more comments from the rest of the group. The awkward air persisted with an occasional break till their stomachs were full and their plates were empty. After cleaning up, the group parted by their genders and went off to bed.

The guest bedroom was large and fancy—as well as the furniture within. However, the bed couldn't fit four. Not through competition or anything, but by process of elimination, Sero and Kaminari had gotten the bed. After the expression that the bed was too small for four and that it would be awkward for them to share a bed, Ojiro and Midoriya removed themselves from the equation. After that, the politer two of the boys had trouble deciding who would get the sofa between a potted plant and a cabinet. Ojiro took the floor simply due to his tail and how uncomfortable he would be on the sofa. It was a matter finished fast and the group quickly went to bed.

However, Midoriya had a rough time sleeping, and the occasional thunder crack didn't help. He sat up, sighing quietly. The room was nearly pitch black if not for the barely visible moonlight through the windows' blinds and thin curtains.

Midoriya thought to himself as he pinched the bridge of his nose, "I won't get a good night's rest tonight, huh…?" He shook his head, pulling his legs off his bed and his blanket onto the side. "Took me a long time to get used to the dorms too…" His mind bounced back to his first days at the dorms, "Walking around helped…" He blinked before shaking his head, "I shouldn't wander around Yaoyorozu's house…"

A creak of the floorboards sent a shiver up his spine and sprung his mind to life. It wasn't loud enough to wake the others, but it was enough to be worrying.
Midoriya stood as silently as possible, "A well-structured building like this shouldn't creak like that... Unless someone's moving..." His face contorted in the dark, "Or maybe I'm just paranoid..." He made his way to the door, pulling it open as quietly as possible, "Or both..."

He made his way into the hall, looking around, and spotted a ray of light. Its source was around the corner. From the angle of the light and how it moved, Midoriya could estimate several things. The most useful was their height and some semblance of their state of mind.

His eyes narrowed, "Shorter than me... Their cautious—almost overtly so..." His heart skipped as a floorboard underneath one of his feet creaked, "Sh-"

His moment of panic was quickly interrupted by a feminine voice, "Eep!" He quickly relaxed as Jirou continued to panic, "W-Who's there?" She was whispering loudly... which seems like an oxymoron.

Midoriya moved to show his face to her—to calm her, "It's j-" Sadly, she was more on edge than he thought. Her phone's flashlight fell on him and this surprise didn't cause her to let out an 'Eep' this time. Her earphone-jacks were her replacement for the noise.

Midoriya's reaction time was thankfully fast. His left hand whipped in front of him and knocked one jack away from the collision course with his eye. His right hand clasped over the other jack before it met his throat.

"M-M-Midoriya?" she whispered loudly—again. "Y-You scared the crap out of me!"

He raised his arms in surrender, whispering back, "I-I-I'm sorry!" He didn't notice that the tug caused a blush to flood onto her face; which was unbeknownst to him due to the dark.

This caused her to close the difference between the them, retracting her jack at the same time. "L-Let go of my jack!" He quickly let go and the jack fell into her hand.

Midoriya was the only face visible in the dark due to the flashlight, "S-S-Sorry." His eyes were soft and his voice was sincere—if not carrying a bit of guilt as well, "I didn't mean to scare you."

Jirou blinked as her blush died slightly, "I... I know you didn't..." She rubbed the back of her neck, lowering her phone's light, "Sorry for freaking out on you."

He shook his head, "It's perfectly reasonable." After a moment, he raised a brow, "What're you doing here?

She began to answer, "I..." but realized that it was too embarrassing to say. "N-Nothing."

He blinked, confused slightly, "Well... um... alright..." He turned, making his leave, "G-Good night."

She quickly spoke after a split-second thought, "Could you, uh... help me find my way back to Yaoyorozu's room?"

Midoriya blinked before nodding, "Uh, y-yeah, let me just close the door."

Jirou nodded back, "Y-Yeah, no problem."

Midoriya moved away from Jirou who waited nervously, keeping the occasional eye on him. He peeked into the bedroom, checking to see whether his roommates were awoken by the loud/quiet commotion. Luckily, they were all still asleep and so Midoriya shut the door and went to walk Jirou
They walked through the halls, lit by Jirou's flashlight. They didn't talk for a while. Midoriya seemed calm despite the ominous setting. He walked tall and casually. Jirou felt safer with company, but still remained a bit high strung due to the setting. Her head was lowered, and her footsteps were light and cautious.

She looked over her shoulder as she asked, "Y-You do know the way, right?"

He looked to her, answering without missing a beat, "Yeah."

Jirou chuckled, "What did you do? Memorize the layout on the tour?"

Midoriya blinked blankly before answering, "Yes."

She looked at him in disbelief before shaking her head, "Why did you need a study group?"

He spoke defensively, "I could've missed something!"

She spoke somewhat dismissively with a hint of sarcasm, "Sure."

Her conversation with Midoriya let Jirou calm a bit more, turning her cautiousness into comfort.

She continued it, finding safety in meaningless conversation, "Three straight days of testing, huh?"

He nodded as they turned a corner, "Yep."

"God, that's gonna be a pain."

"Not to mention the practical."

Jirou winced, "Oof, don't remind me."

Midoriya chuckled, "Sorry."

A bout of silence fell before she asked, "So… What woke you up?"

He shrugged, "Just couldn't sleep."

A distant flash of light and an audible crack of thunder stumped the conversation for a few passing moments before she raised a brow, "That why?"

Midoriya smiled, rubbing the back of his neck, "It doesn't help."

Jirou carefully peeked around a corner as Midoriya led her on, "What brought you out?"

He replied, "Heard the floorboard creak underneath your feet when you were walking."

She seemed exasperated, "And you went looking? Haven't you ever seen a horror movie?"

"N-No, to be honest…"

Jirou blinked, "Really?" She muttered, "Lucky…"

Midoriya rubbed his arm, "Y-Yeah." He blinked before raising a finger, "W-Well, there was that one…"
"Hmm?"

He mumbled tiredly, "T-That Kacchan forced me to watch."

Her face contorted, "Of course, he did."

Midoriya came to a stop, gesturing to the door of Momo, "This should be it."

Jirou nodded, "Thanks." She mumbled as she made her way to the door, "Hopefully, Ashido's out of the bathroom…"

He raised a brow, not catching her mumble, "Hmm?"

She blushed, realizing that she was too loud with her comment, "N-N-Nothing."

He smiled as she pushed on the door's handle, "Well, good night."

She nodded as she entered the room, "You too." She turned, leaning on the door, "T-Thanks."

"No problem."

Jirou waved, "See you in the morning."

Midoriya turned as she began to close the door before letting out an, "Ah…"

She stopped short, "What?"

The hall was visible due to the phone-flashlight in Jirou's hand, but without it, the green-haired student would be left in darkness, "I just don't have my phone on me…"

She blinked and considered the situation before extending her phone to him, "Here, borrow mine."

Midoriya blinked, holding his hands up to deny it, "B-But."

Jirou shook her head, thrusting her phone towards him, "Just give it back to me in the morning."

He took it, "A-Alright."

She began to shut the door, "Good night."

He waved as the door slid shut, "Good night."

Chapter End Notes

Hey guys. Sorry for the short note this time around. I'm honestly pretty sick and I don't exactly have the energy to write a detailed note this time. I didn't finish the chapter though. So I'd ought to upload it. Criticize away, leave all your thoughts and opinions in a review, and thank you for reading!
The Morning After

Chapter Summary

Our Hero wakes up after a well-rested and has to deal with the pouring rain and the bitter-sweetness of youth.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Midoriya groggily yawned as he sat up on the sofa. He pinched the bridge of his nose as he shook the sleepiness from his head. It didn't quite work out, however. Due to his inability to sleep last night, a need to shut his eyes became ever-present. He heard a phone vibrate followed by another. He blinked before looking at the two phones on the floor beside the sofa.

Midoriya blinked at the phone with a purple cover, "Jirou's phone… I need to give it to her…" He reached down and picked up the phone, accidently activating its screen while gripping its sides. "Ah, messages… A lot of them…" He blinked before pushing into his pants' pocket, "I should get this to her soon..." He yawned once again as he looked around the room.

The sky's hue beyond the curtain and blinds said that it was only a short time after sunrise. Most of his roommates were still asleep. Midoriya stood, rubbing his eyes. He grabbed his bag before making his way to the room's bathroom.

He looked over his classmates as he did so. Ojiro was sprawled across the floor with his pillow some distance away from him and his blanket underneath him. Kaminari and Sero had collided sometime in the night. Sero's foot was pushing into Kaminari's gut while the blonde's palm was pushing against the brunet's jaw. While their struggling position suggested conflict, their faces seemed strangely content as they continued to snore.

Midoriya yawned once more before disappearing into the bathroom.

XXX

Jirou groaned as she was shaken into consciousness. "Five more minutes…" She snorted before turning over. Two pink hands firmly gripped her shoulders before she was rattled into a wide-eyed consciousness.

Ashido grinned, "No can do!"

The rocker shouted as her brain bounced around in her skull, "I'm up! I'm up!" She smacked her classmate's hands, pulling herself to the edge of the bed. "Quit it!"

The pink-skinned girl chuckled, jerking her thumb towards the open bathroom door, "Come on, you're the last one."

Jirou looked about the room as she rubbed whatever sleep was left from her eyes. Yaoyorozu was already up, sitting in front of a vanity table and looking into the stand of three mirrors. Ashido was behind her, standing on her knees on the bed that the trio had shared.
She yawned, "What time is it?"

Ashido shrugged as she climbed off the bed, "Like nine."

Jirou whined slightly, "Nine?" She shook her head, yawning, "Whatever…"

As the rocker pushed off the bed and onto her feet, there was a knock on the bedroom's door. Ashido called out, "Coming!" as Jirou made her way to the bathroom.

Jirou blinked when she found a purple toothbrush with her name engraved on it, "Yaoyorozu's Quirk, no doubt…" She started to brush her teeth as she listened to the conversation at the door.

Ashido opened the door, "Hey, Midori!"

Midoriya replied, "Morning." There was a pause, "Is Jirou awake?"

She replied, "She just went to the bathroom."

He then said, "Oh, could you give this to her?"

Jirou instantly knew what her Quirkless friend was handing off, "Oh no…"

Ashido was silent before speaking slowly, "Sure…" There was a pause, "Hey, Midori, why do you have Jirou's phone?"

Midoriya stumbled, "N-No reason in particular."

The rocker internally chastised him, "That sounds too suspicious…!"

The pink-skinned girl was about to speak, "W-"

However, Midoriya quickly cut her off, "I gotta go make sure the guys don't get lost! Sorry!"

Jirou cried out internally, "Don't go…!"

Ashido undoubtedly grinned, "Okay~!"

The rocker internally sighed as the bedroom door clicked shut, "She's gonna talk my ear off…"

The pink-skinned girl asked with a knowing tone, "Hey, Jirou?"

Jirou spat into the sink, using her jacks to keep her hair out of the way, "Y-Yeah?"

Ashido peeked her head through the bathroom's doorway, grinning ear-to-ear, "Why did Midoriya have your phone?"

The rocker looked away from her classmate, parroting the green mess, "N-No reason in particular…"

The pink-skinned girl's grin worsened, "I'm sure there's a reason in particular--."

Jirou sighed, "I…" She blushed, "Remember when I knocked on the door and you were in here?"

Ashido thought for a moment, "Last night?" She nodded, "Yeah…"

The rocker started, "W-Well…" She trailed off, "God, this is embarrassing… I don't even want to explain it to you…" She shook her head, "Y-You know, what? Never mind…"
The pink-skinned girl whined, "Oh, come on! You already started!"

Jirou's blush reddened, extending her hand, "Shut it and just give me my phone!"

Ashido whined, doing so, "You're no fun~."

The rocker rinsed her mouth as she sifted through her phone, "It's too early for this…" She blinked at the numerous texts from her father and occasionally her mother, "I should call…" Her eyes glossed over the messages, "A text should do for the time being…" She did so to relieve any tension fluttering around at home.

She cleaned her face before her phone buzzed with a call. She quickly answered it to the voice of her mother, "Good morning, sweetie, how are you?"

Jirou nodded, leaning against the sink counter, "Fine, just woke up actually." She raised a brow, "Is everything okay?"

Mika replied, "Yes." There was some movement on the other side of the line, "Your father and I have an emergency meeting with a few clients, so when you get home, we probably won't be there. I'll leave some food for you in the refrigerator to reheat, okay?"

Jirou nodded, smiling, "Yeah, no problem." She joked, "Have fun."

Her mother chuckled, "We'll try." They said their goodbyes before they ended the call.

Ashido sat on a stool beside Yaoyorozu, swinging her legs slightly, "Who was that?" Both had changed into casual clothing, abandoning their pajamas.

Jirou shrugged as she walked over to them, "Just one of my folks."

Yaoyorozu turned with a concerned look on her face, "Is everything okay?"

The rocker assured with a smile and a nod, "Yeah, everything's fine."

There was a knock on the door before Ojiro's voice came through, "Yaoyorozu?"

Yaoyorozu stood, walking towards the door, "Yes?"

Ojiro continued to speak through the door, "Sero and I will be heading out first!"

She pulled open the door, "Ah." She smiled brightly as she was met with Sero, Ojiro, and Midoriya, "Well, allow me to lead you out."

Ojiro smiled, "Oh, okay."

Sero smiled as well, "Thanks, Yao-Momo."

She turned to the third party, "What about you, Midoriya?"

He smiled, shaking his head, "I'm just leading the others around. We don't want anyone to get lost, so I'll stick around until Kaminari's ready to go."

Jirou nudged her classmate, "I'm going to get changed."

Ashido nodded, "'Kay."
Outside of the Yaoyorozu Estate, the sky rained onto the streets and watered the lawn. Two out of the six visitors were long gone with another on the verge of leaving. Yaoyorozu was playing host to her friends, seeing off her guests. Ashido was hanging back for no reason other than the softness of the couch in the lobby of the mansion.

Jirou pulled open the door, fiddling with her extendable umbrella, "Well, I'm heading out."

Yaoyorozu walked up, smiling, "Have a nice day, Jirou."

"Thanks for everything, Yao-Momo."

Creati nodded, "I hope I helped. See you on Monday."

Pinky waved, "Bye!"

Earphone Jack left the doorway, letting the door swing shut after her, "See you!"

Kaminari walked down the main staircase after his green-haired classmate, "Thanks, Midoriya."

Midoriya smiled warmly, "It's no problem."

Ashido looked up at the pair, "What took you so long?"

Kaminari chuckled, "Think my hair is just naturally like this?"

Yaoyorozu's phone rung before she answered, "Yes?" She smiled brightly, "Good morning, mother!" She nodded fervently, "Yes, we had a wonderful time." She nodded, "Yes, I understand." She turned away from the trio, "I'm not sure."

Kaminari nudged Midoriya, "Let's get going."

Midoriya nodded as Ashido got off the couch and joined them, walking over to the front door.

Ashido whispered loudly to their tutor, "See you, Yao-Momo!"

Kaminari gave her two thumbs-up, "Thank you for all of your help!"

Midoriya waved, "See you on Monday."

Yaoyorozu found a space in her conversation to reply to the parting group, "Goodbye, I hoped I helped."

Ashido grinned, "You totally did!"

Kaminari waved, "Bye!"

With that, the trio left the lobby, allowing the door to swing shut behind them. Ashido and Kaminari froze at the sight of the falling rain. They quickly sifted through their bags as Midoriya pulled out his umbrella.

Kaminari cursed, "S-Shit, I forgot my umbrella."

Ashido groaned, "M-Me too!"

He shook his head, "I… don't want to back in and ask…"
She nodded, "Yeah, she's busy talking to her Mom, too…"

Midoriya looked between his classmates and the raining sky. "Hmm…” He tossed his umbrella into Kaminari's arms, "Here."

Ashido blinked at the umbrella, "Midori?"

Kaminari recognized what he wanted them to do, "What about you?"

Midoriya knocked the toe of his shoes against the ground, "I'll just make a run for it." He lifted a leg to adjust on of his shoes slightly, "If I remember correctly, there was a convenience store between here and the train station, so I can just buy an umbrella from there."

The blonde shook his head, "W-Wait."

The pink-haired girl scratched her cheek, "Maybe we should-"

Their green-haired classmate gave them a warm and assuring look, "It'll be fine." This caused their want to argue to lessen slightly as he shrugged, "It's not even raining that hard anyway." He started into a jog as he left the front poach of the mansion, "Just give it back to me on Monday!"

Ashido quickly spoke as he ran off, "T-Thanks, Midori!"

Kaminari looked at the umbrella, "I kinda feel bad…"

She rubbed the back of her neck, "Yeah…"

XXX

Jirou kept her umbrella upright as the wind picked up slightly. The rain picked up slightly—not enough to soak her, but enough to cause discomfort and inconvenience her. She looked upward slightly, "Feel bad for anyone without an umbrella, though…"

As if on cue, a certain green-haired Hero sprinted past her, holding his bookbag over his head, "AAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!"

He brushed past her, causing her to stumble, "Wha?" She blinked, "M-Midoriya?"

He stumbled to a stop to turn to her, "A-Ah, Jirou!"

Jirou shook her head, "Why don't you have an umbrella?!" She rushed over to him, "Get over here!"

Midoriya blushed as he stepped underneath her umbrella, "A-Ah, t-thanks…"

She pulled out her handkerchief and began to wipe his brow, "God, you're soaked… It isn't even raining that hard-" Her eyes wandered to see slight bruising on his arm and his completely soaked side, "What happened?"

He rubbed the back of his neck, "I-I… m-might've… fallen…"

"Jeez, after all this time, how can you still be clumsy?"

"It-It's a gift, I guess…"

She looked him up and down, "I'd expect you of all people to have an umbrella."
He shrugged, "I passed it along for Ashido and Kaminari to use."

Jirou raised a brow, "What? Why didn't they ask Yaoyorozu for one?"

Midoriya spoke defensively, "She was on a call with her Mom. We didn't want to interrupt."

She took his answer before smirking and shaking her head, "Too polite for your own good, huh?"

He scratched his cheek, "That doesn't sound like a bad thing."

"In your case, it's a hazard."

Midoriya blinked before making eye contact with Jirou. It was that moment in which the pair realized how close they were to each other. Rain drops slipped down his jawline and his clothing clung to his body. His white shirt turned slightly transparent due to his fall and the rain. She could see his skin through the clothing and noticed the indents of his torso, signifying his toned muscles.

Midoriya didn't have a similar image to see—after all, Jirou was sensible enough to be underneath an umbrella. Although he still fought his eyes to avoid her. He tried to ignore the way her lips looked or her eyes or her wet hair. He held his breath to avoid the scent of her perfume.

Their minds thought similarly, "He's/She's… too close…!" They would've stepped away from each other, but neither wanted Midoriya to be abandoned into the rain.

They fought the maddening blushes on their faces as they looked away from each other.

Midoriya coughed, rubbing the back of his neck, "L-L-L-Let's g-get to the t-train s-s-station."

Jirou let out a breath; one she didn't realize she was holding, "Y-Yeah…"

The pair turned and began to make their way towards the nearby train station. Midoriya did his best to keep some space between them while remaining underneath the umbrella. Jirou was avoidant with her eyes, refusing to look at Midoriya.

An image of him popped into her head, "God… C-Crap…" Her blush maddened as she shook her head, gripping the umbrella tighter, "I can't stop thinking about it…!"

He pulled open his bookbag and looked amongst his contents, fighting the blush on his face, "My second pair of clothes are still good… Once we reach the station, I can get changed…" His eyes wandered to the girl beside him before quickly snapping away, "She's… still too close…"

Jirou shook her head as she felt the heat of her face with her hands, "Have to change this atmosphere… I feel like my heart's gonna burst…!"

Midoriya looked off to the side, "I-I should say something…"

They looked to each other, blushing, "S-So-" They blinked before forcing out chuckles and rubbing the back of their necks, "A-Ah, s-sorry." They gestured to each other, "Y-You Y-you go ahead…" They fell into a bout of laughter before going quiet.

Midoriya coughed, "W-Well, u-um…" He chuckled as his blush maddened, "Thanks… for the cover."

Jirou shook her head as her blush lessened slightly, "It's no problem, really."

With that, the pair looked forward and continued their way towards the train station, falling into
silence. Nervousness still played with their hearts, embarrassment fazed their minds, and awkwardness plagued the air between them. The pair found solace and torment in the silence. Solace because of the complete void of embarrassing or awkward moments. Torment due to their overclocked minds, trying to figure out what the other was thinking.

The pair finally made it to their destination, walking up the steps to the elevated train station. Once they made the landing, they made their way to the displayed schedule of train arrivals.

Jirou followed the train number, "So, the next train should be coming in…"

Midoriya found the time faster, "Forty-five minutes…"

She looked about the landing, "Not that busy, huh?"

He nodded before gesturing to the nearby bathroom, "Well, I'm gonna head to the bathroom and get changed."

An image flashed within her own mind of something… bad, causing her to blush wildly before snapping away from him, "Y-Yeah, n-n-no problem…"

Midoriya blinked, slightly confused, before making his way over to the bathroom.

Jirou sighed into her hands, feeling the heat on her face, "I'm hating my own head right now… Like every part of it…" She rubbed her brow, "It's just… in my brain now… God…" She shook her head, "Why won't it just go away…?" She heard the bathroom door swing and she forced herself to straighten, turning to see her green-haired friend. "Hey."

He waved, "H-Hi."

She smiled, "So, um, all clear?"

Midoriya nodded, "Yeah…" He looked to a vending machine, "Want something to drink?"

Jirou blinked before following his gesture, "Sure."

He blinked as they walked up to the brightly-colored machine, "Ah… it's not a drink vending machine?"

She nodded, "Oh, it's one of those food ones."

Midoriya commented, "Seems fancy…" He shrugged, "-for a vending machine."

Jirou thought of the nearby mansion, "Fits the area."

He chuckled, "Yeah."

She suggested, "Wanna try one?"

Midoriya nodded, smiling, "Sure." He looked at the selection before gasping as his eyes widened, "They have pork-cutlet bowls!"

Jirou chuckled at his reaction, "A machine after your own heart."

With that, the pair made their selection and enjoyed their meal, waiting for their train to arrive.
Howdy readers! A big Jirou x Midoriya chapter. Final touches for the pairing really. (For the most part-ish.) Though we still have some more stuff to go through. Nothing I can mention, of course. Spoilers and all of that. The Final Exam Arc is next and we'll talk about that more later. There's also some other stuff I want to make you guys more aware of, but they don't have much baring now so it'll have to wait.

Otherwise, criticize away, leave all your thoughts and opinions in a review, and thank you for reading.
Chapter Summary

Jirou Kyoka is invited to the Yuuei dorms to witness our favorite inventors work on Suit Epsilon alongside Shinso and Asuka.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Jirou walked through the front gates of Yuuei, tapping on her phone. She was in casual wear, but more on the formal side as she was on school grounds. She made her way over to the dorm buildings. She would've knocked on the front door, but she spotted open side doors towards the back of the building. They were heavy metal doors baring gun-metal finishes. She could hear the buzz and crackle of tools and three people talking. Or well, shouting over the sounds of tools.

She peered inside and spotted two people working inside the workshop as two watched. She knew Midoriya, obviously, and recognized the other two. She knew Hatsume was Midoriya's classmate from the Hero Course and one of his partners during the Sports Festival. She recognized Shinso as Midoriya's friend who usually talked to him during lunch. However, there was a businesswoman, watching on from the corner of the room, that she didn't recognize.

Midoriya and Hatsume were talking… or arguing while working amongst the mech-suit. Shinso was playing a game as a conversationalist, poking or prodding one inventor or the other for fun. He was also eating a cup of ramen while casually sitting on a metal table covered in tools. The businesswoman was silent—not interacting with anyone; only observing.

The mech-suit stood stiffly amongst the three. The armor was made up of a magnesium alloy, and the plates were laid in a streamlined manner. A belt implemented into the suit upon a track that would whirl around to deliver his requested gadget. The repulsor technology implemented into the palms and soles of his suit glowed with a blue-ish green hue. A tablet screen was designed into the inner part of one of his forearms for control purposes. Other functions and tech were hidden underneath the metal plates. Overall, it lacked color and was finished with a silvery gunmetal color. Plus, panels were shifted out of place for the two mechanics to work on several parts of the suit.

The green-haired student plugged a heavy-duty wire into the generator of the suit, "The Shadow Software is important, Hatsume."

The pink-haired student gently removed the CPU of the suit from its belt buckle, "It's not useful in combat unless you're there. But, if you're already there, then why wouldn't you just wear the suit?"

Shinso commented in between mouthfuls, "You tell 'em, Hatsume."

Midoriya twirled his finger as he turned to the finishing 3-D printer, "We just need to upgrade the software. Advance the idea."

Hatsume raised a brow as she connected the CPU to a computer, "How so?"

The green-haired inventor pointed to her, "Virtual Intelligence."
She blinked, "A Virtual Intelligence…" She gasped as stars glinted in her eyes, "Ooh! That's good! What a magnificent baby that would be!"

Jirou wrapped her knuckles against the metal door, "Uh, um… Hello?"

Midoriya smiled as he picked up a panel of metal, "Jirou!"

Hatsume looked up from the computer, "Earphone-Jack!"

Shinso simply waved at her, "Hey."

Jirou raised a brow, shrugging whilst tilting her head, "You needed me to, uh, chaperone?"

The pink-haired inventor nodded, "In a sense."

The rocker blinked, "Okay?"

The Quirkless Hero-in-training smiled as he took a panel over to another table, "You know just in case something happens." He picked up a protective mask and a drill-based tool.

Jirou pointed at the businesswoman, "What about her?"

Midoriya and Hatsume looked confused for a moment. Midoriya had barely put on the protective mask, allowing it to rest on his forehead, while Hatsume's fingers paused over the keyboard. They stared at the woman, "Ah…” They blinked for a moment, "I forgot you were here…”

Midoriya's eyes widened before bowing towards her, "A-Ah, sorry! That's incredibly rude of us."

Asuka Sora smiled politely, waving them off, "It's fine. It's not like I've been much company." She tilted her head, "However, I am interested in this V.I."

The Quirkless inventor blinked, "O-Oh, well,"-he looked between the businesswoman and his classmate, "Ah…” He gestured between the businesswoman and his classmate, "Asuka Sora, this is my classmate Jirou…” He trailed off for a moment as a light blush came to his cheeks, "K-Kyoka."

His reaction caused a light blush to cross over her own cheeks, "H-Hi…"

Asuka stiffly waved at the student, "Hello."

The Quirkless inventor smiled awkwardly, rubbing the back of his neck, "Just give me a moment to… uh…”

The businesswoman smiled, nodding, "Of course."

Midoriya quickly walked over to Jirou, "S-Sorry about this. I-I thought we needed someone else around, b-but evidently not."

She shrugged, "It's fine. I already finished studying anyway." She looked past him, raising a brow, "So what're you working on?"

Midoriya let out a excited chuckle, "Heh…” He seemed to light up like a kid bragging about what he did at school that day. "We are working on a flight system."

Hatsume raised her hand as she went back to work, "And conconcepting a V.I.!"

He nodded, "And conconcepting a V.I."
Jirou raised a brow, "What's a V.I., exactly?"

Midoriya raised a finger, tilting his head, "They're complicated programs meant to make operating complicated computer systems easier. They execute programs faster, automatically, and, well, make everything easier."

Hatsume chimed in, "We can even implant a certain personality into the program."

Jirou looked slightly concerned, remembering all kinds of science fiction movies, "A personality?"

He gestured with his hands, "Yeah, it'll mimic a personality type, but not actually retain one."

She related, "Like one of those natural-voice text-to-speech programs?"

He nodded, "Yeah, like one of those, but..." -he trailed off for a moment before ending with, "-more."

Jirou chuckled, "Right."

Midoriya nodded, tapping his lip, "Programming it might be a while."

Hatsume turned away from her computer, "I can finish up the initial systems tomorrow—by sunset."

The Quirkless Inventor blinked for a moment before thinking for a moment, "With the exams... maybe eight?" He turned to the Asuka, "Can we get a slot for Wednesday for installation?"

A light smile graced the representative's lips, "Perhaps."

Midoriya blinked, "Hm..." He nodded, "Well, we need to finish up the flight systems."

Hatsume raised a brow, "Wings?"

He walked over to the table he was previously at, pulling down his protective mask, "Need to finish up the paneling."

She nodded, "I'll finish up the safety protocols."

Jirou leaned against a table, watching on, "Back into it, huh?"

Shinso drank the broth from his cup, "Yep."

Midoriya was working on the collapsible wings, drilling and welding the remaining parts together. They consisted of five parts and circular discs. The discs would shift the five main parts of a wing into a compact version of itself. The five main bodies connected and sealed into a sleek, streamlined wing, reducing air resistance. These bodies also had shutters for directional control in flight. Overall, they were silver in finish much like the rest of the armor.

Jirou turned to Shinso, "Do you know where the teachers are?"

He shrugged, "Meeting."

She raised a brow, "Couldn't take the time for something like this?"

Shinso chuckled, "Midoriya didn't want to be a bother."

Midoriya finished the wings before he turned and walked over to the mech-suit, "Installing wings!"
The panels in the shoulder area separated, revealing the space pre-made for installation.

Hatsume nodded, "Running program tests."

After the sparks of a welder and the whirl of a socket-drill, Midoriya coughed as he lifted the protective mask, "Could you test panel collapse?"

Hatsume nodded, "One second!" She tapped on her keyboard, "Testing!"

He looked over the back area, "Panel collapse successful. No unplanned space, and the area is still streamlined."

She smiled, "Great!" She finished typing on the keyboard, "Protocols are being uploaded as we speak."

Midoriya looked over the suit's finish, "Then… All we have is the big one."

Hatsume let out a breath, "Then our baby is complete."

Jirou raised a brow, "What's the big one?"

He turned to her, answering with a slight bit of dread, "High-speed flight test—manned."

She looked concerned, "That… Sounds a bit dangerous, Midoriya."

The Quirkless Hero smiled, shrugging as he stood up, "Well… A lot of things I do are dangerous nowadays." He began to remove certain accessories so that he could enter his mech-armor, "We already did simulation tests, and we haven't equipped it to fly on its own yet."

Shinso crossed his arm, looking on worryingly, "Are we sure it'll even work?"

Hatsume grinned, "Everything's a work in progress and nothing's guaranteed. Experimentation at its finest!"

Asuka crossed her arms, mumbling underneath her breath, "Nothing ventured; nothing gained."

Midoriya tapped on the screen on the inner part of his forearm. He wore the silvery version of Suit Epsilon—helmet and all. He strolled onto the yard before his dorm house with his partner and chaperone party. Hatsume was operating a tablet directly connected to Suit Epsilon. Jirou had the police ready to dial on her phone while Shinso was ready to sprint for a teacher. Asuka was hovering behind the two inventors before they all came to a stop.

The Quirkless pilot rolled his shoulders, "We'll start with hovering—already got a good handle over it."

Hatsume nodded, "We'll keep the power output under one percent."

Midoriya looked amongst the party—a good meter or two away from the armored inventor, "Everyone ready?"

Shinso nodded, crossing his arms, "Aye-aye." A look of concern graced his face, trying to maintain his calm.

Jirou bore a similar look, frowning as well, "Be careful."
The pilot gave her a silvery thumbs-up before straightening his body. He took a breath, "Okay. Controlled hovering of Flight System 1.5 test." He readied his body, "3… 2… 1… Mark." The repulsors in his palms and soles bolstered to life. Steady streams of thrust lifted the pilot into the air. As he rose half a meter into the air, balance became more of a struggle. He teetered forwards and backwards, keeping a wobbly balance with the streams in his palms. Once he found his balance, he took a deep breath, "Okay…” He looked over his shoulder, "Wings!" Panels on his shoulders shifted before the constructed tapered wings sprung into a gull-wing position. The discs spun before the panels locked together. "Okay, wings are out."

Hatsume gave him a thumbs-up, "Monitoring take-off sequence!"

Midoriya began to lean forward, using his palm-repulsors to keep his body up, "Okay…” He took a deep breath, "Initiate Take-Off!"

She shouted as he began to zip forward, "Sole-Repulsors are bolstering up to thirty percent thrust!"

Midoriya stopped using his palm-based repulsors and relied upon his sole-repulsors as they lit up with energy. He rocketed forward at the pace of a speeding car. While the new thrust did as intended, giving Midoriya enough thrust to fly freely, the speed in which it operated was underestimated by its pilot. Ahead of him was the third dorm-house of the many on campus in which he was drastically speeding at. Midoriya's surprised yelp could be heard through the sound system on Hatsume's tablet. Jirou and Shinso sucked in a gasp as Midoriya barely turned across the building's wall. They could see the sparks of metal dragging across brick as the silvery bullet sped away.

Shinso stepped forward, "That might be e-"

Midoriya's laugh quickly cut him short. "Oh—O-Okay! Phew!" Once his jitteriness ended, he laughed, "No tunneling. My stomach's churning, but I don't think it's the Gs. Light grazing—armor took it like a champ." He sped off, flying out of view and behind Yuuei's main building, "Systems?"

Hatsume grinned excitedly, "All green!"

He replied, "Good." He took a breath, "Alright, I'm going to start testing out some maneuvers."

She nodded, "Then adjust your flight path—we can't see you!"

Midoriya finished, "Aye-aye!" It was another moment before the silvery man flew over the main building. He was high enough to avoid the buildings, but not high enough to affect his ability to breathe or anything along those lines. He flew through the air above, twisting and turning.

Jirou squinted at the shiny man, "How is he moving like that?"

Hatsume grinned, "The wings are connected to a… to simply put it a pulley-steering system." She twirled her finger, "As Midoriya turns his upper body, flaps on his wings adjusted to turn him in flight."

Shinso blinked, "So like any other plane?"

The pink-haired inventor turned to him, a hint of danger on her tongue, "'Any other plane'?

Jirou simply stepped between the two, "That's really impressive, H-Hatsume."

Hatsume smiled brightly, "Yeah, it's an impressive baby, isn't it?"

Shinso let out a breath of relief, "Thanks."
Jirou smiled kindly, "No problem."

Midoriya's voice came in through the tablet, "Okay! I think I got a handle on movement. I'm coming in for a landing."

Hatsume responded, "Monitoring."

The silvery bullet sped downward, angling his body and flying over the grassy ground. He extended his arms forward before his palm-repulsors went off, slowly canceling out his forward momentum. Both thrusts forwards and backwards slowly died before Midoriya's metal boots clunked against the ground. He stumbled slightly, finishing off with a roll, as his wings collapsed and swung inward.

Midoriya straightened, rolling his shoulders. "Well…" He looked at his silver gauntlet, flexing it, "Now it just needs a fresh coat of paint."

Jirou smirked, "Green?"

The Quirkless Hero crossed his arms, chuckling, "More than likely."

Chapter End Notes

AN: Hello, everybody. So, we have a progression chapter here. Next chapter is pretty plot relevant. To update you guys on the medieval fantasy, I'm mostly working on whether or not I like the current plot-line. Not to mention, some stuffs come up recently. So, if something comes up, I'll be sure to update you guys on my posting schedule on my profile page.
Chapter Summary

News comes in and the written portion of the Final Exam begins while the League of Villains begin to plot their next move.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Midoriya stared at the screen with his eyes widened in both shock and even slight despair. He stood in the lobby of his dorm, in uniform, holding a piece of toast. He was just about to leave for class before the local news came in with some breaking news.

The reporter spoke firmly, wearing business suit on a grassy plain with the mouth of the river behind her. "Today, a prison transport truck was salvaged from the mouth of Tenryu River with three bodies inside." In the distance, the white truck branded with police and prison markings was pulled onto land while several forensic-based officials surrounded it. "According to records, this was the same truck transporting the villain, Cthulhu. His body, alongside two officers, were inside. No news about the manner of death or time of death, but judging by preliminary findings, this was just a very unfortunate accident for all parties involved."

Midoriya blinked, slowly lowering his head, "Haruka... Dead...?" He shook his head, "All he wanted to be was a Hero... Just like anyone else..." He looked up and noticed the time on the screen, "I..." He sighed, pinching the bridge of his nose and shaking his head, "I should get to class."

XXX

Yuu Emi stood in her laboratory/factory, meddling with her instruments upon a chemistry set. The incubation machines were working with the new gene-pool mixture. Her father-fountain functioned as well as it always did. Finally, there were two medical tables holding her two most recent experiments.

One held her Morumotto or her guinea pig, Haruka Katashi or, as the media lovingly named him, Cthulhu. He was an obedient one from the get-go. He saw all of her instruments and all of her experiments yet remained perfectly calm. He didn't even seem scared as she strapped him to the table.

She thought to herself, "There are a multitude of possibilities for why... True loyalty... or perhaps... Perhaps, my blood reached his brain and affected his neuron processing..." She made a syringe dance between her fingers, "I know that the chemical mixture affected minds, but I never thought that it could instill obedience in humans... Microbes, animals, and insects fell in line fast, yet no human undergoing any of the transfusions ever became obedient..." A dark grin grew across her lips, "Further testing will be required..."

Another held a behemoth of a man... or men, a 'Nomu' attempt. It was tall—nearly eight feet and his muscular body was that of an overblown bodybuilder. On its shoulders, there were three heads of its previous forms with deformed features. Upon its sides, six arms all strapped down with metal and
leather belts. A junkie combined with two powerful but liable recruits for the League. Mr. Compress and Mr. Muscular alongside Mr. Izumi formulated this new creature. Izumi's overclocked Quirk forcefully fused himself with the two. At first, Mr. Compress and Mr. Muscular were still within the two of the three heads, but further experimentation removed their sanity. Of course, naming it and controlling it have become the bane of her existence as of late.

She turned to the groaning beast as its three heads followed her, "Mr. Compress, a showboating fool, and Mr. Muscular, a too wild of a card for my tastes... Their Quirks were useful, but they themselves were not... Although the fusion seems to have limited their Quirks slightly, they remain in their most useful state as this..." She walked closer to it and it began to struggle against its restraints, "Perhaps, with enough blood, I could fix that... And maybe even control you... My..." She thought for a moment, "..." Yet, a name just wouldn't appear within her mind.

She sucked at her teeth before picking up a syringe and filling it with her creation before walking over to the three-headed beast. "No matter the name you find or gain, you will still be a weapon for..." –she looked to Haruka, who could very well hear her, "us..." She twirled the syringe, "For our bidding, for our cause, and for our benefit." She plunged the syringe into the beast, injecting it with her blood.

The beast growled as the black fluid colored its veins and roared as its muscles grew bulbous and callous. Its newest size broke the iron straps containing it, knocking Yuu to the side. It fell off the table, making inhuman growls and snarls, as it clawed at its own faces. It shook its head before raising its fists skyward and striking the ground. The concrete shattered into powder. The building itself quaked. Dust fell from above as glass shattered. In the distance, you could hear car alarms blare.

Yuu couldn't help but grin manically as it roared towards the ceiling before it wobbled and fell to its knees. She laughed as her black blood flowed from the cut along her hairline.

Haruka's voice brought irritation to her heart, "What's happening?"

She snapped, "Nothing, Katashi, silence." He obeyed as she walked over to her beast, laughing, "Oh my!" She shook her head, "What a brilliantly powerful thing you are." She wiped her hand across her face, cupping a handful of her own blood, "And we are far from done!" She splattered her blood across the creature's face, reigniting the process of mutation.

It roared in pain and she manically laughed with glee and delight.

XIXIX

Shio Hitomi, the soon to-be: Machinist, sat in the office of Nezu, the rodent running the esteemed Yuuei, with her lazy homeroom teacher, Aizawa or Eraserhead. The animal tilted his head, "Do you know why you are here?"

She gritted her teeth, "Yes." She could recall her argument with Eraserhead during his Quirk Apprehension Assignment. Everyone was running the tests in the same way she was, utilizing their Quirks to gain the advantage. However, unlike her, she utilized an indirect method to put her at the top.

Her Quirk was Technopathy. She held the ability to manipulate the electric systems of any machine in any form she wished so long as she intimately understood the technology. She could turn cars on without turning a key or even unlocking the door. She never missed a train because stopping it was just a thought away. She could never fail a test because manipulating a computer system or a robot's programming or a sensor's computing system was as easy as everything else.
Aizawa disapproved. He claimed that the utilization of her Quirk in this manner meant that her assessment was biased and rigged. It wasn't something based on her skill or her other attributes.

For her, that was idiotic perspective. Why should she handicap herself so that people could have a 'fair' chance? The bad-guys would never hold back just to give her a fair shot. Why should she give the same to anyone else?

Nezu tilted his head, offering a smile, "Do you have anything to say for yourself or to your teacher?"

She gritted her teeth, "Nothing I haven't already said."

Nezu sighed, "You see no problem in what you've done, do you?"

She scowled, "Absolutely not."

Nezu looked into her eyes for a long period of time, "I see…" He blinked for a moment before sighing, "Fine, Eraserhead. You may continue with her expulsion."

Shio arose from her chair so fast that it fell, bouncing on the floor, "W-What?!"

Aizawa spoke to her, causing her to spin, "Heroes don't just whatever they need to for their own success." He spoke firmly, "Yuuei has standards that you've failed to meet. You don't put effort into your work. Any mistakes, you'd just undo them without a second thought."

She growled, "I-"

The Hero scolded her, "There's a time for giving yourself advantages and there's a time to do things properly. You don't recognize this. I looked at your scores of everything you've turned in."

She stepped back, feeling the walls surround her.

He shook his head, "You not only rigged your scores in the practical tests—which is still reasonable in some sense, but you've taken the time to alter your grades in the written part of the Entrance Exam and every assignment since." He sighed, "You've shown an aptitude of knowledge, but you don't rely upon it." He turned, "Your actions are not acceptable. You cannot be permitted to stay here."

Shio stood there frozen as he began to leave. Her vision seemed to get hazy and her body seemed lock stiff. Her brow twitched as she gritted her teeth. She then shook her head as her irises blazed and her voice roared from her voice. The lights flickered and the principal's computer went sparked and burned before it all came screeching halt. She stepped back as she spotted Aizawa's glowing eyes over his shoulder.

He spoke coldly, "Done?"

She sneered, "Fuck you."

He ignored the comment, "Sorry about the mess, Principal Nezu. I'll escort her out."

The rodent nodded, "Yes, thank you."

Shio balled her hands into fists, "This…" She shifted into internal dialogue, recognizing the hypocrisy in her own thoughts. "This isn't fair… Why should I be punished for doing something like this? Why should I shackle myself and take on the same idiotic challenges as everyone else…?! I'm not like anyone else… Why should I pretend to be…?!" She could never understand why, but a tiny voice in her head rebutted, "Because it's fair…"
It felt like a long time ago now, since the high of that anger, but it was far from gone. She still wallowed in her own defeat. She remained in her student apartment near the campus of Yuuei. Her family had tried to contact her about the expulsion from their house on the edge of Tokyo. Her silence was her answer. She didn't want to talk about any of it. She didn't see a need to explain herself nor did she see the point.

If the teachers of Yuuei didn't accept her explanation, why would her family? No doubt swift punishment awaited upon the other side of the phone or within their letters. She would also be surprised if they were not accompanied by accusations from the extended family. Cousins and vengeful members aiming to defame her more than Yuuei already did.

She sat in the dining room with her irises glowing—a migraine slowly infecting her mind. She didn't have a job and her family had long ended their payments of rent and utilities. Her Quirk kept her apartment running while a lie or two prevented her eviction. She was watching a program on the TV: the Yuuei Sports Festival, to be exact.

She watched a Quirkless kid climb his way through the festival and something boiled within her as he did so. It seemed to worsen the longer he remained in the competition and, when she saw him on the podium of winners, she lost focus as she called the competition idiotic and stupid. She shook her head and growled as she refocused her power and flickered the TV back to life.

She saw All-Might stand tall, turning away from the Quirkless inventor, "With your competitive placement in this Festival, we, as the staff of Yuuei, see fit to admit you into the Hero Course with the backing of the Support Course. Congratulations!"

With that, Shio raged with her irises blazing as she slammed her fist against the table. The electrical machinery within the building went haywire before the entire block went dark.

XIXIX

Shio flicked the straw in her pint-glass of iced water. She looked across the booth to her… 'teammates'. Hotaru Kira or Whiplash, the blue-haired woman, and Shuichi Haru or Apollo, rocky-skinned man. Hotaru had her ever-present smirk on her face, matching the confidence in her eyes and complimenting the manic fire behind them. Shuichi held a light, polite smile, but those expressions didn't match his eyes which were long dead. The high school girl couldn't help but feel out of place, sitting amongst the insane and the living dead.

The Doctor's voice could be heard as a rift of violet wisps opened in the center of the secret bar, "Sorry about the sudden move, Kurogiri." She stepped through a Cthulhu not far behind, "A small price for our newest asset."

Yuu Emi, their recruiter/leader, with a smile on her face and a medical patch on her hairline, turned to the rift as he reformed into his well-dressed body. Haruka wobbled on his feet with heavy breaths escaping his mouth. She waved him off and he wobbled over to the booth, sliding next to Shio. The high school girl barely hiding the disdain on her face as he did so.

Kurogiri, the ever gentlemanly, bowed as he began to walk towards the bar, "Of course, Doctor."

Yuu looked about the room, "Where is Tomura?"

The wisps of a man looked about the room, "Hm, I'm not sure."

The doctor sighed, "Go find him. Make sure he isn't causing any trouble."
He bowed once more before taking his leave, "Of course."

Yuu asked without turning, putting her hands on her hips, "Recruitment?"

Hotaru smiled, twirling her finger, "We nabbed who you asked."

Shuichi nodded, "And they're off on their loyalty missions like you asked." He turned to the doctor, "Set's keeping an eye on them."

The Doctor nodded, "Good."

Machinist shook her head, "Why're recruiting some middle schooler?"

Yuu turned, smirking, "His Quirk's especially useful and judging by his internet existence, he'll be a ready and able recruit."

Shio looked up at their leader, "And the psychopath?"

A wave of annoyance and irritation wiped over her face in a second before she smiled, "I won't disavow your sensible qualms." She waved her finger, "However, he's undoubtfully useful."

Machinist shook her head, "For what?"

Yuu gritted her teeth before stating simply, "Nothing of your concern." She took a deep breath, "We have something to do before any of that."

Shio looked at the doctor alongside those she sat with, "What?"

The Doctor smirked, "A teambuilding-exercise." She waved her hand, adding, "Of sorts." She put her hands into her pockets, "After that, you'll get Izuku." Shio and Haruka payed close attention, "Although, the both of you, must be patient."

Cthulhu bowed his head, "Of course."

The Machinist frowned but nodded understandingly, "I will."

Chapter End Notes

'Ello, everybody! We have a villain-centered chapter that's establishing some stuff for later on. Muscular and Mr. Compress have been fused into a single form with a junkie via his quirk, forming this abomination. The Machinist's, or Shio Hitomi's, past and position has been stated. The League of Villains is planning their next move. After this chapter, we'll have one more chapter before the true start of the Final Exam Arc. Then I'll talk about that more when we're there.

Criticize away, leave all your thoughts and opinions in a review, and thank you for reading!
Chapter Summary

Our Hero wallows but our favorite rocker is there. And, the acidic teen has suspicions of our favorite pair's relationship status.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Midoriya rubbed his brow as he leaned against the wall, staring off into space. It was the breaktime between the sections of the final exam—ten minutes. No one could really hang out during the break, but students were permitted to stretch their legs if needed.

Jirou tossed a can of coffee towards him, "Yo."

All that moved was his arm, catching the drink without really looking. He took the drink and started to play with tab of the can. He smiled kindly, meeting her eyes, "Hey."

She popped her bottle open as she leaned against the wall beside him, nudging his shoulder, "What's up? Something off?"

He was silent for a moment before he forced out a chuckle, "You know we aren't supposed to be talking to each other."

Jirou smiled, shrugging, "What the teachers don't know won't hurt them."

Midoriya raised a brow, matching her smile, "That so?" He fell silent as he fiddled with the can. She tilted her head, "Is the test bothering you that much?"

He shook his head, "No, just something on the news."

She frowned, "Haruka?"

He turned to her, "You saw?"

Jirou nodded, "Yeah." She went silent for a moment before sighing, "I get that you felt for him, but that doesn't make you responsible for him."

Midoriya nodded, scratching his chin, "Yeah, I understand." He took a deep breath, "I guess I'm just..." He trailed off and sighed, "I don't know..." He shook his head, rubbing the back of his neck. "I'm being stupid."

She smiled kindly, shrugging, "You're just too good of a person for your own good."

He looked to her, blinking before smiling lightly.

Jirou then added jokingly, "Or, who knows, maybe you are just stupid."

Midoriya laughed, shaking his head, "Well, that ruined that." He spun the unopened can on his
finger, "I guess... I wish I could've saved him..."

The rocker took a breath, scratching her nose, "He was irrational and the way he thought of you and felt about you was irrational." He crossed her arms, "I didn't like hearing that he died either. He was our age. I wish he went to jail and got better. But..." She sighed, "That just isn't the way things turned out, and we can't change that." She shrugged, "Sometimes we just have to accept the bad and try to make some good later."

The inventor stared off for a moment, "Yeah..."

She nudged him, "Hey..." She waited for him to turn to her, "You good?"

He took a deep breath, collecting himself, before nodding, "Yeah." He pushed off the wall, "We just... have to keep moving forward."

Jirou nodded, "Pretty much."

Midoriya dropped the unopened can into his slacks' pocket, "We should get back."

She smirked as they made pushed off the wall, "Hey, you didn't even drink it." She pointed at him accusingly, "You owe me a drink."

He spoke sincerely, "I'll buy you one during lunch." With that, the pair began to make their way to the classroom.

She chuckled, "I'll hold you to it." She punched his shoulder, "You know, what? I'll get the most expensive one."

He blinked, looking to her with a dreadful look in his eyes, "Eh?"

She walked on, leaving the Quirkless boy to worry even more.

He rushed after her, "T-That was a joke, right?"

Jirou held silent for a moment before grinning at him, "Obviously."

Midoriya breathed a sigh of relief, "Oh, thank god."

She laughed, "Come on, I wouldn't do that to you." She shrugged, "You don't even have to buy me anything."

He rubbed the back of his neck, "I'd feel bad, otherwise."

She opened her mouth to speak, "W-"

The rocker girl was interrupted by the ever-recognizable Midnight, who stepped around a corner and in front of the students, "I hope there aren't students talking when they aren't supposed to right now."

She was, surprisingly, out of costume. Instead, she wore a grey and violet business-suit for testing day. She also held a clipboard, smirking at the two.

The pair froze in their place before Midoriya scampered out, "N-No, ma'am."

Jirou rushed out her words at the same speed, but maintained her composure, "Not at all."

Midnight nodded, "But, of course." She waved them along, "Well, you two should get going. You don't want to get locked out before the next section starts."
Jirou nodded, "Right."

Their stroll turned into a speedy and brisk walk as Midoriya quickly finished the conversation, "T-Thanks—Sorry, Midnight."

The teacher smirked at the departing pair, murmuring underneath her breath, "Ah, youth…"

XXX

Ashido ruffled her hair with her hands, "Ah! My brain's fried!" She shook her head as she rested her head on the lunch table. "Ugh…" The first-years were dismissed from their rooms after their exams were collected. The cafeteria was mostly quiet as most students were still reeling from their turn at the test.

Midoriya smiled politely, picking up his chopsticks and readying to dig in, "Sorry."

Kirishima rolled his shoulders, yawning, "I feel a bit more confident in my answers, but… you know…"

Kaminari nodded, sighing, "When the clock's ticking, nothing feels right…"

Ashido raised her head, rubbing the back of her neck, "I feel pretty good about most of my answers." She brought her hands together, smiling at her tutor, "Thanks to Yao-Momo!"

Yaoyorozu smiled back, "I'm glad to have helped."

Midoriya blinked as a piece of pork cutlet in his chopsticks bumped into his nose, "Ah."

Jirou chuckled, "You okay there, buddy?"

He blushed, "Y-Yeah…" He chuckled awkwardly, "Guess I just… missed…" He rolled his shoulder before eating.

Kaminari nodded to him, "How do you feel about the exam, Midori?"

The Quirkless student thought to himself, "'Midori' became more and more of a thing…" He answered earnestly, "Good—I hope—I think."

Jirou smirked, propping her elbow and resting her cheek in her hand, "Everlasting confidence, huh?"

Midoriya met her eyes, noting their teasing nature, "Think… Think…! THINK…!" He pushed out a light smile, "M-More like a healthy dose of optimism." Her smirk widened into a grin. "Mission failure… Comeback failed… Abort mission…! ABORT MISSION…!" He quickly turned to the friendly blond, "How—How about you, Kaminari?"

Kaminari blinked, "Eh? I mean Yaoyorozu's study session helped, but I can't help but feel off about it, you know?" He groaned, lowering his head, "It's just so quiet and all you hear is that clock."

Ashido and Kirishima nodded in solemn agreement.

Jirou whispered to the Quirkless student, "Couldn't comeback with anything?"

He grumbled back, "Shut up." The response only widened her grin. "Stop it." She chuckled before turning back to the group. He grumbled back, "Rock-Otaku."

Her leg shot out at him from underneath the table, kicking his shin. A blush maddened across her cheeks, "Shut up."
Ashido turned to the pair, "Midori?"

The green-haired mechanic had one hand reaching down to rub his shin as he pushed out a smile, "Hm?"

She looked between the proud-looking Midoriya and the crooked Jirou, smiling slightly, "Everything okay?"

Midoriya chuckled, "Yep…"

Jirou looked off to the side, playing with her jack.

Kaminari yawned, "You two sure are energetic."

Jirou's jack swiftly stabbed his side, causing him to contort. "Shut it, Jamming-yay."

The blond glared at her, rubbing his side, "Oi." The pink-haired student couldn't help, but smirk whilst looking between the two.

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Ashido, Hagakure, and Jirou were making their way down the hallway. As the school day ended, the trio were on their way to the front gates of Yuuei. The see-through teen listened to the whispering acid-girl ahead of the rocker girl.

The whisperings started to bother the rocker, causing her to raise a brow as the pair chuckled amongst each other.

Hagakure spun, walking over to Jirou and matching her pace, "Hey, hey, hey, Jirou?"

The violet-haired girl blinked, looking between the two girls suspiciously, "What's up?"

Ashido spun, walking backwards ahead of them whilst tilting her head, "What do you think about Midori?"

Jirou blinked, raising a confused brow, "What do you mean?"

The pink-haired girl shrugged, "Just, what's your view of him?"

The rocker rubbed the back of her neck, looking off to the side, "I mean… what's there to say?"

Once she saw the continued gaze of the acid-girl and felt the gaze of the see-through girl, she rolled her head, "He's cool… I guess."

Ashido tilted her head, smiling slightly, "Hmm?"

Jirou narrowed her eyes, "What?"

The pink-haired girl spun back around, going silent. Jirou shrunk slightly, feeling as if the conversation was far from over.

Ashido looked over her shoulder, "Why did Midori have your phone again?"

Jirou recalled the situation before a blush forged across her cheeks, looking off to the side, "N… No reason in particular…"
Hagakure gasped—her grin, while not seen, could be felt in the air as she beamed at them.

The rocker quickly shook her head, "Wait-wait-wait, it's not like that."

The acid-girl smirked, turning to face the accused, "What is it like then?"

The see-through girl shook her arms up and down excitedly, "Yeah, yeah! What is it like?!

Jirou gritted her teeth, straining between clearing the air and wallowing through the accusation. "Ju… Just…" She groaned, grabbing the two girls' wrists, "Fine, c-Come here! Both of you!" She then proceeded to drag the pair into a nearby bathroom.

XXX

Kirishima leaned against his broom, rubbing the back of his neck, "Oi, Midoriya. I know it ain't none of my business, but Ashido really wanted me to ask…" The pair of boys were handling the cleaning duty of the classroom that day. Kirishima was sweeping up the floor while Midoriya was sifting through the poorly repaired broomsticks and mops to reach for the polishing supplies in the back of a metal cabinet.

Midoriya tilted his head absentmindedly as he sifted away, "What is it?" Kirishima sighed, "Are you and Jirou a thing?"

A mad blush blazed across the Quirkless' cheeks, "W-W-What?!" His arms moved suddenly, freezing up at the mere question. This caused the pushed broomsticks and cleaning supplied to be taken by gravity, allowing them to rain down upon the green-haired student.

The redhead's eyes widened as Midoriya fell amongst the sticks, landing on his butt upon the wooden floor, "O-Oi, Midoriya!"

Midoriya pushed free of the sticks, stumbling out, "W-Where did that come from?" A final mop teetered before falling and smacking him on his forehead. "Ow!"

Kirishima shook his head, "I don't know. She didn't really tell me much—just to ask."

The green-haired student began to quickly and poorly recover the fallen supplies, "We… We aren't a… a…" His blush maddened as he tried to finish the sentence, trailing due to sheer embarrassment. He pushed the supplies back into the cabinet before shutting the metal door. He looked off to the side, shaking his head, "We aren't a… couple or anything like that…"

The redhead laughed, "Sorry for bringing it up man." He shook his head, "I'll be sure to tell her. She'll drop it."

Midoriya breathed out of relief, "Right…"

Kirishima looked between the Quirkless and the cabinet, "Did you get that rag and the spray-bottle?"

He sighed, shaking his head, "N-No…"

XXX

Ashido rubbed the back of her head as they exited the bathroom, "I'm sorry about that."

Jirou shook her head, "It's whatever, alright?" She crossed her arms before they resumed their exit, "Let's just drop it, okay?"
Hagakure sighed, nodding, "Yeah, sorry."

The pink-haired girl stomped, "Ugh, nothing ever happens in our class."

The violet-haired girl raised her brow incredulously at her classmate.

Ashido quickly added, "I mean romance! The semester's almost over, but nothing's ever come close to happening."

Jirou sighed, tucking her hands into her pockets, "How about establishing your own love life before diving into someone else's?"

The pink-haired girl clutched her fist, determinedly, "I'll multitask."

The see-through girl tilted her body, presumably tapping her chin, "But didn't you say you were terrible at multitasking once?"

Ashido nodded her head, "I'll do my best."

Jirou shook her head, "You don't have to."

Hagakure spoke cheerfully, "Good luck!"

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Chapter End Notes

Hello everybody... So, we do have a simple chapter here. It shows some relationship status, but that's about it. Jirou and Midoriya are close and she is a solid pillar in his support system. There is also a tiny element I added in that will become more evident later. But I will take this time to talk about the next chapter.

It will mainly be an explanation chapter. I did throw in some exposition from the manga for no particular reason other than it would be something the characters would say. It establishes some elements I couldn't really fit into another chapter. And it explains one choice I made while establishing the other changes I made to some of the pairings. Now, I'm going to say this now. I didn't change everybody's pairings. The reasons for why they were paired together as well as who they were paired against haven't changed. So, just three changes of the pairings, and the Final Exam Arc of this story will be focused on these three fights. I will not bother rehashing the fights, but I will throw in some changes in those fights. Only providing exposition to ones that I think would need exposition. And I invite you guys to on what these three changes are.

With that said, criticize away, leave all your thoughts and opinions in a review, and thank you for reading!
Rules of the Game

Chapter Summary

Class 1-A enters their practical exam

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The final day of the written portion of the exam came to a close. Aizawa caught the attention of the class as he spoke, "Time's up." The tension-filled room was calmed as students sighed from the release. "Put down your pencils and prepare your exams for collection." The students on the end of the columns stood up from their seats and began the said collection.

Ojiro whispered to Shoji as their homeroom teacher stood silent, "The practical's tomorrow, huh?"

The multi-armed student nodded, "Yeah."

Kirishima grinned towards Sero, pounding his knuckles together, "Beating up robots will be easy."

Midoriya turned to his seatmate, "So, they'll be like the ones from the Festival?"

Jirou whirled one of her jacks around her finger, "Maybe." She shrugged, smirking, "But, with your suit, they'll probably be easy pickings anyway." She looked at him knowingly, "Unless you break it again."

He pouted before spitefully saying, "Rock-Otaku."

There was a faint blush on her cheeks as she turned away from him, "Ha, that won't get to me anymore."

Yaoyorozu and Todoroki interrupted the two. They handed off their papers with Midoriya smiling politely at Yaoyorozu, "Thank you."

She took his paper, smiling back, "Of course, and you're welcome." Todoroki and Yaoyorozu continued on, leaving the pair.

As they moved on, Midoriya whispered to Jirou, "Rock-Geek."

She smirked as she teased, "Aw, that all you can come up with?"

He shrunk in his seat before murmuring out, "Yes…"

She laughed, joking, "You're adorable."

Midoriya grumbled out, "I hate you."

Jirou stretched one of her jacks towards him, poking his cheek, "Lies."

His fingers snatched her jack, causing her to blush.
She growled at him, "O-Oi!"

The reaction satisfied the teased party before he stuck out his tongue at her, letting go of the sensitive earlobe mutation.

XXX

And so, the final day of the written exam came to a close and the day of the practical began. Class 1-A filed into their separated locker rooms, dressing into their Hero-costumes.

Suit Epsilon stood stiffly beside Midoriya. It was fully completed now. The new paint upon the exo-armor mimicked the design of his old jumpsuit. The green was darker—almost militaristic while lighter greens and a metallic silver accented the overall suit.

The mech-suit was much more impressive than the new jumpsuit the Quirkless Hero was slipping on. The jumpsuit was upgraded into a better fitting outfit meant for acrobatics. Its main material was a layered form of carbon-fiber coupled with lycra and forms of polyester. Vambraces and greaves were implemented onto the limbs with minor armoring as to fit underneath Suit Epsilon. Red boots with armored toes and soles as well as gloves with armored knuckles were added to the suit for combat. Light-weight armor was riveted into place over most of the jumpsuit. Although, space was left in several places for movement such as: in the joints and in between armor-plating. The hood-mask became more of a lightly-armored cowl, hanging from the back of his neck. Color-wise, the new jumpsuit was remarkably similar to the original: from the accented white and light green color. Albeit, the colors were slightly toned down from the high saturation of the original.

The Quirkless Hero clipped a small carpenter's belt around his waist before taking in his new jumpsuit in the mirror of his locker. It is important to note that this new suit wasn't of his design. He only discovered this new suit when he opened his costume case that day with a note signed by Masami Rin.

Midoriya remembered the note simply, "'A minor upgrade'…?" He mumbled to himself, "Definitely more than minor."

Kaminari adjusted his gauntlet, walking over to his classmate, "Midori, nice suit man."

The Quirkless Hero turned to him, "T-Thanks…" He blinked, "Wait, which one?"

Kirishima laughed, "Both are pretty awesome."

Midoriya blinked, "Really?" He rubbed the back of his neck, "I don't know about this one." He said looking down at himself, "It feels like a bit much."

Iida pulled everyone's attention, gesturing strangely, "Come on, everybody! We must go meet with Aizawa!"

Midoriya raised his wrist to his mouth, "Epsilon, online." The suit became less stiff before it stood more organically. He spun on his heel and held out his arms, "Suit up." The exo-suit's plates shifted out of the way before enclosing over the Quirkless Hero. He clenched his hands as the plates locked into place with a hiss. The helmet slid over his head and locked into place. The H.U.D. came to life, displaying several aspects about the suit. Once Midoriya looked over the H.U.D., he tapped the tablet on his inner forearm and the helmet retracted into the collar of his armor.

He rolled his shoulders, "Here we go."

XXX
Class 1-A stood in costume before ten of Yuuei's most prestigious teachers. Jirou walked over to Midoriya, raising a brow, "Why're there so many teachers here?"

He shrugged, "No clue." She could hear the pitch of excitement in his voice, no doubt due to the prospect of just seeing all of these pros standing side-by-side.

Aizawa looked around, "Let's begin your practical exam." He nodded, "It is, of course, possible to fail this exam. If you want to attend the training camp, then don't mess it up." His wrapping around his neck fidgeted, "Knowing you guys, you probably asked around and you might think you have a vague idea of how this'll go…"

Kaminari laughed, "It's a robot rumble, like the Entrance Exam!"

Ashido pumped her fist, "Fireworks! Curry! Truth or dare!"

Nezu popped out of Aizawa's wrappings, "Not quite! Various circumstances have demanded a revision to the exam format!" He then took the time to climb from their homeroom teacher's shoulders.

An air of dread befell Kaminari and Ashido.

Sero leaned forward, "The principal!"

Yaoyorozu blinked, "A revision…?"

Nezu took a deep breath, "From now on, we'll focus on battles against flesh-and-blood opponents. It is critical that our teaching simulates practical experience as closely as possible!"

XXX

A meeting took place amongst the main council of teachers directing over the first-year Hero Course classes during the weekend before the written portion of the Exam was given.

All-Might raised his hand, "I'm sorry, Principal Nezu, but you wish for us to fight… the students?"

Nezu nodded, "Precisely."

"Why? If you don't mind me asking, sir."

Nezu took a deep breath, looking amongst his co-workers, "We have been attacked by the League of Villains within our own campus. We may have won, but that does not excuse the danger the students were in nor the fact that we know nothing about this League. While their attack is disorganized, we cannot deny the possibility of a bigger picture—that we know nothing about." He added, "What is also important to note is that one of our students has been targeted by those who have resented this school and himself—attacked in broad daylight. And there is no telling who else may be targeted or who else will attack our students." He concluded, "While our students have proven to be graceful under pressure and that they can work well together overall, they still have professed weaknesses overtime."

Aizawa nodded, "It's the most rational advancement of the exam, and the current exam isn't a good test for the students right now."

Present-Mic turned to his co-worker, "How so?"

Eraserhead spoke firmly, "Bots won't push them to advance, and considering it was how they got in,
Nezu balled his hands, "As such… you students will be… pairing up… and fighting one of the teachers you see here!"

Uraraka gasped, "Against a teacher?"

Aizawa continued the explanation, "Your pairings and assigned teacher have already been decided. Your battle moves, your grades… These factors and more were considered, so without further ado…” He grinned, gripping his carbon-fiber wrappings, "First, Tokoyami… is with Bakugo… against me.” The two students shared a look before their homeroom teacher continued, "Next, Todoroki and Midoriya are a team and their opponent…”

A shadow appeared in the hanging sun before it grew larger and larger, landing with enough force to make everyone in proximity stumble. All-Might stood tall, clenching his fist, "I… will do it!"

Hagakure blinked, "W-Wait!"

Kaminari shook his head, "Woah-woah-woah! Just-Just hang on."

Iida blinked, mumbling to himself, "Midoriya against All-Might?” Above his mumbling, the other students couldn't help but share an array of disgruntled disagreement.

Aizawa looked past 1-A and towards the student in question, "Midoriya?"

Deku turned to his opponent. A neck-piece climbed up his neck, locking over his jawline and over the back of his head. Circle-shaped pieces slid over his ears. Panels and plates crawled over his head before a glass-visor slid over his face, locking with a hiss.

He spoke firmly, without breaking away from All-Might, "Todoroki." He finally turned to his partner, raising his arm, "You can count on me."

The lightest of smiles graced Todoroki's lips before he bumped his forearm against his partner's, "And you, me, Midoriya."

Present-Mic grinned, "Believe in your classmate. If he thinks he can do it, then the rest of ya should too!"

Jirou tapped Midoriya's shoulder, "Hey, you got this?"

He turned to her, nodding, "I got it" He chuckled slightly, a bit of nervousness escaping him, "I think."

She smirked, raising her fist, "Good enough." They bumped their knuckles against each other. Lightly, of course. Midoriya had metal knuckles after all.

Kaminari clapped his hands together, "S-Sorry, Midoriya!” He pumped his fist, "I'm sure you'll give him a run for his money!”
Kirishima laughed, clutching his fist, "Midoriya, that's so manly!"

Nezu raised his hand, "And now, if there aren't anymore interruptions, we'll announce the teams and the teachers they'll be up against all at once!"

Cementoss stood tall, "Kirishima and Sato, your battle will be with me."

Sato grinned, "Let's fight well."

Kirishima laughed, pounding his fists, "Yeah!"

Ectoplasm glared mock-menacingly at his opponents, "Yaoyorozu and Asui, I will be your opponent."

Asui walked up to her new partner, "I'll be counting on you, Momo."

The raven-haired girl smiled, clenching her fist, "I won't let you down, Tsu."

Present-Mic grinned, "Koda and Jirou, you'll be fighting the better versions of yourselves!"

Jirou raised a brow, commenting, "Better version of ourselves? I can't really see that, though…"-much to Koda's silent dismay.

Present-Mic scowled, "Dummy! Hey girl, watch your mouth! You hear?!"

Power-Loader grinned, adjusting his gloves, "Ojiro and Iida, you'll be fighting me."

Iida gave a thumbs-up, "You can rely upon me, Ojiro!"

Ojiro smiled, "And me, you."

Snipe checked the barrel of his gun before whipping it closed, "Hagakure, Shoji, your fight will be with me."

Hagakure pumped her gloves into the air, "You can count on me, Shoji!"

Shoji crossed his arms, "Yes, I'm sure we'll do great."

Midnight tightened her whip, grinning, "Mineta and Sero, I will be your opponent."

Mineta grinned, a perverted gleam in his gaze, "R-Really?!"

Sero looked at his partner, "Could you not right now? Please?"

Nezu adjusted his tie, "Kaminari and Ashido, you'll be battling against I."

Ashido blinked, "Against the principal?"

Kaminari smiled, "Really?"

Thirteen breathed, "And Aoyama and Uraraka, you'll be battling me."

Aoyama spun flamboyantly, "You can count on me, Mademoiselle!"

Uraraka blinked, smiling awkwardly, "R-Right."

Nezu raised his hand, "Now, your time limit is 30 minutes!"
Midnight pulled out a pair of handcuffs, spinning them on her finger, "Your objective is to either get these handcuffs on us or have one of you escape from the stage!"

Power-Loader lifted his arm, "And to give you guys a fair chance, we will wear these." Other teachers lifted their arms, revealing the braces upon their wrists and ankles. "High-Density Weights developed and designed by Hatsume Mei. They'll slow us down and drain us a bit too." Iida grimaced underneath his helmet while Midoriya simply took note.

Kaminari raised a brow, "Kinda like our Battle Training?"

Ashido tilted her head, "Can we really just run away?"

Ectoplasm spoke, "Of course, but this isn't like your past training—you are fighting Pros."

Thirteen nodded, "This test is meant to simulate true battle as closely as possible. So, please, think of us as actual villains."

Snipe adjusted his Stenson, "Suppose we do meet in battle. If you fight and win, that's just fine too."

Aizawa tucked his hands into his pockets, "If you find yourself overwhelmed by our powers, fleeing and calling for help might be your wisest option."

Cementoss nodded, "Fight to win or…"

Present-Mic spun invisible disc-trays, "Run to win!"

Nezu added lastly, "Your battles will be taking place simultaneously and you all will have thirty minutes to prepare!"

Chapter End Notes

Howdy, readers. For the usual breakdown, the chapter starts on the final day of the written exam and we have a moment between the two. The resident pair are ready poke fun at each other, but neither are really confident enough to begin a romance just yet. We then skip to the day after and we get to see Midoriya's new costume/undersuit. (If you need a reference for its appearance, think Nightwing's costume from either Young Justice or Arkham Knight.) A sudden gift from Masami Rin, the CEO of the Lawful Improvement of Hero Technologies Organization. (First Appearing in Chapter 32) We then have a rehash of the Final Exam's rules and the pairings. The three major changes being: Tokoyami, Tsuyu, Yaoyorozu, Todoroki, Bakugo, and Midoriya.

When breaking down why the characters were placed together, Tokoyami, Yaoyorozu, and Todoroki had the same weakness perceived by the teachers: over relying on their Quirks. So, these three could be switched about without too many issues.

Tsuyu is so well-rounded that the teachers don't know her weakness.

Bakugo's weakness was his relationship with Midoriya, but in this story, that issue isn't as prevalent. So, the focus shifts on his lack of cooperation with other people.

Midoriya's weaknesses in this story are obvious. The teachers also want to see Midoriya tested a bit more to understand what is his most glaring weakness.
The rest of the weaknesses and pairings haven't been altered, so there's no need to alter those fights. (That isn't to say that there won't be changes in some of these fights.) Tsu and Yaoyorozu will battle Ectoplasm. Bakugo and Tokoyami will fight Eraserhead. Finally, Todoroki and Midoriya will battle the Number One Hero.

To talk about the new thumbnail, it is Suit Zeta and will be properly introduced once it appears in the story.

Criticize away, leave all your thoughts and opinions in a review, and thank you for reading!
Toshinori shook his head, "I…" He looked between Snipe and Ectoplasm, "I'm sorry, you wish for me to fight… Young Midoriya." This meeting of how to pair up these students against their teachers had taken a turn. Especially, in several of these teachers' eyes.

Snipe adjusted his Stenson, sighing, "I understand it ain't great looking…"

Ectoplasm nodded, "However, we need to know. You all must understand that some of your fellow teachers in this school and this room, don't agree with Midoriya's placement in this course." He shook his head, "We don't plan to kick him out or anything as devious as that."

The Gunslinging Hero raised his head, staring dead-on at his co-workers, "We need to confirm his abilities as they are. 'Specially, if the Principal's right with this possible up rise of Villains." "As a Quirkless Hero, his weaknesses are on a difficult to read scale. We have his suit and then we have him."

The Cloning Hero looked around the room, "We need to push both to their limits."

Aizawa nodded, "That's rational." He adjusted the papers in his hands, "And I agree."

Toshinori turned to his co-worker, "Eraserhead."

The Erasing Hero looked forward, speaking firmly, "We must test Midoriya with the same objectivity as the rest of his class. And, Snipe and Ectoplasm are right." He looked at his papers, "Not to mention, Heroes have to be prepared to battle against opponents stronger than ourselves all the time. It's best that he comes to fully understand that now."

Toshinori's eyes couldn't help but be drawn to the scar underneath Aizawa's eye. "Speaking from experience, Aizawa…"

All-Might looked over his shoulder and at his student opponents. They sat on a bus, heading to their arena. They weren't silent, colluding with each other quietly. Well, Midoriya more than Todoroki. They were talking quiet enough that the Number-One Hero couldn't hear them.

He thought to himself, "They're taking this seriously… That's good, I guess…" He turned forward, "They pinned Todoroki against me as well because I destroy his ice easily, pushing him to his limits…" He remembered Aizawa's words, "Don't hold back'…" He clenched his fist shut, "I will do my best…"

Yaoyorozu flipped through her reference book before eyeing up the vails that now lined her belt, "Thank you, Midoriya… Hatsume…" Their bus pulled to a stop before she, Tsu, and Ectoplasm exited. The arena itself consisted of five buildings. They were cylindrical in shape and lofted towards the sky with skybridges connecting them.

Ectoplasm turned to them, "You two will be entering through there."
Tsu let out a ribbit, "What about you?"

Their opponent simply stated, "My entrance is elsewhere." He turned and began to walk away before looking over his shoulder, "Good luck."

Yaoyorozu bowed slightly, "Thank you, Ectoplasm." The pair turned and looked up at their obstacle before sharing a look. They nodded to each other before taking a step forward and entering their arena.

XXX

Eraserhead hung upside down via his metal-entwined wrappings, looking over the mock suburban block. He was on one end of the arena while Bakugo and Tokoyami would be entering the other side. "Bakugo's smarts and his strategic battle sense is amazing, but it is time to see how well he applies them without his Quirk in play... Tokoyami is a different player... An extremely powerful Quirk, yet it is important to see how well he faces a situation without said Quirk..." He could hear the front gates to the arena swing open, "Their Quirks are also in direct conflict with each other as well... If they're not careful, they'll weaken themselves for an easy fight..."

XXX

Yaoyorozu and Asui walked into the lobby of the cylindrical tower. The floors above them were visible as a giant circular hole pierced through all of them. Decorated pillars of stone extended from the ground floor and upwards. Creati took a moment to take in her surroundings.

Tsu adjusted her goggles, "Momo?"

Yaoyorozu mumbled to herself, "Starting in the center..." She turned to her partner, "We need to be careful. We could easily be surrounded by Ectoplasm."

Froppy nodded, lowering her body into her usual combat position, "Ectoplasm's Cloning." She tilted her head, "He can only make thirty, right?"

Creati adjusted her belt, "Midoriya also mentioned, that on good days, he can make thirty-six. Or, he could abandoned making any clones and create a single, giant one."

Her partner stretched, "Right."

Yaoyorozu smiled, "We're lucky that Midoriya has in-depth analyzations of our opponents."

Recovery-Girl's voice came over the PDA system, asking, "Everyone in position?" She announced, "Let's begin the final exam for Yuuei High's first-years... Ready... Go!" An alarm blared, and clones of Ectoplasm rose from the ground, surrounding the two students.

One of Ectoplasm's clones growled, "We forgot to mention that we teachers will fighting to utterly crush all of you students."

Yaoyorozu's palm glowed as she threw it upward, spawning a black metal ball. Her fingers grasped it, twisting the top half of it once, before throwing it downward. The metal ball exploded into a cloud of smoke, enveloping the students and the eight clones.

Tsu's tongue shot out of the smoke and wrapped around the pillar of the upper floor. She yanked herself upward and stuck to the wall before sending her tongue into the smoke. She retracted it and pulled Yaoyorozu from the smoke and towards the upper floor. Yaoyorozu's boots skidded across the ground as she landed before Tsu flipped onto the ground next to her.
Creati pointed towards a nearby doorway, "Through there!"

Froppy nodded before the pair rushed for the exit.

-X-

Ectoplasm's clones were melting away into nothingness as the smoke cleared. One of the clones eyed up the departing individuals, "A good first move…"

-X-

Yaoyorozu pulled a metallic staff from the skin as she stepped out of the other end of the hall. Her eyes widened before she quickly dropped underneath the swing of Ectoplasm's leg. The clone’s metallic leg collided with the wall as she swung her staff into the inner-knee of its supporting leg. She then stabbed the staff into clone’s leg and sent it flying out of from under the clone, causing it to fall to the ground.

Tsu let out a ribbit, "Momo!"

Yaoyorozu quickly turn to see a rushing pair of Ectoplasm’s clones. Before either could attack, Tsu landed feet-first against one of the clones with her legs tucked in. She then sprung her legs outward, slamming one clone into the other and sending both off the upper floor as they melted into nothingness. Tsu then sent her tongue out and wrapped it around her partner, yanking Yaoyorozu out of the way from a clone’s kick.

Yaoyorozu and Tsu quickly moved away from the clone before Yaoyorozu had the wherewithal to look over her shoulder to see several clones spawning into existence behind them.

Creati shared a look with her partner before they rushed at the lone clone as white ooze began to rise from the ground, forming more clones behind it.

Yaoyorozu thought to herself, "Ectoplasm's clones recreate the metallic legs of the original…" She whipped her hand out, spawning a sparking taser from her palm, "Then, perhaps, in their unfinished form, those metallic elements are openly exposed without insulators to block harsh electrical currents…!" She then tossed it into the ooze before white sparks of electricity surged throughout the liquid. The ooze began to lose shape as it reacted violently to the added current.

Tsu leapt above the electrified wall of ooze, sticking to the ceiling before flipping onto the safe ground behind it. Yaoyorozu stabbed her staff into the ground before pole-vaulting over the wall, abandoning the metal weapon before rushing down the clear pathway.

-X-

The wall of ooze fell, leaving the buzzing taser to bounce on the ground. Five clones rushed after the pair, leaving the one Yaoyorozu attacked to watch on. That last clone stabbed its leg through the small weapon, shattering it. "Clever…" It looked at the fallen ooze as it slowly faded away, "That was going to spawn five more and entirely entrap them…" It watched as the pair disappear into another hall, "Five gone in one move…" It looked forward before leaping to a lower floor.

-X-

Recovery-Girl's voice came over the PDA system, "There are fifteen minutes left! I repeat: there are fifteen minutes left!" She also announced, "Only a fifth of the testing pairs have finished the exam."

Yaoyorozu and Tsu rushed down the hall, coming to a wall that split the hallway into two paths.
Yaoyorozu thought for a moment before speaking, "The left hall will bring us right back to the
to the beginning." They could vaguely hear five pairs of stomping peg-legs, making their way towards the hall.

Tsu blinked before turning to her partner, "Wait, we should take the left path."

They slowed as they came onto the split path. Yaoyorozu turned to ask, "Why?"

Froppy quickly explained, "The right path is the one he'll expect us to take. Ectoplasm could have a
trap waiting for us."

Yaoyorozu nodded, "You're right."

The pair quickly made their way down the left path as the group of clones invaded the hall. The hall
that the pair didn't take was then invaded with seven clones, grouping up with the previous five and
rushing after them.

They stepped onto the upper floor of the starter room. Yaoyorozu's brain was in overdrive, "We need
to a way to eliminate these clones from the fight…" She looked at her hand, spawning a crimson
metal ball. "There's more than ten behind us, I believe… And I doubt that the real Ectoplasm is
amongst them…" She shared a look with her partner, "Tsu," who nodded. Creati twisted the top half
of it twice before she skidded to a stop, throwing the ball at the rushing tide of clones.

The metal ball flew through the air, bouncing into the group of clones. There was a solid moment of
silence; between the steps of clones and the breaths of the students. Froppy and Creati threw
themselves behind the stone pillars of the wall as the clones tried to scatter.

There seemed to be a vacuum of air before the deafening ring filled the room, the flames engulfed the
air, and the shockwave rocked the floor. Tsu and Yaoyorozu squeezed themselves behind the
protective stone of the pillar as smoke consumed them. Their ears rung as they coughed, pushing
through the soot. As the ringing died from their ears, they left the smoke, shaking their heads, before
looking back at the aftermath.

Yaoyorozu blinked as the ringing slowly died. She turned to her partner who was saying something.
The raven-haired girl shook her head before the muted world finally shifted into sound. "What?"

Tsu let out a ribbit, "That was scary…"

Yaoyorozu nodded, panting, "I might have made a mistake with the synthetic chemicals…"

-X-

Ectoplasm blinked from the final tower, standing in front of the exit gate. The rumble of the
explosion could be heard in the distance, but far from powerful enough to be felt. However, the
surprise was surely felt.

"I… I honestly did not expect something like that…"

XXX

Recovery-Girl sat in her temporary tent in front of a wall of screens. "These children…" She rubbed
her chin, "My-my-my…" She leaned into the screen, "It doesn't look like they sustained any serious
injuries. I'll have to check for barotrauma once they finish." She turned to another screen, "Jirou and
Koda most definitely have barotrauma." She frowned, "Tch. That Present-Mic, one of the teachers
who just seem to lack restraint." She turned to another screen, "Like All-Might…" She blinked, "Ah,
wait a moment… What's going on there?” Her eyes widened before the screens and lights flicked off and on.

XXX

Yaoyorozu and Tsu exited the starting tower and rushed into the right-most tower, avoiding the central tower. They skidded to a stop as they spotted several clones, rushing at them from a nearby hallway. Creati summoned a grapple-gun before leaping off the floor and shooting the hook into the ceiling. Froppy leapt after her, shooting her tongue and wrapping it around a pillar across the gap.

Yaoyorozu and Tsu landed on the other side of the gap before rushing for the nearby hallway. They ran through the skybridge.

Tsu hopped forward, "This might lead to the final tower."

Yaoyorozu nodded, "The real Ectoplasm must be in there." She thought for a moment, "Giant clone…” She looked over her shoulder for clones before pulling her partner to a stop as they passed the split in their path, "Wait, Tsu, we should come up with a plan."

Ectoplasm looked above, watching the upper floor before something in his gut began to fill up. He could feel his already existing clones melt away. He spotted a pair of black cloaks fly from the upper floor. Tsu's tongue shot out from the cloaks, wrapping around one of the pillars across the gap. She didn't retract her tongue, instead allowing herself to fall into an arcing swing.

Ectoplasm reared his head back, "I won't let you past me that easily…” He then regurgitated the white liquid from his mouth, forming a large pool in which a gigantic version of himself rose from the ground. It unhinged its jaw before it lunged at the pair, "Forced Detention Giant Bite!” It snapped its jaw at the cloaks, reared back with its prey.

To Ectoplasm's surprise, the attack only snatched the dark fabrics. Tsu had quickly retracted her tongue and altered her position to speed her freefall, narrowly avoiding the attack. In the corner of Ectoplasm's eye, he spotted Yaoyorozu running from the skybridge from the main tower. She fired a grapple-gun into the ceiling. The giant quickly turned to attack the swinging student, but a gauntlet spawned onto her angled left arm. The gauntlet's thrusters blew her into a spin, narrowly avoiding the giant's bite. She then released the take on the grapple-gun's wire. Her swing dropped to a lower pendulum, putting her on a collision course with her partner.

Yaoyorozu caught Tsu's forearm as they swung towards Ectoplasm and the exit-gate. Ectoplasm readied himself before leaping into the air and kicking the two off the wire. The pair bounced and skidded across the ground. The teacher blinked as he heard the clink of metal bounce and roll across the floor. He looked down to see three black metal balls roll towards his feet. A plume of smoke suddenly consumed him as Creati and Froppy threw themselves onto their feet.

Before Ectoplasm could delete his giant clone to create smaller ones to protect the gate, the alarm bell already rung. As the smoke cleared, he spotted a panting and weakened Yaoyorozu and a caring Tsu on the other side of the exit gate.

-X-

Yaoyorozu wanted to vomit. Her brain felt numb with sleepiness. Her stomach did flips, and needle-like pain stabbed her abdomen. Her skin felt discomforted from the sweat, heavily secreting from her body. The price of overusing her Quirk. She panted, reaching down to her belt and gripping one of the vials. A minor remedy from her sudden loss of fat and the side-effects of such a thing. A small amount of pain-killing elements and a functional amount of chemicals to bolster her endocrine system.
for the production of brown adipose fats. Hatsume also mentioned the small amount of flavoring she added to combat the horrible taste of the solution.

Tsu looked over her in a concerned manner as she drank the vial. "Are you okay?"

Yaoyorozu grimaced at the flavor, pushing herself onto her feet, "For now."

Ectoplasm walked through the gate, "Well done, you two." He sighed, "I'll admit you played me well."

Yaoyorozu and Tsu shared a weak smile with each other before bowing to their opponent, "Thank you, Ectoplasm."

Chapter End Notes

Hey, everybody. I know that this is off schedule and there's a reason for it. Quite recently, my mother has been diagnosed with kidney cancer and will be undergoing surgery for it very soon. With that, I must leave for an indeterminable amount of time and I post this chapter as it is to leave you with something as well as this news. As of now, please consider this story and my account under hiatus. Thank you for reading.
Recovery-Girl's voice came over the PDA system, asking, "Everyone in position?" She announced, "Let's begin the final exam for Yuuei High's first-years… Ready… Go!"

Bakugo and Tokoyami dipped into the alleyways between the mock suburban households. Their opponent was far from sight and they very well knew his reputation. Eraserhead was an unknown. He left criminals broken and wrapped up in bandages for the police. Only occasionally stepping out of the dark to work with other Heroes when necessary. The only time they could've seen him fight was during the U.S.J. Incident but were preoccupied at the time. Tokoyami wanted to ask Midoriya about any details on the Pro-Hero, but Bakugo was against it.

After all, he already had a grasp of the Quirk. From being the man's student, Class 1-A understood how Eraserhead's Quirk worked. Blinking canceled the erasure and lack of eyesight canceled the erasure. However, something that Bakugo noticed about Eraserhead post-U.S.J. was the irritated scar underneath his eye. Bakugo had a theory that Eraserhead's eye might be affected by that injury. Not that his quirk was affected, but the medium itself was altered. He already had dry-eye, so the irritation could have worsened his eyes, increasing the need to blink.

Their options were simple in a sense. They needed to disrupt eye-contact as much as possible. The smoke, dust, and ash from Bakugo's Explosions could provide the necessary cover. Tokoyami's Dark Shadow could also cause enough destruction to kick up a storm.

Bakugo made sure to note that fighting Eraserhead would be a mistake. Unless they were in an advantageous position with their Quirks, he doubted they could land a good hit on their opponent. While the Pro-Hero didn't win against the Nomu-thing, the man was used to fighting people with powerful Quirks. Not to mention, with his rationale, it wouldn't be hard to conclude that the man had already developed plans to fight his students.

The pair nodded to each other before rushing out of the alleyway. The blond's hands sparked as he lowered his body, dragging his fingers across the ground. He swiped his hand upward and produced a rumbling explosion. The explosion was powerful enough to rip up the pavement of the road and push Tokoyami back with the shockwave. The smoke and debris kicked up into a straight plume of cloud of black and grey. The mock buildings were damaged in the process as rocks and pebbles; smashing through windows, chipping the paint, and damaging the wood. They rushed into the tunnel of smoke, making a bee-line straight for the 'house' ahead of them.

Aizawa watched silently from afar, standing atop a nearby rooftop, "As a purely logical move, it works…" His eyes wandered over the lingering damage to the 'households', "As a Hero, not so much… The structural damage is minor… Cost-wise, the average Hero could barely stomach it while a rookie could have a hard time paying it all off…" He straightened, "If that's how they'll play this, then there's no point in observing…"

Tokoyami and Bakugo leapt into the false household; which in actuality is just a concrete and wooden building filled with needless cardboard boxes. Tokoyami peeked around the window sill,
looking over the path of destruction. With the smoke clearing, the damage was evident, but their opponent was nowhere to be seen. Bakugo was peering out of the door on the opposite end of the small building.

Tokoyami summoned a shrunken version of Dark Shadow, allowing for the shadowy version of himself to snake around his fingers. He could hear the pop and crackles that occasionally escaped Bakugo's palms.

Bakugo shouted to Tokoyami, "Come on, Bird-face!" before he kicked open the front door, unleashing another explosion. Tokoyami turned and rushed for the door, exiting after the blond. The smoke stung their eyes and itched at their throats. This plan was going to become more and more of an unpleasant one.

A main flaw became apparent or a lack there of. Tokoyami's miniature Dark Shadow suddenly dissipated. The raven-faced student didn't even have a moment to even register the erasure before a bandage-like wrapping fell around his torso.

Eraserhead spoke over his shoulder as he gripped his wrappings, "A flawed plan really…" He yanked on the bandage, tightening it around the Night-Hero, before throwing the student over his shoulder, "Smoke breaks my sight from you, but that works both ways!" The wind was yanked from Tokoyami's chest as he slammed onto the pavement.

A rumbling explosion went off and Bakugo came flying out of the smoke, "DIE!"

Eraserhead loosened the bandages around Tokoyami before leaping backwards into the new plume of smoke, narrowly avoiding Bakugo's swinging knee.

Bakugo looked down at his partner, causing a consistent string of sparks, "Get up, Bird-face! Now!"

Tokoyami grunted as he stood once more, "Sorry… I didn't even notice him."

The blond spoke through gritted teeth, keeping his voice low while maintaining his aggressiveness, "Alleyway, come on!"

The raven-feathered student turned before rushing for the alleyway behind them, "Aye!"

Bakugo gritted his teeth, lowering his body. He held his hands over the ground, building up sparks in between his palms and the pavement. He angled his hands, "Sidewinder Concussion!" There wasn't a single instance of warning. The powerful, condensed explosion decimated the pavement as a wave of force shot outward. The lingering smoke disappeared in an instant as the windows across the street shattered. He began to turn, following his partner, "He's already long gone… Shit…"

-X-

Aizawa looked down upon the pair of students as they rushed deeper into the alley. His left ear was ringing, but otherwise he was fine. "Separating them will be difficult… Bakugo's speed and force is dangerous…" He rolled his shoulders as he straightened, "He'll be first…"

-X-

Bakugo rushed behind Tokoyami as they ran down the twisting and turning alleys of the mock neighborhood. Tokoyami reformed the miniature Dark Shadow but had the living shadow wrap around his neck like a scarf. Bakugo followed closely behind, forcing sparks out of his palm.

Bakugo grimaced, "Fuck… We can't be seen by him… Meaning we can't fight him the way we
usually do…” He shook his head, "We have to-" He blinked before the sparks in his palms suddenly dissipated.

Tokoyami spun, shouting to his partner, "Bakugo!"

Eraserhead's heel collided with the back of the blon'd's head, sending him face-first onto the ground. As the Pro slid across the ground, he manipulated his wrappings to fall around Tokoyami's head before shipping the Jet-Black Hero's face into the wall. He pulled his wrappings back as Bakugo exploded back onto his feet. The blond glared at his homeroom teacher, meeting his glowing red eyes.

Bakugo launched his fist at the Pro-Hero, but Eraserhead ducked into the student's space, ramming his elbow into the blond's stomach. The air in the blond's lungs vacated in an instant before the Pro's knuckles collided with his nose. Eraserhead then grasped Bakugo's grenade-shaped gauntlet, slamming his elbow against the blond's shoulder before yanking the gauntlet loose from the student's arm. He was another pull that released the gauntlet from the blond, throwing the metal object at the recovering Tokoyami's head. Eraserhead turned back to the blond, slamming his elbow against his Bakugo's face. He then grabbed the Explosive Hero's ears before headbutting him.

The Pro brought his assault short as he could hear his opponent behind him shout, "Dark Shadow!"

The shadowy bird launched itself at the Pro's back, "Aye!"

Eraserhead leapt over Bakugo, putting the blond between the living shadow and himself. The Pro spun to see the shadow surround the blond. The Quirk began to erase as he heard the crackle of sparks. The Pro gritted his teeth as the blond exploded from the dissipated shadow.

Bakugo flipped through the air, grabbing his opponent's shoulders as they flew out of the mouth of the alley. They bounced, tumbled, and skidded across the pavement before coming to a painful stop for both.

Tokoyami's voice came screaming from the alley, "DARK SHADOW!"

The shadowy bird exploded from the alleyway, smacking the Pro through a window and into a mock household. It then picked up the blond before retreating into the alley. It didn't take a genius to notice the weakening of the living shadow. While it was strong enough to strike a full-grown man, it was slowly growing weaker, dragging the blond teenager across the ground. Bakugo was released and fell onto his knees before a kneeling Tokoyami.

The bird-faced student panted and coughed, "We… We need to get moving…” He shook his head, "I need to stick to the shadows… to regain Dark Shadow."

Bakugo panted, "Right…” He shook his head, but instantly regretted it as his head rung and throbbed, "Damn…” He pushed himself onto his feet, grabbing his damaged gauntlet from the ground, "We need to keep moving."

Tokoyami pushed himself onto his feet, "Aye."

-X-

Aizawa coughed as he pushed himself onto his hands and knees, "Ow…” Glass fell from his shoulders as he pushed himself onto his feet, "That was clever…” He squinted his eyes before taking off his goggles and reaching into his pockets. "Tch… He got his gauntlet back…” He pulled out an eye-dropper before applying the liquid to his eyes. "Hoping to remove those from the equation
before taking them on in full…" He stretched, popping the bones in his shoulders and neck, "Can't let them off for too much longer."

-X-

Recovery-Girl's voice came over the PDA system, "There are fifteen minutes left! I repeat: there are fifteen minutes left!" She also announced, "Less than a fifth of the testing pairs have finished the exam."

Bakugo sucked at his teeth as he and Tokoyami found shelter in another fake household. "Dammit… Doesn't even feel like we're any closer to the exit gate…" He spat on the ground, "If you had your Quirk, we might be take him on…"

Tokoyami grunted, shaking his head, "The shadows help, but they won't bring it back fast." He sat within a closet with the door only slightly ajar. "Night would do it, but… That's an extremely different story."

Bakugo rubbed his brow, "What're our options…? Smoke works both ways… My Quirk weakens Tokoyami's, so what we already pulled can't be done again… Taking him on without our Quirks is stupid… His experience trumps us too easily…" He furrowed his brow, "We'll have to pull something clever…" For some reason, his childhood victim suddenly popped into his head, causing him to growl and blowing a small explosion from his palm.

The Jet-Black Hero's voice echoed from the closet, "Bakugo?"

The Explosive Hero growled, "Nothing! Get your damn Quirk back already."

The blond rubbed his chin, scowling, "Something clever…" He then eyed the scraps of stone and wood he just created from the small explosion.

Bakugo bounced through the air, using his explosions to fly himself forward. Tokoyami ran ahead of him, building up Dark Shadow underneath his cloak. They ran down another roadway with the exit-gate barely visible over the hill. And Eraserhead chased after the two from the rooftops above.

The Pro glared at them, "Just making a run for it…?" He scowled, "No… He's too clever for that…" His eyes glowed, stopping Bakugo's flight and Tokoyami's Dark Shadow.

Bakugo growled, "DIE!" He spun to a stop, loosening his gauntlet, before tossing it into the space between himself and his opponent.

Eraserhead blinked, stumbling slightly. He noticed the faint shine of a pin within the blond's hand and the barrel of the gauntlet backed up with scraps of stone and wood. The gauntlet creaked, and its metal bulged before a resounding explosion went off. The shockwave was enough to send flying backwards while the blast-wave smashed his eardrums.

Bakugo shouted, "NOW, BIRD-FACE!"

Tokoyami replied, "Dark Shadow!"

The shadowy version of himself flew through the cloud of smoke at the Erasure Hero, "Aye!" It's shadowy claw gripped Eraserhead's ankle before yanking him off the rooftop and into the cloud. The shadow suddenly disappeared before another explosion went off and his blond opponent rammed his shoulder into Eraserhead's back. They fell out of the air, scraping and bouncing across the pavement.

Before Aizawa could recover, Bakugo exploded onto him. The blond planted one leg onto his left
arm, put his weight onto the Pro's hips, pinned his right arm with one of his free hands, and a palm was held over the Erasure Hero's face, covering his eyes.

Bakugo picked up the Hero's head before slamming it against the ground, "Stay down, bastard!"

Tokoyami shouted, "Dark Shadow, immobilize him." The living shadow wrapped itself around Aizawa's body, allowing his partner to get off. And, Bakugo was smart enough to cover the Hero's eyes as he did so. Once Tokoyami restricted his body, the blond took his wrappings and blindfolded the Pro.

The blond looked up at his partner, "Cuffs?"

Tokoyami sifted around on the internal side of his cloak before parting them, unveiling the metal cuffs. With a solid click, the cuffs found themselves on the Pro's wrists exposed wrists. After that, an alarm bell rang and signaled the end of the test.

Aizawa closed his eyes, resting them, "Well done." He nodded as Dark Shadow slinked away from him, "A clever plan." He dusted off his knees as he stood, "However, your Destruction of Property is rather high." He turned to Bakugo, "Keeping an eye on that will be important. Especially in your early years as a Hero."

Tokoyami bowed slightly, "Yes, sir."

Bakugo rolled his shoulders, "Yeah, whatever."

Chapter End Notes

Hey. So, update. Everything is good at home-family wise. A lot of things are colliding at once, right now. I'll upload when I can. And, if inspiration strikes me, I might upload other stuff or something. Things will go the way they do. Posting will probably be a bit farther apart. Maybe every three weeks? We'll see. If I do upload any other stories, then they won't really abide by any schedules.

Thank you for reading.

(P.S. These notes won't really be the same anymore. Almost nonexistent unless there's something to be written.)
One-Man Army

Chapter Summary

Midoriya and Todoroki face off against the Number One Hero in their Final Exam.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Midoriya tapped on the tablet on the inner part of his forearm as the giant doors to the false city-street swung open. Todoroki walked through the gates alongside his partner, adjusting the bracers on his wrists. The large doors began to swing close behind them. They both looked over their shoulder as they slid shut with a deep thud.

Recovery-Girl's voice came over the PDA system, asking, "Everyone in position?" She announced, "Let's begin the final exam for Yuuei High's first-years… Ready… Go!"

Midoriya's metal boots clanked against the pavement as parts of his suit made whining noises, mimicking the sounds of hydraulic machinery. Glass visor's H.U.D. provided some information to the armored Hero. While the V.I. was active, its abilities were limited to the suit itself, not connecting to the internet or any other processing units. So, it didn't provide anymore information other than the suit's systems.

The green-haired student took a deep breath, "Ready, Todoroki?"

The half-and-half student nodded firmly, "Yes."

All-Might stood on the other end of the arena, "Ah… I'm still not sure about this…" His eyes narrowed as he focused ahead of him, rearing his fist back, "But, so long as it is my duty, your teacher will do his best!"

A whirlwind of pure force stampeded towards the pair. The glass of the mock buildings shattered, the overhead bridges cracked and crumbled, and mock cars flew down the road. The rush of wind coupled with the shockwave blew the students backward. While Todoroki was nearly thrown into the air, Midoriya's suit kept him grounded as the whirlwind forced him to skid backwards across the pavement.

Midoriya internally panicked as his heart thumped wildly and his mind electrified with panic, "That force… It's just like U.S.J…" He shook his head, "So many variables… Too many to make a full proof plan… Then again…" The smoke and dust cleared, revealing the villainous All-Might. "There's no real way to prepare for someone like him… Luck… and a lot of improvisation…"

All-Might laughed evilly, "Who cares about buildings?" He clenched his fists, lowering his body, "Come at me, Heroes!"

Midoriya straightened, putting a hand on his hip and nodding, "We'll get right on that…" He looked
to his partner, tilting his head, "Todoroki?"

His partner was in a crouch with his right hand held over the ground, causing frost to build up on his arm. "Goodbye, All-Might!" He threw his arm upward, then, in a single instant, ice burst from his hand, spreading and forging upward. A giant wall of ice lofted towards the sky, separating the pair from their opponent.

Midoriya took a deep breath as his suit hissed, "Okay… Plan Alpha."

-X-

All-Might reared his arm back before throwing a punch at the wall. An ear-popping tunnel of force pierced the wall and the wall fell apart into snowy dust as blocks and glaciers of ice fell upon the ground. As the wall collapsed, All-Might spotted something fly over the wall bringing a trail of thrust after it. He turned away from the collapsing wall and spotted Midoriya flying through the air. He descended, flying amongst the buildings whilst speeding towards the other end of the arena. He spun, looking behind him and seeing nothing on the other end of the collapsing wall.

He tensed his legs, lowering his body, "Splitting up then…?" He lunged forward, "A functional concept…" The space he filled was suddenly emptied as All-Might appeared next to the flying Deku. "But far from a good plan!" He swung his fist upon the Quirkless student's helm.

Midoriya's visor slammed into the pavement before he went flipping through the air and bouncing off the ground. The glass cracked and parts of the suit whined in response to the sudden force. The sound of metal scraping and clanging across the ground reverberating in the air. Deku bounced off the ground before using the repulsors in his palms to lift himself onto his feet. He spun to face his opponent, activating his wings and causing them to fold into his back.

All-Might landed, "Did you think you could get away so easily, Young M-" His word cut short as Midoriya flew into his space with one leg reared back before launching a rocket-powered kick at the Pro's head. The blond Hero caught the attack before the student's other leg rocketed upward, slamming into the Hero's chin.

All-Might's head rung as he stumbled backwards, releasing the student's leg. If he were anyone else, his teeth would've shattered, but to say that force snapping his mouth shut didn't do any damage, would be foolish. He coughed, shaking his head before clenching his fists. He gritted his teeth as he shook his head. Deku lowered his body as he clenched his fists. The blond Hero popped his neck before suddenly inhabiting his opponent's space, launching a swipe and sending the student flying backwards.

The armor spun through the air, bouncing off a building. He twisted his body to avoid hitting a streetlamp before extending his arms to grab ahold of it, spinning around it and ripping it from the ground. He skidded across the pavement before turning to meet his opponent, twirling the metal pole.

All-Might started his sprint, "Fighting me head-on…" He tensed his legs, "Do you plan on sacrificing yourself for your partner, Young Midoriya…?" He lunged forward, entering Midoriya's space as he swung the improvised weapon.

The Pro ducked underneath the attack before delivering a harsh uppercut to his opponent, cracking the visor further whilst sending the student flying. Deku flew through the air, flipping and twisting as he arced. He stabbed his fingers into the pavement, causing paths of destruction in the ground, before his feet finally landed on the ground.

Deku lifted himself onto his feet. His palm-repulsors whirled to life before firing beams of
concussion force at the Pro. All-Might crossed his arms over his body, blocking the blast. His feet dug into the stone, forcing him backwards. The Pro gritted his teeth before barreling through beam. All-Might entered the student's space, grabbing ahold of his wrists before aiming the attack towards the sky. The Pro's fingers dug into the metal, causing it to crack, whine, and bend.

Midoriya looked between his caught hands before he focused on All-Might. His chestplate hissed before the panels shifted away, unveiling the larger repulsor in the armor's chest. It roared to life before a powerful blast slammed into the Pro's chest, sending him flying backwards.

All-Might skidded across the ground before recovering and pushing himself onto his feet. The blond turned to his opponent and saw the student lower his body into a crouch. Midoriya looked up before his wings extended from his back.

Deku flew ahead, shooting forward like a bullet from a gun. All-Might responded with a swift backhanded swing, sending the student flying into a nearby building.

All-Might lunged towards the building, "You're fighting so desperately, Young Midoriya..." He narrowed his eyes, "Perhaps the pressure as caused you to abandon all tact-" The armored Hero flew out of the building, flipping and twisting above the Pro's own trajectory.

Deku grabbed ahold of All-Might's gravity-defying locks before using his thrusters to rocket them into a blurring whirlwind. They finally came to a stop when Midoriya slammed All-Might's back against the pavement, sending pain through his opponent while cracking the road and even the sidewalk. He then spun over the Pro's head, mounting his torso. The thruster in his elbow roared to life before he rammed his fist into his Hero's face. The Pro's ears rung and his head buzzed.

Midoriya reared his fist back once more before the Pro took ahold of his opponent's leg, lifting him into the air and slamming him into the pavement next to him. They both laid there for a moment before pushing themselves onto their feet. He heard the suit's thrusters, understanding the student's attack in an instant. As Midoriya neared, the Pro extended his arm in full force, swatting the student away like a fly.

His opponent bounced across the ground, scrapping his wings against the road and causing them to be ripped from their place. Parts of the suit hissed, whined, and sparked while the metal armor showed the scars of the ongoing fight. The paneling was dented, scratched, and cracked. His visor was nearly shattered, and the lines of destruction mimicked the crack of lightning.

All-Might straightened, "Young Midoriya... The way you fight..." He looked to his opponent, "Seems nothing like you..." He rolled his shoulder, "Not a thought to your surroundings... No tact... Head-on, and barrel through? You may have a habit to do such things, but they aren't your norm." He lowered his body, "I'm sorry if I am wrong, Young Midoriya, but... I don't think you're truly here."

He invaded his opponent's space once again, clapping his hand over the suit's helm before lifting it into the air. He then dug his fingers into the space between the necklace and the chestplate. The metal creaked and whined before metal ripped from metal and the piece of scrap was tossed off to the side. Where one would expect the chest of a Young Midoriya, there was nothing...

Nothing but an empty suit.

The Pro let out a laugh, "This suit..." -he shook his head, "-is very impressive." He reared his arm back before plunging his fist into the suit, punching into the suit's generator and ripping out vital mechanisms.
Midoriya blinked before he let out a breath, shaking his head, "Phew… He just comes out of nowhere, huh?" The feed between the screen on his forearm to the suit died. The student was crouched in the mouth of an alleyway, keeping an eye down the road.

Todoroki lifted the manhole, looking around cautiously, before exiting the sewer and jogging over to his partner. "Midoriya. The underground is weakened and the pipe's blocked."

The Quirkless Hero nodded, "Plan Alpha's down." He began to walk past Shoto, pulling several metal balls from his belt, "We need to finish this contingency and prep another one."

The Half-and-Half Hero raised a brow to his partner, "Are we in Plan Beta?"

Deku walked over to the sewer entrance, shaking his head, before tossing the gadgets down, "No, the Suit's down—for good, I'm sure." He pulled the manhole cover back into place before stomping it shut, "We're moving to Plan Foxtrot."

Shoto nodded, walking over to his partner, "Understood." Once Midoriya stepped off the cover, Todoroki froze it over with ice. With that done, the pair turned and sprinted down the road.

All-Might sprinted down the road, looking into the broken buildings and alleyways. "So… that was their plan… Distract me and head for the gate…" He thought to himself, recalling, "That suit was formidable… I'll have questions for Young Midoriya about it after all of this…" He blinked as he spotted his pair of opponents, running down the center of the road. His eyes narrowed before he threw his elbows back and rocketing himself forward.

The sound of glass shattering signaled to the students that their opponent was hot on their tail. Midoriya brought his fingers down on his tablet.

As the Pro flew over a section of road, there was a strange noise. Almost as if, there was a sudden vacuum of air underneath the pavement before a deep rumble started. The road shattered like breakaway glass before a column of flames and smoke alongside of a rumbling thrum flooded the air. The force sent the Pro rocketing backwards, the shockwave shattered what little glass was left, and the pavement cracked like a walnut. The shockwave alongside the rumbling ground sent the pair of students stumbling and caused them to fall. Though, they quickly recovered and continued their marathon for the exit.

All-Might threw his arms back, using One for All to cancel out his momentum. He descended to the ground, coughing and stumbling. "R-Really?" He walked over to the epicenter of the explosion. The section of road that was destroyed was almost perfectly cut from the mock city block. The pipe of the sewers leaked water into the newly formed crater, but they also showed clusters and shards of ice. The Pro eyed up the shards of pavement, noting their frosty nature. All-Might crouched at the edge of the crater, "Young Todoroki must've weakened the road with frost and ice, and blocked the sewer pipes with more…" He sniffed the air, detecting the chemicals of the explosion, "Young Midoriya, probably provided the explosion…" He shook his head before leaping over the crater, "They eliminated wild variables by weakening the road… Focused the explosion in one area… They tried to limit damage…" He rushed after his students, "A good mindset, but the two are far from perfect… The damage they caused, while not significant, is still too dangerous…"
AN: Part one of two. After chapter 48, the posting schedule will extend to every three weeks instead of two. Another fanfiction may be in the works | Fandom: Danganronpa. Due to the lack of tags underneath the fandom on Fanfiction.net, this may be an Archive Of Our Own Exclusive.
The Final Rush

Chapter Summary

Deku and Shoto make their final rush for the exit gate in their Final Exam against All-Might

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Midoriya fired three discs onto the back bumper of the empty bus before tossing two to his partner and splitting up with him to run on the other side of the vehicle. Todoroki placed one disc on one end of the bus before placing one on the front of the bus. He soon met Midoriya who was fiddling with something underneath the front bumper.

The Quirkless inventor grunted, "We should've spent more time on contingencies." He straightened before nodding to his partner and breaking into a sprint once more.

Todoroki shook his head, "There's no point dwelling on the past." He looked over his shoulder, "Though, I prefer the progress over a safety net."

Midoriya picked up speed, ducking down and picking up a piece of glass, as they rushed ahead, "We'll see if we regret it!"

All-Might leapt through the air, feeling his body reject the movement. While his limit was far away, he could vaguely feel the strain One-For-All put on his body. He landed once more before leaping at the back of his student opponents. He quickly blinked as a glare of light invaded his sight. He could vaguely see the shiny glass in Midoriya's hand.

He heard the explosion of thrust behind him, suddenly growing louder. The Pro quickly spun, backhanding a flying bus that was rocketing towards him. The rocket-powered bus spun out of control before exploding in the air.

Midoriya looked over his shoulder, sucking at his teeth, "That didn't work..." He thought to himself as he dug into his carpenter's belt, "Blowing it was the best choice, right...?" He shook his head, affirming with himself, "We've caused too much property damage as is... Heroes shouldn't cause more damage than necessary..." He tossed a grapple-gun and a crimson metal ball to his partner, "Todoroki! Plan Golf!"

Todoroki blinked worryingly, "Midoriya?"

The Quirkless Hero pulled out two more gun-like devices from his belt, "Do it! If we're lucky, we won't have to rely on the next one!"

The Half-and-Half Hero gritted his teeth before stomping his foot, "Right." Frost and ice began to build up underneath his foot before a path of the element shot forward and upward. A wall, only barely reaching the height of the surrounding buildings, separating the young students and All-Might.

In that time, Todoroki rushed for the nearest building, diving through the broken window and landing with a roll. The wall of ice let out a thunderous crack before a tunnel of wind pierced the
The ice quickly shattered before the wind slammed into Midoriya's body and sent him flying. He tumbled through the air before his shoulder slammed into the ground. He rolled and bounced before twisting his body to land on his feet.

All-Might landed on the pavement with a heavy thud. Todoroki quickly stepped behind one of the building's support pillars. The Half-and-Half Hero quickly looked around the rest of the room, spotting the back door before turning back to All-Might and Midoriya.

Deku waved to All-Might, "Hi…"

All-Might stepped forward, worry and disturbance on his tongue, "Is that a gun, Young Midoriya?"

The Quirkless inventor's face contorted as he connected the devices together. They locked together, going off with a sound of metal screwing itself to metal. "So-so…"

He aimed the gun at the Pro and from its nozzle came a resounding screech of high pitch frequency. Todoroki and Midoriya cringed at the needles stabbing into their ears. Though their pain wasn't comparable to the Pro who stood at its epicenter. His hands instinctively covered his ears as his bones seemed to rattle in response to the sound. The Pro threw his arms back before he brought his hands together, causing a shockwave of sound and wind. The clap canceled out Midoriya's sonic gun and the wind sent Midoriya skidding backwards. Todoroki fell to the ground, covering his ears, as the sonic gun's sound passed over him within the building. Knowing this, Midoriya quickly pulled his finger off the trigger.

All-Might quickly invaded the student's space as he tried to re-aim the weapon. The Pro's fingers clasped over the sonic gun before taking the device into his hand and shoving Midoriya with some of his power. The push was enough to send Midoriya into the ground, skidding across the pavement before rolling to a stop.

All-Might crushed the gun in his hand as his ears bled slightly, "AN IMPRESSIVE DEVICE, YOUNG MIDORIYA!"

The Quirkless Hero picked at his ringing ears, "WHAT?!

The Half-and-Half Hero touched his ear, wincing, "WHAT'RE THEY SAYING…?"

Midoriya held up a finger, "H-HANG ON, I CAN'T HEAR!"

All-Might blinked before his face contorted out of confusion, "WHAT?!

The Quirkless Hero picked at his ear, squeezing one of his eyes shut, "Mah… Mah… Mah…" He clicked his tongue as his hearing slowly regularized, "Red Pajama, blue pajama, yellow pajama! Hello! Hello!"

All-Might picked at his ear, "Ah…" He coughed, "Hello? Hello… I AM HERE! I am here!" He picked at his ear, "PLUS ULTRA! Plus ultra… Plus Ultra!"

Todoroki sighed, "I can't hear them at all…" He crouched, picking at his ear, "Dammit… I need to be able to hear the signal…"

Midoriya sucked at his teeth, rubbing his ear, as his hearing normalized, "Looking to see if Todoroki is prepared to go, could give away his location… Can't risk it…"

The Pro-Hero shook his head, tossing the scrap metal aside, "A dangerous device, Young Midoriya."
The Quirkless Hero sighed, backing up as subtly as possible, "Y-Yeah, could use some tweaks."

All-Might shook his head. "Was that device even approved?"

Midoriya coughed, "Yesterday."

The Pro raised a brow, "Perhaps, more testing is necessary."

The Quirkless Hero nodded, rubbing his earlobe, as he took another step back, "Yeah… probably." He waved his hand, "Everything’s a work in progress and nothing’s guaranteed." He rubbed the back of his neck, "Heh… I sound like Hatsume…"

All-Might looked into the distance, "Young Todoroki is on his way to the gate now, right?" He rolled his shoulders, "Your spirit and plans are impressive. Self-sacrifice is an important part of a Hero." He began to rear his fist back, "You understand that losing is an important act that may be necessary. I commend you for that, but I must be getting to Young Todoroki."

Midoriya reached into his carpenter’s belt, "I understand… but… Sorry." All-Might narrowed his eyes at the student. "This exam is far from over." The Quirkless Hero whipped his hands from his belt, throwing handfuls of metal balls at the Pro. They bounced across the pavement. Their colors were numerous, mismatched, and dulled. A cloud of smoke surrounded and enveloped the Pro. "TODOROKI!"

Todoroki threw his right arm parallel to the ground, bringing forth a path of ice and frost. "Plain of Absolute Zero!"

Ice and frost exploded into the cloud of smoke, covering the ground, climbing over walls, and freezing over the pavement. All-Might’s eyes widened as ice covered his feet and encased one of his arms. The Half-and-Half Hero twisted the crimson ball in his hands thrice before throwing it into the smoke. The ball hissed and trailed a pink gas as Todoroki ignited his left. The pink gas ignited, following the flight path of the ball. Within the cloud, similar hissing could be heard by the Pro.

Todoroki spun and fired the grapple-gun, yanking himself into the back door and barreling through it. Midoriya spun on his heel and sprinted away from the cloud. The ignited gas met its source and an explosion went off, clearing the smoke in an instant. Midoriya was sent flying before he twisted his body to land with a slight stumble.

Midoriya cried out as he sprinted for the exit gate, hearing the ringing again, "AH! I can't hear anything again!"

Todoroki sprinted out of alleyway, meeting his partner and running alongside him. "This ringing is annoying…!

XXX

Recovery-Girl shook her head as she leaned back in her seat, "These students are getting crazier. We'll have to have a serious lesson on personal and general safety." Her eyes landed on All-Might, "He’s no doubt feeling the strain on his body now… Young Midoriya's suit and all of those explosions couldn't have been good for his limitation…"

Present-Mic parted the fabric of the tent, stepping into the nursery station, "Yo, Recovery-Girl, Koda and Jirou need a check-up."

Recovery-Girl swung her cane-syringe at the blond Pro, "No doubt after what you did to them!"
The Pro contorted after each hit, mixing Japanese and English, as he stumbled backwards, "Ah-ah! Shit! Sorry!" He made a quick exit, leaving the students to the nurse, "Ah!"

Jirou smiled politely, "We're fine… It's not too big of deal."

Recovery-Girl shook her head, patting the beds for the students to sit, "Nonsense." She walked over to grab a few tools, "How are you feeling?"

The rocker rubbed her ear, wincing, "Fine. Everything's a bit muffled, though."

The nurse gave a light smack to her hand, "Sharp pain in your ears?"

Jirou shook her hand, "Like needles…"

Recovery-Girl turned to the other student, "Same as you, Koda?"

The shy student simply nodded in response, cupping one of his hands over one of his ears.

Recovery-Girl stood beside the students, "Allow me to check your ears. Please tell me if anything hurts or gets worst during the examination."

Jirou nodded, "Aye-aye…” alongside Koda. The rocker turned, and her eyes landed on one of the many screens. "Midoriya and Todoroki…” She could vaguely see the destroyed buildings, a giant hole in the road, and more than one crater, "God, what's happening over there…?!"

XXX

Midoriya spotted the flat Nezu that looked over the exit gate, "There it is! We're almost there!" He pumped his legs harder, picking up his sprint, "One final rush!" Todoroki nodded as they tried to close what little distance was between them and the gate.

All-Might suddenly appeared between the two, "As if it would be that easy!"

Midoriya held up a golden metal ball and it exploded in his hand, causing a resounding ring and a bright flash of light. The Quirkless Hero winced as he yanked his arm back, feeling the seething burn upon his hand. All of their ears rung and stabbed into their brains. Todoroki swung his left, throwing a bolt of flames at the Pro. The pair forced themselves through their pain, leaving the stunned Pro behind.

Todoroki gripped the wire of the grapple-gun before tossing the gun's grip to Midoriya. He then stomped his right foot, angling it before gritting his teeth. A pillar of ice shot out from his leg, launching himself into the air and towards the gate. The wire tightened before the Quirkless Hero was yanked after his partner.

All-Might stumbled, wincing at the burn across his right side. The ringing in his ear faded once more before he turned after his opponents. Midoriya had no control of his flight, flipping through the air. Todoroki was more controlled in his decent, but it was obvious that he wasn't used to movement set. The Pro launched after that pair as Midoriya flipped to spot him. The blond blinked as he saw the student aim another gun-like device.

Midoriya squeezed his eye shut, aiming the disc launcher, "GET BACK!" He pulled the trigger, launching three discs onto the Pro's chest. They latched into place before all three discs fired off with fiery, blue thrust, sending the Pro rocketing backwards. The mid-air Pro lurched backwards, slamming his back against the pavement. He skidded against the ground as he landed firmly on his back. The discs' thrust pinned the Pro to the ground as the pair of students continued their sprint to
the exit-gate.

Tears welled up in the corners of Midoriya's eyes. He clutched his right hand and kept it close to his chest. He could feel the material sticking to his hand and how that agitated the burns. "Dammit… I panicked…" He could smell the burn and see the char, "I hope Recovery-Girl can heal this…" He took the grapple-gun and tucked into his belt.

All-Might lifted his arms and slammed his fists against two of the three discs. With that loss of thrust, he was able to push himself up before gripping the last disc and ripping it from his chest. The Pro crushed the disc as he stood up.

All-Might threw his arms back, launching himself at the pair's back, "I won't let you get away that easily…!" The Pro collided against the pair of students, forcing them all to the ground. Midoriya cried out in pain as they rolled across the pavement.

Midoriya gritted his teeth as he pushed himself onto his feet, "We're so close…!"

Todoroki shook his head, "Dammit…!"

All-Might put his hands on his hips, shaking his head, "You two have fought well." He coughed, shrinking slightly, "One minute left…" The wisps of steam escaping his skin were slightly apparent, but given the situation, no one had the time to focus on such a thing.

The Half-and-Half Hero crouched, putting a firm hand on the ground, "You're relentless." He gritted his teeth, "Midoriya!"

The Quirkless Hero tossed a cyan metal ball at his opponent, "E-Ball! Indiscriminate Shock!"

All-Might whipped his hand, bringing about a gale of wind and sending the ball flying away. "That can only work on someone not expecting it!"

Shoto's left ignited as his right was encased in frost and ice, "Then how about this!?!" He whipped his arm upward, launching a cascade of ice and tundra at the Pro. The blocks of ice slammed into their opponent, sending the Pro into the nearby building and pinning him with ice. "Midoriya!"

Deku ran towards the gate, following after Todoroki, "Run!"

Their hearts pumped, their legs tightened at the strain, and their lungs burned as they made their final sprint for the exit. Todoroki's foot landed on the other side of the gate as a tunnel of wind pierced the encasement, knocking Midoriya to the ground. Midoriya ripped the grapple-gun from his belt and took aim, shooting it into the top of the gate, before it yanked him away. Midoriya slammed into Todoroki, sending both fully through the gate and tumbling onto the ground.

An alarm bell went off, signaling the passing of the exam. And that was soon followed by another blare, signaling the expiration of the time limit.

Chapter End Notes

Howdy, everyone. I will now be directly stating when the next update will be. For instance, next update will be on the 28th of June. That is all from me.

As always, Thank you all for reading and criticize away!
Jirou laid down on one of the couches in a lounge, yawning. She had already changed out of her Heroic costume in the nearby locker room. She currently wore the school uniform, but in a more casual sense, abandoning the tie and leaving her dress shirt untucked. Koda sat on a nearby recliner, leaning back and relaxing into the cushions. (Dressed in his uniform.) She turned to her partner, "How are ya holding up?"

Koda blushed slightly, giving a thumbs-up.

She nodded in response, "That's good."

Yaoyorozu's voice got the rocker to sit up, "Jirou?"

She turned to the entering pair, smiling, "Yao-Momo, Tsu." She waved, "We'll talk after you get out of your costumes."

Tsu nodded, walking ahead, "Thanks."

Yaoyorozu smiled, "Be right back."

Jirou rolled her shoulders, "Guess everyone's finishing up." She leaned back into the cushions, mumbling, "I wonder how Midoriya and Todoroki did against All-Might…"

Koda only shrugged in response.

She thought to herself, "Only caught a glimpse on those monitors… Seemed pretty crazy—whatever went on…" Tokoyami and Bakugo walked through the breakroom followed by Iida and Ojiro. "Yo."

Tokoyami nodded, replying respectfully, "Hello, Jirou."

Iida tucked his helmet underneath his arm while waving the other one strangely, "Ah, I see you two have done well in your exam. Well done! You do our class proud!"

Bakugo scowled, "Shut it, Square-Eyes. Ya too damn loud!"

Ojiro waved, speaking politely, "Good job, you two."

Jirou and Koda waved back as the quartet entered the men's side of the nearby locker room.

Jirou rolled her shoulders, "I wonder who else finished up—"

Kaminari cheered, "WOOHOO!"

Ashido ran into view, pumping her fists into the air, "YEAH!"

Jirou rubbed her ear, "What're you two so loud about?"

Ashido turned to her friend, "Jirou, we did it!"
Kaminari chimed in, "We beat Nezu!"

The rocker leaned back in her seat, "Really?"

Kaminari took a seat on a recliner, "Yeah, Midori's advice helped us out there."

Jirou followed Ashido who plopped down next to her, "You went to Midoriya for advice?"

The blond nodded, scratching behind his ear, "Yeah. I don't think we were the only ones though."

The pink-skinned girl nodded as well, "Yeah, Midori has that notebook after all."

The violet-haired girl tilted her head, "How did you beat him, anyway?"

Kaminari grinned proudly, leaning forward, "Ah, so, do you remember where we had that race thing to All-Might?"

Jirou nodded, "That industrial… pipe place?"

He nodded, "Yeah." He chuckled, "Nezu had a wrecking ball over there and started bringing down pipes onto us."

The violet-haired girl blinked, "What? Really?"

Ashido chimed in, whirling her finger around, "Yeah, Midori told us that his Quirk basically makes him crazy smart and he can predict a bunch of things at one time."

Jirou nodded again, "So, he could predict where they would fall."

Kaminari affirmed, "And everything that we'd do."

Ashido smiled, "So, we decided to be unpredictable or at least, get outta sight." She flexed her hand, "I put a hole in a pipe and we ran inside the pipeline where I melted walls and kept us hidden."

The blond explained, "Ya see, we there was no way we could make a break for the exit gate. He'd see us and block our path. So, we did what we thought he wouldn't expect. We gunned for him."

The pink-skinned girl added, "I melted a path to the foot of the crane—wrecking ball thing."

Kaminari finished with a smirk, "And I climbed up there and zapped him before slamming those cuffs on him."

The rocker gave a thumbs-up, smiling to her classmates, "Well, good job, you two."

Kaminari leaned back into the cushions, "Yeah, thanks."

Ashido got up from the couch, "I'm going to get changed."

The blond closed his eyes, nodding, "I should too." He let out a yawn before pushing himself onto his feet. The pair walked away from the lounge and split off into the locker rooms.

As time went on, more and more pairs entered the locker rooms and lounge. All pairs, apart from one, had shown up and had changed into their uniforms before relaxing. Excited by the fact that they all passed their practical exams. The usual group of friends sat around each other: on the couch, recliners, and even the coffee table. They shared conversations and talked about their exams. The
quieter, more-loner members of the class floated about the lounge, entering and exiting conversations while remaining mostly disconnected.

Ashido looked over her shoulder, "I guess Todoroki and Midoriya are still going?"

Yaoyorozu frowned, "The time limit is almost up. I would hope not."

Uraraka tilted her head, "Maybe they're just in Recovery-Girl's tent or something?"

Sero leaned into the cushions of his recliner, "You don't think they're… gonna lose… right?"

Kaminari shook his head, "No way! They'll totally make it!" However, while those were his words, his own face showed his doubt.

Hagakure crossed her arms, "It'd kinda be a bummer if the guy we asked for advice winded-up failing…"

Kirishima spoke firmly, "They'll pass." And while he met his classmates' eyes, he crossed his arms, nodding, "Midoriya said they would."

An alarm blared, signaling the expiration of the time limit. The door to the room swung open, getting 1-A to turn to the door. They had hoped to see Todoroki and Midoriya, only to see Eraserhead.

Aizawa nodded to them, "I see you're all dressed. Get back into your pairs and prepare to get back onto the bus." He then turned to make his exit.

However, Tsu spoke up, "Aizawa?"

Their homeroom teacher stopped and looked over his shoulder, "Hm?"

She asked, "What about Todoroki and Midoriya?"

Aizawa scratched his cheek, "They're in Recovery-Girl's tent. They'll return to campus with her." He started for the door once again, pushing it open, "They passed, if that's what you're curious about."

The homeroom teacher departed, and 1-A shared a breath of relief.

XXX

Midoriya blinked awake, staring at the ceiling of a tent. He winced as he sat up. He coughed before looking at his bandaged hand and spotting his charred and shredded glove on a nearby table. He groaned as he leaned onto his left arm.

Recovery-Girl rushed over to the student, "Young Midoriya!" She held her hands up, gesturing for the student to, "Lay back down please."

Midoriya blinked, "Did we…" He frowned, "Did… Did we fail?"

The nurse shook her head, "No, you passed." She waved her syringe-cane menacingly at the student, "Albeit in the most dangerous way possible!" She sighed, "However, given your circumstances, I suppose I understand."

The student began to lay down, "Right…" He paused, "What about All-Might?"

Recovery-Girl sighed, "Lay down. He's fine. He just needs to rest."

Midoriya was about to do so, but quickly sat up, "Todoroki?"
She sighed again, "He went to the locker room to change. Lay down!"

He shrunk slightly as he finally laid back down, "S-Sorry…"

She shook her head, "I can't believe you exploded a flashbang in your own hand."

Midoriya looked off to the side with an awkward smile, "Yeah… I panicked." He sighed, "I trusted my instincts… Instincts bad." He seemed to reprimand himself, "Bad instincts."

Recovery-Girl nodded, "Very bad." She shook her head, taking his right hand into her hands, "My healing was able to save your hand. It can function and you won't have to worry about those burns." She made a small cut in the bandages, "However, scarring is a different issue."

The nurse slowly unraveled the white bandages. The char and the pinkness of the burns were gone, leaving the hand its usual flesh tone. However, elevated sections of bumpy, corrupted flesh traveled across the back of his hand. His palm was similarly scarred, but the extremities of his fingers were left alone. He flexed his hand, feeling the restriction of his own flesh as he did so.

She shook her head, turning to dispose of the bandages, "Another move like that. You may lose function of your hand, your fingers or even your entire hand." She turned back, "I will also warn you of the possibility of amputation."

He met her eyes before nodding, examining his own hand, "Understood…"

Recovery-Girl thought to herself, "I can't threaten you with no treatment…" She didn't want to say it, but she forced herself to say it, "If you pull something like this again and lose function of some part of your body, I will personally request for your removal from the Hero Course. Do you understand?" She rationalized internally, "It's necessary… He needs some incentive not to pull stunts like these anymore…"

Midoriya quickly sat up, "Y-Yes, ma'am."

She breathed a sigh of relief, "Good." She turned away from him, turning off the monitor system, "Go get changed. We'll be leaving soon."

He was quiet as he replied, "Right…" He pushed himself off the bed and walked off for the locker rooms.

Recovery-Girl began to pack up her tools, sighing internally, "Please let that have been the right choice…"

Midoriya slipped into the back of a black car with Todoroki. Both were in their Yuuei uniforms, carrying their costume-cases. Recovery-Girl in the passenger seat while some robot was in the driver's seat. The nurse turned to driver, "Get us back to campus."

The chauffeur nodded, "Yes, ma'am!" before lurched to life, sending the group off to campus grounds.

Midoriya looked to his partner, "You okay?"

Todoroki rolled his shoulders, "Sleepy. You?"

The Quirkless inventor shrugged, "Good." He looked at his scarred hand, flexing it, "Could be better, but… Yeah…"
The Half-and-Half successor nodded, "Of course."

"We did it, huh?"

"I'm honestly surprised... Even though it's already passed, it still doesn't feel..."

Midoriya leaned back in his seat, "Real..."

Todoroki nodded, "He was such an impossible opponent—relentless." He took a breath, "But, somehow, we won."

The Quirkless inventor chuckled, "By the skin of our teeth."

The Half-and-Half student looked to his partner, confused, "Skin... on teeth?" It was obvious that some form of disturbing imagery was floating about in his head.

"Oh, uh... it's—uh... It's just... an idiom."

"Ah."

The robotic chauffeur commented bluntly, "Awkward..."

XXX

The rest of 1-A was dismissed from their individualized evaluations and reentered their classroom to ready themselves for dismissal. Jirou sifted through the contents of her bag before zipping it shut.

Kaminari hopped onto his desk, pumping his fist excitedly, "Man, I hope Midoriya and Todoroki show up soon. I want to talk to them about their fight with All-Might!"

Ashido grinned, "I know right? I wanna know what happened!"

Hagakure chimed in, (tilting her head?) "How do you think they passed?"

Kirishima shrugged, "Probably rushed through the gate like most of us."

Yaoyorozu frowned, "I am worried about their well-being, though."

Jirou frowned herself, crossing her arms, "We did leave them with Recovery-Girl."

Kaminari and Ashido deflated as the blond chuckled nervously, "I mean... they're fine... Have to be."

The pink-haired girl forced out a chuckle, "Yeah, All-Might's crazy strong, but, you know, he's still a Hero. He would totally hold back." She blinked, "Right?"

The students went silent, sharing knowing looks. The aspects of their fights were obvious. If they're teachers could hit them, they would with as much strength as they could muster.

Kaminari shook his head, chuckling, "Heh... You know, while it was kinda cool to fight our teachers, I'm really glad I didn't have to fight All-Might."

The classroom's door slid open and a spoken-about pair made their way into the room.

The talkative students rushed over to the entering pair, "Midori! Todoroki!"

The Quirkless inventor slightly jumped at the shouting as Todoroki simply leveled his eye-line with
Ashido grinned, "Hey, we heard you guys passed! How did that fight go?"

Midoriya shrugged, smiling awkwardly, "It was close."

Todoroki nodded, "Too close."

"If we had been a few seconds slower... we definitely would've lost."

"Yeah."

Jirou was the first to notice, looking at his right hand, "Midoriya, what happened to your hand?"

The green-haired student blinked, "H-Huh? O-Oh..." He raised his hand for everyone to see, flexing it, "This one's on me... Got a little panicky with one of my balls."

Kaminari held back a laugh, "Pfft."

Midoriya blinked, tilting his head like a confused puppy, "Hm?"

One of Jirou's jacks stabbed into the blond's side, "Ah!"

Yaoyorozu shook her head, giving a comforting smile, "Do not worry about him. Are you okay?"

The Quirkless Hero smiled, chuckling whilst pumping his injured fist, "Yeah, I'll be fine. Nothing a bit of physical therapy can't solve."

Tsu let out a ribbit, "If you say so."

Ashido pumped her fist, "Well, let's go celebrate!"

Todoroki tilted his head, "Celebrate?"

Midoriya smiled awkwardly, "I don't know... I'm pretty tired."

Todoroki shook his head, "I'll be heading home. I'm too sleepy."

Midoriya tilted his head, "Maybe tomorrow?"

Ashido let out a whine.

As Hagakure snapped her fingers, "Darn!" The pair made their way through the group and towards their desks.

Bakugo raised a brow as Midoriya walked in his direction, "You beat All-Might, huh?"

The Quirkless student shook his head, sharing a firm look with the blond, "I really wouldn't call it a victory." He looked at his hand for a moment, "It was an exam. In any real scenario, we would've lost." He sighed, "Heck, I wouldn't really call it a fight... All we did was run."

The blond leaned against his desk, "Heh, all luck then."

Midoriya chuckled, "Pretty much."

Jirou frowned, "Don't put yourself down so much."
Kaminari pumped his fist, "Yeah, man! You passed!"

The Quirkless inventor turned to them, holding up his hands, "R-Right…"

So, I'm posting early because home is bit... unstable. I do hate talking about this stuff, but I'm mostly doing it to warn against possible complications in the future. Things are getting quite complicated. It's almost as if the family is imploding. One is desperately clinging onto whatever they can come up with and not listening to any differing opinion, lashing out in response. The other seems so disinterested in their family it is a surprise to see him. And the rest of us are left with the pieces.

I don't want to stop writing. I enjoy it. Despite the blocks and frustrating hours of non-progress, it's one of my favorite things to do. And I'm try to keep things going for as long as I can.

Thank you all so much for the support you've already given me. Through Kudos, Bookmarks, and Comments. I promise to keep going.
Midoriya rubbed his forehead as he leaned away from his desk. The golden light from the setting sun peered through his dorm’s blinds. He yawned, stretching, as he looked over his shoulder. A dark-green suitcase for summer break were leaning against the far wall.

While Midoriya would be staying in Yuuei’s dorm for the foreseeable year, Principal Nezu believed a change in scenery was important as Midoriya did live alone in the multi-level building. The student was permitted to leave the campus to stay with his mother over the small two-week break before summer camp. Midoriya Inko was ecstatic, of course. And Midoriya was happy to go home and escape the empty building.

To his right, there was a holographic projection displaying the in-progress repair of his suit. He had already handled the smaller circuit boards and the more delicate parts. The automatic system he had took the time to build in his workshop was well at work. The work was going relatively fast and could be done come tomorrow night.

The Quirkless Hero turned back to his desk. His notebook was laid out, containing all sorts of mechanical designs. To the side, there were in-progress gadgets as well as fallen tools. Midoriya rolled his shoulders before closing his notebook and standing up from his desk.

Midoriya slipped his notebook in his bookbag, “I can’t continue my work at home… Guess it’ll just a normal break…” His bookbag maintained its yellow colors and the purpose of his previous: a mobile exo-skeleton—upgraded, of course. He took a deep breath, “I hope I won’t need you…” He rose before turning to an altered All-Might figurine and twisting its arm. He stood, taking a deep breath, as the room around him changed, and he smiled brokenly, “Please be a normal break…”

XXX

Jirou blinked as she closed her magazine, “I’m sorry, could you repeat that?” She pulled herself into a seated position on the living room couch.

Her mother shouted from the kitchen, “Inko invited us over for dinner because Midoriya was coming home and she wanted it to be a special ‘welcome back’!”

A few thoughts danced around her head as a light blush came onto her cheeks, “Huh…”

Mika then added, “Not just us either.”

Her father spoke from his seat on the nearby recliner, “Yeah, the Bakugos or somethin’”

Jirou grimaced slightly, “Bakugo…”

Birdwatching

Chapter Summary

Midoriya takes a trip home.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes
Mika tilted her head, “You know them?”

The daughter of the Jirou family laid back down on the couch, “Yeah… He’s a… another classmate.” She internally commented, “If Bakugo’s any clue… This might not be that nice…”

Kyotoku sat up on the recliner, “Wait…” His daughter sighed as he shouted, “‘HE’?!”

XXX

Bakugo scowled, “Eh?! Why do I have to go to that damn nerd’s ‘party’?!” The blond explosive shouted across the dining table as he and his parents were having dinner.

Mitsuki shouted back, “SHUT UP! Inko invited us!” She pointed at him with her chopsticks, “And after putting up with everything you did to her son, you should be thankful to her!”

Masaru calmed the energetic pair, “Now, now. Let’s just enjoy dinner.”

Bakugo calmed, leaning back in his seat before eating, “Tch.”

Mitsuki shook her head, sighing, “You don’t have to dress nice. You just have to play nice.”

Bakugo sighed, sucking his teeth, “Fine!” His tapping foot, furrowed brow, and overall grimace suggested the complete opposite, but he was compliant for the time being. That was good enough.

XXX

Midoriya made his way up to the elevated train station. One hand carried his suitcase by one of the straps while his bandaged hand one of his bookbag’s straps on his shoulder. The clothing he wore was casual: t-shirt, shorts, and his red, never-parted-with shoes. He leaned against a pillar, putting his suitcase down before waiting for his train to arrive.

The green-haired teen fished his phone from his pocket, checking the time, “Shouldn’t be too long…” He yawned, “I stayed up too late last night…” His phone beeped as a specially designed box popped on his screen.

It simply spelled out in a retro-digital font, “Repairs are complete!”

Midoriya turned off the screen before tucking it away, “That’s good… Won’t have to worry about it until summer camp…”

Something tinged the back of his neck before he looked around the platform. It was semi-busy with people going to work and regular pedestrians and families heading somewhere. The occasional person looked in his direction as he was recognized from either the Sports Festival or from previous news stories. In other words, nothing out of the ordinary.

The train he was waiting for could be heard as it came down the rails. Its breaks screed as it pulled into the station. He shook his head before picking up his suitcase and making his way onto the train. He didn’t bother to take a seat and instead found an empty corner. He put his case down again and pulled out his phone.

Occasionally, his eyes left his screen and wondered about the train car. Some people did look in his direction, but no one came up to talk to him or made any audible comments about him. And other people paid him no mind.

Midoriya internally sighed a brief of relief, “Guess everything’s dying down… That’s good…” A
quiet thud came over the soundless car. It was easy to assume it was some mechanical element that
didn’t need any attention. However, the slight pain in his hand made him realize it was own hand
that made the noise. He shook his hand, “I… must’ve hit it against the wall when the train
buckled…”

His brow furrowed as he caught something in the corner of his eye. He quickly looked over his
shoulder into the next car. It was like the one he was in: partially filled with varying types of people.

The Quirkless teen took a deep breath as he faced forward, “I… I must be getting paranoid…” The
train pulled into its first stop and a few people walked off while Midoriya stayed, waiting for the
doors to close. The train pulled away and continued on its schedule.

Midoriya made his way down the elevated platform. He tucked his phone away as his feet made the
familiar trek home. The path was the one he always took—one he could walk on without a single
thought. Now, the nothing stroll became a slight nostalgia trip. While there weren’t that many points
of recall, they definitely felt ancient.

He remembered where Kamui Woods, Death-Arms, Backdraft, and Mt. Lady fought some giant
criminal. That playground where he got beat up by Kacchan when he was a kid. That arcade where
he got beat by Kacchan… That… supermarket where… he got beat up by Kacchan…

The Quirkless teen stopped in his tracks—an incredulous look on his own face, “I got beat up a lot,
didn’t I…?!”

Though, this thought was trampled into nonexistence as another set of footsteps caught his attention.

For a single instant, Midoriya’s heart skipped a beat as his mind recognized the nearly vacant
sidewalk. Most people were at work and kids were at home or somewhere safe. A string of panic
invaded his mind: ‘Was-someone-following-him?’-‘Who-were-they?’-‘Were-they-a-part-of-the-
League?’-‘Were-they-someone-like-Haruka?’ And just like that—as fast as it had arrived, it
dissipated, and a string of coherent thought followed.

The Quirkless teen feigned a yawn as he continued on his trek. Of course, he altered it, taking a
small detour.

His mind clicked on, “I need to confirm this shadow… Looking over my shoulder would be
stupid…” He recalled, “A convenience store… What was it called…? ‘7-Heaven’…? Shelves are
low… Wall of drinks on the opposite end of the room… A good place to spot the shadow…” He
confirmed to himself, “Even if they think I know, they’ll have to have a view in to see if I’m calling
anyone…”

Midoriya slipped into the convenience store, waving at the green-skinned clerk as she welcomed
him. She was dealing with a small line of customers.

His mind raced, “Shadowing me without antagonizing me means that they want to avoid attention…
I’ll be able to avoid a fight with them here…” Another voice rung, “They still could be in danger…”
The Quirkless teen briskly made his way to a cabinet of cold drinks, quickly picking out some soda
bottle. He then put himself at the back of the line, placing himself between the entrance and the
civilians.

He fished out his phone, feigning interest in whatever was on his screen. He listened and waited. He
moved up the line as customers bought whatever they wanted. In the corner of his eye, someone
pushed open the store’s door.
Midoriya looked up and met the eyes of a girl. Her face was young, and her eyes were dark. Dark-brown locks escaped the hood of her black jacket. Her jeans were slightly ripped. Instead of shoes, she wore heavy boots. The girl quickly looked away from him and made her way into the store.

The Quirkless teen noted her footsteps, “Distinct…”

The clerk caught his attention, “Sir?”

Midoriya turned before making his way to the counter, “Ah, sorry.”

They exchanged money and a receipt before he backed away from the counter, waving, “Well, have a nice day.”

She waved back, smiling politely, “You too.”

The Quirkless inventor walked out of the store, tucking his bottle into his pocket. Once he was out of view of the store’s front window, he dipped into the nearby alleyway. While the dumpster smelled awful, it was the only thing he could hide behind. He pushed his suitcase against the wall before taking off his bookbag.

He crouched beside it before fiddling with his phone, opening the Hero-Distress App. “If I am being followed… I need to confirm their intentions…” He looked to his bookbag, “Last resort…” He finally took a moment to breathe, “W-Who knows… Maybe… No one’s following me…”

A set of heavy footsteps made their way down the sidewalk. They were quick and inconsistent. They came to a stop at the mouth of the alley followed by someone sucking at their teeth.

A feminine voice cursed, “Dammit…” Her voice lowered as she spoke to herself, “Where did he go?”

Midoriya took a deep breath before standing, holding his phone behind his back. “Oi!”

The girl he had spotted earlier turned to see him.

The Quirkless inventor’s eyes narrowed, “Who are you? Have been following me this entire time? And… and why?”

She stepped back, stumbling with her breath, as her hands reached behind her back. Midoriya’s finger hovered over the app’s activation and his foot inched towards his bookbag.

She bowed, extending her hands with a marker in one and a napkin in the other. “I’m a big fan! Can I have your autograph!?”

Midoriya nearly dropped his phone as he blinked, “Eh… Eh? O-Oh… Uh…” An embarrassed blush came over the teen’s face before bowing, “S-S-Sorry for accusing you!”

She shook her head, “N-No! I should’ve had the courage to ask you for your signature at the station!” She then covered her face, shaking her head, “Ah! But I was so nervous, I couldn’t even ride in the same car as you!”

The teen just scratched the back of his head, looking off to the side, “I guess I was being paranoid…”

She fidgeted with the napkin and marker in hand, “S-So, can I get your autograph?”

He turned back to her, taking the marker, “S-Sure…” He started to sign the napkin, “T-To who?”
She smiled, “Chiyoe Arayo.”

‘Chiyoe Arayo’ waved goodbye to the Quirkless Hero as they parted ways. She tucked her hands into her pockets as she walked a block in the opposite direction of the student. Her face began to shift and fade with cracks and sounds of shifting flesh. This left a flesh-colored blank space in place of her face. She tossed the marker and signed napkin away before pulling out a disposable phone. She pressed a single button and the phone automatically rung.

Hotaru Kira, or the League’s own Whiplash, answered, “Hi, Chiyoe! What’s up?”

Makeshift rolled her shoulder as she turned down an alleyway, “Tell Kurogiri to hike up the trail. I already disturbed the hummingbirds taking the lower path. I’d advise he’d take the higher one.”

She replied, “Of course, he’ll be sure to take pictures for you.” Her voice became a bit dangerous, “Though… Doc won’t be happy you disturbed nature.”

Makeshift shook her head, “The hummingbird was naive. It’ll forget.”

Hotaru mockingly sung her final reply, “It better~.”

Makeshift cursed as the call ended and a portal of violet wisps appeared before her. She threw the phone against the wall, shattering it. She tucked her hands into her pockets before entering the portal.

Chapter End Notes

Ah, nativity... What a flaw it can be in our little Izuku. Gonna keep this one short. Thank you all for support and for reading. I'll keep on keeping on.
Dinner Party

Chapter Summary

Midoriya comes home

Midoriya tucked his hand into his pocket as he walked onto the parking lot. He looked up and spotted his and his mother's apartment. He took a deep breath as he made his way to the third floor. He looked at his bandaged hand as he made the climb, carrying his bookbag and suitcase.

His mind wandered as he made his way to his front door, "What should I tell her…?" He adjusted his bookbag strap on his shoulder, chuckling slightly while lowering his head, "I really can't keep coming home like this…" He raised a hand to knock the door, but hesitated, "How do I start…?"

However, before he could, the door swung open and his mother stood on the other side, "Izuku!"

Midoriya jumped backwards, raising his arms in defense, "AH!"

In turn of his reaction, Inko leapt backwards, "AH!"

The teen put his hands on his chest, sighing, "M-Mom!" He shook his head, "I'm too jumpy…"

Once he relaxed, smiling warmly, "I'm home."

Inko Midoriya smiled proudly as mother and son embraced, "Welcome home! I've missed you so much!"

Midoriya nodded, "I missed you too."

His mother took his bookbag from his shoulders and his suitcase from his hands, sliding them into the apartment. "C-Come!" She then took his hand and began to drag him away from their apartment, "Let's go buy some ingredients!"

Midoriya blinked, confused, "Eh? I just got h-here…"

She smiled nervously, "Come-come!"

He tilted his head as the door slid shut, "Eh?"

-X-

Mika Jirou peeked around the corner of the hallway as mother and son's footsteps faded, "That was close…"

Mitsuki Bakugo chuckled as she peered around herself, "Exciting too." She sighed wistfully, "I haven't done something like this since high school."

Mika smiled into her hand, "Ah, such bittersweet memories."

Bakugo peaked out from the kitchen, scowling, "Why the fuck did we have to hide?"

Jirou stood from her position behind the couch, "It's supposed to be a surprise, right?"
Mitsuki walked up to her son with a dangerous smile, "Yes, this is supposed to be fun!" She hooked her around his neck, pulling him into a headlock, "So why don't you lighten up a bit!"

He struggled against her, "Oi, quit it, you damn hag!"

A blood vessel pulsed on her forehead as she rubbed her knuckles against his head, "'Hag', huh!?"

Maseru Bakugo shook his head, holding his hands up, "This is an apartment building. You can't raise your voices too loud."

Mika nodded in agreement, crossing her arms, "Yes, this isn't a punk-rock concert."

Kyotoku Jirou chuckled, putting his hands on his hips, "Heh, I love this group's energy!"

Jirou shook her head, "What a strange melding…"

Kyotoku turned to his daughter, grinning, "Like a rock-opera mash."

She tilted her head, raising a brow, "That's pretty common nowadays though, huh?"

Her father nodded, scratching his cheek, "Yeah, though that depends on the region and all that."

Mika clapped her hands together, "Come now, we have to continue the preparations."

Kyotoku laughed, "Yeah, isn't this supposed to be a party or what?"

Bakugo scowled as he finally freed himself from his mother, "Why does the nerd need a damn party?"

Mitsuki answered as all present reentered the simple work, "When you think about it, it's almost like Izuku moved out and into his own apartment." She and Mika picked up either end of a simple banner before turning to hand it in the entrance-hallway. "You may not remember this, but she was really stressed out when you two had your fifth-grade field trip."

Maseru turned to his wife as he joined Kyotoku in extending the apartment’s dinner table, "That was a ski trip, right?"

Mitsuki nodded, "Yeah, overnight." She chuckled, shaking her head nostalgically, "Inko was deathly afraid of Midoriya getting sick, lost, or even stuck in a blizzard. She was crying when he came home."

Mika turned to the blonde mother as they finished hanging the banner, "So, even though he hasn't been gone long—"

Mitsuki completed the thought, nodding, "It's long for them." She put a hand on her hip, "And he'll have to go back after the break."

Bakugo commented simply as he and Jirou set the dinner table, "I remember that trip…” He smirked slightly, "Poured water on the snowballs. Frozen like a bullet casing."

Jirou looked at him incredulously, "What are you? A demon?"

-X-

Midoriya and Inko walked down the street after having left the supermarket with paper-bags full of cooking supplies. While Midoriya was enjoying his time with his mother, he was slightly confused.
His engineer-focused mind, easily analyzed the list of items they bought. They were meant to buy ingredients for dinner, but there was nothing in their bags that were used in dishes. They were all such weird items. Ingredients that would never mesh in a dish—or, at least, not one he could think of.

He looked up from the bag, "Uh, Mom?"

She looked over her shoulder, "Yes?"

Midoriya gave a crooked smile, reflecting his confusion, "What, uh… What're you making for dinner tonight?"

Inko blinked for a moment, "O-Oh?" Her mind raced before she answered quickly, "It's-It's, uh… Surprise!"

His face relaxed as he teetered his head, "I see…" He then raised a brow, "Did you find some new recipe somewhere?"

She quickly turned away from him, "Y-Yes, I hope you enjoy it!"

He nodded slowly, "Right." He internally shrugged, "I don't have too much of a particular taste, anyway…" He smiled contently, "I'm just happy to be home…"

-X-

Mika clapped her hands together as she looked about the apartment, "Okay, the dinner table is all set, and the food is warm and ready."

Kyotoku laughed, "Now, all we need is our guest of honor and we can start this party!"

Mitsuki smacked the back of her son's head; who sat on the apartment's couch, surfing their TV. "She said make yourself at home, but you're taking it too far."

Bakugo commented simply, "They recorded the Sports Festival—every portion of every class." He murmured quietly to himself, "Researching, aren't ya? Same old fucking nerd…"

Kyotoku leaned on the head of the couch, looking at the list of recordings, "Eh, really?" He straightened, "We didn't get a chance to record it ourselves. Only managed to catch Kyoka's rounds on TV before we had to get back to work."

Jirou raised a brow, "Really?"

Maseru tilted his head, shrugging, "Maybe Inko will let us play it after dinner?"

Mika raised a brow, "Midoriya performed as well, correct?"

Mitsuki nodded, smirking proudly, "Yeah, before he was even in the Hero Course."

Kyotoku whistled, tucking his hands into his pockets, "Kid had guts…" He commented quietly, "He's pretty rockin', huh?"

Mitsuki's phone vibrated in her pocket before she fished it out, "Ah, it's Inko." She looked at the message before relaying to everyone, "They're coming."

Mika smiled excitedly as the group began to slowly disperse, "Time to hide!"
Jirou chuckled as she found her hiding space, "Here we go."

Bakugo turned off the TV, "This is fucking stupid," before laying down on the couch.

XXX

Midoriya asked innocently, "Are you okay?" as he and his mother climbed the steps of their apartment building.

Inko picked up her pace as they landed on their floor, "Y-Yes!"

He nodded slowly as they made their way to the door, "Right..." His mind prodded, "What is going on...?" His mother opened their front door, "Did you forget to lock it...?" She sped within and he followed after her into the dark apartment. "Uh... Mom?" He looked around, but his visibility was limited by the doorway's light. "Hello?" He stepped deeper—his eyes quickly adjusting to the dark as he looked up, "Is that a banner?"

The lights of the apartment suddenly came to life as five people jumped out from their hiding places and two casually moved into view.

"SURPRISE!"

Midoriya jumped back, "W-What?" He laughed as he looked amongst their faces, "What is this?"

Inko pulled the string of a party favor, sending a small amount of confetti into the air, "Welcome home!"

Midoriya smiled goofily, "Thank you all, really. Though, I'm... I'm not sure why."

His mother nodded, "Yes, I-I know you haven't been gone long or that you'll be staying long, but I just wanted home to still feel special."

Mother and son embraced before separating, "Thank you so much." He turned to Jirou's parents, bowing, "Good afternoon, Kyotoku and Mika."

Kyotoku scratched his neck, "No need to be so formal, kid."

Mika smiled warmly, "We're just happy to be here."

Midoriya bowed to Bakugo's father, "Hi, Maseru."

The older man chuckled, rubbing the back of his neck, "You've chosen quite an exciting life for yourself."

The Quirkless teen nodded, speaking tiredly, "True enough."

Mitsuki trapped the guest of honor in a headlock, "Welcome home, kiddo!" She laughed, "It's been forever since you've visited! Katsuki hasn't been treating you that badly, right?"

Midoriya stuttered out, "N-No!"

Her head snapped to her son—who flinched, raising a dangerous brow, "Hesitation?"

The Quirkless teen escaped the blonde woman's grasp, "W-Well, there's dinner to eat, right?"

Inko clapped her hands together, "Yes, pork-cutlet."
Jirou walked with most of the group to the dinner table, smirking at Midoriya, "Yeah, your true love's waiting for you."

He rubbed the back of his neck, chuckling, "Very funny."

Mitsuki looked at her son as they took their seats, "We're talking about that response later."

Bakugo looked off to the side, sucking at his teeth, "Tch…"

Dinner passed over with nothing of particular note happening. Soon with all of their food cleared from their plates, the group parted. The adults indulged in the recording of the most recent Sports Festival while their children became background stragglers.

Kyotoku took a moment to address the group, "Now, I don't wanna hear anything about who won or loss for the tournament, okay?" He shook his head, "Haven't seen it—wanna experience it."

Mitsuki chuckled, "No problem."

Maseru nodded, "Definitely understandable."

Mika turned to their host, "Are you okay?"

Inko took a few deep breaths, "I just remember that certain sections of the Festival were…” -she brought out a box of tissues, ",-stressful."

Jirou watched on from the kitchen, "They're having fun."

Midoriya scratched his cheek, "It's… kinda weird."

Bakugo rubbed the back of his neck, "We don't need to watch…” He turned to his childhood victim, "Got anything else to do in this fucking place?"

The Quirkless teen shrugged, "Maybe."

The blond began to walk down a hall, one that lead to the front door, "Your room's down here, right?"

Midoriya followed, nodding, "Yeah."

The rocker's mind wandered as she followed the pair, "Midoriya's room…” A few butterflies bounced around her stomach at the prospect of entering the boy's room. All of the classic questions and curiosities bounced in her mind as Bakugo pushed into Midoriya's old room. A plain bed and a desk were left behind. The closet was left open, allowing a large cardboard box to be seen. Midoriya's suitcase and bookbag were leaning against the far wall at the foot of his old bed. It seemed… barren.

Bakugo tucked his hands into his pockets, "Took down all the posters."

Midoriya scratched the back of his head, "Yeah… They didn't feel right anymore."

Jirou raised a brow as she entered, "Posters?"

The living-explosive nodded, gesturing about the room, "Yeah, the damn nerd had All-Might posters
plastered wall to wall and a bunch of those limited-time figurine bullshit."

The rocker smirked, "A Hero-Otaku's room."

The inventor turned to her, sighing, as her smirk shifted into a grin. "R-Really?"

"I'll stop when your reactions stop being funny."

He shook his head, rubbing the back of his neck, as he walked towards the exposed cardboard box. "I… think I got an old console somewhere in here."

Bakugo raised a brow, "Games?"

Midoriya shrugged, "Probably."

The blond took a seat on the floor, leaning against the bed, "It'll do."

Jirou put a hand on her hip as she shook her head, "Could you at least act interested?"

"So quick to help him out, huh?"

"What're you getting at?"

Before the explosive could continue, the inventor popped out of the box, holding up an old game-cartridge, "Ah, look at this old thing!"

She let out a chuckle, "Of course you would have a game based off of Pro-Heroes."

Bakugo shook his head, "Picked All-Might all the damn time too."

Midoriya looked over his shoulder, "If I remember correctly, you weren't that interested in any of the other characters either."

The blond sucked at his teeth, looking away, "Hmph."

The inventor dug through the box, "I got the old console too." He pulled it out, setting it on the ground, "But…" He ruffled through the box some more, "I don't think I have a monitor…"

The rocker raised a brow, "No games then?"

He shook his head, "No…" He then pulled out a few leftover wires from the box before moving over to his bookbag, "I think I can get something working." He opened it, pulling out a small box of tools, before manipulating the gathered materials.

Jirou raised a brow, "You brought a tool kit home?"

Midoriya looked up, blinking, "Y-Yeah…" He looked back down as he pulled out a wire-cutter, "Felt weird not to have it…"

She tilted her head, crouching next to the inventor, "What're you gonna do?"

He shrugged, "Change some wire-heads. Then, I'll plug it into my laptop, and we can play through that."

Bakugo stood, hovering over the pair, "How long will that take?"

The green-haired teen teetered his head, "Not too long. Few minutes maybe."
The blond rubbed the back of his neck, turning away from them, "Tch, Imma get something to drink."

The inventor called after him, "Could you get me one?"

Bakugo left the room, "No."

Jirou shook her head as she pushed herself onto her feet, "I'll grab you one. Soda?"

Midoriya smiled at her, "Yeah, thanks."

She smiled back, giving a casual salute, "No problem." With that, the rocker left the room and the Quirkless inventor to tinker away.
Invitations

Chapter Summary

A question, a letter, and a plan. Midoriya's summer break will be far from normal.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"Do you got a thing for that fucking nerd?"

Kyotoku nearly tipped over the couch as he leapt backwards. The final moments of the cavalry battle played on screen and the rock-n-roll father was hooked. He had needlessly mimicked the Quirkless inventor's head jerk to avoid the explosive blond's final swipe for the ten-million-point headband. The couch rocked forward as Mitsuki laughed while Mika and Maseru gasped.

Kyotoku shook his head, "That was crazy!"

Mitsuki chuckled, "Yeah, hell of a close match."

Jirou and the living explosive stood in the kitchen after having picked out three drinks for the trio, "W-What?"

The blond picked up Midoriya's drink from the counter, "It's a simple question."

The rocker whispered angrily, trying to avoid the attention of their parents, "Not fucking really!" She blushed madly as her blood rushed into her ears, "W-Why're you even asking?"

He sighed, "I don't give a shit what goes on between you and Deku." He looked over to the couch as he exited the kitchen, "But… his mom's been through enough and what hurts him hurts her." He looked over his shoulder at her with a dangerous gleam in his eyes, "So, if you plan on doing something, get it right."

She stumbled for a moment, shaking her head, "W-Where is this even coming from?"

He cracked open his drink before taking a swig, "I sit behind you two in class, remember? I've seen plenty to give me ideas."

She shook her head as she stumbled with her words, "I... I don't even..." Her blush maddened and heated, "I don't know if I even feel that way about him!"

Bakugo shrugged, "Imagine him with someone else."

Jirou blinked as the blond continued on his way back to Midoriya's room, "What?" She then started after him, "O-Oi! We're not done-"

However, her father's voice caught her attention, addressing her without peeling his eyes from the screen, "Ah, Kyoka?"

She scowled at him, "W-Wh..." Before she realized herself and recomposed herself, "Y-Yeah,
Dad?"

He turned to her, smiling, "Could ya get me a drink?"

She sighed, scratching the back of her head, "Y-Yeah, I got ya." She shook her head before moving back into the kitchen, "Imagine him with someone else? Like it'd be that easy."

However, while her mouth said that, her mind wandered. She couldn't help it—it just happened. The thought of Midoriya adventuring off with Hatsume with their inventions hurt her chest. The image of Midoriya being swept away by the energy of Ashido or Hagakure made her heart cringe. The idea of Midoriya being comforted by Tsu's calmness made her stomach flip. Midoriya falling for Yaoyorozu's grace or Uraraka's kindness stabbed at her soul.

Jirou placed her hand on her chest, feeling the pace of her heart, "D-Do… I like…"

Her father's voice ripped her attention from her introspection, "Kyoka?"

She blinked as her blush maddened, "Ah!" She shoved herself in the fridge, cooling herself down, as she grabbed a drink for her father. "R-Right! Sorry!"

-X-

Bakugo sipped from his drink, leaning against the bed as he sat on the floor, "Are you done yet?"

Midoriya tinkered with his own drink left to his side, "Just about…" He had pulled out his own laptop and readied it for the console.

Jirou pushed open the door, "H-Hey."

The inventor waved without looking up, "Hello."

The explosive shrugged, "Hey."

Midoriya shuffled between the console and his laptop before connecting the wires, "We… should… be…" With some typing and programming, the game came to life and the inventor smirked, "Done."

The blond extended his hand, "Pass."

The green-haired teen tossed his childhood friend a controller before extending one, "Wanna play?"

Jirou shook her head, "N-Nah, I, uh… I don't know much about this game."

He blinked, readying himself to play, "Oh, okay." He stopped when his phone buzz and rung, "Ah…" He fished his phone from his pocket, "Hatsume?" Jirou's heart panged as he answered, "Hello?" He passed the controller to Jirou as he winced, "Y-You're yelling! What?" He raised a brow, "An invitation? No…" He sighed, "H-Hang on." The Quirkless teen left the room and his voice could be heard, "Hey, mom? Did you get the mail today?"

Jirou put the controller down before pulling open the door, "What's going on?"

Inko replied as the teens left the inventor's room, "Y-Yes, but I uh, didn't have a chance to look them over."

Midoriya looked through the mail, "Hmm…" He pulled out a wax-sealed envelope with golden embroideries. "Masami Rin. L.I.H.T. Organization…" He nodded, "Yeah, opening it right now." He ripped open the envelope and looked within, "Oh, there a lot papers in here." He placed his phone
on the nearby counter, "I'm putting you on speaker."

Kyotoku paused the recording just before the second round of tournament battles began, "What is it, kid?"

Inko raised a brow, "Izuku?"

Hatsume's voice rung from his voice, "Don't ya see Midoriya!? Our babies are getting shown off at the I-Expo!"

Midoriya's eyes widened as he read the documents within the envelope, holding onto three tickets, "Oh my god…"

Kyotoku's face contorted, "Babies?"

Jirou quickly ended that line of thought, "Their inventions—not actual babies."

Inko raised a brow, "The I-Expo?"

Mitsuki nodded, "On I-Island. Katsuki got an invitation to that too."

Bakugo tilted his head, "The suit?"

Midoriya nodded, "Yeah…"

Kyotoku picked at his ear, "The I-Expo?" He raised a brow, "Ain't that where all kinds of scientists and engineers show off to Pros?"

The inventor nodded, "For sponsorship deals. Assistance. Maintenance. Dozens of things. Not to mention, I-Island is basically a resort." He raised his hand that held the three, colorful tickets, "And I got three, all-expenses-paid tickets… From Wednesday till the end of the expo…"

Hatsume interjected, "So, did I!"

Midoriya raised a brow, "Well, Mom?" He teetered his head, "I know that it's a far from home, but… maybe-"

Mika raised a brow, "What about that request from Yuuei?"

Maseru shook his head, "The I-Expo only takes place over the weekend."

The Quirkless teen smiled, "So, we'll be back home by Monday."

Mitsuki smiled at the gravity-manipulating mother, "You should do it, Inko. You've worked yourself to the bone as of late. You deserve the break."

Inko smiled, "Then… If there wouldn't be any problems, we should go."

Kyotoku jerked his chin, "What about the other ticket?"

Midoriya thought for a moment—his eyes passing over the rocker, "W-Well-"

Hatsume interjected once more, "I already invited Shinso!"

With a weight lifted off his shoulde's, Midoriya turned to her, smiling, "J-Jirou? Would you like to go?"
The rocker looked to her parents, "C-Could I?"

Kyotoku shared a look with his wife before sighing and rubbing the back of his neck, "Well, if Inko's with ya…"

Mika smiled, "Sure!"

Jirou smiled, "A-Awesome!"

Mitsuki turned to the inventor, "Congratulations, kiddo."

Maseru nodded, smiling, "Yes, it's very impressive."

Midoriya bowed, "T-Thank you." He scratched behind his ear, "I'll have to call him to thank him…"

The group of parents and teens separated once more after the batch of good news. After some time, losing constantly to Bakugo, the inventor and the rocker left for the kitchen while the gamer napped the party away. The parents fell back into their binge of the Sports Festival—specifically, Midoriya fighting Todoroki.

Jirou nodded to the screen from the kitchen, "Wow."

Midoriya chuckled, leaning over the counter, "Feels like forever ago."

She shook her head as she turned, leaning against the counter, "A lot's changed."

He chuckled, "Yeah…" He sighed tiredly, "It's been pretty exciting…"

She smirked, "And we're not even Pros."

He took a deep breath, "Still feels like there's more to come."

She nodded, "Yeah…" She gave the inventor a side-glance as a blush flooded her face. Her breath hitched before she shook her head, "H-Hey, Midoriya?"

"Yeah?"

"Did you know a lot of girls? Just, uh… before Yuuei."

He blinked out of surprise before rubbing the back of his neck, "N-No." He looked off to the side, chuckling awkwardly, "I just stuck around Kacchan for the most part."

Her mind took in the information and clutched it awkwardly, "Bakugo is competition…?" She then vigorously shook her head, internally grumbling at herself, "This is stupid…"

"Why do you ask?"

Her blush worsened as she looked off to the side, "H-Huh? O-Oh, n-no reason in particular…"

Midoriya blushed in response before looking off to the side himself, "R-Right."

"So… um… Yeah…"

"Is everything okay?"

Jirou raised her hand, nodding, "Y-Yeah, it's just uh… yeah…" She trailed off as her mind flipped,
"Fuck…! When did talking to him get so hard…?" She turned away, whirling one of her jacks around her finger, "S-So, there's a party that we're all invited to during the expo, right?"

"Yeah."

The blushing rocker turned to him, tilting her head, "I could… uh… I thought I'd buy something to wear and um… I was wondering if you needed to buy something."

The inventor's face flushed as he awkwardly nodded, "Oh, uh, yeah-yeah." He scratched his cheek, looking off to the side, "I… do need some clothes."

She nodded, "C-Cool." She suggested, "Monday?"

Midoriya smiled, rubbing the back of his neck, "S-Sure."

Jirou straightened, taking a deep breath, "Great."

Awkwardness played in the air between the two, and their minds seemed to float on a strange high. Despite that discord, the pair found themselves comfortable in silence.

"GO! GO! PUNCH HIM! YEAH! FUCK HIM UP!"

Her father's voice roared at the screen as Deku and Shoto clashed, putting an end to that relative silence. His suddenness caused the pair to flinch for a moment before sharing a shocked look. Jirou was the first to let out a giggle before the pair fell into a bout of laughter.

Midoriya scratched the back of his head, "He's gotten pretty into it."

Jirou shook her head, "A little too much."

He nodded, "Yeah…"

She sighed, "Sorry about my Dad. He's… a bit of weirdo."

"He's fine."

The rocker mimicked her father's voice, "What is my daughter to you?" She grumbled, "God, how embarrassing can that man be."

"I'm sure he's great."

Jirou put her hands on his shoulders, lowering her head, "You're such a good person." She leaned back, putting her hands on her hips, "My old man is pretty crazy." She turned back to the group of adults, "But it's pretty nice that you're willing to give him the benefit of the doubt."

Midoriya shrugged, "I don't really think about it like that."

"Yeah… you don't seem like the type. Someone should say it though."

The inventor rubbed the back of his neck, blushing, "W-Well… thanks."

"No problem."

He smiled, "Your mom's pretty nice."

She gushed slightly, "So is yours. God, she's such a sweetheart."
A bout of silence fell between the two as they leaned over the counter. Her father exploded over the finale of the battle while the other parents found their amusement more in his reaction than the match. He grumbled, standing up from the couch and scratching the back of his head.

Midoriya nodded, "Dinner was nice…"

Jirou nodded as well, "Yeah…"

He chuckled, "We're running out of things to talk about."

She laughed, "Oh yeah."

Kyotoku stepped into the kitchen, rubbing the back of his neck, "Oi, what're you two up to?"

Jirou frowned, "Just talking."

Her father looked between the two, "Oi, Kyoka." He placed a hand on the Quirkless teen's shoulder, "Could ya give me and Midoriya some privacy? I wanted him to talk to him about this I-Expo stuff."

She gave him a suspicious look, "Alright…" She whispered to Midoriya, "Don't let whatever he says get to you."

He nodded awkwardly, "R-Right." With that, she left the two to their conversation.

Kyotoku nodded as Jirou left earshot, "You're a good kid. I'm sure." He took a deep breath, "However, there are somethings a father just needs to address." He stepped beside Midoriya before meeting the younger's eyes, "But first, what is your relationship to my daughter?"

Midoriya blushed as he stuttered with his words, "I… uh… I'm… We're… somewhere…"

The father chuckled, "Ah…" He rubbed his chin, "I won't threaten ya. I wouldn't even land a hit." Kyotoku put his hand on the teen's shoulder once more, "But, if you do decide to treat her, treat her right."

The inventor nodded, firmly meeting the man's eyes, "Of-Of course…"

He chuckled, "Good kid." He lightly nudged the teen's shoulders, "Come on. We might as well finish watching the Festa." He smirked, "Though, I'm pretty sure nothin' can top the fight I just watched."

Midoriya rubbed the back of his neck as he followed the father out, "T-Thanks."

Chapter End Notes

Okay-okay, a few things to unpack. One: We are very much adapting the Two-Heroes movie. And by adapting, I mean greatly changing. We won't be following the movie directly and will be heavily diverging from the events when it comes to set up and environment.

Two: Jirou and Midoriya. We've been in the 'Chase' section of this of this subplot since Chapter 18 and in Chapter 52 they stumble into a relationship. Now, I'm not going to write this romance like a perfect, P.D.A. heavy relationship. This is a romance betwix
teenagers aka we will answer the classic questions of "What am I supposed to do?" and clarify the statement of, "I don't know what I'm doing". These two aren't even in their honeymoon phase. They're in their experimental phase. It's them testing the waters, and there is an innate possibility of failure.

Three: I wanted to address the fact that this story has been going for beyond year now and that is awesome and amazing. This story and I are year older, and I don't really know what to really say other than thanking both favoriters, followers, and reviewers for sticking with me all this time.

To another unit of time of writing, notes, and Quirkless Heroes.

Thank you for reading, and criticize away!
Dress to Impress

Chapter Summary

A punk-rock enthusiast and a smart piece of broccoli go on a date.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Midoriya shot up from his bed, panting. His heart twisted in his chest and his mind felt muddled. Sweat danced across his skin and stained his shirt. In that single instance of waking up and recognizing where he was, the memories of the nightmare quickly faded. Though, some things did remain; he could remember the voices. Not what they said, but he did remember the pain they caused.

A round of knocks wrapped against his bedroom door, shocking him out of his own mind. His mother's voice followed, "Midoriya? Are you awake yet?"

Midoriya shook his head, tossing his blanket off of himself, "Y-Yeah! I'm up…"

She replied, "Well, you should be getting ready soon, right?"

He blinked for a moment, "R-Right!" He took a breath, "Jirou…" He swung his legs out of his bed, "Heading out with… Jirou… Today…" A smile befell his lips as his cheeks flushed, scratching the back of his head, "Yeah." He pushed himself onto his feet as he shook and flexed his hand.

XXX

Jirou leaned forward, adjusting her bangs in the reflections of an advertisement's glass case. She stood in the elevated train station, waiting for the train to arrive and, in turn, Midoriya. She took a breath, looking at herself. Her outfit was casual: a black top and a jean skirt—though it did take her an hour to pick it out. Her purse was slung over her shoulder and her other accessories were punk in style. She straightened when she could hear the train rushing down the tracks.

Her heart was beating slightly faster than normal, "It's just a simple trip to get some clothes for a party… Just a trip…" She blushed slightly, "Definitely not a date…" She fished out her phone as the train pulled into the station, texting, "Hopping on the train—third car."

After a few minutes, the doors slid shut and the train jerked to life. The doors to the compartment slid open and Midoriya stepped into the car. He looked from his phone and smiled when he spotted her. His outfit was equally casual, thankfully, and his right hand was still bandaged. Though, his shirt was recognizable as the gift she had given him for his birthday.

Though, in her eyes, it looked a bit tighter on his torso than before. "E-Eh… W-Was he that muscular last time I saw him…!?!?" With that line of thought, a series of past thoughts and memories recalled from a certain rainy day after a certain study session. A dark blush crossed her face as her mind buzzed.

Midoriya blinked, confused, "J-Jirou?" He tilted his head, "Are you okay?"
She spun on her heel, facing away from him, "Y-Yes!"

He peeked around her shoulder, "Your face looks red. Are you sure you're okay?"

Jirou shook her head fervently, "I'm-I'm fine!" Her jacks flew instinctively, jabbing the green-haired teen.

He blocked the attacks, but still felt the sting of the jabs, "A-Ah! S-Sorry!"

She hissed slightly as embarrassment stung her pride, "Y-You fool!"

Midoriya gave a confused smile, tilting his head, "E-Eh?"

A bout of awkward silence filled the air between the two before she sighed, "S-So... We're heading to this little shop I know. It has all types of stuff. We should be able to get what we need from there."

He nodded, tucking his hand into his pocket, "Right." He rubbed the back of his neck, "Should we get something to eat first?"

She turned to him, whirling one of her jacks around her finger, "There's a café past it." She teetered her head, "It's pretty chill." She grimaced as she recalled, "Has karaoke days, though."

"That bad?"

"Just awkward."

"Well, is a Monday a karaoke day?"

"Thankfully not."

"Then we can head over after shopping?"

Jirou nodded, smiling, "Yeah, we can do that."

Midoriya smiled back, "Great." The pair stood side-by-side as the train slowed. His eyes slid over to her, "So..." Jirou raised a brow. "I'm a fool, huh?"

A blush flooded her face, "S-Shut up."

He chuckled in response.

Jirou raised her brow, "You rebuilt your original exo-things?" The pair had long left the train station and were making their way to the shop. The streets they walked down were semi-busy but were slowly increasing in population as they neared the shopping plaza in the area.

Midoriya rubbed the back of his neck, "Yeah, I just did it when I had the time." He shrugged, "I didn't use expensive materials remaking them. Basic metals and such."

She chuckled, suggesting, "Maybe you can set them up on statues and put them all over the dorm."

He made a face, "No thank you." He shook his head, "Creepy enough at night."

Her face contorted, "Oh, god. Yeah, oof, scratch that idea." She frowned, groaning, "Oh no! It's in my head now."

"Right, not good with scary."
She sighed, "What a pain…"

"Sorry."

Jirou shook her head, waving it off, "Nah, I did it to myself." She nudged her date's shoulder as they stopped in front of a store, "Hey, this is it."

The shop seemed like foreign to the inventor. It had an English name that Midoriya couldn't quite read. Quiet (in-volume) rock music played for the customers. Instruments were hung on the wall opposite to the entrance. Racks of clothing and a fitting room took up the space in-between.

The rocker looked through her purse as they entered, "I remember they got a shipment of some fancy clothes recently."

The inventor raised a brow, "Really?"

"Yeah."

The shopkeeper behind the counter smirked and nodded towards the returning customer, "Hey, stranger." She was in her prime in age, and no quirk was evident on the surface. Her outfit was punkish in aesthetic and parts of her exposed skin was covered in tattoos.

Jirou gave a casual salute, "Yo."

"Who's the greenie?"

The rocker looked in between the two, "Oh, he's my…" She paused on Midoriya before blushing, causing him to flush as well. She then turned back to the shopkeeper, "D-Don't call him, greenie, ya jerk. You got some new clothes, right?"

The punk smirked, "Yeah, there's some nice-looking stuff in the back."

Jirou let out a breath, "Thanks." She gestured as she stepped deeper into the store, "Come on, Midoriya."

The shopkeeper raised a brow, "Midoriya, huh?" The inventor stopped short as the rocker left the conversation, "Aren't you that Quirkless kid that's been the talk of the talk?"

He chuckled, rubbing his arm, "I wouldn't know. I've been kinda avoiding Hero articles as of late."

She waved him off, "Don't worry about it too much. Most of it's good."

Jirou interrupted, "Come on, Midoriya."

The inventor waved, "S-Sorry," before following his date. "Most… she said…"

The shopkeeper's smirk turned to a grin, "No problem."

Jirou and Midoriya stepped towards the back of the shop. Their focus was on a rack of clothing, which contained formal wear of the suit and dress varieties. They looked amongst the items, stepping around the rack.

She raised a brow, not looking up, "See anything nice?"

He shrugged, "I'm not really good at this type of stuff." The hangers rustled as he made his selection, "Maybe this and this?"
Jirou looked up and saw her date's selection: a brown pinstriped suit, a Caucasian-colored dress-shirt with a bowtie. She gave him an incredulous look, shifting between him and the suit. "No."

Midoriya blinked, "What? What's wrong with it?"

She walked over to him, "Just no." She rehung the suit, "Let me help you out."

He blinked, stepping back, "Okay…"

She mumbled to herself, "A full-on suit would probably be a bit of a disservice…"

He raised a brow, "Huh, why?"

It would hide his build, though she would never say that aloud. So, she blushed, stammering, "S-Shush, ya… fool…"

Midoriya smiled, chuckling, "So, I'm a fool again…"

Jirou pulled a few hangers from the rack, "Hmm…" She extended her selection to him, "Here try these on."

He nodded, taking them, "Okay." He walked off to the fitting rooms with the items. She nodded to herself as he disappeared into the room.

The shopkeeper walked by, caring a pile of clothing, "Yo, Jirou."

Jirou nodded to her, "Hey, Kaede."

Kaede Aiko smirked, leaning into a whisper, "So… is this guy your boyfriend?"

The rocker blushed, "Shut it…" She crossed her arms, huffing whilst turning away, "That isn't any of your business anyway."

"One of my favorite regulars comes in with a boytoy? It is a little bit."

Her blush worsened, "B-Boytoy?" She could hear Midoriya rustling behind the fitting room's curtain, "Quit already."

The shopkeeper nodded, walking away, "Yes-yes."

The curtain was pulled to the side and the Quirkless inventor stepped out for her to see. He now wore a simple formal outfit: a black dress shirt coupled with a dark-green vest and similarly colored pants. His date smiled proudly as she nodded at her own selection. Her eyes narrowed for a moment before walking up to him, reaching up to his collar.

He blinked, "W-What?"

Jirou unbuttoned his collar, "When you aren't wearing a tie, you really don't have to button your collar all the way up." She chuckled as she laid out his collar, "Otherwise, you'd look like a stiff." Her face was close to his. He could feel her breath and, in turn, held in his own. Her eyes looked thoughtful as her smile curled warmly.

Midoriya coughed, blushing, as he looked off to the side, "O-Oh."

She coughed as well, stepping back, "W-Well, um… There you go." She rubbed her arm as he turned to a full-length mirror, "Maybe roll up your sleeves?"
He looked at himself, turning his body whilst doing so, "Yeah…"

She blinked for a moment, finally noticing the white bandages on his right hand, "Why is your hand still bandaged up?"

Midoriya blinked as he turned to her, looking at his hand, "Oh, I just…" He met her eyes before lowering his gaze and rubbing the back of his neck, "I just wanted to hide it."

Jirou frowned, "Oh…" She looked around, "Uh… Well, maybe you can pull off the asymmetrical look." She then tossed him a crimson glove.

He caught the accessory before pulling it onto his hand, "Okay." He looked at himself once more, "So… Does this look good?"

The rocker smiled as he looked for her opinion, blushing slightly, "Great."

The inventor smiled back, blushing slightly as well, "Great."

Jirou coughed as she turned back to the rack, "W-Well, let me pick something out."

Midoriya nodded, "Of course, let me just get out of this." He slipped into the fitting room as his date went to make her selection.

Kaede leaned against the rack, "He cleans up well."

The rocker jumped, "God!" She put her hand on her chest, "You need a bell on you."

"So, I've heard."

"What?"

The shopkeeper raised a brow, "Are you gonna match up a little bit?" She waved her finger, "Couples dress alike, right?"

The rocker blushed, looking deeper into the clothing, "W-Would you drop it?"

Kaede tilted her head, "You don't want to?"

"Well…" The purple-haired teen mumbled to herself, "Green, huh?"

The shopkeeper teetered her head, "Goes well purple. Maybe a little pink?"

"Purple…"

"A warm purple and a mute pink. In my humble opinion."

The rocker met her friend's eyes, "Why're you pushing this?"

Kaede shrugged, "Never had a high school romance." She smiled, "Your love life is my love life. I'm living vicariously through you."

"That's… just weird."

The shopkeeper spoke matter-of-factly, "I don't have a problem with that."

Jirou sighed, "I'm gonna stop coming here."
"If you want."

Midoriya stepped out of the fitting rooms with his suit draped over his arm, "Want what?"

His date answered, "Nothing," as her mind wandered, "Warm purple and a mute pink…"

The inventor walked up as the shopkeeper made a bow before leaving, "Sorry, I can't be much help."

Jirou shrugged, "It's no problem." She pulled a dress from the rack before making her way to the fitting room, "Let me go ahead and try this on."

He nodded, smiling, "Of course." As she stepped into the fitting room, she quickly grabbed a small leather jacket off another hanger.

Midoriya let out a breath, leaning against a rack. His blinks became slower as a wave of tiredness hit him. He stifled a yawn as he rolled his shoulders. His face contorted before he shook his head. He wobbled slightly as he began to nod off.

A sudden slam against the storefront's windowpane brought the inventor back to life. His eyes followed the sound to its source. A hooded stranger stood before the pane. The street was noticeably empty—vacant… almost abandoned. There seemed to be something rising in the distance: wave of blues and whites, crushing buildings and causing all kinds of destruction. The hooded stranger slammed a tentacle against the pane, cracking the glass. More tentacles grew from the single one, spreading across the glass and cracking it further.

Haruka Katashi raised his head, grinning a pitch-black smile. Midoriya stepped away from the rack, blinking; eyes wide and mouth agape. The wave of blue came forth, smashing into the storefront and allowing Cthulhu to charge into the building.

"MIDORIYA!"

Midoriya's eyes snapped open, stumbling away from the clothing rack and dropping his clothing. He panted quietly before composing himself. He looked about the room and found it normal. His mind buzzed as he massaged his brow.

The shopkeeper's voice pierced his mind, "You okay, kid?"

The inventor blinked back into reality before crouching to pick up his suit, "Y-Yeah. Just… dozed off…"

Jirou's voice came from the fitting room, "Midoriya? You okay?"

"Y-Yeah… A… A bit of a nightmare"

She sounded slightly confused, "Nightmare?"

Midoriya forced out a chuckle, "Dozed off for a minute and had a nightmare." He then murmured to himself, rubbing his brow, "What's wrong with me…"

"What was it about?"

He wasn't sure about bringing up Haruka right now. "Nothing that makes sense…" So, he lied.

Jirou's voice seemed to rise in spirits, "Then I'm sure it's just some passing thing."
He looked at his hand, noticing a strange shakiness that seemed to disappear underneath his gaze, "Yeah..." He flexed his hand, examining himself as he turned it.

In the corner of his eye, he saw Jirou poke her head out of the fitting room curtain, "S-So..." She pushed the curtain aside and stepped into the open with a blush on her face, "How-How do I look?"

Midoriya blinked, "You..." She wore a purple and pink dress with a black leather jacket atop of it alongside black stockings. His face flushed slightly as well, rubbing the back of his neck, "You look amazing—b-beautiful."

She blushed as she lowered her gaze, "G-Great." She patted her dress, "W-Well, I'm going to get out of this, and we can head to that café."

He nodded, "Y-Yeah..." His date turned away and stepped back into the room, pulling the curtain back. He took a moment to look at his hand before leaning against a table and staring out the storefront. "I'll be fine... I am... I'm fine..."

Chapter End Notes

Midoriya and Jirou go on a date. Midoriya has stress dreams. Other stuff. Have a headache while writing this note. Next chapter might be a controversial one. Won't get into it now because things are subject to change, but still I'm pretty sure it's gonna cause some divide. Probably gonna have some tonal whiplash too.

Criticize away and thank you for reading!
The Midoriyas were spending the rest of their evening in the kitchen, cleaning the dishes after a family dinner. The mother and son fell into their routines before he had moved into Yuuei’s dorms. In the end, there weren't that many conversations between them, but rather just their company. The mother was happy to just have her son underneath her roof. And the son was just happy to have company after living in a giant dorm in his lonesome for the better half of a semester.

There was a conversation to be had, however. After all, Midoriya Izuku's right hand had found a horrible, encompassing scar to bear.

Midoriya rubbed the back of his neck, wiping his hand with a towel, "It was an accident." He fidgeted with his hands, "I panicked and… messed up."

Inko took a deep breath, "Izuku…" She turned to him, "I understand how Hero-work is dangerous, but… please…" She took ahold of his right hand, "At least, tell me when this happens." She then stepped back, "And I know that injury is… always possible, but just try and minimize it—as much as possible."

He nodded, "Right. Of course. I'm… I'm sorry, Mom."

She took another breath, "It's fine. Just take what I said to heart." With that, she parted with her son, leaving for the nearby living room.

He rubbed the back of his neck, "Y-Yeah, I will." He took another breath, fidgeting with the towel in his hands. The fingers of his right hand twitched, causing him to scowl. He shook it, slowing his breaths. He blinked as his phone in his pocket buzzed. He then fished the device from his pocket, "Jirou…"

He answered the call and heard her voice, "Yo…"

"You, uh… You finished packing?"

He leaned against the counter, "Yeah." He chuckled, "I'm excited and nervous…"

"I-Island. I started looking into it and… Man, we're going there for free."

"I know!"

"We got one more day… So… Do you… Do you want to have another… date?"

Midoriya smiled warmly, "Yeah." He rubbed his arm, "Though, we should save money… for buying stuff on the island."

She paused for a moment, "Right…" Another pause, "Well, I… I guess you could just come over
and… I don't know watch a movie?"

He blushed, "R-Really?" He coughed, "I… u-uh…"

Jirou quickly added, "My Dad will be home!" She coughed, "S-So, uh… It won't just be us…"

Midoriya took a breath, "Right… Right…" He realized internally, "Why… Why do I feel so disappointed…? I-I shouldn't…!"

-X-

Jirou's blushed only maddened, "W-W-Why does he sound so disappointed…?!" She curled up, "D…"

Midoriya replied confused, "D…?"

She forced out, "Dummy!" and, out of reflex, ended the call. "Wait, shit…" She stabbed at her phone before calling him again.

-X-

He held his phone to his ear, "H… Hello?"

Midoriya could practically hear her blush, "S-So… are you coming over?"

He coughed, "Y-Yeah, I will."

She replied, "Good." She then added, "B-Bye."

He smiled, "See ya."

Jirou replied quietly, "See ya."

Midoriya tucked his phone back into his pocket as the call ended. He took a breath, smiling. "Okay…" He pushed off the counter before making his way out of the kitchen.

Inko sat on the couch in their living room, "That was Jirou?"

He nodded, "Uh, yeah." He crossed his arms, teetering his head, "I'm heading over to her place tomorrow."

She stood, smiling, "Oh, you should bring a gift!"

Midoriya rubbed the back of his neck, "A gift?" He looked off to the side, "I'm not sure…"

His mother shook her head, grabbing her keys and her purse, "Nonsense! Come, let's go grab something."

He blinked, "It's really late."

She walked ahead of him, "Come on!"

Her son took a breath as he pulled the door close behind them, "More excited about this than I am…"

XXX
Shio Hitomi, or the Machinist, shut the door behind her. She slipped into the large garage where a familiar pick-up truck was parked. Shuichi Haru, or Apollo, stood beside the raised hood, directing Cthulhu in his manipulation of its engines. His Caucasian tentacles slipped between the pipes and pieces of the engine. Arin Akira, or Set, sat behind the car's wheel, leaning back in the seat and dozing off.

She crossed her arms, "Why're we bothering with this thing?"

Apollo shrugged, "Practice for what Cthulhu will have to do on the island."

She sighed, "I don't like any of this."

He looked at her sternly, "Get over it." He turned back to Haruka, "You want Midoriya's head? Then you'll have to earn it."

The Machinist rolled her eyes as she walked off to the side.

Apollo's eyes followed her as she walked to the other end of the garage. His eyes shifted meeting Set's. The white-eyed, silver-haired man scratched his nose before looking over his shoulder at the young girl. He then met his old friend's eyes again, shrugging.

The rocky-skinned man sighed, rubbing the bridge of his nose, "Whatever." He shook his head, "Can't expect much... They're just teenagers..."

The door swung open once again and Hotaru Kira, or Whiplash, walked in, "How goes the training mess?" She sucked on a straw in a nearly empty drink, causing an annoying sound.

Apollo shrugged, "Fine."

Whiplash nodded, "Good-good." She tossed her empty drink in the trash, "Boss will be here soon." She stretched—which was difficult with a leather jacket. Her extended arms revealing the blood that stained the sleeves of her undershirt, "Meeting the Yakuza almost got a bit messy."

Shio scoffed, "'Almost,' she says..."

Apollo looked over his shoulder, "Were you able to leave with a deal?"

The blue-haired woman shrugged, "Yeah. Just needed to play into their hand a bit." She chuckled, "Both sides threw some dirty punches." She waved her hand, "But, it's handled."

Set commented from his seat, "Is it?"

She shrugged, "Enough for the Boss to send me home." She walked onward, stepping over a toolbox.

Yuu Emi, or the Doctor, stepped over a crushed body; her boots dipping into a pool of blood. "You should've accepted the... expansion of our little deal, Chisaki." The room was a bloodied mess and littered with dust. "Did I never provide?" Shigaraki stood over two members of the Yakuza, pinning them with his hands and rendering them into dust. "My work on Trigger; your work on the Quirk disabling drug." Asura, the goliath of Mr. Muscular, Mr. Compress, and some junkie, stood in the center of the room. "We could've done so much more..." His muddled and patched together skin was slick with red. "Separation is such sour sorrow." And in his hands, he held the crushed limbs of the now-former Yakuza leader, Chisaki Kai. She smirked, letting out a string of laughter, "Oh, and I'll be taking the kid in this little divorce."
The man wore a strange plague mask and his red-brown hair was draped in blood. His Quirk was powerful, and in another life, he would've killed them. However, a single dart in the back of his neck prevented all of that for a limited amount of time.

The Doctor tucked a gun-like device, into a holster underneath her lab-coat, "Ah, but in the end, it was a relationship that could never last…"

Nemoto Shin faded into dust, "C-Chisaki… We… failed you…"

Yuu pulled the plague mask from the leader's face, "After all, our beliefs are fundamentally opposing." She looked over the device, "Quirks? A plague upon humanity? What a fool." She blew raspberries, "Such a powerful Quirk, but you label it a disease." She chuckled, looking over the mask's straps, "Don't get me wrong. Heroes are an annoying blister, but Quirks are extraordinary!" She gestured to Asura with a proud grin, "Look at him, a creation of Quirk and Trigger!" She scoffed, "And you think he's a disease?"

Chisaki gritted his teeth as his mind rolled, "My… P-People…"

She finished his sentence as she slipped on his mask, "Are dead?"

He spat at her, "They won't follow you!"

The Doctor waved him off, "They'll follow whoever takes up your place." She tucked her hands into his pockets, "I don't quite understand your belief in ethics. I mean I get why you'd think these people wouldn't listen to me." She smirked, "But, you've forgotten a key fact about the criminal underworld. There's more than one Yakuza family and they're certainly ready to take your place."

She teetered her head, "Not to mention, how you ruled through fear. Unwavering loyalty can only be pushed so far, and for those who are loyal, a lie can satiate them especially if it comes from someone who is supposedly loyal. And, with everyone else in this room dead, who could question it?" She clapped her hands together, speaking with a mocking wistfulness, "Heroes came and Chisaki fell covering our retreat." She blinked, tapping her lip, "Though, which Hero…? Endeavor, I suppose. Big enough to be believable. It'll give us a good excuse to burn the room." She tilted her head, "Ah… But then again… they'll probably want a head." She put her hands on her hips, shrugging, "I'll work out the kinks later."

Chisaki coughed, "They will find out! My people are not fools!" He growled, "They will destroy the League and anyone who aids it! They will be no place for you to hide."

She smiled, "That is a possibility." She teetered her head, "We'll burn that bridge when we get to it." She waved her hand, "Just know that your experiments upon that young girl will add wood to the League's pyre." She turned away, waving her hand once more, "He's yours, Tomura."

The pale-skinned teen walked up to the half-dead Yakuza before extending his hand towards the man's face.

XXX

Midoriya's arm extended towards front door of Jirou's residence before knocking. He wore one of his usual plain shirts; a dark-green, short-sleeved cardigan; jeans, and his signature red shoes. He could hear her voice on the other side of the door, "Coming!" There was a moment where the door's lock clicked before it swung open. Jirou met Midoriya's eyes before smiling warmly, "Hey." She wore a yellow-ish tank-top with the black straps of her undershirt shown and dark shorts that ended well before her knees.
He smiled back, waving with his free hand, "H-Hey." He pulled a black box from his pocket, extending it to her, "Here." He teetered his head and blushed out of embarrassment as she took it, "My Mom thought I should get you a present." He deflated slightly, "I wasn't sure what to get you, and... well... yeah..."

The rocker opened the box and found a keychain charm. The charm was a green bunny playing a red electric guitar. She smiled at it, "It's like a miniature you."

He blinked, "M-Me?"

She tilted her head, "You know like your bunny Hero-costume."

Midoriya shrunk slightly, "It's not supposed to look like bunny ears."

She seemed surprised, "Oh, really?"

"Why would I put bunny-ears on my costume?"

Jirou shrugged, "No clue. Maybe you just really liked rabbits." She blinked, "Wait, what're they supposed to be then?"

He opened his mouth to answer before he hesitated, "N-Nothing..."

The rocker raised a brow, "Just for aesthetic?"

"S-Sure..."

Jirou's eyes narrowed as a smirk graced her lips, "There's a lot of hesitation there." She crossed her arms, leaning forward, "Why do you have bunny-ears?"

The inventor mumbled out, "They're not bunny-ears..."

She raised a brow, "Then what are they?" When she was met with silence, she poked at him a bit more, "Spit it out. You'll get a lighter sentence if you confess."

He struggled to answer before saying, "Can... Can I just come in?"

Jirou moved out of his way, chuckling as he came in, "Yeah." She lifted the charm to smile at it, "Thanks for the gift. It's cute." She added simply as she closed and locked the door behind him, "This conversation isn't over, by the way." His head sunk as his shoulders raised.

The pair stepped into her house's living room as she said, "My old man's upstairs in his little office, so it'll just be us in the living room." It was a well-off house for a middle-class family of three, "We got plenty of movies around to watch, but just no horror movies."

He tucked his hands into his pockets, "Do you have horror movies?"

The rocker groaned, "My Dad has a dumb collection. He's a freak when it comes to that stuff!"

Midoriya blinked with a frank look on his face, "Huh..." He seemed to be in some blank slate, "We should watch a horror movie." He wandered about for a moment, "Where's your Dad's collection?"

Jirou stuttered out, "W-W-What?" She then noticed the smirk growing across his lips before glaring at him, "Very funny."

The inventor chuckled, "What kind of movies do you like?"
"Anything, I guess."

"Including horror?"

Sarcasm oozed from her mouth, "You're so funny."

"It's the only ammunition I have…" The tone remained in a casual state, "So, what should we watch?"

The rocker crossed her arms, "Not horror."

He chuckled again, "Yes, yes."

There was a bout of silence before Jirou answered his question with a blush on her cheeks, "I guess… We could watch a romance movie or somethin'."

Midoriya blushed for a moment, looking away from her, "Yeah…" He rubbed his arm, "Do you have one in mind?"

She nodded, "I think so."

The inventor coughed, "Cool… Great…"

The pair thought in-sync as he waited and she searched, "God, we're so awkward…" Midoriya took a deep breath before walking towards the couch.

XXX

Yuu Emi walked in front of the collected Leaguers, "The Yakuza have fallen in line, and Akuma Izumi will lend us his men." She still wore her new plague mask before putting her hands on her hips, "You all know the plan. Maintain your false identities and don't get into trouble." She gestured to the wispy man and the goliath behind the group, "Kurogiri and Asura will be traveling with the Yakuza, and they're taking the long way. He won't be there for three days." She looked at the group sternly, "If you blow your covers or you cause trouble, no one will save you or help you." She turned away from them, "Start packing. We'll all be leaving soon."

Chapter End Notes

Okay... Chiaki and the Shie Hassaikai have been effectively removed from the Quirkless Hero story. Eri nor the drug they created have been removed. So, while the locations are from canon, we won't be visiting the same plot threads and story-lines of the manga/anime. I'm sure that there will be other questions with this choice. Those questions can be in a review and I'll be sure to respond.

Some experimental stuff were in this chapter too. I tried to interject match-cuts within the written story. It's something done more in visual media than written-to my knowledge, at least. I would like to do this sort of thing more. But I am aware of the possibility of a tonal whiplash with this chapter. I am hoping that the content itself can make up for that.

Thank you for reading, and criticize away!
Trip to I-Island

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"I-I'm sorry… W-What?"

The Midoriyas stood on the sidewalk—moments away from leaving for the nearby train station. Two individuals had stopped them: a woman and a man, and they stood next to a parked car. The pair wore matching business suits, and the car was black with silver accents and darkly tinted windows.

The woman stepped forward, bowing, "We are here on behalf of Masami Rin. We are here to take you to the airport."

Inko stuttered out, "W-W-Why?"

The man spoke matter-of-factly, "Mr. Midoriya has been attacked in transit from one place to another before. It wouldn't be good if he were to be attacked again or in the airport."

Midoriya blinked for a moment, deflating slightly, "R-Right." The man moved to take their luggage as the woman opened the door. "W-Well, we have one more with us."

The pair shared a look before the man nodded, "We can make a detour."

XXX

Jirou looked at her phone, confused. She stood on the corner of the sidewalk below the elevated train station. Her suitcase was beside her as she continued her conversation with Midoriya over text. "Alright, I'm here." She tucked her phone away as her mind wandered, "We're not taking the train, apparently… Sounds like something came up…"

A familiar voice spoke, catching the Yuuei student's attention, "Jirou?"

She blinked, "Huh?" Her confusion turned into a bright smile, "Yuuki, Karen!"

Miho Karen hugged her former classmate, "It's been forever!" Her rose-petal hair tickling the rocker's cheeks.

Honoka Yuuki smiled warmly, "How have you been?" Her pale skin seemed to shimmer like crystals and her white hair flowed in the wind.

Jirou answered, "It's been going good—great."

Miho waved her hand, "That's great. We heard about what happened—U.S.J., Cthulhu and all that."

The rocker rubbed the back of her neck, "Right, yeah. It's been crazy…"

The ice-skinned girl gestured to the suitcases, "Heading some place?"

Jirou shrugged, "Ever heard of I-Island?"

The flower-haired girl gasped, "No way! You got tickets to that place?!

The violet-haired girl shook her head, "No, my…" She blushed for a moment before looking off to
the side, "A-A friend had a 'Plus-Two' ticket."

Miho deflated dramatically, "Lucky… Yuuei's filled with opportunities, huh?" She turned to Honoka, "Too bad we don't have any Hero-worthy Quirks."

Who shrugged, "We'll get by."

The dramatic girl nodded, straightening. "Yeah…" She then pointed at question at her former classmate, "Why did you hesitate earlier?"

Jirou looked off to the side, blushing slightly, "W-What do you mean?"

Miho's voice suddenly became Jirou's, "'No, my… A-A friend had a 'Plus-Two' ticket.'" Her voice came back as she stated matter-of-factly, "That's what you said."

Honoka chuckled, "She has you there."

The rocker stumbled with her words, "I-I… uh…" She looked away from them, "S-Shut up!"

The petaled-haired girl tilted her head like a curious cat, "Ooh, she's hiding something!"

"I… Shut it, both of you."

Honoka smirked, "Speak now to lessen your sentence."

Jirou sighed, "God, you guys are the worst…"

Her phone buzzed and she looked to find the message, "We see you!" She blinked before looking up to see a black car to slow to a stop next to the sidewalk. The side-door opened over the sidewalk and the green-haired inventor stepped out, smiling.

He leaned against the door as someone stepped out of the passenger seat, "H-Hey."

The man bowed in front of her, holding his hand to take her suitcase, "What's going on?"

The inventor teetered his head, "Security detail."

Jirou blinked, "What r-really?"

Midoriya nodded, "Yeah… It's… It's weird."

Miho gasped, "Oh, is this him?"

He blinked confused, tilting his head like a confused puppy, "Hm?"

Jirou quickly stepped between the pair as the man took her suitcase to the trunk, "N-Nothing!" She quickly reasoned, "C-Come on, aren't we gonna be late for the plane or something?"

The man closed the trunk, nodding. "Yes, we must leave soon."

Midoriya slipped into the vehicle, "There are drinks in here."

The rocker peaked into the car, "W-Wow…" Black leather seats, a TV, a minifridge, and other accommodations were within.

He smiled at her, "I know! It's uncomfortable!"
Inko stuttered out, "D-Don't be r-rude, I-Izuku." Though, it was quite obvious that the monarch wasn't comfortable herself. She kept her hands and feet close while holding her purse in her lap. And she was as stiff as a rock.

Miho gasped again, "Someone else?"

Jirou popped her head, pointing at the pair, "Shut up, that's his mother."

Honoka smirked, "A trip with the family?"

The rocker stepped into the car, slamming the door shut, "Shut it!"

Miho and Honoka waved at Jirou who returned it, "Have a safe trip! Have fun!"

The Midoriyas and Jirou blinked as they stepped out of the car to see a private jet. Masami Rin alongside Asuka Sora stood before the jet. He waved at the trio as their security detail carried their luggage to the jet.

Masami smiled, "Deku! With your full party of three."

Midoriya flinched slightly, "Y-Yeah."

Masami chuckled, "Don't look at me like that. I'm not faulting you for it. It's only natural to share in success."

Jirou raised a brow, "They're on board?"

Asuka nodded, "Yes. They arrived only a few minutes earlier."

Masami added, "Your suit's on board as well."

The Quirkless inventor blinked, "R-Really?"

The LIHT Organization's leader nodded, "Oh, yeah." He turned, stepping up the stairs and into the plane, "Come, I'll explain more before we take off."

Jirou looked at Midoriya, "What's wrong?"

He shared a look with her before asking, "H-How did you get the suit?"

The man answered matter-of-factly, "Requested permission from Yuuei as well as your Hero costumes. Told them it was for the Expo, so long as you were coming."

Midoriya blinked, "The Expo? Are we presenting it?"

Masami shrugged as they all stepped into the plane, "Depends on how things work out. No promises."

The inventor took a deep breath, "Right."

Inko looked into the cockpit, "Where's the pilot?"

Masami smiled, "Fully automated." He chuckled, "Impressive, right?"

The couple looked about the rest of the jet. The walls were white, the decorated carpet was black and
spruce embroideries accented the cabin. There was an extended sofa, recliner-seats, tables, and cabinets, matching the internal colorings of the interior. There was even a glass pane between a few seats, displaying some holographic imagery.

Midoriya took a deep breath, "W-Wow…"

Jirou blinked, "Fancy…"

Of course, as already stated, two individuals were already amongst the interior: Hatsume and Shinso. The pink-haired inventor looked away from the holographic display, "Midoriya! Look at this U.I.!” She critiqued matter-of-factly, "The glass is a terrible idea because it smudges, but it's still impressive!"

The purple-haired mentalist gave a casual salute, "Yo."

After a bout of introductions, Masami clapped his hands together once everyone was seated, "So, this little trip is a bountiful opportunity for our resident inventors." He gestured to the pair, "This trip is for you two to meet a very interested party, David Shield."

Midoriya stuttered out, "D-David Shield!?

Hatsume clapped her hands together, "That's fantastic!"

Inko tilted her head, "David Shield?"

The Quirkless inventor explained, "He's the one that created all of All-Might's costumes and hundreds of famous Support items." He turned back to their host, "He wants to meet us?"

Masami nodded, "Yes. Especially after your performance in the Sports Festival. You inspired him to make a true spectacle. I'm not going spoil it, but it is crazy."

Midoriya took a breath, leaning back in his seat, "I-I… I don't know w-what to say. This is amazing."

The host nodded, "All of you will meet him over dinner tonight. The rest of you can come if you'd like." He waggled his finger, "However, our favorite inventors will meet them as soon as possible."

Jirou raised a brow, "What kind of place is it?"

Masami waved his hand, "His living quarters on the island. Homemade dinner." He chuckled, "I'll be sure to tell him to prep for seven."

Inko looked concerned, "We aren't causing him trouble, are we?"

The host shook his head, "No, he'd love the company." Asuka leaned towards him and spoke before he addressed the group, "We're taking off now. Let's all strap down.” The group of seven did so. "Now, we'll land in about an hour or two. Once you are settled in your rooms, I'll be stealing these inventors for the meeting. You'll see them come sundown for dinner."

Midoriya shook his head, "This is crazy on so many levels."

Jirou nudged his shoulder, "It's amazing."

He smiled, nodding, before it slowly faded, "Though…” He looked up at their host, who was in conversation with Hatsume, "Why the opportunity presented itself should be questioned…”
The jet buckled slightly as it soared through the air. Hatsume was taking her time to explore the plane with Asuka following closely after her. Jirou took up a window-seat, peering down at the ocean below. Shinso leaned back in his seat with earbuds in, sleeping through the flight. Inko nervously played with her cardigan as she took slow breaths. Masami found a seat in the back end of the cabin, pouring himself some whiskey on the rocks.

Midoriya leaned against an empty seat, crossing his arms, "Isn't it a bit early for a drink like that?"

Masami smirked, shrugging, "Never too early, kid." He shared a look with the Quirkless inventor before putting his cup down, "You look like you got something to say." He pushed himself onto his feet, "Let's talk about it in the back, yeah?"

The pair made their way through the catering area of the plane before meeting a locked door. Masami punched a code into the keypad before the door whirled and clicked. He pushed open the door and Midoriya followed him into the small room.

They stepped down a metal staircase and onto the metal floor. The group's suitcases were strapped down onto the ground and walls. In the center of the room, there was a large metal case with a keypad-based security system laid out on the ground. It was strapped down as well—similarly done to the suitcases.

Masami knocked his knuckles against the metal, "Your suit's in here." He stepped away, "The code's 0042."

Midoriya stepped closer, looking at the keypad, "Isn't forty-two unlucky?"

"I don't believe in that type of stuff."

The inventor punched in the code, "W… Why go through all of the trouble?" He looked up as the case hissed and unlocked, "N-Not to sound ungrateful, but-

Masami waved his hand, "No-no, I get it." He looked over the opening case and the laying suit within, "Gifts from strangers are nice, but worrying." He took a deep breath, wiping his face, "Let me just figure out where to start."

Midoriya nodded, "Of course." The green-haired inventor bent over the suit. He tapped the PDA screen on his suit's forearm, slipping his phone beside it. An automatic wireless download began between suit and device before the inventor straightened.

Their host rubbed his chin, "Midoriya, let's say you've rescued someone. They get home to their family. Say their prayers for you. Share their thanks. Maybe buy your merchandise." He teetered his hand, "But… maybe the next month or the next year, they forget. You didn't manage to climb the rankings that time. You got put outta commission for a time and couldn't work. They just… forget you…" He deflated as the words left his mouth before shaking his head. "If that happens—if you didn't leave that impact, did you really save them? Were you really their Hero?"

The inventor thought for a moment, "Depends on what you define as Heroship."

Masami chuckled exasperated, "Of… Of course." He took a deep breath, "My point is that this job—yours and mine. The most important part is being remembered. If no one remembers us when we're gone, what was the point? What would be the point of all of your hardships?" He sighed, "You see, most of my adulthood is filled with my regrets, losing friends and becoming more and more cold." He pounded his fist into his palm, "I wanna make right. I don't want to be known as the richest corpse in the cemetery, kid." He leaned against the pile of suitcases, pointing at the young-man,
"That's where you come in—your dream. My… penance."

"Penance?"

The man sighed, pinching the bridge of his nose, "It's… a long story." He deflated once more, tucking his hands into his pockets, "Not a comfortable one…" He took a deep breath, "One day, I'll tell you. All of it. I promise."

Midoriya nodded, "Thank you."

Masami pushed off the suitcases, dusting off his hands and moving for the doorway, "We should get back to the others before they start worryin'." His breath hitched before he stopped in his tracks.

The inventor picked up his phone, tucking it away, "Are you okay?"

The older man stumbled for a moment, "Y-Yeah…" He turned away from the approaching teen, reaching up for his face, "Listen, you head on." He took a deep breath, "Just… Just give me a moment…" He then added as the teen began to slowly depart, "S-Send… Send Asuka, if you can."

Midoriya slowly nodded, "R-Right." The inventor looked at his phone as he left the room before tucking it away and heading to meet Asuka.

Chapter End Notes


Thank you all for reading and criticize away!
Midoriya and Hatsume followed after the well-dressed adults, Masami and Asuka. And behind the group, there was a strange red robot, carrying the coffin case that held Suit Epsilon. They were walking through the ascending glass halls of one of the islands many buildings. The inventors looked out of the hall and at the island itself. Miraculous inventions made up attractions and several buildings themselves. A large water fountain with streams of water that could be manipulated to form symbols and words. Buildings of strange colors and designs shifted and changed with the current of the wind. An island of spectacles that blended the lines between reality and fiction.

Though, something more curious was in the bay area. A sea vessel the size of a military aircraft carrier. It held buildings and towers—a city.

Midoriya squinted, "What is that?"

Hatsume smiled, "Expansion project, probably."

Neither adult had any comment for the question as they stepped into a hallway of reinforced metal. A green beam of light zipped down at them from the ceiling. It struck each individual and a feminine voice sounded off.

"VIP-009, Masami Rin recognized. VIP-021, Asuka Sora recognized. VIP-715, Quirkless Hero: Deku recognized. VIP-418, Hatsume Mei recognized."

Midoriya's mind bounced as he blushed slightly, "Cool…"

Masami looked over his shoulder, "You created a VI, didn't you?"

He nodded, "Yeah, no personality matrix though."

Hatsume grumbled, "Much harder to program than we thought."

Asuka gave a light smile, "You'll figure it out, I'm sure. You can ask David for advice if you want."

Masami came to a stop at a reinforced door, "Speaking of David." He looked at a keypad next to the doorway before pushing a few keys. There was a ding before the door slid open. The smell of oil and sound of metal working now escaped the room. He whistled as he entered the room, "David? You busy, buddy?"

A middle-aged brunet with blue eyes turned from his satellite-like project, "Masami!" He wore some casual business wear underneath standard metalworking equipment. "Ah, Deku! And his brilliant partner, Hatsume, yes?"
Hatsume grinned proudly, "Yes! It is a pleasure to meet ya!" She knocked her hand against her chest, "I'm sure you want to talk to us about our baby."

David blinked, "B-Baby?"

Midoriya chuckled, gesturing to the security bot that place the coffin case next to the doorway. "The suit. Our suit."

David nodded, "I see." He chuckled, "Well, I suppose we should get straight to business." He extended his hand, "My name is David Shield."

Midoriya and Hatsume spoke in-sync as they took turns shaking his hand, "Personal Inventor of All-Might's Support items, Director of I-Island, Headmaster of I-Academy, and winner of dozens upon dozens of engineering and scientific awards."

The blond man chuckled, "Right, Support Course students."

Hatsume grinned as Midoriya rubbed his arm, "Well… former."

David smiled, "The Quirkless Hero." He nodded to the exo-suit, "And your suit."

Midoriya nodded, "Suit Epsilon."

The director walked up to the coffin, "The Greek alphabet?"

The green-haired teen chuckled, rubbing his arm, "Y-Yeah… It just felt right."

He examined the suit, smiling, "Impressive." He turned to the pair, "We have a lot to talk about."

The inventing pair shared a look before grinning at the man.

XXX

Melissa Shield ran down the halls, "Why didn't he tell me earlier…?!" A smile graced her lips as she dashed up the slanted halls, ignoring the automated security's voice, "A Quirkless Hero…! The first…!" She slid to a stop in front of her father's workshop. She jabbed the code into the keypad before it slid open.

Midoriya sat on a stepladder next to the standing exo-suit, "Supersonic? Traveling at supersonic speeds let alone attacking at supersonic speeds would be a danger to myself and the next two blocks."

Hatsume shook her head, "Not at all! Here I've even thrown together a simulation to demonstrate!" She turned to a nearby computer monitor, turning it to the group. Numbers automatically danced across the screen as an object simulated the supersonic speeds before launching it at a solid object. The speeding flyer crashed into the object, shattering, "Oh…"

"Oh?"

Masami crossed his arms, "What about breathing?" He had long abandoned his blazer and tie. He now wore similar metalworking gear to his fellow engineers.

She spoke matter-of-factly, "We'd just have to build a breather into the helmet."

David turned to the suit, adjusting the helmet, "You'd have to rebuild the helmet from scratch."

She snapped her fingers, "We have the resources."
Midoriya raised his brow, "But the time?"

Hatsume looked at the group, "We have eight hands!"

Melissa stepped into the room, making her presence known, "T-Ten!"

David raised a brow, walking up to her, "Melissa, you're back from your study group?"

She nodded, "Y-Yeah, we finish the summer homework in a minute." She stepped up to Midoriya, "Y-You're him."

Midoriya blinked, "Hm?"

She spoke slowly, "The Quirkless Hero—the first."

Masami shared a grin with David before the father turned to this daughter, "Right, Midoriya, allow me to introduce you to my daughter, Melissa Shield."

Midoriya extended his hand, "It's a pleasure to meet you."

Melissa shook his hand, "The pleasure's all mine." She pushed up her glasses, "E-Every since I saw you on TV, I-I was thinking about how to advance your suit, but..." She turned to the exo-suit, "You upgraded it plenty."

Hatsume laughed, "We're nowhere near done, however!"

Midoriya nodded, "Everything's a work in progress." He stood, "If you have an idea, we'll be happy to hear it."

Melissa's face brightened, "G-Great! I-I... I should've brought my notebook."

Hatsume rushed over, slapping notebook paper on the nearby table, "We have plenty of paper! Come on, come on!"

The blond girl smiled, "R-Right!"

Midoriya looked over the new wings, waiting to install them into Suit Zeta. They were thinner with repulsor thrusters at their ends. They seemed much like what one would expect from an anime mech's wing set. He straightened as Hatsume cleared him from installation.

Hatsume walked past, "Midori, back paneling's clear."

He picked up both wings before circling around his suit, "Could you run simulations on energy efficiency?" He set them on a nearby table, "We'll probably have to upgrade the generator."

Hatsume sucked at her teeth, "Tch..." She bit her thumb as she walked to a nearby computer, "You're right." She grumbled, "If only we could make a plasma generator."

Midoriya prepared some tools and strapped on a protective mask, resting it on his head, "The heat would literally bake me alive."

Masami twisted a screw into place along the jawline of the new helmet, "Bake is a nice way of wording it." He locked a paneling into place before reaching over to tap on a computer's keyboard, "Helmet's functional." The helmet clicked into place before collapsing into the chest-piece's neckline. "The HUD should be holding up too." He rubbed his chin before tapping away on the computer.
Hatsume spoke, not looking away from the computer in front of her, "When do you think we could test fly this thing?"

Masami interjected, "Tomorrow. Maybe after some meet and greeting."

Midoriya raised a brow, pausing from the installation, "Hm?"

The man shook his head, "I'll tell everyone tonight." He shrugged, "It's a last-minute thing. So, I need to make some calls between now and dinner. I don't wanna give any false hopes or anything."

The Quirkless inventor shrugged, "If you say so."

David tapped away on a third computer with his daughter hovering over his shoulder, "VI programming is nearing completion."

She nodded, "We'll need another algorithm to simulate a voice." The blonde turned to their guest, "Do you have a preference?"

Midoriya pulled down the mask, "Nope!" before going to work on the new wing installation.

XXX

Midoriya took a breath alongside his fellow engineers as they backed away from their work. He took a seat on a metal table and was joined by David. Hatsume slid to the ground, yawning with a grin on her face. Melissa flexed her hands as she slowly took a seat beside the pink-haired teen. Masami's arms hung at his sides as he leaned against the table. They took a moment of rest before they looked ahead at their hard work.

Suit Zeta stood tall before the team of engineers. Comparing it to Suit Epsilon, it's armor was more heavy duty as to deal with heat build-up and combat capabilities. The overall paneling was a mixture of bulkiness and streamline. Color-wise, the suit became primarily shades of green that were accented by silver and black.

The helmet had its own dramatic changes. It was wider with a set jawline of metal that connected to its new breather. Circular metal pieces were in place over the ears, connected to two thin pieces of metal. These not only acted as antennas, but also mimicked the shape of Midoriya's original jumpsuit's hood-ears. Streamlined metal panels traveled up the back of its head before coming over the top of the helm. The face of the helmet was two angular-shaped panels of glass. The panel that took up the lower half of the face laid outward to meet the jawline.

The chestpiece now held black, rectangular metal pieces that wrapped around the front of it. These pieces were laid in a manner mimicking the lines on the side of his original jumpsuit, serving a more practical role than simple aesthetic. The gauntlets now contained thrusters that pointed towards the elbows. There were also silver wings attached to the outside of gauntlets. The greaves themselves also contained more thrusters pointing downward.

The Suit was, hopefully, now capable of supersonic flight. It's strength should've increased. It's power output should be optimal. The repulsors, both for attack and flight, should be more than upgraded for future scenarios. And, of course, there was room for more—quite literally actually.

Midoriya leaned back, "We're nowhere near done…"

David chuckled, "And that's the best part."

Hatsume leaned forward, "Those designs will take time to perfect."
Melissa giggled, "I'm sure we can handle it."

Masami straightened, "Not tonight. It's around time for dinner."

Asuka stepped forward, "Correct."

Four engineers thought, "I forgot she was here…"

While he practically choked on his tongue, "God, Asuka!" He placed a hand on his chest, "Your damn passive Quirk." And all she did was smile at him.

XXX

Inko sat on the bed of her hotel room, watching the television. She had spent most of her day exploring the island with Jirou and Shinso. Now, she was relaxing and waiting to see her son after a long day.

The door to the room opened and Midoriya stepped in. His clothes and skin were stained. His fingertips were darkened with metal dust and his hair was damp from sweat.

She smiled, "Izuku."

He smiled, waving, "Hey, Mom." He kneeled next to his suitcase, opening it, "How was your day?"

Inko smiled warmly, "It was fun. Jirou and Shinso had been lovely company."

Midoriya nodded, "That's great. I'm sorry I wasn't able to go today."

She shook her head, "It's fine. You've been blessed with an extraordinary opportunity after all."

He straightened with a selection of clothing, "We should be able to visit some of island's open attractions tomorrow."

"Why don't you take Jirou out to those?"

The young inventor blinked, "H-Huh?"

Inko brought her hands together, "There's a spa here, and I plan on attending tomorrow."

Midoriya slowly nodded, "Oh, okay." He gestured with the clothes in his hands, "Well, I'm going to take a shower and then we're heading out for dinner."

His mother nodded as he left for the bathroom. She took a relaxed breath as she leaned into the luxury bed. She blinked for a moment, "I don't have to cook dinner…" She closed her eyes and let out a wistful sigh.

The Midoriyas stood silently in the descending elevator. Their clothing was casual but did have an air of formality around them. A bell dinged before the doors slid open and the pair exited to find the rest of their group. Jirou, Shinso, and Hatsume stood with Asuka and Masami in the lobby.

Masami grinned, "Ah, the last ones are here." He chuckled before gesturing for them to leave, "Shall we?" The group didn't truly respond, but instead simply followed after them as they left.

Midoriya matched his pace with Jirou, "Hey."
She smiled warmly at him, "Hey yourself. Have fun with your geek party?"

He nodded, "A lot, actually."

Jirou feigned a pout, "Eh?" She turned to him slightly, raising a brow, "Having fun without me?"

He blinked, letting out a confused noise. He stuttered out, "W-Well, I… I… Uh… Uh…" is malfunctioning.

She giggled, "Calm down." She nudged his shoulder, "I'm just yanking your chain."

The Quirkless inventor chuckled awkwardly, "Ah…" He took a breath, "W-Well, tomorrow, I should be able to be with you."

Masami shouted from the head of the pack, "After some meet and greeting!"

Midoriya blinked, nodding dumbly, "After some meet and greeting…"

Hatsume then interjected, "And a test flight!"

He stumbled, "A-And… And a test flight, b-but after that, all yours."

Jirou tucked her hands behind her back, blushing slightly, "Good."

Shinso gave the pair a side glance, "Having fun flirting?"

Midoriya blushed, looking off to the side, "A-Ah."

Jirou's jacks hovered dangerously, "S-Shut it."

The purple-haired teen smirked as he slowed his pace to move behind the pair. Jirou and Midoriya sighed before sharing a look and falling into a bout of laughter.

Masami looked over his shoulder at the pair before turning to Asuka, "Teenagers."

She let out a small laugh and nodded in agreement before looking ahead.

Hatsume looked over her shoulder, "Midoriya, did you grab your notebook?"

He pulled the singed, rolled-up notebook, " Yep!"

Jirou added matter-of-factly, "It's been a while since I've seen the stalker notebook."

Those who weren't in on this joke questioned it, "Stalker notebook?"

Midoriya quickly dismissed it, "It's n-nothing…" He grumbled at his girlfriend, "Stop causing unnecessary confusion."

She waved her hand, "People should be aware."

He sighed, "You're the worst."

Jirou poked him with one of her jacks, "We'll have an intervention later."

Midoriya turned to her, "Don't you dare."
Hey-hey, so I've done it too many times over when it comes to detailing my personal life in these notes. I'm sure that there are those who are tired of hearing about my personal baggage. I will not go into the details, but, for those who'll worry, there's nothing absolutely horrible happening. The reason I bring it up is that I'm moving and this move is an unstable one. Meaning that my posting schedule may be disrupted and that I might be late or unable to post the next following dues. I'll leave it at that.

Thank you for reading and criticize away!

Howdy, Archive! This is PolarKarma (used to be GeronimoDeadman) cross-posting the continuing story of this Quirkless Hero's story. I will be posting the chapters in bulk until the chapters reach the same number of chapters as Fanfiction.net's posting. "XXX" = A transfer of perspective and/or time in a way. Shifting from Midoriya's, Jirou's or a general third-person perspective. "-X-" = A minor transfer change to show scenes happening at the same time as the current passage. "_" | The big line = A shift in time without leaving the current perspective. "X|X|X" = A large transfer of time or, when emboldened, it's a me, Geronimo. "Say Geronimo!" = Standard Dialogue. "Say Geronimo...!" (Pretend this is italicized) = Thoughts. (If an entire passage is like this with ", then it is a past event.) "Say Geronimo!" (Pretend this is bolded) = Super Moves or Special Actions.

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