A fraudulent claim to immortality

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/16131614.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Rating:</th>
<th>Teen And Up Audiences</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Archive Warning:</td>
<td>Graphic Depictions Of Violence</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Category:</td>
<td>F/M</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fandom:</td>
<td>僕のヒーローアカデミア</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Relationship:</td>
<td>Midoriya Inko/Yagi Toshinori</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Character:</td>
<td>Class 1-A, Aizawa Shouta</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Additional Tags:</td>
<td>Not Canon Compliant, BAMF Midoriya Izuku, Midoriya Izuku Has a Quirk, Vigilante Midoriya Izuku, Midoriya Izuku Has One for All Quirk, Midoriya Izuku is a badass, Scars lots and lots of scars, Suicide, Suicide Attempt, Implied/Referenced Suicide, Light Angst, Heavy Angst, Dialogue Heavy, Good Parent Midoriya Inko, BAMF Midoriya Inko, Midoriya Inkos A+ Parenting, Manga &amp; Anime, Midoriya Izuku Has Multiple Quirks, But only two. Though that’s still multiple quirks, Parental Yagi Toshinori</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Series:</td>
<td>Part 1 of I'm horrid to Izuku Midoriya</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stats:</td>
<td>Published: 2018-10-24 Updated: 2019-09-09 Chapters: 59/? Words: 164321</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

A fraudulent claim to immortality

by FanFiction_Artist_Prototype
When you have a quirk like Midoriya Izuku’s you learn a lot of things.

You learn that that glint in that man’s pocket isn’t a phone. It’s a knife.
You learn that the way the woman across the street is watching the traffic means only one thing.
You learn the difference between a lethal attack and a desperate one.

You also learn that the shivers you get randomly aren’t breezes - that’s a ghost.
The whispering wind is just that
- whispering.
Those shadowy figures in the corners of your eyes, if approached correctly can turn out to be people
- people that have been dead for years but still people nonetheless.
Izuku doesn’t like to admit it, but it gets to him. The bullying he means. It’s been going on since they were six, and he thought it would stop when they were six. They were small children, who didn’t understand the consequences their actions and words caused.

It began again after summer when they were seven, he figured they’d stop when they were seven. There was a new kid in class after all, fresh meat. They’d forget about him... They don’t. When they were eight he figured they have to stop before the end of the year. Teachers were starting to notice the small years and the not so hidden exclusion they were enforcing on him. The teachers don’t notice, the continue.

Nine. Nine years of age and three years of bullying. They have to stop now. It’s getting ridiculous. Though, he probably causes most of the incidents now anyway. He’s just so used to being pushed around that he can’t stand other people being the punching bag. They won’t let up on him, so he might as well make himself useful. Nobody notices, nobody does anything. It continues.

Ten. just a little under two years and he’d be able to go to a new school. A school away from Bakugo and his other tormentors. That’s the sad thing, he doesn’t know the other tormentors by name. They’ve done nothing in his life but cause misery, Bakugo though - the one he used to call Kacchan and the one who used to be his best friend- he was there before that. That’s the only reason he knows his name.

Twelve. One year, one year left then he can go to a Junior High that he knows nobody else will go to. He’s thought about it, long and hard. He’ll go to the worst school in the ward, non of his classmates will follow. He’s always been compared to dirt, to trash to being deku. Maybe if he goes in a class with the shittiest of them all he can get away from it all. It doesn’t happen and his first year of Junior High starts off with Bakugo getting everybody against him.

Thirteen. That’s when he does it. For the first time.

It wasn’t that hard to get a gun, if you knew where to look. Izuku went to a school with crafty people, people who knew where to look. He may of been Deku, but he was still wallflower Deku. Quiet and listening. He didn’t have much trouble.

Of course, the old man behind the counter gave him a sceptical look, but his expression (whether it was the conviction in his eyes, the grinding of his teeth or the culmination of years worth of stress piled into his eye bags) finally sways him. He buys the gun two bullets and heads off home, making sure his mother isn’t home. He writes a note. Telling her what’s gone on, telling his teachers that he doesn’t blame them - they didn’t know, telling Bakugo that he’s sorry he was so worthless that it made him hate him. And that’s when he grabs the gun.

He was originally sitting on his bed, but he soon finds himself on the floor back pressing as far into the wall as possible. His hands are shaking, looking at the gun. Was he really going to do this? Why? Why was he doing this?

And then, a voice answers back Why were they wasting time on you? He doesn’t know how to answer that, because the voice sounds so much like his own- only nastier.
Why did she ever encourage you?

What made you think you could be a hero?

Why are you burdening everybody?

He knows the voice is his own, but he doesn’t really know where these thoughts are coming from. He hasn’t ever felt like that, he’s felt like dying for a long time, to get it to end not because he thinks he’s a burden. Or because he thinks he’s wasting people’s time and energy, but now that the voice puts it out there he realises what it’s saying is true.

He wants to be a hero, but he can’t be a hero.

He’s quirkless.

He’s hurting his mother by pursuing a hopeless dream and ruining what little life he had by acting like he could really do it.

What had made him think he could do that?

What pretentious thought had made him think of himself so high and mighty?

He was Midoriya Izuku, Deku. Quirkless Deku.

Worthless.

That’s what he was known as. Most people didn’t need to know his name was Izuku, because they were calling by what he was.

Deku.

Worthless, worthless Deku Midoriya.

Hands not so shaky this time he picks up the gun and puts it in his mouth, he’d researched enough villains and heroes to know that when villains did something like this the person always died. He doesn’t even notice the sound of the front door opening, or his mother’s footsteps and voice. All he can focus on is the feeling of his hands around the gun as he swallows and breathes out for what he can only believe is the last time.

He pulls the trigger just as his mother opens his door. Her smile drops and that’s the last he sees before his world goes dark. He knows he’s never going to forget that image now, the look of horror and guilt as his mother saw him do it. He didn’t want her to be there. And yet she was, this will stay with him throughout whatever comes next.

He isn’t too sure what he expects death to be like, maybe cold, maybe unbearably hot, maybe silent or full of noise. He doesn’t expect what he finds.

It’s just like in a video game. There are two words hovering in front of him.

Continue from last check point

and

End
Of course there’s also the peculiar hovering number to the side with ‘WTL pt’ above it. A screen pops up and he flinches. No... that can’t be turn right? On the strange screen is his last moments replaying on loop but from a third party perspective, he can hear his mother’s wail as she realises what’s happened. A counter appears and he doesn’t think about pressing End instead his hand doesn’t hesitate to smash down the Continue from last save point.

In the next second Izuku feels his eyes flash open, he lurches forward and tries to breath while starting to choke at the same time. His mother rushes forward, seemingly putting aside her disbelief to help him, and manages to coax him into cough up what has to be his lungs and a lead bullet. He’s not kidding either. When he finally can breath again it’s after he’s spat out a crumpled lead bullet and a whole ton of blood that can no be healthy even considering the circumstances onto his bedroom floor. He’s glad they don’t have carpets.

**Thirteen**

He was thirteen the first time he tried to kill himself and he finds out what his quirk is. They run tests, find out that his heart is beating at the same rate that of somebody on the brink of deaths would, and that somehow his pulse rate is no longer there. His breathing is fine though, but unfortunately when they take a look in his mouth they find a wicked scar on the roof of his mouth and the very back of his throat.

They can only theorise that that’s part of his quirk. He can come back, but it leaves a scar in place of the injury. His mother also informs them that when he shot up a small yellow light rippled away from him.

Its sick, twisted and totally inhuman but they make him repeat his actions just to video record the response. The wave, whatever it is, messes up equipment but makes things like heart monitors turn on and causes computers to shut down.

They decide to call it The Unkillable quirk. He doesn’t mention how his WTL pt had wavered after his initial death slightly and shot up after his second death.

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He had meant to get rid of the note before his mother finds it, but it seemed his luck didn’t stretch far enough.

His mother’s tears start to fall and he feels useless all over again, because why did he do that? He’s only hurt her more than she already was. How selfish was he? His mother was just starting to recover from his Dad’s death and he goes and does something like this?

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His quirk is useless, he decided that a week into knowing what it is. It doesn’t change anything, it doesn’t make anything different. All it does is let him know that Kacchan can get as violent as he likes and it won’t matter. He hates that. Because yet again, it makes sense. He’s Deku why would he have something that’s relatively useful? The universe hates him, not that he’s going to start whining about it, so why would it give him a useful quirk. He would of been more content with not having a quirk. At least then he could be like somebody else, but no. He’s got this sick fucked up quirk.

Thinking about it, it’s almost like everything was planned wasn’t it? He didn’t want to live anymore, so the universe made him unable to die. He doesn’t know the limitations of his quirk, he doesn’t really want to know. The doctors do though. They want to know whether he can come back from only non natural things or if there’s a chance he can come back from somewhat natural things,
dehydration, starvation. They want to use him like a guinea pig and see if he’ll die or not.

Its messed up, but what else will his quirk be good for other than making him a new test subject. Hopefully if he does this than the next unfortunate soul to get this damn curse of a quirk won’t have to. That’s what’s going through his head as he stares down at the pills on the table in front of him. Tests started today.

Test number one. Overdose.

He takes the pills in his hand, why isn’t he shaking? Taking the glass of water in the other he puts the pills in his mouth before drinking the water and swallowing the pills.

There’s no immediate effect, aside from the itching feeling under his skin, but soon he feels like he can’t breath, his eyes won’t focus and his stomach is churning and his blood is boiling. His eyes close.

When they open again he’s in the black room and the signs are in front of him. Continue or End. The little sign in the corner WTL pts, hasn’t changed from last time, when they checked the wave, but it’s still down from the first time. He’s been trying to figure out what it means. His eyes flicker to the screen showing the third party showing of his death, it’s horrid what he’s looking at. He pulls his eyes away quickly, going back to the WTL pts.

He thinks it stands for something like Will To Live or something along those lines. Pressing the continue button he sees the points rise ever so slightly, before he closes his eyes and he’s once again opening them in the blank white hospital room, but this time he’s coughing, and the pills drop to the floor, covered in blood - the same blood that’s dripping from his lips now.

He stares at that, the room’s white except for his blood. That should be an indication of what life’s going to be like now he guesses. The doctors walk in when he’s sat up properly, giving him a glass of water and taking him to get some sort of test done. He’s never been in hospitals that much so he’s surprised to hear they can get tests done where they can get a 3D model of your insides. He has five new scars on his stomach lining, one for where each pill touched before they took effect. He knows, he’s going to be some sort of disfigured and scarred monstrosity by the time he becomes an adult.

Izuku isn’t proud of many things, he’s not been given the chance to be proud of anything really, but one thing in particular that makes him feel proud is when he’s standing in an alleyway making sure that the little frightened girl behind him doesn’t get hurt.

She’s shaking like a wet leaf on a January morning and her cries are ringing in Izuku’s ears. That, and the blood. There’s lots of blood rushing through his ears, there’s always blood in situations like this. He’s never too sure who’s blood is who’s. There’s often not enough time to look or care.

This little girl can’t be more than six, dirty and matted black hair with tear swollen brown eyes that don’t match the face a young child should make. They look deep into the soul and it makes you wonder what she’s seen. But that doesn’t matter to Izuku.

What matters is, she was running down the street in that tattered nightgown that’s sodden by the rain at this point bawling her eyes out - calling for help that nobody seemed to be giving. So he gave it to her, and she’d latched onto him, told him that the bad man (the man in front of him he assumes) hurt her and took her from her mother. And low and behold the scumbag turned up declaring himself to be her father... or was it her uncle? He couldn’t really remember at this point, just some Male family
member. He’s taken one too many punches to care which one.

Her cries ring once again as the bastard does something weird with his coat, almost like he’s rearranging it to make it look neater. But that’s when Izuku spots the sheen and he knows. He knows what that means. It’s been far too long since he was part on the naive that assumed it was a phone. He doesn’t know who he’s using it on though.

The man pulls out the knife and he wipes the blood away from his eye and dodges precariously, hoping to dear god that the crazy man isn’t aiming for the little girl.

Unfortunately he is and Izuku can hear her scream as the man who hurt her gets closer. He doubts she’s even acknowledged he has a knife or that he’s about to stab her. The noise she makes isn’t panicked enough for that.

No, this is full on horror. The man she’s so scared of is so close and she’s so scared that he’s going to touch her and do whatever unimaginable things he did to her all over again. Izuku doesn’t let that happen.

Before he knows what his feet are thinking he’s covering her body with his, arms holding her as far from the knife that’s sticking through him as possible. She’s wide eyed and even more horror stricken than before, but when Izuku meets her eyes he smiles, which makes her confused. “Give me a moment okay?” She nods, scared. Why does she have to be scared? She’s a little girl. She shouldn’t be scared right now, she should be with her mother playing, reading and doing something other than being scared.

He feels his eyes go dark, like usual. The pain subsides and as always he waits. Waits for the screen to pop up, the vicious recap to be shown and his two choices. He checks on his WTL pt meter to find it low. Seems the happy thoughts just don’t come so easily anymore. Hard to think of reasons to live when most of your actions involve nearly dying to help people. Would help if the bullying also stopped, he might be in a safer mindset where having to kill himself every now and then wouldn’t feel so normal, he might feel odd and out of it, not taking it in his stride and bottling up everything.

One could imagine, a happy and cheerful Midoriya Izuku whose life wasn’t dread filled and morbid. One could imagine.

The options pop up and he doesn’t think, just locks his eyes on the WTL pt meter and smiles in satisfaction that it moves up. He had a will to live, he just doesn’t have much. A year ago maybe, he had tons to spare. Now, now the bullying is worse, now it’s more violent and he’s stressed enough to feel like shit all over again. But when he thinks of the little girl who’s crying, who’s scared... who’s currently been left alone with that man, the meter rises up considerably, enough to come back twice today. Because he’s not living for himself, he’s living to help that little girl.

So he slams his hand on the correct button. And gasps for air when he feels the familiar shockwave go off. The little girl is still against the wall, she doesn’t look too injured. The man however must of been standing over her because from where his body had been discarded to the side, the shockwave has managed to knock him off his feet.

He doesn’t like to be smug, his bullies are smug and he’s nothing like them, but he does feel slight pride when he sees the gaping look the scumbag sends him.

Getting to his feet first, the shocked man trembles. It’s to be expected. His clothes have got a hole where the knife went through, and there’s blood on him but there he is, standing upright as if nothing ever happened despite the fact he was just stabbed in the heart. Shock is expected.

”Get away from her.” Terrified now, the man drops the knife and moves away. He tries to escape but
he’s trembling and tripping and Izuku is quicker on his feet anyway. He grabs him by the back of his shirt and keeps him there as he pulls out his phone. He rings the number, gives his name and the operator sighs, they know him by now. She promises an ambulance and the police. They arrive a few minutes later and in that time the guys peed himself and the little girl has managed to stop crying when she realises that he can’t hurt her anymore.

When the police do arrive, the man is handcuffed and the officer in charge looks Izuku over, noticing the opening in his clothes and blood but lack of a wound and raises an eyebrow before an officer Izuku knows well by now tells him not to worry about it. He’s taken to the ambulance and they check him over, it seems all paramedics have been told about the boy with wild green hair and mysterious scars, they say he’s okay to go home and that his new friend is fine and just got the okay.

He asks if he can see her, and when he does they hug - she cries again. But that’s okay, but it’s in happiness this time.

When he goes home that night, his mother sighs seeing the new scar but pats his head and hurries off to get dinner ready. There’s not much else she can do.

"Midoriya’s such a freak! He doesn’t even get changed in front of the other guys, what the hells wrong with him?"

"From what I heard he’s also been caught speaking to the air, he’s a proper freak."

"I always feel uneasy around him, he always seems like he’s two seconds away from snapping or something."

He ignores them, there isn’t much he can do in this situation. The teachers don’t let him get changed with the others, they know about his quirk and his scars and think it would scare the other boys if they saw them. He isn’t speaking to the air, he’s just died enough to be stuck somewhere between the living and the dead - he can see people on both sides of the veil. He’s not about to snap, not in the way they think at least; it won’t stop them though. They’ll stay uneasy and standoffish and nothing will change.

He’s currently in PE, running is on the agenda today. He always lags behind. He doesn’t want them to think he can keep up, if he stays behind them they won’t mistake it for him upstaging them. Of course, they take their frustration out on him whether he’s given them a reason to or not. So his efforts are useless really.

But that’s besides the point, he’s got his jacket on despite the blazing sun and he’s regretting it. By this point he should be used to overheating, since he turned eleven he’s had to wear stuff that covers his arms at all times. Something about numerous scars on a child’s arms seem to rub people the wrong way.

They’re on what? The sixth lap so far? And people are already starting to drop out of the pack, this is about endurance and most people don’t take that into account when they make a mad dash for the first hundred meters. He can probably get to ten laps before he’s going to start thinking of dropping his pace, he’s used to long endurance activities (fights, missing the bus, running away from bullies) but running has never been his forte. Honestly, if he wasn’t considering UA he would of been the first to drop out. UA isn’t just for heroics, it’s also got other courses - Support, General Studies and Business - and his quirk isn’t suited to the heroic course so he’s got to work extra hard to get into one of the other ones.

He can feel the eyes that are following him from the sidelines, but he makes sure he’s deaf to the
words that follow. He’s doing this for himself, not for them. They don’t want him, he’s had that message ingrained in him for years. He thought coming to the shittiest junior high school in the ward would put a stop to the bullying, he’d get away from his old tormentors and make a new image for himself. But no, the universe has to throw a spanner in the works and fucking Bakugo Katsuki happens to come to the same junior high as himself despite getting the highest scores in their final year, saying that, Izuku got second highest and he’s there as well.

Lap ten comes around and he drops out, he’s starting to seriously over heat now and he’s not ready to be sent to the nurses office unconscious by one of his classmates. They wouldn’t even take him to the office probably. He hates today. PE is always last lesson on Wednesday, and their teacher always makes them stay for half an hour later than school hours last. It’s something Izuku’s learnt to get used to, but not everybody has. That much is indicated by the way that a bunch of them are crowding around the fence looking far too longingly out at the busy street behind the school.

He sees a familiar flicker of movement in the corner of his eye and mumbles under his breath before slumping down next to the shade of the tree close to the group of students by the fence. He’s close enough for the teacher to not single him out but far enough that they won’t hear what he has to say.

“What are you doing here?” The translucent man sits down next to him, though he still hovers a centimetre or two above the ground. Mr.Kurodon is lovely and all, but it’s a bit uneasy having a dead man show up when you’re tired. The elderly figure just sits next to him, watching the other students run.

"Just came to check up on you. You didn’t stop by this week.” That’s right, he couldn’t make it because he had so much homework. That and his mother pointed out that he needed to stop spending so much time around dead people.

His mother understands his condition, hell when he first came up to her and said he saw their elderly neighbour who had died six months prior she’d driven him to the hospital, two months later and bada bing bada boom apparently he can communicate with ghosts.

“I’m fine, I couldn’t make it because of homework and because I was told to spend more time around living people...” he lets the words hang in the air, a lot of his ghostly friends have communicated with his mother, through levitating pen and paper and some of the younger ones through writing in flour they’ve dropped on the kitchen floor.

Mr.Kurodon has spoken with his mother a few times, and he knows her standing on the matter. He can speak and help the ghosts and they can even come back to the house and haunt the place as long as he keeps up reasonable contact with people of the living, breathing pulse owning variety. (He doesn’t get that one though, he has no pulse and his breathing rate is lower than an average person so he’s not so living himself.)

"Ah... that’s not working out for you so well is it lad? You know when I was your age we had non of this quirk business, the most you argued about was whether the big bully could knock you out or not.” He half listens to the ghost, what the old man has to say is interesting sure, but he’s also distracted by what’s going on at the fence. The kids are getting a bit rowdier and as usual, the teachers ignoring them in favour of cheering Bakugo on.

Izuku wouldn’t normally get involved but he knows something about the situation is forcing him to pick up on it. And then, as if by magic it clicks. He recognises that voice. A voice in his head speaks up, Bastards it says. That’s the little girl, Hizashi, from last weekend. Quickly before he can even think of what he’s doing, he’s leaving Mr.Kurodon behind and he’s making his way over to the crowd of teens who are picking on the little girl with not so matted black hair and the beginnings of tear swollen brown eyes, eyes that still don’t match the face of a little child.
"Hey!" He doesn’t normally speak up, his sole purpose half the time is to not draw attention to himself, so his loud voice makes the crowd disperse enough for him to get a clear view of Hizashi. She’s got tears pricking the corners of her eyes and a wobbly chin that all little kids get when they’re upset. She’s still got the bandages wrapped around her head from the cut she got when he was ‘unconscious’.

"Big Brother Izuku!" The little girls eyes light up upon seeing him and he hears murmurs start. Once the words leave her mouth. Her chin stops wobbling and instead stills as a face splitting smile appears. He sighs, not in exasperation but just in that way that you have to when you realise somethings going to backfire soon.

The students who had been crowded before have left a wide breath as he crouches in front of the fence, asking her why she’s here and where her mother is. She tells him her mother went to the shop across the street (its true because he can see her in the window from here) and they saw him running so because she could still see her, Hizashi was allowed to stay and watch. Izuku has to wonder about the parenting, because surely this was how he ended up in the situation last weekend but he doesn’t comment anything as Mrs.Megami crosses the street and waves and says hello.

They say goodbye and the pair are on their way, thankfully they’re out of ear shot when the other kids start.

“She must be a weirdo just like you Midoriya if she thinks of you like her brother.” One boy snarls.

“You made us stop, just so you could say hi to that brat?” That one sneers and it makes his ugly face ten times worse.

“She’s That kid from last weekend right? Pfh, I don’t get why they helped her, she’s obviously just another shitty freak isn’t s-!”?

It’s then that he snaps. The prick doesn’t even get to finish his sentence and he’s already thrown a punch. How dare he say that? That’s a little six year old girl, who was kidnapped, beaten and nearly raped by a man nearly five times her age. What gives him the right to say something like that? He shouts all that as he throws punches. The boy fights back, but Izuku’s been getting into fights with guys bigger and stronger than him since he was eleven. He’s dragged off eventually by the PE teacher. The other kid has a broken nose and a black eye, he has slight bruising and bloody knuckles.

Neither of them get in trouble. He reckons it’s because the teacher confirmed what the kid said, the mother was probably too embarrassed to request punishments be made and the school know of his involvement with the little girl and put it down to self defence. They’ve acknowledge it was one of his bullies and on this occasion they’re willing to blur the lines a little.

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Class is horrendous. Everybody’s forgotten about his fight, but they haven’t forgotten about the fact that he did snap, because like they said, one second he was just stood there with a blank look and the next he was trying to beat a kids face in. They know he’s done it, they just can’t be bothered to remember the facts.

They still chat about him staring at nothing or talking to thin air, but again he ignores them like always. They’d find it hard to not answer the somewhat corporal being beside them if they sometimes forgot how to distinguish between the vails.

That’s the main one of two major drawbacks of his quirk: he’s stuck between the vail of the living and the dead. Able to see, touch and communicate with both sides but never truly in one or the other.
Today, has been better than others. No body has made any effort to acknowledge him bar the teachers, so teasing has been at a minimum and aside from Bakugo blowing up his lunch again it’s been an incident free day. The dinner lady gave him a free lunch afterwards anyway, she saw what happened and took pity. So all in all, it’s been quiet and despite a small hiccup he’s still eating properly.

He hates last lesson, it’s always noisy and rowdy and nobody wants to stay out and listen drawing the boring class on longer than it needs to be. Today’s last lesson is just homeroom, or as his mother calls it ‘a barley disguised free hour for the teachers in which they still get paid.’ But because it’s homeroom that means he has to sit close to Bakugo.

Its strange, irrational even when he really puts some thought into it. He can’t die, if he decides he wants to live, he will. As long as he has some form of motivation that can be transferred into WTL pts, he can come back. But Bakugo, somebody that he knows wants to be a hero, is just scary to him. He just bottles up when he sees him. He’s died who knows how many times and yet Bakugo will remain his worst fear.

Because he can understand a situation in which he’s going to die, he can understand the veil of living and dead, he can understand how to read if a person is dangerous or if that woman is going to step in front of that approaching bus or if she’s transfixed on a sign across the street... but for the life (and numerous deaths) of him, he can not figure out Bakugo Katsuki. He can predict his every move in a fight, but he still can’t predict what he’ll do when there isn’t an audience.

A memory they both swore to never mention again comes to mind, but he tucks that away for another time.

The teachers talking about something, he’s zoned out slightly, more focused on the sheer amount of semi corporal beings in the room (the ghosts don’t like to be called ghosts so he has to get creative with the names sometimes), unnervingly there’s about twenty of them, fifteen being around his age and the other five being teachers. He knows every single one of them from newspaper reports. It’s the shittiest school in the ward for a reason.

The kids his age are hovering by their old desks, six of them are surrounding him, his seat must have bad luck. On the first day of their third year he noticed one ghost used to hover by Bakugo’s desk, his aura apparently scared them off because they now reside on the other side of the room.

The spirits are gossiping about anything and everything. He only really starts to pay attention when the teacher is throwing leaflets in the air and Izuku realises he probably just missed rather important information. The shouting continues and he decides to finally start listening.

"Yes, you all have wonderful quirks. But you know that it’s against the rules to use them in school!” Bar me he finds himself thinking. He’d had to have a quirk usage license for the past year and a half now.

"Sensei! Don’t lump me in with these losers!” A familiar blond’s voice shouts over the ruckus of the class, it’s usual condescending tone thickening it, “As if I had anything like their crappy quirks. Heh.”

As Izuku, and probably Katsuki, expects the class goes into an uproar once again but this time it’s out of anger not childish excitement. “Get over yourself Katsuki!” , “What makes you so special huh!?” , “Say that to my face!”

By that point, he feels like slamming his head into his desk but stops himself when he hears their teacher. “Ah, Bakugo... You, of course must be aiming for U.A. High School.” The words alone haunt the class, the red eyes filled with determination glare them all down. Of course it's on, y a few
seconds before the class is screaming about how hard it is to get into U.A. - Izuku’s beginning to spot a trend between when Katsuki and his quirk are involved and when his class start squawking a load of nonsense.

He’s pulled from his musing by the thump of his childhood friends feet hitting the table as he stands on top of it.

“Ah, the stupid chattering of extras! I aced the mock exam!!” So did I “I’m the only one here with the stuff for U.A.! I’ll even surpass All Might and become the best hero out there!” Because that’s going so well for Endeavour right now isn’t it? “Not to mention I’ll be one of the richest people in the world!!” Classic Katsuki Self-Serving Bakugo.

“Oh. You’re also going for U.A. aren’t you, Midoriya?” He’s glad in that instance for his quirk, because as he lets his head hit the desk out of defeat he can practically hear the blonds ego cracking.

He only bothers to look up when everybody begins to laugh, “Huh!? Midoriya!? No way!?” He’s not sure if that’s disbelief or an insulting tone. “Good grades alone can’t get you into the hero program!” There are like three or four programs in all at U.A. ...

He's well aware of his negative reputation and desires to just screw any chances of him getting a good one back by standing up and defending himself. If they want to think he doesn’t have a quirk, then let them. “Th-that’s not necessarily true! Sure there’s no precedent but...” he trails off as he sees Katsuki’s palm slam down on his desk explosion going off on the, thankfully empty, table.

"Come on, Deku!! Forget the crappy quirks. You're totally quirkless.” They both know that’s a lie, and he can just see it in those red eyes that Bakugo Katsuki is challenging him to say he’s wrong, “And you think you can rub shoulders with me?!”

The eyes go from challenging to just plain angry and Izuku finds that the hurried gestures from the ghosts in the room are motioning for him to try and backpedal the conversation. And fast. “Wa... Wait, no, Kacchan. I wasn’t... saying I could compete with you! Not at all! I mean it.” Soothing the explosive boys ego always worked when they were kids, but it’s been so long since he’d done it that it only seems to anger him more. Great, he seethe to himself in his mind, he probably thinks I’m being sarcastic.

Sympathy might work? “It’s just...been my dream. Since I was little. And well...” he wants to continue with you know this or maybe even we promised we’d be heroes together but he knows it’s useless so he continues to try and gain some form of sympathy. The ghosts muttering to themselves while giving him Sorry looks are really not making him feel better either, “There’s no harm in trying...”

Those words are what tips the class over the edge and all the condescending attitudes boil over and explode into laughter once again as Katsuki’s rage is once again unleashed upon him. He blanks it all out, finding the eyes of the only living person in the room not laughing at him, finding it to be the boy he beat up the other day. The boys staring at him, confused as to why he’s backing down, why he isn’t standing up for himself.

But it’s different now. He doesn’t have a cause to fight for now. He’s not defending anybody’s honour. He’s just doing the teenager equivalent of pushing papers until he can move onto bigger and better things. And if that means letting everybody think they have the upper hand, well, so be it.
Oh by the way, before anybody comments about the jacket thing.
Yes, Izuku has had scars on his arms since he was eleven. It’s not going to be revealed just yet though.
Why?

Because I’m here!
The events leading up to this are sketchy but.

The day had grown worse since he’d resigned himself. His journal was blown up, he’d actually been pushed down the stairs by some of Katuski’s groupies, he’d been told to jump off of the roof and his old phone had been crushed in the landing at the bottom of the stairs, so he couldn’t even call his mother to come and pick him up.

Some of the ghosts in the classrooms had come to check on him, giving him their apologies for not being able to do anything and offering him advice about what to do before they’d gotten stuck at the school gate unable to leave. It had been nice and good advice but he had a suspiciou they hadn’t followed their own advice when they were alive.

Feeling in more of a slump than usual, he took the shortcut to his house - through the under bypass tunnel- needing nothing more than to just collapse on his bed and contemplate why he had such a sucky quirk. Again.

GIoOoP...

"hah...hah... A medium-sized body... to hide in..."

Before he could process what was happening he felt a warm gloop surrounding him and trying to smother him, some of the weird texture getting into his mouth and up his nose blocking his airways.

On instinct he fought to get away. “Don’t worry. I’m just hijacking your body. Calm down. It’ll only hurt for about 45 seconds... then it’ll be all over.” He knew exactly what the slime meant by all over, he was going to use him as a human sack bag. Scared and slightly crooked fingers came up to his face, beginning to claw at the fluid asphyxiating him. “I’m saved. You’re a real hero. I never thought HE’D turn up in this town.” He managed to get his nose free for a second letting out a weird noise before he was once again covered up. “No point in trying that. I’m fluid, you see!!”

He couldn’t do anything, and so he let his hands fall to the side, the explosive waves that happened after his quirk happened would probably blow the hoop off of him anyway. Stopping his fighting, his eyes flitted to his journal that had fallen open, quite ironically for the situation, on his sketched out hero costume. No tears pricked at his eyes as anybody else’s would. No, he didn’t have to fear about not being able to achieve his dream - at least not in the way of not actually being alive to complete it- he just had to let the darkness consume him.

The clatter of metal hitting concrete snaps what little concentration he has left to the shadowy figure in the corner of his eye. For a few seconds he thinks it’s maybe one of the local ghosts he usually talks to coming to see him off, but a loud and well known voice corrects him. “Fear not, kid!! I am here!”

He recognises the hero’s voice and feels himself get slightly giddy (off of the lack of oxygen or the next two words he isn’t sure) before the hero lets out a battle cry, “TEXAS SMASH!!” The slime is knocked away from him, as well as all the surrounding air and he quickly catches a glimpse of the blond hero before finally passing out due to lack of oxygen.

He feels something hitting his face and out of instinct, the first thing he does is twist the wrist of whoever’s hitting him. However he stops immediately when his eyes unblur and he realises he’s
twisting the wrist of the number one hero. A hero who’s whole arm is turning with the hold and actually looks quite worried right now.

Of course, the first thing he does is let go of the hero’s wrist, and of course the first thing that’s said to him is, “OW!” Which is a surprise because he really shouldn’t of been causing the All Might to feel any form of pain. But accidents happen? And maybe he’d hurt his wrist in the fight and he was just aggravating it.

”Sorry! I’m so sorry!”

"You have an awfully strong grip young man! I had better get going though!”

He scrambles to sit up and is about to ask a question when the hero has already taken off. “Damn... I had better get home, maybe ask if I can visit doctor Akabane... I might have scaring on my lungs again.”

So, grabbing his stuff and noticing the All Might signature in his book he heads home.

-"-

He hadn’t meant to end up in the escaped sludge monster’s path, but that didn’t matter did it? Because right now he was the only thing with a pulse between the sludge creature and Bakugo Katuski.

The ‘man’ made of goo looms above them and he can hear Bakugo’s explosions and feel the heat from them, the blond boy’s friends are scrambling back, as evident from the sound of the metal bins hitting the floor.

"Look who we have here?? My first little meat sack... ready for a second round? No big hero to save you this time??"

He’s never felt agitated like this when not away from a group of people, and he isn’t too sure he wants his school mates to see what he’s really like - They’ve already seen him snap once they don’t need to see everything, but when the goop shoots out all his inhibitions go.

Before he’s registering his own actions his pocket knife is in his hand and he’s cut straight through the goop as it went past him, the severed bit flailing around on the floor.

“Don’t touch them.” He shifts his feet making his stance wider. It’s not too obvious, but to anybody that’s ever been in a proper fight it’s a clear sign that he’s ready to make a stand.

He flexes the knife in his hand and hears one of his classmates strangle out a very surprised, “Holy crap Midoriya has a knife!”, He’s surprised that anybody is still behind him, he would of thought even Katsuki would of been gone. The boy was aggressive and egotistical not suicidal - that’s his job.

Goop face looks between where his tendril is flopping around on the ground and to the stump he left and Izuku likes feels proud of the way the bulging eyes gain fear in them. The villain had thought he was defenceless, but he’s proved he isn’t. He’s a threat now, hopefully that makes Katsuki and his classmates less important.

”You have lots of guts kid! But you’re not worth my time, I want your buddy’s body and quirk and I’m gonna get it!”

It goes in slow motion as half of the villain is sent pinning him to the ground and he can only watch
in horror as the other half barrels into Katsuki’s face, stuffing itself down his throat and surrounding him, finally letting him go as it engulfs Katsuki completely, bear little tufts of blond hair and frantic red eyes.

”Kacchan!”

“I-I don’t want to! Don’t make me!”

He struggled against the vice grip on his wrist - he wasn’t strong enough to force it off. “Please!” He could feel tears falling down his face as he could only watch in abject terror as the metal came closer, it was always cold and then it was always so unbearably scorchingly hot.

”Shut up! It isn’t that bad!” The older boys grip tightened on his wrist as he burst out laughing. Red hair and red eyes haunted him as he made him hold the metal bar, forcing his clenched fingers open. He went to drop it when he felt another hand on his shoulder.

”Come on! You a baby or something? Everybody else does it! Besides, it’s never hurt you before!” He trembled, his eyes switching frantically from the bar in his hand to his shirt sleeves. “Go on! If you don’t, you can’t hang out with us anymore!”

His eyes snapped up, they’d never said that before! He didn’t have anybody, these were the only ones willing to spend time with him- he couldn’t lose that! “Okay I’ll... I’ll do it.” He tried to stop his tears - they already probably thought he was a loser. Gripping the metal tighter he was still terrified of it, feeling it in his hands sent nervous tremors to his heart and left his trying to grasp for breath.

”Get on with it DEKU!” Nodding slightly to himself he let the chill of it sink into his hands before bringing it up and slamming it back down, hearing the smashing of glass and once again feeling the unbearable scorching heat rush quickly towards his fingertips as the cheering surrounded him and calls of ‘me next!’ echoed in his ears.

Once again, he felt the beginning of tears prick at his eyes as the flames rushed forward.

Once the villain had gotten ahold of Katsuki everything had gone from bad to worse.

(As if his day hadn’t been bad enough already.)

In his fear and Adrenalin fuelled flailing his quirk activated, explosions sending heat and powerful rushes of air everywhere, the ferocity of it only amplified by the villains own quirk and limited control of the teenager. “Move! Move move!” Scrambling to his feet, he didn’t even notice the shocked looks or the rushed questions thrown at him as he forced his classmate south of the alleyway and out into the high street.

People gave them questioning looks, his knife most likely being the main reason, but the looks turned into mass panic as he shouted out to the crowd of people, “Villain!” If there was one thing that came out of a quirk filled society that was actually half way decent, it was that fact that you could always count on people to run away when the word villain was spoken and for proheroes to be immediately alerted.

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He wasn’t entirely too sure how it happened, but he did somewhat remember seeing Katsuki’s mouth above the green gloop that was suffocating him, and he kind of remembered running forward past the pros because they weren’t doing anything (like usual) and he kind of remembers Katsuki
shouting at him before a large rush of air knocked him out... Again.

That wasn’t entirely that important to him, Izuku just wished his mother would stop asking him questions as he lays there in a hospital bed while detective Tsukauchi is stood in the doorway with a skeletal man while wearing what he can only describe as the face of complete and utter dismay with a pinch of expectancy dropped in there.

“Hi Detective Tsukauchi! How are you today?” He can see the way the man slightly dies inside at his overly friendly speech. They are anything but on casual speaking terms. Sure, Tsukauchi has helped him a few times and he’s helped the detective as well but that doesn’t mean they were even acquaintances.

Or at least that’s how he likes to see it- he chooses to ignore the fact that Tsukauchi is so familiar with him that the lonely man comes over with his sister every Friday for dinner because that’s again not too important to him. “I see you’re doing your best to stay out of trouble Midoriya.” He can hear the tired smirk on the man’s words as he steps more into the room, shoving his hands into his trench coat pockets.

"It isn’t really my fault this time... Like seriously!” He adds it on quickly because Tsukauchi is clearly not convinced. “The guy jumped ME first on the way home from school,” he can see his mother’s face pales and realises that they maybe didn’t know that fact if the man’s eye twitching is anything to go by, “And then I didn’t know he’d be near Kacchan! I happened to pass by him on my way home... and then he appeared...” he trails off because he did promise to try and keep out of trouble and so telling them he pulled out a knife in front of his classmates and cut a villains arm? Hand? Off probably isn’t the best idea.

"Inko-san, could you leave me and my friend with Midoriya for a few minuets? You look stressed and my friend here has to ask a few questions that might distress you slightly. If you’re alright with it that is.” His mother is quick to nod, but quickly adds on that she’s only okay with it if he is. Agreeing to the request seconds later he finds himself in one of his least favourite situations. Interrogation. Or at least Tsukauchi’s version of it. “So, Midoriya this is my friend and partner of this assignment Toshinori Yagi.” The detective waved a hand over to the blond man who gave a nod, “He’s working on behalf of All Might and says that the slime villain incident involved the hero both times so he wants to make sure all the facts are correct."

"Cool.” He can only hope All Might didn’t tell his secatary about the wrist hold, because that would be so embarrassing. Though it would be cool to brag about. But then again who would believe him? They probably already thought he was a freak, now in the span of a week he's beaten a student up, shown that he does in fact carry a weapon in front of his classmates and appeared in a televised incident with All Might. He can just imagine the reactions now they’d totally-

“Midoriya-san? My boy are you alright?” The voice his thoughts had drowned out snaps him to reality. Not only does it sound familiar but those words and that tone... Looking closer he scrutinises this Toshinori. Blond hair with oldly cut bangs... black sclera and old shadowed facial features... Christ on a bike he’s surprised it took him so long when he finally realise who he’s looking at. This man wasn’t a secatary to All Might! He was All Might, but why would he want to know if he was there? Does Tsukauchi know? Why is he deflated and skeletal-

“Midoriya!”

"Huh?” Once again snapping out of his thoughts he looks over at the detective and the newly revealed All Might to see the pair giving him concerned looks.
"You were completely zoned out! We didn’t know if something was wrong we couldn’t get your attention.” While the detectives words are kind, they’re the last thing on his mind.

"Toshinori-san... If you’re All Might why are you asking about what happened?”

The reaction is close to what he expected but there’s a little bit more blood than he thought there would be. As soon as the two men had processed his words Toshinori did a spit take, but instead of his non-existant drink that came out it was a spray of blood, while Tsukauchi nearly fell off of the chair he’d situated himself on once his mother had left the room. The two are flapping around, squawking nonsense and he’s reminded slightly of his classmates earlier on in the day.
After the pair had calmed down, he’d actually been heavily interrogated and had turned round and told them how obvious it was if you’d been up and close with the number one.

"By the way Yagi-san, I’d like to apologise again for earlier...” he sees a humoured look enter the detectives eyes as he looked between the civilian form hero and him.

"Don’t tell me you attacked All Might Midoriya...” he looks between the two of them and Izuku notices that All Might is avoiding looking at their mutual friend in the eye as well, “Ha! He actually got you? What did you do to him kid, I’ve never seen him look so embarrassed.”

"I may of... twisted his wrist...” Tsukauchi motioned for him to go on, “And he said ow.”

A burst of laughter escaped as Tsukauchi looked over to an even more embarrassed All Might, “I told you about him as well! How did you even wind up in his grip?”

After a long winded and extremely humours explanation, an even more long winded and overzealous explanation of the current events to his mother and a check of his weapon license he’s actually allowed to leave the hospital - with three new vitamins and aclidinium in tow of course.

He’s sat in the living room, curled up on the couch with a blanket around him as his mother sits across from him reading a book. He can’t quite make out the title, probably because he’s still high on pain killers that they’d loaded him up on before releasing him from the hospital, but her little laughs that occasionally slip out show it’s enjoyable.

"Hey... Izuku, look at this.”

He lifts his head from his knees where he’d been drifting from consciousness to numb-apathy-land and skims over the line his mother is pointing to:

'And reality check, why do I even care in a room with gangsters and loaded guns? Still working on the priorities, I see, Greene.’

It isn’t even that funny, and it’s a little hard to understand with a numb mind seeing as it’s in English but he gets the gist of it. “That’s that book I got you last month right? The American girl in Japan? It’s called INK?”

His mother nods, before proceeding to go on a little spiel about the plot and how amazing it is, spoiling some parts for him he’s sure but he’s fine because while he’s drugged up, under a home-shock blanket and numb to everything listening to his mother ramble on about a book is honestly the most amazing thing in the world.

He honestly isn’t sure when his eyes drift closed but he finds himself in his room all too suddenly. He’s still so groggy from the previous events and he nearly screams when he sees a face mere centimetres from his own.
Mr Kurodon has no right being so terrifying. Absolutely no right, when he’s a little old man with kind wrinkles caused by years of smiling and being out in the sun too long planting and watering flowers when the island of Japan still had an emperor (according to the ghost). But still, the way his translucent body hovers over him, his eyes a void he resists the urge to scream and not do something like yell that exorcism charm he learnt a few years back.

As it turned out next door had a serious problem with a poltergeist and had heard about how he was the ‘local occult child’ and had called upon him. What had worried him more than his neighbours calling upon a twelve year old to perform an exorcism when there were plenty of priests and priestesses and monks to do it, was the fact that it was apparently a well known and honoured title to be known as ‘the local occult child’.

"Sorry Midoriya.” His voice is soft, but his features are furrowed, “I understand it’s early morning for you - but there’s somebody who needs your help.”

Glancing over at his clock on his nightstand he sees the red text mocking him ‘1:30 AM’ in bold print teasing him with the sleep he could be having. “Who?” He grunts out, pushing himself up, rubbing the sleep from his eyes.

"He’s a wonderful person, Midoriya! He goes by the name Shimura.”

The name rings a bell but he doesn’t know where from, but then again he used to hand around a kid who liked to be called Dabi so it’s not that surprising that the odd name would sound familiar. On that note ‘local occult child’ also doesn’t seem that strange.

Shizouka prefecture has always been peculiar.

"Oh well, he decides as he throws the covers off with absolutely no fucks anymore, It’s not even two in the morning. Let’s see how bad this turns out.

As it turns out, non surprisingly, what Mr.Kurodon considers a wonderful person is actually a complete and utter shitstain. The man’s judgement is no surprise to Izuku seeing as the ghost thinks he’s actually a lovely child himself.

Never trust the dead to make judgement calls.

Why? Because he’s sat on the cracked concrete of an old alleyway, and it’s raining and he’s tired and cold and so done with the ghost in front of him. And the ghost just won’t stop whining about his son who’d apparently killed him. In all honesty if Izuku was this pricks son he wouldn’t have to be pushed too far to do the same thing.

“And the snivelling little brat wouldn’t stop crying! So I had to just shut him up!” He zones back in at that point and he feels bile in his throat - too many of the ghosts in his classroom have stories like this. Just from the opposite perspective, “I grabbed him by the face and he used his quirk on me! His father!”

"The little disgusting brat had his mother’s quirk! Disintegration. He couldn’t control it, or so he said, turned me to dust until nothing but my hand remained!” He looks over at Kurodon who looks sickened by the story and like he’s regretting ever dragging him out of bed.

"And why are you complaining to me about it?” He respects the dead, it’s the best way to win their favour, but he doesn’t respect child abusers.

"Kurodon said you helped people find peace!” That’s true, “And I want you to kill me son so I can
He stands up, the ghost smirks until he draws his pocket knife. “You wouldn’t...”

It's no secret that his knife is blessed, word gets around the ghostly community when a living soul can banish a dead one. He can't actually banish them, the knife is blessed to remove negative spirits - not covered in exorcism symbols. “Would I?” It's not even a question. They both know he would, but he won't. Because he's too tired.

He puts the pocket knife away, pulls his soaked coat closer to his body and checks his wrist watch, the glass only now being discovered to be cracked. It obviously happened at the same time his phone broke when he was pushed down the stairs. Under the cracks he can make out the time in the dim street light that timidly stretches into the ally way, ‘4:20’ it reads. He's been up for two hours and fifty minutes.

He starts off and out of the ally way and doesn’t miss how the curtains of the house he passes twitch. It’s a kid from school, one of the boys who saw he carried a knife yesterday, and he knows he’s scared. Because the strange kid is on his street. And that strange kid is emotionless and carries a weapon. Honestly he’d worried as well if he didn’t care so little.

It's bad he understands, to care so little. But what's he supposed to live for when he dies every few days? He helps people and they live. That’s all that’s important.

All Mights words echo in his mind though as he stalks through Mufasta city the criminal underground giving him a wide berth, ‘YOU TOO CAN BE A HERO!’

It’s admirable, and it’s always been his dream. But is it worth it? Is it worth the aggravation, the stress and scars? Probably. Because he doesn’t really help anybody does he, being an back ally fighter. He helps an individual when there are thousands just like that. But that’s what the pros do right? Save the thousands. So it could be worth it, but then again... if he does become a hero (which he has been reconsidering for a few weeks now though he’d never admit it even to himself) he wouldn’t be able to save the individual.

'Big Brother Izuku!’ Hizashi Megami appears in his mind, with eyes that hold horrors no little child’s eyes should ever hold. If he hadn’t saved the individual she’d be who knows where. He’s been holding onto the dream of heroism since he was a small child, he’s fought tooth and nail for the chances and now, when the offer is being handed to him he’s thinking of rejecting it.

What kind of person does that make him? A contrarian possibly. Though a hypocrite is probably the better description.

A buzz in his pocket goes off and he’s surprised to see a message on his old phone. He hadn’t used the thing since he was in elementary and had first started walking home from school on his own. He’d only really stuffed it in his pocket in case something went wrong and he had to call the police.

The time difference is proven by how the contact that’s messaging him is so childishly named:

'Kacchan (My best friend!!)’

Reluctantly he opens the message, wondering on what abuse he’s going to get now. He’s stunned by what he reads.

'Look fucker, I didn’t need your help. I could of dealt with the bastard myself but I can fucking admit it was ballsy as fuck to go at him with a knife. Try not to fucking get yourself killed where I can see you again.'
It’s nowhere near what he thought he’d get and it’s the closest to a thank you he’s probably ever going to be graced with from Bakugo Katsuki. He doesn’t smile, but the grim look fades into a mask of neutrality as he pockets the phone again and continues on his way home.

And no, he most certainly did not feel somewhat proud that Bakugo hadn’t deleted his number.

School is always hell.

All seven circles with every other religions version stuck in a blender, mixed with anchovies and spoilt milk that’s then forcibly poured down his throat. That’s putting it lightly as well. But it’s worse when he goes back after the incident.

Now instead of looks it’s words. Instead of physical pain it’s seclusion again. He should feel better being secluded - no one bothers him then. But that’s not how it works is it? That’s not how real life works. Ignoring a bully doesn’t make them give up, they’re bullying you because they have nothing better to do - they have the time to sit there and mull it over and try every little thing to make you crack.

"Be careful of Midoriya, he carries a knife! If you get too close he might attack you!"

"So he’s not just a freak, he’s also armed!"

"See! See, I told you! I told you he was always a few seconds from snapping!"

Patience, tolerance and respect. Three key things to get him through life. Not to get him through school though.

"Move.” The first year screams as they look up at him and quickly scamper out of the way when the whole corridors attention has been drawn. There’s more muttering now and he can hear a gaggle or boys as he passes them mumble about what he’s probably done to girls with his reputation the way it is.

That’s one thing he can’t condone. He’s fifty shades of fucked up, fifty shades of mistakes and fifty shades of mental instability but he would never. Never in a million years hurt somebody that didn’t deserve it.

-#-

That’s his excuse to the teachers later when he’s asked why an entire corridor can testify that seemingly out of nowhere he grabbed four boys nearly twice his size and beat them senseless before going on to class.

All Might and Tsukauchi somehow get wind of the incident because after school he’s once again sat in a small room with the two. They aren’t amused by the boys actions and when the mothers try to file assault charges he’s just lucky the detective has a soft spot for him.

And it also might of had something to with the fact that All Fucking Might vouched for him saying he’d been involved in two extremely stressful situations yesterday and provocation had sent him over the edge. That, and the fact his sleeves had slipped to show his scars had the mother’s cooing over him and assuring him their sons wouldn’t do it again.

Fake of course, not agreed upon between mother and child but hey? Why should they care? They’re doing the right thing there.
Lies.

As they leave and he watches All Might carefully as the man deflates and turns back into Toshinroi Yagi. “My boy, the offer is still in place if you wish to accept, but know if you want to get into U.A you’re going to have begin training now.”

Chapter End Notes

In this chapter I was originally going to introduce Nana Shimura, but instead I decided to make it her unnamed son and Shigaraki’s father.

Also, to any of you confused to hell about the flashback thing is last chapter (and let’s be honest who isn’t because I’m still kinda lost on where I’m going with that) hopefully the name drop this chapter will help with what you guys think is going on.

If you have theories please comment them.
A minor illegal investigation and the occasionally training

Chapter Summary

UPDATED ON 17/05/19 due to manga updates

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Does the name Shimura ring a bell to you?” His attention is drawn from his soba when his mother makes a noise that resembles a cat being strangled. Looking up, concerned that she’s choking, he’s shocked to see tears in her eyes.

"Where- no how do you know that name Izuku?” Her voice is wavering and he’s almost hesitant to continue - it’s almost like her quirk is emotional crying rather than the attraction of small objects. She’s set down her own chopsticks and he follows. This seems too solemn to eat and converse about.

"Kurodon asked for my help this morning, and I met a ghost called Shimura. The name sounded familiar but I couldn’t place where...” he’s hesitant to meet her gaze, he knows he isn’t supposed to go disappearing into the night helping the dead. Or at least not without parental permission first.

"The Shimura family were our neighbours in the house we lived in before your father…”Left.

Before his father left when he was five. Left because he didn’t want a quirkless son and used the excuse of taking a higher paying job abroad. If he was getting payed more than clearly he wasn’t sending half of it home. They lived in a flat in Shizouka prefecture for crying out loud. The strange area.

The ghost town rebuilt as it was sometimes called. So much blood shed had taken place here. Other kids from school that came from other prefectures and simply got the train in didn’t have trouble expressing how uncomfortable a lot of the local residents made them. It was often hilarious to him, seeing as the ones they pointed at were often lost souls who didn’t know how to make themselves invisible to the living.

"You actually used to play with their son and daughter. Oh, Hana she was such a lively girl- always smiling. Tenko was such a lovely boy. But... an incident happened before we left between you and the boy.

He can feel a burning on his shoulder and tries to ignore it as his mother continues, “He was only a few years older than you so he’d developed his quirk. Unfortunately he couldn’t control it. You fell over one day and he held out his hand,” Tenko Shimura is an old fuzzy memory in his mind. Blue hair and shiny red eyes. Red eyes that he much preferred to Kacchan’s because they were never angry, “Oh Izuku it was horrific. You grabbed onto his hand and he forgot to not touch you with all five fingers. Your- your arm!”

That’s when she breaks into sobs, soul wrenching sobs that almost distract him from the phantom pain that travels up from his left hands finger tips and trail all the way up to his shoulder where there’s a scar that rings around his arm where the stump had been before he’d ‘passed’ out as a child.
That was probably the first instance of his quirk. Shimura-san had a friend who’s quirk allowed him to reverse certain things and they’d sent him in, he’d been told, and everybody had assumed that that was why his arm was back. But his quirk had probably set in then, saving him and growing back his missing limb.

“Tenko - Oh I can still hear him. He was crying, saying over and over how sorry he was.”

They don't mention Hana anymore and, well, Izuku takes that to mean something else entirely.

"What’s the best way to investigate a crime without being on the police force and without a private investigator?"

A choked noise comes from across the table they’re sat at and Izuku checks to make sure this time the person he’s eating with isn’t actually choking. Toshinori Yagi does have only half a stomach after all. But no, he’s just staring wide eyed and in disbelief.

"I’m sorry my boy, what?” The skeleton of a man hasn’t looked so animated in the few months they’ve known each other now but here, from one relatively simple question he’s changed, “You’ll have to repeat yourself I think I must of misheard you.”

"I asked, what’s the best way to investigate a crime without the actual police force or a P.I?"

Thats what really takes the biscuit he thinks, because Yagi-Sensei looks like he’s dying. He can even see the soul leaving him. “Midoriya, son, my boy, my protege, my wayward disciple, my hardworking and excellent student - what on Earth are you getting yourself into?”

Through the list of nicknames he can hear the desperation growing, a perverse glee overtaking him as the pro hero looks like a fish out of water - no actually he looks like Izuku’s just told him that with a single touch he could give him his stomach back and that he’d do it for free.

He looks back down at his sushi and takes a roll and chews on it as he starts to mull over his next few words.

“I want to investigate a potential kidnapping and murder of my childhood friend and his father + the possible death of his sister, because I can talk to and see ghosts, and this ghost I met last night is the dead father who says his son killed him but then the kid disappeared and there’s no reports anywhere and I can’t find anything legally.” probably isn’t the best way to phrase it.

"Somebody I used to live by, I recently found out, died. And his son used to be my friend and I can’t get in contact so I want to know what happened to him. You know,” he waves his chopsticks around, “Seeing as I can’t find any listings under his given name anywhere.”

Yagi-sensei’s face looks slightly more relieved, “Why were you calling it a crime my boy?”

"Oh! Because my friend accidentally killed his father and I’m pretty sure he was kidnapped as a child.”

This time, he’s pretty sure the older man is choking.

He isn’t too surprised when he’s directed straight to a police station with his teacher anxiously calling his mother and explaining that he’s going to be late and that they’ll probably have to miss out on dinner.
His Sensei has been coming over for dinner for a few weeks now and he’d become a regular just like Tsukauchi and the detectives sister. If he wasn’t so reserved of opinions he might of suggested that his mother and the pro hero liked each other - just a smidge if the blushing and gushing the two did indicated anything.

Seriously, All Might / Toshinori Yagi was his teacher/mentor/father figure in life besides Tsukauchi and there he was listening to the man gush about how his mother was beautiful and amazing and pretty much everything Izuku would attribute to his mother while simultaneously having to sit there as his mother gushed about how handsome and intelligent and diligent and respectful Yagi-Sensei was and honestly that was just awkward.

They said never meet your idols because you’d be underwhelmed- he honestly wished he never met All Might because maybe he could of lived his life without being the only fucking one in the house brave enough to put them to each other but unable to because he respected the two of them too much!

But, that’s not too important.

He’s sitting across from officer Tamakawa as he’d introduced himself and they’re waiting patiently for Tsukauchi to arrive and verify if he does indeed know this ‘scrawny little punk looking kid’ as one of the other officers had affectionately described him.

The man with a cat head is just staring at him, blankly scrutinising him. It’s clear he can’t quite place him, he’s surprised honestly. Tamakawa has been at many of his brawls and had had the honour of being shooed away by paramedics the last night he’d seriously injured himself after coming back. Good times.

“You know me from the Megami case last year.” Large yellow eyes blink at him. Recognition grows in them and with a tilt of the head the cat man is convinced of who he’s sitting across from.

He expects something interesting, maybe even accusatory, hell even a hello would of been better than what the officer spews out, “You haven’t grown at all since then.” And he sounds so goddamn innocent when he says it that he feels bad for getting annoyed.

Thankfully for his temper and the cats sensitive ears it’s at that specific moment that Tsukauchi decides to walk in. From the amused look on the detectives face the man’s been waiting for something to be said before coming in to break the tensions. He can see why both Yagi-Sensei and Tsukauchi get along now. They’re both dramatic bastards when they want to be.

So, he decides on the bus ride back home, *that was eventful.*

Its honestly one of the better trips to the police station he’s had in recent times - the one before this he was accused of aggravated assault with a deadly weapon. Ah, the sweet sweet embrace of death had helped him in that case. Seeing as he’d you know, been run through with a knife. Making it self defence since he’d technically been killed/ gained extreme bodily harm before actually using a weapon.

Loopholes that were only accessible to the technical immortal were brilliant. Of course, the drawbacks to his quirk were also massive.

Mainly how due to his scars and dead as fuck eyes the lady that’s sat next to him on the bus is clammed up and sweating bullets while trying to appear natural. At least Mrs.Tsubaki who’s sat in front of him and lives a few streets down is happily conversing with him.
The lady next to him must be from out of town because people seem to always respect him in his little area of the prefecture. Local occult child and all. Or maybe that’s why she’s so worried, and it’s not his looks and depressed appearance.

Meh, that’s not all that important really.

He smiles as the old lady in front of him continues on about something or other, he’s only half listening when the lady next to him suddenly grabs his arm tightly. He jolts but looks at her to see pure terror in her eyes. He exchanges a confused look with Mrs. Tsubaki before looking back at the lady clinging to his arm. He slouches slightly, so as to be able to whisper without causing suspicion.

”Are you alright?” Her voice is far more squeaky than he expects.

”I- no? Yes... I mean I don’t know? I’m staying at my friends tonight but I’ve never been in this part of Mufasta city before and that guy two seats back has been following me for the past two busses and...” he yawns, imitates stretching so as to not make it too obvious and checks the creep out.

He almost smirks when they make eye contact. It’s a guy he’s met before, one he’s put in the hospital before. But that’s purely accidental you have to understand. They make eye contact and he motions to the woman before sending a message not to be repeated through his eyes. The man gulps and nods.

He shifts back down next to the woman, “Don’t worry about him. I’ll sort him out. Where does your friend live?”

”...” she looks conflicted to say the least. After all she’s seen him exchange quick eye contact with a creep and says he’s fixed everything. Who wouldn’t be suspicious? “Hisome ward 21-9.” He smiles gently, then fixes his attention on his elderly friend.

”That’s the same street as yours isn’t it Mrs. Tsubaki?” The elderly woman turns back around and smiles happily chiming in that she’d be happy to walk the young woman over to the house she’s staying at if it would make her feel better. The death grip on his arm is released at that and her sigh of relief is something he knows he’ll treasure.

”Thank you...?”

He holds his hand out, “Midoriya Izuku.” She smiles in turn shaking his hand though he can see she’s still hesitant. “I’m Ikoma Komari.”

-#-

He hates fighting, hates hurting others completely to be honest, but he’d be lying if he didn’t say it felt exhilarating to grab bastard #27 by his collar and shove him into a wall and be able to step back and watch as this full grown man quivers before him. It might be because of their previous encounter, his reputation, the fact he just doesn’t stay dead or the fact that he’s taller than the creep.

”Come on Midoriya man, I didn’t do anythin’!”

This, he thinks to himself, is why he has a reputation with his classmates. Why he’s seen as an outcast and a freak. Not just the scars or the violent outbursts and self segregation through the years. He’s a freak because he can stand in an ally way at nearly ten o’clock at night as a fifteen year old and stare down a thirty something year old with a criminal record longer than he is tall and still be the scarier one.

”You were going to though.”
He doesn’t do anything, doesn’t even shift his stance. But the coward still shakes like a piece of sugar paper on the rain. Still whimpers like a kicked puppy. Because they both know his words are true. And as his reputation proceeds him, so does his morals.

"You’re meant to be out on parole right? What would your officer say if I were to tell them what you were doing?"

The face in front of him pales so much Mr. Kurodon could almost match him. “How- how the fucking hell do you know that kid!? That’s supposed to be private information!”

He waves his hand wistfully, he hates being prideful - prideful people like Katsuki often sicken him, “A little birdie told me. Word gets around the dead quickly you know.” He smirks, and the smell of urine permeates the air.

Its comical. He’s putting on this face, this act of indifference and abject terror and he can still scare a grown man this much? Even though it’s fake? “You messed up fucker! You’re- you’re a freak! No wonder those classmates of yours call you a demon!”

He loses face if only for a second but the idiot in front of him mistakes it for sadness and not surprise, “Yeah that’s right! They all hate you! One kid was even bragging about how you’d never get into your chosen school!”

"So you hang around Junior highs in your free time then?" Again he stalls. This is all part of what he’d learnt from watching Tsukauchi as he interrogated him and others. Luring them in, letting them tell you what they wanted to as long as it’s what you need.

"Midoriya my boy! What happened to you!?"

His bones ache, and the new scar on his stomach still feels like a gaping wound but he smiles through it. His quirk can heal nearly all injuries, just not the ones that don’t pertain to potential lethal harm. So he’s got bruises covering his face and scabbing cuts on his nuckles.

"Nothing to worry about Yagi-Sensei. Just helped out a friend.”

A look of understanding crosses the older man’s face. Tsukauchi had obviously filled him in on what ‘helping out a friend’ was code for.

"So what have you got for me today? I mean we’ve been cleaning out the small to medium stuff, I kind of want to try and move the fridge freezer.”

A hearty chortle is his response as his teacher transforms into his pro hero form, lifting up aforementioned fridge freezer with one hand and halving the distance between it and the pick up.

Obviously his mother had been in touch about him overexerting himself. Eh, he’d take what he could get. He sighs, and moves over to the fridge, getting behind it and shoving all his weight into it.

"So, hows your mini investigation into your friends whereabouts going?"

He gives a final shove into the fridge finally getting it to move over the little rock it’d gotten stuck on, “Oh, that. Yeah, so after a shit tonne of cross reference and investigation I can confirm that Shimura Tenko did in fact murder his father.”

He doesn’t think he’s ever seen All Might spit take his own blood so hard before.
"Who!?"

Chapter End Notes

As you can see, I like stories where Izuku is interconnected with everybody! Seriously, the majority of my books have him related to or in contact with somebody that’s a villain!
Despite everything, it’s still you.

Pain tolerance is something he has in abundance, with a quirk like his he has to. Still, shattering both his legs and an arm? That’s on a whole new level of pain even for him. And that’s coming from the guy that literally lost an arm at age five. In his defence though, he doesn’t scream in pain - that’s reserved for stubbing his toe on that *fucking corner between the door frame and the piece of shit door!*

It’s worth it though, to ensure that the girl trapped below doesn’t get run over. He could probably of done this without using a hundred percent, he’d managed to get two percent down and under control. However, it seemed during an extremely stressful situation his control had slipped. Or maybe it was because he wasn’t against a person?

Who knows? That isn’t his most top priority right now. That would be how he’s going to survive this fall without traumatising half the future heroes in training down below. Because seeing a guy go splat and then suddenly reappear before your eyes fine as a fresh daisy really, really isn’t good for the mind. Or so he’d heard.

Honestly he was messed up in too many ways to really function and assess the instablilizing risks towards other people.

As he plummets to the floor, he angles himself ever so slightly. If he keeps this trajectory up he’ll be able to crash through the window of the building next to him, it’s secluded enough that his quirk can take effect without severely traumatising everybody else, of course the poor teachers watching the exam will undoubtedly need to add another thing to their therapy list.

Poor them.

He should really see a therapist actually, it might do him some good and- Oh. Wow, glass really was sharp wasn’t it? He feels the window shatter behind him, the shards piecercing his sides and the squelch of his blood being ripped from his body.

It’s really gonna be one of those days isn’t it?

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He hears a shriek and some other kid down below ‘Oh my god!? Quick! We have to make sure he’s alright!’ Which is like, really honourable and stuff but what about the girl that was stuck under rubble?

What about the exam?

His quirk can’t seem to set in fast enough and he can hear a door being kicked in as his vision goes blurry, it’s really just different colours and warbling voices now but he can make out the kid kneeling next to him enough to figure out it’s a guy. Or a girl with a really deep voice.

”Hey! Hey keep your eyes open! Recovery girls on her way, you’ll be fine! Everything’s gonna be fine!”

darkness is just now setting in at the edges of his vision and he manages to twitch his fingers enough to get the persons attention, “He’s responding! He’s still awake!”

He tried to get out some words, some croaked out reply - he’s not even sure what he’s trying to say
but the gurgle when he takes in blood indicates something happened to his throat.

"S...Sor...Sorry..." it’s sickening even to him but the confused sound of the kid next to him is enough to know they heard him. It’s ironic because the second he lets his eyes fall closed, let’s the darkness overtake him completely is the exact moment he hears Recovery girl’s voice say, “Don’t worry, I’m here now.”

Of course he’d nearly overexerted himself! Of course, he’d forgotten that the entrance exam was today!

He ran as quickly as possible down the street, oversized jacket billowing behind him as he went. He zipped in and out of people and other examines, sliding around the corner he practically threw himself across the threshold bending over and gasping for air.

Two miles in fifteen minutes wasn’t too bad... especially considering his ankle was still sprained and he was bruised from head to toe. He noted the odd and worried looks sent his way as he stood up properly again and ignored them.

Walking forward he mentally cursed as he tripped over something. Arms go out to catch himself and suddenly he’s not moving, instead he’s hovering. Which is strange because he’s a hundred percent sure his quirk doesn’t have anything to do with levitation or the refusal to acknowledge the basic laws of physics.

"Sorry! I didn’t mean to use my quirk on you without permission!” Taking his frozen state as a sign he isn’t going to fall anymore he attempts to righten himself but unfortunately that isn’t working until a dainty hand falls on his shoulder and he nearly falls flat on his face until he catches himself.

Looking behind him a small girl with big bangs and an overzealous blush stands in front of him. She’s giving him a closed eye smile and he’s suddenly struck with one of Cupid’s arrows. Except this isn’t romance. This is unadulterated awkwardness.

A nice person helped him because they could? And so far she hasn’t asked for anything in return? What is this???

She opens her eyes and her smile drops, “Oh! Are you okay? You’re all bruised up!”

He goes to respond when he clams up, because Jesus Christ Bakugo Katsuki is staring at him like he’s gonna shove an explosion up his arse and that is not something he wants to experience. “Hey!”

His eyes take focus again when Bakugo knocks into the girl and his first response is to keep her up this time and send a small glare at the blond.

"Fucking bitch.” He grinds his teeth at the words, if he didn’t have a thing against hurting innocents then he’s pretty sure he’d be in prison right now.

“Apologise Bakugo!”

He sets the girl back on her feet and doesn’t think much about his words as he faces the red eyes boy. The familiar back stalls and he can tell, once again, people are staring.

A sneer is shown to him as an otherwise attractive face looks over a raised shoulder, “What’d you just say to me shitty Deku?! Think you’re some big shot now you bastard - just because you’re out of Junior High doesn’t mean you aren’t a fucking delinquent!”

They stare at each other, and it’s almost a battle of wills before red eyes narrow and a scoff is
Whatever. Don’t cry when your mother finally kicks you out for how much of a failure you are.”

He ignores the muttering around him, he’s always ignoring the muttering around him, and turns back to the girl quickly and bows from the waist. “I am so sorry for his behaviour and for my causing you to waste time! I wish you the best at the exam!” He doesn’t bother to look before turning and speed walking to the building.

Patience, tolerance and respect. Three key things to get him through life. He needs those things in fucking abundance right now.

The familiar screen pops up and he checks the WTL points. Pleasantly they’re up. By a lot actually. Who knew the desire to not harm hundreds of people was actually a motivator for living?

Certainly not him! Again, this type of delusional self commentating was why he was fifty shades of fucked up and in need of a decent therapist. He doesn’t watch his death replay - he hasn’t watched it for a while now. He’s realised it isn’t healthy so he’s atleast trying to be somewhat mentally healthy.

Of course, officially the doctors and hospital support this practise, hypacratic oath and all, but they’re always trying to convince him to memroise it as much as possible so that they can learn about it more.

From an analysts point of view he gets it - he too enjoys knowing everything and a subject that interests him- from an ethical standpoint he also understands it - he’s willing to do it, most of the time, and isn’t it better that he does it than some poor helpless child that doesn’t understand what’s going on?- but once again, mentally he feels somewhat better ignoring the scene. He felt the pain he doesn’t need to have the visuals.

With a sigh, knowing his mother is probably going to kill him when he gets home, he presses the continue button and white light clouds his eyes as he suddenly lurches up.

_*_*

When he gasps for breath he finds himself choking. He’s coughing and the metallic taste in his mouth points to blood. He sees Recovery girl handing him a bin out of the corner of his eyes and manages to cough up whatever killed him this time.

Copper floods his nose and while he’s starting to see properly again it’s made worse because the lack of oxygen is making him go hazy. With a resolute hack he hears something clatter to the bottom of the bin and he can breath again.

He stays there, he isn’t sure how long, hunched over a metal bin in a hospital bed, blood dribbling down his chin as his lungs start to function again and his brain properly starts up.

Its like a computer rebooting itself after it crashes. It still works, it just needs to get itself together. He isn’t normally like this, normally by now he’d be up and about doing something proactive. But he spent too much time in the ‘veil’ as he calls it and he isn’t fully all there just yet. It happens whenever he stalls for too long.

The elderly woman’s voice is next to him and he tries to tune into it over the sound of blood rushing past his ears and his own ragged breathing. She’s saying something about calming down and breathing. Something or other about how he needs to calm down.

He’s perfectly calm. Perfectly rational as well, contrary to what she’s saying.
When his breathing evens out he looks over the rim of the bin and looks into what’s probably the closest to the grim reaper he’ll ever see. And actually, if this is the face of death then he’ll happily accept its embrace. Though he isn’t quite happy about the fact that the old lady is the image he gets now, considering the nature of his relationship with death. Like a damn 90’s sitcom on/off again relationship.

”You’re awake. You had us very worried young man.” He can see the strain in her eyes. How do you tell a kid they were dead for who knows how long? He pushes the bin away, seeing a shard of glass half the size of his palm sitting at the bottom of the metal container his blood coating it while it sits in a puddle of blood.

”Sorry for worrying you Recovery girl. Didn’t mean to take so long to come back.”

Her eyes widen in confusion before something akin to realisation dawns in them, “You’re Toshinori’s student aren’t you?”

”What? Did the self-sacrifice give it away?”
Death doesn’t come for all of us does it Zuzu?

Chapter Summary

Are you Satisfied by Marina is this stories inspiration to be honest, and also inspired how I wrote many of the characters especially Midoriya.

Worst Case Scenario by The Hoosiers, Gives you Hell by The All-American Rejects and Sad Song by Scotty Sire are Izuku’s themes in the story

“Big brother Izuku? Who’s that?” His attention is drawn from his notebook to his computer where the last known photo of Tenko Shimura is shown in a newspaper clipping of his missing poster.

The report wasn’t even two paragraphs. A name, age, picture and last known address with contact information. Nobody cared. Nobody cares, well he and Toshinori Yagi seems to care.

But then there’s Hana, and even less people care about her. Nothing, no birth certificate, no reports and his mother acts like she never existed. It infuriates him the Shimura children have dropped off the face of the earth and nobody seems to give a crap.

Hizashi is staring at the picture, head tilted in that way that small children always tilt their heads they think they understand something but just don’t quite get it. Her eyes are filled with more life than they were last time and the horrors are slowly being replaced with more joy every time he sees her.

He’s started watching the small child not too long after initially meeting her and now, with only a few more weeks before he starts to attend U.A. he’s once again on babysitter duty. Though, Hizashi Megami is the sweetest child he knows and he hasn’t got a fault to mention.

"He’s someone I used to live by. I’m looking for him."

He looks back down at his notebook after he sees the child’s attention drift back to whatever the cartoon is on TV, he’s far too engrossed in his research and last second evidence filling to take much notice of what cheap reproduction is on the television.

"I know him."

“Young Midoriya! You appear to be injured! Quickly, I’ll drive you to the hospital!” Grimacing through the pain, he brushes the skeleton off of him before moving to sit on the bench facing the water.

"I’ll be fine in a second Yagi-Sensei give me a sec.” his breath stings his throat and the scar there still throbs like hell even though it’s nearly two months old by now. “A few people who don’t like me jumped me,” He lets out a bitter laugh that sounds disassociative even to himself,” They know I don’t ‘stay down’ so they got as close as they could."

Coughing he leans to the side a bit to spit the blood pooling in his mouth onto the floor, “Bunch of cowards... ten guys ganging up on a kid...” he almost breaks down into laughter when he catches sight of his mentor out of the corner of his eye.
Still as a figurine and as emotionless as a china doll, Toshinori Yagi is frozen mid movement with eyes that are pleading with every deity past and present (possibly future as well) that he can have a new apprentice. Izuku has a way of knowing these things. The old man doesn’t mean it really, he’s just lacking the skills required to wrangle a teenager of his caliber.

The man will need therapy after one day at U.A., he has a bet with his mother and Tsukauchi on how long the unprepared man will last. Izuku has dealt with rowdy children at his old primary school when he volunteered there a few years back - he gets the distinct impression a high school class for future heroes won’t be too different. He doesn’t stand a chance.

”What?” He finally asks, waking his teacher/father figure from whatever comatose state he’d shut himself down into, “Do I have something on my face?” His smirk is quickly washed off when a bony hand sacks him atop of the head.

He stills this time, blinking up at Yagi-Sensei confusedly, his eyes are narrowed and the closest thing he can form to a scowl is staring him down, “Yes you do young man! And it’s a clear lack of self preservation and your own blood!”

He’s hit again and it smacks into him like a bus at how weak the man is in this form. He’s a walking talking twig! Like Groot but without the strength and strange language... He zones back in to hear All Might scowling him in a mixture of phrases he doesn’t understand, Like Groot but without the strength.

”Are you even listening to me!?”

His immediate thought is to reply ‘no.’ but that’s just rude.

His second immediate reply is ‘of course’ but that’s a big fat lie and he’d be called out on it. So he shrugs. Rage of an unknown kind passes through his teachers eyes, it’s something he’s only seen in Tsukauchi eyes before when he’s been really, really stupid.

”I understand how your quirk works my boy, but that does not excuse your reckless behaviour! Your actions effect other people as well! Your poor mother phoned me in tears on the day of the exam!” That’s news to him and suddenly guilt sets in as he listens, “And do you want to know why!? Because you took twenty minutes to revive yourself Izuku Midoriya! You were dead for twenty minutes and the school had to phone your mother to inform them you’d died!”

It’s worry, he realises. Not anger, it’s worry and fear and pain. “You seem to not care about the people in your life Midoriya and that needs to change! Just because you can come back from the grave does not mean you can throw your life away recklessly! Look at you! I understand, I haven’t been the best teacher or the best mentor and I probably should of spent more time on paying attention to you as a person than as a pupil! But I’m fixing that mistake!”

It is in that moment that he sees the hero he looks up to, it doesn’t matter he’s stick thin and spindly with no real threat about, he sees it. In his eyes that harden but hold the faith and empathy of a father and the way he stands tall like a pillar to hold onto to, “And you should be fixing yours. I’m not saying give up helping people, I’m saying think about the repercussions of your actions. Young Megami-chan has grown attached to you what would she do if you weren’t able to come back? What of your mother or Tsukauchi?”

Tears build up in Toshinori’s eyes as he feels his throat getting constricted, “I’ve seen many people die my boy, many people before they should. I’m not going to let you join them.”
It’s cold and it’s raining again. His hoodie is soaked as he traipses the streets, rain digging into him all the way to his bones and out the other end again. He’d taken in his mentors words, acknowledged them and decided to listen to them. But he had to know first.

He had to do one last stupid thing before he started following the rules.

-"-

The bar is dingy. That’s all he picks up from the crooked half broken neon sign that doesn’t even display the bars full name. Not to mention it’s walls are cracked and the squat building looks ready to collapse. Infrastructure in this part of the city isn’t great, it’s generally a bad place to be especially at night.

His sorces said that a man matching what would be Shimura Tenko’s assumes Look would be. Blue hair and piercing red eyes apparently wasn’t a common combination. That or he happened to want to find the only guy in the entire city with a disintegration quirk.

The more he stares up at the building the more he thinks against it. Toshinroi’s outburst at the beach, his mothers near breakdown at the meer mention of the name Shimura, Tsukauchi frantic denial of information all make it clear he’s messing with stuff he shouldn’t mess with. But he needs to know. It’s like an infection. A virus of sorts.

No. He decides finally. He doesn’t. He doesn’t need to know, like his mentor said - he needs to start thinking more about the people in his life and - that’s when he feels the chill up his neck. That familiar sixth sense that tells him bad things are about to happen.

It’s also then that he notices how quiet it is. Even the dead aren’t whispering now, “What’s a kid like yourself hanging around here for? Don’t you know it’s way past your bedtime Deku?”

Turquoise eyes stare at him underneath matted black hair. He feels like dying. He doesn’t know what to do. He was supposed to of moved away, he was supposed to never have to see him again. And then he blinks and it’s Bakugo standing before him with something akin to worry in his eyes as he says his name again and again.

"Oi! I said are you there Deku!?” His breath comes to him then and he looks away from Bakugo, suddenly hurrying down the street to get away. The tears are starting to cloud his eyes and he can feel his throat choking up.

He can’t have anybody see him like this. Why? Why had he seen him? What was it that brought back that face. His arms are killing him all of a sudden and he barley registers Bakugo’s voice as he turns to look at him, “Move!”

He doesn’t understand when in the corner of his eyes a blinding light hits him and he hears the screech of tires before it hurts and he’s gone.

-"-

As soon as the screen pops up he presss the continue button and just as quickly as the light had faded from his eyes the white light blinds him before he’s suddenly nowhere and everywhere at once.

The way red eyes are staring at him, fear and something else in them as he leans against the wall behind him is new. He’s been hit by a car before, that wasn’t an accident that time - another revenge
attack that didn’t go to well for the driver-, but it doesn’t make it hurt any less.

He can’t really focus on much, There’s still a ringing in his ears, a blurriness around the edges of his vision and the overwhelming need to sleep. It’s because his WTL points are so low. It’s draining him the more he uses it with his limited number. He’ll need to find a way to recharge them in mass before he goes to U.A. in two weeks.

He can’t focus.

Nothing is making sense. Everything has been going too fast, everything has been hurting recently and he’s crying. He’s crying and for once Bakugo Katsuki isn’t berating him for it.

“Deku! Deku focus!” He can hear the blond, can make out his lips moving behind his tears and fuzzy vision. But nothing will compute.

He wants his mum.

He needs her.

He needs someone.

He can’t do this anymore!

He can’t! He can’t he can’t he can’t! Someone, anyone, anything, absolutely anything to get him out of his own head, to have the pain stop, to just... for once to just not have to worry about pain, and other people and being dead and covered in scars and oh god - he can’t breath again and for the first time ever he’s scared of dying.

He’s terrified, terrified of what’s going to happen. What if he doesn’t wake up? What if the choices
don’t come up? What if it’s really the end? He doesn’t want to die! Not like this! Not on the pavement in the rain with a lost friend who hates him because he can’t breath. Not like this, please not like this.

Pain.

Pain And he can see flashing lights of red and blue and Bakugo is there again, swearing at him he thinks? His hand is raised and his cheek hurts. He can only see, his mouth won’t do anything. Tongue like lead in his mouth.

His tears are indescribable from the rain soaking him, soaking Bakugo and why hasn’t the other boy left yet? He could of left at any other point. But he hadn’t. He’d actually moved his body out of the road and pushed him against the wall, he’d stayed with him and when he hears another familiar voice he realises that his old friend had actually called the police.

He wakes up to two ghosts and five living people.

As expected. Of course.

Doesn’t mean he doesn’t let out a scream at the top of his lungs. You would too if the ghostly face of one of your childhood friends you didn’t know was dead appeared in front of you along with the face of a complete and utter stranger. That and you know... minor panic attack and major inner conflict on if he was going to ever wake up again may of also had something to do with it.

And whatever the fuck that nightmare just was.

Voices muffled he only starts to focus again when his mothers gripping his face, her concern the only thing he can see. His head feels like it’s brought back up from underwater as sound hits him again like the car from before.

He can hear Toshinori, Tsukauchi, Bakugo and another voice that he hasn’t heard in a long time. Looking to the others in the room he finds his eyes landing on his aunt Mitsuki who looks so pissed off it’s scary. When her eyes meet his her expression softens though and a soft smile is sent his way, it’s comforting.

"Oh! Izuku! We were so worried! You weren’t waking up! And what happened to you!? Katsuki-kun said you got hit by a car but you were all the way across town and-"

"Inko, hun, let the kid breath. He’ll catch his death if you’re not careful.” His aunts words are meant to be comforting and they are, in some twisted ironic way. She’s the only one in the room that doesn’t know. Unless of course his mother told her at some point, they did tell each other everything after all.

He is released from his mothers arms after she’s spoken though, and he lets himself gaze at Tsukauchi who’s face is filled with unprofessional investment. He obviously won’t be working this case, if there even was a case. He was so out of it he doesn’t even know if the driver went off or was still at the scene. He can’t bring himself to look at his mentor yet.

He knows he’s disappointed the man - because Toshinroi Yagi is incredibly smart contrary to his brawns over brains hero persona, and so he’ll know he didn’t listen to him. He’ll know and he’ll be disappointed and Izuku isn’t ready to disappoint anyone else just yet.

He registers his mother fluttering about, something about getting the doctor as the other adults all do adults things when he grabs his ‘frenemies’ attention. They keep eye contact and just like that day a
few years ago a mutual understanding is passed between them.

They won’t talk about this.

Just like they won’t talk about the roof incident.

Just like they won’t talk about the incident at the river.

Just like they won’t talk about the scar on his left hand.

Just like they won’t talk about every other fucked up thing that’s happened between the two of them.

He can feel the eyes of the dead burrowing into him and he spares them a discrete glance. Tsubasa is hovering right there, ‘sat’ in the spare visitors chair. He looks the same as he did two years ago when Izuku last saw him. On the chubby side, short hair and strong bulky leather bat wings. Though this time he has the characteristic lumanisnt and transparent skin and unblinking eyes.

He’s just sat there, staring as if he knows it’d be foolish to try and speak now. As if he knows that Izuku will just ignore him. He wonders how long Tsubasa’s been dead, how had he not known about it? They didn’t get along well, he never got along well with anybody really, but Tsubasa wasn’t as bad. His quirk wasn’t ‘cool’ enough to some and he faced the same issues Izuku did just on a smaller scale. He’d stood in the way of a few punches for his childhood friend.

Enough to wager some respect between them. He knew their mothers still spoke. Why didn’t he know? His eyes flicker to red eyes that bore into him. Does he know? Probably not. Even if he did he probably wouldn’t make too much of a deal out of it- he’s that type of person after all.

The other ghost is a mystery. She’s sat on the edge of his bed, cross legged and smiling. She appears friendly, and she’s dressed in a hero costume that he recognises from somewhere though he’s not sure where.

Her whole attention isn’t on him though, she’s watching Yagi-Sensei like his mother was watching him before. Vigilantly but with respect for personal space.

-8-

He looks over to the doorway just in time to see his mother walk through with an unfortunately familiar face. Doctor Tsumasi is the doctor in charge of his tests and quirk experimentation and he hates him.

He despises the man in pleasant terms and dislikes hospitals nearly the same amount. The only reason he isn’t making a Jason Bourne-sequence escape right now is because he has a thing against embarrassing his mother in public. And because he knows with how his legs are twitching he isn’t getting anywhere fast enough before the matron that caught him last time he tried to escape the hospital catches him. Baring in mind she was eighty-odd at the time and he was fourteen.

“Nice to see you again Izuku-kun!” The pleasant voice grates on his nerves, his brain picking up on all the little nitpicking things it always does when he doesn’t want to focus.

Like for instance, how Aunt Mitsuki and Bakugo’s eyes just widened at the obvious familiarity between himself and the doctor. Or how Tsukauchi is suddenly very interested on whatever the painting above Tsubasa’s head is, or even how Yagi-Sensei looks about ready to spew blood again (when you’ve spent the amount of time with the man that Izuku has you pick up on tells.) but then again he always looks ready to spew blood.
The perks of having half a stomach and half your internal organs missing are truly splendid indeed.

"Sure is Doctor Tsumasi." He hopes the complete and utter contempt isn’t showing through too much, but honestly, it’s a wonder the man’s allowed to work with living patients like:

‘Oh hey! Yeah you just experienced major trauma! But! It’s wonderful to see you today!’

Of course, Izuku has to admit he isn’t a professional doctor so that may be the doctors coping mechanism, like his is regailing his life in his head like there are people listening and referring to himself like a third person disembodied voice.

Everybody copes slightly differently.

"I’m going to have to ask you all to leave the room, due to the nature of Izuku-kun’s quirk we have to examine him again to ensure there’s no major long term damage.” His mother sighs and starts to usher everybody out of the room, though his aunt and Bakugo are giving him looks of two different magnitudes.

The older blonde is giving both his mother and himself a look that demands to know why they’re both so casual about this and since when did he have a quirk while the younger blond is just angry to be bosses around.

"So. Tell me again, in detail, everything that lead up to your accident.”

They've done this ten times now. And judging by the clock on the wall it’s been nearly two hours, the physical hadn’t taken more than two minutes. There was a nasty scar in a jagged horizontal line across his left rib cage, that overlapped a few of his older scars, where some broken piece of the bumper of the car had impaled him.

Now they were onto a physce evaluation. Sitting in a hospital bed, itching to get away and never be in the white room again he feels sympathy for Tenko Shimura. Sympathy more so than he already has. He’s experiencing not even a sliver of what he had to go through and he’s already having homicidal urges.

Then again he usually has homicidal urges after a particularly bad day so...

"I was following up a lead on a friend I’d lost contact with, when Bakugo surprised me and I thought he was someone else-“

"Someone that had hurt you in the past?"

"Yeah. And out of instinct I ran. I didn’t realise it was Bakugo until I turned when he shouted at me to move and by then the car hit me.”

There’s sympathy in the doctors mismatched eyes. Not for him though, for Bakugo. “Have you had time to talk to Bakugo about what he saw?”

That’s different from the last round of questioning, “No. I was a little too busy having a panic attack on the side of the road.” The man visibly recoils at his words and he realises maybe he had too much venom in his voice. A snicker and disapproving noise catch his attention and without thinking he turns to look at the two ghosts.

"Oh, do we have ghosts with us?” Shock covers the two corporal beings faces at the recognition and he nods. “Anybody you know?” He looks the Doctor in the eyes. His eyes have always unnerved
him, they were never quite right. Always prying yet never giving way themselves.

"No."

U.A is an.... experience, to put it lightly. A very tired and worn experience that he’s had all his life.

After everything that’d happened between being accepted into his dream school and the first day of school (namely getting hit by a car, baby sitting to the max, ridding the house of potentially incriminating investigative evidence, multiple exorcisms, getting caught up with a dead friend and introducing himself to his missing friends dead grandmother and the mentor of his mentor and an awkward ‘family’ dinner that included the Bakugo family and Toshinroi and Tsukauchi.) Izuku was not in the least surprised when he struggled to pull himself out of bed.

But he did it, which means something. Even if it wasn’t worth a mental pat on the back it means something.

Oh, and he also has to perform an exorcism before he even goes to school today, that’s a thing he does now. Dragging himself out of bed required half the effort it takes to keep his eyes open but he manages. His rucksack is filled with school supplies, food and a hell of a lot of salt, candles and books that he probably shouldn’t keep laying around but so what.

Pulling on his uniform he internally cringes at how restrictive the blaster feels on his arms, not to mention the shirt makes his scars irritated - but, he’ll have to just learn to live with it. He looks for his school shoes, his mother horrified by his idea to ware his red boots had insisted he buy some other shoes, but he’s unable to find them. Deciding red boots and a telling off are better than bare feet he grabs the sturdy boots that sit by the door and makes his way out the door bag on his back and a cereal bar in hand.

If he sees his school shoes in the cubby he doesn’t recall.

The train ride is half pleasant.

He sees some kids from his Juniour High who send him cautious looks till they notice the uniform and go white as sheets. And then there’s also people that he sees on a regular basis due to his status as ‘local occult child’. One such person is his latest client, the one he’d had to leave home early for.

Mr.Hohoemu had a problem with a demon, one that apparently followed him to every house he moved to - the not so poor man had moved fifteen times in the last three years all yielding the same response. A quick and forced uprooting of the family after blood started coming out of the walls and items dropping through the floors after becoming intangible. Why he’d move to Shizuoka prefecture with a problem like that was beyond him.

He was getting payed to help him so he didn’t see the problem.

More surprisingly it was in fact a demon, which was new because Izuku was used to dealing with poltergeist. Guess he should become more religious... nah. The closest he’d get is paganism which people didn’t even consider an actual religion though it definitely was. That didn’t matter though, because those books that he defiantly should not just leave about had in fact helped him.

A creepy prefecture was also a shifty prefecture and if you wanted it, somebody could get you it. Or at least that was his reason on why he was carting around books that were probably cursed and gave in detail explanations on how to banish demons in many, many languages that he’d had to learn (and in many many ways that did in fact actually work). Or at least the words in the books. He wasn’t
going to learn Swedish in its entirety just because one of his banishing books happened to be written in it. That would be a waste of time and resources.

After the banishing his client had offered to pay his train fare on his first day as well as paying him. Which, to any person that has to constantly take public transport at dead ass hours of the morning knows, was a godsend. As he stood holding the rails hanging from the ceiling he allowed his eyes to drift around the train carriage.

Apart from his clients and the few people in his neighbourhood that weren’t immediately put off by him there was of course, his old schoolmates along with some of their new classmates. He was getting uneasy looks from them.

Then there was the group of business men stood a few meters from him that kept looking between him and their briefcases like any second he was going to lunge forward and steal them from their hands and there was the mother who was sat with two younger children, not yet at the age to start school, who was not so quietly whispering about him to her children telling them to ‘be careful of boys like him. See those scars? He’s probably been in many fights. They’re delinquents and only get people in trouble.’

She wasn’t exactly wrong though. The majority of his scars were from fights. The ones on his face weren’t though and neither were the ones on his hands and arms, arms which were exposed because god damn it he wasn’t wearing that stupid blazer and longer than he needed to.

When his station arrived and he moved to get off he felt a collective breath be let go as his feet hit the platform. Seemed he was more intimidating than he thought he was.

Walking to U.A. he thought back to the day of the exam before a stab of guilt returned to his chest thinking of what he’d put poor Recovery girl through. The woman had probably been unable to help people in her time as a hero but to think you’d lost a child in your own property must of been devastating to her.

He pushed that away though and allowed the selfish prideful feeling to take guilts place as he stepped through the gate. He was there. He was actually a student. He’d done it. He had really done it.

And then that feeling went away, and it was replaced with self consciousness and the natural instinct to enforce solidarity on himself as people that passed him, his age and older, gave him weary looks. Sighing, he put his blazer on properly, slung his bag back on his back and trudged forward to his classroom in the heroics department.

People were entitled to their opinions, and if they thought he was somebody to be feared, he might as well let them.

“Please don’t let anybody in my class actually be as tall as the door...” he found himself murmuring as he slid the door open. Peaking inside he saw it was relatively full but unfortunately both Bakugo and that speed kid from the exam were in his class.

And they were arguing loud enough for him to get a headache the second he stepped in the room. Or it might of been the amount of ghosts in the room. Either or. Actually, now that he thought about it for a second, there was an abnormal amount of ghosts in this room.

A few looked his way as he walked further into the room and he took the advantage of looking like
he was surveying his classmates to survey the dead.

Twenty at least with that kid at the back of the room with red and white hair had about three. Weird. Not his business though, so he looks away and tries not to notice that Mr.Kurodon and the lady that introduced herself as Nana Shimura are attempting to sneak into the room behind him even though it’s so blatantly obvious.

He looks back over to the arguing students, except they aren’t arguing anymore and they’re staring at him, which in turn leads to the rest of the class staring at him.

"Deku.” Not as venomous as Juniour High. He’s almost impressed, if he didn’t know any better seeing him get run over by a car because of the blond spooking him had given Bakugo a new appreciation for him. Not likely.

"Bakugo.”

Red eyes trail his form, anybody else and it’d be suspicious, then meet his again. “No blood.” That statement makes a few eyebrows rise and a few eyes widen he notices from the corner of his eye, “I’m impressed, you haven’t gotten into any fights this morning.” The banter is new, maybe Bakugo really has got an appreciation for him? Ah, no. He sees the slight twitch to his eye as he forces himself to be polite - Aunt Mitsuki has obviously put him up to being polite.

Steeling himself to not lash out if the speedy Gonzales -meets road runner-meets Ingenium rip-off guy tries to communicate again after their failed contact at the exam, he walks to his seat which is behind Bakugo with nothing more than “No, it just got removed after I banished Mr.Hohoemu’s demon. You’d be surprised how well demons dryclean.”

The incredulous Look he’s given prove the blond can’t tell if he’s joking or not.

”You’re Midoriya right?” He looks at the black haired boy who’s sat in the seat next to his. Turning around he leans against his table (blue boy starts to drone at him - he’s this close to punching his glasses of his presumptuous face) and looks at the boy who addressed him.

”Yeah. Why?”

Pin prick eyes widen, “But- but dude you died during the entrance exam! Recovery girl pronounced you dead and everything! I was there when she did it!”

He isn’t sure why he laughs but he finds himself laughing. Laughing so much that he actually bends over slightly, because this is too much. He’d tried so desperatly to not hurt anyone and this happens!? Oh boy, wow.

He isn’t sure why he even finds it funny, but he’s messed up so he finds stuff he isn’t supposed to find funny, funny all the time. “You’ll find I have tendency to not stay dead for very long. Besides, it wasn’t that bad! All I got out of it was this scar anyway.”

He undoes his tie and undoes his top button to show the scar on his neck where the glass that sliced his carotid artery in half and ruined his voice box for a week entered. It’s wicked looking, all jagged and menacing looking. He sends a smirk that matches his scar at the boy as he sees him stare in terror and confusion. He redoes his button and tie when he notices that some kid in class look uncomfortable.

He wants to be a hero, he can’t do that if he doesn’t respect people. He looks back at his classmate who looks a little sick all of a sudden, he’s about to ask if the kids okay when sonic the fucking hedgehog opens his trap again.
"Midoriya! Please remove yourself from the desk! It is disrespectful to—"

“Yeah and it’s disrespectful to fucking shout at people isn’t it?” He stands then, something in him rearing it’s head, and faces the prim and proper boy. He can see how tense the other boy gets. He makes himself relaxed, he’s in control here.

“I gave you the benefit of the doubt at the exam, thinking ‘Hey.’” He waves his hand around casually but doesn’t miss the flinch, “Maybe he’s nervous! Everybody is pent up.” But guess what jackass I’m sick and tired of fuckers like you thinking they’re better than me just because—“ he walks up to blue boy and pokes him in the chest harshly and doesn’t enjoy how he squirms away, “I’m scarred. I don’t like hurting people, but you?”

He looks up at his ‘victim’ noticing how scared he is. He’s obviously never faced actual conflict of any kind before. No wonder he froze up. No wonder he froze up. “You make me rethink that. You have a stick up your arse because you come from a private school right? Well guess what. A guy who runs when he sees a girl trapped under rubble,” he can feel his voice rising without his consent but doesn’t attempt to stop it, “And about to be crushed by a giant fucking robot doesn’t deserve to talk about respect.”

They stare at each other. Since when has he leant up to get into the other boys face? He doesn’t know but the sweat running down the others face is enough of an indication that he’s scared him. The anger that appeared out of nowhere diminishes. Mentally slapping himself for ruining his own reputation again he stands down, takes in a calming breath and pats the other on the shoulders.

The action physically jolts the other boy and he lets out a meep as Izuku smooths down the lapels of his blazer. “Glad we had that chat.” He pats him again and turns back to his desk.

Its quite but he doesn’t care. Life’s fucked up enough as it is without people that want to be heroes running around thinking they’re higher and mightier than everybody else when they don’t have any damn fucking courtesy towards others.

Like he’s one to talk himself.

The awkward and tense silence that underlies the quite muted chatter of his shaken classmates is broken by bright brown eyes that send another round of infinite awkwardness rocketing through him.

”Deku! You got in! I didn’t get chance to thank you at the exam!” She bounds up from the door to his seat, hair swinging widely as she does so and he distantly wonders if she needs clips to keep it out of her eyes. “Oh You were so cool! The way you took out that robot was amazing! You were just like ‘ARGHHHH!!!’” and-“

“If you’re here to socialise then get out.”

It’s silent as a tired voice comes from the door, and as his tired eyes slide over to the door he’s sure his quirk has finally screwed him up for good. Because he swears plain as the sun is shining outside there’s a motherfucking yellow caterpillar with Eraserheads face on it in the doorway.

What’s his life come to?

”It took eight seconds for you all to quiet down. Time is a precious resource, you lot aren’t very rational are you?” This sentence is followed by the caterpillar having a metamorphosis leading to Eraserhead to step out of the ‘cocoon’ sans his goggles.

Seriously, why did he even wake up this morning?
Changing into his P.E uniform is a somber affair, especially when he can feel the stares. He’s used to stares but this is the first time in nearly four years that he’s gotten changed in front of other people so it’s almost violating.

He can’t blame them though. Whenever he catches sight of his own body in the mirror at home he stares. He looks like a cat went to town on him. That and a gun, knife, open flame and of course how could he forget a car bumper going at at least sixty miles an hour to kill him on impact. He’s scarred up is the point of the matter.

Quickly he pulls his shirt over his head, makes a noise of discomfort in the back of his throat as it rubs on his newest scar and irritates it again and is quick about pulling on his P.E trousers. The leg scars aren’t particularly pretty either especially when not many of them have anything to do with his quirk.

Turning around he sees his classmates in various states of undress all staring at him, all with one thing in common. Absolute terror in their eyes. He doesn’t make eye contact with anybody but the ghosts in the room, giving the illusion he’s looking straight through all his living classmates and walks to the door, the other boys parting like a river before him.

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The girls aren’t any different on the playing field.

The second he’s in range they’re staring, stuck between looks of sympathy and fear. Good, he finds himself thinking. Let them fear him. It makes bullying less likely to happen and when he gets new scars and comes in injured (which is going to happen no doubt about it - especially with how his bad tendencies have started to rub off on Hizashi.) nobody will bother to question it.

The only person that questions him and appears to be willing to look in his direction without some form of distrust in their eyes is Uraraka who, bless her sunshine soul, is fluttering around him like a mother hen. He almost flinches away when she grabs his arm but he doesn’t do anything other than flinch, which while causing an upset expression on her face is much better than him unintentionally attacking the only person who thinks he’s a decent person that isn’t either dead or older than him.

"I can call you Deku right? Just checking in case it made you feel awkward before...” he nods, no point in changing names now right? Besides Uraraka seems like a nice girl the nickname isn’t even an insult from Bakugo go anyway so from her it’s like praise.

She holds his arm in her hands, with pinkies raised the entire time he notices, rotating it to get better angles. His arms are covered in scar burns and a few knife wounds, they’re his least favourite scars because they happened before all the shit with his quirk.

"How’d you get these? I mean, I assume your quirk caused most of your injuries... you did break both legs and an arm right?” He looks at her quizzically. How did she know that? Sunshine child blushes slightly, though he has no idea why, and hurriedly finishes her point, “I wanted to make sure enough were okay, but Recovery girl wasn’t letting me into the nurses office... she told me the extent of your injuries though.”

He has to resist the urge to roll his eyes. This girl was really, really too good. Why on Earth was she becoming a hero and not being worshipped by some strange cultists who believed quirks were evil but hers was a godsend... actually, he’d need to look into that. Nothing from those creeps had arisen recently and it was getting suspicious.

"Deku! Hey, it’s alright if you don’t want to tell me...” she’s worried his drifting off is to do with her
question he can tell, but he simply brushes it off, though he does feel thankful that his arm has been released.

"It’s not stuff I’m proud of Uraraka. It’s best to keep stuff that's dead dead. No use digging up stuff that doesn’t need to be."

If he isn’t the only one that catches Sero choking on thin air nobody mentions it.

Well, at least the disappointment radiating off of Shimura-san is diminishing, though Mr.Kurodons dissapperance is cause for concern. Hopefully he’s returned to wherever Tsubasa has been haunting recently instead of going to wreak unintentional havoc on the school.

"A test... of our quirks!?”

His classmates somehow manage to perfectly time their frustration to create one large scream. Never mind about Yagi-Sensei not making it through one day of teaching, it’ll be a miracle if Izuku can handle this class any longer than the next ten minutes if this keeps up.

"What about the entrance ceremony!? Or guidance sessions!” From next to him Uraraka starts to protest and it’s actually a rather valid point, though he’s had enough interactions with Eraserhead to almost perfectly guess his response.

“No time to waste on that if you want to be heroes.”

The horrified noise that exits the girls mouth is reminiscent of when Mr.Kurodon realised that Tenko Shimura’s father was a piece of shit. The tired man looks over his shoulder at them, and the judgment is clear in his expression. This is a bit more than a simple test.

“U.A. is known for its ‘freestyle’ education system. That applies to us teachers as well.”

But nothing is given to indicate a deeper meaning.

"Softball throwing, the standing long jump, the fifty meter dash, endurance running, grip strength, side to side stepping, upper body training and seated to touch. You did all these in junior high yes? Your standard no-quirks-allowed tests.”

He paused, seeming to gage their reaction.

“This country still insists on prohibiting quirks when calculating those records. It’s not rational. The department of education is just procrastinating.”

His voice breaks from its ominous tone and back to a regular humans. “Bakugo.”

The blond looks over to him, seemingly non too impressed about being called out on the first day of school. " Step into the circle." With the prospect of a sporting event on the table Bakugo’s expression differs from its default expression into a somewhat more socially acceptable version of the default.

After years of close proximity and forced closure over the last two weeks he knows it means the other boy is in a half decent mood. “What was the furthest distance you could throw in Junior High?”

The answer comes into Izuku’s head at the same instance that the answer leaves Bakugo’s lips, “Sixty-seven meters.” It throws him off slightly because that is incredibly weird trivia to know about someone he isn’t supposed to have a good relationship with. Of course, he can blame it on the
fascination he’s had with the blond since childhood and chalk it up to sideline subconscious fanboying that’s lead to him keeping such random knowledge.

Their teacher procures a ball from somewhere on his person and throws it at Bakugo who, true to form, catches it with one hand. “Great. Now try it using your quirk. Do whatever you need to just don’t leave the circle.”

Nodding to himself the blond gets in a stance and Izuku finds himself overlong Uraraka’s ears as she looks up at him confused. With seconds that confusion is gone when the loudest explosion Izuku’s ever heard emits from Bakugo’s hand the ball whistling through the air after sultry breaking the sound barrier. He removes his hands after the noise and strangled war cry of “DIE!!” are gone and she thanks him.

He’s already partially deaf from that time Bakugo exploded his face as a toddler nobody else needs busted ear drums if he can help it, and Uraraka is the only one he particularly likes at the moment. Besides, Shimura-San is giving him that approving nod that you get when you’ve done something expected of you without being told it was expected of you.

A small beeping draws everybody’s attention to over where Eraserhead is stood holding a device he most definitely was not holding before (He really has to look into the art of invisible pockets at some point) and speaks as他 turns it to them all so they can wallow in self pity, “It’s important for us to know our limits.” The device displays Bakugo’s distance of seven hundred and five point two meters.

So Bakugo isn’t only stealing hearing he’s also stealing aspirations and self confidence. He’d make a brilliant teacher.

But then again, maybe not. Because instead of being stunned into submission his classmates are yelling again and louder than before as well.

”Whoa!! This is awesome!!”

”705 meters!? Seriously!?”

“So we can use our quirks for real? Man, the hero course is great!”

The temperature suddenly drops and he feels his eyes drifting back to his teacher who’s studying the device with mild curiosity. The disdainful aura is coming from his teacher and that’s the cause in the drop of temperature.

”Awesome you say?” It seems everybody else has picked up on their teachers change in mood because it’s suddenly quite again, “You’re hoping to becomes heroes after three years here... and you think it’ll be all fun and games?”

It’s not often that he feels intimidated. His existence and reputation revolves around himself being the intimidating one, “Right.” The resolve in that one word twists his scarred stomach. “The one with the lowest scores across all eight events will be judged hopeless and will be expelled.”
You win some, you lose some. But with luck like mine what’s the point in winning?

Chapter Summary

Happy New Years!

The first test they were going to be forced to endure was a fifty meter dash. Don’t get him wrong, Izuku was okay at running. It wasn’t like he struggled at it - he did have brilliant stamina after all- it was more the fact that running was always something he used as a last second decision kind of thing you know?

Like this morning when he was almost late so he had to run, or that time one of the kids from school had stolen his bag so he’d missed the bus and had to run home to avoid the downpour that started to ensue the minute he got to his building.

First up was sonic, who actually flinched as he passed him and some girl that Uraraka said was called Tsuyu. She was very frog-like in appearance. Large eyes and webbed looking fingers combined with her crouched position at the starting line all gave the impression of the amphibious creature. Then she leaped probably as twice as the guy with bat wing arms was tall and he could tell for sure her quirk had something to do with frogs.

The machine beeped far too quickly and a droning robotic voice spoke out, “3.04 seconds!” Now that he looked at the blue haired boy properly he was shocked to discover he’d somehow missed the giant engine exhausts sticking out the back of his legs. Seconds later the machine beeped again, “5.58 seconds!”

The two looked happy with their scores, the Tsuyu girl sending a sheepish smile towards Uraraka. Seemed sunshine child already had friends. Good. It just meant he could probably wrangle more people into helping him protect her, regardless of whether they liked him or not. Next up, was his friend and he gave her a pat on the back as she sent him a nervous expression and walked up to the starting line.

She was against the blond boy with a tail who’d jumped back from him when he walked into the changing rooms. It’d been mildly funny, considering he’d quietly said ‘excuse me’ and the monkey boy had jumped about a good meter in the air and with the help of his tail had ended up hanging from the suspended lighting.

Watching Uraraka closely he noticed that she was murmuring to herself and began touching her clothes, shortly after which it looked like her clothes were attempting to float upwards but were hindered by Uraraka herself staying in one place. The whistle went and they ran. Monkey boy used his tail, much like Tsuyu had, to launch himself across the finish line while the brunette used good old fashioned running to get there.

He didn’t quite catch the boys time but he gave a thumbs up to his friend when he heard her time. “7.15 seconds!” At the very least she seemed proud of herself.

Next was a pink girl that reminded him of Kirby with horns and a blond boy who from a quick glance and listening in to gave him the distinct impression of non-aggressive more flamboyant
Bakugo Katsuki.

This impression, however, was happily proven wrong when he graciously accepted his fate of coming in second with nothing more than a ‘If I hadn’t had a cool down period my stomach would of exploded...’ now that he looked he remembered him from his exam. They’d been in the same area and the boy had even saved him from a two pointer he hadn’t seen.

He would have to remember to thank him later, if the boy didn’t die from intestinal failure beforehand that was.

"Alright, Bakugo and Midoriya you’re up!” Sighing he thanked Sunshine child for her encouragement and walked up to the starting line stretching his arms and legs like he usually would before running in P.E, Bakugo was side eyeing him obviously interested in how with his defensive type quirk he’d managed to score a place in the Hero course.

Probably thought he’d just murdered himself in front of the robots repeatedly.

... That wasn’t so bad of an idea actually. If the blast from his revival could be made big enough he could potentially short circuit all the robots in the vicinity. His mental notes and reminders were getting bigger every few minutes today.

Ignoring the way red eyes bored into him, Izuku crouched not to dissimilar to how Tsuyu had crouched earlier and waited for the signal. When the whistle did go he didn’t pay attention to anything but the mitigation of one for all to a percentage he could handle and how he was going to stick the landing without breaking something.

From his power boosted jump he found himself leaping over the finish line not too long after. Admittedly he didn’t have the most award winning landing, having to tumble along slightly to not damage himself, but he did it and smirked to himself when the machine went off, “3.45 seconds!”

The sound of swearing and explosions had him turning to face his opponent who had a blazing expression on his angered face as the machine spat out his time almost tauntingly, “4.13 seconds!”

They stared at each other, eyes conveying messages neither of the, properly understood before they moved on and returned to the group. For once in his life awe welcomed him as he faced a group, but just as he’d expected the second their eyes left Bakugo they turned fearful again.

He’d really fucked himself over hadn’t he?

- *-

The next few events went swimmingly, he was capable athletically but having one for all really helped improve his scores. Of course, all went well until the throwing event.

Bakugo was clearly growing impatient he could tell. Whether it was from the class as a whole (like it was with himself) or it was because Izuku wasn’t particularly forthcoming in any way about how the hell his revival quirk had now mutated into strength augmentation.

The longer he watched the throwing event the more awkward he felt himself becoming. Normally he’d be able to stick it out and ignore the way everybody was attempting to keep some form of distance away from him - but, and he knew it was a lost cause, he’d kind of hoped he’d have a friend? Sure he was considering Uraraka as a friend but that would probably only last until one of the other girls or guys told her how he’d acted this morning.
He tried not to make his smile seem too forced as he watched Uraraka throw the ball, he’d enjoy it for what it was. Just like he allowed himself to feel somewhat happy the past two weeks he spent being ‘forced to bond’ with Bakugo. It wasn’t all bad. Beat dead people, not that they were bad but he was finally starting to understand why his mother wanted him to spend more time around the living.

One thing though, made him internally smirk. Sonic was growing a pair it seemed. While in the first event the boy had flinched at the act of walking near him the blue boy was the closest to him and from a quick glance out of the corner of his eye, the speedster was watching him carefully.

"Midoriya, you’re up.” Nodding at his teacher he walked forward catching the new ball that was tossed to him. As he got in the circle he half listened to what was being said about him.

"Midoriya appears to be extremely cautious... he’s been playing it safe you can tell...” So it seemed glasses was keeping track of him through the events? And the fact he’d picked up on him holding back despite only seeing him in action once before was interesting... he’d definitely have to try and get him as a friend if he could redeem himself. Someone like that could be a good ally and an even better friend.

"Well duh! The bastard got hit by a car the other week! He’s still healing!”

A mini uproar happened behind him at that. Leave it to Katsuki to take away the attention. Smiling he used his quirk and launched the ball, careful to mitigate it. He didn’t need any of his still healing wounds to reopen. His quirk got rid of most of the damage but he still needed stitches in a few areas. The shouting behind him only stopped when the ball created a boom as it broke the sound barrier. Much like it did with Katsuki’s.

His results would nearly be all perfect if anybody would be willing to do seated toe touches with him. Seriously there are eighteen students and every single one of them are occupied. Even Bakugo has a partner and apart from his threat this morning Izuku is like a fucking angel compared to that cess pool of a personality!

Looking around vaguely he resigned himself to doing it on his own before he was approached by his, and it hadn’t even been half a day yet, least favourite classmate. The kid was tiny, purple in too many ways and from a quick observation proved to be a gigantic pervert.

If he wasn’t a hero course student, with the way He skittishly kept eye contact while looking unsure whether to attack or make a run for it, Izuku could of easily mistaken him for one of the bastards and creeps he often dealt with.

"M-Midoriya right?” Jesus Christ on a bike, even his voice sounded like a sleaze ball. Did they not have any requirements at all for students? Like for instance, not being voted most likely to become a sex offender? Which being honest, this kid defiantly got voted as that in his final year of Junior High. Or maybe he was just so used to dealing with pervs who took it too far He was overreacting?

Maybe... but his instincts were rarely wrong and his instincts were telling him the kid was a sleaze ball.

"That’s my name.” It was almost pitiful how he had to look down, and he thought he was short. Sure he was a bit taller than average but the guys and girls in this class were giants.

"Mi-Mineta.” He kept his expression schooled, eyes blank and devoid of anything.

“And? I knew that.” His eyes widened in fear, “Aizawa Sensei called it and you walked to take your
turn in the previous events. What do you want.”

”There’s no other people to do the touches with and I was-“

”I’ll do it on my own. I’m not the best team player you understand Mineta-kun. Makes me aggravated sometimes you understand right?” He walked past the boy making sure nobody was paying attention when he grabbed the tiny boy’s shoulder and put as much pressure as his hand could give without using one for all.

”Oh, and another thing. I catch you doing anything to the girls? And you won’t have your eyes. If you don’t believe me ask around Mustafa for me and you’ll meet a bunch of people like you who’ve faced consequences.” The just like this morning, he released his grip and pat the annoying pest on the shoulder.

”Keep it in mind okay, Mineta-Kun?” He made sure to smile wolfishly over his shoulder, a clear warning to the petrified boy.

”Hey Deku over here! I want to properly introduce you to Tsu!” He looked away from Mineta and over at his bubbly friend who had an arm wrapped around the frog girl’s shoulder.

“I’ll be over in a second Uraraka!” Sending her a smile he gave one final look to the other boy who was still standing still before he began to walk over.

”I’m Asui Tsuyu, call me Tsu, Midoriya-kun.” Shaking the hand held out to him he smiled genuinely at the girl.

”Of course Tsu. Feel free to call me Deku. Everybody does.”

_-*_

”Hah!? How the fuck did I come after Deku!? You little runt, when the hell did you grow an athletic bone in your body!?”

The blond got in his face and he looked past him as he was shaken back and forth. He focused more on how Tsu and Uraraka were having a laugh at his expensive and how Sonic looked like he was going to have a breakdown.

Personally, he was still amazed at how he’d come in third place - technically first out of the normal students if you took into account the other two were recommended students. “Bakugo release Midoriya.”

”Whatever. I’m watching you shifty nerd.”
“Hey! Izuku, come over here!” Looking up from his book, he felt his face split into a grin when he saw his friend over on the swings. Dabi was a little older than him, though only by four years, but still hung out with him and actually kept him safe from bullies.

Stuffing his book into his rucksack he slung that on his back before hurrying over to the swings, standing in front of his black haired friend expectantly. Fiddling with the straps of his bag he almost didn’t see the hand motioning him to sit next to him. “Really?!”

A small frown grew on his friends face as he verbally told him he could sit next to him on the swings. It was something new entirely. The last time he’d sat on the swings with anybody had been when he was six and even then Bakugo had used his explosions to throw him off in the name of fun. “O-Okay then!” He continued to smile, sitting happily next to his friend kicking his feet slightly to start swinging slowly.

He looked at his friend but looked forward when he saw his friend doing the same. They sat there, quiet and still. The only sounds around them the other kids at the playground and the creaking of the swings. He enjoyed this Dabi. The nice one.

The one that wasn’t showing off to other people and who called him by his name instead of that horrible nickname all the other kids did, even his other friends called him by it. But the fire quirk holder only ever called him it when they were around the other boys.

“Do your arms still hurt?”

Surprised he looked at his friend in the corner of his eye to see him leaning forward slightly making his swinging off and his eyebrows were furrowed.

Looking down at his arms, he didn’t want to admit but they did hurt. The bandages sticking out from under his shirt were fresh and had only been applied yesterday. “Kind of...” he risked a glance to see his friends fists shaking slightly, and he started to try to back pedal, “But! But it isn’t your fault! Not at all! I was just being silly and didn’t get out the way in time and-“ he was about to continue before being abruptly cut off.

“Izuku you shouldn’t of done it anyway.” He trailed off, and Izuku looked properly at his friend. An unfamiliar scowl on his face and his turquoise eyes reminded him of his blue fire in that moment. Because they were so hit and intense and so very angry.

“They’re stupid idiots. I don’t even know why I agree to it, but you’re... you’re so much younger than us and you always get hurt.” He felt trapped under Dabi’s gaze. “They do it on purpose. They keep you there longer than you should, that’s why you get hurt. You’re not clumsy or stupid Izuku. They want you to get hurt.”

That was silly, his friends wouldn’t... would they? No! Of course they wouldn’t. They were his
friends and friends didn’t...

Katsuki did. He was your friend and he hurt you. He left you as well.

His thoughts turned dark. His friends wouldn’t be like Bakugo right? The more he looked at Dabi though, the more the message became clear that they would. “Why are you telling me this? To- to...”

What was he even trying accuse Dabi of? Telling him something he’d known all along? Something he’d forced himself to ignore? Something that was obviously inevitable?

“To just prove that I’m useless? Is that why!? He didn’t know why he was shouting, but everything just... everything was just too loud and he was angry and crying and he didn’t know what he was doing.

“Izuku-“

“No! It’s... Its alright! I knew it was gonna happen! I knew that you guys would get tired of me. This is your way of getting rid of me right!?“ He stood up from the swing turning in a circle trying to spot the others. Because they’d come to watch right? “Come out guys! It isn’t funny if you’re the only ones laughing!”

Dabi was stood up when he turned back to him, worry dancing in his eyes. But it had to be fake, just like this stupid kindness. Because he was Izuku Deku Midoriya. And nobody actually cared. Just like Bakugo always said, it was only a matter of time before his own mother kicked him out.

“Izuku what are you going on about? Nobody’s watching and I’m not trying to get rid of you, can’t you see? I’m trying to help you get better friends-“

“Where!? Where Dabi! Everybody in this stupid neighbourhood hates me!” His friend went to deny it, “And don’t try and lie to me! You know it’s true! I’m just stupid and quirkless and it always ends up like this!” The boy closed his mouth, obviously unable to come up with a retort. Then his eyes steeled and just as he was about to walk away, probably to go to his room and cry all this out, he was grabbed in an inescapable hold by his friend.

“You are not stupid! You are Izuku Midoriya, and while you may be quirkless, that does not define who you are! You can be a hero if you want! That’s what you wanna be right? You want to help people? Well be your own hero first.”

He wanted to believe the words, he wanted to believe all of it. But he couldn’t. Because nobody cared. Nobody was honest with him.

“What’s the point though? I’ll either make the situation worse or I’ll hurt myself! And how can I be my own hero? If I don’t know how to do it in the first place?”

The grip on his shoulders lessened ever so slightly and he looked up, seeing Dabi’s face turn cold. “So you’re just gonna give up? Just like that? You’re being paranoid Izuku, you know that. For as long as I’ve known you - you’ve aspired to be a hero, to help people. So what, if you don’t have that many friends now, think of how many people will want to be your friend when you’re a hero.”

He forced a smile when his friend looked at him in the eyes again, he pretended to feel better and pretended to be over it as Dabi walked him back over to the swings and pretended to be interested as Dabi went on about how he’d help him get better friends and he’d stay in touch.

He pretended to believe him.
"Oh, Izuku, you’re home early how—what’s wrong? You’ve been crying again haven’t you? Did those boys hurt you, if they have I swear—"

"No! I... I mean, no it’s fine. They didn’t do anything. Dabi and I just... got in a fight." Her eyes softened when she looked down on him and he hated it, why did she always have to pity him? Was he really that pitiful.

"Well, what did you fight about?" He slunk into the living room, curling up on the couch as she went to the kitchen obviously cooking dinner. "He told me I need to find some other friends, doesn’t want me hanging around them anymore."

He could hear a knife on a chopping board stall before it continued again. “And why did he say that?”

"He told me that I need to find better friends than the ones I have now. How am I supposed to do that though? Nobody likes me...”

"Izuku, you know that’s not true—"

"Yes it is! Look at Bakugo! He—he dropped me the second he knew I was quirkless and all the other kids think—think I’m freaky because I have these stupid,” he couldn’t control himself as he pulled at the bandages on his arms,” Stupid bandages on all the time! And everybody knows I’m quirkless! Why would they—“ he couldn’t continue as he began to sob.

________________________________________

“DEKU!” Looking over at the angry voice he sighed.

Ever since he’d started to avoid Dabi and his old friends Bakugo had taken it as a cue to try and bully him more. Curling up on himself on the beach he looked away from where the blond was storming over, fists shaking and for once, on his own.

"Deku you bastard! Look at me when I’m talking to you!" Looking up at Bakugo, he wondered how he’d gotten in front of him so quickly. Now that the other boy was closer he could see that he was actually quite bruised up.

His jaw looked swollen and he was leaning to the left putting more of his body weight on that side as well as a few scrapes and small bruises on his exposed arm.

“Care to explain why those shitty bastards you’re always hanging around with decided to beat me and those shitty extras up!?”

That was news to him, but the anger behind the red eyes digging into him told him that if he denied knowing about it outright he wouldn’t be believed. So, he did what he knew would cause Bakugo to calm down ever so slightly. He diverted attention away from the main topic, “Are you okay!? What about your friends are they—"

"Those extras aren’t my friends! And of course I’m fucking okay! What do you take me for shitty Deku!? I’m not some kind of weakling like you! Look at you, you’re curled up and shaking like a damn leaf!"

Red eyes dialated and he realised he’d screwed up somehow when they looked even more angry, “And don’t change the subject! Answer the damn question!” His shirt was grabbed by one of
Bakugo’s fists and the blond got more in his face, “Explain why those bastards decided to beat me and the extras up! Did you get ballsy enough to think you could scare me!?”

He shuck his head quickly, bringing his hands up in the universal gesture of ‘I mean no harm’ as he began to try and get his words out as quickly as possible, “No! No I didn’t know! I haven’t spoken to any of them in a few months! I have no idea why they’d do that! I mean, they’ve always been kinda violent but I didn’t think they’d ever hurt anyone!”

Red eyes scrutinised him, checking him for any signs of weakness or a lie before he was thrown back on the bench. “You better not be lying to me Deku. If you are I’ll—“

“There he is!” Looking over to the familiar voice he shrunk in on himself more than he ever had before when he saw his ‘friends’ stalking over to them. They also had bruises, a few of them had burn marks (obviously from Bakugo’s quirk) and one in particular who had always been the ‘head’ of the group had blood trailing from his nose. His heady eyes settled in him before clinging onto Bakugo.

“Didn’t know you’d be stupid enough to go to a public place Bakugo, you really are just brawn aren’t you? No wonder you pick on Deku so much - he’s probably the closest thing to a brain you and your groupies have.”

He moves so he’s standing across from his ‘friends’ and next to Bakugo. The blond is tense next to him, obviously knowing that if he starts a fight here out in the open he won’t win without his quirk and in public they’ll surely get arrested. He fidgits with his hands and tries to avoid looking any of the older kids in the eyes knowing they’ll probably try and guilt him into joining them again.

“Come on Deku, lets go.” He’s surprised and lets out a small yelp whenBakugo grabs the back of his shirt and starts to drag him back. They don’t even make it two meters before the leader is speaking again (he wishes he could remember his name but in his fear stilled mind it isn’t coming to him), “Not so fast Bakugo. Deku is ours, you don’t get to just drag him everywhere especially after what you’ve done to him over the years.”

He feels the hand leave his shirt and feels tense as the blond rounds on the group again, “Oh Yeah! Well at least I’m not a group of assholes who leave him bandaged every other day!”

He feels bile in his throat because he hadn’t told anybody about that, only his mother knew he got hurt hanging out with his friends so how did Bakugo know? The leader, Yukio that’s his name, sneers at him and he feels that feeling of intimidation that he always does. He hates feeling so weak and powerless.

"Oh? You’ve been spreading shit Deku?” He can feel red eyes locking onto him then,”Telling people what we do, thought you’d sworn to not tell anybody?” Now he can see the scowl in the corner of his eye, but he can’t move. He can’t move. “You know that really makes us upset. Is this what you’ve been doing the last few months Deku? Running off to Bakugo to tell him what big meanies we are?”

“No! No I didn’t say anything! He doesn’t know what he’s talking about, he’s making stuff up and—“

"Don’t lie to me Deku."

He can see fire in those eyes, just like the fire that licks up his arms whenever he hangs around them. They start to move forward and he wants to run, he needs to run.

So he does.
He isn’t sure why, but Bakugo tagged along with him and they soon find themselves clambering through that hole in the dense they used to go through when they were younger to get into the restricted area of the park that is more forest than anything.

He keeps running, barely aware of the cursing spewing from Bakugo’s mouth, and suddenly falls when there’s no more floor beneath his feet. He gasps for air as he suddenly realised where he is properly. He’s in the river in the forest next to the park. Twenty minutes at least away from the nearest public place. He’d screwed up, he’d screwed up because when Yukio and the others found him they were gonna kill him and they’d be able to get away with it!

“Deku! Deku you fucking idiot get up! I can hear them for fuck sake!” Looking around he finally focused on the boy next to him who had for some reason stuck with him and hadn’t left him.
He keeps running, barely aware of the cursing spewing from Bakugo’s mouth, and suddenly falls when there’s no more floor beneath his feet. He gasps for air as he suddenly realised where he is properly. He’s in the river in the forest next to the park. Twenty minutes at least away from the nearest public place. He’d screwed up, he’d screwed up because when Yukio and the others found him they were gonna kill him and they’d be able to get away with it!

"Deku! Deku you fucking idiot get up! I can hear them for fuck sake!" Looking around he finally focused on the boy next to him who had for some reason stuck with him and hadn’t left him.

"I."

He can hear them now as well and they’re too close and they won’t make enough leeway in any direction by the time they catch up, because they’re bigger and stronger and there’s more of them and-

He’s broken from thought by the feeling of fire in the air. At first, he looks up at Bakugo, thinking he’d caused an explosion and he was so out of it he didn’t notice but all he sees is the other boy looking around. There’s something familiar about the heat in the air and he feels his chest tightening when he realises what it is.

Unlike last time, it’s him who grabs Bakugo and starts dragging him, it’s too time consuming to go up the riverbank. It’s too steep. They’ll just have to go down river. If he remembers right there’s a break in the river up ahead which leads to an overpass bridge. They’ll be a good way there by the time whatever Dabi’s doing with fire is over.

"What the fucks got you like this Deku!? A second ago you couldn’t fucking breath!?!" He looks back over his shoulder and whatever look he has on his face is enough for Bakugo to drop the subject. It doesn’t stop the other boy from snatching his wrist back.

They trudge through the shallow river, the sounds of their pursuers changing from faint to not so faint continuously. He can see the overpass now. He’s about to tell Bakugo the plan when the shouting suddenly gets too loud.

"Thought you could get away Deku!?" He looks back, and screams internally when he remembers that one of his ‘friends’ has a bloodhound quirk. They’d just been tricking them into a false sense of security this whole time! He looks up to the riverbank where the five older boys are standing tall and intimidating.

"You don’t seem too happy Yukio, what crawled up your backside and died?" His eyes flicker to behind the group and he resists the urge to smile when he sees familiar turquoise eyes and black hair.

"Dabi! That little bastards been yabbering on to Bakugo! That’s why he’s been avoiding us!"

"What the hell is going on?" He looks next to him where Bakugo is making small explosions in his hands, and edging back ever so slightly. He follows suite.

"Nah. I told him to take a break. After all, a kid shouldn’t be hurt because you guys get off on it.” There’s ice in his words, which contrast significantly with his next action of setting his hand alight with blue fire.
“Come over here and say that to my face! You’re just as bad as any of us, you’re a sick fuck!”

He and Dabi make eye contact and one message is clear in his eyes, ‘Run’. So he does, turning and once again dragging Bakugo despite the fact he’d still been making explosions at the time, and tries desperately to ignore the screaming and crackling of fire behind him.
“Deku! Wait up!”

Confused, he stopped in front of the gate and turned his head seeing Uraraka running over to him. That was actually rather nice, but unfortunately she was a sunshine child and had somehow convinced sonic to come with her.

The blue haired boy looked incredibly stiff and uncomfortable as he trailed after the bubbly girl. He learnt the boys name to be Iida Tenya, but he wasn’t going to use it until he knew he could fully trust the boy or events lead to some strange bonding moment - which unlike his other strange bonding moments would hopefully not include him dying or receiving major bodily harm.

“Hey Uraraka.” When they caught up to him they didn’t move right away, instead milling around in one spot as the two caught their breath.

”You’ve met each other right?” She motioned between Iida and himself and the both of them nodded, “Great! You take the train right Deku? Would it be possible for me and Iida to go to the station with you? I found out me and Iida live the same way.”

It wasn’t exactly brilliant, and despite the hedgehogs prior confidence he seemed just as timid and scared of him as he did right at the start of the morning. Thinking it over, it was alright because he didn’t technically have to interact with them much, seeing as he’d already established the ‘quiet loner’ persona to Uraraka and the ‘Talk to me and I’ll fight you’ persona to Iida.

”Sure. But I have to ask, why? I’m not exactly the type of person you want to be seen around.”

He almost felt bad when the girls face dropped, genuine confusion and sadness seeping into her features at his words. But it didn’t last long before it was him that was overtaken by confusion.

“What are you going on about Deku? You’re a really nice guy! Why wouldn’t people want to be seen around you!”

Numerous examples came to mind: I’m the local occult child, everybody’s convinced I’m a delinquent, I have literal yakuza gangs as my enemies, people regularly attempt to kill me even though they know it won’t work, I’m an undead zombie that barley classifies as a person etc.

But he wasn’t willing to voice any of them. He didn’t have to, thankfully, because sonic being as pretentious as every other time they’ve interacted beat him to it, “Uraraka, Midoriya has the appearance of a delinquent. I am sure he is simply trying to make you aware that people may get ill impressions of you.”

”What!” Uraraka seemed outraged at the explanation and instead rounded on sonic, “Deku does not look like a delinquent! Sure he has scars but that does not mean that he is a bad person!”

She continued along that line of thought, and the two were blissfully unaware of the stares and whispers that surrounded them as students passed by to leave school. While he was used to it, he always found himself attuned to when people began doing it.

”Side with me on this Deku!”

”Midoriya you agree with me correct?”
snapping back into the conversation he blinked, both teenagers staring at him expectantly. He was trapped, he noticed, he couldn’t agree with either of them and he couldn’t just tell them he’d zoned out.

He decided to take the cowards way out, “Let’s just get you guys home.”

Sighing, he stuffed his hands in his blazer and began walking through the gate, hearing the other two spluttering behind him and demanding for him to slow down as they attempted to fall in step with him.

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“So... what was your old school like Deku? You don’t seem very sociable.” He bit the inside of his cheek to stop himself from laughing at his newly acquired friend. The girl had absolutely no filter and a lack of personal space and boundaries. Thankfully she was much too innocent for that to be taken the wrong way.

Sonic didn’t share his sentiments.

“Uraraka! You can’t just invade peoples private lives like that! Midoriya’s life is his own and we have no rights being privy to it!”

”Doesn’t matter, she can ask away.” He looked at the boy over his shoulder and felt slightly guilty when he saw how shortly their eye contact lasted and how anxious sonic was.

“Why’d you wanna know though? Besides thinking I don’t seem sociable.”

Turning around, he began to walk backwards down the street, facing the girl as she spoke. Her hand came up to her chin and she rubbed it in thought. “I guess it’s just you... you don’t give me The impression of a delinquent. And Bakugo called you one at the entrance exam but you’ve been nothing but polite to me and kind! If anything he’s the delinquent!”

Her fists clenched and adorably she huffed in frustration. He noticed her nose scrunched up when she got angry.

He couldn’t help himself though when he laughed at her statement. Bakugo Katsuki, a delinquent? He’d actually stay dead the day that happened.

He laughed even more at the thought and the faces the two pulled when he laughed. Two fish smacked around and left to suffocate had mouths closed more than the two of them, “Bakugo!? Haha! You- ha! I can’t! Haha oh that’s brilliant! Wait till I tell - haha! Oh she’s gonna love that!”

He could just imagine his Aunt Mitsuki’s reaction and his mother as well for that matter. The shared glance before their eyes would sweep over Bakugo with a certain type of exasperation normally reserved for toddlers still learning their manners. Then they’d look at each other again and his mother would smile sheepishly as his aunt shrugged back and muttered about how much of a ‘damn brat’ her son was.

He managed to get his laughter under control, “You really got the wrong impression of him!” The two gave him disbelieving looks as they scanned their tickets at the barrier to the station, “Bakugo is a nasty prick yeah, and he gets under people’s skin because he finds it funny - but he’s one of the most hardworking people I know.”

He let himself sound a little wistful, remembering all the shit they’d put each other through throughout the years, “He’s a natural born genius, school bores him so he needs distractions.”
"Really? I wouldn’t of pinned him as one, he just seems...” Uraraka looked to sonic who also seemed to be stuck on how to phrase it.

“Yes, he’s quite abrasive and gave me more the impression of a...”

"Narcissist?” He pitched in and the two nodded before simultaneously realising how rude it sounded.

"No! Not that! Similar but I mean - Deku!”

"Midoriya! You can’t just- why! How undignified!”

As the two squawked next to him he let his eyes wander feeling relaxed for once. He was in a new uniform and around people, he blended in on the platform for once instead of standing out. The squawking descended into a conversation between the two and he realised it was the first time he hadn’t been annoyed by over exaggerating.

He tensed up and let his smile fall from his face when he spotted a familiar group of boys half way down the platform. Quickly averting his eyes he turned back to the two, “We have to move more into the crowd.”

He already began walking to the crowded students a few meters away when his arm was snagged, “But if we do that we might not get the train! Then we’ll have to wait another twenty minutes...” his eyes flitted from the girl holding onto his blazer to the boys coming in closer.

His throat closed up and his arms burnt under his blazer, the wound on his stomach feeling open and fresh all over again.

"Uraraka...” she seemed stubborn and when he made eye contact with Iida his desperation must of shone through, “Uraraka, Midoriya may have a reason for-“

"Well if it isn’t Deku!”

He repressed the violent flinch that wanted to wrack over him, keeping his breathing as even as possible before reminding himself that he had his knife if he needed it.

Pulling his arm out of Uraraka’s grasp he turned around, smiled wide and tried to not show that these three were possibly the only people in the world he was actually scared of.

"Yukio! Long time no see...” he trailed off taking note of the vicious scar that took over half his face, his left eye was completely useless and looked like a constant itching problem, “I haven’t seen you since the day at the river...”

His ‘old friend’ looked him over and sneered as the other ‘old friends’ (Rin and Hikaru if he remembered correctly) scoffed. They also had visible burn scars. Dabi had really wrecked them that day. “You’ve gotten bigger, don’t look like a scrawny punk anymore.”

He had some hope that it would go civilly, everything had been going well so far and surely the three were mature enough now to know that Izuku couldn’t control what Dabi had done that day and that the crazy bastards actions had been entirely his own. Yukio especially had to know that, he and Dabi had always threatened to kill and severely harm each other.

"You’ve also gotten yourself quite the reputation,” the bully crossed his arms and made his stance wider, more intimidating. More people were noticing now. More adults were looking disapprovingly and more kids were pulling out their phones recording it.
“Heard you’re playing saviour. What’s that little bitch you helped last year? Megami, right? Heard what the guy did to her,” he was ragged forward by his blazer and he felt like a scarny little ten year old again.

He wasn’t fifteen, in a U.A. Uniform and in a crowded train station with witnesses he was in the park at age ten with nobody around to care because he was deemed quirkless. He was ten and he was going to be punched and hurt and he really, really didn’t want that to happen, not again.

"Real sicko wasn’t he Deku? You have a thing for helping people don’t you, always have and probably always will."

He grabbed the wrist holding him up, his feet dangling slightly, he forced himself to remember who and where he was. He was safe here. People were recording this. As long as he didn’t do anything stupid he’d be fine. “What’s this about Yukio. You were never one to beat around the bush.”

"I want payback you little runt. You think going around helping everybody will make up for what you put us through don’t you? The guilt eats you up don’t it!?"

He was being shaken and gasps rang out as he found himself being held above the tracks, the train speeding his way in his peripheral, “You think I’m upset by what happened!?"

He raised his voice, shouting to be heard over the rumbling of the tracks. “What happened was your own damn fault and you know it! You pissed him off! Not me! I have more burn scars than the three of you probably do combined! And we all know who caused them!”

He kept eye contact with the young man, daring him to let him be hit by the train. He couldn’t get out of his hold. Not without either him getting hit by the train or by Yukio getting thrown onto the tracks.

He steeled himself and looked at him, really looked at him like he did with everybody that he fought when he knew they hadn’t killed before. “Do it. You know you want to Yukio. I’m a punk right, so do it.” He kept his voice low, only loud enough for the two of them to hear and he saw Uraraka and Iida in the corner of his eye looking horrified.

He could feel the hand under his own shaking and saw the hesitation and the fear in his remaining eye. “You won’t. You don’t have it in you.”

As he said that Yukio stepped back and dropped him, just as the bullet train whizzed past. Obviously Uraraka had gotten the wrong time, that wasn’t their train.

"Izuku!” He sighed, slouching further into the bench as his mother pushed past the officer and knelt in front of him, gabbing his hand and staring up at him with tired eyes, “Oh! I knew I shouldn’t of let you walk home on your own! Things like this always happens to you!”

Sighing, he snatched his hand away before shoving them in his pockets. He didn’t miss the hurt look that splayed across her face, but his mother needed to stop babying him. “I’m fine. It was just Yukio and the other two again.”

"Again?” He spared the officer a glance, who suddenly seemed interested holding his pen to his notepads paper, “Have these boys done something like this again?”

"When we were younger yeah - haven’t seen them in six years. We knew a bad guy and things turned slower between all of us. This was him acting out.”
Thr man nodded, “Some of the witnesses said the man said something about scars?” He felt his mother flinch beside him.

“Can we do this at a station or something? I’m already gonna be all over YouTube and the news as it is.” The officer looked around at the people standing around, phones pointed his way and nodded.

“Of course, if that makes you more comfortable.” He turned to the crowd, raising his hands up and motioning backwards, “Alright everybody move on! Nothing to see here, get on with your business!”

People may respect heroes and never talk about the police force, but everybody knew you respected them. They were the backbone of everything the heroes could never manage and Izuku was thankful for that underlying respect because as he got walked over to a police car people didn’t point their phones at him so obviously and they didn’t try and intercept him.

”Deku!”

”Uraraka I really don’t think-“

”Deku! Hey, what was that!?“

Looking over his shoulder at his friend he saw how scared she was, her hands shaking and body tense, Sonic didn’t look much better, “I’ll talk to you two tomorrow.”

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”So... you’re saying the man came over to you unprovoked and things escalated, still while he was unprovoked, into him threatening to let you get hit by a train?“

He grit his teeth, squeezing his mothers tense hand under the table. They were used to people not believing him or implying that altercations were his fault because of his appearance. He looked, talked like and had the attitude of a delinquent and for that people never believed that he didn’t start trouble.

”Yes. Like I explained to the officer at the station, we had a history when we were younger and it ended on bad terms, with both of us being severely injured by our mutual friend in a fight.”

The officer raised an eyebrow, not believing him again. Letting go of his mothers hand he stood up and pulled his blazer off to reveal his arms. The disgust and horror that erupted on the man’s face when he saw the twisted and discoloured flesh marred with scars from around the same time was a small consolation.

”Our friend was protecting me in a fight, because it wasn’t much of a friendship and he and the guy that held me over the tracks hated each other. These burns are reminders of that fight, the burns on his face are his.”

He sat down, folding his arms on the table again, making sure the officer had to look at them.

”So yeah, I was approached unprovoked by a guy with mental trauma who never got the help he needed, because he blamed me for the fight. Which is partially true. I was the reason the fight took place, being the one who needed protecting, and unfortunately he saw me and took action on impulse.”

”Sir, Tsukauchi - Oh. Midoriya.”
He looked at the catheaded Officer who looked disapprovingly at him, though he felt like it was more a ‘what have you gotten up to now’ look rather than a ‘what crime have you committed’ disapproving look.

"Officer Tamakawa."

"You two know each other?"

"Yes, Midoriya was the one who found and protected Ms. Megami Hisashi last year after she escaped her kidnapper. Is something the matter?"

"No.. Midoriya here was assaulted is all nothing major."

He wanted to scoff, because being held in front of a moving train in front of nearly thirty plus people was more than being assaulted but his mother beat him to any kind of reaction.

Slamming her hands on the table she shocked all of them with her loud booming voice, “Assaulted!? My son was held over train tracks while a train was coming to the station! He was not merely assaulted! And you,” her finger pointed at the officer who’d been taking his statement since they’d got to the station and had been leading them around in circles for the past hour and a half now, “You have done nothing but believe my son to be a liar, running around in circles instead of moving on!”
Midoriya Inko, Nana Shimura and All Might are all concerned and show it in very different ways

Chapter Summary

Long title I know, but it took me three hours to think of how to continue this so I’m allowed my title. Three hours didn’t include dialogue or structure just like two sentences.

Tamakawa blinked owlishly at his mother, eyes wide with confusion. He opened his mouth, before closing it. Speechless in the face of his ranting mother. She kept going on, getting louder and louder and she stood tall and berated the officer. She never once made herself look aggressive, never once did she make any move to intimidate the officer and never did she make her voice venomous- and yet she still held the officers attention and guilt tripped him considerably.

All he could do was sink into his chair and hope the next time he died would come quicker than it was. He needed an excuse to stay in bed all day right now.

"Attempted murder is a serious crime Midoriya, you need to understand that.”

"I do get that,” of course he understood that, he got actual murdered on a monthly basis, “But he needs help. He needs psychiatric help not being stuffed in a prison cell. If I don’t press charges he can get help right?” He locked eyes with Tamakawa watching to make sure the officer didn’t lie to him.

He sighed,”Its a bit more complicated than that Midoriya. He needs to be prosecuted, because he had every intention of killing you - but for some reason he decided not to. I understand you want him to get the help he needs, I do. But he’s a danger to the public and to himself.” Izuku looked away, he understood where the officer was coming from, he just didn’t feel right about it all.

"When he’s prosecuted, he will undoubtedly be convicted and found guilty. When he’s in a prison cell he can get the help, most prisons offer psychiatric help for cases just like this. But if he isn’t put away he might continue to try and hurt people. And the next person he snaps at might not be as lucky as you were.”

He took the words in, and really really bought about them. He knew, deep down, that this was the right thing. And he knew that he shouldn’t hold any sympathy towards Yukio because of what he used to do to him when he was younger - he understood what had happened wasn’t friendship - but he couldn’t bring himself to agree fully to just... throwing him in a concrete box.

There were plenty of people who were classed as dangerous to the public but were allowed to just walk around all day. Any Pro Hero fell under that category. But that’s different. He reminded himself, They don’t threaten to let people be crushed by trains.

“Yeah... okay...”

It was hard to distinguish a smile due to Tamakawa’s facial structure but he could make out what the awkward scrunched up face meant. “Let’s go see if your mother has calmed down slightly.”
He let out a laugh at the naivety of the officer. “You really don’t know my mother.”

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When they entered the open space, filled with desks and copiers Izuku could almost forget that he was in a police station and convince himself he was at his mums old office. Except this time it was a bunch of men and women in police uniforms tapping away instead of cheerfully, coffee high men and women in the adult equivalent of a school uniform.

They didn’t spot his mother right away, but when a door opened and her voice rang out he found her soon enough. She was over in the corner, in some kind of closed off office, and was still angrily shouting at the police officer who’d been taking their statement earlier. He still didn’t understand why they’d been in an interrogation room to begin with anyway.

“She’s still shouting...” Looking over at the officer he found himself smiling slightly, the expression was hard to distinguish but he could tell the officer was looking on with an anxious smile, “I was supposed to head home a while ago, I don’t mind waiting with you until she’s finished.”

He felt his eyes widen, the man had stayed past working hours, just to get the report done? “That’s really nice of you, but you don’t have to! It’s fine! I wouldn’t want to keep you from home any longer than I have!”

The man waved a hand as he leant against the wall behind them, cat eyes focusing on his mother and the cats fellow officer, “Don’t worry about it, I prefer being at work anyway. The coffees better here.”

Seeing no room for argument, he leant back on the wall as well. Sighing, he allowed himself to slouch in his position. When his mother got angry, she got angry.

A memory of when he was possibly five or six came to mind. He’d fallen out of a tree or something stupid like that and had managed to twist his ankle. The day care had simply patched up his scrapes and had him sit off to the side for the rest of the day, only informing his mother of his injury when she came to pick him up.

She’d gone ballistic.

She used to be so overprotective of him, looking back then and now he wasn’t surprised at how different she was. She was still protective, sometimes suffocatingly, but she understood now that she couldn’t baby him. He was capable and able to look after himself... even if he did burn the ramen noodles sometimes.

"Oh, Hey, Tamakawa. What’re you doing with Tsukauchi’s kid, I thought you were headin’ home already?”

Looking up (not that he remembered ever actually looking down) he saw a female officer sticking a thumb out in his direction as she spoke to the officer next to him. Tamakawa didn’t question the fact the woman called him the detectives child, instead just going on as if it was a perfectly normal thing to refer to him as.

"Midoriya had a bit of trouble on the way home from school, just got done with filing a report. We’re waiting for his mother to finish chewing Souh out.” The lady looked over to where the man pointed, and she made an expression that looked like a mix between saying ‘ouch’ and mild fascination.

"What’d he do? She looks pissed.”
He kept quite, not knowing what to do in the situation. They were talking about him and his mother but weren’t actually including him. Did he listen anyway or find some form of alternative amusement?

"Souh referred to being threatened with getting thrown in front of a moving train as assault after reassuring me that it was nothing major. Midoriya-san went ballistic.” There was no disapproval in the man’s voice.

"And rightfully so! Her kid gets threatened like that and he refers to it as assault? If it was me I would of gone to sarge and asked for him to be put off duty,” Tamakawa sighed and the woman sent him an ‘innocent’ look, “What?”

"You would only do that because you don’t like Souh.”

"Uh, Yeah. Because of shit like this!”

Finally the woman looked over at him, “So you’re Midoriya Izuku right? How come you and your mother don’t use your Fathers name?”

"Um... Tsukauchi isn’t my father... why did you think he was?” He hoped he didn’t look as awkward as he looked, because her unbelieving expression was unbelievably concerning.

"What! He’s not!? But he- He’s always!? Tsukauchi is always boasting about you, and showing us pictures you two have taken together and everybody just- you’re seriously not his son?”

"No. My dad’s somewhere abroad, working overseas.”

"Oh... well I seriously apologise for thinking that you were-“

"Oh Hey Izuku! What’re you doing here? Is that your-“

"Just try it! You lay a finger on me and -“ the door was once again closed on his mother and he felt his nerve ends set on fire when he saw the officer risen from the chair and standing in front of his mother, shutting the door so that nobody could hear what she was saying.

"What on earth is going on?” Looking over at the detective he didn’t know how to phrase it.

"Somebody tried to kill Midoriya and Souh was being unprofessional and purposefully slowing down the process of getting Izuku’s statement and from what I can figure was rude and Midoriya-san has been shouting at him for close to an hour.”

Even though Tamakawa explained the whole ordeal, Izuku doubted Tsukauchi heard half of it. Not soon after ‘Somebody tried to kill Midoriya and Souh was unprofessional’ slipped past the cats lips the detective was already marching over to the door.

“What’s he doing?” He muttered it to himself, slowly covering his face with his hands as his father figure stormed into the little office to defend his mother when the argument was clearly about to get heated.

"Not his kid huh?”

He looked up at the woman who was raising an eyebrow at him with humour in her eyes.

"So... where did you go today?”
Lying on his bed, he threw and caught the small bean bag ball Hisashi had won and given him last weekend. From his peripheral he could see Nana Shimura ‘sitting’ on his desk while her unblinking eyes didn’t move from his face. It was creepy to an extent, but the lady had obviously been dead for a long time and had never met somebody who could see her before.

He wouldn’t mention anything for now.

She didn’t say anything in response to his question, just kept watch.

*I’m not getting anywhere with her...*

He looked away and back up at the ceiling where he started to count the little peeling stickers he’d convinced his mother to put up there when he was seven, careful to not drop the ball on his face. They were little glow in the dark stars and they’d spent hours trying to get them to fit the constellations in the old astronomy book he’d picked up from the charity shop all that time ago.

They hadn’t quite managed it, but it was close enough that he could tell what was what even now.

"Why were you in the hospital that night and why did that man ask about me and the boy?" In shock he missed the ball and it hit his face, when he sat up, he rubbed his nose, while looking shocked at the woman.

"Pardon?"

"Why were you at the hospital that night we met. It had never been explained and Kurodon refuses to tell me. I also wish to know how that doctor knew we were there yet couldn’t seem to see us.”

He studied her, she seemed tense and intent on getting answers. He could tell why Kurodon hadn’t told her, she might now even be aware she had a grandson and to turn round and say that he was a super villain allegedly was not the best.

"I’d been in a car accident the night we met. My childhood friends been missing for a few years and I only just found out... I was following up some leads.” Her creepy eyes looked through him almost, picking apart his words and looking for any faults in them.

"And the doctors the one in charge of monitoring my quirk- he’s aware I can see the dead and I didn’t exactly try to hide the fact I was looking at you two.” This time she nodded, seemingly satisfied with the answers given.

“Can I ask you questions?” Her face contorted into a strange mask of confusion, “Why would you do that?”

"You were Yagi-Sensei’s teacher right? I want to know what he was like, what he was really like.” Her face melted into a motherly expression as love entered her dead eyes.

"He wasn’t too different from yourself. Just much more focused on self preservation.”

He let out a little laugh at the look she directed his way at that last part, rubbing the back of his neck in embarrassment as he spoke, “Yeah... me and self preservation have a complicated relationship...”

"How about a deal?"

Deals with the dead were always interesting, “Sure. What’s the deal?”

"I will ask you a question and you will answer me honestly and in exchange I will do the same. Do
we have an agreement?”

He was half tempted to hold his hand out to the ghost but refrained from doing so. “Deal.”

“What is your quirk? Aside from One for All that is.”

Nana had, at some point, migrated over to his bed and was now sat cross legged across from him. Thinking over the question he hummed, “The doctors gave it a stupid name. They called it unkillable, I personally refer to it as rebirth.” She nodded, waiting patiently. Whether it was for it to elaborate or for him to ask her a question was unknown, so he just went with the first option.

“Essentially every time I die,” she flinched heavily at that and the more he continued the more worried her face became, “I have the option to stay dead or come back, and every time I do come back I get scars from wherever the lethal injury was. Like this,” he pulled down his shirt collar to display the scar his classmates had gasped over earlier, “I got when a piece of glass went through my throat at the U.A. Entrance exam.”

Her mouth twisted into a sour scowl as her face became a portrait of agitation. “How did you get an injury like that? When I attended U.A. Academy the exam was closely monitored by teachers on site who stepped in when the exam became too vicious.”

It was amazing to hear about how things used to be, the difference even in, what he could assume was, a century was massive.

”The exam has nearly over four hundred participants each year, the exam is monitored from a surveilence office somewhere on campus. We fight giant robots. I used the power that I received from One for All and stopped it in its tracks so that it didn’t kill Uraraka, when I was falling I had to redirect myself so that I didn’t hit the ground...” talking about it normally came so easy, but perhaps it was talking it out with a member of the dead that really put everything into perspective.

He coughed into his hand,”And I ended up crashing through a window of a nearby building, when a shard of glass went through my neck slicing my jugular and ruining my voice box.”

He expected the ghost to brush it off, at the most give him a sympathetic look. He didn’t expect her to lean forward and place a ghostly hand over his folded ones, leaning forward from where she hovered in front of him and stare him in the eye with full seriousness.

“I will accompany you, if you’ll let me.” She smiled slightly, “I would act as your eyes and ears from afar.” She looked away, a remorseful look crossing her face before it was gone when she looked back at him- though her voice sounded melancholy now,”While you may be Toshinori’s student he has not fully understood the objective of teaching a successor- I will attempt to guide you along side him. That is of course, if you will allow me to Midoriya.”

He felt a face splitting grin come to his face, “Of course I will! That’s so cool of you! And please, call me Izuku, if you’re letting me call you Nana it’s only fair!”

A motherly look, one he recognised from the hospital all those weeks ago. But it was different now somehow. Instead of holding that nervous edge to it and that sense of distance it felt so loving and lifelike the warmth seemed to reach him through the veil.

”Izuku, dinners ready!”

Nana looked over at the door, where his mothers voice had just sounded from the other side and then
looked back over at him, “Off with you, then to bed with you. You have had an ordeal- I can only imagine what U.A. will put you through tomorrow.”

Smiling at the ghost he jumped up from his bed and looked over his shoulder at her one final time where she was watching him before he closed his door and headed to the dining table.

"What are you smiling about Izuku?”

Sending a bright smile his mothers way he could see the tensions in her shoulders loosen slightly, how long had it been since he’d last smiled properly in front of her? Probably too long. He’d have to change that, “I think I just made one of the best deals of my life.”

His mother rolled her eyes, knowing how he enjoyed to make deals with the dead and knowing that many of them ended with him having a new adventure to tell her while she tried not to faint and a new collection of bruises and when he was really lucky a small trinket to give to her, “Try not to do anything too stupid.”

"I’m not gonna do anything I wouldn’t normally do.”

“That’s exactly what I’m worried about.” He looked back over at her from where she placed her own plate down before placing his and felt his smile turn more into an impish grin, “What am I here to do, if not worry you?”

A hand ruffled his hair as she sat down and smiled back at him.

“Izuku can you get the front door please!”

Groaning to himself he pretended not to notice Nana’s chuckle as he dragged himself off of the sofa and to the front door. He didn’t need to leave for another half an hour and he just really wanted to relax as long as possible.

Opening the door he prepared himself to have requests for his help thrown at him, as was often the case at stupid hours of the morning, but found himself speechless for a few seconds when he saw Yagi Toshinori at his door, brief case in one hand while he wore a yellow suit about three sizes too big but tucked in enough to only look slightly wrong.

“Um...Hi?”

He’d spent plenty of time with Toshinori, he was in his teacher and his second father figure, but it was still incredibly awkward to stand here while he was not aware of him coming early.

“Good morning my boy, how are you today? May I come in?”

"I’m fine...” stepping aside he let the skeleton of a man into the flat closing the door behind his teacher. He stayed in the corridor for a few seconds watching the blonds retreating form.

"Oh! Toshinori you made it!” His mothers voice caught his attention as he made his way to the living room once again to find his mother and father figure in some kind of hushed conversation. Looking over to Nana discreetly the woman nodded before drifting over to the two, watching her expressions change with no context and the range of looks she sent both adults was somewhat humorous.

But he couldn’t laugh without looking suspicious. His mother would know something was up.
"They are talking about who should walk or drive you to school. Toshi is offering while your mother is offering breakfast as compensation.” She spoke over the two, with him thankfully being the only one capable of hearing her.

He eyed his bag that was maybe a two second trip into the room and then his boots by the door. Surely it wouldn’t take that long to grab his bag and get his shoes on right?

"Izuku, you are not going to run off. You may not like it but-“

"Fuck it.” He cut her off as he mumbled to himself, suddenly diving for his bag (that he’d thankfully packed the night before) and legged it back to the door slipping his shoes on as quickly as possible before throwing the door open with a very surprised and loud, “Izuku what are you doing!? Get back here!” coming from his mother.

"See you after school!” Shutting the door he began to run, hopefully if he got the early train he could make it to school before anybody could really start to ask questions and he wouldn’t get picked up by his mentor.

_-*_

He let out a laugh as he ran down the street, swerving through the crowd as some older adults shouted at him when he knocked into them.

Focusing forward he nearly stopped thinking he was going to crash into somebody when he realised it was just Nana floating in front of him as he ran, “Izuku Midoriya! I distinctively told you to not run off! Your mother is worried sick about you! I understand you don’t want to be babied but-!”

Ignoring and blocking out the woman’s voice he scanned his ticket and ran through the railinings and plunged into the crowd of the early train commute. ” ’Scuse me!”

He slid through the train doors just as they closed, his bag nearly getting caught in the door. He was thankful he’d just been wasting time at home and didn’t actually need to do anything now. Looking around the train he spotted an empty chair (a rare occurrence) and promptly made his way to it, plonking himself down and setting his bag down on the floor at his feet.

Slouching backwards into his chair he checked the time on his watch and tiredly pumped his fist when he saw he’d made the early train with a few seconds to spare for the first time in his life.

He had initially taken the early train, but because of time table issues with school, therapy and that throwback period where he had a newspaper round he’d never actually made it on time. It was the first time in nearly four years he’d gotten the train in time.

Squinting at his watch he couldn’t quite make out what was wrong until he realised the glass was still cracked. “Huh...” he whispered it to himself, making a mental reminder to finally get the glass fixed or wear his other watch.

"Will you listen to me now!?” Sitting up he pretended to look out the window, while he was actually watching Nana as she paced up and down the train carriage, feet never quite touching the floor.

"Your mother is simply worried for you, I understand a bit like you wants your space and to not be mollycoddled, hell I was like that at your age! But what we don’t realise until we’re older is that sometimes, sometimes we make stupid mistakes and our parents were just trying to help us.” She stopped in front of him, arms robotic and reminiscent of how he’d seen Sonic’s act the day before.

"Now, I’m not suggesting that you allow yourself to be driven or escorted to school every day
because frankly Toshinori couldn’t stop a feather in his current state- I’m simply suggesting that you go about it differently than stealing away with your bag and shoes before you’ve even had breakfast.”

Suddenly realisation hit him at her words, he hadn’t had breakfast. How had he been so convinced that he had done everything that needed to be done and then never get around to eating!?

Slouching back, hands rubbing his face as he quietly groaned to himself he saw the smug look she sent him, knowing she was right.

”And you forgot your knife this morning. It was still under your pillow if I remember correctly.” He resisted the urge to quickly pat down his pockets because he knew she was right. That was something he always did just before he left for school. Shit.

”Hey kid, you alright? You seem really dazed.” Jolting upright he looked at the man nex to him. He couldn’t be younger than late fifties and was wearing a business suit that probably costed more than his flat did. Nodding he kept his mouth shut and expression blank.

These kind of guys typically looked at him like he would rob them, concern was a foreign look on a stranger. “I’m not gonna bite you kid, you can talk to me. Unless of course you don’t want to-“ the man began to ramble, waving his hands slightly. It reminded him slightly of what he used to be like before his quirk. He would probably of grown into a socially awkward bleeding heart that asked distressed children if they need help on the train too if life hadn’t gone the way it had.

”No, no it’s fine.” The man stalled his constant word flow, “Didn’t eat breakfast and left the house early is all. No need to worry.”

”Oh. Is that all? Here, my wife always gives me too much anyway.” The man held out a cereal bar and he eyed it with suspicion. First a middle class man isn’t being rude to him, and is casually holding conversation with him, then he offers him food?

What kind of people took the early train? The saints of the city?

He looked at the man then at the food again. He could take the food, but that probably wasn’t the smartest move - or he could go hungry till lunch and probably end up with another physical education lesson before he got the chance to eat...

”That was kind of creepy and suspicious right?” The man started to retract the hand with the cereal bar in it.

”A little.” He awkwardly chuckled before his hand was holding out money instead.

”Here. Buy yourself something at the station then.”

"I couldn’t pay you back, I’m really-" he went to refuse the money when it was forced into his open hand.

"I insist kid, you’re in U.A. Right? Who would I be if I let one of Japan’s future heroes go hungry, huh?”

"I guess...” the train pulled up to the station and when the doors opened the man stood up.

"This is my stop. Do great things kid!”

_-*-
"Deku! Oh my god are you alright!? You just got escorted off yesterday and I was worried sick! What the hell happened!?" Looking up from where he’d had his head on the desk for the last twenty minutes he realised that the classroom had filled up considerably in that time.

It was no longer him and a relatively awkward Yaoyorozu alone in the room, it was now him and everybody but maybe three other students.

And everybody present was being nosy as fuck.

"I’m fine Uraraka. It wasn’t that big of a deal. It’s being sorted out."

"Not that big of a deal!? Deku he tried to kill you!"

Silence.

There had been an underlying murmur to the classroom, the background hum that came from mindless chatter that nobody was really engaged in. But when she shouted that last bit everything stopped. And everybody stared.

"He didn’t -"

"He held you over tracks as a train was coming! He tried to kill you!"

He wasn’t going to deny it. He was just going to point out that Yukio wasn’t fully sound at the time he did it. He only wanted her to understand he wasn’t fully to blame for his actions.

"Alright class, all of you to your seats. Present Mic will be here soon. Let’s get registration done as soon as possible."

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"Who can find the flaw in the following English sentence?"

Bored out of his mind, he watched as the sound hero wrote four variations of the same English sentence on the blackboard. He could spot the flaw easily. The relative conjunction was in the wrong place, and the only sentence that had the correct placement of it was option four.

He wasn’t about to put his hand up for that though. He was drained and not in the mood at all to deal with teachers calling on him in front of the class.

"Anyone? Yes, Iida."

"Option four, the other examples gain incorrect relative conjunctures."

"Correct-a-mondo! Keep that in mind listeners. That will be on the exam!"
Teenage Angst has evolved like a goddamn pokemon into the worst headache known to the half living

Chapter Summary

Last chapter was supposed to be a happy Midoriya Chapter but it didn’t work out that way.
I can’t seem to be kind to Midoriya in this story, while in my other AU’s I smother him in fluff and love. It’s bad.
Anyway, this chapter will feature sarcastic Midoriya which will probably be the closest to happy Midoriya this story will ever see.

Lunch couldn’t come quick enough. And yet, at the same time came far too quickly.

Staying at his desk, he watched as everybody started to file out of the room, his classmates sending glances his way. He couldn’t really be bothered with eating lunch today and knowing that we’re having some kind of physical lesson after lunch didn’t really make him want to eat and run the risk of spewing it all up again.

"Deku, you coming to the canteen?" He looked up at Uraraka who had, at some point, gotten in front of his desk. She’d been shadowing him all day, and it was making him really uncomfortable. They’d known each other for two days at the most (if you counted when they first met at the entrance exam) and she was already mother hennings him. He was tempted to wave her off, but Nana’s look made him hesitant.

"I’m not really hungry, just go. I’m sure Tsuyu’s probably waiting for you.” The pout was new when she huffed.

"What happened Deku?” Looking around the room, avoiding eye contact with the girl, he realised that everybody had left already - bar Aizawa who was napping away at the front of the room.

"It isn’t anything more than what you saw yesterday.” He waved his hand around, slumping more into his desk, head resting in the palm of his hand. How come He was so tired all of a sudden?

She didn’t look convinced and Nana was a distraction as she sat on Bakugo’s desk making contemplative faces over Uraraka’s shoulder. “Seriously. Why’d you care anyway- We’ve known each for two days at the most.”

"Is it so wrong to worry about a friend? You’re clearly lonely Deku, and as someone who knows how it feels I swear to you I won’t let you be lonely anymore!” She pointed a finger at him, determination brimming from her very being.

He felt a headache starting to come on.

"Sure you do.”

_-*-

“I have!” The door was thrown open and All Might leant into the room, supporting himself by the
hands gripping the doorframe, “Come through the door like normal!!”

When the number one made his way into the classroom, his classmates all erupted into excited murmurs and contemplative chatter.

Once upon a time he might of started gushing to himself about the hero, but he’d seen Toshinori Yagi sat on the couch wrapped in a blanket with ice cream while both he and his mother sobbed about an insect being eaten on a nature documentary at half eleven at night. He’d seen the man for who he truly was and it kind of ruined the whole emotional pillar thing considering the insect was dead when it got eaten anyway.

The man stood at the front of the room before crouching down and flexing, “Basic Hero Training! The class that’ll put you through all sorts of special training to mood you into heroes!”

The flexing was ridiculous but only seemed to energise and excite his classmates even more, “Toshi... what on Earth... Is he always like this now?” Snickering to himself quietly he spotted Nana’s confused and almost horrified expression. When she thought of her student as the symbol of peace she clearly didn’t expect him to be a walking embarrassment as well.

”No time to dally!” Suddenly at break neck speed the Hero was stood up and holding a plaque that was summoned from some mysterious pocket dimension reading ‘Battle’, “Today’s activity is this! Battle training!”

The last two words echoed and were repeated around the room by various students. At the mere mention of a fight he found himself getting excited, his headache almost forgotten at the prospects of being in his comfort zone.

Nothing was more invigorating and thrilling than being in the midst of a fight, sweat and blood trailing down you as your breath mingled with the scent of fear in the air, and everything unknown no longer mattered and all that did was who could dodge or hit quicker.

”And for that! You’ll need these!” The plaque disappeared and was replaced by a remote that once clicked caused the wall to click and clank as four pieces opened up and the cases, presumably holding their hero costumes, on racks were revealed.

“In accordance with the ‘Quirk Registry’ and the special request forms you all fille din before being addmitted...”

Before the blond could finish the screeching of a few chairs in the ground and the loud booming voices of his classmates sounded out, “Costumes!?” Looking over he saw a red headed boy, Tsuyu and the boy from yesterday that sat next to him, his name was Sero right?

“Get in! Oh, I can’t wait to see if they did it right!” He settled into his chair more, headache once again resurfacing at the reamergence of shrieking and shouting.

“After you change, come out in ranking order to ground beta!”

”Okay!”

Immediatly after everybody surged towards the racks, while he stayed sat down. There was no point rushing forward and getting stuck in the crowd, he may as well just sit back for a little bit and let the crowd die down. He wouldn’t be able to drag his heels though, Yagi-Sensei would probably try and chat with him about his spontaneous and rude exit in the morning.

Sighing, seeing the crowd had died down slightly he stood up from his seat and slipped past the
bodies of the other teens who were somehow oblivious to him moving among them. Getting to his rack he realised Sero was trying to get the case out but was having issues.

"Here." Without thinking he placed one hand on the metal frame and yanked the case up and out at the same time before handing it to his classmate.

"Umm..." he didn’t look at him again, just did the same with his own case and began to make his way to the changing rooms.

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It didn’t feel right, the silence as they changed. The boys had all been chattering until he’d entered the room and it’d been silent since. He was already changed into his costume, a simple black spandex bodysuit with a hood that held a grey utility belt to hold his knife and medical supplies.

He looked so incredibly plain compared to the others it would of been unnerving if he wasn’t the most unnerving thing in the room.

"..." he wanted to snap at them, to tell them to stop staring and just get on with it. He didn’t have an entire lifetime to wait for them to start talking.

Messing around with the part of his costume that covered his hands, imitating fingerless gloves, he tried not to pay much attention to anything that wasn’t his costume. He wasn’t going to make himself seem rudder or more creepy than he already had.

"I wonder if there’s a tom hole in here..." his ears picked up on the creepy bastard that was somehow in his class who was sat on the bench three lockers down. He sent a warning glare the boys way, reminding him of the threat that hang over his head through eye contact alone.

Taking note of the fact that Kaminari had left about a minute ago, he made his way to the door being ranked after the electro boy in the exam yesterday. When he opened the door he heard a sigh of relief follow after him.

He didn’t hang his head, but he didn’t look up either. He didn’t need to, it’s not like he was here for anybody anyway.

"Hey Deku! Nice costume!" He looked up at Uraraka. She was smiling and waving him over while she stood next to an ingenious rip off that could only be Sonic.

Things were so weird. Yesterday he’d started to consider her a friend but now that she was starting to show genuine concern he was trying to put distance between them?

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“Shall we begin my wards? It’s time for battle training!”

After everybody has trickled in and he’d exchanged a few pleasantries with Sonic, who he could just tell was squinting at him from under that fakeass I genius helmet of his, and held short conversation with Uraraka the class officially began.

“We’re all here then? Looking good ladies and gentlemen!” The pros eyes scanned over them all and on the outside it seemed like he was neutral to it all, but after knowing him personally for just over a year and spending so much time with him, the nuances showing his different thoughts were obvious.

For instance the majority of the costumes he gave a pleased look to where as some of the more
questionable or elaborate ones he made a face of confusion at. Even if subtly.

“Sensei! This appears to be the same field used in the entrance exam. Will we once again be performing cityscape manoeuvres!?" At the mention of the entrance exam, he subconsciously found himself rubbing his neck.

Injuries didn’t always get to him psychologically but this particularly one had, and it had gotten him bad. He forced himself to swallow the nonexistent ball in his throat.

“Nope! You’ll be moving onto step two! Indoor anti-personnel battle training!” Murmuring broke out loud enough for when he whispered to Nana who was in a world of her own that he didn’t get given strange looks.

"Is it even safe to do this? I mean how many of them will actually know how to use their quirks safely against another person?"

The woman came back down to reality as she looked at him and then over his classmates, eyes calculated. It was the first time he’d seen critical analysis in such a way that actually made him feel like with one look she’d be able to crack his mind wide open.

"Between confinement, house arrest and black market deals... in this hero filled society of ours... ahem." All Might put a hand to his chin, thoughtfulness crossing his features as he continued, “The cleverest villains out there, lurk indoors!"

All intelligent airs disappeared when his voice suddenly sky rocketed back up to his normal ear drum murdering volume. “You’ll now be split into villain teams and hero teams... And face off in two-on-two indoor battles!” The number one pumped his fist in the air as confusion speread like wildfire through the ranks of students.

"So no basic training?" Tsuyu spoke out, voicing the question they were all thinking.

"I would hope so, when I taught and studied here we all spent the first week worths of lessons going over the basics to ensure safety of the-"

"Practical experience teaches you the basics!"

Nana clearly deflated and actually looked disgusted at that, slinking over to the oblivious All Might And with her incorporeal grasp began tugging on the man’s hair shouting something about stupidity and ‘If Torino were here he’d light you on fire for this!’, but he forced himself to blank it out and instead keep his focus on the task at hand.

"The distinction here is that you won’t be fighting disposable robots!"

Once he took a second to breath the questions started to pour in and Izuku found himself once again playing with the glove part of his costume. It just seemed to give him a decent distraction, picking and moving the material ever so slightly. It was an awfully more accepted form of distraction then getting out his knife and throwing and catching it. Or so he’d been informed.

He let himself get a bit distracted, looking nowhere really when he jolted at the booming voice out of nowhere, “One at a time! My quirk isn’t superhearing!”

Looking back over at his teacher, ignoring the concerned looks from Nana and Uraraka, he tuned in to catch the tail end of a sentence, “The villains must either capture the heroes or defend the weapon until the time is up!"
He wanted to be proud of his teacher/father figure because he was actually doing well - he had a hundred yen riding on him doing terribly- but that was until he saw the small sheet of paper that he was reading from and all of that pride dripped away into the gutter where the rest of his emotions festered.

“Your battle partners will be decided by drawing lots!”

"Is that really the best way?!”

Looking at Sonic he couldn’t contain his disapproval. How could he not grasp how this was like a simulation of actual hero team ups? “Pros often have to team up with people they hate, makes sense that we’re drawing lots. We can’t complain about unfairness or favouritism this way.”

The helmeted boy looked his way, and it was almost uncanny how he could tell an eyebrow was being raised at him. “My mistake! I apologise for getting ahead of myself!” He bowed at the waist in front of All Might and then turned to do it to him and Izuku felt his discomfort grow along side his headache.

Why was everybody being so nice? Or even passive aggressively polite? People were apologising to him and talking to him? And while the majority of his classmates weren’t responding to him in any way they were at least not being rude to him.

It was all so strange.

"It’s fine! Let’s just get to it!"

The man’s had rummaged in the lots bin before pulling out two slips of paper, “Team A is Midoriya and Uraraka!”

"Get In!"

“The building blueprints... better memorise these.”

Hearing Uraraka mutter to herself he turned his body away just that little bit so that his mumbkings were indistinguishable to her, “We’ll need your help here Nana. Think you can scout ahead?”

"Of course, but you need a plan before you can do anything.” Nodding he turned to his partner.

"I’m really happy that there’s no punishment for failure like with Aizawa-Sensei’s test yesterday. So I’m not really worried. What about you? You seem calm?”

Looking back down at his blueprint one last time he nodded at her, “Stuff like this doesn’t worry me. I’m in my element.”

"Yeah... you do give off the air of somebody who’s ready for a fight.” He felt himself blanch slightly, just how blatant was she going to be!?

"I have to warn you Uraraka... Bakugo’s going to come straight for me. The guy hates me and in regards to quirks he’s gonna want some answers, and he isn’t emotionally eat enough to talk stuff out normally with people. I don’t want you getting caught in the crossfire, so promise me,” he gave her a serious look, “If I tell you to run, you run. Without question or hesitation, got it?”

He could see the worry in her eyes, the hesitation and the curiosity as to why he was so jumpy. But
she’d apparently learnt her lesson from yesterday not to postpone his pleas. “I promise.”

"Training begin!"

All Mights voice sounded over the speaker and they nodded at each other, making their way over to the building. Going in through the front door would be a stupid decision so they’d have to find an alternative route. Thankfully Nana pointed him towards a window that was within easy access if they climbed to it.

"I’ve found our entrance.”

Once they were inside the building, they started to make their way down the corridor.

Nana slipped out of sight at one point, presumably to check around all the blind corners so that they wouldn’t get ambushed.

Her warning though, which arrived in a ghostly wall of ‘Watch out!’ Came two seconds too slow as Bakugo leaped out from around the corner, the rubber sole of his boot nearly taking his nose with it as it slammed to the floor.

"You ready to die again Deku!?"

Glancing back he saw Uraraka had been thrown back by the blast that had accompanied the blonds arrival. “You okay Uraraka?!”

She coughed, but ultimately sat up properly and without clear injury, “I’m fine, watch out!”

Turning just in time, he had a second to dodge right under the fist that was less than a hairs breath away from shattering his nose. Scowling he let himself slip into the mindset. He had to focus.

This wasn’t some petty criminal.

This was Bakugo Katsuki. He knew how he fought. He had notes on this, This should be an easy fight.

Once again a punch was thrown his way and time slowed. He recognised this move. He’d found his first opening. Sliding forward into Bakugo’s personal space instead of ducking or jumping back like before he grabbed a hold of the blonds arm, holding it close as he used the boys bodyweight against him to flip him over his shoulder.

He found some sick sense of joy in hearing the pained noise leave his former friends mouth. Turning quickly, so as to not give him a chance, he grabbed the capture tape from his waist and went to tie him up, soaring a glance Uraraka’s way to see her starting to stand up.

That was his fatal mistake.

In the next second fiery familiar pain sparked to life across his face and he released a choked out scream followed by words that should of been uttered at the start of the fight, “Run! Uraraka run damn it!”
When does life ever truly make sense?

His back hit the wall from the force of the blast and he swore that his face was on fire from the heat of the explosion. He looked over at her direction when he didn’t hear any footsteps.

Her horrified eyes locked onto his and she stilled, unable to move when she needed to. He needed her to move! She’d get hurt if she didn’t run right now!

“Focus on me you bastard!” His eyes flickered to the blond and he rolled out of the way just in time to see Bakugo’s hand crash into the wall, the concrete there crumbling under the intensity of the explosion backed punch, that had been his head a few seconds ago.

He really wasn’t holding back at all.

He rolled away again, unable to get his feet under him, he wasn’t being given a second to fight. All safety and confidence dripped away. He had notes on Bakugo and how he fought, but he didn’t have notes on how he fought with an opponent who didn’t get knocked out after two punches.

He finally managed to get some distance between them, quickly scrambling to his feet to see Uraraka still there, staring. He grit his teeth and tried to ignore the pain. He could feel tears leaking down his face, whether it was the pain of the burn or from sheer frustration of how bad the fight was going so far he didn’t know.

“Use that damn quirk of yours Deku! You’ve never had a problem with a fight before! Fucking use it, you coward!”

He felt the air leave him as he stared. Red eyes were crazed as they bore holes through him and the twitchy stance the blond held showed the anger boiling and rising up to the surface underneath his skin.

But it was replaced by another image. Crap, no. No no no! He couldn’t think like that. He couldn’t. Not the time to have a panic attack. Not the time!

He could feel his breathing start to speed up and found himself backing up further down the corridor.

“Hunter, dodge to the left now!”

Nana’s voice broke through his haze and sloppily he did as he was told, the heat smacking him into the face as he stuck to the wall. He looked around realising he’d backed up all the way to another corner and Bakugo had gotten his gauntlet stuck in the wall from the force of the punch.

Run.

He needed to run. And so he did.

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He heard swearing following him down the corridor but it soon faded enough that he felt that he could slow down. His legs began to shake uncontrollably and he slumped against the wall sliding down to the floor.

He could make out the camera in the corner and pulled up his hood, covering his mouth with his
hand as he let out a sob. He just- he just needed a second. That’s all.

He just needed to calm down and he’d be fine. Yeah, definitely. So why couldn’t he still breath properly?
He could make out Nana in front of him, her ghostly hands running over his head and he swore he could almost feel them.

“Deku?” He jolted at the name, thinking Bakugo was there until he realised who’s voice it was.

“Uraraka? Are you- did you make it out okay?”

He hated it, but he couldn’t help how fragil his voice had sounded. He’d left her at Bakugo’s mercy. It was a gamble that after he ran the blond wouldn’t just attack Uraraka but he’d felt confident in his hypothesis - now though he wasn’t so sure.

She laughed, actually laughed and it didn’t sound scared or hurt or horrified or angry, it sounded sad.

“I’m fine! Are you okay!? I just saw you backing up and then he let out and explosion and you were gone! I’m so sorry I didn’t run straight away!”

He let out a shakey laugh of his own, hearing her voice was actually calming to him. It was a distraction and it was one that he could work with without making it seem like he needed it.

“It’s fine… Where are you now?” He forced himself to stand up, seething internally about how pathetic he looked. He’d fought people who had killed him on multiple occasions- he could stand in alleyways at ten at night with thirty year olds who’d performed horrendous crimes and he never once shook. So why. Why was he shaking now?

“I’m on the fifth floor. I managed to find the weapon. Iida hasn’t spotted me yet.” He nodded to himself, forcing himself to walk, before he realised that she couldn’t see him.

“I’ll meet you at the weapon. Try and get to it in the mean time. I’m not sure how much longer we have left.”

“Alright Nana, lets do this.” He whispered to the ghost who nodded, her face grim as she studied him.

“Okay! Wait- how will you find the weapon I haven’t-“

He reached the doorway thanks to Nana’s directions and looked inside to see Sonic holding the weapon over his head as Uraraka desperately looked every which way to guess his location, jumping to the side to just miss at the last second.

It was so… innocent. This was clearly enjoyably frustrating to the two of them. A pain shot through
his heart but he put it down to a stitch.

“I will,” she bent over huffing, “Get you villain! After all, I’m not alone!”

He slipped into the room, Uraraka’s words acting as an unspoken signal of sorts, sticking close to the wall and keeping out of Iida’s line of sight at all times.

“That may be true hero! But your partner is preoccupied with my own and as it stands with my quick thinking you are outmatched!”

“Really?”

He kept the sharper edge away from Sonics neck, but that didn’t matter because the boy froze anyway, “Because while Uraraka may not be able to use her quirk she was able to keep you distracted enough to allow me to slip up on you.”

He could see and hear the gulp the armour wearing boy made. He’d managed to get his blade in the smallest unprotected part of his costume where the neck plate and helmet met.

He looked away from the ‘villain’ and over at his partner.

“Uraraka, get the weapon.” She looked at him, questions swimming through her eyes, but she didn’t say anything out loud instead just walking over to them and reached up to touch the weapon that was being held up.

Rather shakily All Mights voice boomed over the intercom, “The Hero team wins!”

Just as he finished speaking a boom rattled the building before a bone rattling voice roared out after it, “FUCK!”

Walking back into the monitor room he avoided the prying eyes that seemed him out from around the room, and instead focused on getting to the furthest corner in the room hoping to god that nobody would try and stop him.

Thankfully nobody did and the rest of his classmates still parted as he past them, but their gazes never left him, even as he turned and slumped to the floor back buried in the corner. Their eyes only left when All Might called attention to himself.

“All right! Now that that eventful match is over let’s talk! Who do you all think was the real MVP of the match was?”

He lent his head back against the wall, closing his eyes as the blood rushing past his ears got harsher. A cold feeling on his hand, that was on the floor next to him, and a small whisper or encouragement let him know that Nana was next to him.

He still hadn’t gotten a look at his face, so he didn’t know the extent of his injury, but it hurt like the ones on his arms had when he got them. So he had a feeling he was going to look like Yukio after this.

“The obvious choice would be Iida.” He cracked his eyes open, Yaoyozoru was holding her hand and head high, it was clear in the way she held herself that she was confident in herself. If only he could be so lucky.

“He immediately went into character and when his partner ran off he did not hesitate to keep
protecting weapon. And when Uraraka appeared he did not fault, keeping in character and a hold of the weapon at all times. However,” Iida, who had been preening under the praise slumped slightly, “Midoriya also deserves to be MVP.”

This caught his attention, and he opened his eyes properly at the words. Sitting up right properly he began to properly listen.

“When Bakugo attacked, he didn’t hesitate to get him away from Uraraka who had frozen up. And his first thoughts were to check on her condition.” She took in a breath and he felt himself freeze when she sent a look his way.

“Afterwards he lead Bakugo away from her giving her the opportunity to look around the building without interruption. Then he continued to evade him until reaching Uraraka where he provided proficient assistance that allowed his team to win. All without the use of his quirk.”

Her eyes left his form and he stayed still, staring at her even as she faced back towards the front. How could somebody see all of that and actually put it into words so easily? He always had to rely on quick thinking and split second analysis. To actually witness actual, proper analysis was an extraordinary feat.

“Correct! Young Midoriya did ensure the safety of his teammates and attempted to minimise the damage to personnel and the building but,” he saw the way the man’s gaze flickered over to him, a sad sort of disapproval that he hated, “due to his use of a weapon without prior warning to anybody even his teammate, Iida will be taking the MVP.”

There was no room left for discussion.

“Midoriya, please take yourself to Recovery girl, your injury needs to be treated as quickly as possible.” He opened his eyes, unaware of when exactly he’d even closed them, and nodded. Pulling himself up he canted forward as his legs gave way and darkness over took him.

“Midoriya!”

He woke up in a hospital bed and a very angry old lady standing next to him with a gigantic syringe that looked more likely to kill anybody rather than help them.

“Mr Midoriya, I’m relieved to see you’ve woken up.” There was no sarcasm in her voice but he could practically sense the angry curiosity.

“How long have I been out?”

“An hour and a half has passed since you were brought here. Toshinori informed me that you had some form of breakdown during your training. I may be a hero, but I’m not ignorant to mental issues. If you need to talk to me - or even need a note excusing you because you can’t mentally cope you are to come straight to me understood.”

He nodded mutely. This wasn’t the type of reaction he expected. He was expecting a scolding as all other doctors had given when he had to come in because his quirk couldn’t fix what was wrong.

“How long have I been out?”

“On your way now. Midoriya, you have classes to attend.”

He pulled himself out of the hospital bed, seeing his uniform folded up on the chair and when he looked over at the old lady who simply smiled at him knowingly.
Pulling the privacy curtain around the bed he changed out of the hero suit that had somehow only gained dust in his fight and changed into the uniform, stiff and uncomfortable as it had been every other time so far that he’d put it on.

Opening up the curtain he stepped out and caught sight of his face in the mirror, half his face was covered in bandages, and he saw Recovery girl come up behind him in the mirror, “Don’t worry about that, it won’t scar. You just need to make sure you keep it clean. I couldn’t risk over using your stamina - I wasn’t aware if your quirk would work if you were unconscious.”

“Thank you Recovery girl.”

She smiled and reassured him she was just doing her job as he made his way out of the office and into the hallway. Walking down the corridor he noticed that for some reason he was alone. Nana wasn’t with him and for some reason the absence of her presence was nerve wrecking.

Kurodon always came and went and even though many ghosts haunted his flat they never really stuck with him for long instead just taking to lounging around the home. But now, after a constant presence it was strange.

“Hey! Watch it!” Looking up he realised that he’d knocked into a student, instinctively he went to shrug but he knew for a fact that this student wasn’t in the hero course. He’d memorised the faces from the hero course so that he could keep track of people he would potentially be fighting on a regular basis.

“Sorry, I was stuck I my head, I didn’t mean to knock into you.” The purple haired boy stared at him before huffing.

“Make sure it doesn’t happen again.” He seemed to spot the bandages on his face, “Recovery girl in her office?”

“Yeah. Be careful though, she’s got a giant syringe lying about.”

He was given an odd look before he continued down the hall trying to ignore the silence he hated so much while soaking it in as much as possible knowing he probably wouldn’t get any in a long time.

When he opened the door he must of arrived just in time for art history because it was Midnight stood at the podium.

She looked over at him, mouth open probably to scold him before it closed into a thin line when she took in his bandages state.

“Sorry I’m late. I was in Recovery girl’s office.” She solomoly nodded before continuing on with the lesson as he made his way to his seat.

“Can anybody tell me when the first example of modern heroic vandalism took place?”

“In the year 3907 when a group known as the Heroadds first strated to graffiti heroic advertisers.”

“Incorrect. Does anybody know the answer?” He set himself down, pulling out his book when Midnight called upon him.

“Midoriya? How about you, I was informed you had a great interest in this subject.”

He felt agitated and hurt and like the embodiment of a headache but he could tell she trying to
interstate him into the class properly instead of just letting him get stared at.

“While 3907 was one of the first examples the very first example, though not often publicly named, was in 3000 by an unknown artist.” He saw the small smile that appeared on the woman’s face and forced himself to be ignorant to the staring, “It was around the time that quirks hadn’t yet become the norm it was actually artwork for an underground quirk fighting ring.”

“Very good Midoriya. Take notes class, that kind of knowledge could be vital for your end of year exam. Art may not be as important nowadays but it’s been a core aspect in many important quirk movements throughout the years.”

He hated his place at the opposite side of the room to the door now, because it meant he had to pass by everybody else to get out of the room.

It was bad enough the looks he’d been sent the rest of the day after arriving in art history but that was to be expected he hadn’t spoken much and then he just spews out information for a ‘intellectuals’ topic after pulling out a knife on a fellow student and promptly collapsing when it was safe to do so.

He really, really wasn’t doing himself any favours.

He fucks himself over on the first day, then has a melt down on camera for the class to see and then shows that he carries weapons and willingly uses them on people on the second day? He was horrified for what tomorrow was going to bring.

Steeling himself, he forced one foot in front of the other and didn’t look. He wouldn’t look. He didn’t need pity and he didn’t want them to think they could push him around, emotionless personas would surely make them think whatever they said wouldn’t get through to him.

“Midoriya.” He stilled looking over his shoulder at the student calling his name. It was the red head from before in class when they’d gotten their costumes. He stood tall, keeping eye contact but he could see him fighting to keep it and not look away. It was a common thing to see.

“You okay now man? You looked really pale and then you passed out and-“

“I’m alive aren’t I? Long as my heart doesn’t stop I count it as alright.”

He turned back to face forward once again and stuffed his hands in his blazer pockets before walking out of the room. He had to pick Hisashi up from school and he really didn’t want to be late.

“Deku wait up!”

He heard Uraraka’s voice behind him, but he didn’t want to stop. He wasn’t fully recovered from his breakdown and he knew for a fact his mic had been open to the girl when he’d started crying and sobbing. He wasn’t prepared to have that talk. Not yet.

“Uraraka, let him be.”

“Big brother! Big brother! Sensei, there’s my big brother!”

Walking from the gate to the school building he let a smile cross his face as he saw Hisashi pointing and smiling at him while shouting those words. It had taken a bit of getting used to, being referred to as her big brother but after awhile it grew on him.
And over the year and a half now that he’d known her he’d taken up her company more and more and often found himself looking after her or picking her up.

“Hello Izuku, Oh - did you get hurt at school today?” Himiko-Sensei had been his teacher at Hisashi’s age and she’d always been kind to him, even when everybody else treated him differently because they thought he was quirkless.

“I’m fine, it looks worse than it is,” he smiled at her before crouching in front of his little sister, “You ready to go home? My mums making Katsudon.”

At the mention of their shared favourite food she started to jump up and down, “Katsudon! Katsudon!”

A chuckle from his ex-teacher made him look up, she smiled kindly at him as he stood up, lifting Hisashi onto his back to give her a piggyback ride to the flat. “Take care of yourself Izuku, alright?”

“I will!” He shouted as he turned and began running to the gate so they could catch the next train to arrive at the station which happened to be two blocks over.

“And don’t forget about next week!”

He looked over his shoulder as Hisashi waved at the teacher and nodded at her, “I won’t.”

Looking forward again he made his way down the street as Hisashi wrapped her arms around his neck. He started to ask her about her day at school while she lay her head on his shoulder, retelling the events of the day in an exaggerated way only a child could pull off.

“And then! And then Asu-chan used her quirk and stuck to the ceiling!”

“Really? And then what happened? Did she jump down?”

“Really! Sensei made her come down but it was so cool! I wish my quirk let me stick to the ceiling. All I’ve got is a silly bubble quirk… what can I do with big bubbles?”

She deflated and he felt a small pang in his chest, it wasn’t the same kind of emotions that he felt for his quirk, but no child should hate their quirk. At all.

“Well, you know All Might?”

“Duh! He’s all you talk about silly!”

“He is not!” He let out a laugh as they continued their ‘yes’ ‘no’ banter for a few seconds.

“In all seriousness though, his ex-sidekick Sir Nighteye is his own hero now and one of his most trusted sidekicks is called Bubble girl! She uses her quirk to trap badguys and help get people out of trouble! So if you wanted to be a hero you could use them that way! Or, you could go into entertainment! You’d be able to do so many cool tricks with your quirk!”

She laughed at him, burrying her head deeper into his shoulder.

“That sounds cool. You really think I could do that? What if I’m not good enough to be a hero?”

“Hisashi... you don’t need to be a hero. Saving people doesn’t just mean fighting villains. If you want to help people there are plenty of ways and if you don’t end up becoming a hero you can always move onto bigger, better things.”

“Better things than being a hero?” She leant forward over his shoulder and he looked at her in the
corner of his eye, she looked so confused and it reminded him how hero obsessed his generation was. It was unthinkable that there were things better than being a hero.

"Yeah. Like a doctor, they save more people than heroes everyday! Or a psychiatrist, they help people who are ill but don’t show it."

"Like when you go see Nakamura-san? Mummy says you talk to her because your quirk hurts you.” It was strange to hear it put so simplistically but it also comforted him to an extent.

"Yeah, like when I go see Nakamura-san. Or you could become a police officer or detective like Tsukauchi. He helps people all the time. Maybe even be a builder. People can’t have houses if there’s nobody to build them. And think of how easy it would be for you to carry heavy supplies!"

He started to ramble off ideas and job options, answering any questions thrown his way by the six, six and three quarters she would remind him, year old. Reaching the train station he set her down as the girl pulled out a bent up train card and handed it to him, grabbing onto his hand the instance she had her bag back on as they walked through the gates, swiping the cards as they went through.

She didn’t climb on his back again, instead keeping to his side as they stood on the platform. They only needed to wait another five minutes and their train would arrive.

"I was so disappointed today in training, Hagakure and I were thrashed! Todoroki is way too powerful, and he was only using half his quirk!"

"Yeah, but look at Midoriya! He didn’t even use his quirk! I wonder what he got up to when the camera short circuited! It couldn’t of been that intense though if all he did was make his way to the stairs."

He didn’t freeze up, but he felt himself becoming tense. Risking a look he spotted both the red head who asked about his health before and the boy with the tail who was also in his class. If he remember the list he looked at correctly his name was Ojiro and the red head was called Kirishima, though on the profile he saw his hair was black.

It must of been an old photo.

Something clicked though as he looked forward again, All Might or somebody else must of disrupted the camera feed of him having a breakdown. He’d have to find out who to thank them later.

"Big brother, those boys over there are looking at us.” Looking down at his sister he looked over to where she was pointing to see his classmates had spotted him. His first response was to swear, but Hisashi had been picking up one too many of his habits recently and swearing really wasn’t one he wanted her to pick up.

Looking away from the direction where Kirishima and Ojiro were walking towards him, he glanced up at the sign that read when the train was meant to arrive. They only had two minutes left. If only a crowd could just disrupt them!

"Midoriya! Hey, Midoriya!” He attempted to pretend he didn’t hear them, but Hisashi (young, sweet, pure Hisashi) smiled brightly at the two and yelled out to them.

"Are you two big brother’s friends?”

He really couldn’t ignore them now could he!? Looking over at his classmates they were about three paces away and had stopped due to shock he believed. “Big... brother...?”
"They’re my classmates Hisashi- you know me. I don’t have any friends.” The train arrived just at the end of his sentence. “Come on. We need to hurry up or we’ll be late for dinner.”

He didn’t attempt to communicate with the boys though they spluttered and followed behind him and his sister onto the train all the while trying to breach conversation.

"So... we didn’t know you had a sister Midoriya?"

"Is it really safe for you to be walking home if you passed out earlier?"

"You passed out? Are you okay?” Looking down at his sister he nodded, still ignoring the other two.

"You were really cool in your fight with Bakugo by the way. How’d you dodge like that? It was so-so intense!”

"My brother is really good at fighting! He protects loads of people!”

He could see the gawping looks from the two next to him. Squeezing the girl’s hand she looked up at him, “Don’t talk to strangers Hisashi. It’s not safe.”

"I know! I won’t make that mistake again, cause like you say, someone might not be there to help next time!”

He let go of the railing he was holding to support himself as the train moved and ruffled the once near hair atop her head. “At least you listen to me sometimes.”

He murmured and for a few seconds he could forget that he was under the scrutiny of everybody on the train and his classmates who were looking at him like he had three heads.
Chapter Summary

This was supposed to be posted yesterday but I fell asleep when it was half done.

Ojiro And Kirishima continued to try and pry up until their stop arrived on the train. And even then, luck would have it that they needed to swap trains at the same platform they got off at.

"Look! Look Toshi-Oji san!" Looking up, he also spotted Toshinori who waved at him, but seemed to grow concerned when spotting his classmates behind him.

“See you tomorrow Midoriya!” The two boys waved goodbye, not that he payed much attention. He only knew they did so because Hisashi waved at them while scolding him for not waving back.

When they reached the blond he smiled, holding out his hand for the little girl who quickly released his hand and grasped onto the skeleton man without hesitation. Izuku took the opportunity to stuff his hands back in his pockets and walk next to the man as they made their way down the street and to his flat.

"What’s your mother making this week?”

It was their weekly ‘family’ dinner as his mother liked to call it. Though really all it was, was him, his mother, Hisashi (and sometimes her mother though she was working late today), Tsukauchi (and his sister when she had time off university), Toshinori and sometimes if the stars aligned properly and fate hated him more than usual the Bakugo’s.

"Katsudon.” Hisashi and himself spoke simultaneously and his father figure chuckled, swinging his and the little girl’s hands per her request.

"I see you were with your classmates. Have you made some new friends?"

He was about to retort about how he didn’t have friends everybody knew this, when the wonderful angel that was his sister with her six and three quarters year old bluntness beat him to it, “Don’t be silly Toshi-Oji san! Big brother doesn’t have friends! He’s too mean to!”

A bark of a laugh broke out from the man and Izuku hunched his shoulders in and began to grumble to himself. Out of all the things to rub off on the girl it had to be his lack of filter. Of course. “Why do you say that Hisashi-chan?” The girl had the gall to look at him and before looking back at the man she saw as her uncle and shrug.

"He just looks mean. I know he isn’t really though! He helps people too much to be mean!”

"That’s right, and remember to never judge by someone’s appearance okay?"

"Okay!”

-:*-

"So how did he do? Did he flunk his first proper teaching day?” Tsukauchi leant in next to him,
mock whispering because it wasn’t exactly a secret that they’d all bet on how the number ones first day would go.

"Sort of," his mothers’ attention was piqued and he saw Toshinori slump into his chair as Hisashi started to ask if he was okay, “He did decently telling us what to do and where to go and all that, answered random questions like any teacher. And then, then he pulled out a piece of paper and began reading right from the lesson plan.”

The detective looked over at his best friend, a expression of amusement and disbelief coverin his face, “You didn’t. Toshinori I thought you were better than that!”

The Hero shrank into his seat even more and his mother cackled, not laughed actually cackled, freaking the pro out even more. He sighed and so did Tsukauchi as they both reached to pull out their wallets.

"I still can’t believe Mum guessed correctly.” He muttered as he pulled out a two hundred yen bill.

"Your mother is incredibly intuitive. Look at me, I’ve known him for nearly six years and even I couldn’t figure it out." Was murmured beside him as a four hundred yen bill was pulled out of the man’s wallet. Solomoly they slid their lost money across the table.

"Inko!? You were in on it as well!? I thought you were better than that!”

His mother smiled brightly, pocketing her won money, before her eyes turned downright evil as she stared the number one down, “Never underestimate a single mother Toshinori. We know all the ways to win.”

It was amusing to see the skeleton gulp in fear at his mother. This man fought super villains for a living and here he was intimidated by a single mother who worked full time at a generic office and lived off of her estranged husbands extra money.

"Inko-oba san is scary.”

"Thank you Hisashi. More rice?” The little girl nodded.

"I see where you get it from now kid.”

Toshinori and Tsukauchi leant in, whispering to him. He shrugged, snickering at them, before digging into his Katsudon even more, “Had to get it from somewhere.”

"...” He kept his head down, buried in his physics textbook on the train. He had to catch up on the missed lessons yesterday and the only way to do that was to read the material.

He swayed with the stop of the train, looking up from his book just as the doors opened on his worst possible nightmare.

Not only was it more of his classmates but it was also some of his old junior high classmates as well. Specifically the two he’d defended from the sludge incident.

Crap, he burrowed his head deeper into the book trying to ignore the pink girl and guy with tape dispensers for elbow joints but it grew harder as he was called upon. What was it with the past three days with trains? Should he just wake up even earlier and take the fucking bus instead? Maybe then he could avoid train stations and whatever the universes deal was with him and uncomfortable experiences at them.
"Yo, Midoriya, long time no see." He looked up, forcing his Juniour High persona to return. He wasn't, *Don't look at me I hate it and will react violently*, he was *Breath in my mere direction and I'll turn your skull to dust*. And he needed to remember that right now.

"Mm." He stared the boy down, and just like he remember from their childhood when he started to get anxious his fingers began to twitch and elongate. "So... I- we," He looked over at the other kid who nodded urging him on, "We wanted to thank you. We never got around to well, thanking you at the sludge incident last year."

"Yeah! You really saved our behinds there!" The other boy, he felt horrible not knowing their names he’d know them since he was a child for Christ's sake, spoke out his hands waving around in a placating manner.

He continued to stare at the two of them. How the hell was he supposed to respond to stuff like this? They’d bullied him since he was four years of age, had inadvertently saved their lives at age fourteen and had cut contact with every single person he’d know from Juniour High bar Bakugo and now was being thanked for helping them?

There wasn’t exactly a section on this in the emotional connections handbook Nakamura-san had given him. Most people probably didn’t experience this crap, though thinking about it he reckoned he’d be surprised by the amount of people who actually had been through it.

He could see them start to become uncomfortable at his staring and he shifted his gaze to look through them rather than at them. Long fingers twitched and rather hurriedly spat out, "Congrats on getting into U.A. by the way bye!" Before dragging his friend down the carriage.

Sighing he looked back down at his book and continued where he’d just stopped, he needed to get this content down or else he’d be behind. And he needed to remember to invest in a bus timetable and a bus pass.

Maybe then he could stop having these awkward and dangerous interactions.

He could feel the states from the pink girl and tape dispenser. Looking their way he glared and was relieved when they looked away, sweat beading at their temples. They were clearly uneasy and he saw them shift under his gaze. Good, they might stop staring now.

_-*-_-*

"What’s it like learning under All Might?!" The microphone was shoved in his face but he did nothing but shove it away and send a look the reporters way. She let out a strange sort of 'meep' like noise before he looked forward and made his way through the swarm of parasites also known as reporters.

He could hear the reporters throwing questions left and right as different students passed and he felt a twinge of sadness as he heard some of the replies.

"I don’t know, I’m not Hero course."

"He’s teaching here!? God, they don’t tell us anything about the hero course!"

"Who knows, we don’t get told anything."

It reminded him how lucky he was to of been given the opportunity to be here. Anyone of the students struggling to escape the reporters could of been him he thought as he glided through the crowd almost unnoticed.
It was uncanny how he always ended up bringing so much attention but when it counted he could pass through this throng of people who were all so close there wasn’t really anywhere that wasn’t touching another body part undetected and without any form of resistance.

"All Might is off today, leave the students alone you’re going to disrupt classes."

He saw his homeroom teacher up ahead shooing the reports away and squeezed through the last of the adults before silently passing the erasur hero who nodded his head in acknowledgment.

Before he was out of ear shot he heard the man’s gruff voice, “The old lady wants to see you, don’t keep her waiting.”

_-*-

“I went over your evaluations and grades from yesterday’s physical hero training.”

He didn’t pay much attention to the announcements, far too preoccupied with wondering where Nana had gone and why neither Tsubasa nor Kurodon were willing to tell him. It was getting to the point that he was considering willingly going to the hospital to check if that was one of her alternative haunts.

“Bakugo, grow up already. You have a talent but you allowed your emotions to cloud your judgment leading to damage to the building you were training in and landing yourself with the fact that yours was the only match with severe injuries.”

"Got it.” It was the most forced thing he’d ever heard the blond utter but that was pushed away when the pro said his name.

"Midoriya.” Looking at his teacher he kept track of his facial features and how they moved. Did his eye twitch when he spoke? Did the corner of his mouth quirk up? It was the most intense game of body language reading he’d ever played.

“Try not to pull a weapon a fellow student without some form of prior warning. You of all people should understand the fatal kind of mistakes that can be created with a blade.” He nodded, cataloguing the small mouth quirk and lazy eye contact for later analysis.

"Of course.”

Aizawa sighed, and he visibly deflated and Izuku got the impression the pro preferred napping and hero work to actual teaching. He could somewhat relate - at least to the nap part anyway. Sleep was something to be treasured and he could never get enough of it.

"Now, on to homeroom business... sorry to spring this on all of you all of a sudden, but...” he could feel tensions rise in the classroom. Their teacher may not of taught them for that long but his sadistic personality had already made itself apparent and he could only imagine what form of family friendly and only mildly questionable torture he’d cooked up this time, “You have to pick class representatives.”

It took less than a second for the clas to go into uproar about the whole affair. Shouting, screaming and the shriek and clank of chairs being pushed backwards and falling to the floor enveloped his senses and he looked out the window, he couldn’t be bothered with all this crap. What was the point of class reps anyway? They never did anything but act as temporary teachers when the staff were late or just acted as snitches if you pissed them off enough.

He looked out the window but focused in on the new ghost that hovered in front of him. He’d never
seen this spectre before. It looked young, maybe a year older than him at the most, and was wearing the U.A. Uniform. “I heard you can see me?”

The voice gave it away to be female, but the bob cut and translucency of the ghost in front of the sun didn’t really give much else away. Sparing a quick glance around the room he saw everybody was much too loud and much too busy to notice him.

”Yeah, I can.”

She smiled, nodding to herself, “I just wanted to let you know good luck.”

He blinked, confused at her words. She started to fade like many ghosts did when they didn’t want to be seen anymore, “You’re gonna need it ghost boy.”

“QUIET DOWN EVERYBODY!”

He slipped out the doo when the bell rang for lunch, and began making his way to the stairs, he had last nights leftovers for lunch and he was starving.

He was pleased with the class representatives, he thought to himself. Despite his prior thoughts on the position, Yaoyorozo and Iida were the perfect people for the position. Both were serious and Iida had proven himself to be able to adapt in the training exercise yesterday and Yaoyorozo had proven to be a quick thinking strategist. Those two qualities would go perfectly together.

Opening the door to the roof he didn’t really pay attention to the other students that were there. Instead, focusing on the empty spot by the railing where there was a wind barrier of sorts.

He’d found it his first day and nobody had come to claim it in that time, so it was his until somebody else came along and tried to take it from him. Reaching his spot he placed his bag down against the fence rail before sliding down and against the wind barrier. Pulling out his wrapped up leftovers he said a small prayer before digging in.

Even if it was cold his mothers Katsudon always tasted brilliant. It was amazing and always made his day that much better-

”Deku!”

Uraraka’s voice sounded, bright and cheery over the once serene quiet of the rooftop. It lay there, shattered and degraded, as she trampled over its corpse on her walk over to him. She held a bento box high in one hand and a distraught and apologising sonic by the wrist in her other.

”See! I told you we’d find him!” The girl didn’t ask, just plonked herself down on the floor across from him before pulling the new class rep to the ground with her, ignorant to his protests that his uniform might get dirty, or worse he may appear to look like a ruffian. Of course he didn’t say those things but it wasn’t too hard to imagine him saying it.

”How are you today Deku? You feeling any better after yesterday?” He looked at her, keeping his emotions off his face for a few seconds. Maybe if he kept staring long enough she’d leave him alone. Iida clearly didn’t want to be here, as was made apparent by his constant twitching and shuffling.

”Uraraka, maybe we should leave, Midoriya doesn’t seem to want our-“

”You can go! I’m fine here.” She released his once captured wrist and the blue haired boy glanced
between them. Uraraka meanwhile leans forward matching his stare with her own. It didn’t hold nearly as much fire behind it, but he had to admit she was impressive to be holding it this long.

"So~ How was your day yesterday?" The sickly sweet tone was seethed through clenched teeth as they refused to break eye contact and he increased the intensity of his look. She was clearly trying a more aggressive approach.

"..."

"Mine was fantastic. Got home early and everything." She folded her hands in her lap and their food lay forgotten next to them as they stared and he felt a scowl threaten to make an appearance at his lips. What he’d give to be left alone right now, he didn’t think she was actually serious about being a proper friend.

*Damn sunshine child and her motherfucking positivity, friendliness and caring crap!* 

He let a small growl slip past his own lips hoping to frighten her. That usually worked even on the most persistent of people, out of the corner of his eye he saw that Sonic hadn’t left yet though he was sweating bullets where he sat. His opponent simply smiled sweetly at him, clearly proud of how angry he was getting at this exchange.

*I’ll smash her smug little face in, in a second! Stupid sonic bastard just sat there not doing anything! Some class rep he is, watching the two of us fight without doing anything.*

Suddenly Uraraka huffed over dramatically, looking away with a flourished sigh, “Damn it! And I thought I had him! Why couldn’t you just look away first!?”

He blanched as she continued, cheeks puffing up as she began to eat almost angrily with her (and it really hadn’t been more than a few seconds) opened bento box. “Urg, I was sure I’d win. I didn’t know you could be so good at staring contests Deku!”

*What the fuck...*

He spared a glance Iida’s way who looked as confused as he felt.

“You see, we came to sit with you, but also--“ She gulped down a ridiculous amount of rice as he tentatively reached for his own lunch and saw Iida do the same with the apprehension of a deer, “Because the canteen was packed! There were no tables left!”

He nodded along as she began to ramble, shifting around uncomfortably- only gaining small relief in the fact that he wasn’t the only one judging from Iida’s state- before speaking for the first time since they’d arrived.

"Congrats on your new position by the way." He kept his voice quite, so as to not disturb Uraraka’s rambling, all he got in response was a choked cough and a very quiet “Thank you.”

He nodded before turning his head back to his lunch, eating as quickly as he could.

"I have to ask you Iida, the way you speak and act all the time, are you from a rich family?"

*She’s only just figuring it out?*

“I- um well, you see it’s- Yes, yes I am. I don’t like people knowing about it though...”

*He doesn’t hide it very well...*
“I actually come from a renowned hero family!” Despite his embarrassed demeanor seconds ago he seemed quite proud when he spoke now, “I’m the second son. Have you ever heard of the hero Ingenium?”

A list of facts pops up in his head, and he can’t help but let them spill out, “He has one of the biggest collections of sidekicks in history, currently hosting sixty five alone in his Tokyo office.”

He looks up from his food again when it’s silent, “What?”

“That’s a very specific fact Deku! Do you just know really obscure information for fun or is it a paid job?”

He shrugs and he hears her Seth under her breath, ‘Shoot I thought he’d fall for that one!’

“You’re awfully informed Midoriya. But yes, I am his younger brother! He’s my inspiration to be a hero. He leads his teams fearlessly and with an unwavering adherence to the rules and regulations!”

It was almost unnoticeable but he saw it, he tended to pick up on the often unnoticeable things, a tiny almost timid smile quirked Iida’s lips upward, “I’m happy that I’ll be able to make him proud by following the example set out before me!”

“You know, I think that’s the first time I’ve seen you smile Iida, you look really nice when you smile. You should do it more!”

“Security Level three has been broken. All students please evacuate in an orderly fashion.”

“Of course the alarm goes off- not like my week wasn’t shit enough already!”

He spared a look to the roofs railing thinking how easy it would be to vault it before thinking otherwise. Getting addicted to the feeling of dying was something he did not want to deal with. He did play the universe’s game for now, let’s go see what shots happening this time.
Were it not for the laws of this land I would be a Super villain, just putting that out there

When he exited the school at the end of the day the first thing he saw was a gaping hole in the concrete wall that surrounded U.A. High, it was supposed to be impenetrable to keep them safe - but it looked like somebody had pushed through it as easily as one would play doe.

He paused, and felt the suspicious feeling that his pupils dilated. He couldn’t help the sandpaper feeling his mouth when he saw the full extent of the hole in the wall.

He only knew of one quirk, and so did the criminal underground, that could of achieved something of the magnitude that he was looking at. He hadn’t wanted to believe it, not that night he had the car accident and not now. He didn’t want to think that Tenko Shimura was a villain.

But as he forced himself to keep walking, head down so as to not draw attention to himself, he knew it was true. He couldn’t deny it any longer. He’d been so close. All that had been between him and his old friend had been a door and concrete.

What would of happened? Would he of talked to Tenko? Would he of been forced out? Or worse, would he find that the boy he knew really was dead - and that the man left in his stead was nothing like his friend. He spared one last look the walls way, tightening his grip on his bag straps.

He had his answer, but that didn’t mean he had to like it.

“Today’s basic hero training will be rescue training, this time All Might And myself will be supervising.”

Sero’s hand shot up next to him, and if he hadn’t been slumped over on the desk he was sure the boy would of smacked him upside the head, “Um, what’re we doing exactly? Rescue isn’t a very specific role...”

Aizawa nodded, “It will prepare you for disaster relief, from forest fires to floods.”

Once the teacher was done the class erupted into their own discussions. Some bragged about how they thought they’d do particularly well in certain fields (Tsuyu in the flood zone for example) while others discussed the practicality of people wanting to be action based heroes training in rescue. It started to get loud, each voice trying to drown the other voices out.

"Pst, Midoriya.” Surprised that the pervert has enough courage to talk to him after his threatening behaviour and threat he looked over his shoulder to see the purple boy steeling himself “Are you-“

"I’m not done yet.” Aizawa’s stone cold voice ended all conversation with a finality most wouldn’t associate with a teacher who’d had a class for little under a month. “It’s up to each of you if you wear your costumes or not.” He presses a remote and the cases and their racks came out of the walls again, “Be award though, some of your costumes may effect your performance so if you want, you can wear your P.E. Uniform for the exercise.”

All too quickly he found himself standing outside the bus, Iida blowing a whistle that he seemed to always carry on his person, being forced into a line. Unfortunately for everybody involved the
seating didn’t work out the way Iida planned and he ended up squeezed in between Tsuyu and Kirishima.

The red head kept up conversation with their peers but remained static next to him while Tsuyu casually managed to avoid physical contact with him while practically looking over the side of the seat to talk to Uraraka.

That was of course, until she turned towards him.

“Midoriya,” he spared a look her way but shifted to look at her properly when he saw her body turned towards his, “I generally say what’s on my mind.”

He hummed, already figuring that one out for himself. It wasn’t too hard. She wasn’t one of the louder kids but she certainly wasn’t quite about her opinions and views. You could always count on hearing her in class conversations. “Your quirk resembles All Mights.”

There was a stillness about the air that settled after her words were uttered. Those closest to them began to listen in as conversation seemed like a distant day dream, the other students still talking sounded like they were talking through water.

He didn’t know what reaction they were expecting of him, but it certainly wasn’t to burst out into uncontrollable laughter. “Hahah! Haha oh my- ha! You seriously!? Ha - god that’s so funny hahaha!” He felt himself double over, and he couldn’t find a way to stop laughing.

Sure he inherited his quirk from All Might but to say they were the same was such a stretch and especially when he imagined that she was referring to his birth quirk and not his passed on one.

"You- You okay dude?" Sitting up properly he took in deep breaths wiping the small tears that had accumulated in his eyes away. Kirishima sounded disturbed and he couldn’t tell whether that was a good thing or not.

"You think-“ he broke down again into laughter, almost missing the red head calling out to Bakugo.

"Bakugo back me up here! Midoriya’s quirk is like All Might’s isn’t it!? You’ve known him longest!"

He managed to make out a scoff and angry grumbling over his own laughter, “Bastards quirk is fucking useless it’s an insult to All Might to compare them.”

"Useless? Dude he has strength agumen-“

"We’re here."

He hopped off the bus, feeling eyes tracking his every movement. But, for once in a really really long time, he didn’t ignore them simply accepting them. He wouldn’t divulge anything about his quirk or its similarity to All Mights and he most certainly wasn’t going to wait around and be interrogated.

"Wow!? This is awesome! Is this Universal Studios Japan!?"

He stood a little off to the side as his classmates took in the arena around them, gushing over the different zones they could make out. “Midoriya.” Looking to the side at his teacher he noticed how
oddly relaxed Aizawa-Sensei seemed. Maybe it had to do with somebody else being in charge of the class, or maybe he just found the quieter enviroment a better teaching environment?

"Yes Sensei?"

"I never got chance to tell you, but Recovery girl informed me of your break down during your training the other day. Out of respect for your privacy I didn’t watch the video showing it - however like Hounddog and the old lady I am trained to deal with distressed individuals and if you need to talk, I’m here.” He was taken aback at the statement and felt his eyes widen as he stared his teacher down.

"That’s all.” His teacher casually shoved his hands in his pockets and sauntered back off to the front of the group as if nothing had happened in the slightest. He chuckled under his breath, Erasure Head was so much cooler as a teacher than he’d ever seemed as a hero.

“The ‘Unforseen Simulation Joint!’” Zoning back in, he kicked himself for being so out of his own head that he didn’t realise when the pro hero Thirteen had began talking, especially because Thirteen was an inspiration and an impressive hero.

The two pros that stood at the front of their huddle whispered to each other and Izuku knew immediately that his homeroom teacher was questioning where All Might was. He’d been keeping track of his father figure via the news every hour since the man had told him he felt his power starting to deplete little by little. Before they’d left he’d been out for three hours already doing hero work.

He’d used up his three hours already and was probably resting. With luck he’d be able to scrape enough fuel in the tank to pull of an hour in hero form without any actual participating to keep up appearances.

"I just have one or two points before we begin our day here and number one of those points is this: As I’m sure many of you are aware, my quirk is called Black Hole. It can suck in and destroy anything in seconds, organic and non organic material included.”

Uraraka piped up from somewhere near the front of the group, “And you’ve used it to save loads of people!”

The helmeted head nodded and though it was without expression it wasn’t too hard to guess the somber tone the hero underneath held, “Indeed... however, my quirk could just as easily kill someone. I’m under no illusions that there are some of you in front of me in a similar situation.”

The Hero clasped their hands together, “In our superpiwered society, quirks are heavily restricted and monitored. People who have quirks that effect their everyday lives to an extent more than the average quirk have to hold licenses to even go out in the street without armed guards. That’s the extent we are willing to go to as a nation to ensure that we are all safe.”

They sighed, “It may seem like the system is a stable one, but, we must not forget that all it takes is one wrong move for the whole thing to come crumbling down and with it, innocent people’s lives. If I hadn’t trained for years, I could of easily accidentally sucked another child out of existence.”

“During Aizawa’s physical fitness test, you came to learn of your own hidden potential. During All Mights training you all experienced the dangers your respective quirks pose to other living people. This class however...” The hero paused, mulling over their words, “Will give you a new perspective hopefully. Instead of restricting your quirks to merely fighting, this lesson will teach you all how to use your quirks to save people and help in natural disasters.”
The helmet lifted and he felt like the emotionless eyes painted on were staring right at him as the speech continued, “Your Powers are not meant to inflict pain or harm. I hope you leave this class today with the understanding that you’re here to help people,” Suddenly the Hero was bowing before them and they all broke out in applause, “Thank you for listening.”

He absentmindedly clapped along. Something was pulling his attention away from the hero and directing his gaze to the courtyard between all the different areas.

”Alright first off...” he saw his teachers eyes drift to the courtyard as well.

The hairs on the back of his neck stood up on end and immediately he went to warn Aizawa but the teacher beat him to it. “Huddle up and don’t move!”

The command likely the first order his class had ever followed without question, but something about the genuine fear in the man’s eyes forced them to listen unconditionally. “Thirteen protect the students!”

He could see the courtyard still from where he was and when the portal opened up he didn’t know whether his stomach dropped or his adrenaline kick started. Villains all poured out and into the USJ, all ready to end them. But he recognised more than half of them. They were all weak level villains with petty crime or low level mob crime on them. Non of them were super villains in the making.

”What’s that!? More robots like from the exam?” Somehow suddenly beside him he looked over and saw Kirishima trying to get a better look at what was going on.

”Are you stupid!?" The red headed boy looked over at him surprised and hurt when he shouted before Aizawa cut off the ensuing questions and possible argument.

”Don’t move! Those are villains!”

A black mist came up into the sky and he felt a shiver run down his spine as it spoke, “Thirteen And Eraser head is it...? According to the staff schedule I received the other day... All Might is supposed to be here.”

The other day? But that was- The blood rushes from his face and he knew it must of showed because he suddenly felt someone holding his arm and asking him if he was okay.

No, no, no. He couldn’t be. Tenko couldn’t be here. He didn’t want him to be here, he - he needed more time, more time to figure out what the fuck was happening and how it had ended up like this. He tried to ground himself but reality and fear were starting to merge.

Even the physical grip on his arm that he tried to shrug off but couldn’t wasn’t helping. “Villains!? No way!!”

”Who’d be stupid enough to attack U.A.?!“

At that his senses started functioning properly again and his mind redirected its anxiety and adrenaline to problem solving and protecting his classmates. They’d never experienced this before. Even if some of them had skirmishes before, they’d never of done this before.

He had to focus. The blood rushed back up to his brain as it woke up and the oxygen rush there again sent him into overdrive.
Apparently when he’d been calming himself down the conversation had drifted on slightly because he tuned in halfway through a sentence (A habit he would have to break), “They must have an objective, because this is a well coordinated attack. “

He wanted to scoff, because those men and women down there were anything but coordinated, they only gave off the illusion that they were. And that worried him. If his classmates were this easily fouled by sloppy acting how would they fare up against them?

Hopefully if they were still as weak and uncoordinated as he remembered even the less offensive players would still be able to hold their own.

”Thirteen begin evacuating the kids and try and contact the school! One of the villains must be using their quirk to jam the system! Kaminari, use your radio to do the same as Thirteen. We need to call for backup!”

He saw his teacher pulling his goggles up and onto his face and felt some resemblance of fear settle in his gut, “Sensei, You can’t fight them alone! There’s too many and most of them have mutation quirks anyway!”

The man looked at him from under his goggles and he could see the indication to continue, “I’ve fought most of these guys before so-“

”If you go down they might not want to fight.”

He nodded at his teacher who grunted, “Let’s go then.”

”Thirteen take care of the rest of the students, myself and Midoriya will handle the group down there.”

Almost immediately uproar and complaint came from his classmates, “Why’s Midoriya fighting!? We can help!?”

Sighing, he pulled up his costumes hood, slipping his knife out and throwing it up in the air where it flipped open and caught it without looking as he stared his classmates down, “You want to know why?”

He looked away and walked over to the edge of the stairway, the villains had a clear sight of him and he could see many of them grow fearful, “This is why.”

He launched himself down the stairway, feet connecting chest first with a juggernaut that had been stampeding up the stairs. Using the fallen man’s body as a spring board he threw himself into the flurry of humans body’s, their disoriented state and his continuous non lethal injuries slowing them down.

When he wa done with one gaggle he stood tall and spotted his teacher had joined him at some point. Dodging out of the way at a swipe just in time his hood dropped slightly revealing who he was and he stepped forward only for certain villains to take steps back.

”What do you think you’re doing!? It’s just a kid!” He effortlessly leant to the side as another fist went straight for his face and within seconds had another opponent on the ground as he and Aizawa managed to get the stranglers to start to congregate together.

”That’s the Yūrei. No matter what we do, he ain’t gonna stop coming at us. Not even if we kill him. He just gets back up again!”
“The Yūrei!? That’s a fucking myth! Even if it wasn’t it wouldn’t be some kid!”

"Oh?" He let his voice be airy and breathless as he stalked further forward.

He relished in how one of the taller villains fell onto their backside as he got closer and began trying to try and scoot away, too scared to get onto his feet again. “Is that so?”

He could see the resolve start to die in the eyes of the villain that had tried to deny his existence, he hadn’t even attacked these guys yet and they were already looking on the verge of tears and surrendering. Sparing a glance to his Sensei he saw that he was dealing with them fine.

He rolled to the side suddenly, his body working on its own autopilot as he zoned back into the fight, he heard a shriek from behind him where his classmates were and looked up to see that he’d actually thrown his knife as well as evading the attack.

The poor victim of his scare throw currently had a serrated double edged blade sticking out of their palm, blood gushing from the wound. Standing up he sighed, “Now would you look what you made me do?”

“I’m gonna need that back guys.” And with that, he rushed forward again, this time with the intent to end them, not play with them.

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He swung his fist first, feeling content when he heard a crack of a jaw, crouching he swung his leg out knocking a few of the others to the ground. Standing up almost instantly he lunged for the guy that still hadn’t reacted properly from the knife in his hand and was still staring at it in disbelief.

The man shrieked and he recognised him properly for the first time, a feral smirk reaching his features when he knocked him to the ground and grabbed the knife’s handle. “Why hello Inori~ Didn’t think I’d be seeing you again. Make sure you don’t bleed to death before the police get here alright?”

He muttered lowly to the bastard beneath him as he pulls the knife out of his hand along with an ungodly screech of pain. Standing up, he wipes his blade on his leg the blood sliding down the sheer surface of his suit. Looking around his small group he sees them scared yet not as much as they were before.

All to suddenly pain enters his mind and he hears a cocky voice above him as his knees give way, “Let’s See if the Yūrei Is as powerful as you say he is.”

"Fuck.” He looks down at the blade sticking out of his stomach and feels his arms quiver from where they’re supporting his body. He could get up and fight, but it would only scare his classmates, from where he is it’s impossible to see him. There are too many people surrounding him. So he just Let’s the light fade.

When he’s in the blackness his hand doesn’t stall and he’s hitting the button. Every second he wastes the more time Aizawa Sensei is facing all of them on his own. His quirk won’t work on all of them.

The light returns and with it the shattering of a blade and the brightness that always escapes him when his quirk activates. He looks up, smiling as if nothing had happened at the villains.
“You really thought, that that was going to stop me?”

He seemed to sway as he stood up, drunkenness overtaking his equilibrium despite the fact he was completely sober. His hand shinned where the light reflected off of his knife and he could see the stranglers and the villains who’d attention had just been acquired flinch, he tilted his head and a vicious grin took over his face.

Feral, in looks, personality and in stance he spat out his next few words,

“I hope you can keep me dead, or else I’m going to have to teach you guys a lesson.”

He cracks his neck and they run, right into Aizawa senseis capture weapon.

”Midoriya,” his eyes sweep over the knocked out people around him and the whole in his uniform where the weapon went through, “Good job.”

He wants to relish under the praise but his mouth goes dry and he feels fear when he sees the man rushing towards them. “Aizawa-Sensei! Move!”

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Barley, he gets out of the way spinning and he watches as the capture weapon flings out, wrapping around Tenko’s hand.

He can tell it’s Tenko, because no matter how long it’s been he won’t forget the image of messy blue hair and shining red eyes. That, and he remembers how Shimura-sans ghost had described his death and how all that remained of him had been his hand.

And he’s pretty sure he’s seeing that hand among the many that cover the man as he yanks his teacher forward. He wants to focus purely on that but there are still a few stragglers who haven’t gone down just yet and so he needs to focus on them.

One runs at him with a knife and he’s tempted to catch it with his own but knows that his knife would probably break under the strain so he slips under the woman’s guard and knees her in the stomach before pressing a pressure point on the back of her neck when she doubles over.

The other, a man, has a peculiar mask that doesn’t allow him to see his eyes or where he’s looking so he has to rush in blind and nearly Let’s a shriek out when an appendage with a row of sharp fangs shoots out of his hand and nearly takes his nose off.

He has to dodge harshly to get out of the way, and he hisses this time when the movement causes pain to rush up his body from his newest scar. They’re always so testy just after they form.

”What’s wrong little boy? I thought you were the Yūrei, don’t tell me I scared you?” It’s not that he’s scared of the man, no he’s faced much worse much younger and under much worse odds, he’s scared that he can’t seem to keep track of everything that’s going on.

He fights all the time, having to focus in so many different directions: who he’s fighting, who he’s protecting, his surroundings, not traumatising the person he protecting, his weapons direction and the oppositions weapon and or movements. But now, he can’t see, to focus on his teacher and his own enemy.

He falls backwards as a hand shoots out and knocks him down, taking a chunk of his skin with it. He can feel the blood rushing down his cheek and as he brings his hand up to his face he feels his stomach do flips as he feels blood and what he’s hoping to god isn’t his face muscles.
"The Yūrei is not impervious to physical attacks is he? Too bad, that would of made this fight so much more interesting for-"

He Let’s out a battle cry as he lunges for him, but instead of hitting him he slides past him, landing elbow first in Tenko’s stomach. The villain, he has to call him a villain emotions will not help here, falls to the floor and he turns just in time to see his teacher get stomped into the ground by the most unholy thing he’s seen in his life.

"Aizawa-Sensei!"

The man’s always tired eyes flare up when they see him, “Run! Midoriya run!”

And he can’t move. How can he live with himself if he runs now, he can’t leave him, but what can he do.

"Get back here runt!” His breathing turns shallow as the adrenaline spikes again, too much blood is being lost but he has to move past this, he has to keep fighting.

The villain behind him is the least of his problems as the monster that just crumpled his teacher into a squirming mound of blood and broken bones stares at him and his previous enemy comes lunging at him.

Quickly, he moves out of the way as another fanged punch is sent his way and he realises a little too late that his knife is gone. He catches sight of it in the corner of his eye as he rolls away and high as a kite on panic and survival instincts as well as the wonderful poison known as adrenaline he makes a mad lunge for it, taking a hit in the side as he grabs it.

Tenk- the ring leader is staring at him from besides the monster where Aizawa is twitching in agony and he wants to scream.

But he can’t. No. Not when he’s this close to Tenko and certainly not when his teacher trusted him. Aizawa-Sensei trusted him to handle himself, trusted him to be able to handle this, he’s the first person outside his family to ever trust in him. He can’t let him down.

When the man comes at him again he grabs his wrist and twists, and twists until he hears the scream of pain over the mantra of keep going in his head. When the scream rings out he throws the man over his shoulder, twisting as he falls effortlessly twisting the man’s shoulder and dislocating it in the same motion. When his back hits the floor he’s out like a light.

"So cool~"

The eye that shines bright underneath Tenko’s hair and the stupid hand covering his face makes him feel sick. He was right. Tenko Shimura really did die, this isn’t even what he feared. This isn’t even a former shell this is some demon from another world. The worst possible version of what could of happened.

"I want to introduce the two of you to the anti symbol of peace, the bio-engineered Nomu.”

The thing - the Nomu grabs Aizawa’s arm harder and he sees his elbow and realises that it truly is Tenko. Because his elbow is disintegrated. He feels his shoulder scar flare up. He hears the grunt of pain from his teacher and calls out, “Stop hurting him!”
But he’s either ignored or the monster doesn’t understand him because he keeps pulling as Tenko speaks, “Canceling out quirks, cool but nothing special.” The red eyes that had been on his teacher suddenly slide to him and he can tell there’s some form of recognition before he’s focusing on his teacher again, “Up against crazy strength you might as well be quirkless.”

Before he can process the pained expression he’s staring at he hears the first noise of pain from his teacher in the entire experience. It’s no even a scream because he’s so strong to not let it out, to not give them the satisfaction.

But why isn’t he moving! He could try and distract the beast but then he’d be leaving him undefended against Tenko who showed he has no hesitation in using his quirk against living people anymore.

”And you... Yūrei is it? What exactly is your quirk? You should be dead by now, you’re just a kid.”

The black mist that appeared before materialises and he doesn’t know what to do when he hears a new name for the face in front of him, “Tomura Shigaraki.”

The attention is diverted from him and he can see Aizawa-Sensei directing away. Where the hell is Nana!? He - he needs her right now. He needs someone right now. The ghosts have all been gone for a week now, ever since his damn fight they’ve all avoided him like the plague and he doesn’t know why. He didn’t do anything wrong did he?

“Kurogiri. Is Thirteen dead?” He can hear the childish curiosity in his voice and he can’t stand it.

“They’re incapacitated but, one student escaped. The pros will be arriving soon no doubt.”

“Oh?” He flinches when the mist’s eyes land on him and Tenko starts to shake, “ha... ha ha, Kurogiri you. I’d turn you to dust if you weren’t our ticket out of here...”

His hands twitch and reach for his neck and Izuku feels sick seeing the fingers dig into his neck and drawing blood, “ We won’t stand a chance against dozens of pros... its game over, man... it’s game over, for now.”

“We’re leaving.” And with that he turns around, not even bothering to do anything with him, no doubt because he probably looks petrified and like he won’t do anything.

“What do you want me to do about the child Shigaraki? He has your name he could tell the pros...”

“Leave him Kurogiri. After all,” the eyes stare at him over a shoulder and his blood boils, “The Yūrei doesn’t stay dead does it?”

“Understood.”

“Tenko Shimura! That’s you isn’t it!”

He feels himself shaking, from blood loss or genuine fear he doesn’t know. The back in front of him tenses, “Who?”

“I said, you’re Tenko Shimura aren’t you! Don’t lie to me! I know it’s you, my name is Izuku Midoriya. When we were children we used to live right next to each other!” Tenko turns around now, and the recognition is back, full force now though.

“Izu-kun? You really became a hero...” He hears the anger, “Why on earth would you become a hero. You’re quirkless.”
"I know what happened Tenko! I know what he did to you! If you hand yourself in you can get help! Nobody has to get hurt anymore than they already have!" He doesn’t know what to do when the man laughs.

"You always did like helping didn’t you Izu-kun,” Tenko’s attention drifts to ‘Kurogiri’, “Change of plans. We’re taking Izu-kun with us. I don’t want my little doll getting hurt again.”
You have to keep going, you just... have to... because, if you don’t... who’s going to?

He feels his body turn to stone at the name, ‘doll’ He’d always remembered being called that. Tenko had always been childish and possessive but most kids were, he just... never anticipated that it was a serious name. It had always been used in jest. Hadn’t it?

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“Izu-kun~? Where are you?”

He held his hand over his mouth, muffling his giggles. He could see Tenko’s feet walk past his hiding place under the bed. He’d chosen the perfect place this time to hide, Tenko would never think he’d be silly enough to hide in the boys room. No, no.

He was always saying how smart he was!

“Hmm, I wonder. Could he be, in the wardrobe!” He heard the opening of the doors and the sigh when the older boy found him not to be there. He fought down another giggle.

”Izu-kun is much too smart to hide in my room isn’t he? I wonder... if I wait long enough will he come to me?”

The older boys feet got closer to the bed and he tensed up, worried that Tenko had seen him somehow. But no, the boy meandered over to his bed and flopped on it.

“Oh, lonely me. My little doll has abandoned me, where could he of gone! Always so pretty and kind I have been abandoned!”

He wanted to feel like Tenko was playing around, but he sounded so sad...

He made a decision. Crawling out from under the bed He shrieked out when Tenko’s face greeted him from over the side of the bed, “Found you!”

”You tricked me!”

”No I didn’t!”

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“I’m not going with you Tenko. I’ll say it again, turn yourself in. It’s not your fault your father hurt you. I’ve been trying to find you...for awhile now actually.” He spared a look at Aizawa, who despite being in pain was looking at him not with distrust but worry. Even as he was the pro was still worried for him, “I want to help you. I can’t do that if you don’t come with me.”

”Oh? And how would you help me little doll?” He hated the childish tone coming from the man. It was so patronising, “And why would I need help? There isn’t anything wrong with me.”

”You’re running with villains! Tenko, how is this not a bad thing?!”

He was ignored, “You never answered me. Why are you becoming a hero. You’re quirkless. They’d never want you, you have to be looked after - you’re fragil. You’re a doll.”
"FEAR NOT... FOR I AM HERE!"

"All Might!" He looked over his shoulder and to the doorway where the number one hero stood tall and proud. He wanted to be relieved - to be relieved. But he couldn't. Toshinori had overused his powers, he wouldn't be able to fight properly.

"I've been waiting for you Hero, you useless piece of trash." Tenko’s attention turned to All Might and in less than a second he found himself and Aizawa out of the reach of the manchild and the monsters reach.

"Young Midoriya! You’re - my boy what happened to your face? And what happened to Aizawa!?" He let the first tears start to fall, it all hurt so much and it was all too much.

"Villains and pain - and I didn’t- I don’t- what do I- what can I-“ now that he was being given time his thoughts were disoriented and that was hitting him full force, he couldn’t- no he had to- he should -

"Calm down my boy! Breath Izuku, you’ll be fine. Understood?" Mutely he nodded, wiping his eyes of tears, and when he pulled back his hand the blood from his face dropped off his glove. “Now,” The Hero stood from his kneeled position and turned back around to face Tenko and ‘Kurogiri’, “To deal with these guys.”

"Hahaha! There’s the star of the show! Hurting people to save others, that’s our state sponsored violence. You’re fast, too fast to keep up with. But not fast enough.” Crouching by his teacher he checked his pulse feeling relieved that he was simply unconscious and not slowly dying.

"Could it be true? Are you getting weaker?” His blood turned to ice and he stood again, trying to keep his shaking under control as he looked back over towards the villains.

He- he’d known there was talk of All Might getting on in his years among villains, people thinking that it might be age finally starting to set in. But there had been nothing! Nothing about him getting weaker in general terms. This was something beyond his information reach. Whatever was going on, this wasn’t some simple villain ring.

Tenko wasn’t a petty criminal. He took back his earlier thoughts, realising Todoroki’s words were true. This was an organised event. Planned down to the second with long term reconnaissance and believers in a cause. He was facing a super villain.

And he felt afraid. For once in a really long time he felt afraid. “All Might, that thing, the one with the brain Nomu- it... it isn’t human. He said it’s bio-engineered. I don’t know if it will go down against your quirk!”
The look he was sent by his hero and father figure was heart breaking. It was a smile he had only seen a couple of times. The one that he’d seen when he woke up in the hospital after his care accident, the smile he’d gotten when he’d sat down and explained everything about Tenko Shimura, it was the smile of a man who had known too much and was prepared to do anything to rectify the problem.

"My boy, don’t worry about me! I’ll be fine. Trust in me won’t you?" Once again he mutely nodded as the hero turned back to face the villainous trio and sped towards them, “Carolina smash!”

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He couldn’t watch it, he actually felt sick. The Nomu stood its ground against the attack, All Mights fist resting against its chest where the impact had been made. And then it made a deranged grasp and the hero had to drop to his knees to avoid it, hair touching the floor from how low he had to bend.

"Seriously!?!" He sent another punch at the Nomu and once again it left no effect. He felt his knees starting to go on him and he, once again, crumpled to the floor, “No effect at all?!"

His eyes tracked every movement of the hero and the beast, barley taking in Tenko’s words, “No effect. Because he has shock absorption. If you really wanted to damage Nomu... you’d be better off ripping him apart piece by piece. Not that he’ll give you the chance."

"Thanks for the advice. I appreciate it!" He felt his eyes widen as fearlessly All Might grappled the Nomu before proceeding to suplex him to the ground. That changed though and somehow he found the strength to try and scramble to his feet as ‘Kurogiri’ opened up some sort of portal underneath the Nomu allowing its top half to stick up underneath the hero as his lower half was stuck through the portal.

"NO!" He didn’t know his voice could sound like that as he saw the things claw-like fingers dig into his father figures side, and he felt like throwing up as he saw the blood spurt out of his mouth as the thing impaled his left side.

“So that’s how it is!"

"Midoriya!" His attention was diverted as he saw Tsuyu and Mineta running towards him, though they stopped in shock when they saw his face and Aizawa’s state. “Tsuyu! Mineta! Over here quickly." He swallowed the bile and when they arrived he tried to focus.

"Can’t collapse now. Have to make sure everything and everyone’s alright first."

“You two take Aizawa-Sensei and get him to the top with the others alright? I’m gonna stay here. I’ve dealt with the hands guy before, if I were to go with you it’d make you guys targets. Quick, get him to the top. Thirteen’s been injured…” He shoved his hand in one of the pockets of his utility belt and cursed to himself when he realised he’d had bandages all along, pulling them out he pushed the medical equipment in Minetas hands.

“Get to the top and wrap Sensei’s injuries and Thirteen’s if you can. It’s better to get it wrapped than risk anymore infections occurring.”

He could see the fear and confusion in their eyes, “Listen to me,” their eyes wandered back to his and he forced himself to smile. He knew it was probably bloodied and forced but he did it anyway, “You guys need to go all right? It’s not safe. Aizawa needs help.”

"Midoriya you’re losing too much blood you should-“
"No. Like I said, I’d just make you guys more of a target now go." Tsuyu nodded and the two of them lifted their teacher and made a quick getaway, making their ways to the stairs.

"You see, it’s Nomu’s job and pull you through the portals, and it’s my job to close them effectively cutting you in half. Do you understand All Might. You can not possibly hope to win.”

-#-

His first thought was to run, not to run away, to run straight to Kurogiri and gut him. So he did. Charging forward silently he made it just infront of him before launching his knife for the area in between the gap of his neck plate. He had to have something there, he had to.

There was a noise of pain before he was knocked out of the way by an explosion right next to his head, “Out of the way Deku!”

Scrambling back he saw Kirishima go for Tenko and miss him by a hairs breath. All too suddenly cold surged up his spine and his foot felt numb as he saw Todoroki appear out of the corner of his eye as the Nomu froze up as ice crawled over its skin.

"So I heard you people are here to kill All Might?"

Looking towards Todoroki he saw the boys cold stare on him, though it changed to some sort of fake calm when the mismatched eyes looked at him properly. He most likely looked half way to death. He accepted the hand that was offered to him and pulled himself up.

"You’ve been holding them off Midoriya?"

Couching, he realised the pain in his chest, “Yeah. Kept them talking for awhile.” The neutral boy looked back over at the villains, “Scum like you could never hope to kill the symbol of peace however.”

"Bakugo, my knife, it’s wedged between his neck brace, be careful... you might actually kill him.”

He tried to hide the way his body swayed slightly but he was more preoccupied ignoring the looks on how the fucking hell he’d managed to throw and/or get that close as to stab him there.

"You’ve pinned down our way out. That is a problem...”

He barley noticed how Bakugo loosened the pressure on Kurogiri, taking his warning seriously, “You slipped up you bastard! And it’s just like I thought, and Deku just fucking confirmed it!”

"The parts you can turn into that foggy warp gate are limited! And you’re using that misty crap to hide your real body! I’m right aren’t I!? If your whole body was mist and physical attacks didn’t work you wouldn’t of said ‘that was close’ when shittyhair and I attacked you!”

Kurogiri moved slightly and he felt the words leave him before they ever spilled over Bakugo’s, “Careful there, if he thinks you’re doing anything suspicious he’ll blast your brains out.”

Kirishima’s eyes landed on him and widened, “That’s not very heroic.”

"I’m not wrong though,” he spared the boy a glance, “Am I?”

Tenko stood dignified in front of them as All Might managed to break free and stand beside them, “Not only have you beaten our level, but you’re all... almost all of you are at max health as well... Today’s kids really are something... our league of villains should be ashamed!”
His voice remained level and mature, nothing like the temper tantrum he was throwing earlier. “Nomu,” He looked at the still beads, hands still clasped, “Take out the explosive brat, we need our escape route back.”

He took notice all at once as Todoroki’s eyes widened the second the Nomu got free, how the Nomu’s muscle fibres began to grow and how much Kirishima was shaking along with the dark spots growing at the corners of his eyes.

*Have to stay awake. Have to. “Todoroki.”* His voice jolted the boy beside himself slightly, “I need you to put some ice on my arm. I’m minutes away from losing consciousness and that will keep me awake for just a little bit longer.”

Hetrochromic eyes latched back onto the fight as did his own, but the sting that arrived after a light brush on his arm let him know that a thin layer of ice had probably just encompassed his arm.

”Get back everyone! I thought his quirk was shock absorption!”

”I don’t remember saying that was all he had.” He laughed, “This is hyper-regeneration. Nomu is a super powered living sandbag, created to go toe to toe with you at your max strength. Which clearly, you aren’t at.” There was something smug behind his words.

It all happened too fast. One second the Nomu was regenerating, the next he had swiped full force at where Bakugo had been crouched.

He knew he should of shouted for Bakugo, or All Might who had so clearly jumped in the way of the attack but he didn’t.

“Anything for a comrade right? Just like earlier,” he motioned towards him and he felt all eyes fall on him, “When Izu-kun over there got a chunk taken out of him just to save poor, broken Eraser Head.”

He felt distrust at the nickname, ‘Izu-kun’ being directed towards him, but he didn’t care. Instead he found himself rushing forward between where All Might stood and the Nomu was readying itself to get at the hero again.

”Tenko stop this! You can’t kill him, it’s All Might! You’re better- smarter than this! My offer still stands! Just hand yourself over already!”

For the first time in his interactions with Tenko he felt genuine anger directed at him, “You see this All Might! This pisses me off! You’re brainwashing kids into believing anger is the only way to solve a problem, so people like Izu-kun have to fight for places like this and when they do they can’t do anything!”

’Heroes and Villans we both thrive off of violence! But we’re still categorised! Even now, those other ‘heroes’ over there are judging Izu-kun because I know him. ‘You’re good’, ‘You’re evil’ and it’s such a fine line! That’s how it is! That’s why you have to die!”

”Midoriya, my boy,” He looked over his shoulder, “Go back to your classmates. Nobody needs to die. If that Nomu hits you you’ll be gone.”

He let out a laugh, dirty and dying, “You know me All Might... never been scared of a little bit of dying.”

’Look at him! Even now! Fighting to stay awake and all he’s thinking about is protecting you!”
Symbol of peace!? What a fucking lie, in the end you’re just a tool of violence used to keep people with undignified and unacceptable quirks down! But violence only breeds more violence! I’ll show that to the world by killing you!”

”What a load of hooey. I’ve faced off against idealist villains before, and you don’t have that same look in your eyes. You don’t believe in a word you’re saying. You’re getting a kick out of all this.”

”You saw right through me…”

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In a matter of seconds it had all escalated. He was thrown over to his classmates, knocking into them like a bowling ball would pins as All Might and the Nomu charged each other, and then they were all on their feet as Tenko rushed them.

It was then, at the worst moment possible, he began to lose his footing. Black taking over his eyes again as everything stilled when the Nomu was blasted out of the USJ’s ceiling.

”Huh…” He didn’t crumple to his knees this time, his entire body falling forward as for the second time in a week he passed out, hearing his name being called out just before he hit the ground.
Fallout: the adverse results of a situation or action.

Chapter Summary

Superheroes don’t always come out okay, and to be honest childhood trauma and teenage trauma can fuck people up, sometimes beyond saving. Not that the people around them will ever believe that.

Sentences with a star at the end of them have explanations at the end in the end notes

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

He couldn’t open his eyes, darkness far too inviting for whatever alternative was clearly trying to entice him. He could hear voices though, Recovery girl and All Might’s voices to be precise, right next to his ear almost. That or the two- well three- of them were in private and weren’t talking in whispers.

"Given the circumstances, I can’t be angry at either of you. And I can’t scold you Toshinori, not after what you told me he went through."

"He’s not going to be happy about his new scar. He told me he hates having scars, doesn’t help him with the nightmares apparently."

He heard the old lady sigh, a tapping noise in the floor indicating that she had her large cane in hand, "Is he seeing anybody? His quirk isn’t exactly good for his mental health..."

"He’s seeing a therapist yes. Though I’m not sure how much it helps, he’s always so distant, even to his mother. It’s so worrying at times, he’s nothing like other kids his age - even those that want to be heroes. He’s put himself through hell and back I sometimes feel like the less experienced one."

His mentor let out a self deprecating laugh and he felt sleep start to fade away, pain and consciousness being the bitches that they were and forcing him away from his pleasant dormant state.

Groaning his eyes opened and he realised that he was in the school’s nursing office and moving his eyes, not yet prepared to move yet, he noted that All Might was heavily bandaged and sat up in bed.

"I think I’ve probably shortened my time limit again. I’ll be lucky to get an hour now- Oh. Izuku my boy, wonderful of you to join us again.” He spared a look at his mentors face seeing the genuine kindness there and moved to put his hands over eyes before helping in pain when he felt something tear and blood start to run down his side.

In an instant Recovery Girl was upon him, fretting like his mother always did by his side. “Come on now, sit up, I have to check what’s torn.” Nodding he used his arms, that felt so so weak all of a sudden, to push himself into a sitting position and Toshinori turned in his hospital bed to get a better look at him, sending him a smile.

"Ow!” He looked down to see his hospital gown’s shirt (who had changed him and when? And more importantly how injured had he been to of woken up during it?) being lifted to reveal his myriad of scars and old injuries to see that somehow his latest scar had reopened. The heroine had on...
surgical gloves and was pressing down around the wound doing something he didn’t understand and muttering to herself about it being ‘inflamed’, or whatever that meant.

Just as he was about to ask what she was doing the door opened, “Tsukauchi!” The detectives face slipped from a relaxed smile to a worried expression as he took both himself and Toshinori in, but he didn’t fail to notice how the man’s eyes stayed on him just that little bit longer.

”Sorry to barge in like this Recovery Girl. I can leave if you like?” Without even looking at him she waved her hand nonchalantly over her shoulder at him.

”You’re fine, as long as it doesn’t stress the two of them out.”

”What are you doing here Tsukauchi? Ow! That hurts!” He looked down to see the nursing hero pressing a cotten ball to his injury covered in something clearly antibacterial, though for the resurrections of him he can’t remeber seeing her grab the items she’s currently using.

”I came to check on you two and get statements if that’s alright with the two of you.”

”Wait. Hold on first, how are the students!? Are any of them seriously hurt?! And Aizawa- I mean Eraser Head? Thirteen?”

He kept his eyes focused on the detective who only sighed playfully, “Well, apart from our boy over there, no students were greviously hurt if that’s what you mean. Asui Tsuyu and Mineta Minoru received treatment for bite marks, one of the villains they faced had a sharks jaw, but besides a bandage and a rabies shot the two are fine.”

He removed his hat and dragged a hand over his face as he shuck his head, “Your colleagues are fine as well, Thirteen’s injuries though incapacitating at the time are nothing more than superficial now that the shock and sudden air pressure change to their body has worn off. Aizawa though did receive quite a bit of damage.”

He flinched at the word quite and Recovery Girl sent him a concerned look that he ignored, Aizawa almost died and they were sayin he was merely injured. It made it seem like his teacher hadn’t been crumbled into a mess on the floor by some inhuman experiment.

”Honestly, if you three heroes hadn’t put your lives on the line, non of the students would of made it out unscathed.”

”There you go dear.” Looking down he saw the heroine putting the antibacterial solution bottle on the counter as she offered out her hand to which he gave his own. She kissed his hand and he watched as the gaping hole on his stomach slowly knitted itself back together, it was both disgusting and fascinating to watch.

”You’ve got one thing wrong there Tsukauchi, the kids also risked life and limb to keep both their classmates and their teachers safe. We couldn’t of done it without them. To be thrown into a real battle so young...” both men spared him a glance and he only kept his eyes focused on his hands in his lap. “ And survive , now these first years know what it’s like in the real world, how harsh it is. Have you ever heard of such a class!? They’re all going to be the next generation of great heroes and I’m going to make sure of it!

”So, Izuku, can you tell me exactly how you felt seeing your childhood friend again in this situation?” Nakamura-san sat across from him, clipboard in hand as she lounged on her seat. He was only really at the therapy session because school was closed while the police did a thorough search of the building and its sites.
He looked over at her from where he was laying on his back on the sofa, he needed to think about the answer for a few minutes to that one. How did he feel? Well he certainly felt disappointed, but he was satisfied at the same time. He’d already had a decent idea that Tenko was a villain of some sort, but never had he thought- not to the extent...

"Saudade and numinous,"*

She looked up at him from the clipboard, golden eyes giving him a living look over her half moon glasses. She was supposed to be much too young and much too energetic to have been able to pull them off but she managed it very well.

"And why do you feel that way Izuku. What’s making you feel this way.”

"I knew,” He looked away from her not wanting to see the disappointment in her eyes, “I knew he was a villain. I’d found out through the grapevine when I started looking for him... and... that night I got run over I was right there, right there, outside his bar. And I didn’t go in. And then I saw him and he was in charge of a group of villains and I can’t help but think-”

"What would of happened if you’d of gone into the bar?” He nodded.

"Yeah. Like, I get that it probably wouldn’t of stopped anything but it just... bites at the back of my mind that I was so close... And I know, I know,” He looked back over at her again,” I can’t blame myself, but that’s a load of shit and you know it. It’s easy to say but to put into practice is a hell of a lot harder.”

She laughed, sunny smile overtaking her face, “I guess you’re right Izuku. Moving on from this topic, hows Hisashi doing?”

He groaned and flopped an arm over his face,”How isn’t she doing should be your question! I’m the teenager! Why’s she the one with mood swings!”

-=*

"Izuku! You’re back early today. Is everything alright with Nakamura-san?” Kicking his shoes off he made his way to the living room where he could hear his mothers voice from.

“It’s fine Mum, we just finished up early is all! I’m back in, in two weeks by the way.”

"Okay honey!”

It was strange that she hadn’t come to greet him like she normally did when he got in from sessions but he figured she must of decided to not mollycoddle him.

That or she was still trying to get used to the big fuckass scar on his cheek. Going up from under his right eye and to the edge of his lip until just under his ear to his jaw it was a nasty pink now but he’d been warned it would turn a garish bone white soon.

"Mum?” He stalled in the doorway to the living room. His mother was sat with her back to him on the couch and sat across from her and facing him was Uraraka, Kirishima and Iida.

His classmates faces lit up when they spotted him and he realised with great devastation that he had taken note of the extra shoes at the door but had simply figured they were Toshinori’s and Tsukauchi’s. He should of probably questioned why they were in his flat, or more importantly how they’d found his flat or he should of even welcomed them but all he could fathom was a very disgruntled, “Get out.”
Their faces fell and his mothers face showed disappointment but he couldn’t really care at this moment. “Izuku, honey I know you’re not all together right now, but your friends came to check up on you.” he hated that! He hated when she said that, she always said that after he died a few times close together. He was always emotional (understandably) but he also tended to act out and he knew she was right. At times like this little parts of him would disappear for a while, like his manners right now.

“I don’t care, I want them out of the flat now. And they aren’t my friends.”

All three teens stood up and Kirishima and Iida made their way up from the couch and were half way over to the doorframe when Uraraka spoke out. “No. We’re not going anywhere Deku. Not till we know that you’re alright.”

Growling he slammed his hand onto the door frame, causing the teacups on the table to rattle and a picture of him, Hisashi and their mothers to drop to the floor, “I’m perfectly alright as you can see! So get out!” So appaerntly it wasn’t only his manners that had slipped this time, so had his patience. His mother slipped out of the living room and into the kitchen.

Two teens appeared surprised at his violent outburst, though Iida simply stood firm. Fuck, he’d forgotten that son I had been on the recovering end of his anger he wouldn’t be effected as badly. “No.”

He wanted to smash his head through something, anything, right now. “Why do you three insist on being here. I’m here right?? I’m alive and breathing! Nobody got fucking killed, everybody was fine! And how the hell did you find my address!?”

Kirishimas red eyes avoided his own as he spoke, “The Detective that spoke to us after you passed out asked if anybody knew you, to check up on you and I mentioned that Uraraka and Iida were your friends and I kind of wanted to make sure you were okay, you passed out from blood loss dude, that’s serious.”

He grit his teeth, trying his damndest not to bare them like a rabid animal. “Fine.” He finally seethed out, “sit down. I’ll make tea.”

"Izuku..."

"I know."

"You don’t have many friends, try not to lose these ones."

"They’re not my friends."

"They all seemed very concerned for your wellbeing though, kept asking me how’d you’ve been.”

"So they’re stalkers as well as annoying."

"Izuku."

He bit his tongue and fought down the tears at his eyes. He just... He just wanted to vent. Nakamura-san was fine and all but he couldn’t just waltz back to hers now. And normally his mum would let him, but now, now she was just making him feel worse. He just needed to get this annoyed feelin out. After that he’d probably realise how selfish and rude what he was feeling was but that didn’t matter right now.
”Whatever.” Snatching the tea pot off of the stove when it started whistling he slammed down four cups onto the tray before making his way into the living room once again.

-_*- 

He practically dropped the tray onto the table, slumping down into the sofa across from the three teens, wiping his eyes with the heels of his palms, cursing a bit too loudly when his hand rubbed against his scar. “We didn’t mean to intrude Midoriya.”

”You’re here now. No point kicking you out, you clearly won’t go.” He directed a glare at Uraraka at that. But it clearly wasn’t the right thing to do because Kirishima’s annoyed voice answered him.

”Why are you being so rude dude? I get you got hurt, but there’s no need to be so rude. Uraraka’s been so nice to you since we started school and all you’ve done is been a dick to her!”

He didn’t remember moving, didn’t remember activating his quirk or jumping over the table. But he suddenly found himself straddling Kirishima into the couch, one hand crackling with the green lightening that seemed to come out when he used All For One while the other was held aggressively pulled back in a warning of a punch.

He could see Uraraka and Iida in the corner of his eye, head them and his mother try and get him to calm down. But he focused only on how the boy underneath himself Adam’s apple bobbed or how his pupils dialated in fear.

”Why am I so rude? You want to know? Because when I die too many times in a row my brain fucks itself over and I’m not entirely me. So I’m really sorry that to protect you guys I had to die and then I died again because of blood loss. I’m so so sorry!”

He snarled, baring his teeth as the boy under him shuck, his voice taking on a mocking tone without him fully realising it as red started to set in.

“Oh no! Your quirks not flashy! Well wake up sunshine! You might of had it bad with self confidence but at least you don’t have to kill yourself every time you use your quirk! Do you even realise how fucking lucky you are!? So do you want a written apology!? Huh!?”

Zoning back in, the red withdrawing slightly from his eyes he saw how badly Kirishima was shaking under him and how petrified the other two teens looked.

”Izuku.” He saw his mother, her eyes watering but lip not wavering, “Izuku get off him.” He huffed, getting off the boy watching as he dropped boneless into the couch, face pale as death itself.

”Whatever.”

He ignored the look his mother sent him, he ignored the looks his classmate sgaive him. He always ignored looks. He was used to it. He didn’t care anymore. He was so tired. He just wanted to cry and sleep.

Getting to his door he opened it and slammed it shut behind him before storming over to his bed and collapsing.

He really was a horrible person.

“Mrs Midoriya, I am so sorry for upsetting Izuku, I didn’t- I didn’t realise he was sensitive. He’s always just so-“
"So strong and aloof? He tends to project that. He’s never had it easy. I understand you boys have seen his scars right? They’re all from his quirk. Every single one of them."

He could make out Kirishima’s shaking voice, and though it sounded scared it was so sincere. That wasn’t right. He was suppose to be scared shitless, to not want to ever come near him again.

"Is... is Deku okay? Mentally I mean. He’s always seemed a little off - but I’ve never seen him snap like that before..."

That was Uraraka and she sounded so strong, though that could of been his mind starting to slip away into unconsciousness.

"No... I’m afraid he isn’t. We’re working on it, but it’s a slow process. I understand if all thee of you reject this offer but- could you three please keep him on the right track. I’m so worried that one day he’ll just snap and he won’t be able to come back from whatever it is he does."

"Mrs Midoriya, we will endeavour to ensure your son remains on the correct side of the law."

Hih, that’s Iida...

"Shh now Izuku. I’m so sorry I left you all alone... shh. It’s alright now... I’m here... rest. I’ll make sure you’re okay."

Thats... Nana...

His mind slipped away into sleep as a ghostly hand brushed over his temple, touch so real he swore he could feel it.

Chapter End Notes

Saudade = A deep emotional state of melancholic feeling for a person or thing that is absent.

Numinous = A powerful feeling of both fear and fascination, of being in awe and overwhelmed by what is before you
What’s short and overcompensated for? This chapter

Chapter Summary

So, something was pointed out to me last chapter and I’ve taken it on board. Also, while I can’t seem to give Izuku any happiness I can give him numerous mother figures so it’s close enough.

“Mrs Akira, can I... can I come in?”

He held his hoodie tighter around him, peering up at the elderly woman through the crack in her door, he shivered as the chilly afternoon air passed through him again. She didn’t respond to him, instead opening the door for him and stepping aside.

He stumbled from the entry of the house to the living room where two mugs of hot chocolate sat freshly made, the steam still coming off of them. He looked over his shoulder quickly, “If you have company I can-“

Her kind smile shut him down, “My premonition showed me the clock at this time, and I saw the news this morning about what happened at your school, I had a feeling you’d be visiting me.” He nodded at her, slowly slipping over to the coffee table and picking up one of the mugs and taking a sip as he perched on the edge of the couch. When she walked (hobbled, the correct word was hobbled) past him a hand came up and ruffled his hair.

She sat herself in the armchair across from him and he felt her eyes on him as he nursed the steaming hot chocolate, they didn’t dig into him, demanding that he answer like so many had recently, instead they studied him coming to her own conclusions quietly in her mind. He liked that about her. Mrs Akira was like a grandma to him and she’d always been here for him when he needed somewhere to go. He watched her over the rim of the mug though, unsure of whether she was going to do a three sixty on him like his mother had earlier.

He tried not to make it too obvious as he leant into Nana’s fingers as they drifted through his hair. The longer she stayed with him the more she became corporal she became apparently. Her fingers stilled as he felt Mrs. Akira’s eyes wander up to his hair and he wondered whether the dead woman was visible to the living or if she really was so corporal that the other woman could see his hair move. But then she shuck her head, almost to herself, and looked away.

They sat like that, exchanging glances while drinking hot chocolate in silence for close to an hour. Not once did she push him, not once did she demand him to speak and it was... nice. It was truly nice. He put his mug down on a placemat on the table as he quickly tried to wipe the tears starting to drip down his face.

His wrist was stopped and he looked up through blurry vision to see the lady smiling sadly and pulling him into her fragill chest.

“It’s okay,” he started to sob and felt his body rock with the action, her skeleton hand came up and held his head close to her heart, “It’s okay to cry. We can’t be strong all the time Izuku.” He nodded through the sobs and clung to her more, never increasing his grip in fear of hurting her but receiving confort all the same.
He didn’t really know how long it took for him to cry himself out, because the next thing he remembered was seeing Nana’s face in front of his as he woke up on a familiar couch with the TV playing softly in the background. Looking around bleary eyed he spotted Mrs Akira sat off to the side reading through a book that looked distantly familiar. He forced his arms to cooperate with his half asleep mind and sat himself up with a groan from himself and a creak from the couch springs.

She didn’t look up from the book just greeted him with a soft, “Good evening.” And he took a few seconds to look around to try and guess how much time had passed, Mrs. Akira’s quirk always messed up with whatever it showed in her premonitions after they happened so the clock would be of no use, and he was proven right when he saw a glimpse of it out the corner of his eyes and it was still frozen at one o’clock.

He could tell it was past three at least because of the use of ‘Good evening.’ but that wasn’t exactly reassuring. It could be anywhere between five o’clock to eleven o’clock. There wasn’t a smell of food lingering in the air, so either it wasn’t six yet, because Mrs Akira had food at the same time everyday he’d learnt over his constant visits, or the old lady had been waiting for him to awaken.

Next he studied the TV, like many elderly people Mrs Akira was a creature of habit and watched the same television shows all the time. So taking into account it was Thursday if it was before six o’clock the TV shows would be...

”But I love you! Mira you can’t abandon me! I need you!”

” Katsumi, please my love, I must leave. You know this! It’s for your own good!”

Ah, it was exactly five o’clock. Because A foreign daydream always finished at exactly five o’clock and the godawful drama had just rolled credits after the poorly written love confessions had been proclaimed. He couldn’t complain about it much, he’d been pining for Mira and Katsumi to get together since he’d been forced to watch the show by the elderly lady last time he had been over. He’d found himself watching it at home when he had a chance.

”I’m sorry if I -“

”Izuku, you’re like the grandson I could only hope for. You do not need to apologise for anything. I understand the pressure you’re under I do. Anytime you need to cry you come over okay?” He looked down at his lap, suddenly fascinated by the print on the blanket that had been draped over him, and nodded as a sheepish blush spread up his neck and all the way to the tips of his ears.

It warmed his heart to hear the offer, he never cried as much as he should. He couldn’t do it at home without his mother getting worried or upset as well and at times he just wanted to cry for no reason and he didn’t want to spend two hours convincing her that he was feeling alright. And like today, where he’d just thrown himself out the window and somehow landed without any injuries to get here because even his mother didn’t understand today.

He didn’t want them in the flat, Uraraka couldn’t seem to get that while he appreciated the want to be his friend (because while he was fine being lonely, he knew that for a healthy state of mind some minimal social contact was needed) but he needed space. He needed to be allowed to breath. And her constantly peering over his shoulder was no good for that.

Iida and Kirishima would hopefully be less pushy but he could only imagine what hoohar was going to go down tomorrow at school. “You have an appointment tomorrow don’t you?”
He was going to say no, because he didn’t need to see Nakamura-san until a few weeks now, before he realised she was referring to his job as local occult child and resident exorcist.

"Fuuu-dge." He caught the disapproving look she sent his way as he caught himself at the last second, “Fudge. Totally what I was going to say.”

When he went back home, the sky had already started to turn black but apparently that hadn’t stopped the trio that had forced him to leave his own home in the first place. He could hear them chatting with his mother in the living room and he felt his teeth grit together tightly when he caught wind of their conversation.

“We understand Mrs Midoriya! We’ll do our best to make sure Izuku is alright. Like we said earlier, he’s our friend so don’t worry.” He wasn’t their friend! Why couldn’t they understand that!? Sure, maybe he wanted friends but he wasn’t ready for that - look at him, he’d just ran off and cried because he couldn’t talk to his own mother properly. That was the definition of pathetic.

Kicking off his shoes, he forced one foot in front of the other as he walked through the living room and into the kitchen. Conversation stilled before immediately resuming when they realised he wasn’t going to shout and/or break anything.

"How was your walk Izuku?” His mothers voice rang out from the living room and he shrugged, knowing she could see him from where she was sat. He bent down, getting a small plate out before going on a kitchen hunt in search of something sweet that wouldn’t completely ruin his appetite for dinner.

Finally finding the pack of hot cross buns that had been shoved at the bottom of the food bin he stood up, knocking the top of his head into Iida’s chin as he stood up.

"Ow!” Looking up at the hedgehog who’s glasses were now askew he was tempted to glare and so did so, he wasn’t welcome here and he should of left hours ago, pleasantries and manners aside. He should of taken note- but could he even really expect that of him? No, no he couldn’t, he couldn’t expect a guy to know how to deal with his unstable and erratic behaviour and needs if he hadn’t talked it out. Didn’t make him any less annoyed though.

"Midoriya! I apologise! I thought you’d heard me! Your mother asked me to help, and you didn’t respond when I asked, so I bent down but you stood up at the same time and-“

"Whatever.” He didn’t want to keep listening to him, “It’s getting late shouldn’t you guys be heading home by now?” His message was very clear, Why the fuck are you guys still here?

“Your mother invited us over for dinner Midoriya, insisting that it was in the best interest of both yourself and us that we talk through what happened earlier.”

He muttered under his breath at that, tongue clicking in annoyance, but he stopped and stared slightly at the Ingenium rip off in wonder when he continued, “If that makes you uncomfortable though, I am more than willing to make an excuse so you don’t have to deal with me. My brothers dealt with plenty of people who don’t wish to be around others. I respect that, I respect you as well. That’s why I’m offering this.”

His mouth dried up and he turned away quickly putting the plate down a little to brashly and ripping the plastic packaging of the bread treat and quickly sticking it in the toaster. Words rattled around his
skull and he could feel red eyes burrowing into him from behind glasses and felt a somewhat smile threaten his pissed off mood with its existence.

"I'd like you to leave. I’m not-“

He jolted when a hand was placed on his shoulder and quickly looking over his shoulder he saw how Iida’s face dropped as he cautiously removed his hand, “No need to explain yourself Midoriya. We’ll discuss at a later date?”

”Yeah...” he nodded. That was more than he’d hoped for. A placating look was sent at him, and it wasn’t sympathy in Iida’s eyes, but recognition for his feelings and it made him feel just that little bit better as the class president walked into his living room again.

“I’m sorry Midoriya-san, but I’ve just received a text from my brother, he needs me urgently. I’ll have to skip out on dinner tonight.”

_-*_

Picking at his food, he summoned every single cell in his body and it’s ounce of composure and forced it into his soul, Nana floated in the empty chair next to him, non-existent hand brushing with his in a motherly and calming fashion as he stabbed his chopsticks into his ramen.

The two teens on the opposite side of the table weren’t much better either. Kirishima and Uraraka constantly looked from their food, to each other, to his mother, to him and back again while picking at their food in much the same way he was.

”I just realised, I need the bathroom.” His mother stood up, abandoning the three of them at the table.
I'm not mafia! I swear!

He loved his mother, he did, but she was really really making him contemplate just moving in with Tsukauchi at this point. The officer would argue against it for a little bit before giving in. Although, then he’d have Officer Maknamura (the kind lady who’d thought he was Tsukauchi’s son) just gaining more fuel for her apparent ‘Tsukauchi’s child’ conspiracy that Tamakawa had told him about.

Even Toshinori’s would be a better option at this point (and despite being number one hero, Toshinori lived in a dump) but alas the man cared for his mother just that little bit too much and would rat him out to her.

“So...” He watched his classmates, staring at them now with unbridled irritation now that his mother was out of the room. He watched as they squirmed in their seats and hated how he enjoyed watching them feel uncomfortable.

*Good, now they know how I feel all the time.*

“We’re sorry for barging in on you Midoriya.”

He eyed Kirishima specifically, noting the use of ‘We’re’, the boy was speaking for the both of them instead of them individually apologising. He didn’t feel like Uraraka believed half of what was coming out of the boys mouth.

“It was wrong of us to barge in on your home how we did. We should of been more considerate of your space and I should never of provoked you.” There it was. ‘I’. He was apologising personally.

Uraraka made a noise at the back of her throat that sounded like she was choking, “I, also apologise De- Midoriya. I shouldn’t of taken it upon myself to force my way into your private life.”

Something stung about that apology, whether it was the fact that for the first time ever the girl had called him by name instead of by a nickname or it was how forced out the apology sounded, like she understood it was necessary but didn’t want to actually vocalise it.

He sighed, looking back down at his dinner, before coming to a decision on what his next few words were going to be. “I’m not going to forgive you-“ he could see their faces drop, “Right away. Things like this don’t magically get fixed. I didn’t want any of you here, I still don’t want any of you here, and I’m annoyed that you didn’t just leave after I asked you to before.”

He placed his chopsticks in the bowl before pushing it away and looking up properly, “You need to understand that I’m messed up, I’ve accepted that - but it doesn’t change the fact.” They nodded along like little school children, “You guys need to accept that I’m going to act out and I’m going to be angry a lot. And I need my space. You can’t just keep barging into my life because you want to.”

He rubbed a hand across his face, resisting the urge to swear and/or groan when he irritated his new scar, “When we get to school tomorrow, I want you to pretend this never happened. I want you to leave me alone unless completely necessary or I approach you first, those are my terms.”

They both gained a quizzical look, “Terms for what?”

”My terms for not requesting a sit down meeting with Aizawa-Sensei about the retrieving and use of private information.” They both gained fearful looks at the implication. Leave him alone until he was ready or he tells U.A. they somehow broke in and got sensitive/private information from the schools
"Do you agree?"

"Yes!" Was the hurried out answer as his mother reentered the room, not even bothering to try and act like she hadn’t been eavesdropping.

"Nana?"

He called out to the woman, fearing that she’d disappeared off again - only this time she wouldn’t come back.

"Yes Izuku?" He looked across the room at his desk, from where his head lay on the pillow, where Nana floated skimming through one of his text books he’d left open. She didn’t look up, but he could still tell he held her full attention because her eyes stayed in one place instead of skimming back and forth like peoples eyes usually did when they read.

"Where’d you go?" She sighed sadly and he got the feeling he didn’t want to know.

"I found my grandson,” the air was knocked out of his lungs by the giant ball of guilt that had just dropped into his chest, “And I found out that he was a villain..."

"Nana-"

"No, it’s fine. I abandoned my son you know,” she looked up and it was strange because he’d never seen a ghost cry before, “I believed that it would make his life easier. He wouldn’t have to deal with all the nonsense of a hero’s life. But then I found Toshinori and I-"

She stilled, and paused taking in a deep unneeded breath, “I realised that I wanted to raise someone to be better than I ever could be- but by that point my own son had already told me hated me and that he never wanted anything to do with me...”

"So you projected that affection onto Toshinori." She nodded, wiping away the tears that shouldn’t exist.

"I did. Gran Torino and I practically raised Toshi... we trained him, made him more than he ever thought he could be, and then I shared my quirk with him.”

A sad and reminiscent smile crossed her face as she looked down and when she looked up, a wide and innocent smile had replaced the wearied look, “He was quirkless before I gave him my quirk, though if you ask he’ll never admit it. He’s not embarrassed he just knows that people would view him differently, they’d look down on him. Because people are awful these days...”

“I’m getting away with myself. I found my son, he said you visited him after he screamed at me- it appears he never got over my betrayal... I can’t help but wonder if it’s my fault that Tenko ended up-“

"Nana, your son abused Tenko.” That caught her off guard because some motherly unbridled fury seemed to leach from her eyes and he slowly sat up, “When I first spoke to your son, he, “He had to take a moment to breath, thinking of how to word it in a way that wouldn’t make her flip her top, “He wasn’t the most pleasant. I had been asked to talk to him, in hopes of helping him move on, because he didn’t have unfinished business that he could solve himself.”

She nodded, and he rubbed his eyes in frustration, “When I asked what he needed help with, Nana -
"Nana it was awful. He explained to me why he was dead and then he explained that Tenko had killed him-“

”No...” it was soft and he could hear the heartbreak in her voice.

"Nana, he’d killed him because he was hurting him. He- he spoke about how much of a brat Tenko was, how he just wouldn’t shut up and how he’d grabbed him- It was all things an abusive parent would say. He was hurting him, and Tenko as a small child couldn’t control his quirk... his disintegration quirk and it well, it lead to him being disintegrated.”

She studied him and he could see her not wanting to believe it, “I can only assume he was picked up by some villains around that time.. I he was the one that orchestrated the attack on my school yesterday...” her eyes widened and it seemed only then did she truly take him in properly.

Her ghostly hand came up to his scared cheek, brushing against it as she looked from him to his door, “Have you told your mother?”

He shook his head, “As far as my mum knows Tenko Shimura is missing and has been for the past ten years.”

”That wasn’t what I meant Izuku.”

"Huh?"

"I meant have you told her she upset you?”

"I couldn’t possibly tell her-“

"You can’t expect a problem to be solved if you ignore it.”

"humph.” He dropped back onto his bed, somehow bouncing on the mattress slightly, and stared at the ceiling. Maybe if he ignored Nana long enough she would stop being so fucking right all the time.

"Ignoring me will not make my advice null.”

He covered his ears and let his voice rise, “Lalalala! I can’t hear you!”

"Izuku, you are being-“

"Lalalalalala! Can’t hear you!”

_noinspection

“Hey, freak!”

He shoved his hands deeper in his hoodie pocket, feeling the coldness of his knife relieve him of some stress as his fingers curled around the weapon. He’d been called that name so many times he didn’t even know if it was directed at him anymore and he still reacted to it by making himself as small as possible.

“I thought we told you if you turned up again we’d beat you up. You think cause you go to a fancy school now that you’re above us huh?! Well here’s another thing coming for you mindfreak!”

He stopped in his tracks at the mouth of the alleyway, people passing by in a wave as the crowd did the same as always. Keep their eyes averted and heads down.
If you ignored it you wouldn’t get hurt.

Shizouka prefecture has always been peculiar, and it’s people are no exception. Ghosts are a normal thing here, though people don’t want to admit it, and wars have taken place on the ground beneath their feet but life goes on like they never happened. Yet it’s a hated place. Too creepy and depressing away from this nightlife of the city. Most people from outside the prefecture can’t stand it.

But at the end of the day, no matter the fact that children here aren’t afraid of the dark or the monster under the bed from a much younger age (knowing worse things lurk around street corners and the monster really just wants to look out for you) they all still get scared about people in back allyways beating up people for money.

He sighs, knowing he needs to step in. But he’s tired, he’s sick of people’s expectations and he wants to sleep - he knows he won’t be able to but he can hope- and then again, that isn’t an excuse. Especially when he hears a somewhat familiar voice.

“Hey! Leave me alone! I can go wherever I want! It isn’t against the law to use shortcuts through here!”

He’s suddenly vividly reminded of that day they had training with All Might for the first time, how out of it and limping he’d knocked into a boy with shocking purple hair and tired eyes. It hadn’t been the greatest of meetings, they’d exchanged the least amount of words they could have without it being too awkward and then they’d left off without even introducing each other...

Shinsou Hitoshi, he’d looked him up that night. He was interested to know everything about the boy that looked so dejected yet carried himself like he was proudly holding the weight of the world on his shoulders. He’d taken a page out of Uraraka’s book, finding the guy at lunch and situating himself with him. They’d spoken, barley, but he felt like some form of connection had been formed.

"Ugh..." he sighed, sharply turning into the alleyway and going further in than crooks normally resided, finding his would-be friend held up high off the wall, his feet were dangling a good ten centimetres, as two guys - one pure muscle and grimes tattoos, the other a twig with dyed blue hair and a nose broken five times too many- stood there frozen at his arrival.

"Shit."

"Long time no see fellas...Oh, you’re new?” He waved one hand disarmingly, his blade flashing in the broken streetlights distorted illumination, “You’re not causing my friend problems right?”

The twig, a guy he’d dealt with a few times who just didn’t seem to ever get the message, looked between him and Shinsou a look of realisation crossing his features. “Dude, let the kid go, we gotta leave!”

Muscle-man didn’t seem to know him however because he did nothing more than scoff at his friend, “Oh Yeah, because I’m scared of a scarred little boy. What’s he gonna do? Revolt me with his deformities or somethin’!?”

"That’s the Yūrei you stupid bastard!”

"Him?” He dropped Shinsou, who lay crumpled against the wall staring at him with some form of shock and disbelief, “Sure. A kid. The boss is sending me out here with supervision? I’m new and I know better than you to believe a stupid urban legend is real and it’s a kid? What exactly are you taking this time around?”

"I’d listen to your friend if I were you!” Shinsou’s voice was soft, not strong yet but getting there,
“Didn’t you see it on the news? You had to, the Yūrei took out some of the guys at that USJ attack this afternoon. How’d that happen if he wasn’t a kid.”

"If you want I can give you a demonstration. It’s easy to claim self defence. Two minors faced with two intimidating adults, one of which with an extensive criminal record? I wonder who’s side they’d take?"

He smirked, and took absolutely no joy in the shriek of despair from twig, “You’re a fucking sick bastard! This is just like with Yamamoto! He wasn’t fucking doing anything and you—“

"He was stalking and attempting to solicitate a woman after she denied him three times. You know exactly what he was put away for. And you expect me to not step in when I’m asked?"

That shuts him up and he makes sure to keep his eyes on Shinsou at all times. He has to make sure the boy doesn’t do anything stupid.

"We’ll Leave! Fine! Just don’t report us! We’ll stay out of your turf, just tell your boss to leave us alone!"

He scoffs as they walk away, making his way to Shinsou and offering the shaken boy a hand up. As if he’d ever work for a mafia boss.

"You work for the mafia?"

He chuckles, releasing Shinsou’s hand to pat his shoulder and lead him out of the alleyway, “Nah. But it makes it a hell of a lot easier if they think I have a turf. Means I have to worry a lot less. After all, if a guy that can’t die is the enforcer what the hell is the boss gonna be like?”

-*_-

“Morning Himiko-Sensei!” He smiled as best he could at the woman, still feeling shitty and depleted from the day before. The woman smiled back at him, happy and lively as always, welcoming him into her house with a small greeting and an offering of a cup of tea.

He quickly and politely declined the offer before dumping his bag on the coffee table and pulling out his banishing book. “The ghosts in the spare room right?” He called over his shoulder as he walked deeper into the flat and he could hear her bustling around behind him as she replied that he was correct in remembering.

He walks on muscle memory alone of the last time he was at the woman’s house, too engrossed in his book and finding the right banishing spell that he doesn’t realise he’s bumped into somebody until his book falls.

"Watch- Midoriya?” Looking up he spits Shinsou staring at him, expression blank and eyes begging for answers.

"Morning Shinsou. Don’t mind me, I’m just doing something for Himiko-Sensei.”

"Okay?”

“By the way, wanna walk to school together this morning?” He looks over his shoulder and the teen is still staring but mutely nods with what can be discerned as a small smile.

”Alright.”
The first day back is always the hardest

Chapter Summary

Positive reviews for the last chapter so thanks!
Also, a friend of mine said I made it seem like because the crooks think Midoriya’s
mafia that Shinsou is his right hand, did any of you get that impression?

“So... you’re interested in the occult?”

He looked up from his book, having just finished reading the banishment spell, as he looked over his
shoulder he sent Shinsou a look that very clearly asked the tired boy to re-evaluate that question as
the screams of the banished demon began to grow and then dissipate behind him.

”Stupid question.”

He nodded, turning back to the devil trap he’d drawn on the floor, quickly smudging it with his hand
so that it no longer worked as a portal. The demon he’d just banished had certainly been higher tier
than most he worked with, and as such he was really tired and just plain didn’t want to go to school.

-*.-

“So what about you?”

”Huh?”

”You asked me before if I was interested in the occult, and I’m asking now, are you?” He tilted his
head to the side to get a better look at the purple boy next to him as he sighed, shrugging.

”I guess it all depends you know. Like, ghosts and demons sure I believe in that - this morning was
more than enough proof of that. But the whole karma and past lives thing escapes me.”

Izuku let out a laugh, shaking his head at the other confusion, “Well of course you wouldn’t get it.
They’re not occult. That’s theology. Occult’s got to do with what can’t be explained by religion or
science, theology can be seen as just another take on religion.”

”I guess that makes sense.”

They shouldered their way through the crowds of busy passengers, making it to the ticket gate and
almost fighting against the tide of the crowd before finally escaping the morning rush hour craze that
enveloped the train station at this time each morning. Shoving his hands in his pockets he sighed,
looking up at the sky when he felt a few spots of rain on his head.

”This is why I take the early train.” He looked at Shinsou out of the corner of his eye, seeing the
general studies student taking an umbrella out of his bag obviously in case the heavens decided to
open like they were threatening to, “Hey, you don’t like human interaction right? Never take the
early train. I swear literal saints get on at the train before the devil awakens.”

A laugh was his only response as Shinsou’s knocked his shoulder, “What makes you say that
Midoriya? You seem to have some sort of negative experience with them.” He sent a faux glare
Shinsou’s way, scoffing before looking the other way as they turned the corner and began walking along the outside of U.A.’s walls.

”You know my reputation right? The other day some uppity business guy sat there, smiled at me! Like actually *smiled* and then gave me money for food because we somehow got onto the topic I hadn’t eaten breakfast! And then didn’t expect me to pay him back!”

He caught the gobsmacked look Shinsou was giving him and expected the tired boy to agree with him before he destroyed his expectations with the disbelief in his voice, “You do realise that’s what a decent person does right?”

He laughed at that, but stopped short when he realised the other boy wasn’t joking, “Oh.”

”Nobody’s ever done anything like before? Not even like, at school?” The disbelief was apparent in his tone, though it wasn’t accusatory as if he didn’t believe him, it was laced with worry as if Shinsou *didn’t* want to believe him.

"Shinsou, I used to be classed as quirkless. Take a wild guess.”

"You were what?!"

"Shit.”

It was nice, being accompanied to school by a living person. Sure, Nana’s company was lovely and Mr. Kurodon always had a new story to tell (Tsubasa just tended to float there watching rather than interacting and Izuku always wondered if he was watching for a threat even Izuku couldn’t see) but it was just so much better? Yeah, that was the word. It was just so much better to know you had someone alive to talk to.

“So how long have you been doing the whole exorcist thing?”

"Since I was twelve, local occult child is a title that comes early. I actually have to look out for my successor around now so that they can take my place once I hit eighteen.” Shinsou’s wide eyed expression told him he’d taken the bait.

"Really!?"

The look he sent his friend said enough as horridly the purple haired boy moved the umbrella aside slightly so that a few drops of rain hit him in retaliation. They turned the corner then, reaching the outer wall of UA high, a steady stream of students coming from all directions.

"I’ll see you at lunch then Midoriya, you better eat something this time.”

"Not my fault the tablets make me sick!” He called over his shoulder as he dashed the short distance from the gate to the doorway, a disgruntled and agitated spluttering leaving Shinsou behind him as he went.

“Damn it Midoriya!”

He most certainly didn’t laugh, turning his head over his shoulder and sending a silly face his friends way. Most certainly not, despite what others seemed to think, he was far too mature for that, they saw things. They should get that checked out.
“Oh my god, you’re alive.”

It wasn’t the most pleasant of greetings but as he stepped into the room, Sero springing from his chair and crowding him slightly he couldn’t help but appreciate the boys bluntness.

“Jesus, Midoriya, your face.” He couldn’t help the little flinch then at the reminder of his newest scar but the tape elbowed boy seemed to take it in his stride as he continued, not seeming to care about his off natured actions.

“I just gotta say man, you were so cool jumping down into those villains.” He couldn’t help his confused expression because why was somebody complimenting him? “And I am so, so sorry about the fact that I’ve been rude to you. You’re just like super intimidating dude. It’s scary.” That confused him even more and he couldn’t help but be unnerved by Sero’s little laugh.

"I’m not being mean dude, it’s crazy how intimidating you are - I can totally get why you might want to keep distance. Can’t have anything ruining your bad boy image right? Would you mind making an exception though?"

He would later vehemently deny the fact his face heated up as Sero gave him a wide grin, extending his hand out in friendship, which when he took tentatively sent an even bright dose of sunshine into his smile.

"Sure... I can do that.” It felt odd to smile so openly in a classroom and it was a tiny bit frightening how the boys face lit up when he did so, it was made worse when another strident caught sight of it, it was the pink girl (Mina?? Was that her name??) “Oh my god! He’s smiling!”

It was like the floodgates were opened then.

His classmates, or at the least a large majority of them, were up and out of their chairs smiling widely and reintroducing themselves. There were other offers of friendship that he found himself accepting before the wind was knocked out of him and he felt himself violently flinch when Tsuyu threw her arms around him.

It was silent for a second before the frog girl began speaking, “Thank you so much Kero. You were really brave holding off those villains with Aizawa-Sensei. I’m sorry that I just stood there Kero. I should of helped, but I was too scared.”

He wasn’t sure who was more surprised when he returned the girls hug, himself or his classmates, but he returned it and forced himself to not sound too upset when he told her she didn’t need to worry, “I was scared to Tsuyu, it’s nothing to be ashamed of.”

"You don’t need to just say that Midoriya...”

He releases the girl, hands on her shoulders as he stared at her before looking at everybody as they stared at him, he forced himself to swallow his fear, “Tsu, I am not just saying that. I was terrified.”

He looked away and sighed before looking her in the eyes again, “I was terrified I was going to get killed, I was terrified that I wouldn’t be able to get to Aizawa-Sensei in time and I was terrified beyond belief when I saw both you and Mineta so close to that monster. Just because we’re scared doesn’t make us weak.”

"Oi! Shitty delinquent!” He let go of Tsu and the class parted when Bakugo climbed out of his chair and sashayed over, “I thought I told you not to get yourself killed where I could see you again. Fighting a fucking Nomu goes against that.”
"If I didn’t know any better Bakugo I’d say you were worried about Midoriya."

"HIM!?! Don’t make me laugh dopey eyes!"

"Bakugo isn’t worried, aunties probably just put him up to being nice to me because I’m ‘injured’.”

There was a silence then, as gazes shifted between himself and Bakugo, the blond in question was levelling him with a look that spoke of a fiery death for as long as he could keep coming back.

"Alright everybody to your seats!"

Not too long after they were all sat down, Aizawa shuffled in doing his best imitation of the mummy man. Everything from the top of his head to presumably the tips of his toes were covered in bandages.

"Aizawa-Sensei! Should you really be back so soon!?"

"It’s wonderful to see you back and healthy again sir!”

"Can you even call that healthy? I mean really?"

"My well being doesn’t matter,” There was an almost silent wheeze as the hero got behind the podium- which was impressive considering he was currently blind, “Just because we survived the USJ doesn’t mean that there isn’t more fighting to come.”

It was as if the air was knocked out of him again and he noticed he wasn’t the only one beginning to grow agitated, “The U.A. Sports festival is in a couple of weeks you only have three chances to prove yourselves. So do it well.”

_-*_

“Uraraka,” He stuffed his hands in his pockets reevaluating what he was doing before deciding that no, he said he would give her a chance when he was ready and while he wasn’t ready to be left alone with her and have the chat they needed to have - he’d keep up appearances and not act like a complete dick, “Do you want to walk to lunch with us?”

Her eyes lifted from the desk and he was suddenly reminded of why he felt so guilty in the first place.

Uraraka Ochako was a sunshine goddess among sunshine children, “Really?! You mean it!?”

"Yeah, c’mon, Iida’s waiting for us.” He tried to give her a smile, but they both knew it was a forced one as she stood and scurried after him to the door where they met with their taller friend.
Some manage stress with healthy coping mechanisms, I however (to the distress of my therapist) deal with it with sarcasm and swearing!

“You want to be a hero for the money!”

Nana sent him a disapproving look, but he simply disregarded it. She continued to float next to him down the corridor never once going out of sight.

Uraraka rubbed the back of her neck sheepishly as they continued down the corridor and then turned down the stairs. The girls face was flushed and she was avoiding eye contact taking to muttering her next few words, “Ultimately yeah.” Her hands came up to her face as she shook her head.

“Sorry, I know it seems base... and really embarrassing considering Iida’s noble aspirations and all.”

Izuku didn’t particularly see anything wrong with the girls motivations, besides helping people one of his own aspirations was to help his mother with money as well. His father’s money only got them so far. But it wasn’t that surprising when Iida cut in, “But Why!? There’s nothing wrong with seeking a more comfortable lifestyle!?”

“It’s just a little unexpected coming from someone as compassionate as you Ura...” Kirishima’s voice showed genuine kindness and care and Izuku felt a small smile slipping onto his face as he watched the two boys coddle the flustered girl.

“It’s to help your parents right?” He stuffed his hands in his pockets, keeping his gaze forward so that he didn’t lose his nerve. “They run a construction company that’s fallen on hard times recently if I remember correctly. You getting a quirk license would allow you to help them and cut down prices so they’d turn over more of a profit.”

She’s such a trusting sunshine child she doesn’t even question how he knows that information. Probably assumes she told him...

“That’s what I’ve been saying! But dad won’t let me... So I’m gonna be a hero. I’ll make that money so that mum and dad can have easier lives!”

Her face radiated confidence from what he could see from the corner of his eye, a large smile blooming to life. He redirected his sight forward. No. He reminded himself. He wasn’t going to slip back to how he used to be.

He had been made uncomfortable and while it was tempting to just slip back into a routine where he let Uraraka loll all over him and invade his personal space because it was admittedly comforting he had to remember that it wasn’t right. It made him uncomfortable. That’s why they were doing this. That’s why she always kept two steps in front or behind so that they could talk but he wasn’t crowded. That’s why they were having a second go at this friendship.

”By the way Midoriya, how the hell did you know about Ura’s family situation?” He continued forward and just like that first day the people accompanying him stalled behind him. Glancing over his shoulder he attempted a small smile (though it probably came out more or a horridly cocky smirk) before turning back around.

”You guys aren’t the only ones who’ve read other students files.” There was a weak spluttering behind him, “I’ve read the files of every single student currently enrolled. Not light reading in the slightest,” he waved his arm disarmingly and allowed himself to feel smug (the good kind of ‘Yeah I
His classmates heavy footsteps sounded as they hurried to catch up with him.

He stopped short however, feet digging into the ground at Nana’s sudden caution. The woman had gotten better at pre surprise warnings since the Bakugo training incident and he’d actually managed to avoid slamming into (let him do the maths....) seventeen people already in the past two days alone!

"Ohh! Midoriya kid! I found you!” He felt his heart rate pick up at the sight of his mentor, he rarely spent time with Toshinroi inside school, as he’d turned round and stated it was to keep up appearances and not make their connection anymore obvious than it already was, “Wanna have lunch with me?”

A few months back he might of squeezed internally for joy, but just like that fateful first training session he felt all overbearing joy dissipate when he remembered exactly who the symbol of peace was under the facade. Not only that, but he was really looking forward to sitting with and getting to know Shinsou better.

However it would be strange to make it seem like he was passing down an opportunity like this in front of his classmates. “Sure, just let me text my friend to let him know I can’t make it. This is that kind of mini meeting with Recovery girl regarding my recent... injuries right?”

It was total bullshit of course, Recovery girl had had him come to her office before school started properly to chew him out and threaten him profusely with her gigantic syringe cane- weapon thing. Thankfully his father figure caught on, “Yep! She said you should eat before the examination though, you know, in case it runs over slightly.”

"Cool.” He slipped his phone out of the inside of his blazer and began to text Shinsou that he was meeting up with a teacher for a chat while looking at his friends, “You guys might as well go ahead. If this doesn’t take all of lunch I have someone I’m sitting with anyway so don’t bother waiting up.”

Zombieboi: Sorry, can’t make it to lunch. Have to have a chat with the teachers.

TiredBoi: What’d you do?

Zombieboi: I’m hurt that you would insinuate something like that. But it’s just a check in conversation - y’know with the whole dying thing.

TiredBoi: Cool, you get out early I’ll save you a seat, make sure to not get yourself institutionalised okay?

”Alright.” It was Iida who began to corral them down the corridor and he felt a hand ruffle his hair as he looked over at his teacher who’s form seemed to deflate slightly, “Let’s get to the teachers lounge.”

”Sure.”

-#-

“Fifty minutes? Seriously, Toshinori-Sensei you’re killing yourself.” Maybe in another timeline he might of overreacted, screaming the time limit for all the world to hear, but that wasn’t who Izuku was in this life. He’d been told much worse things and they’d both been expected a reduction anyway with his slow control percentage upping.
The pros face was bright red, arms in front of him in embarrassment and Izuku could only imagine it was because the teacher was being scolded by the student, “And you tell me to look after myself.”

”Izuku my boy, I do still manage to take better care of myself than you do.”

He looked to the side where Nana was giving him a knowing look and he muttered to her, “Not you too.”

”My boy?” Looking over at his teacher he saw the skeletal man knitting his forehead together in concentration. He looked between himself and to the spot on the couch next to him where Nana’s translucent form hovered, “Is this that...” he seems to search for the right words, hands moving about emulating his hidden thought process, “communication thing your mother told me about? Where you can contact the dead?”

Shocked, he looked up at Toshinori; acceptance was not something he ever expected to follow that kind of revelation, but swallowing his fear he nodded and was surprised once again when a large smile broke out on his mentors face.

”Ive always believed in something after death myself, you were living proof of that but to imagine that you could contact the other side... you really have a wonderful quirk my boy. To never be alone, it must be interesting.”

He let a laugh lose, “I used to get confused between the dead and living so much early on that everybody thought I spoke to myself. I had to get one of those voice recognition watches to cover it up!” He remembered how long and badly that had ended.

His teacher though, seemed to be taking it all in his stride. Smiling and asking questions about it. Sparing a glance to the side he could see how sad Nana looked and without her seeming to notice her hand kept reaching out to her pupil before falling flat.

”It’s alright,” he murmured to her and her eyes shot up to look at him and he motioned his head towards Toshinori who was watching with interest.

”But is it? He won’t be able to tell and that will probably only feel worse.”

”You won’t know if you don’t try...” she smiled before hovering over to the older man’s side, “You might feel a strange sensation in a second Sensei.”

He watched with vested interest as the ghosts hand drifted closer to his mentors and he couldn’t help but feel in awe when the man flinched, looking shocked at his hand the very second Nana placed her hand on his. “What!? Is- is something touching me?”

He finds himself beaming, and it hurts because he doesn’t think he’s ever smiled so widely in years, “You’re doing it!” He’s on his feet, hands to his mouth, as he feels himself start to vibrate at a frequency that can shatter glass, “You’re actually doing it!”

There might be tears pricking at the corners of his eyes. Might.

Toshinori is switching between looking himself and where Nana’s hand is placed on his, she’s being brave and intertwining their fingers as she sits next to him and it strikes him not for the first time that he’s being witness to a ghost crying. He can see his mentor is stuck between feeling joyful for him and asking away about the ghost and his powers and everything but Izuku is pushing that away for now because Nana is touching Toshinori and he can feel it!
“My boy, this is fantastic! You’re powers seem to be growing! Have the dead always been able to touch corporal beings before?”

He shakes his head, before choosing to speak in case his mentor thinks he’s talking to the ghost, “Objects.” It’s short, jagged as he fights to concentrate, “Not people. Never people, oh my god she’s actually touching you this is amazing. N-” He goes to say her name when she’s suddenly making frantic motions with her other hand to stop him, “Nothing can top this!” He says instead.

He wanted to say ‘Nana this is amazing! You can hold him now, we can try talking to him, Nana don’t you realise how wonderful this is?’ But he can see she isn’t ready.

Toshinori smiles so wide he thinks the man’s face is going to split and then he realises that’s the exact same smile on his face, “My boy, this is fantastic news.” He sobered up a little bit and he motions for Izuku to sit back down which he does. He takes note of the fact Toshinori hasn’t even attempted to remove his hand from Nana’s grip and he doesn’t even know who’s holding his hand he’s just doing it, “Now moving onto another important matter, your second quirk.”

His blood seemed to run cold.

He hadn’t forgotten. Not in the slightest! It was just, after so long of having the least offensive quirk on the planet, the idea that he could actually use his quirk combatively was still a completely foreign concept to him. Not to say he wasn’t still practicing with One For All, because he was.

Every free day he had he’d spend in the hospitals quirk room using the equipment and sat down with multiple trauma and physical therapy patients on how they controlled their quirks. Whether they told him because he seemed like a friendly boy, they’d seen him coming in since he was knee high with injuries or his scars made them feel sorry for him he wasn’t sure.

But he had pretty decent control. He’d had just under five percent at the entrance exam and just under ten during the first day pop quiz but he hadn’t used it in the Bakugo incident until the very last second and that had resulted in grievous injuries.

”More importantly, how you’re going to use it at the sports festival.”

-*_

Izuku found himself collapsing into the hard, stiff chair of the canteen’s back corner table with a sigh and a few minimal looks of disinterest. General studies had just accepted him by the second time he’d sat with Shinsou and a few others. He’d sought them out, not the other way around, and that put him in their good books.

He also made sure Shinsou ate at lunch so that might of put the boys classmates at ease as well.

”You look like shit.”

He looked at his friend, who’s own eyebags had grown more prominent as the day had worn on if that was possible, “You don’t exactly look like a million yen yourself Shinsou.”

He waved a hand dismissively before stabbing his chopsticks into his untouched and clearly cold bowl of noodles. Izuku can’t help but motion at the water food with a questioning look as his friend horrifically takes a bite, “I refused to eat until you got back, I’m not letting you get away with not eating. You nag me, so I nag you.”

He doesn’t exactly smile, his smiling quota unfortunately got filled in All Might’s office, but it’s close enough to the same half smile-half crooked smirk that Shinsou replicates to know that it’s an
understood gesture. Just because the gesture is sweet he still turns his nose up at the chopsticks offered to him.

"I think I’ll pass—"

"Oh no you don’t. Eat the noodles until you’re no longer hungry."

The brainwashed takes advantage of his lowered guard and uses his quirk and Izuku swears in his head as he feels his body move against his own will and eat the horrific cold noodles along side Shinsou who’s expression is expressing the exact same kind of regret as he wanted him to feel.

"That looks disgusting.” He hears one of the other general studies students mutter, but it’s good natured and it’s muttered around a small laugh as Shinsou’s shoulder is nudged. He nods, mouth full of the disgusting food, and makes a noncommital noise that sounds very much like a muffled version of ‘fuck it is’.

Just because he’d been informed of the preplanned seige on 1-A’s room didn’t mean he was immune to the sharp shoot of fear and panic that spread through the class at the thought of being boxed in.

You could put it down to their recent experiences with being trapped without a viable means of escape.

He’d point out that the window is opened and not barred but he still probably the only one - bar maybe Kirishima, Yaoyorozu and Sero- that could do anything without being seriously injured. And even if he did then that escape route would be blocked in some way as well.

"Whoa!"

Uraraka’s pulls into a halt and it’s like something from an anime as she seems to crane her neck to take in all the imposing crowd blocking the way out, a tremble shooting through her. That’s when he remembers, she has bad energy with aggressive crowds, something to do with bullying as a kid and hero work being a way to over come it.

Shit.

He begrudgingly (that’s a lie, he’s taking it hesitantly but Uraraka’s still his friend fucking damnit and he’s not letting her be scared okay he’s not a jackass, he’s just emotionally stunted there’s a goddamn difference.) steps up to her left, making sure she knows he’s there but not making a big deal out of it.

"What’s going on?"

“No way out! What’re they here for?” He spares Mineta a glance, remembering that the boy had wanted to ask him something but had been cut off earlier. In his peripheral he sees Bakugo come up.

"Checking out the competition, duhh, small fry.” He feels a twinge of jealously that the pervert of the class, the kid literally detested by everybody, gets a sweeter reply to a stupid question that Izuku’s ever gotten from a honestly nesseceary questions. But he puts it away at the back of his mind.

He shouldn’t care, so he’s not going to. Any friendly feelings for Bakugo are merely old attachment issues and that’s it. He’s not got a very peculiar need for a friend or a constant in his life form the being. No sir, not at all.

Maybe he does okay, sue him.
“Cuz we’re the kids who survived a villain attack. Makes sense they’d want a look at us before the sports festival.”

He attempts to placate Mineta, who’s shaking in fear at Bakugo, and let’s his eyes sweep out over the crowd. Quite a few nod at him when their eyes meet, for some with as few social links as he has, he knows a surprising amount of people. Of course, he recognises every single one of them from their files but he knows more than he expected form personal name exchanges through Shinsou.

”No point though. Outta the way cannon fodder.”

He isn’t entirely sure what it is about those words that put him to action, or why exactly he’s speaking out when every single person in that corridor is perfectly capable of it themselves, he’s sure, but he does it anyway, “Don’t get too cocky Bakugo.”

That immediately shifts the equilibrium in the room, the blonds anger shifts away from the other courses and find some its usual accommodations in him, “Hah!? What the fuck’re you saying shitty delinquent?”

He steps forward, not into Bakugo’s personal space because he’s not intending to start a fight, but if he’d learnt anything from his years in close quarters and the intense and almost forced interactions since his accident before the start of the year is how to rile Bakugo up without inciting physically violence.

”I’m saying,” his voice drawls, “Don’t think you’re above these guys, they’re in this school for a reason. Not everybody has quirks traditionally suitable for this line of work...” there’s silent words passed through gazes then.

’Me for example’ and ‘You got lucky on the genetic lottery’ but they won’t be spoken aloud. He’s not cruel and he’s not stupid.

”Are the rest of the kids in the hero course like this Midoriya?” His eyes flit to the doorway again where it seems they’ve gotten the vested interest of everybody and he notices for the first time Bakugo’s crackling hand is gripping his shirt collar.

Shinsou is making his way through the crowd, stance relaxed but eyes cold and calculating like always, “I gotta admit I’m a little disillusioned if this is what’s being offered.” His friend sends him a lazy and fruitive grin that can easily be misread as a cocky smirk.

”As Midoriya kindly pointed out there,” He’s at the front of the pack now and it’s so clear that Shinsou is the ringleader in this whole affair, “Those of us who didn’t make it into the hero course got stuck in general studies and the other tracks as consolation. There’s quite a few of us y’know.”

It’s then that the mental showdown that’s started to go down between Bakugo and Shinsou is interrupted by a silver guy, Tetsutetsu² if he remembered correctly from 1-B, “Hey I’m from 1-B next door! Heard you guys fought some villains and wanted to find more about it - but all I’m seeing is this arrogant bastard! You better not make fools of the hero course at this thing!”

”I’m done.” It’s so quite but it makes everybody stop and he looks up to realise everybody’s staring at him. “I’m just- good luck at the festival and shit but I can’t be bothered to listen to you all prattle on.” He rearranges his bag and isn’t blind or impervious to the looks of absolute shock from all sides as he carries on, “Prove you’re the best and stuff - hell we could use someone with a different quirk in this class. It’s suffocating being around these offensive types all day.”

With that he goes make his way through the crowd and those that know him part to let him through
but someone that doesn’t clearly doesn’t like his attitude. And that somebody grabs him and without thinking, not even looking, he just drops his voice to that octaves range he reserves for the scum he deals with in back allies, “Remove your hand now. I’m not responsible for what I do when my meds start wearing off y’know.”

Its punctuated with a devilish smirk and a burning toxic gaze only further sharpened by the scars on his face. As he’s released and he continues on he hears his class create another ruckus but he’s too tired to care and at some point Shinsou caught up with him as he hears the tail end of a dramatic speech from Bakugo, “I’m headed for the top. Why should I care?”

"I’m meeting your mother Midoriya."

"Yeah cool, alrig- Wait I’m sorry what!?"

He fully takes note now that as he’s left school grounds, taken the train, and picked up his little sister Shinsou hasn’t left his side not once. “Don’t you have to be home?!”

Hisashi hits him on the head, “Izu-nii! You need friends!”

Shinsou doesn't laugh much, he’s noticed that a lot recently, but he bursts out into laughter there, “Jesus even your sister knows you’re a loser.”

It’s Shinsou’s turn to receive a head slap, if she wasn’t on his shoulders Hisashi wouldn’t be able to do it, and an annoyed child pouting at him, “My big brother is not a loser! He’s just socially in- in... what’s that word Tsusu uses?”

"Inept."

"Yeah! My big brothers just socially inept!”
So, I haven’t updated in a while and I’m in the middle of writing the next chapter. As compensation to all the readers who are tired and bored of waiting I’m writing this chapter as an incentive tis till read the story.

This following chapter will contain quotes from extracts of future chapters. I hope you enjoy!

"Midoriya."

Looking up from his new bandages, Izuku felt a sigh ready to escape him as he took Todoroki in. The boy had been nothing but polite since he sat him, Bakugo and Kirishima down and explained the whole Tomura incident but now? Now he was pissing him off.

He felt his eye twitch at the ‘alpha dog’ posturing the older teen was doing. He felt himself scratch at the scar on his cheek out of a nervous habit.

“What’d you want Todoroki?” He stuffed his hands in his track suit pockets, keeping his stance as relaxed as possible. He wasn’t backing down, he just didn’t need to get involved in a fight on school grounds again after Juniour High. He’d done so well as well so far.

He hadn’t attacked that 1-B prick yet so he wasn’t about to lose it to his own classmate before he snapped the copycat in half.

"Objectively speaking... I’m stronger than you. More capable.” The bicoloured boy looked down at his right had as he spoke, the side he favoured in a fight he remembered. Even though in a moment like this it would of been best to keep a neutral expression he couldn’t help but smirk.

He knew it wasn’t a pleasnt expression, his classmates own expressions in retaliation only proved that point, because the only people he gave it to ended up in prison cells, “Really now?” It was an unnecessarily lazy drawl - on he just knew would agitate the hero’s son.

“Yes.” It was cutting, final. But he could sense the hesitancy in him. He wasn’t used to being opposed like this, mentally instead of physically. Or at least, he thought, by someone his own age.

“And I’ve noticed All Might has his eye on you. Now, I’m not about to pry into why that is but...”

“You won’t because you know the only possible reason is a villain connection. You’ll never even guess mentorship or familial bonds.’

“I will beat you.”

Before he had a chance to respond his classmates had started up, “Oh? A declaration of war between two of the strongest in the class?!”

“Todoroki must of taken the offensive comment Midoriya made yesterday personally...”

"I mean, he wasn’t wrong though, we were all lucky to get offensive quirks...”

He kept eye contact with Todoroki, only breaking it to look at Kirishima as he came up to the pair of them, “Picking a fight now? Seriously man. We’re about to go on-“
“I really don’t care. I’m not pretending to be anybody’s friend here.”

“Well,” He didn’t know how but he somehow managed to draw the attention of the room, “You talk big for a guy with smaller balls than Mineta’s self respect.” There was a rush of undertone muttering, too low to decipher but loud enough to hear. Todoroki’s scarred eye twitched.

“I mean, you’re trying to scare me right? Knock me off my game- it’s a good tactic I admit. Defiantly one you picked up from your old man I’m guessing.” There was another twitch. This time the class picked up on it.

”Midoriya that is enough! You are getting too personal now I-“

”Nah, I don’t think it’s enough Iida,” There was a small gasp somewhere behind him and he realised, distantly, that he found no joy in ripping into Todoroki like a practice dummy for his switch blade, “It’s a cowards trick. Something someone does when they don’t think they can win at their strongest. Of course, you’re not scared of that are you Todoroki.”

“You’re scared you’re going to have to use both sides of your quirk. Good luck beating me at 50% Todo, I’ve died more times than I can count now you’re little party favours don’t scare me.”

-_-

“I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU IT WOULDN’T BE SO EASY TODOROKI!”

He gripped his shirt, checking to see the damage to it from the icicle that had ripped through his chest seconds prior, happy to find it not too badly ruined. If he made it through this round he would definitely be able to still wear it.

The quiet that had settled over the crowd at his death only made his voice each more.

”Midoriya...” The look Todoroki was giving him was one he was well accustomed to by now, “How are you- I thought I...”

He stood up straight, stretching his arms, “Like I just said, I told you it wouldn’t be so easy to kill me. You’re still at 50%, why not put on a show. Show the old bastard what you’re worth.”

”I don’t know what you mean-“

”You do.” He glared, “You know exactly what I mean. So stop being a little bitch about it and deal with your aggression through a subitable like the fucking rest of us! And if you show that shitstain of a fathe duo along the way it’s just an added bonus!”

-_-

“Eri?”

The girls head almost shot up from the pillow, eyes shining wide and happily as she watched the two of them enter the room.

”Miro! Midoriya! I was very excited to see you today, the doctors said you had something to show me.”

”Yeah, well Mido here does actually.”

”Yeah.”
Nodding to his senpai, Izuku slowly rolled up the arms of his shirt and pulled his hair back into its low ponytail with the bobble he’d had wrapped around one of his wrists. As he did so he could sense Eri’s eyes snatching onto every single scare he had.

"The doctors told me you were upset about your scars, so, I wanted to show you that scars aren’t just bad reminders - they can be trophies to say ‘I did it!’... Y’know!"

"Really?'

"Yeah, Like, a few of my scars in my arm are my trophies for overcoming certain hurdles in life.”

"What’s this one represent?" He felt all the joy suddenly leave him at the small cluster of scars being pointed out to him. He hated them, the thin intricate slices all diagonal.

"Those... those are from when I... I was in a very bad place.”

"Like where I was?"

"Similar but... I was the one hurting myself. And that was a very stupid decision and it didn’t help or solve anything... but I did it. Hoping it would.”
It should of felt odd bringing a friend home for the first time ever, but given the fact that Izuku had been bringing home wayward adults and had created a local support group out of elderly women and small children years ago it made it that little less awkward.

"Mum! We’re home. And, I brought a friend!"

To his mother’s credit she didn’t barge in. To her discredit she did somehow manage to embarrass and overwhelm him with gratitude at the same time.

“Just stay in the living room would you Izu? Your uncles and I are just finishing up in the kitchen! We’re making you’re favourite, Katsudon!”

Her voice was suddenly far too loud and far too bubbly. And unfortunately Shinsou was far too perceptive and far too blunt to just let it lie. Shuffling his shoes off he lowered his volume to a mere whisper, “You sure your ein the right house? Your mother sounds too cheerful for you. And uncles? How many?”

Sighing to himself Izuku set down Hisashi, crouching and helping her take her coat and bag off before taking off his own shoes with her, and turned to look at Shinsou who didn’t look accusatory only curious and possibly cautious if he were to be bold.

"It depends,” they started to make their way into the living room and he was glad to find everybody was packed into the kitchen space as the room was free, “Toshinori may be back. His work finishes about the same time school does and we had to detour for Hisashi…”

"Tsukauchi may not be back yet, his boss usually sticks him with overtime.”

He collapsed onto the couch Shinsou following and bouncing him slightly with his added body weight. Hisashi clearly had no intentions of sitting with, what she had dubbed, the ‘moodyiest of moodies’ as she quickly made her way past them and towards the kitchen.

He risked a glance Nana’s way to find the ghostly woman watching his little sister like a hawk and he discreetly nodded his head in the little girl’s direction. Nana gave him a bright smile before quickly following after Hisashi. It was like watching a mother hen.

Hisashi was one of the few who knew of Izuku’s ‘sight’ outside of the larger villain community and was also in possession of the skill most prefecture residents had - the uncanny ability to sense and see ghosts and completely ignore it in favour of living like nothing was different.

Which made Nana’s mother all the more funny because Hisashi knew that Nana knew she knew she was there and that Nana knew she knew she knew but instead still chose to ignore her. Because it was awkward.

Like he’d mentioned before, his bad habits were rubbing off on her.

With Nana gone the ‘resident’ ghosts (could they even be called that if they hadn’t initially haunted the flat?) took over the remaining space. He wasn’t sure what it was about her, but only a select few of the undead liked or could tolerate to be in the same room as Nana.

She was possibly too powerful a spirit, after all she was able to touch Toshinori with minimal effort.
on both sides, or it could be she was too intimidating for them... no. That couldn’t be it. Kurodon was always going on about how much the others talk *praise* about Nana. If it wasn’t fear or power what could it be? It had to be something, something big-

“Mido!”

He was snapped out of his thoughts when he felt pressure on his forehead. His eyes seemed to unglaze and he was uncannily aware of the bemused look Shinsou was giving him, “Never took you for a mumbler...”

It was like one of those stereotypical anime scenes from stereotypical kids anime that Hisashi liked to force him to watch with her on Saturday mornings (*read* ‘forced’ ie asked politely and greeted with great *enthusiasm*) where there’s some kind of minor shock to the protagonist and the background goes to a really simple one tone and lighting strikes them and they lose colour.

Thats how he felt at Shinsou’s statement. Mumbling had been something he’d done as a small child. Something he’d done before he was proclaimed quirkless and something he’d immediately stopped after being beaten up for it the first time.

He hadn’t mumbled his thoughts since he was four and a half and he had no idea why he was starting now.

‘Maybe because you feel safe and comfortable with him?’ Was his minds traitorous response, ‘Because you let your guard down which you rarely ever do? Ever think of that jackass!’? Great. Even his own thoughts were berating him now...

Shinsou, thankfully, seemed to pick up on the mood change.

“Not that it’s a bad thing it’s just well,” since arriving at U.A. he’d seen plenty of things that had warranted getting his eyes checked (Eraserhead imitating a yellow caterpillar for one and Shimura Tenko For fucking second) but none of them compared to the sheepish look that crossed his new friends face, “You’re you man.”

And like that, the topic was dropped - as if those three words were meant to just magically explain everything.Oh well, he’d had worse explanations. Didn’t make it any lesss annoying though.

”You were pretty intense this afternoon.” He flopped back into the couch (though when he’d sat up was unknown to him’ and spared a side eye glance to the other boy, “It was pretty cool, I’m sorry about Bakugo by the way. He shouldn’t be saying shit like that.”

Purple eyes scrutinised him, “You shouldn’t be apologising for that. You stepped in while the rest of your classmates were content to let him trash talk us, that’s a Hero right? Besides - it’s just fuel for when I eventually lead a student body uprising against the hero course.”

The joking tone in Shinsou’s eyes did nothing to quell the fire in his eyes or leaden the worry that ripped through him. He was right though, if Bakugo continued the way he was going, Shinsou wouldn’t even need to use his quirk to get people on his side.

His friend hopefully didn’t realise how worried he was and thought he was going along with it when he nudged his shoulder in an act of physical affection that seemed to strike him with a thousand volts, “Joking of course. Unless you want to be our martyr?”

He rubbed the heels of his palms into his eyes, “I’ve died *way* too many times. Martyrdom wouldn’t work.”
"So the rumours are true then?"

He spared a glance, seeing how Shinsou’s expression was devoid of bemusement and and curiosity. It was a stone wall of seriousness. If he wasn’t so attuned to his family by now he’d be concerned as to why they were taking so long, but because he knew them he knew they were listening and letting him have a ‘vent’ as they’d put it.

"Depends on what rumours you’re reffering to. Ones about vigilante justice or ones about the zombie that walks around at night.”

"They’re the same guy though, right? They’re both you.”

"I guess. Now, what rumours are you referring to?”

"The ones that say you die,” He could feel a shift in the air and Kurodon hovered closer, “ And the ones that say you come back in a flash of bright light.”

He hummed, and that was all Shinsou needed to have his answer.

-*.-

“So,” he picked Hisashi up, the young girl lolling her head onto his shoulder tiredly, “You don’t actually have biological uncles, instead, you’ve collected them through the years through wayward behaviour and technically legal quirk usage.”

Shinsou started to pace in his room, hands running up his crossed arms and Izuku shuffled back a little, letting his sister get more comfortable, “And your sister isn’t actually your sister but a girl you saved a few years back who latched onto you? And her mothers alright with this?”

He nodded.

"And you don’t actually have a standard support network of friends and instead chose to monopolise on the elderly population who are more likely to believe in the supernatural and who are more likely to understand your physical and mental struggles.”

Again, he nodded, and repressed a laugh as Hisashi snorted half-awake at Shinsou’s growing scandalised expression.

"You also have a psycho doctor who literally tests the limits of your quirk in order to do what? Kill you!? And everybody in the medical community is okay with this because!?" Shinsou stopped in front of him, turning on his heel to face him, “And don’t even get me started on the fact that you are a vigilante who goes around threatening an entire prefecture’s criminal underworld with nothing but a knife! How the actual fu- frick are you getting away with that!?”

He couldn’t help letting out a laugh then and there, the expression his friend was making was a similar one to the ones Uraraka, Iida and Kirishima had shown him when they’d found out about his quirk - but coming from Shinsou (a guy that had lived in Shizuoka prefecture for a majority of his life and one of his first real friends) it was different. It wasn’t an expression that he found himself recoiling from or feeling distrust from.

He found himself finding it amusing, hilarious even. Because when you put his life like that it really was like a bad plot of a shonen manga. And also highly improbable.

"My quirks active all the time so I have a license that says I’m permitted to use it whenever so I’d never get in trouble for that and the people I save always act as witnesses saying I used the knife in
self defence.”

A lilac eye twitched across from him. “Honestly, if Megami wasn’t here right now I would be swearing I just- god’s there isn’t anything logical here!”

“It was simply a logical ruse...” He muttered it quietly, to himself more than anything but Shinsou gave him a raised eyebrow.

“Its something Aizawa-Sensei said to us on the first day after threatening us with expulsion if we didn’t work hard enough.”

“You’re the only class to use a teachers real name y’know.” Confused at the seemingly random point Izuku gave his companion a quizzical look, “It’s just strange. Considering that he’s the Erasurehead. You would think out of everybody he’d be the last one to give out his real name.”

Waving his free hand, Izuku motioned to his friend to sit down, “He seemed shocked when I recognised him outside of his hero suit - He’s the underground underground hero remember.” Next to him Shinsou nodded, a thoughtful expression overtaking his features.

“He probably didn’t expect people to know how he is. When the wall was destroyed the other week a report actually asked who he was in when he was in full hero ware, he doesn’t need precautions in school at this point.”

“Still... How cool is it being taught by Erasurehead?”

It was then, knowing from Shinsou’s fanboy tone that he wouldn’t be judged he let all the fanboy feelings that he’d been burying for the past school term out.

“Oh my god it is so cool? He doesn’t seem like much when we first met him but I swear I think I’ve learnt more just by being around him than I ever have in my years of vigilantism! The others complain he doesn’t do anything with us, but he does so much for us? And you wouldn’t believe it if you saw it but he actually rolled into class on the first day, like literally rolled into the class in a massive yellow sleeping bag? And when we were doing our first day exam!? So cool!? He was stood like really stoically and everybody was like ‘this will be fun!’ And He was just All like ‘Oh? You think this will be fun? Syche! Here’s a soul crippling threat and impossibly high expectations! Meet them or die!’ And then when we did our first hero training lesson he commented on it afterwards and like? We got back super thorough analysis of it! And when All Might did it all we got back was a ‘good job’ but to be critcised by Erasurehead? It is so out of this world you wouldn’t believe! You HAVE to win the sports festival I swear Shinsou. You’ll not only show up 1-A but you so deserve to be in our class!”

He didn’t quite realise it until afterwards, but that had been the longest that he’d rambled since getting his quirk and it had been the happiest he’d been in a long time when Shinsou started gushing along with him when he finally stopped to take a breath of fresh air.
Finally, we have reached the sports festival! That scene I posted two updates ago is gonna be here now folks so I hope you’re ready! It’s going to be tweaked a little but it should stay relatively the same!

“Is everyone good and ready!? The events about to begin!”

Looking over from where he was leant on an empty table he shot Iida a nod, one the class president happily returned with a raised eyebrow that Izuku had learnt to meant was Iida’s non-forceful way of asking if he was alright.

He shrugged slightly and his friend sent him a look that told him to be careful before the older boys eyes were locking onto everybody else and doing that mother hen thing he’d noticed him doing. If it wasn’t for the actual angina exhausts sticking out of his legs Izuku would question if Iida’s actual quirk had something to do with parental instincts.

That, or he was just so abundantly filled with them that when presented with a group of people willing to let him smother them with care he took the opportunity with little haste. As sad as it sounded, the second option sounded much more viable.

He crossed his arms, looking around the room in an effort to quell his boredom. There was no need to use up any excess energy in case he needed it during the festival but it also wouldn’t be good to be stir crazy.

Thats how he’d get pent up and frustrated and throw his shot away before the games even begun. He began to pick at the bandages on his arm, silently cursing the fact that he’d been requested to cover them by television crews because it could make their ratings go down if they showed a multilated kid on TV.

They’d also tried to get him to cover up his facial scar with makeup but thankfully the school had stepped in then, saying that they had no right to tell a student he had to cover up an injury he’d earnt and didn’t cover up normally.

He was ticked off, Yeah, that he had to cover his arms but at the same time aside from training he usually had them covered anyway so he didn’t really have a leg to stand on in that respect.

"Midoriya."

Looking up from his bandages, Izuku felt a sigh ready to escape him as he took Todoroki in. The boy had been nothing but polite since he sat him, Bakugo and Kirishima down and explained the whole Tomura incident but now he was pissing him off.

He felt his eye twitch at the ‘alpha dog’ posturing the older teen was doing. He felt himself scratch at the scar on his cheek out of habit, hiding his flinch at the pain that still shot through him at the feeling of nails on the marred flesh.

“What’d you want Todoroki?” He stuffed his hands in his track suit pockets and stood up from the
table he’d been leaning on, keeping his stance as relaxed as possible. He wasn’t backing down, he just didn’t need to get involved in a fight on school grounds again after Juniors High. He’d done so well as well so far.

He hadn’t attacked that 1-B prick yet so he wasn’t about to lose it to his own classmate before he snapped the copycat in half. Preferably literally.

"Objectively speaking... I’m stronger than you. More capable." The bicoloured boy looked down at his right hand as he spoke, the side he favoured in a fight he remembered. Even though in a moment like this it would of been best to keep a neutral expression he couldn’t help but smirk.

He knew it wasn’t a pleasant expression, his classmates own expressions in retaliation only proved that point, because the only people he gave it to ended up in prison cells.

“Really now?” It was an unnecessarily lazy drawl - on he just knew would agitate the hero’s son.

“Yes.” It was cutting, final. But he could sense the hesitancy in him. He wasn’t used to being opposed like this, mentally instead of physically. Or at least, he thought, by someone his own age.

“And I’ve noticed All Might has his eye on you. Now, I’m not about to pry into why that is but…”

“You won’t because you know the only possible reason is a villain connection. You’ll never even guess mentorship or familial bonds.’

“I will beat you.”

Before he had a chance to respond his classmates had started up, “Oh? A declaration of war between two of the strongest in the class?!“

”Todoroki must of taken the offensive comment Midoriya made yesterday personally…”

”I mean, he wasn’t wrong though, we were all lucky to get offensive quirks…”

He kept eye contact with Todoroki, only breaking it to look at Kirishima as he came up to the pair of them, “Picking a fight now? Seriously man. We’re about to go on-“

“I really don’t care. I’m not pretending to be anybody’s friend here.”

”Well,” He didn’t know how but he somehow managed to draw the attention of the room, “You talk big for a guy with smaller balls than Mineta’s self respect.” There was a rush of undertone muttering then along with the aforementioned perverts cry of ‘hey’, too low to decipher but loud enough to hear.

Todoroki’s scarred eye twitched.

”I mean, you’re trying to scare me right? Knock me off my game- it’s a good tactic I admit. Defiantly one you picked up from your old man.”

There was another twitch. This time the class picked up on it.

”Midoriya that is enough! You are getting too personal now I-“

”Nah, I don’t think it’s enough Iida,” There was a small gasp somewhere behind him and he realised, distantly, that he found no joy in ripping into Todoroki like a practice dummy for his switch blade, “It’s a cowards trick. Something someone does when they don’t think they can win at their strongest.
Of course, you’re not scared of that are you Todoroki.”

He made sure there was no hint or trace of a question in his tone. It wasn’t up for debate. They both knew that wasn’t what he was scared of and the look in the other boys eyes told Izuku that he knew exactly where he was going with his next sentence.

”You’re scared you’re going to have to use both sides of your quirk. Good luck beating me at 50% Todo,” he lowered his volume, leaning in close so that only the other boy could hear him, “I’ve died more times than I can count now you’re little party favours don’t scare me.”

He leant back, smiling a lazy smile he’d picked up from Shinsou at the other boy, “Now that that’s over, I think I just heard the announcement that it’s time to go. Good luck everybody.”

He could hear his classmates muttering behind him as they all trailed out of the waiting room. Many of them questioning the attitude change, some denouncing his rotten attitude to nerves and defensive behaviour others questioning his motives.

And like usual, he slipped away from all of it and entered back into that waterlogged world that he lived in where the only voices that got through were the ones that needed to and everybody elses simply didn’t exist.

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“It’s U.A.’s sport festival!! The one time a year that our fledgling heroes compete in a ruthless grand battle!!”

He had to squint to see under both the natural sunlight and the added spotlights all around the stadium but quickly grew accustomed to the light and stopped, instead surveying the other classes again taking himself by surprise by the amount of people that he actually knew personally.

‘For a person with so few friends I have far too many acquaintances. Seriously, I had a brooding don’t fucking touch me persona and now I’m like that fucking weird Cryptid I’d always tried not to fucking be. Shit.’

“It’s class A!!”

He kicked himself and suddenly zoned in when they fully exited their entrance tunnel taking note of all his classmates muttering, “But we won’t let it shake us right Bakugo?”

”Nope. Just gets me pumped up.”

He knew he shouldn’t of, especially with Bakugo, but considering his recent escapades and ineloquent attempts at accidentally destroying the new bonds between himself and his classmates after he finally pulled himself out of his selfinflicted emo state he decided to go for it anyway. Walking past Bakugo to the front of their classes crowd he purposely nudged his shoulder, “Gets you turned on y’mean.”

As he walked away he heard growling reminiscent of a dog and Kirishima’s very broken laughter that was littered with splutters and coughs.

“It’s a pretty big crowd.”

Iida spared him an exasperated sideways look, totally a mother hen, before sighing, “And we’re expected to put on the best performance we can in front of so many spectators...! I suppose this is just one nessecary skill we will require if we hope to become heroes.”
"Alright!" The shout was punctuated by the crack of a whip that upon slight inspection revealed itself to not be something that should be shown on live television.

"I have to cover up my scars but she’s allowed a sex toy? What the fuck?"

"R-rated? Should she really be in a high school?"

He spared a glance over to Ojiro, “You’re acting like half of the guys here don’t watch that.” He motioned over to Mineta when the tail bearing boy gave him a scandalous look.

"I see what you mean..."

"PIPE DOWN! YOUR STUDENT REPRESENTATIVE IS.... FROM CLASS 1-A, BAKUGO KATSUKI!"

Thankfully, the surprise that jolted him didn’t seem to belong solely to Izuku as everybody suddenly start to murmur complaints and reasons for him being picked.

"Must be because he scores first on the entrance exam...” Sero was corrected before he could even continue his spoken thought.

"The Hero entrance exam you mean. Hey Midoriya."

He nodded at the girl, Sayuri, and the other two general studies students (Shinsou and Hikaru) “Hey. Do your best out there remember, it’s not a competition if you let the crowds get you down.” He was sent a determined smirk from his two acquaintances and his friend.

"The Athlete’s oath...”

He felt a tingle at the back of his neck when Bakugo opened his mouth to talk something he’d come to see as a sixth sense or a warning of sorts. He hadn’t felt it in awhile, what with focusing on legal heroing rather than on the cusp of illegal heroing.

"Make no mistake about it, I’m going to take first place!!"

The crowd of students erupted into retaliating shouts and as he sighed, shoving his hands in his pockets as his shoulders dropped, he could hear his old classmates voices along side his copurrent year groups.

"Don’t get cocky class A!” Don’t get cocky Bakugo!

“You dirty bastard!” Bakugo, you bastard!

“You’d make great stepping stones I’d say.”

"Over-confident jerk! I’ll be the one to crush him!” He spared the boy who’d shown up all those days ago at their class door, seeing him turning into a metal version of himself in his laps of control.

‘With an attitude like that you won’t. This isn’t him being confident...’ he scrutinised Bakugo as he languidly sauntered down the stairs and as their eyes connected a fire filling the red he understood, ‘He’s pushing himself. Telling himself he can’t lose. Of course, the old Bakugo would of been smiling while he said that - he’s changed alright. But seriously? Taking down the whole class along with him again? Some things never change do they?’

“Now, Without any delay, let’s get the first event started! These are the qualifiers! It’s in this stage
that so many are sent home crying every year!"

‘Don’t sound so excited by that...’

“The first event is...This!” The screen behind Midnight suddenly flashed, showing the bold printed words ‘Obstacle Course Race’.

“It’s a race between every member of all eleven classes! The course is a four kilometre lap around the stadium itself! Our school preaches freedom in all things, heh heh... So, as long as you don’t go off the course, everything is fair game!”

"Racers, to your positions..."

Following the general crowd he allowed his eyes to focus on Nana for the first time. “There is something more to this Izuku. Eleven classes with presumably thirty students each is three hundred and thirty students. All of you can’t possibly get in and out of that tunnel in one go.”

He'd known that, and he could agree that something was up when he saw how crushed up everybody was getting. “Let’s get to the front.”

He weaves through the crowd of students with little resistance surprisingly. Everybody was so busy pushing everybody else around that nobody payed much attention to a body cruising its way through their ranks.

Before he could get all the way to the front of the pack the lights above the gate flashed, and a ding sounded out which immediatly sent the students everywhere running. He cursed as he fought to keep on his feet, but it was pretty hard to do with the way things were.

He felt the hairs on his arms stand up at the exact same second Nana’s voice sounded out, “Izuku jump!”

Following the instructions he found that when he landed most opponents had been captured by the ice and now that it was the actual start of the race he let an excited and hungry smirk take over his features.

He broke out into a sprint then, weaving through the remaining crowd and making an abrupt exit at the same time as the rest of his class, “TOO EASY TODOROKI!”

“I ain’t letting you get away that easy half’n’half!!”

He began to slow his pace slightly, so as to not blow his stamina in one go, but managed to keep up with the head of the pack. He was tempted to use One for All like he’d promised to do but he wasn’t going to let the cat out of the bag just yet.

Well... actually, he supposed using it a tiny bit wouldn’t hurt right? Focusing he put one percent into his legs and used it to jump above the crowd and ended up landing just a step behind Todoroki.

“Midoriya!?”

“What? Thought you’d get rid of me that easily?”

He kept himself focused on keeping pace with Todoroki, from what he’d found out the boy was nearly on par with Olympic athletes in terms of stamina and endurance. However, there had just been one gap in that impressive resume. He’d never used it in competition before.
He could be as clean as possible and with the right nudge and shove he’d have the hetrochromic boy tumbling to the ground an dout of the pack.

"Get ready for my-“ Looking up he spotted Mineta, hands on his ball-like hair yelling and made a sound of pain when he watched the boy get smashed away by an All too familiar robot.

"Multiple targets acquired.”

"The faux villains from the exams!”

"Shit, not these guys again. I’d rather not smash my arm to pieces again. There’s got to be a way past this.”

He was too focused on Nana to notice the look of confusion that Todoroki was giving him as they stood halted side by side.
Holy crap did I win?

"IT'S THE ZERO POINTERS FROM THE EXAM!"

"Seriously? The hero course kids fought those!?"

"Too many! There's no way past!"

The voices drifted past and so did the roar of the crowd and he could barely hear Todoroki muttering to himself about how they should of done better when everything clicked into place.

"Holy shit...Yaoyorozu!" The girl looked over at him, confusion and curiosity in her eyes as other heads turned to listen, "Todoroki's going to do something stupid! Get everybody back and start creating something that will be able to knock those things off their feet. Preferably something with about 1000 newtons of force behind it!"

"Midoriya I don't-"

"You need to trust me!" She stared at him and it was like everything was still. And then she nodded, turning her back to him and yelling at everybody to get back, "I'll get the guys closer to him!" she didn't respond but he knew she'd heard him.

"He stopped them! C'mon let us through!"

Turning back to the half and half he swore when he saw who was up front. Of course, all the heavy hitters would be up front. And of course, Bakugou would be leading the fucking charge. "Kirishima!" The boy looked over at him and he waved at him to move just as the ice encased robot crashed down on the boy.

"KIRISHIMA!" The scream came from behind him, to where Yaoyorozu was barely holding back a distressed Ashido and Sero, and he felt bile rise in his throat when he heard Present Mic's announcement - making it clear the teachers had no idea what'd just happened.

"1-A's Todoroki!! Busting through and attempting to sabotage the others in the process! This guy's cold! Good job Midoriya saw through it right folks!"

He wanted to scream, but he had to focus on making sure nobody else died, the other smaller robots were getting closer now, "I need those weapons Yaoyorozu! Now!"

"H-he... we coulda been pinned under there! If- if we hadn't moved back..."

"You idiot there are kids under there! I didn't know we could die here!"

Nana was frantic in his line of vision, roaming the inside of the fallen beast to see if any were dead and he let out an almost silent sound of relief when she gave him the all clear. "WHAT ARE YOU SO CALM FOR! THEY JUST DIED!"

Looking over his shoulder he saw a mime glaring at him but he waved him off, "Give them some credit. Kirishima and Tetsutetsu are in the hero course for a reason you know."

"DEAD!? AS IF!" Not a second later, one half of the named duo emerged from the wreckage skin spiked beyond belief. The boy started to pull himself out of the robot, "That bastard Todoroki! I'd be dead if I wasn't me or If Midoriya hadn't warned me!"
He spared a quick glance to see the progress of their anti-Zero pointer weapon to see the only other honour student in his class creating an actual medieval cannon. He decided to leave her to it in favour of looking back over to see Tetsutetsu pull himself out just a ways away. "Class A's just full of jerks huh!? I'd be dead if I wasn't me!"

"Lucky... they can just smash straight through without having to worry about absorbing the shock." Looking next to him, Izuku found Kaminari stood there with his arms crossed and a 1-B kid (Rin Hiryu if he remembered correctly) slightly to the right of them spoke.

"Lets call a truce for now so we can carve a path through!"

"That won't be a problem will it Midoriya?" Looking back at Yaoyorozu he saw her giving him a confident smile with a fully finished cannon in front of her, "While Midoriya was making sure you guys were alive he had me making this. Do you think the force will suffice?"

"Trust me," He looked back at the robots just in time to see the first cannon ball go whizzing past his head, "It'll be enough! Just don't hit Bakugou!"

"Bakugou? Midoriya what are you-"

"Down low didn't work out for 1-A's Bakugou, so he took the high road! Clever!!"

"It's something he did when we were kids! I'll leave the rest to you guys- it doesn't matter if I die once or twice so don't worry about hitting me!"

And with that, he took off running into the fray, careful to not be crushed underfoot by any of the monstrous machines that stood above him, laughing a little too loudly to himself when he heard shouts that questioned his sanity.

He didn't feel more sane anywhere else, than amongst the chaos.

"The leaders of the pack are overwhelmingly 1-A! And look the one who's orchestrated the whole diversion is making a break for it! That doesn't seem very sportsman-like!"

"Midoriya kept his fellow competitors alive and has set up a way for them to get through, what more do you want him to do but participate?" Aizawa's voice sounded right after Mic's and Izuku was surprised to hear someone defending his honour, "Besides. A class know not to hesitate. None of them are going to miss any opportunity presented to them."

"So the first barrier was a piece of cake?! How about the second?? Fall and you're out! If you want to continue you'll have to crawl across!"

He stopped short just of falling off the cliff edge, feet finding grip at the last second to stop himself from going over. He peered over at the next obstacle biting the inside of his cheek to resist the urge to curse his school. This was so clearly favoured at 'HERO' quirks.

"THIS IS... THE FALL!!"

"It's just a giant tightrope. Hee hee hee, here comes my time to shine." Tsuyu wasted no time, immediatly taking to the ropes on all fours and making stupendous progress in only a few short seconds.
"There won't be a way for you to get across without using that Izuku. You need to consider it..."

'That' was One For All and it was something he was trying to not reveal on national - no worldwide-television so early on in his hero career. The less was known about him the better, but in this situation it seemed like it was going to be his only option, "You used it slightly before... why not again?"

"Meanwhile the leaders of the pack move on undaunted!"

The commentary broke him from his mind and he sighed, taking a running jump and launching himself across the edge with only the slightest boost from All For One lingering in his muscles.

"Wow! Midoriya jumped it! Lets try-"

"Did you not see the green light flickering around his feet when he did it though? I think that was his quirk- we'd be best not falling to our deaths."

"Now or never Izuku. Are you going to let Todoroki win?"

"For fuck sake." He sighed, rolling his shoulders before backing up to the edge and getting ready to run, "It's just like skipping stones... but with yourself." And with that he ran forward and jumped, hoping to everything out there he didn't fail before he could even begin.

"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! And our two leader has finally reached the final barrier!"

Izuku tried to control his breathing as he pulled up, miraculously, just behind Todoroki (which thankfully jolted the other boy) and just a ways ahead of Bakugou.

"That is to say...This minefield!! It's a deadly carpet! A quick glance is enough to reveal the mines' locations!! So keep both eyes open an watch your steps!"

"I will tell you where to put your feet and you will run as fast as your feet will carry you. Understood Izuku?"

"I should mention, our mines don't pack a deadly punch but, they're loud and flashy enough that you might need a spare change of underwear afterwards!"

"It's all a big show..." Todoroki sent him a look, one of challenge, before making his way tentatively and quickly to the mine field, "Try to keep up Midoriya."

"I want to see how you do Todoroki, what, with a hellion on your tale!"

"Huh?" The boy turned then, confusion ripping into his features just as Bakugo flew past him, a blaze of fury and explosions.

"SCREW YOU HALF'N'HALF! YOU TOO DEKU! THIS CRAP CAN'T SLOW ME DOWN! I'M IN MY FUCKIN' ELEMENT!"

"That boy is always so vulgar..."

"Not like I'm any different."
He began running then, letting Nana's words guide his feet as he managed to gracefully dance through the mines like he already had a map of them in his head, which allowed him to catch up to his competition in no time however he was still just a little bit too far behind. The explosions that followed those behind them screwing up was all the backdrop this scene needed. "Your deceleration of war was to the wrong person!"

His ex/old friends angered words rang out like one of his signature swear words as the commentary continued, "We have a new leader! Get excited, mass media!! You guys love this kind of turnaround! But the rest are catching up! But with those two grappling for first..."

Izuku felt a smirk growing on his face as he spotted his opportunity, bypassing the two squabblers as they were to pre-occupied with each other, "They've left the door right open for Midoriya! Look at him go folks! It's like he has two sets of eyes in his head with the grace he's moving!"

"But what's this!?" He felt the grip of Bakugou's and Todoroki's hands on his shoulders before Present Mic could even get the words out of his mouth. And before he could finish he was already using their momentum to duck, forcing the two to fall as all their momentum sent them sprawling into the floor, mines setting off in their faces and sending them backwards enough for him to get the edge he needed, "Midoriya's thought of everything! Watch him go folks and- WHAT'S THIS!? HE'S USING HIS QURIK NOW!?"

Taking in a deep breath he tried to remain calm but he found it hard as he charged up his legs, and jumped releasing the pent up energy in them that forced him forward and into the tunnel in a sort of tumble that ended with him quickly skidding to his feet to make a last ditch effort as Bakugou and Todoroki finally clued in to what he was doing.

"DEKU YOU BASTARD! I'LL KILL YOU!"

"THE ONE WHO MADE IT BACK TO THE STADIUM FIRST IS... NONE OTHER THAN MIDORIYA IZUKU!"
Hearing the announcement had been one thing, but when it finally hit him that he'd placed first in a U.A. sports festival event it was something entirely different. It was like... well, he didn't have anything to compare it to. He'd never felt this level of pure elation and fear mixed in one - something so potent and dangerous had never presented itself to him in a situation like this before.

He could feel his legs shaking but he refused to let it show and quickly stopped the action, hands coming up to his face and rubbing the tears that threatened to get through away. He wasn't going to let this be tainted by tears, Izuku needed a few moments in his life that weren't tainted that way.

"Deku!" Uraraka's voice sounded out from behind him and he turned just in time to be jumped by the smaller girl, her arms wrapping around him as she continued, "You just won a U.A. sporting event!" She pulled back, holding him at arms length, "That's amazing!"

He could only nod, slightly spaced-out due to the sudden hug but quickly regained himself when Shinsou came up to him. "Looks like you proved us wrong huh?" He expected that to be it, but he was proven wrong when he was pulled from Uraraka's grasp and his friends arm was around his shoulder, "You were fantastic Mido. Just don't think I'm gonna go easy on you."

They shared a look then, one of understanding, before uncharacteristic grins stretched across their faces. "Don't worry Shinsou. I'll make sure to kick your arse hard enough that you won't be able to call a rematch."

"Oh really now?" A heavy hand came up to his head, ruffling his already wind-swept hair into a new messy oblivion and he could only laugh as Shinsou let go and gave a single wave before walking off back over to where everybody was just starting to emerge from the gate.

"Congratulations Izuku. See what happens when you let others help you?" Nana floated next to him, arms crossed, with a very self-satisfied look on her face. On anybody else it would look smug but on Nana it was somehow satisfying for the both of them.

"Guess you were right about one thing..." The ghost made an indignant noise at that.

"Deku? What're you talking about?" Uraraka gave him a concerned look but he waved it off, "Just talkin' to myself. Come on, we need to get back to everybody else. Hopefully Bakugou won't blow my face up again. I can still feel it from the last time he did-" He stopped moving forward then. Frozen mid step when he saw Yaoyorozu cross the line and who was latched onto her from behind.

He changed course, marching casually over to the other girl (he hated perverts in general but he had a particularly soft spot for Yaoyorozu and her brilliant mind) and her face went through a million and one different expressions as she saw him coming over. He wasn't surprised when he heard Mineta shriek, jumping off of the other girl and making a break for it. He didn't get far though because Izuku soon had the little gremlin in his grasp.

He held him off of the ground, letting his eyes grow icy and back to that dark 'don't touch or you die' look they'd held the first few days he'd been at the school. "I thought I already told you Mineta." The boy starts to shake in his hold and he doesn't feel any joy in making the other feel small and powerless, "I thought I told you what I'd do if I caught you doing anything to the girls. Did I or did I not?"
It's only halfway pleasant when he notices that the boy is on the brink of passing out.

"Midoriya, it's fine... really." Yaoyorozu's voice breaks his attention away from Mineta and from Nana's continuous chanting of 'Kill him! Kill him!', "He wasn't... bothering me too much. It's fine."

"Except it isn't is it?" He looks at her, really looks at her and he knows she's trying to understand his intense look, "How long is it going to be before he thinks its okay to bother you? How long is it going to stay 'wasn't bothering me too much'?"

She stares at him, "Midoriya. It's okay. Honestly." He realises that she isn't staring at him, but at Mineta and he follows her gaze to see the boy on the verge of tears, terrified out of his mind, and reciting what sounds like a prayer of forgiveness, "He's been punished enough Midoriya. If it gets worse I'll tell Aizawa-Sensei."

He feels an vile blackness in his stomach as he puts the boy down. This was different to how things usually went.

Even when people didn't 'want' help they at least knew what was happening was wrong. He bit his cheek to make sure he didn't say anything that would be regretted. "One more chance." He held up a single finger to reiterate his point and both students nodded as he stalked off towards Iida, Uraraka and Kirishima who were watching him with some kind of strange fixation.

"What was that about dude?" He looked over at Kirishima and considered just ignoring the question but remembered that he was trying to make relationships better - not worse- and Kirishima looked very sorry for asking him that so he couldn't really be rude now.

"Mineta being Mineta."

_-*-_-*

"So it's finally over. Let's check the results! The top 42 from this qualifying round will move on!"

"But for those who placed lower, don't worry! We've got another way for you to show off your stuff!!"

"Why is it that I get the feeling she's going to say something horrible?" He resisted the urge to look away from Midnight as she stood on the stage, explaining the next events but it was extremely hard to do so when another voice, one he hadn't heard since just after the hospital at the start of the year, spoke up:

"The sports festival is always like this... They amp everybody up and then try to kill them in the second event so only the best make it through to the final one."

Tusaba was there, floating next to the older ghost, with his arms crossed watching the pro-hero on the stage and it felt oddly tear-jerking to see his old friend chatting so casually about something like he was still alive when he would never get to actually experience the electricity in the air and the adrenaline that sped through your veins when you were here. He knew intimately the numbness that overtook a person once they passed on and he felt guilty almost for taking this festival for granted.

"Beat Bakugou's ass Mido, he needs to be put in his place." He managed to make it look like he was gazing out over the crowds as he looked over at the boy, whose expression was set in stone. A mask of determination that was supposed to be felt second-hand, "He's changed, yeah. But he's still thinking with his quirk. You're gonna prove him wrong aren't you? You're gotta prove all of us
wrong."

He had no idea where any of this was coming from, but he decided to take it all with a pinch of salt. If Tusaba was acting out of character it was for a reason - one he'd look into when he had time to but for now he had to focus on the festival.

"And now the main selection really begins!! The press corp's gonna be jumpin' out of their seats so give it your all!!" At the mention of the television crews and media reps he felt his hands twisting around his bandages, although he had no recollection of when he'd brought his arms into his grasp, "Now, onto the second event! I already know what it is, of course... Dying in suspense!? The next event is... THE CAVALRY BATTLE!"

The mention of the traditional sports day event seemed to have the opposite reaction to what the staff were clearly hoping for because they seemed very confused when everybody started looking dismayed and like they'd rather of got in somewhere under forty-third place. He couldn't blame them to be honest. 'I have nobody and it's a team event... I mean, I know everybody's quirks and their best uses due to the files and class but... social knowledge would really come in handy right now.'

"Participants will, on their own, form teams of two to four members each and get into a horse-and-rider formation! The rules are fundamentally the same as those of an ordinary cavalry battle - snag your opponent's headbands while guarding your own. But with one exception..."

"Here comes the catch that screws me over."

"What makes you say that Deku?" Looking over at Kirishima he made a 'wait for it' motion.

"Each of you has been assigned a point value based on where you scored in the last event!"

"That doesn't seem too bad... Are you sure you just aren't over re-acting?"

He sighed, placing his hand on the hardening boys shoulder as Midnight started shouting at the crowd that she would explain if they gave her chance to. "Name one thing that hasn't seemed too bad for our class that hasn't ended in ruin."

"Anyways yes!! And your individual point values start at five, right in at forty-second with five points! Forty-first is worth ten and so on, But...!"

'Here it is.'

"Our first place participant is worth... ten million points!"

'I fucking knew it."

Within seconds every single pair of working eyes in the arena were upon him and he was briefly reminded that he'd fucked himself over by harassing and poking around in Todoroki's head earlier and by issuing essential civil war on his class mates a few days prior. "We will have to do this very carefully Izuku. This will require all your knowledge on your classmates. Try not to die, please, we don't want them finding out about that aspect just yet."

"The higher-ranked students are the ones to aim for! This survival game is a chance for a comeback! It's anybody's game!"

"There's more suffering ahead for those at the top, as you must have heard countless times
since enrolling in U.A. this is... PLUS ULTRA! And after taking first place in the obstacle race Midoriya Izuku has got ten million points on his head people!"

When Midnight finishes and everybody is staring, trying to work out their chances of survival while working with him he can't help but think back to another situation where he was ostracised like this:

"Come on, Deku!! Forget the crappy quirks. You’re totally quirkless.” They both know that’s a lie, and he can just see it in those red eyes that Bakugo Katsuki is challenging him to say he’s wrong. “And you think you can rub shoulders with me?!”

The eyes go from challenging to just plain angry and Izuku finds that the hurried gestures from the ghosts in the room are motioning for him to try and backpedal the conversation. And just, “Wa... Wait, no, Kacchan. I wasn’t... saying I could compete with you! Not at all! I mean it.” Soothing the explosive boys ego always worked when they were kids, but it’s been so long since he’d done it that it only seems to anger him more. Great, he seethe to himself in his mind, he probably thinks I’m being sarcastic.

Sympathy might work? “It’s just...been my dream. Since I was little. And well...” he wants to continue with you know this or maybe even we promised we’d be heroes together but he knows it’s useless so he continues to try and gain some form of sympathy. The ghosts muttering to themselves while giving him Sorry looks are really not making him feel better either, “There’s no harm in trying...”

Those words are what tips the class over the edge and all the condescending attitudes boil over and explode into laughter once again as Katsuki’s rage is once again unleashed upon him. He blanks it all out, finding the eyes of the only living person in the room not laughing at him, finding it to be the boy he beat up the other day. The boys staring at him, confused as to why he’s backing down, why he isn’t standing up for himself.

But it’s different now. He doesn’t have a cause to fight for now. He’s not defending anybody’s honour. He’s just doing the teenager equivalent of pushing papers until he can move onto bigger and better things. And if that means letting everybody think they have the upper hand, well, so be it.

It strikes him suddenly, how far he’s come since then. The memory that’s peaking its disgusting head out of the recesses of his mind was the day of the sludge incident. The day his life changes and he wasn’t ‘loser’ deku anymore he was ‘freak’ and ‘dangerous’ Deku. It was also the day he met All Might and the day he found out he could help people on a larger scale than he had been doing.

‘This is what everything since then has been leading up to hasn't it? I promised you Yagi, I promised you I’d make you proud and that I’d be a worthy wielder of this great power... I can't fail now. Not when everything has changed. They're looking like that because they see me as their equal. COME ON IZUKU! Get a damn grip of yourself... you can... You HAVE to do this. To make mum proud, to make Hisashi proud... to make everybody proud and like Tusaba said- to prove everybody wrong!’

"The match will last fifteen minutes, each teams points being determined by it's members. The rider will wear a headband displaying the total number of points! Until the match ends you'll all compete to grab the other competitor's points and maintain the ones you have."

Midnight's voice drowned out and so did the world as he started to formulate a plan in his mind. It had been a long time since he'd put faith in his analytical skills - always going on gut instinct and body language study rather than sitting back and learning his opponents moves. But that would have to change now. He'd need a team as quickly as possible to ensure that he could come up with plans.
Looking around the crowd he caught one of his classmates eyes in particular and somehow he knew that the invitation had been received and accepted without having to even open his mouth. He smirked as he looked back out at the sea of students. Oh, were they going to be in for a shock.

Midoriya Izuku had left the second he'd past the finish line. There was only the Yūrei now, and he didn't play nice.
"I must ask Midoriya, why exactly you would want me on your team."

Izuku tried not to let his expression become too... what was the word his mother had used? It was more than devious and sitting somewhere illegally close to psychotic on the psycho scale... Oh! That's what it was. He had tried to not let his expression become too malicious because as he'd learnt over the years that smile was only supposed to be showed to scumbags in dark alleyways who still thought they could do whatever they thought they could do.

Anyway, he tried to keep his expression appropriate but must have looked a little smug because that was Tokoyami's next comment, "Am I missing out on some inside joke here Midoriya?"

"No... Tokoyami look around for a second." The boy did, though his eyes showed him questioning the whole thing, "Tell me, what do you see?"

"Our schoolmates. But you aren't so literal are you..." He felt himself become giddy as he saw Tokoyami's gaze follow the wandering figures of some of the ghosts that haunted their class, and his eyes widened a fraction too much when one of them waved over at them. He contained his excitement somehow and maintained a level voice when he spoke:

"You can see them can't you Tokoyami." The boy turned his head to look at him and shock presented itself across his bird-like features, "The dead, I mean."

"Midoriya-"

"I need someone on my team who can see them Tokoyami. As I'm sure you and the others have noticed, I talk to myself quite a lot. Nana is one of the ghosts that I have an agreement with to help me."

"What he means is that I make sure he doesn't die all the time. It's lovely to finally make your acquaintance Tokoyami dear." The occult boy nearly fainted and a very sharp gasp left him when Nana spoke, red eyes burrowed into her non-corporal form in disbelief even though all three of them knew she was very much real, "It's a lot to take in, I understand. I just hope you accept our offer and join us."

'The clock is ticking Tokoyami... now or never. And I really really NEED you on this team. Your ability to see the spirits and your offensive prowess is exactly what's needed for us to win...'

"Midoriya." He looked up from where he'd been picking at his bandages and he felt delighted at the expression his classmate was giving him, "I'll join your team."

"Brilliant. All I need to know now is how many ghosts you've seen at once- you might be underwhelmed as of now."

"Deku!" Turning, he sees Uraraka cautiously making her way over to him and Tokoyami, her hands are folded in front of her and her eyes are looking everywhere but at him, "Can I be in a team with you and Tokoyami?"

It's one of his classic not quite a smile- smiles that appears on his face at her offer and her face brightens up because of it, the damn sunshine child that she is, "You sure you can handle it Ura? I
mean, everybody's gonna be aiming for the ten million."

He only realises when she squeals what he's just called her. 'Ura' is the nickname that Kirishima gave the girl and one she seems to of accepted with full confidence. He can hear a small chuckle from Tokoyami behind him and he does not turn bright red from his collar bone to the tips of his ears he does not! He's the damn delinquent of 1-A fucking hell he is not blushing because he called one of his kind-of friends by a stupid nickname damnit!

"I can Deku! Don't you worry about a thing! Besides, partnering up with a friend just seems right y'know?"

The bright light that emanates from her when she speaks draws a hiss from Tokoyami and Dark shadow (Serves them fucking right!) a small noise of surprise form Nana and he just barley resists the urge to turn into a puddle due to the dangerous rays the sunshine girl radiates. It isn't radiation like the sun it's something much more deadly:

Support and friendship.

"I actually wanted to team up with you as well, so thanks. Teaming with people you get along with is the best way to win... It's just a shame that we won't be able to get Iida on board."

"What makes you say that Midoriya?"

"Todoroki went into this competition with a team in his head in case something like this happened. That means he's going to of scouted out people he sees as opponents and people he sees as pawns."

"Deku..." He sees Uraraka's hesitancy there, "I'm not really liking what you're implying here."

"Neither do I. Iida is an extremely intelligent individual. And a hero descendent, he wouldn't be so easily swayed and used like you're implying."

He sighs, crossing his arms because otherwise he's going to smack himself in the face repeatedly.

"Iida wants to surpass his brother, make him proud and all that shit, he said it himself." Uraraka nods and Tokoyami flinches at his language, "And what better way to impress someone."

"Than with working with the son of the number two..." His teammates speak in sync and he's glad that they've figured it out because he'd be worried if he had to spoon feed them the information. "Iida's being played and he doesn't even realise it."

"Exactly. I however, have a backup plan. Ura, "He's stuck in this hell now he might as well embrace it, "Tell me, did a girl with pink hair and goggles use any interesting gadgets in the obstacle course?"

"Yeah... why?"

"Perfect."

"Heh heh, yes you're in first place! Team up with me Mr. First-place!"

As it turns out, Hatsume Mei is like a devil. Even speak her name and she will appear.

The name isn't even just out of his lips when the support students is latching onto his personal space bubble with enough intensity to warrant a kick to the stomach. However, he was raised right, and knows that kicking her in the stomach would do absolutely nothing about the problem so while it
feels like the appropriate action he knows a swift chop to the back of the neck would work much better.

He needs Hatsume alive and conscious unfortunately.

"I'm Hatsume Mei, from the support class! I don't know you, but I know you know I'd be useful for someone in your position." He nods along, hiding his internal smile because he's going to start looking like a super villain if he doesn't. Honestly, he'd been worried for nothing everything was going exactly as he'd needed it to.

"Joining with you means I'll inevitably be in the spotlight!! And then, inevitably my super cute babies!!" She starts to blab on and he sees the concern on his other two teammates faces.

"Babies?"

"Her inventions."

"But wait! There's more!" 'I feel like I'm talking to business studies...’ " This could also be advantageous for you! In the support course we develop equipment to make heroes' quirks easier to use! I've got plenty with me and I'm sure you'll find something that will be of use to you."

"We have seven minutes to convince her Izuku, pick your words carefully." Nana's words ring loud and clear as he crosses his arms, straightens his posture and makes himself (his scarred, dead in the eye, delinquent-looking self) look as non-threatening as possible.

"I have an offer for you Hatsume." This causes the girls ears to perk up, "What if I told you that, hypothetically of course, I could make sure that a good word got put in with a support company if you helped us?"

The girls eyes light up, the green turning neon in excitement and he can see the curious looks from all his teammates including Nana.

"You can really do that?"

He nods, helping anybody and everybody has its perks. Mrs Akira may of been retired but her son, Nanato Akira who just so happened to of babysat him in his youngling days, was the head of the Aki-ru Support company. "I have personal connections with the Aki-ru company director. As long as your stuff performs I can get you a word in right from the top- that is of course if they haven't already got an eye on you by the end of the tournament."

A devious look crosses her face before pure elation destroys it and her hand is held out towards him, and he takes it shaking it as firm as she is. And he can't help the smug look that crawls onto his face as the fifteen minutes ends because Todoroki and Bakugou are going to need something close to a miracle to get this team to fall.

The best offensive after the two of them and the best defence as well as Hatsume's inventions giving them a boost that none of the others are going to have. He's going to have to fight to catch up really.

"So what's our formation?"

"Here's my plan-"
countdown to this brutal battle royal!!"

"You guys remember what I said right?" He looked down at his teammates and saw them all nod.

Hatsume reiterated his previous words, "If the blond from 1-B tries to touch us have him touch you. Which I still don't really get... You have strength augmentation right? Aren't you the worst possible person to touch?"

"Why does everybody think I have strength augmentation?" He whispered the question to Nana specifically but it was loud enough for the other three to hear, "No it isn't. My power requires extreme concentration - I can shatter the bones in my arms into splinters if I'm not careful... besides, due to my quirk I'm in constant pain."

"So if he takes in the drawbacks of quirks he'll be incapacitated until your quirk runs out... Ingenious Midoriya." He tried not to feel too proud when Tokoyami praised him, it wouldn't do well to be cocky. He needed to focus for this, he often made notes and observations in his head and just never said them aloud or put them into use so it would require extra thought on his part for this to work out.

"It'd be better if we could avoid him in general but that's our fallback if he gets too close. Are you all sure you don't want to try and join anyone last second?"

He didn't let out a shriek per say, but he definitely made some kind of noise as Uraraka and Hatsume jostled him and he nearly went crashing to the hard cold ground. "Ask us that again Deku and you'll regret it."

He didn't say it aloud but that response couple with Tokoyami's laugh and mutter of agreement was exactly what he was hoping for.

"THREE!" He secured himself, tightening the headband with the ten million on it as he prepared himself for the first course of action, "TWO!"

He felt his breathing threaten to spike but he reminded himself that this was no different than the USJ and it was no different from the brawls he got into. In fact, this was better for him because his style allowed him to go all out here while his opponents were restricted instead of the other way around.

"ONE..."

He let out one final breath and nodded at Nana who's look of elation had Tokoyami giving him a questioning look over his shoulder, "Just wait for it, and try not to look too shocked we can't have anybody thinking anything is off."

"I feel like that is going to be hard to do."

"START!!!"

It was like the floodgates opened and as everybody turned towards him, their glares sharp and killer he could feel Tokoyami tense as the space became bursting with ghosts. The change was instantaneous. Everybody stalled in their movements as the familiar chill of a ghost passing through you ran up their spine. It was also helpful because the sudden change in presence allowed him to finally confirm that Bakugou also had the sight. His red eyes were darting around, tracking every undead body and clearly trying to figure out the cause.

When their eyes met he made sure to look as clueless as possible.

"This is really a fight for the ten million and everybody knows it!"
Tetsutetsu's team rushed forward first, quickly followed by Hagakure's team, "Hah! We're coming for you Midoriya!!"

He let a smile curl across his lips that had the riders physically flinching away from him, "Come on then, if you've got the balls just try and take it!"

The change in attitude from the quite boy he'd been previously threw off even his own classmates. He was being seen as the delinquent still by his classmates so he'd fit the persona and he'd make his newer opponents underestimate him.

"Uncoming attacks right off the bat, two teams only. We have one option don't we Midoriya?" Tokoyami made it sound like a question but the plan was laid out in all their minds. Every counter-measure carefully planned and foreseen.

"We run of course. Hatsume, Ura!"

"On it!" He could see Honenuki from 1-B smirk and he returned the expression throwing the recommendation student off completely. Just as the ground underneath them began to sink Hatsume's hover-boots and Uraraka's quirk and hover-boots activated simultaneously lifting all of them off the ground just enough for Dark shadow to lift Tokoyami the added height that Uraraka's quirk couldn't.

"Hey! They're using support items! No fair!"

"Only the member of their team from the support course is using an item! Besides, in this event support items are perfectly legal for all participants if the support class allows it! Midoriya's team is still legal!"

"That's perfect for us isn't it? Turn away for a second." He waited until the teams were close enough to touch them before activated the second piece of support equipment that they had, "This better not blow up my back!"

"It shouldn't!" She paused as he set off the jetpack, "PROBABLY!"

In an instant they were in the air, high above the other competitors. From below him he heard Tetsutetsu call out to get them and a second later he heard Jiro's name be called but her attack was quickly fought off by a quick swipe from Dark shadow. "Good work Dark shadow, be sure to cover our blind spots."

"Gotcha!"

Looking around quickly he noticed a landing spot just to the right and made the appropriate gesture to Hatsume, who despite not wearing the jetpack was actually the one steering their flight path, "Great job Tokoyami, just the offensive and defensive power this team was lacking!"

"You are the one that chose me Midoriya!" Tokoyami's voice was nearly lost in the wind but he just made it out and thanked himself lucky the teen had decided to follow through with him.

"We're landing!" Uraraka's words were followed by a bumpy landing where they skidded slightly but ultimately didn't sustain any injuries, "Everybody okay?" After receiving the okay from everybody he looked ahead, throwing his words over his shoulder to Hatsume, "That was great Hatsume! Your babies are definitely going to help us. Now we just have to look out for Mineta..."

"Mineta?" Tokoyami and Uraraka spoke in unison probably both confused as to how their perverted and genuinely pathetic classmate was coming across as a major adversary.
"He got through but I can't see him anywhere and the only place he could go is rider, so he's hidden somewhere and his quirk will be a major factor in losing the help of the equipment..." He caught a glimpse of silver in the corner of his eye as Tetsutetsu approached, "TOKOYAMI, LEFT!"

"It's barely two minutes in, but the battle fields already chaotic! With everybody scrambling for headbands, it's not just the ten million up for grabs! Those other high rankers are up for grabs as well!"

"Ah hah hah! Scramble he says! No, this is a one-sided massacre!"

Mineta's voice came from their right and Izuku cursed as he saw Shoji running up with his arms closed around his back, cocooned within his arms he could tell that's where the pervert was hiding. "Nana."

"I'll deal with him thoroughly."

"Try your worst Mineta!" A chuckle was all he received before a twisted shriek of despair and 'OH MY GOD WHAT THE HELL IS THAT!?" escaped from the cocoon causing Shoji to stop and his arms to open up as Mineta and Tsuyu came into view, as well as their headbands, with Mineta's underpants being pulled over his head blinding him and making his quirk inaccessible. "That's what happens when you mess with people you shouldn't Mineta!"

"WHAT THE HELL DID YOU DO MIDORIYA! AHH!" he let out a fake cackle as he saw Nana use her new abilities to flick him in the head and poke his face, freaking out the boy as he tried to swat away what he couldn't see.

"Nothing Mineta! Think of it as... divine retribution!" He dodged to the right just in time for Tsuyu's tongue to go flying past his head and nearly sticking to Tetsutetsu's on the other side.

"Nice dodging Midoriya!"

"Nice attack to you Tsu! I nearly didn't see it coming!" Their conversation was disrupted by another shriek from Mineta as he tried to fight off Nana to no avail.

"Team Mineta is using the team's varying sizes to form more of a tank than a horse! But what exactly is Mineta doing?"

"Time to depart guys!" A nod was shared but when Uraraka tried to use the hover-boots they didn't work. Prompting them all to look down and Izuku cursed. "Fucking bastard. Of course, just like I fucking warned... We'll have to damage the boot, I'm sorry Hatsume."

"ARRRGH! It's fine! I'll get that ball freak for hurting my baby later!"

With that they tried again, putting the one boot to max strength allowing them to break free of Mineta's quirk and to woosh past Tetsutetsu just in time to avoid having their headbands stolen.

As they rushed through the air something in his mind tingled, his sixth sense and he sighed, "Well fuck me gently with a chainsaw."

"GETTING FULL OF YOURSELF HUH, YOU SHITTY DELINQUENT!"

He didn't even bother to look Katsuki's way, instead flipping him off as he focused on getting his teammates away. The finger gesture ripped another string of curses from the blond's mouth, "Tokoyami, create a barrier and brace for impact!"
His teammate followed his orders, and the barrier sent Katsuki back a little, drawing a 'what the hell?' from him. "Tell me what the floor tastes like Bakugou!" seconds later Sero's tape was wrapped around the blond's chest and dragging him back to his horse.

"Is leaving your unit even allowed!?"

"It is here, on a technicality! As long as your feet don't touch the ground you're legal!"

"Before we go after Deku... we're gonna murder every last one of them!"

Looking down he saw Katsuki and the one guy he wanted to avoid, "Make sure we don't land near that fight..." He received a nod as everybody angled themselves away from the fight as he called out to his ex-friend, "HEY BAKUGOU!"

The blond didn't even spare him a glance but he knew he was listening, "THE BASTARD CAN COPY YOUR QUIRK FOR FIVE MINUTES DON'T LET HIM TOUCH YOU!"

"HUH!?" He felt very satisfied when he saw Katsuki's expression change from one of pure rage to that scary look he gained when he fought with his head and he felt very proud when he saw the copycat looking like he was about to explode with rage.

"Why are we antagonising him Deku?" He looked over his shoulder at Uraraka.

"If Bakugou is busy we have one less challenger and I want to knock the copycat from his perch before he learns to fly."

Once again, they landed although this time it was smoother and he allowed himself to breath in relief when he noticed how everything was open around them before Nana's voice called out, "IZUKU LEAN BACK OR YOU'LL LOSE THE HEADBANDS!"

Doing as she said, he lent back just in time to see Todoroki's hand miss his forehead by a hairs breath.

"Looks like the match is half over already!"

"We're coming for you Midoriya." Todoroki looked every bit the perfect person he was supposed to be perched on his classmates shoulders and it made Izuku feel sick to a point knowing that the team was mutually leaching off of each other without even realising it. Todoroki was using the three others, Iida was using Todoroki, Yaoyorozu was using Todoroki and Kaminari was using the other three.

"Class B is on the rise, but in the end... Who will win the ten million!?"

"This won't end without a fight, you understand that don't you Midoriya? They're really gunning for you."

"Yeah... I get that Tokoyami. You trust me right now right?"

As Dark Shadow converged in front of them, shielding the two of them from sight, Tokoyami looked over his shoulder, "Should I not?"

He let a mix between a scoff and stiff laugh leave him, "Just don't blame me when you get nightmares alright? Nana you know what to do." He whispered the last bit under his breath but the
ghostly woman nodded and gave a whistle which caught the attention of all the ghosts in the arena and brought them suddenly rushing towards them, and they all had to pass through Todoroki's team to get to them.

"Forward Iida!" He grit his teeth, at this rate the ghosts wouldn't get there in time.

"Deku! We need to move!"

"No!" He looked over at Uraraka and then at the approaching hoard, "Hold your ground!"

Todoroki's outstretched hand almost faltered, "Cocky aren't you Midoriya? Are you so confident that you can dodge me?"

He wanted to come up with a witty response but could merely smile in relief as he saw Kaminari charging up, "Nope." he popped the 'p', "But I don't have to." The bi-coloured boy opened his mouth to speak but suddenly went rigid along with every other team that had started to converge on them as the hoard of the dead rushed through them and towards his group, "NOW! MOVE NOW!"

They managed to move, lifting off the air just in time for the whole area to become covered in ice, and landed a few meters back from Todoroki's group- now completely separated from the other teams.

"Midoriya what the hell was that!?" Kaminari's freaked out voice was all the confirmation he needed to know that having about a hundred or so ghosts surge through you at once scared you shitless.

"What'd you mean Kaminari? I didn't do anything."

"Midoriya... remember what I said about my attacks... Kaminari could prove to be a pain if he used his light attacks and Todoroki's fire will weaken them."

He patted Tokoyami on the shoulder, "Just focus on defence, I've got a plan for that as well."
In the foreground he could see the ghosts hovering, a blank inky mess from which various faces and mangled limbs would sometimes emerge before sinking back into the blackness that they formed. He wanted to focus properly on the threat at hand but he found himself distracted when he heard the fear in Uraraka's voice.

It set something off in him, something that overtook the need to win and make a point—something that he was disgustingly sure was actual real healthy emotions.

"Deku I-I think I'm seeing things... There's...something behind Todoroki's team and I..." He looked at her, the sheen of sweat on her abnormally pale skin making his heart go into overdrive with worry, "Deku it's speaking. I can hear it."

He looked back over at the hoard now, and sure enough under the roar of adrenaline there were voices. He knew Uraraka wouldn't be able to make out what they were saying - to the girl it would be incoherent mumbling and jumbled up words. But he could understand it, holy fucking hell he could understand it. "Nana... Nana get rid of that right now..." He didn't care that his voice was just loud enough for Hatsume and Uraraka to hear him- that thing—no that abomination needed to go, right now.

"Izuku... I'm not sure why're they're all becoming so angry they're all peaceful ghosts. They shouldn't be becoming a poltergeist hoard unless...!"

"It's all the negative emotions in the air. Shit, okay, change of plans." He made sure he had his teams undivided attention. We're going to lose the ten million and we're going to grab what points we have-it isn't worth it."

"Midoriya are you sure about this?" Tokoyami's voice held the clear indication that the boy was desperately hoping that he was sure. He knew that the emotions of the ghosts would undoubtedly be effecting Tokoyami and Dark Shadow and a quick glance at the other proved that theory because he looked in physical pain.

"You're seeing this as well Tokoyami. We can't have a battle royal with that hovering around. It'd be giving it exactly what it wants."

"I'm lost about what you three are mumblin' about because I can't see anything but if the boss see's something I'm not complaining. You've got us this far Midoriya you can get us to the end."

"Only about a minute left! Todoroki made his own mini arena and is... primed to steal the ten million in an instant but it seems team Midoriya isn't having it!"

"They've been successfully dodging him for a full five minutes AND having a strategy meeting! What conditions are you training theses kids in Erasure Head?!"

He began to let himself start to panic; his breathing didn't spike, his heart rate didn't pick up (although it had never reached a bpm higher than that of a dying old man since he was twelve) and he most certainly didn't begin to shake. But his eyes darted around picking up every little detail that he'd of normally missed, his mind went a mile a second and everything was suddenly a thousand times too much. He didn't go through panic like a normal person, he'd gone straight into fight or flight.
"Keep away from them, to the left!"

"Everyone," His ears perked up and he readied himself for a new attack when Iida began speaking, "In the next minute or so that remains... well, what I'm about to do will render me completely useless. Then it's up to you guys."

"Iida?"

"Everybody brace yourselves!"

"Be sure to grab it! Grab it Todoroki!"

'SHIT! SONIC, NOW, NOW YOU'RE GOING ALL INGENIUM!?'

"OVER TORQUE! RECIPRO BURST!"

It was over before it began and he felt a pressure leave his forehead in the same time it took him to blink and as the wind caused by his friend swept his hair into his face he couldn't do anything but stay still.

"WHA-!? WHAT JUST HAPPENED!? THAT WAS TOO FAST FOR THE NAKED EYE! WHY DIDN'T IIDAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA

"I elevated my torque and R.P.M to an explosive degree," Izuku finally regained feeling as the sonic boom that he'd just felt whack him in the face passed fully through him and looking over his shoulder he made sure to take everything that Iida was saying down in his mental notes, "The kickback stalls my engines temporarily. It's a secret technique I haven't shown anybody yet..."

"A skirmish near the out-of-bounds lines! Who will emerge victorious!?"

"I didn't get the chance to say this to you earlier Midoriya, but this is me challenging you."
He could only nod, determination forcing its way into his expression, at his friends words.

"What a reversal! Todoroki has the ten million! And Midoriya's plummeted straight down to zero points!"

"You know what to do Dark Shadow..." he murmured the words to his teammates quirk, making sure that the opposing team couldn't hear him before raising his voice in a battle cry, "CHARGE THEM!"

They charged forward, steadily closing ground between themselves and Todoroki, as the other team copied their prior actions by holding their ground. When they got withing range he heard the signal from Tokoyami, "Going after someone else's points is out best bet, I can't attack when Kaminari is there!"

"The difference in points is too large! We have to get the ten million!"

That was when Uraraka added the extra boost then, "Here we go! We're getting it back Deku, no doubt!"

"I'm gonna keep my promise to you Mr first-place! Don't let us down now!"

That's right... its not just my plan. All three of them are placing their trust and hopes in me right now. Even if this doesn't work out exactly we need to get some points... If we're going down we're
It was probably the first time he'd laughed so freely and happily at school since he first was assigned quirkless all those years ago, but Izuku couldn't help it. With people actually believing in him, actual living breathing people, he felt a giddiness that any other time would get him killed overwhelm him, "LET'S CRUSH HIM GUYS!"

There was a roar of agreement, a song of war, from the three other members of the team and he felt the power of One For All course through him as he channelled all fifteen percent that he could control into his arm as he distracted Todoroki by going for his left side; and just as expected, when the immense power became so close to him his instincts set in and his left side lit up in red and they pulled back harshly just in time for Tokoyami to snag the headbands that they needed.

The thing was, Todoroki's team all placed relatively high, with all their headbands together it would be enough to get through comfortably - they didn't need the ten million that's why he couldn't wipe the smirk from his face when Todoroki completely missed the mark.

"We switched the headbands around just in case. I never took you for the naive type Midoriya."

He held his hand down for Tokoyami to hand him the headbands and he saw Iida's, Kaminari's, Yaoyorozu and Todoroki's eyes all follow the motions and saw Todoroki's hand quickly come up to his head and neck, "Heh," his laugh startled them and he felt somewhere deep down that he was playing into the delinquent role just a little too much as he gloated, "Who the fuck said I was going for the ten million?"

He let the headbands hang limply from his hand, every single one from Todoroki's team bar the ten million.

"TIMES UP!"

"And in fourth place... TEAM MIDORIYA!!!"

A cheer went up from the crowd, though he knew they were just excited for more faux bloodshed, and from his teammates. Uraraka jumped up and down as she wrapped an arm around him, and in his exhausted state he let her.

"I don't know how I'm so exhausted! All I did was sit there..."

"It may of had something to do with willing back all those ghosts Midoriya..." He looked over at Tokoyami and shrugged as his head lolled back so that he was staring at the sky.

"Yo Mido! What was that about kicking me arse!" He looked out of the corner of his eye and spotted Shinsou's smirk and felt he could do nothing but flip him the finger which only received him a, "You care jackass! I know you do!"

"Midoriya! Uraraka!" Standing properly now he looked tiredly over to Iida who, once he was close enough, was immediately coddled by Uraraka. He said his farewells to Hatsume and Tokoyami before making his way over, "No fair Iida! Hiding that super secret move from us!"

"It isn't a matter of 'fair.' I simply went above the prescribed dosage! And if anything Midoriya, that move you pulled just before Kaminari was going to electrocute everybody- what exactly was that?!"

"Yeah Deku!" He saw Uraraka cross her arms and when she was stood side by side with Iida they
looked like disapproving parents, "I can't believe you left something THAT powerful in the dark for so long! Why didn't you use it at the USJ!?"

Knowing how complicated the next conversation was going to be, Izuku tackled it the only way he knew how to, "I have no idea what you're going on about. I think I'm going to go have a lie down before the next event..." And with that, he began speed-walking away from the pair who were just as sluggish as he was.

"Midoriya. Let's talk."

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He lent against the wall, keeping his expression just as monotone as the one across from him. He finished putting himself into the mindset he used when he confronted adults thrice his age in dark alleyways when he finally got enough breath in him to speak: "You wanted to talk, what about?"

"You over-whelmed me. So much so, I broke my pledge."

'Time for the dramatic backstory. He's already the 'enchanted dark prince' type so of course he's going to have a dramatic backstory. Judging from his facial scar it's going to be a pretty heavy one.'

"Iida, Kaminari, Yaoyorozu, Uraraka, Tokoyami... none of them felt it. In that last instance I was the only one feeling the pressure your power exuded. I've experienced All Might's true power up close before remember?"

"So? What are you getting at Todoroki?"

"I felt the same pressure coming from you." There was a finality in Todoroki's voice that he hadn't expected, "So..."

"Are you All Might's illegitimate love child or something?"

Whatever reaction Todoroki was expecting, it most certainly wasn't for him to snort and burst out laughing, "HA HA HA HA! OH god! His illegitimate- BWAHAHA! Oh man! Todoroki, are you a conspiracy theorist or something!? This is brilliant!" He managed to stop laughing enough to speak normally, "No. It isn't anything like what you're insinuating."

"'isn't anything like what you're insinuating.' Interesting way to phrase it... there's definitly something you're hiding. I'm sure of it."

There was a determination there, one that wouldn't be easily quelled, "If it makes you feel any better, I'm hiding plenty."

Todoroki's expression soured them, believing himself to be being taken seriously, "Midoriya-"

"But I can guarantee you Todoroki, what you think you're getting at? You're not getting at anything." He stiffened his lip so that it didn't curl into a snarl, "And don't go saying shit like you want to know because of your Dad's position. You make it quite obvious you hate him," He motioned to the boys left side, "What with refusing to use his quirk and all. So don't use him as an excuse. Tell me outright what you want to tell me."

"Fine." He knew, somewhere deep within Todoroki, a weight had been lifted. He wasn't having to explain this to an emotional audience, with him he could be as blunt as possible, "You know about quirk marriages correct?" He nodded, "They started becoming a problem around the second to third generation of quirks."
"The stronger quirk holders would force people into marriage for the sole purpose of creating and passing on stronger and unique quirks. The earlier generations were lacking in ethics when it came to quirks. It was like the world went back three centuries."

Todoroki nodded, picking up where he left off, "With his wealth and fame, my father made my mother's family agree to the marriage. All to get his hands on her quirk."

'Ooh great, he's got a compassionate backstory. Did the bastards in the sky knock over the 'dreamboat' dust when making this guy?'

"Raising me as a hero who could surpass All Might, just to fulfil his own ambitions..." Izuku felt himself flinch for the first time when Todoroki rose his voice, "I hate it!" The raw emotion in the usually silent boys voice enough to even knock him.

"I hate it! Being more than a tool for that pile of human garbage!" His hand came up, more than likely subconsciously, to his left side covering it up, "As I remember it, Mum was always crying... "I can't stand to see that left side of yours.", that's all she said before pouring scalding hot water onto my face."

His own scars on his arms felt like they had the second the blaze had wrapped around them so many times, and he began scratching at them. Bile was sitting in the back of his throat as he watched Todoroki's composure - so strongly built- start to crumble. "In short, not using my left side was my revenge against him. Rising to the top without using his vile quirk... I'll have denied him everything."

He didn't know what compelled him to do it, he didn't even know when his feet moved but when he blinked he was there, face inches from Todoroki's as he watched Todoroki's composure - so strongly built- start to crumble. "In short, not using my left side was my revenge against him. Rising to the top without using his vile quirk... I'll have denied him everything."

"It's your power! Your quirk factor that's supplying the fire and ice that runs through your veins! You better hope you don't end up going against me Todoroki because I don't intend on becoming a hero along side a person who thinks they can half-arse protecting people! I understand your pain and frustration I do- but this is the exact opposite of what you should be doing!"

He let go then, knowing if he didn't leave now he was going to do something he'd regret.

"When you get your head out of your backside talk to me again." He sighed, and walked out of the tunnel and towards the canteen feeling multiple pairs of eyes dig into him as he left. "Oh, and one more thing. " He turned his head over his shoulder to see the heterochromatic eyes boring into his back, "I'm returning your deceleration of war, I'm going to beat you Todoroki- and I'll do it for everybody who fucking thinks they can't do what they want to because they can do enough with what they've got."

"Before we get to the final event, I've got some good news for all of you who're out of the running! This is still a sports festival after all, so we've prepared a recreational activity for all participants! We even shipped in cheer-leaders to get you pumped up! But it appears we didn't need to- lookie there folks, 1-A's got their own cheer squad!"

Looking up from where he'd been resting his head against the concrete stadium wall he looked over to where his class was stood and 'tched' when he saw the girls all looking embarrassed out of their
minds in U.A. cheer-leading uniforms. Getting up, he brushed himself off before coming over to the girls who all covered their faces with the pom poms as he came over and looked them over.

"Who's idea was it?"

"Huh?" Ashido and Jiro looked at him quizzical before he repeated the question and they answered, "Mineta and Kaminari."

At the mention of the class perverts name he felt something finally snap, looking over at Yaoyorozu he saw her give a defeated nod.

"Mineta if you aren't here and groveling for forgiveness by the time I turn around I swear your mother isn't going to be able to pay the cleaners enough to get your squashed corpse off the fucking wall!" Turning he saw the pervert a sheet white and heard a shriek of fear escape him as he started to back up, "And Kaminari," The blond flinched and started to hold his hands in front of him as he progressed forward towards them.

"Mido! Dude! Dude, 'come on! You have to admit they look cute! Come on!"

He stopped in front of the two boys, "It doesn't matter if they look nice or not- what matters is that fact you guys lied to them and now they're uncomfortable and embarrassed. I gave you three chances now Mineta- You've broken the proverbial camels back and I swear when I'm done with you-"

"Who knew Midoriya was such a gentleman?"

"Exactly! He seems like a delinquent but then he does something like this!"

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"Looks like our first match is against each other Mido."
"It took awhile my boy, but you're finally getting a grip on One For All aren't you?"

Shock ripped up his spine and he turned quickly and when he did Izuku couldn't help the smile that spread across his face at seeing his mentor and father figure coming to see him before his match. "Sort of. Nowhere near where I need to be- but I should manage."

The man nodded, bringing a hand up to his chin in thought, "Remember how I said you need to give it variables zero to a hundred? As you are now we both know you're some where just above the fifteen percent mark. That's extraordinary considering how short a time you've had the ability. By the end of the year I'd reckon you'd be close to sixty at the pace you're going. No need to rush of course."

Izuku sighed, "The way you're putting it is making it sound like I've only gotten lucky so far... OW! WHAT WAS THAT FOR!?"

He looked up at his mentor, holding his sore head where the older man had just chopped him on the top of the head, "That's because you're always trying your hardest you Prince of nonsense! You'll never be much of a hero if you don't believe in yourself!"

Toshinori sighed, deflating where he stood - somehow despite the fact he was already in his true/original form, "Listen, when you're worried or feeling scared I know you handle it on your own Izuku. And that's because that's all you've ever been able to do. But I want you to remember you can come to me. And I want you to know that even though I know smiling isn't exactly your thing..." His mentor gave him a cheeky smile that he halfheartedly returned, "You should always smile when you are scared. The bravado that doing so exudes always throws them off."

"You've come this far Izuku! Be proud of yourself, show off some bravado even if it's fake. Never forget that we're not only expecting big things from you but also that we're all extremely proud of you. You're going to go out there and smash this- I know that- but if you at some point fall down."

"I get back up and I smile." He finished off the mantra that his mentor had drilled into him over the ten months of pre-quirk training, "And if I fall down again, I get back up and kick them where the sun doesn't shine."

Toshinori laughed then, "I don't quite remember that last part my boy! But no matter, you'll do perfectly. I know you will- after all, you've got your mother in your corner and she can always scare the opposition away!"

"How much do you want to bet she's sat at home screaming at the TV?"

Toshinori laughed with him, "I'm not putting money on something that I know I'll lose."

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"The first match! It's the hero courses very own delinquent... Midoriya Izuku versus the lesser known general studies Shinsou Hitoshi!"

As he walked onto the raised fighting platform Izuku kept one ear tuned into Present Mic's commentating and kept the other tuned into Nana's mantra of encouragement. Through this however, his eyes never left Shinsou.
"The rules are simple! Win by knocking your opponent out of the ring, immobilising them or getting them to say 'I give up!' Bring the pain! We've got our good old recovery girl on standby!"

Izuku spared a glance to the side seeing the elderly woman there with her deadly cane and knew that the most threatening thing in the entire arena for his health was the healing hero. She made him lose a year on his life every time she shouted at him from sheer guilt alone.

"And fight dirty if you must! 'ETHICS' have no meaning here! Well, of course going for the kill is a no-no!! You'll be disqualified! Because a true hero's fists only fly when in pursuit of a villain!"

"I give up'? You hear that Izuku, there's still time to save your ego. We can't have your reputation being tarnished because of little old me can we?"

He didn't respond, knowing the trick of Shinsou was trying to pull here and instead of focused on stretching out as the instructions were given, "RRREEEADDDY!!?!?!? START!"

At the signal they both rushed forward, hands meeting in the middle in a grapple. Or at least, that's what Shinsou expected to happen. Instead Izuku took the other boys lack of experience and threw it sideways as he threw himself at Shinsou's legs knocking the boy off balance as he rolled away and to his feet. He was luckily on his feet before Shinsou had even realised he wasn't on his own and made quick work of getting his feet locked in place.

"What's this? Midoriya is giving up the opportunity to restrain Shinsou in order for a one-on-one confrontation? He really is the image of a delinquent!"

"No, Midoriya clearly respects his opponent and wants to see what Shinsou can do. It's something we should be encouraging. What's a quick victory worth in a competition designed to give the audience a show?"

Shinsou climbed to his feet, a sly look overcoming his features and Izuku returned it in kind dodging the punches that the purple haired boy threw at him as he got closer, always making sure to never lose track of where exactly his feet were going before he stopped just in front of the line. "Oh? Have I got you trapped? Come on Mido- it's time you start-!"

Before the boy could finish Izuku had already grabbed his arm and used his momentum and bodyweight to throw him over his shoulder and out of bounds.

"Match! Midoriya wins!"

Turning around on the balls of his feet he saw Shinsou sitting up, rubbing the back of his head, "Crap, you throw hard. I'm gonna be seeing starts for weeks! What was that for anyway?"

He held his hand out to his friend, smirking with him as the other grabbed on and pulled himself up, "You'll be fine. Besides," he let go and started walking to his side, "That was for Ojiro and Aoyama!"

"Goodness we're off to an uneventful start! The fight lasted all of five minutes! Well, put your hands together for our fighters! Oh? What's this?"

"Oh, and Shinsou... You might want to turn around."

Confused, the boy turned around only to come face to face with then entire general studies section of
the stands stood up and clapping for him, "WOO! SHINSOU LOOK AT YOU! YOU ALMOST HAD HIM THERE!"

"YOU'RE A SHINING STAR AMONG US GENERAL STUDIES SHINSOU!"

"NEXT YEAR YOU'LL BEAT HIM FOR SURE!"

"Hear that Shinsou? You're awesome," His friend looked over his shoulder to deny him but he stalled when Izuku pointed towards the heroes in the stands, "Even the pro's are agreeing."

"They both fought without quirks, but the one with less experience held his own brilliantly! Imagine what he could do with more training?"

"His quirks brainwashing apparently- his physical capabilities are amazing for someone with a quirk others would be so heavily reliant on."

"Brainwashing? Really? I wish I had that quirk- its a shame he didn't get to show it off in the fight."

"You remember my goal right Mido?" He nodded, "So make sure they keep a seat spare for me in the hero course alright?"

"What'd you mean Shinsou? You'll practically be getting it thrown at you by the end of the tournament."

"The cream of the crop! Yet this guys as plain looking as they come! Sero Hanta of the hero course! Versus... The best of the best! Strongest of the strong, Todoroki Shouto, also of the hero course!"

"Start!"

From his position in the stands Izuku could only watch on in misery as Sero fell into hell. "Oh great, Todoroki looks pissed."

"Huh? What'd you mean Mido?" he looked over his shoulder, deciding to not make a comment about his new nickname, and instead answered the question Sato asked him.

"Just look at him. His expression is dark and he's too tense. I mean, I know he always looks like he's eaten babies for lunch but this is ridiculous."

"It won't matter right?"

He was about to answer when a large, what could only be described as, glacier appeared out of thin air in the stadium, one of the branches of it so close to his face he had to lean back to avoid it.

"TODOROKI SHOUTO MOVES ONTO THE NEXT ROUND!"

'He's defrosting himself... His dual quirks balance each other out and with him refusing to use it... huh. So Todo, this is the lengths you're willing to go to say fuck you to your old man? I have to admit... I like your spirit. It's just a shame one of us is a hell of a lot better at pushing ourselves over our limits and getting up from it.'
"With the arena all thawed out it's time for the next match! It's class B's assassin! Every something or other has its thorns right?! It's Shiozaki Ibara! Versus.... The sparkling, killing boy! Kaminari Denki!"

"This will be over in a second. Kaminari's thinking with his hormones."

"Midoriya, isn't that a little rude?"

"BUT IT'S ALREADY OVER!? IN CASE YOU DIDN'T HEAR ME, THE MATCH IS OVER ALREADY!?"

"You've predicted every single matches winner with accuracy so far Midoriya, how'd you do it?"

Looking at his classmates he felt all eyes on him, and felt sheepish for once when he realised they were all looking forward to learning something about him: "I like to make observations on people. I've also got extensive knowledge on every single student here that's currently enrolled."

"HOW!?"

"Trust me, if you want to get someones file all you need is a good enough reason"

"I'm going to head down to the prep room now." He watched as Uraraka pulled herself to her feet, poorly hiding hands that wouldn't be able to open a door.

"Cool, I'm going to meet Iida so I'll walk you down."

The look she gave him asked a thousand questions but when he didn't give her a vocal response, instead opting to just maintain his forward stare she dropped it and watching the girl from the corner of his eye as they made their way down the corridor he saw her shoulders drop.

The weight of everything was building up, "Do you have-"

"Uraraka, any strategy I have against Bakugou isn't you." She looked at him from the corner of her eye and they continued in silence for a while, "You can beat him on your own and I'm willing to bet you already have a plan in your head as to how to beat him."

"I do... but I'm not sure if it will work."

He sighed, rubbing a hand over his face and not even bothering to hide the hiss that escaped him due to the contact of his scar, "He's going to give you his all Ura. He doesn't see you as a girl - he sees you as an obstacle. A stepping stone." They stopped outside the waiting room and a thick silence threatened to strangle them both, "Make him see you as his equal."

"But-"

"You don't know if you don't ever try. And hey,if all else fails," Her face dropped, "Present Mic said you could fight dirty. Just kick him in the balls."

"Deku!"
"In some ways, I'm most worried about this one..."

"I get what you mean I don't even think I want to watch it..."

'Come on Ura. Prove yourself to him, if anybody can do it- its you. You've got the same spirit that's let Kirishima into his life while maintaining your kindness. Hopefully it will get to the point where you kick him in the balls but that's a shot in the dark.'

"For the last match up of the firs round... A celebrity since his junior high days with a face only a mother could love! It's Bakugou Katsuki of the hero course! Versus my personal pick Uraraka Ochako! Also of the hero course!"

"What're your bets on this Deku?"

He almost didn't hear the question and it was only when it was spoken a second time did he answer, "Oh. Sorry... this one I don't actually have an answer for."

"Bakugou is strong... he's got virtually no weaknesses when it comes to close-range combat. His quirks stronger the more mobile he's allowed to be and he can manoeuvre in mid air. But, if Ura can get him floating she'll have the advantage. No amount of aerial manoeuvres can work when you're plummeting to the hard cold concrete. That's why..."

"START!"

"Even accidentally touching him will gain her a massive advantage because she'll be able to send him floating so he'll want to keep his distance!" His words were proven true as the girl charged forward with a battle cry and the blond worked on evading her. "And if I know Bakugou... heh, he's going to come at her full throttle."

"Why do you sound like you know something we don't Mido?" He looked over at Kaminari and smirked, "See!"

"Ura's been on my team multiple times and we've talked tactics..."

"So she knows what to expect from a fight with him..."

Just as they finished a large blast went off in the centre of the arena, "There goes the right hook. And here's... there!"

He felt a satisfied grin spread across his face as he jumped up to watch, halfway over the railing, to get a better view of the fight. He could see Katuski's momentary confusion as his next blast came down on Uraraka's jacket instead of her back but he bit his lip when he saw a second too slow behind him.

"She threw her jacket over and sent it floating away on the fly!"

"Crap! Ura... shit." He winced for her when the next explosion went off in her face, this time throwing her back and onto the floor.

"Smoke screens won't work against reaction time like that..."

'Just a second too slow! It's fine... she can do this! She has her other plan in action righ now anyway.'

"Her quirk won't work if she can't touch him... and it won't matter in the end because she's slower
"Uraraka wastes no time! She's charging again!"

Yet again, an third explosion to the face but this time, she was expecting it and stayed low so that the worst of the body shot went over her. She let out a battle cry that sounded like a dying animal.

"Ochako..."

"NOT DONE YET!!" Her determined voice reached them all the way up in the box and something akin to pride welled up in Izuku's chest at seeing the girl get up again and again.

"She keeps charging relentlessly but... This is..."

"What an idiot!"

"Shouldn't they stop the match!"

An itch started to develop in the back of his mind and he was about to question the dependency of his sixth sense when he heard one of the pro's shout out: "Hey!! That isn't the way someone who wants to be a hero acts! If you're so much stronger than her, just throw her out of the ring already! Stop toying with the girl!"

"YEAH!"

"A group in the crowd has started booing!"

"ACK AN ELBOW!?"

"If the one who said he's toying with her is a pro, I suggest you go home and start job-hunting. How many years of active-service have you had to think that this match is playing around? If that's what you're taking from this match leave. Go home, get a new job and learn that these children have fought tooth and nail to be here. They are both as worthy as each other and the reason this fight is so intense is because both sides know the others strength."

"It's because he wants to win so badly that there's no room for carelessness or holding back."

"Woah... Aizawa-Sensei was so cool then..."

"I'M GONNA WIN!"

And then, just as he'd been expecting, the concrete rain began to pour. He felt a smile stretch across his face but it was immediately ripped away when the next explosion that left Katsuki's palm rocked the foundations of the stadium with it's intensity. It blew the rubble that had begun to descend upon him into little harmless pieces.

"Must of been all that hanging out with the shitty delinquent yeah? His self destructive habits have a way on rubbing off on people."

"WHAT AN EXPLOSION! URARAKA'S SECRET PLAN JUST WENT UP IN SMOKE!"

"Has she got any hope now Mido?"

"I'm not going to lie, she's dead on her feet right now, nothing short of a miracle is going to have Bakugou lose this match. After all she's," Uraraka collapsed to the floor just as he finished speaking,
"Gone way beyond her weight capacity."

"**Uraraka is unable to continue! Bakugou moves onto the second round!**"

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"Mido? Where're you going?"

He barely listened as he scrambled out of his seat, "Ura's plan has me written all over it! If Recovery girl thinks I helped her I'm fucking dead! Besides- prep room!" was called over his shoulder as he made his way out of the seating area and began to jog down to the temporary infirmary nearly crashing into Katsuki on the way.

"Oh... Bakugou."

"Yeah, what'd you want scum?! Lookin' to die?"

"Not yet," Those two words had the blond in a perpetual rage, "Maybe later. I'm off to see Ura and get to the prep room. You should get your wrists checked out y'know."

He started to walk off but feel short when the blond spoke, "You suggested that plan didn't you? Only a self-sacrificing arse like you could of come up with a plan like that. You caused me a lot of trouble out there-"

"I didn't." It might of been the shock that he hadn't been involved or the conviction in his tone but something shut Katsuki down, "I didn't do a damn thing Katsuki. So don't you dare undermine her after what those shitty adults said during the fight."

He tched, "And if anything caused you trouble, it was Ura messing with you."

-*- 

"I see you didn't kick him in the balls..."

The girls eyes shot up to him and a small, broken, smile spread across her face, "Yeah... I couldn't get close enough."

"Eh," he walked up to the opposite side of the table, turning the chair so he could sit in it backwards, "There's always next time. Y'know, I think you scared him Ura. He seemed pretty spooked when I told him it was your plan."

She burst out laughing then, and the hollow sound from her voice was gone, "Really?"

"Oh yeah," he waved his arm, "Shakin' in his boots. I knew his hair was ashy but I don't think you had to drop concrete on his head to prove it!"

-*- 

"Hey."
Oh, wow. I'm genuinely surprised nobody's tried to kill you yet.

"Hey."

He stopped suddenly, forcing himself to a halt as Endeavour stepped out in front of him, presumably in an attempt to block his path.

"Endeavour... why are you back here?" Aside from abusing your son but, y'know."

"I saw what you did out there, during both the obstacle course and the cavalry battle. You have an amazing quirk, making all that power with just a jump and wave of your hand." His hand arrived in his face and Izuku forced down the urge to slap it away, "In terms of power I'd say it's near All Might's."

'Ooh great, all the Todoroki's are conspiracy theorists.'

He didn't let his slight worry show, instead he kept his face clear and crossed his arms letting only annoyance enter his expression through his eyes, "What are you getting at? I have a match to prepare for. A match against your son."

"Ah yes, and that brings me onto our topic of conversation." A hand clamped down onto his shoulder, intimidating and deathly for anybody else but a mere inconvenience for him, "The boy, Shouto... he has a duty to surpass All Might. His match against you will serve as a valuable test."

"Remove your hand."

"Excuse me?"

He looked up through his hair, making sure he had the expression on that made grown men piss themselves sprayed across his features. "I said remove your hand or, Mr. Number-two, you won't fucking have it." In the pro's shock his grip loosened slightly but the hand wasn't removed, and as he stared at him in shock Izuku continued:

"I've never particularly liked you- you remind me too much of a bully. But to think... heh," He let out a little chuckle and realised for the first time he wasn't disgusted in the fact that he was scaring somebody, in fact he was enjoying it, "To think you'd actually go as far as to be a bastard as well. Now that- that is news. I wonder what the world would say if they knew you were nothing more a one-trick pony who relied on manipulating and abusing his children to better himself."

"You insolent brat!" Endeavour's other hand rose up, and Izuku didn't flinch because he knew that Endeavour wouldn't risk hitting a child that wasn't his own. Most abusers didn't risk it, "What makes you think you have any right to slander me like this!?"

"Go on," he enforced a tighter grip on Endeavour's wrist than the hero was putting into his own grip as he removed the hand on his shoulder, "Hit me. Prove me right why don't you? I don't like your son, I actually find him to be a prick but I can see where he gets it from. Most abusers didn't risk it, "That I'm not going to help him get free of you then you're even stupider than everybody thinks you are."

He released the mans wrist then, stepping back and making his way around the pro when he was called out to, "You'll regret this boy!"
Turning he smiled, genuinely, the way Toshinori told him to to confuse an enemy, "In the same way I'm not All Might, Todo isn't you. If you've got a problem with me or the number one?" He glared and turned his smile icy, "You fucking fight it yourself."

With that he turned around and stuffed his hands in his pockets as he walked off with one thought in his mind, 'He looked just like Dabi then... That rage and fire...'

"You ready?"

He looked across the ring to where Todoroki was stood and noticed that the same tenseness clung to his form- just like in his fight with Sero. Only this time he could see it wasn't annoyance in his eyes. It was inferiority.

Todoroki was on a mission to win this fight without his father's power and Izuku had antagonised him and promised him a fight for the ages, and so the boy was going to take him up on it- destroying them both in the process.

"Both of these competitors have scored top marks in this festival so far! But there's only room for one of these greats in the ring! Its... MIDORIYA VERSUS TODOROKI!"

"START!"

In the space of time that he could blink Todoroki's ice was already hurtling towards him and he was glad for his deciding to plan earlier because if he hadn't, he wouldn't of been able to lift his hand in time and use One For All in time to create a shock wave that shattered the ice.

"I expected as much..."

As the smoke (well it was more like hundreds of thousands of small nonlethal ice shards floating around) settled slightly Izuku caught sight of Todoroki, who looked as cool and casual as possible while he himself was breathing slightly heavy from the scare he'd just experienced.

'Alright... So we're going at this like it's a death match then. The killing intent then was unbelievable. Endeavour what have you done to him?'

"WOHA! MIDORIYA SMASHED THROUGH WITH NOTHING MORE THAN A FLICK OF HIS FINGER!?"

Another blast was sent his way and again, he flicked his finger- cursing to himself when he saw it did slightly less damage than the last defence, 'I'll have to go up to ten percent next time... he's testing my threshold. I'm sure of it.'

"You're..." He followed Todoroki's gaze to where his hand was and felt himself hiss out a curse when he saw one of the ice shards had gotten past his guard and had sliced straight through his bandages. Thankfully he hadn't sustained any injuries but the bandages were useless and some of his... newer marks could be seen, just as quickly as Todoroki's eyes had latched onto the scars and burn marks his eyes were hidden from view as he sent another attack his way.

For the third time now, Izuku didn't approach and simply flicked the attack away, "You're trying to stretch out the match... I won't let you. I'll end this quickly."

As soon as the words left his mouth the biggest attack yet came his way, 'Okay, fifteen percent this time!', and with the percentage in mind he released the shock wave that thankfully knocked a whole
right through the ice, but unfortunately the ricochet of the blast sent him stumbling back slightly, which left his guard open for Todoroki who wasted no time in rushing forward through the gap Izuku had provided him with.

"Todoroki undaunted by Midoriya's power moves in to close the gap!"

He got ready to dodge as he watched a staircase of ice form underneath Todoroki's feet as he ran, and jumped back just in time to narrowly avoid becoming a pile of ice-encrusted dust on the floor. Where the others hand had smashed into the ground there was a crater that was covered on all sides by ice and the frost that he'd noticed in the fight with Sero was starting to grow on Todoroki's body. "Close one!"

Getting steady on his feet was difficult as he went of full offensive as another ice attack was thrown his way, "Fuck!", his foot was stuck! Shit, the little bastard! No matter.... When the next attack came he threw caution to the wind, going just slightly over his threshold, and resisted the urge to scream as he felt something happen in his hand that wasn't supposed to happen.

"Now that's a lot stronger than your previous attacks. Are you trying to tell me to stay back?"

He stood up taller, ignoring his hand and trying to make its injury as unnoticeable as possible, "Only defending and dodging? What was all that about earlier Midoriya of beating me? Have you lost your never?"

'He starting to shiver.' he kept his gaze down, pretending to be beaten on his feet, 'If I continue as I am, I MIGHT win by getting him to tire himself out, but I'm more likely to get myself killed that way.'

"Sorry for all this Midoriya. But thanks to you... he doesn't look very happy. Without a chance to attack you're done, lets end this."

"Todoroki continues his relentless assault!" He took in a deep breath and said a prayer to whatever was out there for forgiveness for what he was about to put hundreds of thousands of people through, "Could this next ice attack be the end of Midoriya!?"

"I just wanted to say Todoroki, I'm sorry."

"Huh?"

"I said I'm sorry. I haven't been taking our fight seriously-" He could see something boil to life in the others eyes. He thought he'd been winning but the accusation that he was winning against somebody that wasn't bothered that set his fire alight he could tell, "Come at me with your best shot Todoroki. I promise I'll take it serious this time."

"You..."

The next ice attack came at him, and just as he'd expected it was a concentrated shard this time, a high-speed icicle shooting staright towards him. He'd have to either risk shattering it and sending himself out of bounds or dodge and throw himself out of bounds. Or at least, a normal person would have to worry about that. As the icicle came shooting towards him he got his feet dug into the ground and heard two voices yell out at the same time the ice made impact with his body.

"MIDORIYA WHAT'RE YOU DOING!?!"

"IZUKU!"
It'd been awhile since he'd died, he thought.

It was almost... comforting in a way for the familiar numbness to return to him. There had been a time where he'd died so often that the numbness followed even through his living hours but that had changed in recent months as he got better and better. He didn't often have to die anymore, bar that time at the USJ of course. He didn't let himself relish in it, he'd just let Todoroki kill him, that would absolutely reck the boy.

He knew that.

That's why he glimpsed at the play back of his death and looked no longer than the second Todoroki realised he hadn't dodged before he hit the continue button.

"What-!? Midnight call the match!"

"Wait."

"Erasure Head, your student is gonna die if we don't-"

"Let him use his quirk before you end the match."

Izuku gasped as he came back, and while temporarily blinded from the light his quirk produced he wasn't disappointed to see all the eyes in the stadium on him as he climbed to his feet. Looking across the arena he laughed, "You ready to go Todo? I'm pretty sure I told you I wasn't going to go down that easily."

"But- I- Midoriya... how are you..."

"WHAT THE HELL DID WE JUST SEE ERASURE!!?"

"You just witnessed Midoriya's quirk. It's not strength augmentation as people would first think. It's 'Rebirth'. It enables him to heal lethal injuries and comb back revitalised."

"Come back?"

"Midoriya has to die to use one aspect of his quirk. All the super strength you've seen is just a mutation of it."

"I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU IT WOULDN'T BE SO EASY TODOROKI!!"

He gripped his shirt, checking to see the damage to it from the icicle that had ripped through his chest seconds prior, happy to find it not too badly ruined. If he made it through this round he would definitely be able to still ware it. He could just tear and stitch stuff together and he'd have a new look!

The quiet that had settled over the crowd at his death only made his voice echo more.

"Midoriya..." The look Todoroki was giving him was one he was well accustomed to by now, "How are you- I thought I..."

He stood up straight, stretching his arms, "Like I just said, I told you it wouldn't be so easy to kill me. You're still at 50%, why not put on a show. Show the old bastard what you're worth."

"I don't know what you mean-"
"You do." He glared, "You know exactly what I mean. So stop being a little bitch about it and show him what you're worth! You said you didn't want to be his tool anymore yeah? Well then," He spread his arms out wide, almost as if making himself a target, "Don't make me the only one taking this seriously. It's your power remember!"

"Besides!" He called out as they both got into fighting stances, "You're shivering."

At his words the boys eyes drifted to his right side where frost was starting to wind its way up his arm.

"Quirks are just physical abilities remember? So be careful that you don't give yourself frostbite while we're fighting! I'm not cool with kicking a man when he's down!" He grit his teeth as he readied himself for a punch that if he did wrong could be potentially lethal and could shatter every single bone in his arm into splinters. "You could always use your left side to thaw yourself out though. Remember that everybody's doing their best- so you better not flake out!"

"Midoriya..." He could see something change in Todoroki then.

"EVERYBODY IS GIVING IT EVERYTHING THEY'VE GOT, SO THROW EVERYTHING YOU HAVE AT ME TODOROKI! COME AT ME!"

"What are you trying to do Midoriya..."

"He's completely ignored everything else that I've said. Heh, this is going to be fun."

He charged forward to meet Todoroki and the second his left leg lifted slightly from the ground he aimed his fist directly for his stomach while lunging and grabbing on with the other arm to his right side, sending Todoroki crumpling over as Izuku kept him upright. It took a second for the boy to go flying back as Izuku let go, but when he did he sent a shard of ice his way again that Izuku side-stepped.

"WHAT A HIT! THINGS ARE REALLY HEATING UP WITH MIDORIYA ON THE OFFENSIVE!!"

"So you're fighting now? Was everything you said just an act? Were you just playing me?"

He jumped up as the weak ice went under his feet and when he landed he kept his voice level, "You're not just slower because of the ice, your attacks themselves are weaker."

It seemed the boy took that as a challenge because the next attack was a large wall of ice and it took a fist of One For All to break through it. "Shit!" Looking down at his hand he swore when he saw all of his fingers broken and limp.

"You've resorted to breaking yourself... why go this far?"

He jumped to the side, making his way closer, refusing to lose ground, "Just trying to live up to expectations!"

He dashed forward then, "I know what it's like to have nobody there for you! That's why I want to be a hero- to help all those people that are forgotten and abandoned. I'm doing it for them and to do that- I'm going to start by proving a point to you!" He threw his next punch, but doing so with a
broken hand made it sloppy and Todoroki managed to jump back in time.

"I've not experienced the same things as you and I'm not going to pretend that I have! But your determination - its all wrong! If you're really serious about becoming number one, about defying him... Then doing it at half capacity isn't making you seem very sincere about doing it!"

"Shut up...!"

"That's why..." He got closer, "That's why I have to surpass you! To make you see!"

The boy was so distracted that he didn't even have enough time to brace himself when he fell, "My father... I'll... I'll show him..."

He didn't get frustrated often, but now Izuku felt the irritation bubbling under his skin like Lava before the eruption. "IT'S YOUR FUCKING POWER TODOROKI! I'M NOT FIGHTING YOUR FATHER RIGHT NOW AM I!? SO STOP USING HIM AS AN EXCUSE!"

He released what sounded like a growl even to his own ears, "LIKE I ALREADY SAID- PROVE HIM WRONG! AS LONG AS YOU HINDER YOURSELF HE'S WON. DO YOU WANT TO LET HIM WIN TODOROKI HUH!?"

"WHAT'S THIS!?"

He let out a laugh when the stadium became engulfed in flames as his opponent finally snapped out of it, and Todoroki's voice reached him from behind the wall of fire, "I thought you wanted to win? Damnit.... So you're trying to inspire me? Which one of us isn't taking this seriously now? And even now you're laughing but..."

"But I... I want to be a hero too!"

When the flames became centred, drawing back into Todoroki's left side he felt - not for the first time today- a striking resemblance between the Todoroki family and his old friend.

_-*_

"SHOTO! SO YOU'VE FINALLY ACCEPTED IT! YES! EXCELLENT!"

"IT ALL STARTS NOW FOR YOU! WITH MY BLOOD THROUGH YOUR VEINS, YOU WILL SURPASS ME!"

He felt the urge to say some choice words, but didn't. He wasn't going to take this moment from Todoroki, he could see even halfway across the ring the look of determination of the other boys face. The acceptance and the realisation of what he had to do.

"A sudden pep talk from Mr. Endeavour huh? What a doting parent..."

"It's incredible..." Izuku found himself entranced by the flames, just like all those years ago when Dabi had freely shown him his quirk he always found fire so beautiful yet dangerous. The power behind it could forge steel or it could destroy skin. His arms were testament to the failure of fire but the control that Todoroki held over the flames despite his apparent lack of practice was extraordinary.

"What're you smiling about? With those wounds... in this situation... You must be crazy..."

He couldn't help but stare as he saw Todoroki hold himself tall and his smile spread wider. "Why am I smiling? I already told you didn't I Todo, the reason why I'm fighting. To protect those that are
forgotten and abandoned... I'm starting with you Todoroki. And from what I'm seeing well," He motioned at the boys left side, "From what I'm seeing you're coming into your own without any help at all. Spite, is the best motivator in the world- never forget that."

"Midoriya, it's not my problem what happens to you next..."

"Can't die remember- give me your everything this time Todoroki. Show him what you can do."

They shared a nod then, and despite the fact that hours prior they had been at each others throats there was a bond now. "Alright then. I'll show you what I can do."

As they rushed forward, his arm powering up to his max output and Todoroki's fire and ice working in tandem they erupted together in an explosion and under it all as he got close to the other boy he could hear a very quiet, "Thank you Midoriya."
"WHAT THE-!? WHAT'S WITH YOUR CLASS!?"

"WHAT A BLAST THOUGH, AND WHAT HEAT! CAN'T SEE A THING! HAS THE MATCH BEEN DECIDED?"

Izuku felt his head spinning, and he couldn't breath for a second as the pain erupted all over him, but when he felt himself fall all his senses started up again. His eyes flashed open and he wondered horridly if he'd just nearly died but as he hit the ground near the entrance tunnel he realised he'd just had the wind knocked out of him. There was a feeling of nakedness that he couldn't explain and as he barley held himself up he cast a quick look at himself - relieved to find he wasn't half naked instead of the pure intensity of Todoroki's flames had burnt his bandages to cinders.

"Midoriya is out of bounds! Todoroki will- wait! Todoroki is also out of bounds!"

At the statement Izuku forced himself to his feet to see that Todoroki was in an almost mirrored situation to himself. The other boy was on his feet also but was leaning against a Todoroki shaped crater in the wall behind him.

"A TIE!? WHAT WILL WE DO THIS TIME?! THE ARENA IS TOO DESTROYED FOR ANOTHER MATCH AND- HUH!?"

"I forfeit!" He held his broken hand in the air and the crowd seemed to be breathless once again, "I GIVE UP! I'm in no condition to fight and Todoroki got the last hit in!"

"Midoriya... Are you sure about this?"

He looked at the other boy, seeing the gobsmacked look he was being given and winked at him before he looked over to Midnight who was looking between him and Todoroki, "I'm sure. I can barley... stand..."

His body caught up with the information his body was processing as everything started to go dark around him and his legs gave out under him. The world went dark just as his head hit the ground.

"Oh good. You're awake." As his eyes opened he hissed, the light assaulting his senses and he squinted over in the direction that Recovery Girl's voice was coming from, "You gave us a scare young man. You shattered all your fingers and your wrist in that fight..."

He nodded, but hissed when the action made something in his neck creak. Everything hurt and without his adrenaline it was hitting him full force.

"You also had previous cracks in your wrist... ones that hadn't healed properly. Did you even get them checked out?"

He considered shaking his head but decided against it. "No... It never hurt when I injured it so I never considered it could be broken."

He felt a small, painless, smack hit him on the arm. It was such a grandmotherly action he laughed. It came out more of a wheeze however and he had a suspicious feeling that his chest had been heavily
bruised during his death. And of course, because it wasn't lethal his body wouldn't of healed it.

"I know I told you we were backing you up Izuku... but honestly my boy. Breaking yourself... and for what? To throw the match?" He looked to the left to see his mentor stood at the side of the bed, looking him over with concern in his eyes. He tried to sit up and the man was immediately by his side helping him up.

As the man let go, he found himself laughing again, "Oh god..." The man looked worried for him and his face went through a million emotions as he finished, "Mum is going to skin me alive..."

Toshinori's mouth opened and then shut and repeated that action three times before he huffed out a laugh and ruffled his hair, muttering to himself something about 'She won't be the only one'. He was about to ask what he meant by that when the door to the temporary infirmary was burst open and his friends and classmates burst through.

"DEKU!/""MIDORIYA!"

In response to the spontaneous outburst the number one jerked violently and actually coughed up some blood, "That scared the crap out of me..."

"What're you guys doing... what about the next match?" He reached up to rub his head when he felt a headache starting to form but felt another slap, this time a painful one, when Recovery girl hit his arm chastising him that his hand was broken remember? Looking down he realised she was right.

"The arena was mostly destroyed, so there's a break while its being rebuilt." Iida was formal about it but just from the way he seemed more robotic than usual he could tell he did feel somewhat worried for him.

"That was scary as hell, Midoriya! Pro's aren't gonna want you now!"

He was relieved when Tsuyu slapped Mineta in the face, "Can't say I like your rubbing-salt-in-the-wound style."

"Pipe down! He just woke up!" Recovery girl, despite being just taller than Mineta, managed to corral the teenagers into being quiet and into standing patiently by his bedside.

"Why did you do it, Midoriya?"

"Huh?"

He looked away from Uraraka who was fussing over his hand, and towards Iida who was stood there with his arms crossed a deathly serious expression on his face. "Why did you forfeit the match? You could of easily just of gotten healed up and then moved onto the next round. Instead you greenously injured yourself and threw the match away after you antagonised Todoroki to the point of breaking a promise to himself."

He thought about it for a second, in his head he knew why he'd done it. But he wasn't about to out Todoroki's personal business to his classmates. "Todoroki and myself had a talk after the cavalry battle, Iida you understand the stress of being a hero descendant right?" The boy nodded, "Todoroki has a situation similar to that but... he told me something that I'm not going to repeat but he needed to snap out of it. He needed to break that promise to himself. Otherwise he'll never get better."

"But Deku... hurting him emotionally doesn't mean he'll get better at fighting."

He chuckled at Uraraka's misconception, "No... he needed to accept something before he could get
better emotionally. He had something that was festering within him and... I understand where he was coming from but it wasn't the right way to go about things."

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When his friends had left and Recovery Girl was healing his hand he felt a weight on his shoulder, the one that Endeavour had gripped onto and looked over to see the bruise fading. Toshinori’s hand was holding back the material of his shirt to see it and his mentor spoke out:

"You met Endeavour I see... You threw the match to save him even though you knew he didn't want to be saved."

"There's a lot of people who can't ask for help, I help those people all the time... Todoroki didn't even think he needed help. I had to just- somehow just show him that denying a part of himself wasn't the right way to go about things... it only makes it worse in the long run..."

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"Toshinori-Sensei... I... I messed up didn't I?"

He walked just a bit in front of his mentor as the man escorted him back to the seating area. He was still wobbly on his feet and Recovery girl had advised against him going up stairs on his own.

"... You became a teacher here to find a successor didn't you? Everybody here... they're fighting with their all- to win and to prove themselves. Their unrelenting spirits... their drive I can feel it in the air whenever I'm around any of them. So I'm thinking..."

"That maybe I should find somebody else to replace me?"

"...Yeah." He stopped mid-step, "You saw how powerful all of them were, One For All is a lattice right? That means that if somebody with a pre-existing strong quirk were to have it. they'd be a powerhouse of strength on top of their quirk."

"You are correct there. If somebody like Todoroki were to have it, his fire and ice power would increase tenfold atop of him gaining the power you currently have now."

"So-"

"However." He stopped, looking over his shoulder at his mentor to see him giving him a comforting smile, "I was born quirkless y'know."

'That's right... Nana told me but what's he getting at? Doesn't he realise that there are people so much better than myself? People that actually want to become heroes to help the majority rather than the minority?'

"Being quirkless in my day less rare than it is now, but it was still rare. You grew up believing yourself to be quirkless didn't you? My master she possessed a quirk, but she took me in anyway. Because she looked past that thing Izuku. She saw me as a person with potential." His father figure put a hand on his shoulder gently (and the parallel to Endeavour's grip previously was striking), "And that's how I see you Izuku. There's something special inside of you- something I have yet to see in anybody but you. That thing is what will make you a great hero. Not the power of your quirk."

"I must admit," The hand was dropped from his shoulder in favour for fiddling with the Windsor knotted tie that hung around his neck, "When I first met you, you reminded me of myself. A very scrappy and roughed up version of myself." A smile, one of an inside joke, was sent his way, "And
then of course you surpassed my expectations by twisting and spraining my wrist!"

The number one laughed joyfully while Izuku felt his face grow hot, "You've broken all my expectations since then my boy. In my heart of hearts I know that you are the only one who could by my successor."

He felt tears start to well up in his eyes, the fact that he was being cared about too much for him, "I'm sorry..."

A skeletal hand came up and wiped away his tears, "There's nothing to be sorry for. Besides, the tournament isn't over yet and we have to get you back to your friends don't we?"

"A COUNTER!"

'Oh, It's Kirishima and Katuski. Guess I missed Iida and Shiozaki and Tokoyami and Ashido. Wish I'd seen those matches...'

He stood at the railing just away from the class boxes watching his would-be friend and ex-friend fight it out. He knew Kirishima was going in thinking that his quirk gave him the advantage and that was going to be his biggest downfall. All anybody had seen was Katsuki fighting with his fists, nobody ever expected it when he fought with his head. Which he'd of had to of done to of lasted this long against someone who's quirk nearly nullified his.

"Midoriya!" turning away from the match he saw Iida walk out of the tunnel and over to him, "I'm glad to see you're well enough to come see the last few matches!"

There was something about Iida that Izuku liked. It was something he'd experienced when Iida, Uraraka and Kirishima had all gatecrashed his house and Iida had asked him if he wanted to leave and then didn't require an explanation when he said yes. "Yeah... I'm... I'm not going to collapse again."

The sonic-rip off stood by his side and they watched the match in silence for a few seconds, something Izuku appreciated because he was too emotional right now. He'd just died after so long of being alive and it was... it was taking a toll on him. His emotions were high and he felt like everything was too much. He could feel his hands come up and start scratching at the bandages on his arms in frustration that he still had to cover up his injuries.

Not to mention his skin felt on fire and even his clothes were irritating every nerve in his body. He felt like crying when Iida picked up on his discomfort and slowly increased the distance between them so that he was close enough to be there yet gave Izuku (somehow) enough personal space for him to feel like he could breath.

"I'm sorry I-"

"It's okay... I realised after I questioned you earlier how contradictory I had been." He looked away from the fight once more, the lingering image of Kirishima's face tightening in pain at the forefront of his mind, "All those weeks ago when I promised you I would leave you be... I've broken that promise quite a few times already. Uraraka and Kirishima have told me about the promise they made as well and how they've broken it without even realising it... I'm greatly sorry that we can't even do that for you."

He felt like he should say 'it's fine' because that's what people expected him to say, but he couldn't even bring himself to choke out the words as his body began to tremble, "It's... I can't even... Iida,
I'm—" He couldn't even speak as tears started to bubble over as everything just crashed into him.

The pain, his fear, the worry and the disappointment that everybody must be feeling towards him hitting him like a wall. He tried to keep his crying silent so that the other boy didn't worry. Instead, he accidentally let out a small sob that brought Iida's attention to him.

"Midoriya..." he heard a sigh and felt infinitely worse before his friend continued and he felt confused, "You are allowed to cry- I've tried to learn how to handle situations like this and well-" Iida laughed, something that while out of character helped distract Izuku enough to let him get his breathing somewhat under control while the tears still blinded him, "As you can see I'm not very good at it. But I know that it is important that you don't blame yourself for anything."

A hand touched his back tentatively as he curled in on himself and instead of flinching away from it he accepted the touch, "You are allowed to be scared and upset. You are supposed to feel that way. We understand that you have boundaries and I understand that I've possibly hurt you by encroaching on you when I shouldn't of. But I want to make up for it. I want to help you move forward and I want to someday be your friend and somebody you trust."

It was that last word that had him throwing himself into Iida, arms latching around the taller boy who made a winded noise but ultimately wrapped his arms around him in return, rubbing his hand up and down his back as he continued, "Its fine... You're safe here Midoriya. Come on, lets get you somewhere a bit more private why don't we?"

He only nodded, far too overwhelmed to put his thoughts into words.

"BAKUGOU'S LOW-DOWN CARPET BOMBING BLASTS HIM INTO THE THIRD ROUND! AND WITH THAT, WE HAVE OUR FINAL FOUR!"

As he stood up from where he'd been lent against the wall in the corridor he wiped his hands over his face. They hadn't got much further than the corridor before his crying had become too much for him to handle.

"Thanks... Thanks Iida. I- I didn't think i needed that."

His friend waved him off, "No matter Midoriya. Your mental health is just as important as your physical one! I was only doing what was expected of a friend!" The boys robotic actions had him snickering slightly as he looked very much like he was doing the robot dancing style.

"Will you be alright to get back to the box on your own? I can get you there before my match."

"No." He gave a stretch before shaking out his limbs, "I can get there on my own. You go show Todoroki what a reciproburst to the face feels like."

"I will do my best."

He made his way back to the box, glad that when he cried it didn't show in his eyes, because the second he got back his classmates were upon him.

"HOLY SHIT MIDORIYA!" Kirishima was the fist one to him, and he brought his hands up to latch onto his arms but his grip fell short when he seemed to remember something and when a memory entered his own mind he knew they were probably remembering the same thing:
He didn’t remember moving, didn’t remember activating his quirk or jumping over the table. But he suddenly found himself straddling Kirishima into the couch, one hand crackling with the green lightening that seemed to come out when he used All For One while the other was held aggressively pulled back in a warning of a punch.

He could see Uraraka and Iida in the corner of his eye, hear them and his mother try and get him to calm down. But he focused only on how the boy underneath himself Adam’s apple bobbed or how his pupils dilated in fear.

"Why am I so rude? You want to know? Because when I die too many times in a row my brain fucks itself over and I’m not entirely me. So I’m really sorry that to protect you guys I had to die and then I died again because of blood loss. I’m so so sorry!"

"I'm good right now." Kirishima's yes flashed with understanding and his hands didn't approach any further but his voice changed, it was more lively and less cautious.

"That's great dude! Man, you had us all so tense when you were fighting Todoroki!" Kirishima's smile was infectious and he felt a stiff one twitch at his own lips, "And you were holding back on us all this time!"

"Let him sit down Kirishima," The red head stepped to the side and he saw Sero and Tsuyu standing behind him. The boy had been the one to talk and he was giving Izuku a look that put him on edge, "I knew it. You're a shithead you know- messing with me like you did." He was lost for a second before remembering their interactions on the first day.

"I couldn't just say it outright though could I? It wouldn't of been so dramatic."

"Kero, I disagree. I felt my own heart stop Mido. It wasn't dramatic, it was terrifying Kero."

He rubbed the back of his neck as Tsuyu looked at him, the frog girl so innocent and friendly that her annoyance with him made him feel guilty. "Come on Deku. Iida's about to start."

As he passed his classmates they all congratulated him, telling him how amazing and powerful he was, but he only felt at peace when he slumped into his seat in-between Kirishima and Uraraka as the match began.

"*-*

"BOTH OF THESE COMPETITORS COME FROM RENOWNED HERO FAMILIES. IT'S A FIGHT BETWEEN THE ELITE! IIDA TENYA VS. TODOROKI SHOUTO!"

"START!"
I didn't mean literally kick him in the face, but whatever!

He watched with bated breath as Todoroki sent forward an ice attack that was clearly meant to knock Iida's legs out from under him, however the boy had clearly learnt from both the first event and from the cavalry battle because he was in the air before the ice could even get to him.

"It's his standing long jump!"

Sure enough, Iida hadn't simply jumped to avoid the ice, he was now coming down face first on the dual-quirk wielder feet first. He nearly choked on his spit when he heard the boys words, "Recipro burst!"

'I DIDN'T MEAN IT LITERALLY!'

Todoroki dodged the initial kick but it was like Izuku could see the gears turning in Iida's head. The boy knew he needed to end the fight quickly and so didn't waist any time in using his fist to knock Todoroki to the ground, before his feet had even touched the floor, with a resolute bang.

With the other boy down, Iida stood up but jumped again when ice encased the ground under his feet and when he landed, he grabbed Todoroki by the back of his jacket and started to make a run for the out of bounds line.

"He's trying to throw Todoroki out of bounds!"

Izuku felt his nerves on fire as he stood half-way up from his chair in anticipation to stand and cheer for his friend when he saw him stagger.

"No..." Uraraka's voice was soft and denying next to him but he could tell something was wrong.

He couldn't hear exactly what Iida said to Todoroki but whatever it was it gave the boy enough time to get his feet planted on the floor and to encase Iida in ice.

"IIDA IS UNABLE TO CONTINUE! TODOROKI MOVES ON WITHOUT USING HIS FIRE POWERS!"

"IT'S BAKUGOU VERSUS TOKOYAMI! AND BAKUGOU'S UNSTOPPABLE! TOKOYAMI'S COME THIS FAR WITH A SERIES OF WINS DUE TO HIS NEAR-INVINCIBLE QUIRK, BUT... NOW HE'S TOTALLY ON THE DEFENSIVE! HE CAN'T EVEN GET CLOSE!"

"C'mon Tokoyami! Your attacks against us were crazy strong!"

"Were we perhaps missing something?"

He looked over to the two girls who were standing at the railing calling out to the losing boy, Uraraka stood and walked up next to them, "It's the light... that's why we were weary of your team-especially with Kaminari. The light from the explosions is keeping Dark Shadow at bay... He's not doing well due to a bad matchup..."

"Mido! He can still win this right!? He has to be able to!" He looked over at Ashido, who's yellow eyes were desperate for an answer, "You've fought along side him in the cavalry battle! You've
beaten Bakugou as well!"

He was unsure of when exactly he'd 'beaten' Bakugou but he gave his side of the argument anyway, "If Tokoyami can keep his weakness hidden he can turn the fight around but..."

"But?" He heard the prompting in Yaoyorozu's voice.

"But you guys don't give Bakugou enough credit. He isn't just a brute," He heard a snort from behind him and ignored it, "Bakugou's a certified natural-born genius. That intelligence extends to his fighting as well; When he fights with his head instead of his fists he's near unbeatable."

"And right now? Is he fighting with his head?" He didn't give an answer simply watched as Katsuki used his quirk to go aerial and sighed when he realised what he was going to do.

Dark Shadow came up to bat him away but he changed his trajectory mid-air, evading the quirk and instead suddenly being behind Tokoyami where he let off an explosion with a force so intense that it stunned Tokoyami in place. The explosion forced a dust cloud to form making it impossible to see what was going on.

"You have your answer Ashido." The girl nodded as they returned to watching the fight.

"ALWAYS WITH THESE DUST CLOUDS...WHAT'S HAPPENING DOWN THERE?"

As the dust settled enough for them to see the pair it became obvious that Bakugou had won. Tokoyami was on his back, one of Bakugou's hands holding him down while the other went off relentlessly in explosion after explosion as a deterrent to the boy attempting to get back up.

"Tokoyami has surrendered! Bakugou moves onto the final!"

"LOOKS LIKE OUR FINAL MATCH IS SET! BAKUGOU VERSUS TODOROKI!"

"You knew from the start of this match didn't you Midoirya, that Tokoyami would lose..."

He looked over once again to Yaoyorozu, "What makes you think that?"

"You didn't even attempt to entertain the notion that Tokoyami could win, and even though you suggested a way he could it was all highly probably and unlikely to happen... why? And more importantly how did you figure it out so quick?"

He could feel the eyes of his classmates, some expectant and curious others more suspicious, on him.

"I grew up with Bakugou and our families are close, contrary to our own relationship. I've seen his thought process time and time again. After so long it just becomes natural to predict his moves. And like I said, he's very good at tricking people into thinking he's nothing more than a brute... nobody thinks the guy who tells someone to die is going to have a plan."

"What do you mean?"

He turned away from everyone and watched the blond, "Bakugou's had this entire tournament planned in his head since the start. If you think I'm the only who's been accurately predicting who'll win you just haven't been paying enough attention."

"-8-"

"All we can do now is watch and learn. We'll get them back later."
He and Uraraka nodded at Iida's words but were cut off from saying anything else when the boy's phone started vibrating.

"Let me just take this."

"AT LAST WE'VE ARRIVED! THE BEST OF THE BEST AMONG U.A.'S FIRST YEARS WILL BE DECIDED! IT'S THE FINAL MATCH TODOROKI VERSUS BALUGOU!"

"NOW, START!"

It was a throwback to the first one-on-one match as Todoroki slammed his hands to the ground and Bakugou became encased in the centre of a glacier before anybody could even process that the match had started.

"THE GAUNTLET'S BEEN THROWN DOWN! LOOKS LIKE TODOROKI WANTS TO AVOID CLOSE COMBAT WITH BAKUGOU! DO WE ALREADY HAVE OUR WINNER SO SOON!?"

"This is just like when he fought me..." he cast a look behind him at Sero, to see the boy on the edge of his seat, "But... but this time he's trapped Bakugou in the centre instead of trapped on the outside."

"Bakugou's quirk is caused by his sweat though... trapping him in ice makes it pretty hard to sweat. He's nullifying Bakugou's abilities before they've even began!"

He turned away from his classmates when a muffled boom shook the arena. There was nowhere in sight for the familiar explosion to come from and so he became confused when he started hearing it again, and again. It became clear what was happening though when a hole was blown through the front of the ice and out stepped Bakugou, hands smoking and breath slightly ragged.

"He just... he just burrowed through the whole thing! How OP is he!?"

It seemed the stadium was holding its breath as Bakugou propelled himself into the air again, grabbing and pulling Todoroki down with him as he landed on the other side of the boy. "YOU... LOOKING DOWN ON ME, YOU MORON!"

Bakugou's voice echoed around the arena as he tossed Todoroki nearly halfway across the ring. Just before Todoroki was about to go out of bounds he made a blockade of ice behind him, stopping his flight and securing him in the ring, but he didn't stop then, using his new footing to ride the ice like a wave as he created a moving shard, just like he had in their prior fight. Only this time, the staircase didn't simply get him higher, it moved him towards Bakugou.

"HE AVOIDS A RING-OUT WITH A WALL OF ICE!! HOW THRILLING!!"

Bakugou dodged to the side just in time to miss the incoming punch and followed it up with a lunged explosion-packed attack. Izuku's mouth dropped open though when he saw Todoroki grab onto the others wrist, trapping his mobility. The stand-still didn't last long however as Bakugou quickly pulled away and Todoroki's moving wave of ice put distance between the two of them.

"You'll regret making a fool of me!"

Bakugou's palms started going off in rapid fire explosions, high lighting how pissed he was, I'll
freaking kill you!! I'm taking the first to end all firsts!"

"There's no point in winning against some half-assed punk! No point if I can't do better than Deku! So, if you're trying to win, get the hell outta my face!"

There was something in the way that Bakugou saw him as an obstacle that threw Izuku. Bakugou always made it clear that Izuku was far below him. Not even someone to be bothered with... so why was he being seen as something that he had to match up to?

"WHY'RE YOU EVEN HERE YOU BASTARD!?"

It was in that instant that Bakugou launched himself into the air, all fiery hot determination and anger.

"What the hell is he doing?" Izuku watched as Todoroki became frozen, eyes widening in realisation and he felt compelled to speak out, "DON'T YOU DARE LOSE TODOROKI!! COME ON, FIGHT!"

His words either didn't reach him or they didn't get through the loud whirling of Bakugou's explosion as it landed because it was only for a second that the flames threatened to flicker to life before they were extinguished as Bakugou made impact and the son of the number two became ground zero.

"In light of the festival, you'll have tomorrow and the next day off. Scouting reports and such from the pros will be waiting here for you after the break. So look forward to that as you enjoy your time off.

Everybody nodded and as they were dismissed Izuku stalled as his teacher came up to his desk. "Midoriya."

"Yes sensei?"

"Let's take a walk."

"Seven times! Isn't that something! I passed out seven times watching the festival!"

"Are you sure you're okay Inko? That seems like it might be bad for your health..." His aunt Iki sets her chopsticks down and crosses her arms sternly at his mother and Izuku has to suppress a laugh when Hisashi counter-attacks her mothers words.

"But Mama! Auntie Inko and Izuku always pass out! It can't be that bad!"

His internal laughter is cut off when the woman glares both himself and his mother down and he sends Hisashi a look promising pain to which the little shit (he can't complain he's the reason she's like this) does nothing more than stick her tongue out at him.

"Oh really?" He looks away, whistling as his mother gets berated for her lack of hydration and for watching even when it was putting her through so much stress. "And you Izuku, you really need to be more careful huh. You gave us all a heart attack watching your match with that Todoroki boy! Why did your quirk have to be so dangerous to control..."

"Anyway!" His mother claps her hands together, drawing the attention of everybody. Tsukauchi and Toshinori are coming over in twenty minutes to watch the full festival with all of us! Let's get this all
"tided up!"

"I haven't even finished eating though!"

"Yeah, Auntie! Neither have I!"

"Well then," His mother smirks, "You'd better hurry up then!"

Izuku looks at his own plate and then at Hisashi's to see that they're both stuck with green beans on their plates, the one vegetable neither of them like. The little girl gulps across from him, "Big brother... I bet I can eat all of the beans before you can!"

"You're on!"

"Are you sure you don't want anything for your hand before you go to bed Izuku?"

"I'll be fine! Goodnight Mum!"

He waved his mother off as he made his way into his room and he didn't get much further than collapsing onto his bed face first before he was violently flipped onto his front. He let out a small shriek and when he opened his eyes he found himself face to face with Nana, Mr.Kurodon and Tusaba who's expressions all radiated pure and utter disdain.

"MIDORIYA IZUKU WHAT ON EARTH DID YOU THINK YOU WERE DOING DYING ON LIVE TELEVISION! I AGREED TO LET YOU FIGHT TODOROKI ON YOUR OWN UNDER THE CONDITION THAT YOU WOULDN'T DO ANYTHING STUPID! KILLING YOURSELF IS DOING SOMETHING STUPID!"

"MY BOY, YOU CAN'T JUST SCARE US LIKE THAT! WE THOUGHT THE POLTERGEIST HOARD HAD INFECTED YOU!"

"YOU CAN ALREADY SEE ME MIDORIYA YOU DON'T NEED TO BE A GHOST AS WELL HOLY HELL!"

"I didn't mean to worry you... I didn't think you'd be worried I'll be honest."

"YOU MADE IT VERY CLEAR YOU WEREN'T THINKING AT ALL! IZUKU WHAT IF YOU HADN'T OF BEEN ABLE TO COME BACK! YOU NEED TO START TAKING BETTER CARE OF YOURSELF!"

When he exited his flat and made his way to the train station, Izuku cursed whatever had made him think having an argument with Nana was a good idea. In his annoyed and relatively pissed off state he'd left the house hurriedly- forgetting his umbrella in the process.

"I bet she's laughing at me right now..."

He pushed through the early morning crowds, which were sparser than usual, and made his way through the ticket gate and onto the early train heading into central Mufasta. Spotting a free seat he made his way over and collapsed onto the seat, before opening his rucksack and silently thanking the gods that be unknown for him having the forethought to pack his blazer.

Pulling it out he quickly slipped it on only for a semi-familiar voice to call out to him, "Oh hey kid."
Looking to the side he was shocked to see the same business man that had given him money for breakfast all those weeks ago.

"Hey as well..." He wasn't sure on what to say but he apparently didn't need to because the man continued.

"I watched the festival the other day kid. You sure did your year and your family proud didn't you? Guess that's just what you expect from U.A. though right?" The man laughed and even though Izuku didn't understand why he knew it wasn't with ill intent.

'Oh. That's right.'

Rifling through his bag Izuku pulled his wallet out and dug out a thousand yen note and tried to hand it over to the man. "This is for when you payed for my food. I couldn't pay you back then but- here. It's the least I can do."

The man pushed the money back over to him.

"It's fine kid. I told you to do good didn't I? Knowing that you can help somebody when they need help and not expect anything in return is how I see everyday heroism. So, you watch out for the little guy and let the little guy look out for you yeah?"

He could only mutely nod as the man smiled and they both faced forward once again. It was with great relief that Izuku watched Shinsou climb onto the train at the next station.

"Shinsou, over here."
Death may be your servant, but she does my bidding

Chapter Summary

Kudos to @WhenIDie for guessing the identity of the man on the train. None of you thought he might be anybody important, but in this train wreck of a story where I barely have any insight into what's going on know that somebody somewhere is important later on. Whether I know it when they're written in or not.

Also, this chapter isn't going to be from Izuku's perspective very much. It's going to be from a few other characters perspectives to enable you all to learn more about the story from an 'outside' view.

"Shigaraki, it's about the kid."

"What about Izu-kun. If you haven't got anything useful I don't want to hear it."

"Shigaraki- Boss, you know he's dead set on being a hero right? It won't matter if we take him or not- that isn't going to change."

"No. But my Izu-kun would never do anything to upset me- no matter how old he is he's always going to be like that. He proved that at the USJ. You're dismissed Giran."

Giran sighed, running a hand through his hair, before leaving the dingy bar that was the league's headquarters. As he stepped out of the bar, opening his umbrella, and into the rain he couldn't help but itch for a smoke. He needed to stop really, it was a disgusting habit he knew - and one that wasn't doing him any favours in the long run. But he needed something to distract him. Something to get his head out of the haze it'd been in.

He walked down the road, letting the rain pelt around him and stopped when he saw the accident site. It wasn't immediately recognisable but he knew everything that went down in this city's underworld including what went on with the Yūrei in his spare time. He'd met the kid personally twice now and twice he was genuinely surprised by what he found.

The underworld had a perception of the Yūrei:

A scathing force of pain, a demigod of death herself, an unstoppable force not of this mortal plane.

But he wasn't.

Midoriya FUCKING Izuku was a socially awkward kid that sometimes forgot to eat in the morning and tried to give money back to strangers when they helped him. He was the definition of kindness and he was almost too good to be true. Intelligent, diligent and with enough self-sacrificing tendencies to make a quirk like his actually work. If he'd found out about him sooner Giran would most definitely of tried to turn the boy; he knew all about his less than... legal methods.
However, not that he'd seen the human side of the ghost he couldn't help but worry for him. Shigaraki was obsessed, to the point that he had a man hunt out for the kid. And somehow, against all the odds, despite the fact the kid didn't apparently know he was being hunted down he'd managed to avoid everybody that was looking for him. He'd heard his man-child of a boss refer to Midoriya as a 'doll' which only further worried him.

It was like his childhood friend was nothing more than a plaything that once he was bored of he would break and then discard... but then there was the way the man spoke of him; like Midoriya was his most precious thing in the world. According to Kurogiri the boy had tried to the end to get Shigaraki to convert. Throwing himself of the Nomu before it tried to kill All Might just to prove a point.

"Young Shigaraki is... quite distressed by the events of the USJ I'm afraid."

"No shit, the kids best toy got broke by All Might. AND after the boss told him he could do it as well, of course he's gonna be throwing a tantrum."

Kurogiri's eyes flared and Giran remembered that the mist man was more the boys father than their boss was, he'd practically raised him for christs sake.

"Watch your tone Giran," he sighed, "No... the boy met someone from his past today. It made him quite... upset."

Hearing that Shigaraki held any emotions for his past life was extraordinary but to hear that it had upset him was, well it was unbelievable, " Who the fuck could he of met? His old man's dead right? The mother was never in the picture and he certainly didn't have any siblings."

"No. It was, well, as far as I can gather it was an old friend of young Shigaraki. One that he was quite close with before our master took him in. He seems to have a possessive fixation on the boy."

"Poor kid."

"Exactly..." He could hear the favour on the other mans lips, "Giran I must ask a favour of you. If you come across the Yūrei I need you to make sure that Shigaraki is not informed."

That confused him and he voiced it to the mist man, "Isn't that the opposite of what I should be doing?"

"No, the young man becomes more unstable than usual when around the Yūrei. I'm worried that if our master were to find out and dispose of the distraction..."

"It would tip the kid over the edge." He brought a hand up to his face, "Jesus Kurogiri what're we gonna do? We can't put on the pretence of a man hunt and protect this Yūrei at the same time."

"I know. I know that Giran and that is why we are just going to have to make sure no information that is found makes its way to Shigaraki."

"You want to lie to him?"

"No. I want to make sure that the man I raised isn't twisted anymore than he already is. You've
seen him when he loses his grip. When the Yūrei passed out from blood loss it was nearly impossible to stop him from raging. He holds this boy in deep regard and as you said- losing him would be what he needs to tip him over the edge. Something we can't afford."

All he had going for him right now was that the majority of the underground thought that the kid was either working for the Yakuza (and that sparked a whole other issue considering what was going on with them) or they thought he was some sort of demigod.

There was only so much he could do for the kid but he'd be damned if he let him get into Shigaraki's clutches.

_-*_

Laughter erupted throughout the bar and the drunkard in front of him jabbed a thumb at him as he turned to his friends and slurried through his statement, "Hey! Hey guys listen to this!", the others in the bar- all ranging from more sober than the man to far more drunk than him turned to look and listen, "This guy doesn't know who the Yūrei is! And! And he's claimin' to be a villain!"

A roar of laughter went up from the bars other patrons and finally having enough he grabbed the drunkard by his and slammed his head through the table he'd been leaning on. The resounding crash and groan of pain silenced all laughter, "All right, how about you tell me who this Yūrei then if he's so famous."

Some of the others in the bar rose to their feet and he laughed, lighting his hand up in his familiar blue flames and holding them close enough to start singeing the man on floor, "And don't even think of doing anything you might regret."

Dabi had heard of the vigilante, the one who couldn't die.

The child of Izanami, the one who stuck fear into the hearts of those outside of this city even if he'd made no move to expand his domain of fear. All he knew about him was that he was male, couldn't die and was a teenager. He'd also been on the prowl for roughly three years now- meaning given the reports he was about sixteen.

Having figured that out, Dabi had been gruesomely reminded of what he'd been like at that age. The dangerous things he'd done and the damage he'd caused wasn't something he was proud of.

However, he wanted to meet this supposed demigod. He wanted to know what made him tick, what made him decide vigilantism and mental torment and physical mutilation in the name of self-defence was going to achieve over becoming a professional hero.

Of course, the rumours surrounding the kid weren't always concrete. While it was true many of his 'victims' spoke of his skills with a blade, barley any claimed to of been physically harmed by his weapon and even more claimed that he was more efficient with his hands than he was the blade. It also interested him to know that the police were aware of this vigilante and were even letting him get away scott-free because of loopholes in the laws surrounding quirk usage AND non-quirk related crimes.
The kid was intelligent to say the least and the most Dabi had been able to get out of the people he’d already questioned was a rough description of what he did to people who crossed him and what he did to repeat offenders. One thing he could tell though, throughout the grandeur and speculation; the Yūrei only went after criminals and seemed to have a connection with the dead given how many of his victims claimed that when asked about how he knew things, he would always claim someone had told him, someone they assured him was most certainly dead.

Sometimes it would be victims, sometimes it would be family members and friends.

There didn't seem to be a limit to who he could contact.

Honestly, that fact alone scared Dabi shitless. Who’d come forward when he met this kid? The kids he'd killed to let Izuku escape? The man that his father had sent after him when he'd ran away from home? Little Shouto who their father had to of killed by now with his training, who would be haunting him because it was his fault that his baby brother died because he couldn't handle it?

Probably not Shouto... he'd be surprised if Shouto was alive and he'd be even more surprised if he was haunting him because the youngest Todoroki hadn’t even been that old when he'd ran away from home.

If anything, it was going to be one of the patrons in front of him that told the Yūrei everything he'd ever done wrong with the way the night was going.

He clenched his fist around the bottle of water he was holding, the plastic nearly giving out under his intense grip.

That was IZUKU on screen. That was his SON who just fucking died on screen. His QUIRKLESS, HELPLESS, PROTECTED and SHELTERED Izuku who was scarred and damaged and very much NOT quirkless and clearly not very protected or sheltered.

He'd left Japan because he knew the dangers that came with being associated with an underground villain. He'd left because he knew him having a quirkless son - if it had gotten out- would of caused Inko and Izuku to be hunted down, slain and strung up as an example of what happens when you have weak blood.

But apparently, apparently he hadn't needed to fucking leave after all.

Because there was his son, fighting the number two's son like it was a game to him! And his face was scarred on both sides; the left a ugly red blotch that looked like something had exploded on his face and the right a jagged bite-looking mark that stretched from under his eye to his ear that was about the width of his finger. And when the fire erupted from his opponent and his bandages seared off he could see the burn marks that trailed and danced up his sons arms, the knife wounds, the needle scars that one only got either from extensive doctors visits or intense drug abuse. He saw the marks that marred his sons flesh when his shirt slipped to reveal not just one horrid scar on his chest but what looked like hundreds.
And that was before he even zeroed in on the hand-print bruise on his son's shoulder, a mark that was clearly put there in an attempt to scare and inflict pain upon somebody.

Inko hadn't told him about his quirk.

Did she even think he'd care?

His wife hadn't contacted him in months but he'd thought she'd just gotten busy with Izuku joining high school. She'd told him their son was getting into U.A. but he'd simply figured it was in the general studies department... But, this revelation that he'd had to find out overseas via FUCKING RERUNS! Of all things only proved that she'd given up in him.

But... but this changed things. He could come home now. His family were safe now... However, they probably thought he'd left because he was ashamed so him turning up now would ruin things even more than they were.

Hisashi had to come up with a plan. He had to figure out a way to get his family back and he needed to know how long Izuku had had his quirk and more importantly... how he'd figured it out and why he hadn't been informed if his son had died.

-#-

"Izuku? Izuku are you alright dear?"

He looked up from his book, surprised to see Nana hovering in front of him. Since the sports festival they'd been keeping their distance- neither prepared to apologise for their actions/words.

"I thought you didn't want to speak with me."

He heard the woman sigh and tensed up before relaxing when she began to run a hand through his hair, "Why would I not want to speak with you? I'm just worried is all Izuku..." He could tell something was on the tip of her non-existent tongue and looked up at her when her hand froze, "There's something wrong with Tusaba Izuku. I know you've been busy this weekend, what with your job and the festival but... he's been acting strangely."

Now that was something, "What do you mean?"

"He's... It's like he isn't whole. Like his spirit is mixed in with somebody elses..."

"He never did say how he died did he?"
What's a supposed demigod to do when there's names to made?

Chapter Summary

Just one BIG thank you to everybody who reads my stories, you're all amazing, and I REALLY appreciate all of you being worried for me but I promise I am not over-exerting myself and I most definitely am keeping myself well hydrated and fed.

It's lovely to know you're worried, but you guys just focus on the story and I'll make sure I'm good on my end.

That's all! Enjoy!

"You look like you haven't slept. Are you okay? I mean coming from me that's-" "Can you see ghosts?"

Shinsou stalled next to him, and when Izuku looked over his shoulder he could see a mix of concern and surprise on the boys face. "Knowing where I'm from, and you're genuinely asking me that?"

He shrugged, "Not everybody can see them- most that can pretend they can't..." He shoved his hands into his pockets and looked away from Shinsou, kicking the ground, "It's a yes or no answer question really."

"Yes." He received a nod and that was the end of it and they continued walking, they moved from topic to topic and when they reached the front gate, Iida rushing past them with a good morning flowing behind him, they separated with small useless smiles.

"Hey Iida about your brother-"

He paused when he saw the split second expression on his friends face. That wasn't a good look, that was a look he'd seen on his own face one time too many. It was the face of somebody that was deciding to do something stupid. And it was something Izuku didn't know how to stop. "Oh! Tensei is fine, he's stable at least. I'm sorry if either myself or my brother caused you any distress Midoriya-"

He walked up to the taller boy, cursing himself to be average height in a class of giants, grabbed him by his shoulder and yanked Iida so that they were eye level. The class rep made a 'meep' at the action. "You're not a bother Iida. Shit- you should know that." He ruffled his friends hair in a very un-him way before walking off.

"_**_" "I had all these people talking to me on the way here! It was so strange!"

"Same here... so many stares! It was embarrassing..."

"Me too!"

"Some grade-schoolers told me I made a good effort... Oh! Hey Midoriya!"

He looked over to where Sero was stood in the middle of a gaggle of their classmates and Izuku was
viciously reminded of the deal he'd made before the festival. He was trying to be friends with people remember brain? He hadn't even started socialising yet and he already was regretting it. "Yeah?" He slipped over to his desk, dumping his bag, before making his way over to the group.

Ashido, Kirishima, Hagakure and Tsuyu along with Sero all looked at him expectantly, "You're pretty solitary right?" Ashido probably didn't mean to sound as rude as she did but he couldn't help but feel a bit put off, "What was it like for you with loads of people staring and stuff?"

He hummed, pretending to be thinking about it. He took the time to hide his twitching hands in his pockets. Something had happened the day before that was causing his hands to spaz out and he was angry that he didn't know what it was. "I didn't get any stares to be honest."

"What!? How!? You were in the top eight!?" The teenagers looked at him shocked and it was a quiet moment before he figured out how to phrase what he needed to say:

"I take the early train- cuts out most of the student foot traffic," Ashido cut in with a 'OH! I wondered why you weren't on our train anymore!', "Besides..." Now came the moment of truth and he looked to the side away from his classmates, 'I used to be a 'delinquent' and it kinda shows y'know? People always stare at me... I guess I'm just used to it."

"HUH!? SERIOUSLY!?"

Now he was confused and he looked back over to his classmates, "What?"

"You-" Kirishima's eyes were wide as he spluttered and fell over his own words, "You were actually like a delinquent? Like- real getting into fights and exclusion delinquent!?"

"Yeah?" he sighed, calling over his shoulder to the angry blond who was very subtly listening in, "Hey Bakugou!" the blond looked over with a spat out 'WHAT!? and his classmates attention was all called to him as he shouted across the room, "Was I or was I not a delinquent in junior high?"

Whether it was his words or the snort of utter humour that left Bakugou he couldn't be sure, but something had his classmates utterly and truly unnerved.

"A delinquent? You shitty ass you were a whole fucking gang in one person." Realising the classes attention was on him, Bakugou took the liberty to expose him even more, "This bastard took on five guys and sent them all to the hospital."

"Four actually," he mutters it to himself just a little too loudly because when he looks back up he's being given looks, "What? I figured from my appearance and attitude alone it would be pretty damn obvious."

It isn't so much a squeak that leaves Ashido's mouth and more a... well he just knows it isn't a squeak, "Well yeah, but, well it's still so weird to believe! Like- I just figured you were always in the wrong place at the right time kinda thing? I mean, the other week two guys came up and thanked you Midoriya..."

He can feel his face heating up which earns a comment from Tsuyu and Hagakure, which he ignores, and the pink girl continues, "But a delinquent huh? What made you want to be a hero if you were so dead set on being opposed to law and order?"

That's a valid question he supposes, one that he isn't too sure how to answer. Because how do you explain that you were killed constantly by bullies and classmates ('accidentally' when the abuse got too much) and that constant death made him not...him. Answer: YOU. DID. NOT. He has to resort to shrugging.
"That's such a half-assed answer dude." Kirishima's voice is loud amongst their group, "Does it have anything to do with... y'know?"

Now that catches some peoples attentions, but he can't actually get annoyed that the red heads bringing something up private in a roundabout way, "Yeah. It's to do with the thing."

"Thing?"

He spares a glance at Sero, sending a faux menacing glare that he can see actually scares the boy somewhat, "I'd tell you but then I'd have to increase my body count." With that he leaves the group, making his way back over to his own desk hearing the spluttering behind him and he's lying to himself if it doesn't bring a small smile to his lips.

The look Katsuki shoots him when he goes to sit down is a telling one. It reads something along the lines of 'We have to talk' and Izuku sends him a nod that's greeted with a huff that translates to 'Whatever' and he sits down just a second before everybody else runs to their seats to not be caught by a newly-unbandaged Aizawa as the teacher shuffles into the room.

"Great to see you out of your bandages Sensei!"

"You'll be coming up with your HERO aliases."

That sentence alone is enough to have the class in an uproar and chairs shriek and clatter as they stand up and cheer. Even Katsuki joins in, which is a surprise. But Izuku keeps himself sat down because he can tell the emphasis on the word 'hero' was meant for him. It's almost like a warning- he has to either manage his time very well for the remaining years of his life or he's going to have to give up vigilantism which - after all the havoc he's caused- would cause more problems for underground heroes than having a stupidly tight schedule for the remainder of his life would for him.

He thinks back to the chat he had with Aizawa-Sensei after the festival, and the message that was behind every word there rings in his head; Be smart about what you do.

He's going to be, he always is- even if his smart is less than conventional.

His class is silenced and he gets up from where he'd slumped on the desk as Aizawa cracks his knuckles, "But first... concerning the pro draft I mentioned the other day... It's based on who the pros think will be ready to join the work force after another two or three years of experience. So you could say its a way for them to show interest in your futures." The pro sighed, "But there's ample time for their interest to wane before you graduate. And any and all offers can be arbitrarily revoked. It happens quite often."

Behind him he hears a slamming noise before Mineta's whiny voice sounded out, "Stupid adults and their stupid whims!"

'You have no idea.' It's a stupid thought really, because he's only ever dealt with the worst of adults whims and he's never really been on the receiving end of a normal adults sudden change in plans and attitudes. He can tell though, from the way that Momo (who had actually taken him aside and given him permission to call him that just after the festival had ended (which was SUPER weird because that was what friends did.) sighs, that Mineta is overreacting for an ordinary adult's change in whims.

From the front of the room Hagakure speaks out, "So if we're picked now, that just means there'll be higher hurdles in years to come!"
Aizawa doesn't even spare the invisible girl a glance, though he looks more dead on his feet than usual so it can be excused, "Yes. Now, here're the complete draft numbers for this class." The projector comes on then, and the chart displays on the black board and Izuku is too filled with pride seeing his friends names on there to really realise he isn't. "There's typically more of a spread. But our top two stole the show this year."

"Gah! They're in a whole other league!"

"The pro's have no eye for talent..."

"Didn't they get first and second the wrong way around?"

"Guess they were just scared of the guy who was literally chained to the podium..."

"WHAT ARE THE PROS DOIN' GETTING INTIMIDATED!?"

He felt Mineta's hand on his shoulder, "You're not up there. Told you, you scared them."

The boys voice was too smug for his liking and so, with no hesitation, he looked over his shoulder and venomously spat his words out, "I don't see you on there either. Remember, you're on thin fucking ice. Don't give me a reason to break you."

The others hand was quickly removed and Izuku turned around to look back to the front as their teacher continued, "With that settled... whether you were picked or not you'll all have a chance to work with the pros." Aizawa slumped in on himself, in a way that was reminiscent of the ways Izuku had seen him when their paths strayed together on their patrols. "It's true you've already experienced more than most, but... seeing the pros in action and getting involved yourselves will be worthwhile training. Remember, your names are only tentative. But you still want to pick something appropriate."

"OR ELSE YOU'LL KNOW HELL!"

The arrival of a new voice brought Izuku's attention to the classroom door, where Midnight stood - thankfully devoid of the flogger she'd had in her possession at the festival. "The name you pick now... may end up being the thing the world ends up calling you. That's happened to plenty of pros out there!"

As the class noticed the arrival of the pro, the woman began to walk into the room as Aizawa passed responsibility over to her whilst he climbed into his sleeping bag. "What future do you see for yourself? The name you chose will bring you ever closer to cementing an image for yourself. Because names are capable of reflecting ones true nature."

Once again, he felt like his teacher was staring right at him as he spoke, the memories of when he had first started answering to Yūrei forming at the forefront of his mind. Yūrei or Ghost as it meant in English was a name he had never imagined for himself but since it had begun circulating he'd found that it fit him more and more. He had a contact with the undead and he himself wasn't exactly well, alive. Not to mention that he always found himself appearing and disappearing as easily as could be- which was odd even to him; but he didn't question his quirk very much.

"Think of 'All Might' if you want an example. Now, pass out the name cards and start thinking."

As he took the name card, and passed the others behind him he bit the inside of his cheek and scratched just under the scar on his left cheek in agitation. He hadn't ever had to come up with a name before... damn this was going to be a pain in the arse.
It took fifteen minutes for everybody to be done and Izuku found that -for once- his nerves were starting to get to him. How was he supposed to explain this name when everything surrounding it had always had negative connotations?

"Lets finish up. We can start with whoever's ready!"

Everybody waited for some kind of signal a 'Please put your hands up if you're done' kind of thing but when it didn't come everybody mulled in their seats until one person stood up.

'Aoyama huh? Can't say I saw that coming... he's spent his time in the background so far. Though-given what his file says this should serve to calm everybody's nerves...'

"Shining hero: 'I cannot stop twinkling'."

"IT'S A WHOLE SENTENCE!?!"

While the class was in a state of shock, Midnight seemed to of been faced with worse names because she took everything in her stride, "It'll be easier if you take out the 'I' and contract the 'cannot' into 'can't'."

"I see mademoiselle!"

Now that the ball had started rolling people were getting up freely. When Ashido stood up whoever that was when the names started going down slightly, in Midnight's opinion anyway.

"Okay, I'm next! Call me Alien Queen!"

'Huh... cool reference.'

Their teacher didn't agree because she immediately shot the name down. "From the sequel!? Is it because her blood was super acidic!? That's terrible!"

"Can I go next please?" All eyes jumped over to Tsuyu and Izuku found himself trying to figure out the English on the name board as the girl walked up to the podium at the front. But it was either bad English or he needed to invest in glasses because he couldn't make it out. (From all the injuries to the face and back of the head he sustained he probably needed glasses.)

"I've had this thought out since junior high. Call me Froppy."

"SO CUTE! IT MAKES YOU SOUND LIKE YOU'D BE EASY TO GET ALONG WITH!"

Midnight turned to the rest of the class then, "Take note everybody. This is a prime example of a perfectly lovable name!"

Next went Kirishima, "Call me Red Riot."

Midnight seemed to be the only one to catch Kirishima's drift because for the first time in the naming operation she smiled, "Red Riot! Could this be an homage to the Chivalrous Hero: Crimson Riot!?"

The red heads face lit up, and Izuku was distantly reminded of a Christmas tree, "Right! I know he's from back in the day but Crimson's the kinda hero I wanna be!"

"Heh," it wasn't the heroes usual smug laugh that sounded through the room, it was one that you'd associate with the proud teacher she clearly was, "Just know that bearing the name of your personal hero comes with a lot of pressure."
"I'm ready for that!"

It was like the floodgates were open then, and with each new addition people grew with confidence:

"Earphone Jack."

"Tentacole."

"Cellophane."

"Tail-Man."

"Sugar-Man."

"Pinky!!"

"Chargbolt!"

"Invisible girl!!"

"Creati."

"Shoto."

"Tsukuyomi."

"Grape Juice!"

"Anima."

"King Explosion Murder!" "No!!"

"Uravity."

"This went smoother than expected!" Midnight looked out over the class, "All that's left is Bakugou's revision, Iida and then Midoriya."

Izuku kept an eye on the bespectacled boy as he stood up and walked to the front, thrice he'd seen him rub out and rewrite whatever was on the board. Not in frustration that he couldn't get a name he liked, but more that he was having an inner conflict with himself regarding whether or not he should use what was on the board. It seemed he'd lost whatever conflict it was though, because when he turned the board around all that was on the class rep's board was his first name.

"You too huh?"

The boy nodded at Midnight and he felt the unspoken signal that it was his time to stand then. He double checked his board before making his way to the front. He placed the board face down on the podium, made sure he was composed before flipping the board up so that the name could be read by the class.

"Huh? Your nickname? You sure Midoriya?"

The irony was lost on the class and the two teachers present when he laughed. And when he began to explain he found himself avoiding everyone's gaze. "It's not so much a nickname as an insult." That drew a few breaths but he pressed on, "I used to detest it but... Since I've joined U.A. people haven't used it against me." He looked up now, keeping his gaze strong, "People in this class have
used it in a positive light and... the reason I became a hero was to help people that usually slip under the radar." He took in a breath, "A hero that doesn't do it for the fame or the glory and well... in the eyes of the hero business someone like that is defective." The word 'Useless' went unspoken but he could tell it was heard in everybody's minds. "So it's... my way of saying this is me. I'm here and I'm not going to follow you're rules."

He nodded to himself, "That's why I'm going to be 'The delinquent hero: Deku'."
Another sneak-peak chapter

A few comments have been against Izuku taking the name 'Deku' as his hero name and, while I get it, the next chapter will hopefully put your doubts at ease. This sneak-peak is part of the next chapter and a snipit of the scene in which Izuku explains his choice of names.

-.-

"You didn't go with Yūrei? Why though? That's your thing." Tsukauchi lent his arm on the table as he waved his chopsticks around.

Izuku poked his own into the takeout in front of him as he thought. Tsukauchi had picked him up after school because apparently his mum, aunt and little sister were going out for a 'girls' evening and had ditched the family dinner last minute. So, here they were, in a cheap little fast food restaurant eating food that was in NO WAY healthy.

"It may be my thing but it's like... the Yūrei is something that scares people. It's a name that makes people think twice about hurting people. It's like the vigilante version of All Might." His other father figure nodded though he still looked confused, "That's... That's not what I want as my hero image."

He stabbed his noodles and stared down at them like they'd insulted him as he tried to get the words to come out right, "I became a hero because I wanted to help people more than I ever could as the Yūrei. And- And I want my career as a hero to be separate than what I've done before. I want any achievements I make to be of my own effort as a hero, not influenced by the Yūrei."

"The way you put it Izuku, makes it sound like Yūrei isn't so much a name and rather a separate person."

"Isn't he though?" He kept his eyes averted, "You've seen me on nights where I go out for too long. I start to... I start to not be me anymore. It messes with my head- dying too much I mean." He could see his hand start twitching again and wasn't blind to see Tsukauchi's gaze fixing on it as well, "It's like I'm there and I can see and I can move and I can speak but... it's not me that's spewing the words out."

"The Yūrei is the worst part of me. He saves people, he scares criminals and he has a rep that makes criminals piss themselves when they hear his name. Me?" He finally met the mans gaze, and laughing to himself spoke again, "I'm just whatchs left over after the fact. I'm the scar-covered delinquent that goes around solving everybody's 'problems'." He punctuated 'problems' with another stab to his food, "Who doesn't ask for anything other than to just not-"

He stopped himself then, and found his mouth half open on the next syllable when he bit his tongue. He was going to say; 'Who doesn't ask for anything other than to just not be a failure.' but he refused to say that out loud. That would just make everything he was pushing past that more apparent to him.

"Who doesn't ask for anything other than to just not, what Izuku?"

He felt like a deer in headlights and tried to ignore the man, "Izuku. You can't ignore problems- it doesn't solve them. You know this."

He regretted speaking when he heard how choked up he sounded, "Y'know I'm a little bit tired of hearing that."
"Midoriya!" Opening the door to the classroom, Izuku surprised even himself when he didn't flinch at the sudden appearance of All Might and humorously he heard a few shrieks of panic behind him. At least it wasn't another whole year siege.

"My boy, I have to speak with you. Urgently."

"Sure. Lead the way."

"JUST LIKE THAT!? WHAT'S WITH MIDORIYA!? THAT'S ALL MIGHT!!?"

As they walked towards the staff room Izuku was quick to note that Toshinori was sweating bullets and as he picked up the pace to be at the same panic-driven pace as his teacher he made a quip to hopefully release some of the tension, "You keep sweating and Mum will get on you for dehydrating yourself."

Either Toshinori was too in his own head to notice and was working himself up more, or the fact that Izuku of all people had tried to lighten the mood had only made the man worse. "You've been drafted my boy."

His mentor muttered the words like they were poison on his tongue and as soon as the hero was through the door he closed it before promptly collapsing and deflating in one of the chairs. Izuku perched on the opposite couch, hesitantly because if something was scaring the number one then something had to be wrong.

"Your offer came in only a half hour ago... it's from one of my old mentors. He's in on the One For All secret so that's probably why he offered..." He watched as the skeletal man sighed, sinking into the couch with dismay, "His name's Gran Torino. He's-

"One of the largest heroes from the last generation, and he also worked with the last holder of OFA, helping guide and teach you."

"Midoriya my boy... how do you know that?"

He shrugged, "Ghosts."

His mentor gulped, and Izuku knew there was something concerning the power he'd inherited that he hadn't been told yet. "Right. Well anyway."

"You didn't go with Yūrei? Why though? That's your thing." Tsukauchi lent his arm on the table as he waved his chopsticks around.
Izuku poked his own into the takeout in front of him as he thought. Tsukauchi had picked him up after school because apparently his mum, aunt and little sister were going out for a 'girls' evening and had ditched the family dinner last minute. So, here they were, in a cheap little fast food restaurant eating food that was in NO WAY healthy.

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He regretted speaking when he heard how choked up he sounded, "Y'know I'm a little bit tired of hearing that."

"Izuku-"

"Don't." He refused to look away, "Don't pity me. I don't want pity alright?"

He bit back a curse when he saw his hand shaking like a goddamn leaf in the corner of his eye, Tsukauchi spotted it to and he lifted an eyebrow at it but didn't say anything. Stupid, stupid, stupid. Why was he shaking? Why was he getting so upset? As long as he didn't talk about it it'd be fine, right?

'That's the complete opposite to what you told Iida. Were you lying to him?' Not for the first time his thoughts betrayed him and it felt like a kick to the ribs, 'You always talk about helping people that can't ask for help. What was it you said about Todoroki? "He didn't know he needed to ask for help?" something like that right? Practice what you preach you hypocrite.'
"Izuku I'm not." He looked up (when had he looked away??) and found that in that moment he hated the others quirk, "I swear on my credibility as an officer- no. In fact," the other stood up and drew the attention of the two staff members behind the counter, "I swear on the years that I've known you and every damn scar you've earned in the interest of others that I'm not offering you pity. I'm offering you a hand to grab on to."

"You shouldn't be doing this Tsukauchi, you know by now that I'm nothing but trouble... you only hang around because of mum anyway. You should just leave me..."

He was shocked out of his head by a hand ruffling his head, "If you're going to be telling me how to live my life," he saw the soft smile on the man's face and he felt a blush rising to his ears. This kind of behaviour, he guessed, was what made the police department think that they were father and son, "You should call me by my first name. You're Izuku and I'm Naomasa. Alright?"

He didn't respond, unsure of how to exactly. Tsukauchi Naomasa only chuckled. "You're stressed and upset. That's fine. This isn't going to solve any problems but as long as my stance is clear we can work through them together properly."

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"I'm going for Mt.Lady!"

"You're thinking lewd thoughts again, Mineta."

"I AM NOT!!"

"You got pretty far in the tourney Ashido, it's strange that you didn't get any drafts. I mean, with Midoriya I can kind of understand his quirk is kind of hard to get used to."

"True... I can't believe he managed to keep it under wraps for so long though!"

"Hey! Deku," He looked up from his new notebook - he'd bought it not too long after the festival for two core reasons; 1) He'd realised that having pre-thought out strategies gave him more options to work with and 2) It gave him something to mess with when his hands started shaking. He still wasn't sure why they were shaking randomly or how long they were going to continue but Hisashi had prompted (a he was sure she was just like an ancient spirit playing with him for the amounts of infinite wisdom she spewed randomly) that maybe he was just stressed. "Have you decided who you're going with yet?"

At the question Ashido, Ojiro, Tsuyu and Mineta looked over and he found himself feeling like the first day all over again. He was just a bit of an oddity to people now- or that was how his mind was telling him they were perceiving him. He was the strange undying thing that had 'lied' to them from the first day... why wouldn't they feel like they had to keep an eye on him?

"I actually got a request." He felt smug at Mineta's dropped jaw, "It came in late."

"That's so cool! How sent you one?" Ashido's eyes, despite being nothing more than gold ovals on black, seemed to shine like spot-lights as she moved closer to Izuku.

"It's from a pretty old pro hero from the last generation- Gran Torino. He's a guy that doesn't get much advantage out of his quirk in fights besides added mobility so he's the perfect teacher for someone like me."

He realised how that sounded when he saw his classmates flinch slightly. Because of course, a hero that taught you mobility and how best to not get hit in fights would be perfect for a guy that died all
"Midoriya I have a question to ask?" Looking away from the awkward group in front of him he looked over to see Tokoyami watching with his arms crossed and Dark Shadow hanging over his shoulder.

"Sure, excuse me." He nodded to Ashido and the others as he squeezed past them and walked over to the bird-headed boy hearing a few mutters behind him.

"Even now I can't get a read on him! He's so scary and then he's just so... lonely?"

He bit the inside of his cheek- chastising himself for being that obvious. The more of an arsehole he was the less people cared. That was the point-and now that he was a half-way decent person everybody was noticing things.

"What's up?"

"I want to ask you about something I was researching the other day." He nodded and nearly choked on his saliva when the question was posed to him, "What do you know about Shizuoka prefecture and 'local occult children'? My folklore research has lead to me discovering that it's a coveted position that's passed on to those with extraordinary supernatural capabilities. I knew you came from there so I thought you would be aware whether it is still an active tradition."

Izuku had been so caught up with everything recently that he'd almost forgotten completely about his role as the local occult child. Shit, his surprise must of shown on his face because Tokoyami began pressing more, "If you know anything Midoriya I would be most great full to hear it."

'Think Izuku, think. How do you tell a guy that an entire prefecture is okay with 10+ year olds running around dealing with demons and ghosts? How do you tell him that the entirety of Shizuoka prefecture is a ghost haunting ground and most people can see ghosts but refuse to acknowledge it?'

His thoughts weren't giving him any help and so, against his better judgement, he went with what his instincts were telling him to say. "Bakugou knows loads about that. In fact, he can see spectres. I know he's unapproachable but in fact, he's actually just a tsundere. I need to go- I just remembered I have a meeting with Recovery Girl. It was lovely speaking to you Tokoyami bye!"

With that he began to speed walk to the door, feeling laughter echo around him and for once, he was glad that some ghosts decided to stay hidden because he really didn't want to have to explain that he was glaring at dead people and not his innocent classmates. He reached the door, opening it as quickly and non-violently as possible only to come face to face with Aizawa.

"Problem child."

"Sensei."

They nodded and Izuku didn't say anything else as he slipped out of the room and headed in the complete opposite direction of Recovery Girl's office. God, the roof sounded so nice right now.

"-*-"
over in an instant. But that wasn't what he was here to contemplate.

He heard a beeping from the inside of his pocket and pulled it out to see his medicine alarm going off. He actually did have an appointment with Recovery Girl, concerning the -in her opinion- unusually high doses of medicine he was being expected to take and the unexpected effects this could have on his health.

He hadn't found the right moment to tell her that that was the whole point. Sure, it was in his records that he'd been part of an experimental quirk trial but he wasn't sure if it specified exactly what that trial was for... he really hoped it did because he could only imagine what that conversation was going to be like. He turned off the alarm and climbed off of the railing.

He'd better head down to the infirmary, if he didn't someone would just go looking for him. "Midoriya Izuku correct?"

He froze, unsure exactly of where the voice was coming from. The only thought in his head was the possible warp villain from the USJ, "I can assure you Mr.Midoriya I don't mean you any harm." He spun violently to spot a small white... mammal perched on the railing. It looked like an anthropomorphic rat but also had the body of a dog and, well whatever else it was made of. "My name is Nezu and I am the headmaster of this fine establishment."

He found himself relaxing ever so slightly, and now that he thought about it he did know that voice. It was one of the voices you always heard on the U.A. adverts. He kicked himself when they stared at each other for a few seconds, before forcing himself to bow but it was awkward and couldn't of made it anymore obvious that he hadn't bowed in ages.

"No need for that my boy, we both know that isn't your style." he stood back up, hiding his hands in his pockets just in case they started shaking. Now that he remembered the head teacher had an intelligence quirk, "I came up to find you actually. You were supposed to be in Recovery Girl's office for a meeting I believe- but she informed me that if you were late it was probably because you liked to take a breather on the roof."

He felt an itch at the back of his head that told him something was about to happen, "Like I said, I came looking for you. How about I accompany you to Recovery Girl and before you go back to class after lunch we have a chat?"

"Sure," he could see a humoured glint enter the animals eyes when he finished, "Sir."

"You've got your costumes, right? Wearing them in public is strictly prohibited, but don't drop them."

Izuku held his costume case lazily in one hand whilst the other held his phone as he texted his goodbyes to the people he hadn't had a chance to see before today. He closed his texts with Shinsou just as his class cheered something along the lines of 'YEAH!'

"Don't slur your 'Yeah', Ashido. All of you on your best behaviour! Now go."

'God, what a mother. '

Turning away from his teacher he looked around for one individual in particular that he needed to talk to before he left. There.'

"IIDA!"
The boy stiffened in a way that wasn't unlike the first day in 1-A after Izuku had threatened him. It felt horrible to see someone he held in such high regard feel like they needed to be wary around people he was sure he knew was safe to be around. Iida turned around and Izuku saw that look again; the stupid look. Or, as Nana was dubbing it right now next to his ear, "It's the Midoriya Izuku look."

"If it gets too much, even if you just feel shitty and don't know why, if you feel in any way like you can't cope - you can talk to me and Ura. We're your friends and, it's only what's expected of a friend."

"Midoriya, Uraraka. Thank you. I'll be sure to take you up on that offer if I need to."
"Problem child."

Izuku looked up from his phone, the chat with Shinsou closing, and at his teacher. He was the only student left waiting for the trains and Aizawa was clearly itching to ask him something, "Yes Sensei?"

"Nezu turned up after school the other day." The mention of the anthropomorphic head teacher sparked a lick of fear in Izuku. He was intimidated by the head masters sheer intelligence but also, he was struck down, by how much the mammal had accomplished through sheer pettiness and hatred. It was a bar that Izuku aspired to one day reach. "He asked me to allow for time to be taken away from your time in home room so that you could continue you your 'chats' with him. You didn't do anything illegal - I would of heard about that... so what'd you do to catch the guys attention?"

As he tried to think of how to answer that question the conversation played in his head:

"You're a rather interesting young man, Midoriya. You've been treated as a human experiment for a few years now haven't you." It wasn't even a question, and his previous worries were confirmed as the mammal continued, "Your medical records state such, and Recovery Girl has begun to have her suspicions concerning all the medication they're having you take."

Izuku nodded, kicking up the imaginary dust on the floor, as they sat in the head masters office after his quick check up with the healing hero, "Tell me, why exactly do you allow yourself to be used like that? What is it that makes you think the potential of dying is worth it?"

That stumped him and he had to genuinely sit there and think. It had never really occurred to him not to do the trials and the only reason as to why he ever thought doing them was worthwhile was... well he supposed it was because he thought it could help if someone else got a quirk just like his. But that was stupid now that he thought about it because the chances of someone getting an identical quirk to his - in every sense of the word identical- was less than 0.1 %

You had more chance of being born quirkless three generations from now than you did of getting an exact copy of his quirk.

"There was never really a reason to not do it. When they proposed the tests I was..." he paused, "In a situation that I'm not out of the woods of yet. And it sounded appealing to learn about this thing that meant I couldn't die... And, well, I guess I just figured that if down the line someone else gets my quirk they wouldn't have to go through that."

The - he was just going to call him a rodent now- rodent hummed, bringing a tiny paw up to hold his chin like he was deeply interested in the half-formed thoughts that Izuku had forced off his heavy-
laded tongue.

"I was" a test subject for many years Midoriya, as I'm sure you know," he was sent a look that let him know his 'snooping around' had only happened because it was allowed to happen, "And I believe I may be able to understand your stance on the situation. But let me tell you; it's never worth it. You have such an interesting quirk at your disposal and yet you allow humans to squander it all in an effort to kill you or not."

There was a sigh and Izuku suddenly felt like he'd disappointed everybody he'd ever knew, "It truly is a shame. However I have a proposition. How would you like to help me with my research?"

"What would you want my help with?"

"Asking the important questions, good." There was a wicked looking grin then, "That's an important skill."

"I'm well aware of your prefecture's... more satire reputation. But I'm interested in the strange exoccogical readings there. Those are-"

"'Ghost' readings. Sir, you're asking me - knowing who I am- to help you with ghost hunting?" It was almost comical.

Except, Nezu was very clearly serious, "Who better to ask than the Yūrei themselves?" There was an unspoken 'or', "Would it be better though if I consulted you on the matter through one of your other professions besides technically legal vigilante?"

He felt his hands stop twitching in his pockets, "I don't usually do work for free sir, but with this being your school and all, I guess I can squeeze some work in among the regular blessings and exorcisms."

"I hope we have a deal then?"

He pulled a hand out and held it towards the rodent who placed his paw against his palm. Closing his hand around the paw Izuku shook on the deal.

"He just wanted to know how I was doing- psychologically and all. Apparently hounddog and my psychiatrist know each other."

Izuku could tell Aizawa didn't believe a word that came out of his mouth but he nodded, "How come you're still here anyway? Did you miss your train?"

"Oh!" Izuku looked around, acting as if he wasn't already aware he was the only one there, "I factored in traffic and stuff so I'm just here super early."

'I also don't want any other incidents at train stations but at least with this much time to spare I can give a statement and make it on the train in time if it does...'"

"Just try not to get killed, alright?"

"Got it Sensei."

-#-

It took him forty minutes to get to his destination. Forty minutes that were wasted by reading a new tome in yet another dead, foreign, language that he'd probably never need but would be important
"I am very interested to see how Gran Torino has changed over the years... he was quite the hero in his youth..."

Izuku was an expert by this time in his life, at walking talking and giving ghosts his undivided attention while also giving them no attention at all. He hummed at Nana as she mused about her old friend in front of him. Izuku was switching between the map on his phone and the hand-written instructions in Toshinori's shaky and fear-filled hand-writing.

"Oh..."

Hearing the unique mix of confusion and disgust in Nana's voice Izuku looked up and made his own version of the ghostly woman's 'Oh' when he saw the sorry state the retired pros home was in- or at least the building he was having Izuku board in.

"Well, I've seen worse... but pro's salaries even when retired wouldn't dry out after a single generation... right?"

"I don't believe so..." He and Nana shared a look, "I'll check to make sure we have the right building and that the stupid man isn't trying to scare you."

All he did was nod and place his phone back in his pocket as he watched Nana float straight through the front door and he heard her sigh before her head was even through the door properly, "He is playing dead, with sausage links as his 'guts'.

"Wow... Toshinori told him jack..." Or, maybe his mentors fear was so immense that he'd told this Gran Torino what he deemed important and then ended the conversation. "Whatever..."

Pushing the door open he was surprised that the wood held up as he shoved his shoulder into it to get the room exposed to natural sunlight in what smelt like actual years. Walking into the room he closed the door behind him, walking over to the closed curtains and opening them - coughing at the dust that floated up into the air at the action. As he opened the window he called over his shoulder.

"You can get up now Gran Torino. I know you're not dead. There's too much blood for a fresh kill and it doesn't smell of rotting flesh- only of slightly off produce. By the way-" He looked over his shoulder to see the old man trying to maintain his dead body act, "Those are so clearly sausage links."

There was a grumble and the man sat up from the puddle of what was most likely costume fake blood, "Too sharp for a kid..." was muttered and relayed to him through Nana but he ignored it in favour of opening more blinds. "What're you even doing kid?"

"The dust'll kill you eventually unless you air the room out-" He stopped realising how much like his mother he was then, "Besides - your the host the least I could do was open the window on a sunny day for you..."

A cane (almost as big as the man was tall) appeared out of nowhere and Izuku tried to not be viciously reminded of Recovery Girl's walking stick of impending doom. "And who are you supposed to be?"

"Midoriya Izuku. U.A. student, you drafted me?" He was trying to test the waters on whether the man was truly senile or if this was just one of his trials by ordeal that Nana had forwarned him of.

"Who?"
“Try the title I told you about.” He looked just over the man’s shoulder, something he didn’t seem to miss - so being senile was probably a ruse, and the look he sent Nana asked if that was really the best course of action, "Only Torino knew about the title, even Toshi doesn’t know about it. This will prove whether he’s testing you or not.”

"Who are you son? I'm a bit-"

"The next champion of Shimura Nana."

The very dust in the air stilled and it was only due to Nana’s warning that he narrowly dodged Torino’s turbo-boosted jump and kick. No words were exchange for a few seconds, and it wasn't until Izuku had somehow managed to dodge everything the old man could seem to throw at him that he gave up and used his words instead, "How do you know that!? Shimura's been dead for close to thirty years. You're one of that bastards little spies aren't you?"

There was a vicious fire in the man’s eyes and Izuku knew that if he didn't convince the man soon he’d end up probably in a continuous loop of dying until he wasn't him and then they'd have problems. "Nana told me about the title! She gave me permission to use it!"

He dodged and rolled over to behind the couch and he heard the tiles on the floor shatter as Gran Torino moved around, "Lies! She's dead!"

"I'm -" He swore as Torino's hand brushed his blazer and he removed the constricting fabric and threw it in the man's face as a distraction as he moved to the other couch, "I'm from the Shizuoka prefecture! I'll get information that can convince you!"

The jumping stopped and as he peaked over the couch he saw how destroyed the room was and watched the old man crouch on the back of the other sofa contemplatively, "What's the name of Shimura's granddaughter."

'Hana. Her names Hana, someone knows about her.' But then, he can see the look in the man’s eyes, he doesn't even think Nana has a granddaughter, 'Why does nobody remember her?'

He was about to respond when he caught himself, Nana looked lost as well, but then it hit him, "You want me to answer I don't know or call you out on the fact that I couldn't possibly know that or that it could be a lie- but Nana died before her son was an adult she wouldn't know the name of her grandchild never mind its gender. Me answering would only make it obvious I wasn't trustworthy."

There was something close to a look of approval in the other's eyes behind his mask, "What’s the name of Shimura's student?"

"Toshinori Yagi."

That seemed to seal the deal, "So he trusts you enough to tell you his name? Huh, the kids gotten softer as the years have gone by..." Torino climbed off of the couch, "Now," he pointed his cane at Izuku, "Tell me how you know that title. You said you're from Shizuoka prefecture? What's so special about that?"

"We can talk to the dead."

It was comical once again, how simple the reaction was. "Oh."

-#-

"So, Toshinori's taught you the basics but hasn't what? Taught you to incorporate it into anything
that isn't a punch or kick?"

"That's right. All I've really used one for all, for is to add power behind a jump or a hit. Nothing more."

The older hero shook his head, "That damned fool- can't teach to save his life. You're lucky you know how to control this much at least. Where are you at, 30? 40 percent?"

"15-20%"

"Jesus fucking christ. I'm an old man not a miracle worker."
DO NOT READ IF YOU’RE AN ANIME WATCHER AND PLEASE DO NOT READ IF YOU DON’T WANT SPOILERS FOR THE LATER CHAPTERS IN THE MANGA

OKAY, SO I CAUGHT UP ON THE MANGA AND UM?? SHIGARAKI HAS A SISTER!?

SO NOW, I HAVE TO GO BACK AND CHANGE SHIT.

IF YOU GET A HELL OF UPDATES ON THIS STORY IT’S BECAUSE I’M PUTTING SHIMURA HANA IN THIS STORY BECAUSE SHE HAS MY LOVE AND APPRECIATION.
A/N It was pointed out to me

It was pointed out to me that when I change something/update an already published chapter you guys don't get told.

Which confused me but whatever (I'm still too used to Wattpad) so there's only two chapters that have been previously published that have been updated and those are chapter 4 and chapter 39.
"Alright kid, get on your costume." The old man leant from side to side looking around, "You did bring it correct?"

"Yep." He slung the rucksack off of his back and dropped it to the floor, the bag giving a bang which caused an eyebrow to be raised.

"You have a body in there kid? Sounds pretty heavy."

"Only my regrets and mistakes." He didn't look up as he dug around the bag for the small container that contained his suit, he chose to ignore Gran Torino's choked out laugh. He hadn't taken the liberty of bringing the whole costume case because it would of been too clunky and being unaware of how much he was going to have to move about- he'd decided the best cause of action was to pack light. He had enough clothes for this week, sanitary products and a towel plus his suit so he'd be fine.

He was wearing his costumes boots instead of his school shoes as well to keep the space taken up manageable. "Here." He pulled the one piece suit out and folded it over his arm as he stood up, "Do you have a room I can get changed in?"

"What? Not comfortable getting changed in front of others? I guess I can understand - I am a stranger. Through the door on the next."

"Cool," he nodded and made to the door mentioned, "And it's not that I'm uncomfortable - it'd just make you uncomfortable."

"I'm done." He stepped out of the spare room, closing the door behind him as he entered the main living space and fiddling with the finger-less gloves on his costume as Gran Torino looked him over, "Where are we going anyway? It's illegal to use quirks in a public space without a license."

"You know your stuff, that's good enough," the man nodded to himself before leaning heavily on his cane, "To answer your question-" Izuku caught the cane in one hand as it was thrown at him and Gran Torino landed and sat on the wall above the front door, "We aren't going anywhere. If Toshinori hasn't taught you anything but the basics I'm going to have to whip you into shape..."

"I feel like I should be intimidated by that last sentence..." Izuku turned to put the cane down somewhere it wouldn't get in the way when his body worked on sheer instinct and dropped to the ground. A shattering of tiles next to his head as Torino landed and jumped again told him why. Scrambling to his feet he found himself brandishing the cane like a makeshift staff, "This shit again!?"

A smirk curled onto the old mans lips, "Never turn your back on the enemy kid. First rule of heroics. What're they teaching you these days?" Izuku side stepped the next jump and hissed as Torino's foot clipped him and sent him into the wall when he bounced again.

"Certainly not how to deal with-" he ducked, getting into the centre of the room and just realising that Torino had moved the coffee table to the side of the room, "creepy old men who want to turn my head into plaster!" He brought the cane up behind him on auto-pilot and heard more than saw the splintering of the wood.
"You've got good instincts kid," Izuku turned so that while Torino was stationary he could keep him in his sight, "But you need to use one for all. Fire off a real attack!"

'What can I do without destroying the building... He's waiting for me to move... or is he trying to lure me into a- stop letting him in your head! Keep moving and think as you do!'

Izuku's thought finished at the same second as Torino launched his next attack, like the few times where he'd somehow managed to become completely one hundred percent focused in a fight everything moved in slow-motion.

First, Izuku felt the air still and then he was reminded of the severity of the situation as the old man's hand reached out and instead of going for the obvious ploy; Izuku grabbed his foot.

His hand latched around the boot and he embedded his fingers with one for all and he could see Torino calculating his next move.

It still seemed like everything was moving at a nanosecond and as Torino moved his other hand to grab him Izuku faked another drop to the floor knocking the older man off because he was no longer in control of his body before using one foots worth of one for all to flip Izuku into the air above Torino.

The world sped up then as Torino smashed into the ground face first due to the loss of control and sudden infliction of gravity. Izuku released his foot at the last second and jumped to his feet and jumped back before the old man could even get a chance to react. He stood there, chest heaving, and watched with cautious eyes as the man didn't move. He wasn't about to go near him in case this was a ploy, this was all too convenient.

Then, a groan rose up from the crumpled old man on the floor and he pulled himself up. "Damn it kid, I thought you said Toshinori hadn't taught you anything. That's some advanced fighting... kid?"

It clicked in his head that he wasn't still in a fight then and Izuku relaxed himself, Torino started walking over to him -pulling a new cane out of seemingly thin air, "Where'd Toshinori even find you? A fighting ring?"

He could tell the question wasn't a joke and Izuku forced himself to laugh, "Under an underpass half dead." Torino's concerned look spurred him on, "He... He hasn't told you anything about me has he?"

There was a huff as Tornio stopped in front of him sizing him up, "A little, but nowhere near enough apparently."

"I figured as much when you played dead." He fiddled with his hands, the stupid things were twitching again, "If you'd of been told what you need to be told you wouldn't of even thought of doing it."

"One improvement I have is to try using your original quirk along side one for all because as of now?" Torino walked over to the front door opening it and calling over his shoulder, "You're treating it like it's something unique- something separate from yourself."

"You make it sound so easy... my quirk it - how do I even explain it?"

"You think of that while I'm out. I'll be back with some food later. Clean up would you?"

"Sure."
"I get it... you're the ones who assaulted U.A., and you want me to join your little gang..."

Stain watched Shigaraki lean on the bar's counter - relaxed and very much in control of his actions.

It was a distinctly different image that he'd been supplied with when he'd heard about the masterminds protege. The entire underbelly of Japan knew the young man was unstable (more than most) and right now his insanity had him focusing on an legend among villains and crooks. The Yūrei was - apparently, though Stain was less keen to believe this fact- a young man, a teenager, who went around coming back from the dead no matter how he was killed. And he used this power and his uncanny ability to commune with the dead to hunt down and keep criminals in check.

Stain was more inclined to work with someone of that disposition than this league, however they were presenting an interesting offer, "Yeah exactly. When it comes to being evil you're a pro."

"And what exactly are you after. I can't work with people with unclear motivations."

"Well, we want to kill All Might eventually. But I also want to destroy anyone and everything that annoys me and gets in my way."

"Like... this brat for instance," a picture of a young blond boy in an U.A. uniform was held up between two of Shigiraki's fingers. "He's a promising villain, yes, but I have personal reasons for wanting him dead."

That was striking every wrong chord in Stain and he expressed as such by slamming his hand onto the counter, the bang caused the glasses on the wall to rattle slightly, "It's ridiculous that you had me interested for a few seconds. You're haah... You're the type I hate the most."

"Huh?" There it was, the psychotic tone that the man across from him was known for, it was almost childish- like a brat demanding their toy when they were supposed to go to bed.

"As if I'd team up with some temper-tantrum throwing brat... Bloodlust without conviction is meaningless." He pulled out his blades, "With your obsession with the Yūrei I would of thought you would of understood that." He levelled his blade at his ex-potential employer, "Mist man take me back to Hosu."

"God it's just like when I was a kid... Tenko and Hana always broke shit..."

"What... What were they like?"

Izuku tenses from where he's investigating the sorry excuse of the broken microwave. He looks over at Nana and she- she isn't crying (she's only ever done that twice) but it's something so close to it that he forgets just for a second that she's dead and not alive and very much not there. "I... I never got to meet them and I didn't- I didn't even know I had a granddaughter. He-my own son didn't even tell me Izuku. Please. Please tell me!"

The sheer desperation in the plea is more than enough to have him bending over backwards to help quell the horrible feelings that must be welling up in Nana.
"I... Tenko well he, he was always strange. Always kind of possessive -like a toddler but I think that was more because Hana and I were really all he had. He- he was my best friend though and because he was older he always promised to become a hero and help look after us..." He could see it in his minds eye. Before all the 'doll' crap and the stupid and creepy having to keep Izuku to himself thing started Tenko was a shining star.

A pillar of comfort and something to latch onto as he found out his life was essentially forfeit.

"And Hana?"

"Hana... I-I don't know what it is but nobody talks about her- there's nothing that says she ever existed besides my mother talking about her and this - there's an old photo I found of the three of us. I can't really remember her very well. I think something happened to her when we were really young because in a few of my later memories of Tenko she isn't present. But what I do remember..."

Izuku frowned because there really wasn't a hell of a lot for him to remember... His comment earlier was connected to a memory of her- but it was foggy like his mind was trying to stop him from remembering it.

Like it didn't want him to remember her.

"She looked just like you," a sharp inhale of useless breath drew between Nana's non-existent teeth, "And she was really kind. She was one of the only people to say I could be a hero even if everybody at the time thought I was quirkless. To her we- both Tenko and I- we were the greatest thing on earth. I think..." He tried to cling onto the scrap memory fragment that was trying desperately to get away- but he refused, "I think she taught me how to make flower crowns."

Nana's expression didn't drop, even as that useless fact slipped through his lips, "It's stupid I know, to remember something like that but... Nothing else enters my mind. It's like she just stopped existing. The memories are bouncing around my head- but everytime I go to grab one they just push off one wall and onto...the other..."

"Izuku?"

"Nana I just had an idea, and I need you to tell me I'm stupid because if you don't I might just go through with it."

_-*_

After Gran Torino had returned they'd eaten and had sat down for what Izuku was presuming to be the all important talk they needed to have. He'd been proven wrong when Torino had done nothing but ask him questions regarding to everything but what they needed to talk about.

Izuku was still reeling over the fact he'd just fought off a crazy old man with nothing but gravity and sheer force of will. It wasn't even ten at night when it happened, his schedule was moving up apparently.

"I know I told you that you weren't crazy," Nana floated in front of him, "But I'd like to recant my statement."

"Too late now. I'm already out the door." He was, in fact, no where near the door. "I'm doing this. You can't stop me now."

"Izuku."
"Nana."

He forced the door open as quietly as the thing would allow and closed it behind him in much the same way. It was only when he was outside and the chill nipped at his exposed skin that he realised he should of invested in a scarf. 'But then that's a strangling risk and you've already proven to have a neck that's apparently very attractive to those that like to strangle people.'

'Since when did my thoughts start being in third person?'

Before he could get a whole other level of subjective he decided to shut his mind off, choosing instead to voice his thoughts to the wind, dying walls and empty street. "I've got to stop thinking of this as a separate entity to myself. It's an extension of myself now... just like Rebirth." He made his way to an alleyway down the street between dilapidated warehouse one and slightly-less decapitated warehouse two.

"And just like with Rebirth," He studied the walls mentally seeing his path, "I'll just have to get better through exposure. There isn't a handbook for this kind of thing- right?"

"I didn't write one."

He looked over his shoulder as he stretched his legs to see Nana floating and crossing his arms,"But you aren't crossing out the possibility?" It was supposed to come out as cheeky but the ghost was clearly not in the mood.

"What are you going to do with Tsubasa. You said you'd speak with him after the sports festival, you did and now he isn't anywhere to be found."

"I told him to find me a way to help him rest and he said he'd come back when he found one. I get you're worried Nana but..."

"We've been over this Izuku, I am not angry that I am unaware as to why I cannot rest."

"You sound angry to me." He muttered to himself and when his feet didn't do as they were told and he smashed face first into the wall he cursed Nana and her stupidly good hearing.

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Izuku looked up from his place on the floor as Gran Torino came down the stairs, "You're up early... what the hel-I mean heck happened to you kid!?"

He waved the hero off, good naturally, "Myself and the wall down the street had a disagreement." He tried to laugh but his sore chest made it sound like a chocked out wheeze, "As you can tell; the wall won."

He pulled himself to his feet, using the couch as leverage, picking up his notebook that he'd been scrawling notes in for the past two hours. Checking the clock he noticed it was seven o'clock. "I decided to take your words to heart, tried my luck at using one for all like my own," he motioned vaguely at himself as he shuffled to the kitchen and began pulling out the equipment to make food for the both of them, "This was the end result."

"That's just how it is." He heard the old man moving around behind him, "You'd be hard-pressed to get that kind of thinking out of Toshinori. He could manage it just fine from the start. I had teach him in a completely different way to you- even if you do have a basic level of control over the power."

He looked over his shoulder briefly to see the man was behind him, leaning on his cane
contemplatively, "In fact, the only thing he had going for him was his body."

He looked back to the cooker and broke two eggs open in the pan before turning back to Torino, "Are you talking about when he was in school? He never mentions that- he's too busy using those 'Teaching for dummies' books to really tell anecdotes."

"I used to spar with him until he threw up." Torino hummed.

'Kind of makes me understand why he's so scared of him...'

"I couldn't half-ass his training though. Nana entrusted him to me, as I'm sure you're already aware."

He spared a glance to Nana as she sat grumpily at the table, she was refusing to talk to him because of their little argument yesterday and he had to remind himself that this woman was once the most powerful force to ever be; and not just a pouting thirty-something year old who argued with depressed teenagers in alleyways over the fact that they wanted to test video game logic in the real world.

"Toshinori's never mentioned Nana." That seemed to shock Torino, "Nana showed up when I was in the hospital - after I'd met Toshinori- and she's followed me since. We have an agreement, of sorts. All I know is that somebody wants one for all to stop being passed on and that Toshinori is too scared to tell me."

"I'll ask again kid," Torino looked flabbergasted and Izuku could tell he was trying to get his bearings, "Where the did he even find you?"

"DELIVERY FROM AMAZON!"

"I'll get it, could you watch the eggs?"

He made his way to the door, opening it and ignored the way his scarred up face made the man rebuke slightly, "Thanks, have a nice day." He received a numb nod as the deliveryman handed the package over and turned around quickly.

The package was heavy in his arms and when he got into the house, shoving the door closed with his back, he dumped it cheerfully onto the dining room table. The soft thud didn't even cause Nana to acknowledge him. "You have a new microwave."

"I know. I had to order one after my last one somehow broke yesterday!"

'Don't play dumb you old fool... ' he sighed in his head, 'Whatever. I'm not gonna win this fight anytime soon.'

"Why don't we put some of the frozen Taiyaki that I bought yesterday and have it for breakfast?"

"But I just made you eggs."

"What're you going on about?" Looking over he felt his mouth threaten to unhinge as there was a full carton of eggs on the counter, even though there were two missing just seconds prior, and there was no frying pan in sight.

"I was literally gone for ten seconds max, what the actual fuck."

"Heat em' up!"

Seeing no other option Izuku got the box out and put them on a plate, sticking them in a microwave
and seriously hoping that the food disappearing act was all Torino messing with him and him not finally losing his own mind.

As he waited for the pastries to cook he pulled at his lip, hissing under his breath when the pull made his face ache. 'No matter what Torino said, Rebirth isn't a compatible quirk to base my adaptation to one for all. And it could be years before I make any real progress that way anyway... I'll need to learn to becomes as accustomed to it as breathing.' He checked the timer.

'Realistically I have twelve years to catch up on, fifteen in some cases... That's going to require a lot of work and thinking. But to draw on more than fifteen percent... it's not impossible but most certainly not easy... My body could possibly handle it- my hand didn't shatter when I used twenty percent. But I've never used it in more than one place before; other than when it was in my foot and fingers. But those are small risks. What about in a fight and I need to use it all over?? The ding of the microwave roused him from his thoughts. 'I feel like I'm overthinking this entirely.'

"How I love these modern times!" Taking the dish, table cloth between his hand and the plate, he placed it on the table and dished out the sweet pastry. "Why the long face? Just sit down and enjoy these piping hot- COLD!"

"Huh!!" Izuku's eyes snapped up to his would-be mentor who looked scandalised and stared at the Taiyaki like it'd just personally offended him. "No way..." He stood up, reaching for the plate- brow twitching- "I'm convinced I heated the on defrost."

Torino hobbled over to the microwave, knocking his cane against the floor with two successive thuds, "Look you dummy! You crammed them on a plate that's too big! They can't spin if the plates too big- only one side gets heated! You ever used a microwave before??"

'I literally made you fucking eggs! And they.FUCKING. WENT MISSING! I am not equipped to deal with this.' He didn't express his angered thoughts though, simply settling for the drummed out, "The microwave we have doesn't rotate."

'oh. That could work...'

...

......

..........  

...............  

'OH. THAT COULD WORK.'

"Gran Torino I just might of figured out how to get this training to work."

"Oh?"

He focused his mind of keeping his limit at five (no need to get reckless) and flooded every part of his body with one for all. Immediately he felt nearly overwhelmed with the sheer force the quirk exuded. "Can you even move like that?"

"That's what I need you to help me find out."
"Flooding your whole body with fifteen percent of one for all... You sure about that?"

"No." He managed to grit his teeth through it. He never felt the pressure of one for all colliding with Rebirth, but now that the quirk was writhing around him in full force he could feel the two pressing against each other- butting heads. One, something that literally contained his entire being and his life force, the other a parasitic thing all its own that needed a host to live and develop.

All Might had called it a stockpiling quirk, gaining more power the more it was handed down and he had to question, did that mean it took parts of and replicated a previous holder's quirk? And if so, was that the reason his quirk was fighting so badly against it?

"But I've lowered the percentage to five. No point knocking down a street if I don't have to."

"Alright," The cane was once again dismissed to where ever it went, "let us see if you can keep this up. You aiming for three minutes. No losing this flood of power. Got it?"

"Okay..." He tried to not sound too strained.

Torino guffawed at him, "Try and hit me in the next three minutes. Like you did yesterday- but know I've learnt from that."

'Of course he would of. He forced the All Might to fight to the point of puking in his prime... intellect and analysis worked well yesterday but instinct will also come into play today.'

"SHOW ME YOU CAN LAND A HIT!" His eyes didn't have chance to track Tornio's movements because he was already bouncing around and Izuku was trying to breath and not let him limbs actually shatter under to force of five percent of one of the most volatile quirks ever.

He didn't get chance to move before he felt the boot make contact between his shoulder blades, and his tense figure left him unprepared. He canted forward due to the blow, hitting the floor with a thud- but he didn't lose his hold on his power. He felt more hits as he tried to not look like a pathetic child curled up on the floor, "What a shame! If you can't even react to this, how are you going to be able to help the people who need saving!?!"

'He's right... I rely too much on my quirk and Nana... for fuck sake! Get a grip of yourself. You're Midoriya Izuku- you make grown men in dark alleyways piss themselves at the sight of you! You're the thing that people fear meeting alone at night if they have something to hide! So why the fuck are you letting this retired pro treat you like a doll?'

"Anyone hoping to be praised as the symbol of peace... Had better be ready to overcome this much!"

'I don't want to be the symbol of peace... but I need to get up. I need to do something! I can't just sit here and take hit after hit- I need to do something!'

Izuku spotted his opening, and as soon as Torino's feet weren't on the floor he dived under the couch, thanking whatever god granted him good fortune that he was lanky enough to fit under the thing. He took the few seconds of peace to steady his breathing- making sure he hadn't lost control of one for all in any part of his body- before counting down in his own head;'

\[ Five, four, three, \]

"Hoping to buy time under there!? Utterly foolish! I saw you!"

\[ Two... \]
"You'll get no extra time on my watch!"

'Oone.'

He didn't waste any time, sending his fist flying up, the force taking the couch up and forcing Tornio to give him some more breathing room.

"Woah! You got me..."

He could see the cogs turning in Torino's mind and didn't give away any more time than he'd already lost. 'Now to put last night to the test!'

Just like he'd seen Torino do; he pushed off the floor with his hands and feet acting as launch pads and foolishly sent a faux hit Torino's way. He was sent through the air, missing the man by mere centimetres and when Izuku crashed into the floor he wasted no time in getting ready to jump again. "Close one." He wasn't sure who was talking, Torino or himself.

He turned his head and when Torino launched himself forward he did the same thing, going for another faux hit and just like yesterday the man completely misjudged his next move. He copied his move yesterday, but this time he had more finesse as he threw himself over the top of Torino, hand reaching out to hit the hero in anyway. He felt the retired hero jerk away just as skin-to-skin contact was made.

He was about to righten himself, preparing for a third, and final, attempt when Torino was suddenly feet first in his stomach. He crashed to the ground in a pile of groans as Torino's lofty voice spoke out above the ringing in his head, "That's three minutes..."

"Crap." he tried to sit up, barley managing it with the overwhelming pain that blossomed across his sternum. "Just preserving that state," he could feel his breathing raging, "It's super fucking hard." He could hear an amused huff from Torino and guessed it was purely from how tuckered out Izuku sounded.

"Analysing and predicting to find my openings... that judgement... You seem like the type who's always thinking ahead kid."

"Not really." He waved a hand in the air, imitating wafting away flies, "I have experience in fighting with people bigger and stronger and scarier than me. No matter how much training or lack thereof that a person has, its all the same."

He forced himself to his feet, "You use your quirk heavily in a fight- you're all about momentum. Like I found out yesterday if I ruin your momentum it throws you off- because nobody can usually think or move fast enough. As long as someone can surprise you they can get a split second advantage."

The cane thudded again and Izuku resigned himself to not asking where it came and went from, "That sounds like constant thinking kid. I checked your notebook before- you try and act like a delinquent and I admit, you've got the looks and would-be attitude of one, but you're just a swat with an authority problem."

"I've been told that's part of my charm. My therapist says it really disguises the self-hatred and crippling anxiety."

He recieved a wack to the lower back via cane, "And I'm telling you that whilst you're under my tutelage you lose it."
Hisashi tried to repress the joy that bloomed from his chest as he stepped onto Japanese soil again. It'd been so long that he'd practically forgotten the sights and the smells and the best thing of all; hearing his native language float through the air.

Of course, he was fluent in English but that didn't mean he enjoyed hearing the harsh and confusing language all day every day.

He tried to keep it together. He needed a game plan, because he knew for a fact Inko wouldn't just welcome him into the flat she'd told them they'd moved into. He didn't blame her- he just wanted to see his son and his wife again. Inko was an understanding woman, she'd understand right? When he sat her down and explained that yes, he'd gotten involved in shady stuff but he wasn't like that anymore. And yes, he'd left but it was to protect both her and Izuku from-

And there it was, the burning betrayal that was his sons quirk.

He hadn't known.

Nobody had told him.

"First flowers." he mumbled to himself, "Then a text message to let her know I'm home."
"Time for phase two! The actual internship!" They were out of the door almost too quickly, "And that means hunting down villains!"

Izuku tried to muffle his disdain, his bones- fucking bones!- were creaking like he'd just turned three hundred and his muscles were threatening to kill him with every small movement. He was more than sure that this regime wasn't at all healthy for a growing child but he put up with it- anything to get stronger and, anything to get his mind off of the fact that Nana was ignoring him and off of Tusaba's news.

The information had left a dead taste in his mouth- mildew and sewage seeming to come together and die in his mouth as his tongue became lead.

His old friend was a Nomu.

His old friend was a Nomu- the thing that Ten- Shigaraki had used to try and kill Toshinori.

That meant that Tusaba had been taken, hurt and tortured and then killed and mutated. And forced to co-exist with the others that died for a distorted cause. That's why he was so off; it wasn't just Tusaba's spirit anymore. As long as his Nomu walked around, Tusaba wouldn't be able to rest.

"Already?"

He kept pace besides Torino as the old man practically flew down the stairs "No offence or anything, but I think my heart may actually give out this time around. I stalk my pray at night, in comparison this is going through the grass blaring Havana at full volume."

"Havana?"

"A western song."

"You've got experience fighting villains though haven't you," Torino looked over his shoulder, "This shouldn't be too different. This time around you'll be using a quirk in combat."

"All that high-and-mighty talk, but he's not even past the small potato stages..." Kurogiri repressed his flinch as he watched Tomura dig his fingernails into the still bleeding wound on his shoulder, "It's almost precious how hard he's trying..."

In an attempt to distract his charge he tried to keep the younger man's attention on him, rather than on his injury, "You shouldn't criticise him too much." It didn't work and Tomura continued to worsen the injury.

"The cities he's appeared in have had a drop in crime rates- attributed to more hero awareness."

"Well, that's great! So much for putting a stop to heroism! Hero killer? More like hero breeder!" The more Tomura talked the more apparent it appeared that the man was slowly spiralling into one of his more violent- and child like- moods. "At least indirectly..."
"I knew it... we're just too different deep down. Pisses me off... As if I'd let him get away with stabbing me like that. If he wants to go on a rampage we'll let him... ha ha ha... Kurogiri, lets get the Nomu's here."

Something dark and sinister overcame his charge- a poorly imitated yet equally intimidating version of his masters ill will- "We'll see which one of us can cause more damage. I want to burn this city to the ground and with it I'll crush your pride and dignity Stain!?"

"On your phone again?" He spared Torino a glance before returning his gaze to the lit up screen.

Iida hadn't responded in the past three days and Izuku was intimately aware of the stages of grief and the depression that sunk its claws into people after horrific events such as the grave injury of a loved one. Iida was at the stage where he was pushing people away; believing that dealing with it on his own was a much better strategy than actually talking about it. 'I guess we're the same in that regard...'

"My friend," He pocketed the phone with a short huff of annoyance, "His older brother was the Hero Killer's latest victim. He can't be a hero anymore and it's hitting him hard. He's refusing to accept help though- I'm just trying to make sure I don't miss him when he needs me."

Torino gave him a levelling look, "You try to act like a delinquent and then act like a very soft young boy who hasn't dealt with half of what your skin says you have." It was said with a degree of amusement and a further, stronger, degree of questions.

Izuku was in the midst of deciding whether or not to answer when the train lurched forward and he barley stopped himself from going face first through the seat in front of him: "Passengers please remain seated. We're making an emergency stop-"

The intercom didn't get the chance to finish before it was drowned out by the sickening sound of metal crunching and collapsing in on itself and the screams of scared and injured people. Before he could think, he was at the hole in the side of the train making sure nobody was hurt.

"Who's that!?"

"Must be heroes!"

Just as Izuku turned to tell the passengers to back away he stopped catching sight of a hideous thing in his side view. "Nomu..."

The Nomu wasn't like the one from the USJ, this one was tall and lanky. Pale and sickly looking with two pairs of eyes and a horrendously human looking mouth. The thought to engage the threat hadn't quite clicked in when Torino was flying past him and out of the train, taking the new Nomu (who he was calling Nomu 2.0) with him, "Watch out kid!"

"Gran Torino!" His mentor rushed off, fighting the beast and disappearing from view. A sight in the distance caught his eye. "Hosu in flames..."

He was out of the train cart and hurtling towards the rooftops below in mere fractions of a second, 'IIDA!'
he decided to use his new found one for all powered agility to make a headway on the roof.

'They're all running away from the city centre so whoever released the Nomu must be there... what if there's more? I didn't get any feelings connected to Tsubasa with the one on the train...'

Jumping down from a particularly low building he landed on what probably used to be a walkway and was now crunched up concrete and a would-be ledge. "What're you doing there kid!?" He spotted a few heroes in the fray, the one shouting out to him being Manual, "Get to safety! This is no place for interns!"

Looking at the carnage he spotted at least two new Nomu's.

"Holy shit..."

"Kid!" He turned and on instinct (and some well timed party tricks) he managed to slice through the Nomu's outstretched hand with his switch blade. The Nomu squawked - and when it's hand didn't grow back Izuku took it that not all of them had regeneration quirks. "Kid... Kid get out of here!? Where's your mentor!?"

He jumped from the perch he'd found himself and next to the hero who was looking at him incredulously, "Dealing with a third Nomu... it attacked a train south of here!"

"Nomu? Is that what these things are called!?” They dodged back from a swipe from the handleless one.

"The people who attacked the USJ? They used these things!"

"Forget about yourself for a second and try saving others. Don't wield your power for your own sake."

Izuku cursed himself, if he hadn't gotten so caught up with the Nomu's and the weird feeling he'd gotten from the one with wings, a feeling he was sure had to be Tusaba (despite the fact the boy wasn't anywhere nearby), he could of been here already.

Using his newly acquired technique he bounced closer to Stain, and felt sick when a twisted version of his own ethics spewed from the monsters mouth: "Acting out of hate and your own self-interest... makes you the furthest thing from a hero. That's why... ...you have to die." At the speed he was going it was hard to make out specifics, but he was pretty damn sure the hero killer had brought his blade to his mouth and his friend had gone as stiff as a board on the floor.

"Consider yourself... a humble offering... to the betterment of society."

"IT DOESN'T MATTER WHAT YOU SAY NOW- YOU'RE STILL THE CRIMINAL WHO HURT MY BROTHER!"

"Huh?" Stain looked up at the last second and Izuku felt, for the first time, some kind of enjoyment at seeing the pain that rippled through the mans face at the force behind the 5% punch. 15% would probably knock his head clean off...

The force knocked Stain's blade out of his hand and sent the man stumbling away from his friends incapacitated form.

"Midoriya..."
He got his feet on the floor, moving his centre of gravity, "I'm pretty fucking sure I said if you needed any kind of help I'd be there. This qualifies as needing help y'know."

"But why!?"

He kept his eyes on the Hero Killer, wondering absently how his hood hadn't fallen yet, "It was on the news... sixty percent of all the victims were found behind blind turns in alleyways or deserted areas." He risked a glance to see Iida's pleading expression, "I've been scouring everywhere near 'The Normal Hero Agency' that matches that description looking for you. That's why."

He didn't realise how venomous the word was until he spat it out. It was every insult, every ignored concern, every misdeed, every misgiving that he'd ever endured rolled into one word in the hopes that somebody would just understand that this was stupid and pathetic and unnecessary. "Can you move? If so, run and make for the main road- the pros aren't too far."

"I-I can't... his quirk, he cut me so that's likely his quirk."

'Iida lost the ability to move after he was stabbed and Stain brought the blade to his mouth. Ingestion of blood... Oh. That's... that's a lot of ghosts.'

Now that he could focus in on them, Izuku didn't think he'd ever seen so many around one person. Civilians, Hero's, sidekicks and more surrounded the Hero Killer. Dead eyed and simply hovering. It was the ultimate poltergeist hoard and Izuku was more scared of what the ghosts would do when angered than he was of their killer.

He could hear them now as well, now that his attention was on them. They pointed at their murderer -as if accusing him of his unspeakable crimes;

"Straight through the heart..."

"I had a wife and daughter to support..."

"It was just a cut... and then- then he killed me!"

"One slice and you're over! OVER OVER OVER OVER OVER!"

"They mentioned something like that on the news..." The ghosts continued, ranting and raving-feeding on Stain's excitement and Izuku's fear of them and their unspoken power. Nana hadn't accompanied him- too annoyed with him- and now he was on his own facing a hoard and their killer. He noticed another hero just a ways ahead, cursing himself for not noticing him sooner.

"Midoriya... don't interfere." He looked back at the boy on the floor, pure anger pulsing through his veins, "This has nothing to do with you!!"

"What're you saying... do you want me to let him kill you!?" Izuku could feel his outrage seeping out in waves, the ghosts closest to him reacted to it- seeming to grow stronger just floating there. Fuller, more human. Poltergeists fed on human emotions after all, "If you're going to be telling me how to live my life," He grit his teeth and turned away- forcing his anger to crawl back in and devote itself to every horrible non-lethal injury he could inflict on Stain, "You should call me by my first name, Tenya."

"Such a good friend, showing up and proclaiming you're here to help. But it's my duty to kill these two and if the two of us were to fight then naturally... the weaker of us will be culled."

"So. What now?" In any other universe Izuku would of been scared shitless, his knees would of
started shaking and the very air would of been pressed out of his lungs. But in this universe, Izuku had died too many times to be scared of someone like Stain. So instead of crying out for mercy or challenging the man he pulled his phone out his pocket and with one hand texted Todoroki his location and said one thing, "What're your names."

"Huh?"

"Huh?"

"Izami Giran.", "Dachi Yukozome", the ghosts continued to name themselves until on name stood out: "Hachisuka Kuin"

"Tell me Hero Killer, Stain," he saw the man's eyes light up in recognition as he seemed to realise he wasn't some little boy running around in a costume. He'd been made aware that he was being looked for- by the league of villains and Stain so he knew the man would know him, "Do you know Hachisuka Kuin? Because she certainly knows you."

"What're you-"

"And she's very angry about what you did to her, and so's everybody else." It wasn't fear- "The Hero Killer doesn't show fear."- but it was close enough, "Did you know that everybody you've killed is here right now. You won't know most of their names Akaguro Chizome." He brought his blade out, pulling his hood down so that the man could see his face clearly. He wanted the man to know exactly what was going through his mind at every second of this fight, "But they know yours and they know every little secret that you think nobody was there to witness or hear."

"You... The child of death... To think you would be a hero in training..." It was akin to awe.

"I told you to run Izuku! This is none of your business!"

"Bullshit!" The anger surprised even himself and he was shocked to find himself fighting back tears as he looked at his friend, the shock clear on his face, "This became my business the second you decided to go and get yourself killed! This became my business the second my best friend decided to become a martyr and for what!?" He spewed out the poison, "I've died Tenya- at the hands of people like Stain, at the hands of people who don't have a cause and it's all the fucking same! You think dying is, what, going to make your brother proud?"

He forced the tears away but Tenya couldn't and behind his glasses his eyes were like leaky faucets, "You won't. You won't make him or anyone proud and I've got so much more that I want to beat into that stupidly smart head of yours but not right now." He turned his body towards Stain fully, the ghosts no longer flanking their killer and more so creating a ring around him, one for Izuku to enter and fight in.

"You wanted to meet the Yūrei didn't you Stain?" He flourished a bow and opened his arms, "Well here I am. So if you think I'm going to stand here as people need help and ignore them because they're too boneheaded to accept it; then you have no idea what you're about to face."

"Ah..." Stain's voiced grew giddy as Izuku launched himself forward then. Close to the ground, keep moving, don't let him hurt you. He imagined Nana's voice because he knew he'd never be able to disappoint her and if she wasn't here he'd just have to pretend, "Good..."

He added one for all into his legs last second, aiming for the gap between Stain's legs so that he could slip through. "CAREFUL IF HE CUTS YOU-!"
'If he cuts me.'

He threw himself forward then, moments before Stain's smaller blades were drawn, sliding through the gap between his legs slicing his own blade across the monsters calf. The effect was instantaneous, the older stumbled and Izuku copied the move he'd pulled on Gran Torino to use one for all to push himself into the air and slam feet first into Stain's back.

The force sent the hero killer crashing into the floor, Izuku didn't care to realise he'd used more than five percent. His mind was too hazy and angered to pay attention to specifics like that. He landed crouched close to the ground, preparing for his next move when his body went rigid and didn't want to respond, "No..."

Stain lowered the blade from his mouth and from what of his body he could see, Izuku couldn't find any injuries. The man pulled himself up, and either the blood helped rejuvenate him, or he'd trained himself to walk with injuries like the ones Izuku had inflicted. "You lack full control of your strength... But you tracked my movements, exploited my blind spots and took me down with purposeful bloodlust..."

Stain crouched in front of him, "Yūrei, you don't disappoint at all do you? You moved in the way that a hero is supposed to. Most people nowadays are all talk; like little Ingenium over there, but not you. You've never used this strength before, raw human- quirkless strength has taken down mountains of men... Join me. You hunt down those that are infections upon this world and you nip them in the bud, join me and I will teach you all you would ever need to know."

He didn't laugh, though he wanted to, instead he spat out all the blood and spit in his mouth onto Stain's face. The man rebuked before standing up, "There is no point killing you either way- but your friend most certainly needs to die." He turned and started walking towards Tenya.

"Don't!" Now fear entered into him, not just for Tenya but for every living thing in the alleyway. The poltergiest were having a gluttonous feast with all the fear and anger in the confined space and Izuku had been a fool to allow himself to be injured like this because now they were forming a clump just next to him and the screams and anguish exuding from them made him wish he couldn't hear.

"Izuku!" he felt incredulous as Nana's voice rang out, convinced he'd finally lost it and his mind was trying to cope, "Izuku what the hell were you thinking?!" He realised he was in fact, not insane, when Nana's ghostly profile appeared in front of him. She put her hands on his face looking at him like he was mad, "The hero killer... why do I always abandon you when you need me!? I thought I would teach you a lesson- that you needed to do something on your own... But then Torino had left the television on and I knew. I knew you would come for Iida."

He just kept staring ahead,"Everything will be fine, I saw something on the way here."

"DON'T TOUCH HIM!" His eyes found Tenya's terrified ones and despite all his friends bravado and how it was none of his business Izuku could tell Tenya was begging for help. Just as the blade was about to come down for the killing strike flames shot down the alleyway forcing Stain to jump away before he could strike Tenya.

"One after another... so many interruptions today..."

"Midoirya." Mirth entered the voice, "Learn to write more specific instructions. I was almost late."

'Thank god my hunch payed off...' He watched as Todoroki stood tall, flames licking across his left side while the ice on his right counter-balanced it, *Todoroki you really have changed.* 'He chuckled
quietly to himself "I'm not here to make friends" my arse. Nobody was willing to get close enough.'

"Todoroki... you too...?"

Izuku couldn't help the grin that spread across his face and he guessed, with the fire dancing in his eyes and his scarred face he must of looked deranged, "Took you long enough. I see you have your fire."

The boy gave him a look, one that Izuku wasn't sure if it was mild amusement or mild irritation, "It took me a few minutes to figure out exactly what was going on. I hadn't given anybody my number and all it was was a location." The fire flared slightly, "But then I realised that if there was anybody that would do something so spontaneous and cryptic it would be you."

He stamped his foot to the ground and ice started to shoot across the floor, "I figured it meant you needed help." The ice encased around him and before he could so much as blink Todoroki was running past him with his flames in full force, "Don't worry in a few minutes the pros'll be here."

The mixture of fire and ice sent Izuku sliding back behind his classmate and he awkwardly rolled to be next to Tenya on the ground, he was surprised suddenly by the fact that feeling was starting to return to his limbs.

"It's just like the reports said... but you aren't killing them today, Hero Killer."

"Todoroki, if he ingests your blood you're done for! It's his quirk!"

"Explains the blades... I just have to keep my distance..." As the words left his mouth a blade went flying past his face nicking his skin. Izuku watched, helpless and with dead arms coming back to life, as Stain came in for the next strike.

"You've got some good friends... Ingenium!"

A fraction of a second before another blade was about to hit him, Todoroki created a stalagmite of ice which reflected the blades blow. "Above you!" The Katana was whirling through the air, a killing arc for sure, but at the same time that the duel quirk user noticed it, Stain moved in for a chance to steal some of Todoroki's blood.

Izuku tried to force his limbs to work and hissed as he felt his arm move underneath him, at the same time the fire on the boy in front of him flared to new heights forcing Stain backwards. He leapt forward once again and shattered the ice barrier Todoroki created, but jumped back and put distance between the two of them regardless.

"Why...? Both of you..."

Izuku wanted to scream at the pain that his muscles caused at the movements he was forcing them to do, he felt Nana's ghostly hands linger on his shoulder and as he tried to get his knees to cooperate he was sure she was somehow helping lift him, "Just stop it... I've inherited my brothers name... he's mine to... I have to do this!"

"Inherited his name? That's weird..." The boy let off another powerful ice attack, "Cuz the Ingenium I know never made faces like that. Guess your family's also got a dark side."

"Todoroki..."
The ice shield that the boy created was slashed to pieces just as Izuku managed to get woozy feet under him. He was crouched like he had been before, not quite on his feet properly when Stain's words gave him an idea, "Obstructing your view when up against an opponent faster than yourself, poor strategy indeed."

"You'd think so... Huh!?" As he got to his feet, head banging like a base drum, he made sure his knife was tight in his grip- the familiar panic that he lived his life in enveloping him just like it silently had at the sports festival in that fateful match.

"Todoroki..."The boy looked quickly, shocked, over his shoulder, "His quirk... it has a time limit - probably depending on blood type." The two fallen behind them listed their blood types,"That isn't going to help us however... We need to hurry and get those two out of here."

"He's quick enough to react to both my fire and ice- so I'm not seeing any openings. Until the pros get here I don't see any other choice than to hold him off and keep dodging." It was well hidden, and to anybody else undetectable, but Izuku saw how scared Todoroki really was. His hands were shaking minutely and it wasn't from the cold his quirk emitted.

"You have too much exposed blood. I'll serve as a distraction while you provide backup support."

"A pretty risky plan..." Todoroki looked at him, "But I'm guessing that's not all." He nodded and the boy continued, "The two of us then, will protect them."

"Two-on-one huh? At least you aren't naive."

"Keep in mind I can be a human flash grenade okay?" He muttered lowly and didn't wait for a response as he threw himself towards Stain and just as the killer was about to try and slash at him, he forced his own blade into his chest.

The pain didn't last long, he didn't even think.

Just pressed the button.

The blinding light that emitted from him blinded Stain enough for him to use his newly found energy to his advantage.

"Now!" He wasn't sure who he was talking to anymore, because at the same time that Todoroki let out an ice attack the ghosts seemed to respond to his command and encircled their killer. And just because Stain hadn't noticed their presence before didn't mean he didn't notice them now.

"Stop it! I can't take it!"

"If you want to stop this," Izuku bounced away and landed on a wall waiting for his next chance to attack and he relished in the way Stain's eyes seemed to go every which way to try and glimpse his invisible tormentors who tried to grab at him and scream at him but it fell on deaf ears and their hands weren't corporal enough to do any damage. He was barley even aware of Todoroki speaking, "Then stand up!"

Stain broke away from the poltergeist's in a frenzy and Izuku tried to reach him in time, but knew he
wouldn't "TODOROKI!"

"NEVER FORGET WHO YOU WANT TO BECOME!"

Izuku cursed and tried to somehow just breach the gap between himself and Stain. The hoard was following their victim but they were so far gone that Izuku had no doubt the utter feeling of despair that engulfed someone submerged by a hoard would infect Todoroki as well.

"Hasn't anyone ever told you, that relying too heavily on your quirks makes you sloppy?"

'It's going to take his arm off?"'

"RECIPIROCO BURST!"

A bright flash of blue and grey flew past him just as Izuku managed to crash to the ground, and when he got to his feet he saw the Tenya had managed to smash Stain's Katana in half. The force of it sent Stain flying into the wall. He scrambled over to Tenya, "Holy hell, you can break metal at that speed!?"

"Midoirya you were right... his quirk does have a time limit. That means we should be able to hold out then."

"This had nothing to do with either of you... so I'm sorry."

He didn't let the boy finish, slapping him on the back of the head and causing both boys to look at Izuku with shocked wide-eyed expressions. "Not this shit again. You want to make up for this?" He made sure his centre of gravity was secured as his eyes never left Stain, "Then you show me you can be a hero. You prove to that sad pile of shit that he's wrong about you."

"I swear... I won't let either of you lose anymore blood here."

"It's no use pretending. A person's true nature is not so easily changed." Stain's sneer grew, "You're a fake who prioritised his own selfish desires! A cancer on this society warped by "Heroes." Someone needs to correct the system."

"So you're a fundamentalist? Get with the times." 'Holy shit that should of not sounded so cool as it did. How did he do that???', "Iida. Don't even think of listening to his so-called reasoning."

"No." Izuku looked to his friend, head down and fists shaking, "I have no right to call myself a hero... still, I won't let him break me. Because if I break, then I've failed at everything the two of you stand for. And if I fail at that, then Ingenium is really dead!"

"You're hopeless."

Todoroki's wide fire attack shut him up before he could speak anymore.

"Idiot! He's after me and the guy in white armour! Forget fighting back! Just get out of here!"

"Oh yeah, like I'm going to listen to someone telling me to leave them to die."

"I don't think he'll let us anyway." Todoroki poured more energy into the fire, "He went through a change a moment ago. He's all fired up now."

-#-
"Two jumps... I'll use the ice as a platform in between... And then hit him again.'

Izuku looked at his friends, 'They'll be fine. Come on Izuku- you can come back but they can't and every second you waste is just one less second they have to live.'

He leapt up, envisioning in his mind a mental movie of how fluidly Gran Torino had moved and attempted to emulate that. His feet left cracks in the wall when he bounced off of it and when his feet hit the ice that also sustained cracks. He nearly let out a laugh though when he saw Tenya aim right at the hero killer with the exact same move he'd used on Todoroki in the sports festival. But this time, the aerial manoeuvre actually had some air to it.

They met in the middle and Stain's head whipped to the side from a ten percent punch while his body went in the other direction courtesy of Tenya's knock out kick.

As they fell Stain frantically went for one last slash, "I will defeat you! This time for sure! You, as a criminal and me... as a hero!"

"KEEP HIM ON THE ROPES!"

Stain received on final hit and seemed to go out like a light.

As they feel Izuku felt his arm pulse like it'd been ripped off and beaten around before being reattached. He let out a gasp of shock when the cold of the ramp Todoroki created to catch them reached him through his costume. On the way down the slide he knocked into Tenya.

"Get up! He's still..."

He looked up at where Todoroki's line of vision was and let out a hissed breath he didn't realise he was holding when he saw not only the hero killer lying, hopefully, passed out on ice but also the hoard had diminished. Without their victim to torment they no longer held any power. "Please tell me he's out cold. I think I might just stay dead if he's pretending."

"Let's tie him up and get him out to the main road. See any rope we can use?"

"Here," He pulled out rope from his utility belt (he would NEVER be able to say that with a straight face), "And we should probably take his weapons as well."
I want to sleep, cry and most certainly NOT die

"Todoroki please, allow me to drag him."

"But your arms are still all messed up."

Izuku focused on not letting the pro hero on his back slide off as his friends started to argue quietly about who was supposed to be dragging Stain, "I will actually throw you both into the dumpster I swear to god."

His friends give him looks before softly snickering to themselves, the pro on his back starts to murmur apologies, "Sorry... I'm a pro but all I did was get in the way." The get out of the alley, mulling about at its mouth unsure what direction is safe to head in. Nana is fluttering around checking all of them to make sure they don't have any hidden injuries.

"Even in a three-on-one fight we just won because he messed up, don't worry about it."

A feeling of utter fear shoots up Izuku's spine and before he's aware of what he's doing he's sliding the hero to the ground and quietly slinking back into the alleyway, "Midoriya? What're you-"

"WHY'RE YOU HERE!?"

He tries to back away but Torino is at him in a second, balancing on a nearby railing and holding him to face level via his hood, "Hey... Gran Torino... how're you...?"

"I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU TO STAY ON THE TRAIN!?!"

"Well I mean... I don't remember but that could be the brain damage and trauma...?"

Gran Torino growls raising a hand in a mock threat, and when his eyes land on Stain's incapacitated form his eyes soften, "Well... I don't know what happened here, but... glad to see you're still active."

He slinks to a crouch as the old man angrily hits him him on the head in what he's sure isn't meant to be extremely reminiscent of noogies. "Sorry..."

He hides his smirk when he hears Torino mutter to himself, "Stupid kid giving me a heart attack... too old for this shit."

"We got a backup request from Endeavour but..." He stands up and helps the pro on the ground onto his feet with nothing but flimsy half-smiles of understanding and that kind of amusement that adrenaline-filled aftermaths usually result in, "Kids...!?"

"And?"

"Midoriya."

Todoroki doesn't even sound annoyed, just tired and amused.

"They're badly hurt. Someone call an ambulance!!"

'Ooh... right. I forgot. Rebirth would of gotten rid of anything lethal. I'll be bruised for sure but Tenya and Todoroki are gonna be dead on their feet.'

"Hey, is that... the hero killer!?"
It's then that he speaks up, "Yep." the heroes ignore him and he's more muttering to himself than everything, "While you guys got yourasses handed to you by the Nomu's we had to deal with this psycho."

"So he's... Endeavour's still fighting, then?"

"How are the Nomu siblings now?"

"Yes! Those of us whose quirks had no effect of those villains came to help you guys."

"Nobody has any brains now. Back in my day if your quirk didn't suit the job you grabbed the nearest heavy object and did the best you could!"

"Nana that's illegal now." The hero he's supporting gives him a funny look but doesn't say anything else. He helps shift the mans weight to one of the other heroes as the ambulance sirens get louder meaning it's close.

"Both of you... you were wounded because of me. I am so terribly sorry..." Izuku feels his chest tighten as Tenya's tears fall without hesitancy,"I... was blind... I lost sight of everything...!"

"It's my fault as well." He crosses his arms for a few seconds before having to uncross them and put his hands on his hips as they refuse to stop shaking, "I knew, damn it, I could see exactly what was going on in your head and all I did," He laughs to himself, "All I did was say 'Hey want to talk?' I'm supposed to be your friend... shit."

"Next time we'll be more honest yeah?"

"Get it together. You're class president, aren't you?"

"Yes..." The answer is a response to both questions.

"Hey Tenya, I just realised," The boy stands up properly giving him an expectant look, "You're more of a delinquent than I am!"

"GET DOWN!"

He reacts too slow. He hears an off-hand comment about Endeavours hero work and the next thing he knows he's being carried off by the winged Nomu.

"Midoriya!"

It takes him a second to get his bearings and it's then he confirms the feeling he got, "Tusaba..." unlike before the boys name evokes the ghost into being. "Do you want me to do this? Are you ready?"

"Just because I'm gone doesn't mean you can slack off on proving everybody wrong okay?"

He nods, unaware that he's crying as he pulls out his knife and blindly stabs.

And stabs and stabs until he hears the sound he was dreading. There's one final screech and then they're hurtling towards the pavement.

When he hits the floor it's with a crack and blackness.
His vision is non-existent and he can feel blood oozing from him, *'I'm not dead... why... I should of- the fall should of... The last time I fell from this height it killed me...'*

"Izuku! IZUKU!"

'Nana... Sorry...'

His hearing returns for a few short seconds, '"The only ones allowed to kill me are All Might, a true hero!! And the Yūrei who is more a hero than anyone here!!"'

"IZUKU OPEN YOUR EYES RIGHT NOW!"

"I'm... sorry..." He can feel tears, though he isn't sure why he's crying. He's just let Tusaba pass on- he should be happy. But it hurts- it hurts and it hurts and it just needs to stop hurting!

Please! Let it stop hurting, anything. Why isn't he dying? And if he is, why is it taking so long? Why is everybody just letting him bleed to death?

---

"Is that...!?"

Kurogiri, despite the fact Tomura can't harm him with his quirk, takes steps back when the binoculars disintegrate in the mans hands.

He's vibrating with the same vicious frequency that he did when Stain mentioned the Yūrei or as Kurogiri has come to know Midoriya Izuku.

The one thing Tomura seems to care about besides himself. The one thing that entertains him besides destruction.

"That stupid... defective... useless pile of shit!"

"'Tomura?" He's scared, Kurogiri is scared of the boy he helped raise.

"That worthless Nomu grabbed, my Izu-kun."

"Let us leave... there is nothing we can do now but wait."

---

"Midoriya? Midoiriya!?"

The light burns his eyes as he opens them and he isn't sure why but the sound of generator run lights snaps something in him.

The sheets of the bed underneath him slowly slip out of his scrambling, scarred fingers, and his breathing starts up, too quickly too quickly, as his brain registers the metal plates of a surgical table.

He tries to breath because his eyes still aren't working, everything is too bright, but that only makes it worse because the 'hospital' scent that normally makes his stomach become a gordian knot makes everything worse. It isn't wilting flowers and bleach and illness, it's the scent of his own blood and bile. His throat burns in phantom pains (They aren't it's his body going into panic because he can't breath.)
He feels hands holding him down, and his mind splits into two memories then. Playing in his head at the same time, overlapping; Leather straps holding him down while needles full of deadly chemicals slide into his veins. Distressed nurses holding him down as his body convulses and reacts the exact way the doctors hope it will, their screams blocking out every sense.

Hands holding him down as he cries, cries and screams that it hurts (what hurts he isn't sure. Everything hurts. Why does everything hurt?)

He can't breath, it hurts, he's faintly aware that he's screaming and crying but for what reason he can't tell even himself.

"IZUKU!" It's only when a familiar voice breaks through his mind does his body's panic responses kick in. He's suddenly breathing too much. His eyes aren't clearing up fully but he can see the stark ceiling and the lights and he can hear and Todoroki is there in his peripheral and so is Tenya and... and... he can't breath again.

Shit, no, no, no. He fights again, just to get away. Any doctor, any doctor but him.

PLEASE!

Doctor Tsumasi is his worst nightmare. THE REASON HE'S LIKE THIS RIGHT NOW.

He fights, and snarls and tries to scratch and kick at anything that's stopping him from getting away. ANYTHING that's keeping him near Doctor Tsumasi is a threat.

He can hear the doctor's voice, some bullshit about how he's going through an 'episode' and it's a 'result of his quirk setting in late' and 'Once we get his trauma attended to he should be fine.'

"GET OFF OF ME!" his voices sounds like a feral and when Doctor Tsumasi tries to soothe him with 'It's okay Izuku, it's Doctor Tsumasi. You know me it's okay.' and that other 'calming' bullshit he starts to kick more.

He can hear more footsteps and more shouting. Probably scared nurses. And then all of a sudden he catches sight of Nana and she smiles and there's a sickening crack and Doctor Tsumasi isn't in his line of sight anymore.

Whatever just happened causes Tenya and Todoroki to release him, and he takes the opportunity to scramble away. His limbs are heavy and he falls and skitters but eventually manages to push himself to his feet against the wall opposite to the bed. His breathing isn't right and his vision is black around the edges and he's currently working on fight or flight. His friends look between himself and where Doctor Tsumasi is now in a small crater across the room. The doctor is awake, somehow, and staring at Izuku like he's the most marvellous thing in the world.

"HOW DARE YOU TOUCH HIM!" The woman may not be seen or heard properly by the doctor but his face changes as Nana continues, "YOU- YOU DISGUSTING EXCUSE FOR A MAN! WHAT YOU'VE DONE TO THAT BOY AND YET YOU EXPECT HIM TO CALM DOWN WHEN YOU'RE ABOVE HIM HOLDING HIM DOWN IN A HOSPITAL! YOU'VE TRIED TO KILL HIM YOU SORRY SAD SACK OF SHIT!"
"Izuku, can you call off your friend?" Tsumasi's voice sounds and looks calm, understanding, like everything is fine. But Izuku knows this man. He's seen him wear that same expression when he's stuck arsenic into his jugular, he's worn that look when he's cut Izuku's beating heart out of his still heaving chest. It's a lie, a rouse and it's done so that nobody will ever know what a sick fuck he is.

It sounds like a request but to Izuku it's an order being issued to him at gunpoint.

But Izuku can survive gunshot wounds, "N-no."

"Izuku, what're you doing? Is this, does this have to do with what you said to Stain about his victims?"

His eyes (he looks like a cornered feral animal to them but he doesn't know that) fleet quickly. Tsumasi, Tenya, Todoroki and back again. "Izuku here can see the dead, they can get protective when he's scared. You're safe here Izuku... so, please, Call. Them. Off."

"No." his hands shake and he tries to judge if he could get out of the room before they grab him. "You- you shouldn't be here."

"Midoirya," he looks over to Todoroki and he tries to convey 'Help' and hopes that the message of 'I'm scared, please, you know what it feels like to have someone who's supposed to look after you hurt you.' through his eyes alone, "Midoriya he's a doctor... is everything okay?"

He shakes his head, can't breath - can't breath - can't oh god. It's just like the car crash. Death is his foe and he isn't sure he can bounce back right now. HE'S SCARED AND HE CAN'T BREATH AND OH GOD WHAT IS HE GOING TO DO!?

"Izuku, Izuku honey breath. You can breath - IZUKU YOU NEED TO BREATH!" He knows Nana is trying to help him calm down but everything is getting black and Tsumasi is getting up and the only saving grace is that a chair breaks as the doctor is thrown into it.

"Izuku! Call the ghost off!"

He doesn't think he can do anything but his next action then. He's faintly aware that he's wearing hospital clothes and that he's covered in a myriad of bandages, but he runs. He runs through the door to their shared room and he runs through the corridors until eventually he's snagged by a small, stumpy nurse who has the look of a woman who's seen more than she should.

She says nothing as she stops his momentum, doesn't even look at him properly just leads him to the staff break room where nurses look up, see her and then look away.

"Who do I need to call?"

"I- I..." he cries now, he can't call his mother, if she found out he'd reacted so badly to Tsumasi she'd figure out that it wasn't just medicines. She didn't know about the operations and the poisoning. "My auntie. I need to call my auntie."

There's a pat on his head, a box of tissues put on his lap and a phone placed in front of him.

The nurse walks away with a 'take your time sweetheart' over the shoulder to him and a 'If anybody comes looking for this patient you do NOT let them through unless I'm with them' to the other nurses.

His hands are shaking, and he's trying to not sob too loud out of fear of disturbing the others and getting kicked out. The number is muddled in his mind but he's almost sure that its right. His panic
and anxiety spikes until he hears his aunt Mitsuki's voice on the other end of the line.

"Hello? Who is this?"

"Auntie- I- Auntie I-"

"Izuku!? Shit, Masura get the car!" In the background he can hear his uncle and the soft-spoken man swears as there's a crash, "Izuku hon, hon where are you what's going on? Breath. C'mon Zuku, I know you can't die but breath."

"I-" is he even allowed to talk about it? Probably not... "I'm in Hosu general hospital and I... I hurt - the gh-" he stops because Auntie doesn't know that part does she?

"Did something go wrong with the ghosts Izuku? Did they hurt someone?"

"Yeah - I didn't - I was so scared and I can't- it's too much and Mum- she, she can't know. She can't."

"Hosu general right? We're going to be on the next bullet train over. I swear."

---

Shouto is shaking, he knows that, he's more than aware of it. Whether it's out of anger or fear he isn't sure. Midoirya was feral - but was it even Midoriya? Because he'd seen the boy murderous, he'd seen him half dead, he'd seen him at his lowest- Midoriya tried to act closed off but his feelings were clear to anyone who was also closed off.

The boy that had stood across from him hadn't been Midoriya. He was a shaking, small, scarred and scared boy. He hadn't looked fifteen then, he'd look five. When his friend had made a run for it, Tenya had gone to chase after him but he'd turned to the doctor. He'd caught the message in Midoriya's eyes. The 'I'm begging you to understand' look.

"You- what did you do to him?"

"What did I- I'll have you know boy I've only ever done what has to be done. Izuku agreed to everything that happened."

"His scars are from where he died."

"Most of Midoriya's scars look like knife and bullet wounds but some look like surgical wounds though?"

"What has to be done?" bile rises up and he sees fear enter the mans eyes as he spots his fire sparking momentarily, "You get out of this room before i do 'What has to be done' am I understood?"

---

He sits in the staff break room for close to three hours, and the nurses all make sure to let him know he isn't a bother. They're there to make sure patients are alright and if that means someone has to be in a safe space like this then so be it.

His aunt is loud and brash when she enters, Masura following behind her- he isn't quite now he's brimming with unspoken determination and his eyes are hard like he's set on a mission. "Izuku!"
The blonde is on him in seconds, crouching in front of where he sits huddled on the couch, and her arms are bringing him to her chest and he just cries. Because he's scared and he doesn't know what to do.

"Hey kiddo." His uncle runs a hand through his hair from where he sits himself down next to him on the couch, "Heard you got upset." he barley nods and Mitsuki, he realises, is also crying, "That's fine. Means you're alive doesn't it. We didn't tell Inko don't worry. But your school knows. Eraserhead was in the lobby- demanding to see you all."
Yeah, uh, I have a delivery from BitchBoy MCdoriya where in the rubbish do you want it?

Chapter Summary

This chapter is dedicated to @fandom_fangirls_and_everything_nice because they've been reading this story for SO long and their comments always make my day.

Hisashi tried to steady his breathing, he was stood outside his family's flat with Inko's favourite flowers and takeout Katsudon. It wasn't an apology by any means- he was aware of that. But it was all he could offer at this point. All he could offer until he KNEW, for certain, that Inko hadn't truly given up on him.

She hadn't responded to his text, but when he knocked on the door it was opened within seconds. His breath caught in his throat when he saw her. She wasn't as thin as she had been- but that didn't matter to him- and she looked more tired than she ever had (even when she'd been working three jobs just to help him pay the bills) but she was there.

Still as beautiful as before, hair in her signature style, eyes bright and a small smile on her lips. The smile dropped.

Her eyes darkened.

"Why the hell are you here?" He went to open his mouth to answer but she cut him off before he could, "No, I know. You're here because Izuku did well in the Sports festival right? You're here to bathe in his glory aren't you. You're not though- go. He already thinks you're dead."

"I- Inko, what?"

Her voice turned to a hunters blade, "Izuku thinks you're dead. I told him you died when he was thirteen so he'd stop - stop blaming himself for you leaving. You left us Hisashi. You left us alone because you were ashamed and now you're here because Izuku did well. I sent you updates because it was the appropriate thing to do but then I thought to myself," she was still so much smaller than him but he felt like he was a child staring at a volcano about to erupt, ""Why should he know? Why should the man that's never been there know anything about MY child."

"Inko- you... you don't think I left because- why on earth would I leave because Izuku was quirkless? I- My own mother was quirkless! You know this!"

He felt a presence then, a weight around his throat and chest and when her eyes flickered to those areas he knew what it meant. Ghosts.

He'd grown up in Shizouka, he knew all about the spirits that haunted the prefecture. He knew that some people had the ability to see and hear them. Hisashi had been cursed with the
ability to only feel and hear them. Inko had always pretended she couldn't see them, but he'd known she could.

Izuku had always seen them, he remembers, always babbling with someone that Hisashi could hear cooing at his baby but could never see them.

The ghosts didn't like him, or they were protective of Inko because he could feel them press on his chest. Hands pressing down on his solar plexus and his ribs, "I came back, because my son died on television Inko."

He didn't move any closer, he didn't want to scare Inko, he wasn't welcome here but he'd be damned if she thought he was ever ashamed of his son, "My son, who you never told me had a quirk, died and I had to find out watching reruns. Since when did Izuku have a quirk?!"

"Since he killed himself!" Her eyes blurred with tears, "Since he killed himself two years ago. When everything piled up- when the bullying, the shame and the guilt finally ruined him. He thought you were already dead so I didn't tell you. I didn't tell anybody but the quirk registry and his school."

"He- Izuku wouldn't- he's far too smart to... Inko - Inko please. Please just let me see him one more time and I'll never see you again."

"I-I'm picking him up in two days time... he's coming back from an internship. You can come with me then- then and only then can Izuku decide whether or not he ever wants to see you again. Because I don't. I've had to raise him on my own- legally you may be my husband and biologically you may be his father but your are neither of those things in this house."

-Shouta's head hurts, he knows he's going to crash sometime in the next two days. It's what he does, it's one of the few illogical things he does. He tires himself out to the point where he'll crash and just sleep until his body can function properly.

Another example of something illogical he does is caring for Midoriya Izuku:

He'd met the problem child whilst on patrol. Criminals, Vigilantes and Underground heroes alike knew of the Yūrei. Knew of a creature that wore the skin of a human and held the spirit of the goddess Izanami, knew of a supposed demigod of Izanami. They all knew of the person that wandered alleyways and dark forgotten streets stopping people from doing all manner of crimes.

Everybody knew of the person that was covered in scars that reflected all the ways a person could die - of a person that could be killed and would get right back up as if they'd had the most invigorated experience of their life; there were also rumours, from the worst of them - from the ones who didn't know how to give up- that the Yūrei truly wasn't human. Because the more times they died in succession - the more beast-like they became. The more vicious they became, the less they cared for the damage they caused.

He'd been convinced that when he met this local legend, because the police knew they were real so he knew eventually he'd meet them, he'd apprehend them and hand them in for illegal vigilantism. Then he'd met the Yūrei for himself.

A boy of thirteen stumbling around the streets of Shizouka with a look in his eyes that made Shouta
reconsider jumping him. A boy that he'd trailed. That he'd seen follow an invisible trail like a bloodhound before entering an alleyway. When Shouta had crouched over one the edge of one of the over-hanging rooftops he'd nearly thrown up.

The boy was there, eyes glowing green in the darkness, and he was staring down a man twice his size and twice his age who was standing over a woman on the floor. The man had stepped away before Yūrei had even spoken. Pleading, begging him 'Please! I didn't- I didn't even touch her! I'll leave, I'll- I'll hook you up with contacts-!?'

While the man had been distracted blubbering Yūrei had moved and smashed the handle of a switch blade into his temple. He crouched next to the lady on the floor, tilting his head, still silent, and when she finally opened her eyes she seemed to cry out of joy. She'd thanked him, promising that she wouldn't forget his help. She'd run off and Yūrei had pulled out an old flip phone and called the police, telling them that he'd dealt with the man and that 'yes he's alive you know me. I don't kill.'

It was then that Shouta had seen the true skills of this kid then- scrawny and looking like a particularly harsh wind would knock him over- the kid that had scared a full grown man with a simple look. Two more men had appeared in the alleyway, clearly planning to jump the kid.

Shouta had readied his capture gear then but then the kid had done something so horrifying that Shouta still wished he hadn't seen it.

When one of the men opened his hand, talons emerging from his fingertips, the other had released a gas from his mouth and the obstruction meant that he couldn't stop the quirk in time. He'd jumped down, hoping against hope that the Yūrei truly did come back from the dead. When landed in the alleyway he wasted no time in knocking out the gas spewing man. When he managed to get close enough he swallowed down bile. The Yūrei was curled in on himself, the talons sticking out of his back.

He'd screamed out some curse then, or maybe it had been the man when the Yūrei suddenly looked up, like they'd been whip lashed into the action, and a bright light had erupted from his body as Aizawa stumbled back from the force of it and the talon-man had been forced to the ground. Knocked out at some point before he even hit the ground.

The boy had turned to him then, eyes darker than they had been before, "Oh my god, you're Eraserhead!? So cool!"

He pushed the memory aside as he continues to stare expectantly at the man behind the desk, he's shown his hero license, his U.A. identification badge and his teachers license (which Nezu insisted they always carried) and he's actually had Nezu on the phone himself saying that Aizawa is the three teenagers teacher- and technically the ones responsible for them whilst they aren't involved in their internships.

Nothing.

Nothing, until a man with mousey brown hair and a nervous demeanour and glasses walks up to him at the desk and asks him to confirm that he is in fact Aizawa Shouta, the Eraserhead. When he does the man turns to the man, says that he's with him and suddenly he's being given the floor his students are on, the room number and the names of the doctors that will be there to talk to him when he gets there.

He tries not to look too shocked as the quiet man grows more and more serious as they get closer to the stairs, "I'm Izuku's uncle."
He should be suspicious about who this man is, but he doesn't need to even bother, "Bakugou Masura."

"Not biological family. Okay... so that explains the complex relationship with Bakugou then. Families are close but they aren't."

"Has Midoriya told you what's wrong?"

"No. Just that... are you aware of Shizouka's reputation?" He nods, because he'd be a fool to patrol there and not accept that just maybe there are other forces at work there, "Izuku has ghosts that follow him- he got scared and when he woke up in the hospital they attacked one of the doctors. That's all myself and my wife know. We managed to get him back in the room with his classmates but we don't know much more."

"What the fuck did you do problem child? You've been scared hundreds of times, I've seen it in your eyes and yet you've never had ghosts cause trouble...' a thought enters his mind, 'What the fuck happened to my kids?"

Izuku stays curled up on the hospital bed when his aunt Mitsuki leads him in. She doesn't leave, doesn't show any intentions of it. She just sits on the bed next to him, tucking him under her arm as her hand rubs up and down his arm.

Tenya and Todoroki are in their beds on the opposite side of the room, talking and trying to pretend that they aren't listening in on everything. "You can breath now Izu. Masura went to find your teacher, he won't hurt you again. I swear Izuku- I swear I won't let him hurt you again."

He nods, absently with clouded over eyes, he knows she isn't lying- knows his aunt will do anything she can to keep the people she loves safe- but he's in that head space again where everything he hears is a lie to him. He's still scared, because what if Tsumasi does come back? What if he decides that he isn't going to listen and that he's had enough? What if he decides to hurt his mum instead? What if he tries to- "Iida, Todoroki. Problem child."

His head snaps up when he hears Aizawa's voice. It was one thing to be told their teacher was actually at the hospital but to see him is something different. He's never had a teacher care enough to report bullying- so having a teacher turn up while he's in hospital is disturbing almost. He feels, in the back of his head, that stupid little voice that is his own yet isn't.

'You fucked up so much they're kicking you out of U.A.'

"I heard you got attacked." His aunt freezes up, her grip tightening, "I also heard you all performed illegal acts of vigilantism."

"We only did what was necessary. We'd of been killed of we hadn't." Todoroki is stood up, normally emotionless face a mask of cool anger, "Besides we have bigger problems."

"Oh?" Aizawa's eyebrow is raised- mockingly almost, "And those problems are?"

"The fact that a doctor Midoriya is scared of was allowed near him."

Everyone freezes up then and he can feel Mitsuki's grip tighten too much, "Auntie. Auntie you're hurting me."
"It's Tsumasi isn't it?" He doesn't say anything but she knows, "Damn it, the second Masura mentioned the name I knew something had to be off with him."
"Pain? You think I'm going to LET you feel pain? No, no. I'm going to make you BEG me to let you feel pain. You're going to BEG me to stop killing you inch by inch and when I do- you'll know exactly how he felt."

Chapter Summary

SLIGHT GORE, I wouldn't class it as gore but I know some would, IN THIS CHAPTER SO BE WARNED/.
The events between when Midoriya lost consciousness and when he woke up. Also, Aizawa and Mitsuki beat the crap out of a doctor.

PLUS FOR ALL OF YOU FOLKS CONFUSED AF AS TO WHY INKO'S LETTING THIS SHIT HAPPEN? WORRY NOT, SHE IS NOT A TERRIBLE MOTHER (JUST A SLIGHTLY STRUGGLING ONE) SHE HAS ACTUAL VIABLE REASONS THAT MAKE SENSE.

"Midoriya?"

He avoided everybody's eyes, keeping himself as small as possible as he curled up into his aunts side and hated how he felt so tired, and scared and utterly defeated. "Midoriya, if somethings the matter you need to tell me so I can sort it out."

He shook his head and he could feel his aunts eyes on him, questioning what exactly had happened to cause him to completely shut himself down. "Todoroki? Iida? What happened."

He looked up then, shaking his head violently. He didn't want anybody to know just how scared he was, being in the hospital itself was making him sick to his stomach -having to dredge up exactly why Tsumasi petrified him and made him into a rabid fucking animal was the last thing he wanted to do right now. But of course that wouldn't matter. Of course, as he begged his friends to just stay quiet, to just leave it alone they wouldn't.

Because he hadn't left them alone, he hadn't let them suffer so why would they leave him to suffer? Those thoughts didn't come into his mind though, that was what Nana kept trying to tell him, but he was having none of it.

"I'll take Izuku outside for some fresh air," He went to say no, but the look he was sent told him that this visit outside was an interrogation, "Come on Izu, it'll be quick."

-#-

As Midoriya left the room Shouta felt the anger building in him.

His student was as sturdy as they came, as mentally prepared as they came. And, despite his circumstances, probably the most mentally equipped out of all his students past and present so he really, really wanted to know the name of the doctor that had ruined his kid to this point. Because when he did there were going to be circumstances that were highly questionable.

"Todoroki, Iida, now that he isn't in the room, what happened."
He watched as his most monotone student flooded with emotion. Pain, fear and sympathy weighed down on the boy as he slumped into his hospital bed. "Iida and I hadn't fallen asleep after getting to the hospital- Midoriya had cracked his head open after a Nomu picked him up and he forced it to drop him by-" He could see the boy trying to comprehend how to say it, "By killing it. I couldn't make it out but it just looked like... like he was blindly stabbing the Nomu's head until he killed it."

He doesn't want to think about the fact that Midoriya - fucking depressed, emotinally stunted, community big brother and empathetic Midoriya Izuku had to kill something. The boy kills himself everyday and sees dead people according to his uncle. But to actual kill something else? He never expected Midoriya to ever go near that line. Never mind cross it. He has to push that thought away, because the Midoriya he knows- the one he's seen grow up since the boy was thirteen and thought following around an underground hero instead of sleeping was a good idea is capable of it but promised Shouta and himself that he'd never do that.

"Because it's so easy for others to take a life when they can't see the dead but when you've experienced the pain of dying you could never bring yourself to kill." He can hear Midoriya, That's why I think it scares them so much when I come back... because death is meant to be infinitive - a finality and yet for me it isn't. And they know, most of them, the pain those injuries they inflict cause often debilitates people before it kills them. That's why I could never kill. Never. I wouldn't ever put someone through the kind of pain I face."

"Did Midoriya die during your exchange with Stain?"

Todoroki's eyes sparked with confusion but Iida's didn't. So at least one of them understood the boy's psyche on a less superficial level, "Better question, how many times and how?"

Iida answered first, "We only saw him die the once," 'saw' implying that he could of died before they saw him or he's died after and they couldn't see him. The boy looked broken as he had to force the words out, "He- he stabbed himself through the heart Sensei."

A terrible memory enters Shouta's mind, one of the first times he'd willingly let the disaster of a problem child follow him around. Midoriya was a 'Cryptid' no matter how much the boy denied it and if he wanted to follow Shouta He'd find a way. The memory was short, quick and in no way sweet.

"Midoriya had been shadowing him, learning how to actually fight instead of just getting killed and hoping to god his quirk knocked the adversary off their feet, when it happened. He'd just finished up with some small time Yakuza (Yakuza were in decline but most certainly still active) when a woman with a mutation quirk had come right up behind him, attacking his blindspot.

Midoriya had still been on the fire escape, figuring out how to jump down the way Shouta did without breaking anything, and he gave out a loud shout a second too slow. The quirk had been something like snake's for hair and before the venom could be injected into his system he'd been pushed back and a scream, one that would haunt even the villain herself he was sure, had rung out.

He turned just in time to see the scrawny thirteen year old drop to the concrete floor of the alleyway with nothing more than a sickening crack. Midoriya's body began to convulse on the floor, mouth open in a silent scream while his eye sockets had bled like water fountains. Shouta had never dropped his guard quicker in his life. Because this kid could come back from wounds, but venom? Venom that was coming from the woman curling in on herself murmuring over and over again 'I killed a kid, no, no, no, no, I killed a kid.'

Midoriya hadn't made a noise, he'd been trying to, Shouta could tell that much. His mouth open and closed as he thrashed and Shouta had to hold him down with his scarf so that he didn't hurt himself as
he shouted at the woman, "Don't you have any anti-venom!?" he'd been desperate because he'd be damned if the kid died. The kid suffered through so much he was not going to die because Shouta had let him tag along.

"I-I'm immune so I don't have any!"

It'd gotten silent, and the noises of Midoriya's body thrashing about and him choking on nothing stopped. Fearing the worst Shouta had looked at the boys body. The boy who had thrown himself between Shouta and a villain because he knew Shouta wouldn't of been able to react in time. Then there'd been the characteristic light of the boys quirk and-

"-didn't... he didn't even hesitate. Like it was- just like... like it's perfectly acceptable to go around killing yourself!" He zones back in to find the conversation had moved on at some point and Todoroki had taken up the tale. "The stupid idiot talks like Iida's stupid for going around after the hero killer and he acts like the sports festival didn't happen and then just - just!"

Todoroki’s voice breaks away then, too emotional to get the words out- too invested in the underlying implication of non-reluctant suicide to focus on getting this story done with as soon as possible.

"Todoroki, let me continue. If you cannot talk it's-"

"I can talk." It's icy and Iida flinches at it, "He hit the ground and smashed his head open. The pros wouldn't even let us close to him- they tried to console us, say how Midoriya had 'lived a good life' how it was such a sad loss, like they hadn't been there all of five minutes! They didn't listen until Iida told them his quirk- and even then they wouldn't listen until my Fath- until Endeavour told them it was the truth."

He files the 'my Fath- until Endeavour' thing for later.

"They piled him in the ambulance with us and he- he wouldn't use his quirk, he just lay there. And then they got him to the hospital and it turned out he wasn't even dead he just hasn't had a pulse in years. And the heroes who had accompanied us didn't-" he stops there and the almost not-there distressed look he sends Iida has the bespectacled boy continuing.

"They didn't apologise for letting Midoriya bleed out, didn't tell the doctors that rushed to help us that he’d been like he was for close to ten minutes. They just... just left once they knew the doctors were there to help. He died during whatever they were doing with him- we could hear the doctors shouting out and then the same bright light that came from his quirk shot out." Iida sighs and he wonders how the kids coping with so many hospital visits recently.

"When they finished patching us up they brought us to this room and they wheeled Midor-Izuku in on the bed and left him there." He notes the slip up from Iida and wonders when exactly the two called each other by first name, "Then this doctor came in, asking us how we were and the like. All things you'd expect. But we'd already had someone do that five minutes ago."

'They had suspicions from the get go then. At least the two of them aren't too shell shocked.'

"We told him as such, and asked why he was here." Iida's mouth twists like he's swallowed something vile, "He said he was Izuku's quirk specialist. That he'd been called in because his quirk had taken too long to activate and they needed to know if anything like this had ever happened before. Needed to know he was okay." His anger is almost tangible, "He walked over to Izuku's bed, presumably to wake him to perform tests. Izuku woke up before that and he..."
"He acted like a feral animal." The statement hits him almost too hard, Recovery girl's similar account when Midoriya took twenty minutes to resurrect at the entrance exam and all the times he's heard and seen the consequences of a dead-too-many-times Midoriya. "Then some invisible threw the doctor over there into the wall." He looks over, Todoroki having to show him because currently both of Iida's arms are out of commission, the crater is obvious, anger and pain and wrath clear in the viciousness of the cavity.

"Mi-Izuku took no time in escaping the bed then, we'd held him down when he began to scream and kick in case he hurt himself and let go in our surprise." Iida's hands tighten in their slings, "The doctor kept trying to talk to him, make him calm down. But Izuku just got worse the more he spoke. He got more scared he kept saying 'no' that he wouldn't tell the 'ghost' to back down. That the doctor didn't belong here."

It's that word 'belong' that sets alarm bells off even more in his head.

"And when the man tried to get up, we were frozen still at the time, he was thrown into a chair almost sideways. I ran after Izuku but he- he was admittedly quicker on his feet than I was and I spent a good hour and a half trying to find him before being informed he was waiting for his aunt and uncle. Todoroki stayed in the room."

He nods at Iida, and the boy relaxes then like a great weight has been lifted. like he can now actually lie in his hospital bed like the damaged child he is. He doesn't even motion for Todoroki to speak, it just might break the boy with the tensions the way they are and the obvious emotional strain that they're both under. But Todoroki speaks anyway.

"I realised that the way Midoriya was acting wasn't him having an 'episode' like the doctor kept trying to tell us. He was - I haven't seen Midoriya look the way he did since the USJ when he threw himself between the Nomu and All Might."

'He did what!?' He wants to scream, why had he not been told about this!?

"He just looked so tired and broken and like he was... was just begging for everything to stop. When he ran I knew the doctor had done something to him. I- I made him tell me what he'd done and he said-" Todoroki's voice breaks away again but he regains it almost immediatly, "He said he'd only done what needed to be done. Sensei... I know that Midoriya's scars come from his dying wounds- the sports festival taught me that- but he... he's covered in surgical scars."

Shouta's heart is in his throat, his anger unyielding behind the barrier he's set up. He isn't going to scare the children in front of him with the unbridled rage building up inside of him. He can only get out one sentence, "What was the doctors name?"

-#-

"Izuku."

He's sat down on a bench in an outdoor area on the hospitals roof. He's pretty sure it's supposed to be locked but he didn't learn to pick locks from just anybody did he?

He's trying to avoid her gaze but he hasn't got many options when the only thing he can look at is a smog-choked city sky and the overgrown fauna on the rooftops barley qualifying as plant pots-plant pots. Oh, and the floor but that's just gravel and brick so he can't even pretend it's interesting. His aunt won't let him ignore her though, she raised Katsuki and knows every single way someone can ignore a person when right in front of them and so fixes the problem by crouching (just like in the break room) in front of him and holding his hands.
He hadn't even realised they'd been shaking.

They always do that now, shaking whenever he gets nervous or thinks he can't handle something. Never in a fight though, only in situations like this where he has no choice but to be vulnerable. It's a tick he wants to get rid of but can't.

"Izuku, hon. Please."

He looks up then because he knows he won't win and, like he'd already mentioned, his aunt had raised Katsuki she had the stubbornness of a mountain. "What'd he do to you Izu? Masaru is building a case against him- he has been for awhile. You could- you could get him put away. He wouldn't ever be able to hurt you again."

"He-" his voice sounds small even to himself, "He was originally my quirk specialist... they tested how different scenarios effected my quirk." His aunts eyes are understanding as he stops to try and collect himself. Even talking or thinking about Tsumasi makes his stomach twist- memories of experiences and pain resurfacing without reason. "But then... then I just turned into a lab rat. He wouldn't stop - wouldn't stop cutting me open. Wouldn't stop injecting me over and over again and it hurt! Auntie it always hurts!"

The tears start again and they both freeze when the door opens but it's only his uncle and he looks so apologetic. "Mitsuki, Eraserhead wants to speak with you."

"I- Masu I'm not leaving Izuku to talk to some teacher-"

"Dear, I'll handle Izuku. It's about something important."

There's a message sent between his aunt and uncle that he can't understand. But then, his aunt is relinquishing her hold on his hands, wiping both their tears away and standing up. She presses a kiss to Izuku's head and promises to be back quickly and as soon as possible.

It isn't until the door shuts that his uncle moves. He doesn't crouch in front of him and grab his hands like his aunt, he just sits next to Izuku, hums a tune that Izuku distantly recognises from when he was a kid.

"Y'know," he almost startles when his uncle speaks. He could never understood how his uncle had transitioned from fashion design enthusiast to top noch -fear inspiring layer. "You and Katsuki always scare me. You're both so big and strong and brave but in very different ways."

"Katsuki is always loud and very explosive, too aggressive sometimes and that isn't okay- but we all have something that we need to fix that sometimes we ignore. But he's also incredibly intelligent, a certified genius and tactician." He feels a hand rub the top of his head in mild amusement, "You're also so strong. You're also a genius and tactician. But you also take everybody's problems and hold them above your own. You're what my parents used to call a 'bleeding heart'. You've got to help everybody because if you don't you feel like you've done something wrong." "That isn't the case Izuku. You sometimes have to deal with your own shit first. If you don't who's going to be there to help people if you can't help yourself?"

-#-

Mitsuki has very mixed opinions about Eraserhead.

For one, her son's always shit-talking his homeroom teacher. Saying how sadistic he is, how he likes to push the limits of 'freestyle' teaching to the limits. And then you have her nephew and godson
(because heaven forbid Inko ever trust her son to someone other than her childhood best friend) who always talks like Eraserhead is All Might. Like the underground hero is this great- almost unbelievable pillar in the world Izuku frequents so often.

And Mitsuki supposes he is. The first time he'd been mentioned she'd looked him up, say she was overprotective but her son usually had good instincts on people, but the only thing she ever pulled up was that he was one of the most hardass bastards in the world and other pro-hero's and criminals alike hated him because he lived his life 'logically'. Her son's instincts had been wrong and it was simply her son also being a hardass bastard and not liking it.

From what she had found though she knew he was a capable man, someone who could deal with a situation effectively and was probably very deserving of his hero status.

That didn't mean that she was going to be super polite when he'd pulled her away from her distressed nephew to 'talk about something important'. If it was anything less than kicking doctor Tsumasi's arse into the next millennium the hero would be greeted by the origin of her sons aggressive core.

He was stood outside the boys room, his face taut like he was trying to stay neutral but also plotting murder.

"Eraserhead."

"Bakugou Mitsuki, correct?"

"Yes. What's this about. I'm trying to console my nephew right now so if you don't mind-"

"I need a civilian with me to attest that I didn't use more force than's necessary and I need a valid reason to manhandle the doctor, I'm asking you to accompany me while I go look for the doctor,"

She was sure that was very much the opposite of what a hero was supposed to say to her, but as Izuku had explained to her. Underground heroes didn't work on the same rules as other pros.

"Of course."

It doesn't take them long to find the doctor and when they do, Shouta lets Bakugou Mitsuki storm up to doctor Tsumasi and ram him into a wall. He stands there, in the name of making sure it doesn't escalate into a fight you understand.

As the angered aunt swears and curses the man, promises to repeat every 'necessary' painful thing he did to Izuku and do it to him to see how he feels. He doesn't step in when he sees her fists shake or when she gets in his face. It's only when she's done and he hears a very angry, very deadly hissed out: "Pain? You think I'm going to LET you feel pain? No, no. I'm going to make you BEG me to let you feel pain. You're going to BEG me to stop killing you inch by inch and when I do- you'll know exactly how he felt." that he steps in.

And if he threatens the doctor through coded messages and through not so subtle hints then who but Bakugou Mitsuki, a distressed family member who's heavily influenced by her emotions right now you see, will help cooperate with the doctors story?

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Inko drops the tea pot when the ghost appears in front of her.
She'd always been able to see them, always. But she'd never let her Izuku know that- he needed something that was truly his own so she pretended to not notice when the woman who had introduced herself as Nana floated after her son. She pretended not to notice as the ghosts (children, teens, adult and even the elderly) swarmed her living space because as she'd always told her son, "A friend is always a friend." and if her son found his friends in the dead and dying she couldn't judge him for it.

But despite the fact that Nana had made it known that she knew Inko could see her she'd never made any attempt to contact her outside of her introduction.

That's why Inko drops the tea pot, listens deafly as it shatters, because Nana promised she'd always be by Izuku's side. Promised that she'd look after him when Inko couldn't check up on him. So if she's not here... then that means the worst has to of happened.

"Tsubasa's at rest... but... Inko. There's something about doctor Tsumasi you need to know."

"What? I-I'm lost."

"Inko... Inko Tsumasi's hasn't been testing Izuku's quirk he's been using him as a test subject, I only found out today and-"

Inko's glad she's already dropped the teapot because she's sure she'd of dropped it then. Her son he would of told her- he would of-

Of course he wouldn't. Izuku tried to be open, tried to pretend that it never bothered him but she knew. She wasn't stupid. She knew her son was in constant pain and she knew he tried not to cry a lot of the time but she couldn't help because when she tried she ruined it further so of course he wouldn't tell her. He probably felt that he couldn't.
Finally, we're ironing out the fine details of this impromptu backstory

**Chapter Summary**

So, I was thinking, if you think about BNHA/MHA canon it's just adult Deku telling someone his story right? That's why there will sometimes be comments like (before they leave for the internships) him saying he'd later come to regret doing so little for Iida. And you're probably thinking, what's this got to do with anything? well I'm getting to that part.

If you read through most of my chapter titles a good 45% of them could literally just be someone sat next to Deku making a passing comment and I don't know how to feel about that.

Izuku was escorted back to his shared room by his uncle and was immediately greeted by his friends and a very -scarily, it was almost terrifying actually- self-satisfied Aizawa-sensei. The not-a-smirk smirk on his teachers face made Izuku very paranoid and he wasn't sure why.

Was his mother going to jump out from under his bed and wring his neck because "YOU PROMISED TO BE CAREFUL! I'M GOING TO HAVE A HEART ATTACK ONE OF THESE DAYS!" or was it going to be Toshinori with "My boy, please, think before harming yourself! You have so much to live for!" or hey, maybe it would even be Naomasa who wouldn't actually say anything (because he knew it wouldn't do shit) but would stand there and just sigh and rub his temples in exasperation.

The look glinting in Aizawa's eyes was making him very paranoid that Recovery Girl was going to jump out, the look spoke of that level of evil.

"Problem child."

"Sensei." He turned his head to his uncle who stopped them both at the door, "I'm good. You might want to find Auntie... I think she's calling Mum." The man nodded and gave him a quick hug before mumbling 'You knew she'd do it eventually' and leaving Izuku to face his certain doom.

"I do remember telling you to at least try and not get killed." He could see his friends eyes widen slightly at the foreign joking tone in their teachers voice. Aizawa had known him for years and for years Izuku had practically imprinted himself onto the man's life. He was going to be friendly whether he even realised it or not. Izuku could only shrug which earned him a raise eyebrow.

"My memory isn't the best right now, y'know? Got in some pretty heavy blunt force trauma today plus all the emotional exhaustion of taking on Stain which - Tenya," his friend jolted to attention, "We are going to be talking about."

It'd been hours since their teacher had came and asked them about Izuku and yet, Tenya couldn't get the questions out of his head. He couldn't get the way that once Izuku had returned to the hospital room that Aizawa had acted like a father or an older brother to the boy as he protested and didn't seem to notice the peculiarity of the situation.
Another thing that kept going through Tenya's head as he lay in the hospital bed, eyes staring out at the moon through the window, was how Izuku was ambling along like nothing mattered. He'd fought STAIN, he'd KILLED HIMSELF, he'd DIED, he'd faced a man who -they'd found out- had been KILLING HIM for close to two years now. And yet the boy moved along like it didn't effect him.

Sure, he'd freaked out and started to disassociate but after that he'd become talkative, friendly - different to his usual facade. Tenya wondered if the Izuku that had shown it's face when he was trying to convince them he was fine, was the Izuku he'd know in another lifetime. An Izuku that didn't deal with sadistic doctors and morbid quirks and being haunted by the dead at all hours. The Izuku that wasn't writhing across the room from him, fighting some imaginary enemy off in his sleep.

"Midoriya."

He turns his head to see Todoroki hobbling over to the boy, shaking him to wake him up. It's in slow motion that he sees Todoroki jump back as Izuku's hand goes to swipe at him. Even in sleep he seems to be on full alert. The bi-coloured boy makes a noise as his back hits his own bed.

"Todoroki..."

"Oh Iida... sorry. I didn't wake you did I?" He forces himself to sit up as the other boy sits himself back down on his own bed, "Midoriya's just having a nightmare again. I don't want him to freak out when he wakes up."

"I'm just surprised he's even here to be honest." He looks over to the boy, he's settling down now with his cries lowering in volume and his thrashing evening out. "After the USJ Kirishima, Uraraka and myself went to visit him he... wasn't himself. I won't discuss the details because they aren't mine to discuss but he left when we thought he was asleep. Just... just gone like a wisp of wind."

"Or a ghost."

He hadn't wanted to bring that subject up, though he supposes they have to do'n't they? They both have to acknowledge and talk about the fact that Stain called their friend a ghost or more correctly he called him THE Ghost. Like it was a title. But the way he'd stressed it, it was like Yūrei wasn't just a word but a name. Now that he thought about it properly, he'd heard his brother mention a 'Yūrei' before- but Tensei had dismissed it, told their parents and Tenya that it was nothing more than a silly rumour passed around by the police to keep criminals afraid.

How would Tensei react when Tenya told him the Yūrei was very much real and one of his best friends.

"My father's spoken of the Yūrei before." He looks to Todoroki, but the boy has his eyes on Izuku, like the boy will make a run for it now that Tenya's pointed out that he had previously, "Always how impossible the rumours had to be. I don't think he really ever entertained the thought he was real until Midoriya - until the sports festival."

He understands what he means, he'd just accepted the fact that Midoriya was a delinquent and that's why he had so many scars, the incident on the first day at the train station had just further cemented that idea in his head. He'd never of expected Izuku to be a vigilante. But then, with his mother asking them to make sure he didn't do something he couldn't come back from, his quirk matched all the rumours that Tensei dismissed with no second thoughts and the capable skills Izuku had showed both with his fists and a blade at the USJ had just let everything fall into place.

"I'd say it was impossible to be able to come back from the dead, even with the mass of quirks that
circulate the globe, and even seeing him come back still doesn't make sense. I don't think it's that I can't understand how Midoriya comes back, I think it's that... death is final. Death is the judge. It's supposed to be the end destination and for Midoriya it isn't." Todoroki lay down and Tenya could see the cogs moving in his mind, "I don't think it's that I can't understand his quirk I think it's that I... I don't want to."

"I...somewhat understand where you're coming from. Izuku faces everyday without worrying that he'll die because he comes back and yet he's one of the most cautious people in our class... the most experienced. It's envious I suppose. To not have to worry about dying... but today we've seen the effects such an ability has on his mind." He tried to swallow the guilt that arose when he spoke about how envious Izuku's quirk was. At one point, for a split second, he had been envious, "When we visited he was much the same as he was when he woke up before."

Todoroki looked back over, "Primal, like an animal. He'd attacked Kirishima when he made an offhand comment. He said..." he swallowed, "He said when he died too many times in a row he wasn't... himself. That he lost parts of himself."

"I'd hate to have his quirk." Todoroki's voice left no room for argument, "I don't think I'd be able to get up each morning. Just- just knowing that you died, that someone had actually ended your life. To get up from that... I'm still terrified thinking about what Stain nearly did to us..."

"Looking back now... what we did was incredible."

"Yeah..."

Izuku rubbed his eyes, trying his best to pretend he couldn't see the beginings of eye bags under his friends eyes. He doubted his tossing and turning (and probably nightmares) let them get any consecutive sleep. "We gave a pretty good last ditch effort though. Kudos for being alive after that." He tried to keep it as cheery as he could, and the sarcasm in his tone did bring a smile to their faces- even if they were small and fleeting.

"He definitely let us live... But you," Todoroki looked over to Tenya and Izuku felt pride for his friend swell in his chest, "Even with him coming at you with all that bloodlust... You still stood up to him. Impressive." Tenya's face flushed and Izuku was reminded to praise his friend more in the future. He clearly put so much effort into impressing his family that to hear a compliment from an outside source was probably foreign, "I came to save you but ended up needing your help. Sorry."

"Not at all." If Tenya's arms were still movable he was sure the boys signature robot arms would be coming out now. "It's not like that. I..."

Their conversation was cut short by the door to their room opening up and three figures walking through, "Oh. Looks like the three wounded warriors are awake!"

"Torino!"

"Mr.Manuel!"

Torino walked over to his bed, eyes narrowed, "I'm still going to chew you out after this." Izuku felt an 'oh' noise escape him, "But first, you have a guest."

Looking to the door, Izuku's jaw nearly hit the floor as he finally noticed who was stood there. "Oh wow... We really fucked up didn't we?" As he stared up at the dog-headed chief of Hosu police he could feel the colour draining from his complexion, "Shit. Naomasa's gonna kill me, heh... I'm so
dead. Fuck." He ignored Torino giving him a funny look from the corner of his eye in favour of covering up his freak out.

"This is Mr. Kenji Tsuragamae, Hosu's chief of police."

"Please stay seated please. Woof." He looked to see Tenya and Todoroki stod and out of bed and wondered how they were even capable of standing knowing they were in trouble with the chief of police. Izuku could face an army of the worst criminals Japan and the world had to offer and he would just brush it off. What did he have to worry about? But when it came to trouble with the law he was petrified. He was only not locked up due to a slim loop hole- any slip ups regarding the police force and he could find himself thrown in prison.

"So, you're the U.A. students... who put a stop with the hero killer..." He could swear as the chief looked them over recognition flashed in his eyes and he could only hope it didn't. He'd solved an incident in Hosu once. One time because he and his mother had gone for the weekend and he needed a walk and one thing led to another. And he'd ended up sat in front of the chief explaining why he was still within the law. But that'd been two years ago. Surely he wouldn't remember. Right?

"As for the hero killer... he's currently receiving treatment for his burns, broken bones and numerous other serious injuries, woof."

"At the dawn if this extra-ordinary era, the police moved to prioritise leadership and to maintain the status quo... so they decided to not use quirks as weapons. The profession of "Hero" rose as one that would fill that void, Woof." The chiefs eyes flashed with hot anger and determination, "Authorising the use of such might... of these powers that could so very easily kill..." Oh yeah, he was definitely recognised because he DID NOT just image that sideways glance, "Was a heavily criticised decision at first, but it would garner public support."

"All because your predecessors acted morally and complied with the laws, woof." He paused, "But those without permission... those who inflicted harm without explicit instruction from the police and the powers that be... Even if they were to face someone like the hero killer... such action would represent a stunning breach of the law, woof."

He felt a familiar and yet distantly forgotten shiver run down his spine. He hadn't felt this since he had first been sat down and had to explain how through a couple of loopholes he wasn't breaking the law.

"You three, as well as your pro hero mentors... Endeavour. Manual. Gran Torino. The six of you must be dealt with strictly and impartially."

"Hold on a minute." Todoroki's voice cut the tension in the room.

"Todoroki..." Izuku turned to look at his friend, mind already racing with every possibility of what may go wrong.

"If Iida hadn't acted, Native would've been killed. And if Midoriya hadn't shown up, both of them would be dead. Nobody even knew the hero killer was in town." Izuku reached forward to hold the boy back as he lean forward, body language as aggressive as his tone of voice, "Should we have let people die, all in the name of your "law"!?"

"Whoa, whoa Todo. Cool your jets."

Blazing mismatched eyes latched onto him, "Midoriya you can't seriously sit there and think this is
Alright!"

"I don't." He kept his tone calm, soft and level like he did when talking to a distressed victim, "I don't agree with it. But right now everything isn't on the table."

There was a noise of confusion, "The police wouldn't send the chief just to tell us off. Use your head, yeah? Let the man talk before you bite his head off."

"Well said, Yūrei." The chiefs attention left Izuku and turned back to his friend, "I'm only relaying the information I'm obligated to tell you, as the police."

Todoroki crossed his arms and Izuku slowly backed off slightly, ready to move if his friend decided to do anything stupid. All he did was mutter 'Damn mutt' under his breath however.

"The real question is whether or not to deal with this issue publicly, woof." The man sighed, "If we let the story out, you'll all be lauded by the public, but you won't be able to avoid punishment. But if we keep all this nasty business to ourselves..."

He rubbed between his brows, or where they would of been at least if the chief had a human face, "The hero killer's burns will support the story that Endeavour was the key operative. He'll receive the accolades, woof. Fortunately the number of eye-witnesses was small enough..." Izuku could feel something about to come up that would lead to him disregarding his prior advice to Todoroki.

"That we can hush up the whole matter before it causes problems, woof. But in that case, your decisive action and achievements... will remain unknown to the general public." The man held out a hand, voice going from glum to cheerful, "What do you say!? I'm an understanding man."

'Don't be an idiot Izuku. Just let the man do his goddamn job. Keep your fucking mouth shut before you ruin everything you've worked up to. Come on! Don't be a fucking idiot!'

"So when it comes to a promising group of young people... I'd rather not have to pursue charges over this admittedly massive indiscretion."

"Of cour-"

"No." 'Oh of course, how could I forget? I don't care about my own self or my own mothers poor heart. No, of course not. Why would I even bother making anybody's lives easier?'

"Midoriya?"

"You- You said that those that don't have permission to use their quirks in combat have to be charged correct?"

"Yūrei you aren't talking about what I think you are..."

"All due respect sir," he swallowed making sure he was looking at nobody else but the chief, "You have no legal grounds to charge us on. I have a registered quirk license that allows me to use my quirk in public at all times. So no legal action can be taken upon me."

He swallowed. He had to be careful how he worded this.

"Tenya- I mean Iida, he was under Manuel's orders to get to safety and protect the civilians right? Then that means that due to Manuel's less than explicit wording Iida was within every right to step in-between the Hero killer and Native. Wherein, until he was too close, Iida could of assumed it was a rogue villain committing a crime of convenience."
He could see the cogs turning, "And Todoroki was following the self defence law of 2309 wherein a bystander may intervene in a confrontation with their quirk if they believe substantial injury is about to be inflicted. Todoroki didn't attack Stain until he was about to decapitate Iida, sir."

He stood, legs wobbly, and hobbled over to the chief. He knew he didn't look intimidating but he tried to look as confident as possible as he stared up at the man.

"So you see, under your laws we did nothing wrong. And I, personally, think that seeing as Endeavour did nothing but turn up after we had already dealt with the threat- something Gran Torino can attest to." He motioned to his mentor before looking back, "That it would be a great misconduct to give the pig-headed bastard any more wrongfully given credit than he already has."

"Yūrei." The tone was threatening. Telling him to just try and push his luck anymore than he already was.

"Tsuragamae." His tone mirrored the chiefs. Begging him to just try and challenge him.

He'd seen the effect Endeavour had on Todoroki. He'd seen it at the sports festival, the mental pain that the monster inflicted upon his children. He'd worn evidence on his shoulder until Recovery Girl had healed his injuries, of the lack of control when it came to getting what he wanted. Even when children were involved.

"I suppose you offer a strong argument." Tsuragamae finally said, "More over, you are technically correct in all the assumptions you just made." There was a harsh laugh, but it was still humerus, "You never cease to find loopholes in this country's law system do you Yūrei?"

"There's always going to be loopholes. Might as well use them for good."

He nearly lost his footing, his weak knees almost giving out under him, when a heavy hand patted his shoulder, "I will leave now, and discuss this with my co-workers and the courts. Do not think this is a definite."

"Of course. Thank you for considering."

"Thank you." He could almost imagine Todoroki and Tenya bowed behind him.

With that, the chief bowed, said his goodbyes and left. As soon as he left the room Izuku felt his knees finally decide to give up. Thankfully Torino was next to him quick enough to help him stay up.

"That was a dangerous game kid. Smart, but very dangerous."

"Either way, our negligence is to blame. We still have to take responsibility anyway."

Tenya walked out next to him and bowed once again in front of Manuel, "I am so sorry!"

The hero chopped his head lightly "Yeah! You caused big trouble for your mentor! So don't do it again!!"

'I feel like I'm about to pass out. Stain was less intimidating.'

"I-I have to go tell Hisashi that- but Izuku doesn't..."

"Izuku knows."
"What but.. how? I told him his father was dead..."

"Izuku is very sharp Inko. We both know that. He's known for sometime that his father is still alive. He's just played along because he knew you had your reasons."
Emotions, am i right?

Chapter Summary

(Going to sound stupid considering the subject of the story)
Caution, explicit mentions of suicide
Caution, explicit mentions of violence
Caution, violence baiting

Hobbling, phone clutched in one hand, Izuku made his way into the hospital room, Uraraka's voice still just fading in his head. "Tenya, I just got off the phone with Ura and."

"Midoriya," He looked away from his sullen friend and over to Todoroki, "Iida just got his diagnosis." The look of sympathy the bi-coloured boy sent his best friend set off alarm bells in his head and he turned to Tenya, trying to hide the worry painting his features.

"My left hand... could have permanent damage."

He was reminded of his own left hand, the one he'd damaged in his fight with Todoroki. He could only imagine what damage would occur after having your arms become a psychos pin cushion.

"Both of my arms were badly injured, but my left got the worst of it. He severed something called the brachial plexus nerve. When I found the hero killer, my mind went blank."

Tenya looked down, voice turning melancholy, "I should have told Manual before doing anything else. I may hate him... but Stain wasn't wrong. So... until I succeed in becoming a true hero... My left hand will serve as a reminder."

"Oh."

'The idiot. What does he hope to achieve from this other than harming his chances of being a hero? He's purposefully making life harder for himself so that he can feel better about himself.'

He mentally kicked himself, 'Now I sound just like Stain. Just because I don't understand Tenya's reasoning doesn't mean it's wrong.'

"I... think your reasoning is stupid." Tenya's face twisted in confusion, "I don't understand why you would purposely let yourself be hindered but... If that's what you're gonna do then I guess we're gonna just have to push each other to be better heroes together." He smirked, "Grievous injuries and all."

He tried his best attempt at a smile then, guessing the results must of been okay because Tenya returned with his own smile. He made his twitching hand into a fist, holding it in front of Tenya so he could see, "My hands damaged as well so I guess besides both being delinquents now we can both become nerve damage buddies."

"I'm sorry..."

"For what...?"
'Please don't tell me dark prince is going to like, give a heartfelt speech. Please, dreamboat mode killed me the first time.'

"Whenever I'm involved... it feels like... people's hands get messed up... Or something... is it a curse?"

"HA HA HA! What on earth are you talking about?"

"Looks like even Todoroki knows how to make a joke."

"No, I'm not joking. Just call me "The hand crusher"..."

"The hand crusher!"

"I uh... Are either of you going back to Mufasta station?" Izuku felt like a small child as he rocked on his feet behind his friends as they were exiting the hospital, waiting and hoping desperately that they would say yes.

Tenya and Todoroki stopped their movements, heads turning over shoulders to look at him. Under their confused gazes Izuku felt himself become more twitchy and he began to rock on his feet more. Tenya raised an eyebrow but answered anyway.

"Yes actually, I am. Todoroki?"

The boy shrugged,"Yeah... the old man has to sort out the fact he isn't getting credit anymore... why are you so jumpy now though?" His mismatched eyes narrowed, "It isn't like you Midoriya..."

He sighed, stopping his movements and bringing his hands up to his hair and tugged on it lightly, "My um..." He looked away. Gods this was embarrassing, "You know how I can see and hear ghosts?"

They nodded.

"Well... one of the ghosts that follows me around went home to make sure my mum was okay after... after auntie told her what'd happened." He didn't have to explain that he was referring to the freak and out and running away, "And it turns out that... my fathers back in Japan. After eleven years. When he left because he thought I was quirkless."

"Oh."

"Yeah, oh." He avoided looking them in the eye as they turned around properly to face him, "Mum told me he died when I was thirteen, probably so that I would just get over him... but I kind of always knew he was still alive. And the ghost overheard that he's coming to pick me up when we get back to Mufasta..."

"And you think if you have people with you then he won't cause a scene?"

"Basically. I know it's a lot to ask and you guys have got your own shit to deal with but even if you could spare like two minutes-"

"Midoriya, I for one am more than willing to stay. You called my father a 'pig-headed bastard' after all, I need to return the favour somehow."

He felt his face light on fire, realisation entering his head, "I did," he looked at Todoroki and could just see in his head how wide-eyed he probably was, "I didn't even think about- I said that to a chief
of police didn't I?" Todoroki, he'd noticed, had been very emotional the past forty-eight or so hours and he continued the trend by laughing. "Tenya- Tenya I can't go home like this. You have to just throw me in the river or something. Just... just take a good long running head start and just kick me into the fucking sun I swear to god-"

Tenya, who was always the more stoically emotional one (if that made sense. It made sense in his head at least) actually burst out laughing, glasses jostling about on his face from the action.

"This is serious! My fathers back and my uncle is going to actually murder me and oh god- my sister is going to ridicule me I refuse to let that little lovable brat be right- CAN YOU STOP LAUGHING AT ME!"

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The train ride, though still only two hours, felt like it was longer than was reasonably acceptable for any amount of stress. And to make things just that little bit better his feet had decided to take up the same habit as his hands and he was basically performing a one-man show of Queen's 'We will rock you' drum solo with his feet.

He was trying to avoid looking at his friends because he really needed to mentally prepare for seeing his father again, eleven years and for all intents and purposes his father had been dead. Even though he was still alive he KNEW that his father might as well of actually been dead. No communication with him, no letters, no phone calls... and then he just shows up 'conveniently' after he does well in the Sports festival?

Either he got his bad luck and timing from his father or the man was just as much a scumbag as he figured him to be. "Midoriya we're here."

He was broke from his musing by Todoroki nudging him, "Huh?" He looked around to see everybody standing and getting their bags from the overhead rack, "Oh. Yeah thanks. Sorry."

"It's fine Izuku. We understand that this is stressful for you." Tenya directed them through the human congestion on the platform, his larger body frame allowing them to cut through behind. They got through the turn stiles and made their way into the main hub of the station. Here it was less busy, being more open and more a place for people to come in and out of rather than anywhere you could actually DO anything.

"Is that them?" Tenya stepped to the side and Izuku only knew who the man next to his mother was because he was stood next to his mother. That, and it was like looking at a slightly older version of himself.

Hisashi Midoriya was about six foot four', had stark black hair and the same emerald green eyes that he knew his own eyes were. His father was not only tall but also (and this was REALLY awkward to admit) well built and from here Izuku could see the muscles in his arms. He was wearing the most 'dad' attire possible; and Izuku had spent the past year and a half knowing Toshinori Yagi. A black t-shirt with the kanji for 'dress shirt' written on it, with a brown suede jacket and the most un-godly pair of white jeans cursed his eyes.

Not to mention that he apparently got his hair from his father because the same uncontrollable mess of curls that rested upon his own head were seated upon his fathers. His father, from what he could see of his neck had a burn scar that looked very much like he'd had an on-fire lasso wrapped around his throat.

"Yeah." He nodded, sliding his bag onto his back and stuffing his hands in his pockets, "That's
them."

He was about to start forward when he felt two hands clamp down on his shoulders simultaneously. Looking over his shoulder he saw both of his friends had a hand on a respective shoulder. "They haven't noticed us yet, we could always sneak out..."

"Love the enthusiasm guys..." he could hear the shake in his own voice, "But I'm pretty sure this is going to be the lesser of two evils right now." He received nods, "Okay, shit show starting... now."

He began making his way over, and this time his friends flanked him like bodyguards. As they got closer he kept running possibilities of his fathers personality through his mind. Would he be brash and abrasive? Crude and despicable? What kind of personality did someone who abandoned their child because they were thought to be quirkless have? A rank one, obviously.

But then, if that was true, why had his mother always seemed so happy when he had been home. He could barley remember what the man had looked like back then and at that age children didn't take much notice of their parents personalities.

"Izuku!" His mother spotted them first, eyes already threatening to overflow with tears. They got within two meters when she flung herself onto him, pulling him into a crushing hug. "I got a call form Mitsuki and all she told me was that you - you were in the hospital because of Hosu and then I saw it on the news and I- Oh Izuku you can't keep doing this to me Izuku!" She pulled back, lightly pulling his head down so that she could press a kiss to the top of it, "My heart can't take all this stress anymore."

He chuckled, grabbing her hands gently in his own and pulling them away from his head so he could look up. He held them together in his own, "I'm trying, promise." He ignored the looks of actual awe from his friends. He forgot that even when he was 'nice' he was always kind of rough around the edges. He'd never actually let his guard down properly around anybody from school before. "And uh... I guess this is..."

His mother practically jumped back from him, not so much startled but rather forcefully reminded of what was actually going on. "Where are my manners! Izuku dear this is... oh who am I kidding Nana already told you didn't she, that your father was back."

Hisashi shifted uncomfortably behind his mother. Good.

His mind went realing at a hundred paces a second though, 'Since when could mum see and/or hear ghosts!? And when did Nana - and actually where is she!?- tell her!?' he spoke, "Yeah. These are my friends," she sent him a knowing smirk when he motioned to Tenya, "Iida Tenya and Todoroki Shouto."

"It's nice to meet Izuku's friends."He reached out a hand to the two of them, caring and dazzling smile on his features, "I trust all three of you are okay now? Hosu looked pretty nasty on the news."

To Tenya and Todoroki's credit they managed to avoid the minefield that was Izuku's stare on his father, "Of course sir. The hospital staff were nothing but the best."

"Good, good." He expected a sharp look to flash in the mans eyes but it didn't. "Heroes huh? I never understood the appeal myself but you're all remarkably brave- you should be proud of yourselves."

Just as the awkwardness grew in the air Todoroki's and Tenya's phones went off in sync. "Oh."
They looked up at the same time as well and the looks they sent him told him their plan was slowly falling apart. He tried to not let his panic be shown, "If you two have got to go, It's cool."

"Midoriya are you sure?"

'Not at all. Please don't leave me.' "Yeah it's cool. You should go visit Tensei anyway Tenya and I'm sure your sister must be worried Todo."

"If you're sure..."

After a slight bit more chitchat Izuku was left on his own with his mum and father in Mufasta train station. "Izuku."

"Don't. We'll... Lets just get home. I don't really want the whole prefecture hearing your excuses."

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"I... could I speak to you alone Izuku? Truly alone, without the ghosts as well."

As they stood in the living room Izuku took great pleasure in seeing how uncomfortable his father felt when all the ghosts in the room looked over at him and began whispering accusatory words. His mother, through some expertly sneaky texting on both their parts, had informed him that yes she could see and hear ghosts and that in fact his father was not only aware of ghosts but he was severely disadvantaged only being able to hear them and feel them.

"This is their house as well. You should ask them."

He was trying to bait the man into snapping, trying to get him to drop the goody goody act but he only sighed (resigned) and raised his voice just enough to be heard, "Would you please leave me and my son alone for awhile so that I can talk to him privately." To Izuku's surprise the ghosts did as they were asked.

"Alright. What're your excuses." He slunk over to the couch, pulling his knees to his chest when he was finally sat down.

Hisashi walked to the couch across from him, sitting down and leaning his forearms on his knees with a grave expression on his face. "First, you need to understand that I did not leave because I was ashamed of you Izuku." 'You have a funny way of showing it.' "My mother is quirkless, which is possibly where the gene for the extra toe joint came from." Hisashi hung his head with a sad sigh, "I didn't have the most... repeatable of work when you were younger. I still don't."

"I was... for lack of a better word, a villain." Izuku felt his body tense up as his father so... sullenly spat the word out. Like it was a rank piece of meat in his mouth, "And the people I was involved with... if you had family they were always at risk but having a quirkless kid..."

"They'd of killed us just because they thought I was quirkless... wouldn't they?"

"Yes." Hisashi nodded, still not looking up at him- like he was too ashamed to, "Yes they would of. And so, when I got in trouble with my boss I ran. They didn't know who my family was and so I left Japan knowing they'd follow and leave you alone." The mans hands, which he just realised had scales on them, tapped a rhythm into his knees, "I couldn't run the risk of you or your mother getting caught up in my mess; so I kept contact to a minimum. Anything that could lead to you was forbidden. No letters, emails, presents in the post, video chats... the whole lot."

"That's bullshit." The venom in his voice had Hisashi's head snapping up, "You're really going to sit
there and lie to my face? The first time we talk to each other in eleven years and you think lying is the way to go about it?" He slid his legs off the couch, standing up and looming over his father, "You think I don't know about your communication with Mum!? I may of been fucking brain dead once before but I am not stupid!"

He could feel his body practically vibrating as he tried to keep himself from throwing and/or breaking something.

"You- you always phoned her or emailed her up until a few months ago! Always- every day of every week at the same time. I always kept track. She'd leave the room so that I couldn't hear but I knew. I knew and do you not realise that- that it doesn't matter you saying you didn't leave because everybody thought I was quirkless. And you want to know why!?"

He brought his hands up to his face, covering the tears that were trying to break free. He was humiliated by how weak his voice sounded. His knees were shaking and he was surprised he was even still standing.

"Because you never tried. You never tried to contact me, you never tried to talk to me, never fucking tried to be involved in my life!" He lowered his arms, realising that no- if this bastard wanted to be in his life again he could see exactly what emotional mess he'd have to deal with, "So don't you dare think that you can waltz in here and just expect me to be over the damn moon that you're back!"

"Izuku... Son-" Hisashi reached out an arm and he reacted on impulse, knocking it away with a snarl. "I don't know you! You're a goddamn face in a photograph- a distant fucking haze! I don't even know what memories I have of you are real and what are just shitty little daydreams four year old me made to convince myself you didn't leave because you hated me; because four year old me kept thinking, 'Dad wouldn't leave. Dad loves me! He wouldn't do that.'"

He drew in a shaky breath trying to keep his voice below a volume where his neighbours would begin getting concerned. Even when Izuku lost it completely he never shouted loudly. "Well news flash, Hisashi, you did."

He didn't take notice of the look of pain that flashed through the mans eyes as he used his first name.

"You abandoned a little kid and your wife. And you did it because you were already a bastard to begin with weren't you!?" He knew he should stop himself, because he was starting to get into his own personal opinions now. He was getting into territory that he knew he shouldn't be.

"You've already admitted to being a villain- you already admitted to putting mum in danger all the time you were married before I was 'diagnosed'." He spat the word 'diagnosed' out the same way Hisashi had spat out the word villain, "So what'd you want huh? To put us in danger? To come scrounging like the rat you fucking are, to leach off of what little success I have going for me? And what little fucking stability we managed to make after you left?"

"That is enough Izuku," Hisashi stood up and Izuku didn't know why but he wasn't scared. All panic and worry from earlier vanished. This man didn't scare him, "Even if we are estranged you cannot talk to me that way. I am your father."

"You are my nothing!"

They were both stood now, a coffee table the only thing stopping them from being in each others faces properly, "You are not my father- you are not my dad - you aren't anything to me, not anymore! The kid that you were something to? He died at age thirteen the day he put a gun in his
mouth and pulled the trigger." He swallowed, just mentioning the incident made the scar on the back of his throat flair up in phantom pains - more than usual anyway.

"So you can try and act like your authority means anything to me- you can pretend in your little head you have some kind of parental power over me, but let me make myself clear. You don't. You never have and you never will."

There it was.

There was the flair.

The anger, the defiance.

The hatred.

Hisashi's green eyes flared toxic green as the man held himself taller, "Sit. Down. We're going to talk this out like people."

He grinned, the look he reserved for scum in back alleys covering his face and he let his eyes narrow, challenging his 'father'. Telling him 'Do your worst' through nothing but his facial expression. "Make. Me."

"Izuku..." He turned his head quickly over to his mother to see her standing there, shaking in her spot, and he realised only one thing. She was scared. 'No.' the voice in the back of his head spoke up, 'She's scared of you.'

"Mum..."

"Izuku take a walk. You need to- need to calm down. I know everything is stressful and off right now but please?"

'She's trying to act like she doesn't want him here... but she misses him doesn't she?' He hated himself as he walked off to the corridor and retrieved his shoes. 'You idiot. Of course, why would she let him in if she didn't. And now when Nana catches up she's gonna berate you. Fantastic you stupid fucking bastard. Just fuck shit up for everybody why don't you?'

He pulled the front door open, not bothering to make sure his keys were in his jeans, and walked out of the flat. He could feel how tense his whole body was, and it was only when he threw open the door to the stair well and was met with a very frantic, "Midoriya what's wrong? Why're you crying?" from one of the other floors tenants that he realised he was still crying.

"Nothing."

He held the door open for the elderly man who gave him a look that spoke volumes about how badly he was lying, before he made his way down the stairs with only one destination in mind.

_"-"

"Figured you'd be here." He ignored the other boy who walked over to him, slumping into the old and dying swing seat with an audible creak. "So... he's back. What's it been now?"

He kicked his feet a bit more, his rhythm losing it's momentum, "Eleven years and counting."

He tried to keep his face hidden, hair (stupidly long hair now coming in handy) covering the majority of his face while the limited lighting helped as well. He risked a glance out of the corner of his eye
when the swing next to him screamed in protest. He quickly looked back down when he met the gaze that was on his face. They both swung in tandem with each other and it was only when the silence began to bear down on his chest that he spoke, "How'd you know to come looking for me?"

"The hag got a call from Aunite. Said you were at the bastards throat for a good ten minutes before she had to tell you to take a walk." He looked over at Katsuki then, not even caring anymore that his face was stained with tears. Katsuki's red eyes were inquisitive enough to figure it out anyway, "You've been out for nearly five hours now. I said I'd know where to find you so they let me go. Figured you wouldn't want a crowd."

He hummed his approval, glad that somebody was aware of his state right now. "Better question, why'd you come looking for me. You could of told Auntie and Uncle where to find me."

"You'd of ran off if I'd of done that. Then," He hadn't heard Katsuki laugh like that since they were little kids, "You'd of gotten pissed at me for telling adults where your go to spot is and tried to kick my ass."

"You're deflecting."

"Guess I am." Katsuki stopped swinging and Izuku followed suite. "Look, I know we don't have the best relationship," he wanted to laugh at that but didn't, curious to see where Katsuki was going with this line of thinking, "But I... I respect you okay fuckmunch? You're stupidly strong - physically and mentally- and I know damn well you're the ghost that goes around the prefecture helping everybody. That takes fucking guts."

"And... I've seen you die three times now, and every time you act like it doesn't matter. Up until this school year you didn't have friends and that's my fault. I did that to you and I want to make it clear that I'm sorry. More than I can put into words. I'm sorry." He chuckled disdainfully, "And I'm aware that doesn't change anything- doesn't make anything alright so don't- don't say it's alright like I've seen you do."

"You Midoriya Izuku, are a person." He wasn't sure what was stranger, Katsuki apologising or calling him by his name for the first time since they were toddlers, "And as a person you deserve a hell of a lot better than the shit you've been dealt. I came looking for you instead of letting the hag an old man do it because they told me about the hospital."

"Bakugou-"

"Just call me Katsuki." He could see the anger in Katsuki's eyes, "Fuck call me Kacchan I don't care- you just randomly stopped calling me it in junior high and it made me realise how much of your presence I took for granted." He could see how much this was physically paining Katsuki to get out, "I was an actual disgrace and you've never had anybody to just spew shit to. So- I'm here offering that service."

He looked forward, feeling tears come to his eyes again. This time it was due to his barley surpressed laughter.

"You- you came all this way to say sorry and that we can be friends so that I don't become emotionally constipated like you! Ha ha ha!"

"WHO THE FUCK SAID ANYTHING ABOUT BEING FRIENDS YOU- ARGH STUPID BASTARD!" Katsuki jumped up off the swing and stood fuming in front of him, face red with embarrassment.
"No take backs now *Kacchan~*

"I take it fucking back! Keep your damn nickname to yourself!"

"Oh! Oh! Now you've got to stop calling me Deku, I know! In name of our newly reformed friendship you should start calling me Izu!"

There was a choked out splutter.

"Y'know like when we were kids! Ah! what the fuck Katsuki!" He gripped the swings chain tightly as his back hovered mere centimetres above the foam ground. He couldn't keep the laughter out of his voice as he tried to pull himself back up and Katsuki kept forcing him back.

"No. Only half-decent brats are allowed to sit up."

"Come on!!"
When did home stop being your safe place?

Chapter Summary

So, to all of those who are worried that Inko's gonna take the bitch ass bastard back- do not fear. The tags are there for a reason people, you are safe. To those asking if Izuku's gonna kick his fathers ass? Maybe. Maybe not.

Also, I know not all of you like backstory chapters and believe me I don't really like them either- sometimes I feel they're just added in for the sake of a filler chapter; so guess who's going to be giving you short and not so sweet snippets of Izuku's life from Katsuki's perspective?
This girl!

Sitting in the park after dark with Izuku, trying to comfort him - trying to stop that look in his eyes from becoming a common occurrence again. He wouldn't let it damn it!!- trying to make peace with himself and Izuku was strange. They'd only ever been close when they were toddlers, from the day they met to the day Izuku was diagnosed as quirkless they'd been best friends. He wasn't sure why, the boy didn't particularly stand out, not in their world where what was once strange is now common.

He found himself laughing now though, as he tried to stop Izuku from sitting up on the swing, the smaller boys crooked hands gripping tightly as he tried to use his legs to kick him away. "I swear, if you let me up, I will actually get mum to bake those spicy cookies you used to love!"

"Not gonna fucking happen! I told you, only half-decent brats get to sit up!"

"Kacchan! Come on! The bloods rushing to my head here!" the boys hands grab onto Katsuki this time instead of the chain, fist up his jumper as he tries to yank himself up. The result isn't what either of the are hoping for and it causes Katsuki to lose his footing and have to grab onto the chain as Izuku loses his grip and ends up flopping back to his previous position.

He found himself scoffing at the pout Izuku sent him, like that would even work. "You are such an ass Katsuki."

"And you're a prick, your point being?"

He knew he should be stopping this stupid little banter, he knew he should be sitting Izuku down and telling him that he needed to at least try and make peace with his father, he knew it was expected of him to find the boy and get him home as soon as possible. But when had he ever done anything like that? He wasn't stupid, he could tell how much having the bastard around was effecting Izuku.

Even offhandedly mentioning had caused a vicious flinch to rip up the others spine, and the thing was Katsuki didn't think Izuku even knew he'd done it. It turned out, in the end, he didn't need to; "I don't want to go home."

He didn't voice any acknowledgement, just hoisted the boy to his feet and helped steady him.

"I don't- he shouldn't be there. He doesn't deserve to be there." He hummed, letting his newly
acquired friend figure his words out, "He leaves and then comes back and doesn't like it when I tell
him the damn truth! It makes me sick even thinking of going back to the flat with him there!"

"I don't... I don't know what to do..." He was sure he wasn't supposed to hear that last part.

A few hundred ideas roared through his mind. And then there was one that was plausible. "What if
I stayed over at your place?"

"What?"

"The fucker won't hash it out in front of your 'best friend' will he Izu? And heaven forbid he upsets
Auntie." Izuku's eyes narrowed, taking in and processing his sarcastic tone.

"And what's in it for you? Besides the fact to terrorise my asshat of a father- which I'm aware you're
doing on Auntie's behalf."

"Your place is closer to the train, I go for my internship and go home. And I'm doing it not for the
old hag but because I want to. He doesn't get to abandon Auntie and then make the fucker who looks
a super villain in the eyes and shake in his boots feel like shit. 'Sides... isn't this the kind of shit
friends do?"

Izuku just stared at him, and for a quick second Katsuki was worried he'd fucked up. "You literally
live on the same street as me Katsuki."

"Well the fucker doesn't need to know that does he?"

Izuku stood there, rubbing his temples as he watched the little asshat in front of him open up his
pockets. He'd so far seen a lighter, a pocket knife, his U.A. identification card (what he had that in a
pair of jeans for Katsuki didn't know), a packet of M&M's and most surprisingly of all three pieces
of chalk. "You have all this shit but not your house keys."

"You don't have your house keys..."

"You never know when you're going to need it!"

"Tell me Izuku, when in your life have you ever needed a lighter?" The look he was given had him
paling, "Never mind. Just - just fucking knock."

Izuku shrugged, more to himself than Katsuki, and raised his hand to knock. A millimetre from the
door his hand stopped. He took in a deep breath and went to do it once more but it was just a repeat
of the first attempt. "What if he's still here?" Izuku didn't look at him, but Katsuki could just imagine
the look on his face.

"That's why I'm here, remember?"

"I-"
"I'll do it."

He stepped around Izuku, banging his hand on the door, realising too late he'd just woke up everybody and their grandma with the volume of it. "Katsuki!" was hissed behind him but he shrugged nonchalantly knowing Izuku could see him. It took a few seconds but he could hear the padding of feet behind the door. It was pulled open with too much intensity for his liking but he relaxed when he saw his auntie Inko stood there with the look of pure hope and elation on her face when her eyes locked onto Izuku.

"Izu!" He had to side step, and he realised his auntie may of completely blindsided him in her panic, because it wasn't until she had Izuku wrapped up in her arms, chin tucked onto the top of his head as the boy patted her back soothingly that she noticed him, "Oh! Katsuki what're you-"

"It's Izu's and I's weekly sleepover remember? We didn't get to do it properly because it's internship week," he spotted a man - six foot, black hair, eyes the same shade as Izuku's, and a nasty feeling about him- hanging a little bit back from the door. Not noticeable unless you were looking for a prick with an unsettling demeanour. No wonder Izuku had been freaked out; the guy practically radiated bad news. What had his auntie even seen in this guy? "So we're gonna have it now, seeing as Izu's is done and I have my last day tomorrow. If that's okay with you auntie."

He'd never really pegged his aunt as an actress, nor as a pathological liar. But he could see both options in the way she smiled brightly, calm and secure in every undertone in her voice as she didn't let the surprise that had flashed through her eyes for a quick second make any other appearance. "Oh, yes!" She lightly slapped her forehead, "I just thought the two of you weren't having it this week. Sorry, dear, I forgot all about that."

Her smile was directed at both of them, 'Be careful' practically painted in bold in it, "It's perfectly alright with me, it allows you both to calm down and relax. And you're closer to the train station this way aren't you Katsuki?" He nodded, "Come in, are you in the living room this time or Izuku's bedroom?"

Katsuki looked to Izuku for initiative. They were barley past the new friends threshold right now, he wasn't going to invade the boy's private space unless he let him, "I think it'd be best if we were in my room, you good with that Kacchan?" Izuku tilted his head, nodding to his father discretely and he nodded in his own way to say 'yes, I saw him', "You find it easier to sleep with the television so I don't mind the living room."

"Whatever's fine with me. If you want to be in your room then I don't care."

"My room it is."

As he stepped out of the way to let Izuku in first he realised that even if his mother was best friends with Midoriya Inko and he himself had spent most of his childhood in close quarters with Midoriya Izuku, they really didn't know either as well as they probably should. Because Auntie Inko was supposed to be too skittish and nervous to be able to put on the spot and lie like that - she got flustered when you asked her what she wanted for dinner. And Izuku wasn't supposed to be able to pretend that easily- he'd always used intimidation or outright blanking people to avoid questions, he shouldn't of been able to deal with that on-the-spot improv.

"How've you been - who the hell is this?"

He tried to play it off like it was nothing, like he wasn't already aware that this man was the worst possible person to exist only second to the guy in charge of the 'League of Villains' who'd created the Nomu and wanted to kill All Might. He tried to act like the arsehole he was supposed to be, and
thankfully it worked. "This is, well Katsuki... this is my... husband, Midoriya Hisashi."

The word husband sounded so hollow and the man didn't appear to react at all to the empty word but he didn't seem to be very reactive at all. He just kept staring at Izuku like any second he was going to do something. Katsuki hoped he would. "Hisashi, this is Bakugou Katsuki- Izuku's childhood friend."

He made sure to catalogue the way Hisashi's eyes flashed when she said 'childhood friend'.

"Didn't know you had a husband auntie- you guys newly wed or something?" From where he could see Izuku next to him he could see the boy very stealthily hiding a snort behind a barrage of fake hacking coughs. His aunt, who was stood behind Hisashi's line of sight at this point, looked very close to bending over in a wheeze. Katsuki was a natural born genius, he'd long ago perfected the 'I'm-bored-and-know-everything' flat tone of voice. It came in handy for situations like this.

Hisashi looked ready to swear, maybe break a vase or two.

'I wonder how long Izuku and I can drill him before he just fucking gives up?'

"Actually, Bakugou was it? I'm Izuku's father, Inko and I have been married for nearly twenty years."

He chose to ignore him, which made him madder and made his auntie look ready to start rolling around on the floor.

"C'mon on Kacchan, I promised I'd let you make me marathon worse hero fashion statements this time." He shot Izuku a discrete look of 'You are so fucking dead slime ball' before smiling a hopefully not too fake smile before nodding.

"Cool. You heard him auntie, he can't get out of it now can he?"

Once in Izuku's room, the atmosphere turned serious once again as the boy reached his bed and slid down onto it like a defeated soldier.

"I felt like I was going to throw up when I saw him and then you just- Katsuki what the actual fuck was 'You guys newly-weds or something?' like don't get me wrong it was funny as hell but where did it even come from?"

He remembered when Izuku used to mumble everything and right now he could see that even though the boy had gone to great efforts to rid himself of the habit it still rose its head every so often. "I was on the spot alright? It's not like I'd been given any proper forewarning on how to talk to him."

"That's no- I give up. Whatever. Let's just get to sleep, auntie said your bedtime is something like nine?"

"Don't call it a bedtime! I choose to go to sleep at that time!"

Izuku scoffed, "In another lifetime I wouldn't be a vigilante with a macabre quirk and I can almost guarantee that you would still be less of a delinquent than me."

Katsuki shoved the boy so that he was sat back down as he grabbed his sleeping bag, they'd gone to his house quickly - explained everything and then set off again- so he only had what he needed for tonight and tomorrow. He rolled it out, glad that he was used to sleeping on hard surfaces due to the
amount of time they went camping as a family, "That's only because even when nobody thought you had a quirk you still had a problem with authority."

It was a joking comment but it settled over them like a suffocating blanket, "Hey Katsuki..." Izuku's voice seemed to turn grave, "Do you think that if I'd had a quirk when we were younger things would of turned out differently? Like... would it of taken us this long to be proper friends again? Would we of not been jackasses to each other all the time?"

As he sat on his sleeping bed he looked up at the boy on the bed who, at some point, had fallen back so he was staring at the ceiling. "No... I don't think it would of changed things." He looked to the side, "Because we wouldn't of been friends then."

The boy on the bed made a funny noise in the back of his throat. It was a cross between 'explain' and 'bitch what the fuck?', "Y'know the multiverse theory and shit?" there as a hand waved that he took to mean yes, "Well... they say that for each path taken there's a mirrored path of events that runs simultaneously. It's identical in every way but one feature. That creates ripples that spread through and change the course of that timeline."

"So what you're saying is," Izuku didn't even bother to sit up, letting his hands dancing through the air do the talking, "That we wouldn't of been friends if my quirk had manifested early."

"Yes. Because then you wouldn't of been the Midoriya Izuku that I know. You would of been the Midoriya Izuku that had loads of friends and tried to fit in."

"Come on, you don't think I'd be a groupie do you-"

"You'd do your best not to be." It was a statement, "But you'd probably end up doing it without meaning to. Like now, you're trying real hard to fit into the delinquent stertotype just so that you don't have to fit into anyone's categories."

Izuku gave an unconvinced hum of acknowledgement from the bed, kicking his legs up tiredly like he was trying to remind them that 'Yes, you dying things, you do work.'

"So... from what I understand, you think I'd of gotten a shitload of friends and we wouldn't of had the chance to meet because I would be so busy with my friends and groupies to even notice the boy doing the exact same thing?" Katsuki went to nod, before realising Izuku couldn't see him and made a noise of agreement that didn't even begin to qualify as a language. Thankful, Izuku understood.

"Sounds like bullshit 'cause like, I can totally see us becoming playground rivals over who had the better friends."

"Nah. You didn't have the spine back then."

"You didn't have any more spine than I did. You could just make explosions pop out of your palms and not have to worry."

"True." He noted.

Looking over to the clock on the wall, he noticed how...lacking the room was in personality. There was a desk, books (text books) resting on said desk, a bed with plain grey sheets, a book case (covered in books Katsuki didn't think the anybody living could pronounce) and a solitary collection of manga by the bed side table. The walls were a simple white, the ceiling the same empty shade with only the blood red carpeted floor bringing colour into the space.

He took the fact that Izuku was paying more attention to the glow in the dark stars on his ceiling and
that the curiosity to find out what manga did the elusive Shizouka cryptid read act as his initiative. He moved silently to the pile, snatched the first volume off of the pile, read the title, looked at Izuku, looked back at the title and began to reevaluate his life choices.

"Watamote?"

He'd never seen a human body jolt up right so fast or violently before.

Katsuki lay on his back staring at the askew constellations on the ceiling long after Izuku had fallen asleep.

Despite being born with an innate desire to religiously follow the early to bed, early to rise bullshit his whole family followed he couldn't get his eyes to shut. He figured it was probably because of the fact that no matter how quiet the Midoriya household got he could feel the presence of others. They weren't in the room but they were in the house, and it freaked him out. He'd known Izuku could see them- of course he knew. Every damn person in the school knew; Izuku was the only one with the ability brave enough to interact with the damn things.

Because of that he'd expected a hoard, like the one Izuku had corralled at the sports festival, calling them to him like they were some kind of hive mind.

There hadn't been any. At all. All night.

It'd been off putting but he'd pushed it away in favour of just trying to get his eyes to close. He'd regret it in the morning if he didn't anyway. Best Jeanist was an actual asshat and if Katsuki could get away with it he would have no qualms about showing Jeanist just how flammable he was and... yep. That's definitely why his dad was talking about anger therapy. He could totally see the valid points now.

Wow, he never wanted to be in Izuku's room again. It was making him think of things form other perspectives. Putting those worrying thoughts to the side he thought back on the evening.

They hadn't spent all night in the bedroom, eventually coming out for dinner which had been more awkward than having to sit there and explain to his auntie that 'yeah, Auntie Inko, Izuku's got a big fuckass scar on his face because of me' which he hadn't thought was possible but he'd been proven wrong. Hisashi Midoriya was the kind of guy, apparently, who liked to think in his head that he was a nice guy and so presented that image while in reality he was nothing more than a slimeball.

He'd hated him the second the words, "So, you've known Izuku since childhood then?" had left his mouth, like he was quizzing Katsuki on whether the sky was fucking blue. Then he remembered that he'd met Izuku a few months before they'd all turned four and the cryptid had in fact had a life that included this asshat before they'd moved.

He figured they'd already known by then he was quirkless, or was supposed to be quirkless.

He'd bitterly replied to the man, "Yes. Izu and I have known each other since we were four. Gone to the same school ever since, in fact we're both students of U.A academy."

"Oh?" He'd levelled Katsuki with another look before transferring it to Izuku, "You didn't mention any childhood friends Izuku."

"You've been here all of what? Eighteen hours." Izuku hadn't even given the man a glance, soba taking up all of his attention instead, "You didn't ask me anything and I didn't think it was any of your business as to who I am and aren't friends with."
A tenseness had overtaken the dining room at that point and they'd all quietly eaten before Inko had prompted them to go to bed as she ushered Hisashi out of the house, something along the lines of, 'No he doesn't want you here and neither do I' leaving her lips in that quiet way that people talked when the present company wasn't supposed to hear the conversation. He'd made sure to loiter in Hisashi's line of sight a little bit longer than he should of just to make sure he didn't try anything. As the front door closed, Izuku had exited the bathroom, having missed his chance to say something marvellous before the dickwad left.

Now though, Izuku's breathing, the paradoxical coldness of the carpeted floor and the glow-in-the-dark stickers on the ceiling were all there was to try his awake mind. Thinking back to earlier, he realised that he didn't know Izuku as well as someone who held the title of 'I've known him since we were four' should. Saying that, he didn't think you could really count the boy in the bed a few meters from him the same boy that Katsuki had grown up with.

For all intents and purposes, that boy was dead. Had been since the day Midoriya Izuku used his quirk for the first time. Judging from the amount of scars that he'd caught a glimpse of in the locker room he was very much buried under all the other versions that wore Midoriya Izuku's skin like a past down coat. He thought back, trying to remember exactly when he'd first noticed a change in Izuku; startled to find it was in fact long before sightings of the boy's counterpart started cropping up.

If he remembered correctly they'd been seven.

"Hey Bakugou, look at Midoriya. He's covered in bandages again, d'you do that?"

Katsuki turned his head to the door of the classroom, seeing annoying- too defiant!- Deku shuffling into the classroom with a look they were too young to understand in his eyes. He wasn't wearing the school jacket, and so his arms were exposed. From his fingers up to under his shirt sleeve all you could see was bandages. White, thick angry looking things that made his scrawny little scarecrow arms look like fragile wrapped presents that he often saw his dad carry when he out buying his mums birthday present.

"No." He'd muttered it, only paying attention to the way Deku refused the help the worried looking teachers (they were never worried when they roughed Deku up so why were they now?) and moved his arms about like he didn't have anything wrong with them at all. But Katsuki had an explosion coming out of his hands every five minutes, he knew how much it had to hurt to mean he had that many bandages on. "Stupid Deku probably burnt himself of something."

It had been in the next few months that he'd hear his mother on the phone to his auntie Inko talking about how Izuku was often coming home with burn marks up his arms, like somebody had lit a match and traced designs into his skin in some sort of graphite art style.

Thinking back on that, and the events that followed- events that he still dreamt about when his mind betrayed him- lead to him thinking to the first time he'd seen Izuku's quirk in action.

"Aww Deku's gonna cry."

"What's wrong Deku? why don't you hit me? You're a delinquent aren't you, why don't you fight me to prove you aren't a weak little brat!"

He'd heard the words, echoing off of the empty school building, like they were next to his ear. It'd made him curious because who the fuck would want to pick a fight with Deku? Sure, Katsuki often felt like ringing the guys neck but he also knew exactly what he did to criminals when unprovoked and wasn't about to go poke the sleeping dragon. Unlike idiot #1 and idiot #2 apparently.
He'd followed the echo, if only to see the looks on the shit stains faces when Deku decimated them, and found that the closest he could get was an alcove. He looked around when he got there, wondering where exactly the three were when green flashed in the upper left of his eyes and his eyes darted upwards to see Deku backed up to the railing on the roof.

His body language had been relaxed, a little too relaxed, because when idiot #1 grabbed him a bit too harshly by the collar and lifted him a bit too much, it'd sent him tumbling over the railing like he was a piece of paper gripped by butter fingers. The resulting cry of 'OH SHIT!' sparked Katsuki into action as he ran forward. He didn't really have a plan in mind, maybe catch Deku? No, the abrupt stop could snap his neck. Try and slow down his decent with his quirk?

He shot down actions in his head and just as he got ready to launch himself into the air to grab Deku he hit the ground. A sickening, bone crushing, body breaking squelch ringing out as muscles moved into places they weren't supposed to go and bones poked out of limbs that that they most definitely shouldn't of.

He remembered that he'd nearly thrown up, Izuku's blood splattered across the concrete just mere milometers from the cap of his shoe. And then, his body had reacted on instinct, covering his face as a bright light threatened to blind him. Izuku had stood up then, uniform splattered with his own blood, hair and skin dusty and muddy but he'd simply locked Katsuki's gaze with his own, made a motion of zipping his lips closed and then limped off before Katsuki's mind could even comprehend what exactly he'd just witnessed.
TO CLEAR THINGS UP, THE MEMORIES FROM KATSUKI LAST CHAPTER AREN'T GOING TO FULLY MATCH UP WITH IZUKU'S OWN BECAUSE KATSUKI ISN'T FULLY AWARE OF EVERYTHING SURROUNDING IZUKU AND HIS QUIRK. THE INCIDENT WITH THE ROOF WAS MENTIONED ALL THE WAY BACK IN CHAPTER 1 SO NO, IT DOESN'T MESS UP THE CANON TIMELINE OF EVENTS. IZUKU MENTIONS IT BRIEFLY WHEN HE TALKS ABOUT HOW KATSUKI KNOWS ITS A LIE SAYING HE DOESN'T HAVE A QUIRK.

THE INCIDENT WITH THE BANDAGES LINKS BACK TO THE TWO CHAPTERS TITLED CHILDHOOD EXPERIENCES = TEENAGE ANGST, AND SO ONCE AGAIN DO NOT MESS UP THE CANON TIMELINE OF EVENTS IN THIS STORY.

Thank you for reading, I was just reading through a few comments and noticed how it bugged a few of you, and then it bugged me because I was like 'Didn't I already establish that though?' and then I went back and checked and it was like 'Yeah! I knew I did.' and I know one or two of you HAVE gone back and still pointed out that things changed but I can promise you, they didn't.

MEMORIES FROM LAST CHAPTER WERE:

THE FALLING OFF THE ROOF INCIDENT WAS POST QUIRK

THE BURNS WERE PRE-DABI INCIDENT
Chapter Summary

Sorry it took so long for a new chapter.
Long and short of it is:
All my devices broke
The only device that didn't was practically ancient and has a crap self correcting type
system and I haven't written on it since I was eleven and first started writing online.
Now all that's out the way, the chapter deleted itself like twice so if it doesn't seem as
good I apologise that's a combination on the device I'm on and the fact I've rewritten this
three times now.

I was talking with my friend the other day about this AU and we were talking about music as well
and I thought of a few songs that work with this AU, whether it's characters or the AU as a whole.
Please remember, these are subject to my opinion:

1) Medicine by Bring Me The Horizon
2) Glitter & Gold by Barns Courtney
3) Are You Satisfied by MARINA
4) Worst Case Scenario by The Hoosiers
5) I Am Not A Robot by MARINA
6) Isle Of Flightless Birds by Twenty One Pilots
7) Can't Decide by Scissor Sisters

"I heard you just had your internship week, Izuku, how was it?"

Golden eyes burrowed into him from behind half moon glasses, deciphering every little subconscious
action and reaction. Her hands sat collected on her lap as Nakamura-San stared him down and Izuku
decided to just take note if all the little details instead of answering.

' How was it? Was such a heavy laden question. What was he supposed to say?

His psycho doctor finally got caught? He killed for the first time (a Nomu but still)? He had another
break down even though he hadn't had one in over a year?

The better question was where did he start?

"My mentor was... interesting. A little on the cranky side but I can tell he's just a stressed old man."

The eyes flashed behind the glasses and if he wasn't aware that Nakamura-San was quirkless he
would think her quirk was lie detector. However, she only hummed and motioned for him to
continue.
"And I learnt more about how to control my quirks new mutation so... that was good."

"Really? I have to say you demonstrated amazing control at the sports festival I'm looking to forward to your future improvements."

Normally he would be eating up the praise and recognition but he couldn't, knowing that Nakamura was only dancing around the issue due to respect for him. And instead of making him feel better it just made him feel guilty knowing he was making her work harder.

He couldn't think how to get it out though, how was he supposed to word everything? He couldn't do that very well to begin with and now he was supposed to articulate all the mess that he'd endured?

How was he supposed to- "I killed myself on purpose on my internship."

He could do that.

"Izuku?"

"I-I was pretty messed up after the Todoroki match and I guess it got to me and then later I spoke with my teacher about me not doing anything stupid on the trip and then the Nomu's-"

He repressed a shiver. Just thinking about the fact that he'd ended a life was messing with him.

"The Nomu's attacked and I found out Tenya had run off when there had been a Stain sighting! And I found him and he was going to," he found himself choking on his words, "He was going to - he was going to fucking decapitate him or run him through or whatever else the sick bastard could do and I just got so angry!!"

"Breath Izuku," a scarred hand rested on his own damaged one and he looked up from his lap at her to see her face open and unguarded, "You don't need to continue, I just need you to breath."

He ignored her advice though. Izuku needed to get this out.

"And I attacked him but it wasn't enough- he's one of my best friends and I couldn't do enough to help him. Then Todoroki turned up and we still ended up heavily injured and- and the only solution I could think of was to use myself as a distraction..."

Now came the hard part.

"But the only way I could act as a distraction was through using myself as a flash grenade..."

There was a very quiet 'Izuku' breathed out, and it sounded so horribly upset that he couldn't meet her eyes, even as Nakamura's grip on his hands increased.

"Was there... was there no other way?"

"Yes." He bit it out, trying to not let any hatred be hurled at Nakamura-San, she didn't deserve that. "When I look back now there were hundreds of things I could of done but I- I did it again!"

"I did what everybody tells me not to do, I went and threw my fucking life away, like the self-absorbed ungrateful brat I am!"

He braced himself for either the affirmation that that was what he was, or the scolding that he wasn't. He wasn't prepared for the question posed to him.

"Why do you feel that way?"
"Because it's true!"

"Why do you think it's true though?" He looked up to see the glasses were doing no job of concealing the worry in the woman's eyes. "Why are you so sure that that's what you are?"

"Because- Because..." he pulled his hands back, gripping his hair as he was forced to think, "Because life isn't something to be just thrown away!"

"Nakamura-San don't tell you haven't ever wished that you didn't have to die. Everybody has done it."

He could see her worry grow but he couldn't focus on that.

"It's what humans do! We live and we fight and we slog along each day to the next because we're so afraid of dying that we don't know what to do with ourselves. But me, me I can just decide if I feel like living or not." He yanked on his hair, in an effort to ground himself, "And what do I do with that power? Do I go to rescue situations and throw myself into the fray? Do I risk my life doing things that need to be done but others can't do because it would cause more harm than good?"

"No! No I go around a fucking city beating the shit out of criminals and throwing my life away time and time again. How is that not self-absorbed and ungrateful!?"

There was a sigh across from him and he looked up now, realising how ungrateful he'd been just then, screaming at her- acting like she was supposed to understand just because her job was to talk with him. How stupid was he? How ungrateful he really was.

"Who said it was your job to do any of that though?"

"Huh?"

"I said, Izuku," gold eyes blazed and he felt himself start to tremble - terrified that he'd angered and upset the woman, "Who said it was your job to go around and help others?"

"No one."

"And who said that you had to go around and 'beat the shit out of criminals'? Because I don't recall there ever being a public announcement that adolescent boys had to go around doing unconventional community service."

She removed her glasses, smiling softly although her tiredness showed through, and rubbed at her eyes. "You decided that that was what you were going to do. If I remember right, during the sports festival you told Todoroki that you were becoming a hero for everybody that thought they couldn't."

He nodded, "Explain to me then how you're being ungrateful. Remember Izuku, Atlus held up the sky as punishment- not as a duty, you never need to hold to world on your shoulders. And the world can't expect you to do it either."

"Izuku could you get the door please?"

Making a noise if confirmation Izuku closed the lid of his laptop, the heart wrenching images of rescue animals burning into his mind. Placing the laptop on the coffee table he sighed as his limbs barely cooperated.

Emotional exhaustion was a bitch.
His heavy limbs trudged him to the door, where he opened it to a sight he hadn't realised he'd needed.

"Aunt Iki, Hisashi what's up?"

His little sister rushed forward, hugging his waist before he bent down to her height and returned the affection as his aunt seemed ready to pass out in the door frame.

"Aunt Iki?" He watched and realised that the dyed blonde might actually pass out, "Sashi why don't you go greet mum? She's in the kitchen making lunch."

"Okay!"

As his little sister ran into the flat he stood up quickly and supported his aunt as her knees finally seemed to give up. "Sorry." Was mumbled around a groan of pain and exhaustion as she struggled to stand up until Izuku put most of her weight on himself.

"Auntie what's wrong? Did something happen?"

"No... No nothing happened. I've just done two eighteen hour shifts back to back and Hisashi's baby sitter bailed on me three quarters of the way through apparently. Hisashi's been in hysterics..." A loud yawn broke from his aunts mouth as he moved them both into the living room, "I haven't had any time to sleep..."

"I can see that... Why didn't you just call mum to watch Hisashi?"

As he got his aunt onto the couch, watching her practically deflate and breathing a sigh of relief to himself, he gave a discreet thumbs up to his mother as she poked her head through to check on them.

"Inko said something about your father being here, I didn't want to interrupt." He sank down into the couch next to her, keeping his eyes on her in case she crashed suddenly. "From the voicemail I got from Inko last night I can assume it was probably for the best."

"Yeah... probably. Katsuki would of probably scared her the most honestly."

"Katsuki?"

"The blond from the festival- explosion hands and that."

"Oh... you're friends with him?"

He let out a laugh at the almost tangible confusion in her tone, "Childhood friends in fact."

"Explains your language problem." She closed her eyes, hands clasped on her stomach and Izuku remained sat up, just in case.

"Rude."

One eye opened and Izuku felt more judgment in that one eye than he had collectively for a long time, "Hisashi said 'Fuck' last week, I wonder where she learnt it from? Considering neither Inko nor myself swear and her classmates are far too young."

He lent back, imitating his aunt, and stared at the ceiling. "I've been trying to cut down on a lot of my habits, I apologise if she gets an attitude problem. That one's on me."

He felt a half aware pat on the shoulder and glanced to see his aunt most of the way into dream land.
"Damn right it is."

"Look who's swearing now."

He saw what most definitely couldn't of been the bird flipped at him from his aunt and pulled himself up from the couch when he was sure it wouldn't disturb her.

Leaving the living room he made his way into the adjacent kitchen smiling fondly when he spotted his sister pulling the puppy eyes on his mum to let her hack a snack before lunch.

"Please!! I'm really hungry!"

"I'm making lunch now Hisashi. You don't beg your teacher for food in the middle of class do you?"

"No... sorry."

His mother pat the young girls head before turning her attention to him, "What's going on?"

"Auntie did back to back eighteen hour shifts, babysitter bailed and she hasn't slept. I think she just needed to get Hisashi somewhere safe before she passed out."

His mother shook her head, exasperation and worry clear in her face. "That woman sometimes. She could of just called and I would of gone to pick them both up! No matter."

He nodded, turning his attention to Hisashi, "How've you been Hisashi?"

Hisashi shrugged, rocking on her heels, "Okay... is Mama alright? She seemed really upset until you opened the door... did I do something?"

"No. You didn't do anything to upset her. She's just really tired and stuff. You know, boring adult stuff."

"Oh. Okay. Are you sure?"

He bent slightly and picked the seven year old up, throwing her over his shoulder as she shrieked and laughed, "You dare question me!? Just for that we aren't going to the park now!"

"What!? Big brother no!!"

Laughing he made sure to exaggerate his shushing as they made their way through the living room, and once they were in the corridor he put the girl down so she could get her shoes on.

When her back was turned he allowed himself a moment of pain, not having realised how badly he'd been injured until that moment. He could feel bruises throbbing and cuts threatening to reopen.

His newest scar throbbed and the knife in his pocket burned. It wasn't something he spoke about often or at all, but one of the harder psychological effects of his quirk was an innate fear of whatever lead to some of his recent deaths.

For instance, right now he was petrified of ice, blood and knives.

He forced himself not to think too hard though as he shove his boots on noticing Hisashi's almost inpatient look. "I'm going as fast as I can Sashi."

"Where's miss Nana?"
He stalled and looked up at his sister, it was the first time she was openly acknowledging the ghostly woman.

"She's visiting a Toshinori, making sure he's alright without us around." He tried not to think about how he needed to interrogate his mentor the next time he saw him, "Well lets get going. Hopefully none of my classmates are off of their internships yet. I don't want to deal with them."

"You need friends Izu-nii."

"I have friends you little brat." He ruffled Hisashi's hair, shoving her out the door lightly in the process as they made their way to the stairway, "Like Shinsou. Shinsou is my friend."

"Friends big brother, plural."

He couldn't help but feel amused as he bit out his next few words, "When did you become such a wise crack huh?!"

"Are you picking on little Hisashi, Izuku?"

Mrs Akira's voice from behind had him spinning on his heel to see the old woman hobbling down the corridor, obviously having come up the other staircase.

"Ms.Akira! Hello!"

"Why hello Hisashi."

"Mrs Akira! Did you come here alone? Are you alright?"

Izuku went to move closer to the old woman when she waved him off. "I can to see Ganji-San next door to you don't worry. I'm old but not that old Izuku."

"Look! Izuku-nii look its Asui-Chan!!"
"Asui?" He looked down at his sister to see her pointing towards the playground and when he looked over himself he was surprised to find that it wasn't his classmate but a girl who looked very similar.

"Look! It's Asu-Chan! I told you that she stuck to the ceiling!"

"..." He thought back on his conversations with his sister, remembering it was the day of his first hero training lesson, "I remember now. Why don't you go over to her?"

He let go of his sister's hand and smiled slightly when she shouted the girls nickname and ran over to her. He raised his hand slightly when the two seven year olds turned and waved before running off to the playground.

"Is that your sister, kero?" Nearly jumping out of his skin he turned to face Tsuyu, who was in casual clothes and watching her, presumably, little sister.

"Yeah, Hisashi. I think she goes to school with your sister."

"Hisashi?" He looked over at his classmate at her questioning tone, and was a bit concerned to see the look directed at him, "But her last name isn't Midoriya..."

"She's my Auntie Iki's kid but she calls me big brother. I get how it could be confusing."

Tsuyu hummed and they both went back to watching over their siblings. They stayed in relative silence for a short while, "I heard on the news about Hosu, are Iida and Todoroki alright?"

"Cuts and bruises for the most part, Tenya got some damage in his hand though- Ura isn't going to be pleased."

"I've told you before haven't I, kero, that I like to speak my mind." He made a noise of agreement, taking his eyes away from Hisashi to look at his classmate. When he did so he wasn't shocked to find the usual commitment in Tsuyu's eyes, "I think you're hiding something from us. The class I mean."

He shoved his hands in his pockets, subconsciously holding his pocket knife tightly, and made another noise of agreement; although this one acted as a signal for the girl to continue.

"I won't ask you to tell me everything about it, but at the USJ... your costume was ripped in the back." His blood ran cold, "Mido is... is everything alright at home? As your classmate kero, is there anything I can do for you-"

"You have it wrong." He looked back to his sister, watching her so full of life and so carefree. It was a stark difference to how she'd been that horrible day, "My mum is the most wonderful person on the planet and while my father's a pile of shit he isn't around to do anything like what you're suggesting."
He brought his hand out of the pocket that didn't have his knife and subconsciously ran his fingers up his other arm, scars exposed due to his t-shirt's short sleeves.

"You're right that I'm hiding something from the class, but it isn't anything to do with my home life. It's something that's... sensitive and I could probably get into loads of trouble if I told anybody about it."

"Mido, I apologise. Kero, I shouldn't of pried."

"No," he looked back over to her, "It's fine. You were worried, by the way how was your internship with Selkie?"

"It was fun," the frog-like girls hands made an appearance from her goodies pockets as she checked the time on her phone, "We got to deal with a smuggling ring. How was your internship?"

He laughed, "Grab Torino was a crazy bastard. I feel like I could probably dodge All Might with my eyes closed now."

That brought a laugh out of Tsuyu as well and they eventually trailed off when Tsuyu's sister called over. "Tsu-nii watch!"

The little girl crouched and then jumped, reaching just above the monkey bars which she then landed on. "Tada!"

Tsuyu began to clap and Izuku found himself clapping also when he saw how amazed Hisashi was with her friends display. It felt nice to see someone enjoy their childhood experiences with quirks.

He was one if the biggest examples of how bad it could get.

"Hey Tsu do you-" he cut himself off when he saw a disgustingly familiar face in the anonymous crowd of people that passed through the park, "Tsu could you do me a major favour."

The girl looked over her shoulder, before looking back at Izuku with concern, "What's wrong?"

"See the guy with the red t-shirt with the Best Jeanist logo on it? The balding one." She nodded. "I need you to keep Hisashi away from him."

"Mido?"

"It's nothing dangerous I swear," he looked over at his sister, remembering how broken she'd seemed having to even think about that man, "But you've got to trust me."

"Okay."

_-*-_

"Oi."

Izuku isn't proud of many things, he's not been given the chance to be proud of anything really, but one thing in particular that makes him feel proud is when he's standing across from the man who thought he could hurt Hisashi; and as soon as the man spots him he starts shaking.

"Y-you!"

"Me."
He stares at the man, keeping his hands in his pockets - making sure that if anybody looked over they would see he wasn't the aggressor here- and making himself as non-threatening as this type of situation can allow.

"If I'm not mistaken you aren't supposed to be anywhere near parks or children."

The man's face is an ugly shade of red before he huffs and he appears to calm himself down somewhat. "I'm not here to cause trouble, I swear I'm not. Just leave me be please-"

He steps into the man's personal space and he takes no joy in how the man freezes up, breath stopping for just a little too long. "How many people said the same thing and you ignored them?"

He leans in closer, glaring, "Do you really think you deserve to be treated with any kind of respect after what you did?"

"It was a misunderstanding!"

He hums, giving a mockingly obvious 'discrete' check of the surroundings as if he's checking so he can tell a secret. "Oh sure. A misunderstanding, of course. That's why you stabbed me through the fucking heart because I wouldn't let you touch Hisashi."

"I didn't mean to do that-"

"Oh I'm sure you didn't." He takes a step back, leaning his posture back with a lazy smile, one he's seen Shinsou use before when he wants to get across how done he is, "I mean, you obviously didn't chase Hisashi six blocks with a kitchen knife to stab me."

"I-I didn't-"

"I was at the trial remember?" The man's face drops, "I know exactly what you tried to do to her before I found her. I know exactly what you didn't tell the court's as well." His face drops further, "Don't think that you'll get away with what you've done."

He's expecting it, that's why when the guy tries to slam a fist into his cheek he does nothing but grab it and smile. "Oh?"

Some people are staring, others are smarter and are ignoring them.

"Y'know, all I did was ask you to leave somewhere legally you aren't supposed to be. And you try and hit me?"

The bastard realises his mistake. "That wasn't very smart. Now, when I let go of your fist you're going to turn around and walk to the nearest police station and tell them you broke one of the conditions of your parole."

He smiles again, "That way it sounds better. Unless you want me to escort you to the nearest police station and include the fact you just tried to assault me?"

"You aren't right in the head kid." His fist tightens, "You need help."

He releases his grip on the man's fist, watching as it drops to his side, listless. "Thanks. It's all the dying."

"Mido? Everything alright?"

He looks over his shoulder at Tsuyu, Hisashi is hidden behind her and her little sister is glaring at the
scumbag with a worrying intensity. "Yeah, we're just finishing up here."

He looks back at the man who's staring at Hisashi, "Right?" His gaze breaks away from those behind to the man in front. His teeth are grit and his eyes blaze. Izuku returns the look, but his grit teeth are a dagger's treasure trove.

"Whatever."

He turns then, stomping away spewing curses and sends a horrible amount of gestures over his shoulder towards them. Izuku ignores all that though, and as soon as he's gone a safe distance away he's spinning around and dropping to his knees so that Hisashi can grab onto him.

She shoves her face into his t-shirt, silent tears rushing down her face, and he slowly wraps his arms around her. He rests his head on top of hers, hands rubbing circles into her back as she shakes.

He looks up at Tsuyu and mouths thank you, ignoring the worried look.

"He's gone now, Sashi. He can't hurt you- I won't ever let him hurt you again. I promised you that right?"

She nods, though her shaking and crying doesn't subside.

"I'm gonna pick you up now, is that alright?"

Another nod, and he moves his arms so that he can hold the seven year old to him. Slowly he stands up, lifting her up as well. "Sorry you had to see that."

He murmurs it to his little sister, holding the seven year old close to him as he makes his way to the nearest bench, and when they sit down its to Tsuyu sending her little sister off to play again and the frog girl sitting herself down next to him as be tries to calm the little girl.

"Was he her...?"

"No. He... He hurt her. In a way that no adult should ever hurt a child." Her face changes then, disgust and anger crossing the usually calm features. "She hasn't seen him since the incident and the bastard... I bet he's been trying to find her or something... damn it."

He subconsciously tightens his grip on Hisashi as the girl starts to calm down, not wanting the girl to leave when he doesn't know if she'll be safe.

"You said it wasn't anything dangerous but Midoriya... that was extremely dangerous what you just did."

He watched his classmate out of the corner of his eye. "You'd of done the same for your sister- I wasn't about to let anything happen."

That night Izuku does something stupid. It's extremely stupid, so stupid in fact that all the ghosts in the flat follow him in an attempt to get him to stop.

-8-

He turns the corner, stalling as the criminals stop themselves. They both stare at each other, neither side wanting to be the first to react. He lurches back when a surprise bullet rips through him.

(Midoriya Izuku died due to a bullet to the heart.)
He gets up from where he fell on the ground, grabbing the nearest criminal and using him as a distraction so that he can get close enough to the one with the gun to knock the weapon away from him.

When the two men are down he turns to the third, a spindly looking man who's shaking. The man starts to blubber as he gets closer, he eventually backs him into a corner.

"Hand yourselves over to the police. Understood?"

His ears ring as his head makes contact with the alleyway wall, and bringing a hand up to his temple he feels blood. His feet go out from under him as he struggles to dodge another swing.

(Midoriya Izuku died due to blunt force trauma to the frontal lobe.)

Rolling away from a third swing he manages to knock the others feet from under him. There's a bang as the heavy muscle hits the ground and all it takes is for Izuku to punch him in the face once for him to be knocked out.

(Midoriya Izuku died due to being impaled.)

He flashes his own blade in retaliation to the lizard headed man across from him. The low level villain had a few cuts, the element of surprise allowing Izuku a few precious seconds to get those injuries in.

"The names Spinner kid, don't forget it. Now, why don't you be a good little teenager and drop the blade yeah? All I want is your money."

Izuku flips him the bird and dodges to the left as a blade or a shuriken (at this point he isn't sure which it is) is thrown at him with an angered yell.

(Midoriya Izuku died due to being impaled.)

In retaliation he gets in closer, cutting the backs of 'Spinners' arms making him drop his blades from the amount of pain he's in. He then gets a kick in and slams the low level villain into the wall.

(Midoriya Izuku died due to being impaled.)

He turns into the first alleyway of his shortcut home, finding himself being clotheslined in the process.

(Midoriya Izuku died due to sever neck trauma, resulting in a broken neck.) Getting up he can't even find the words for how annoyed he is and he makes his way to the jackass who thought he was being funny.

He feels a sharp pain in his back and turns his head to the new person behind him.

(Midoriya Izuku died due to being impaled.)

He finds himself snarling, although he doesn't remember even making an expression, down at the unconscious body's of his attackers.

He doesn't remember moving.
Midoriya Izuku died due to strangulation.

Midoriya Izuku died due to severe blunt force trauma to the back of the skull.

Midoriya Izuku died due to blood loss.

Midoriya Izuku died due to—

"Izuku!"

"Izuku stay awake Hon, Iki get the first aid kit! Iki!"

Midoriya Izuku did not die due to blood loss.
Big oof was not the sympathetic response I was hoping for but oh well

Chapter Summary

Graphic injury description in case that triggers anyone.

As he lies there, everything slowly starts to come back to him.

He recognizes the plain walls of his room and the soft, worried tone of his mother's voice whispering with the softer but angry tone of his aunt. He goes to move and then everything else comes back to him as ghostly injuries attack him.

Or, the ghosts press down on them as they push him back down. "Stay down Izuku. It's half three in the morning you need to lie down." He goes to respond but no noise cones from his throat.

He freezes up then, sat halfway up in bed, and his hand goes up to his throat, clutching it like he'll suddenly have the ability to speak again. He tries, because what else can he do?

All that comes out is a wheeze and a very disturbing sounding keen that you'd hear from a dying animal.

He locks eyes with Kurodon, scared of the effects of his quirk for the first time in a long while, and the old man sighs sadly before bringing him into a hug, one that the other ghosts quickly follow suit with.

He sits there for a few minutes, body not knowing how to respond to the non-existent pressure on his injuries. He keeps trying to talk, to make any noise at all and it sort of works.

But not by any decent amount.

The voices outside stop and the ghosts disperse from the hug but they don't leave his side. Nana's head comes through the door to his room then, and her eyes widen as she quickly makes her way inside.

As she does that and comes to him, fluttering around and going on about something he can't process just yet his mother and aunt walk in.

The guilt hits him.

His mother is glossy eyed, bloodshot, with tear tracks down her face and messy hair that has been pulled on in frustration one to many times. His aunt is no better. She's also bloodshot and glossy eyed.

He goes to speak, to say how sorry he is, before remembering that he can't.

"Oh Izuku," His mother comes over to him, holding back more tears, and brings him into a hug. This causes a very pained hiss to leave him as his body definitely knows how to react to this physical pressure on his injuries. "My baby we were so worried about you."

His aunt joins the hug soon after and he can feel the tears running down his face, can feel the way he
shakes because it hurts even more, can feel how his throat constrict's around unspoken words- unable for the first time to be physically incapable of articulating them.

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Two and a half hours later he gets out of bed, still unable to make more than grunts and still in pain. His room seems to sway around him, and his hand knocks into his bedroom wall just to keep his upright.

Nana helps him the rest of the way to the bathroom.

When he's in the white tiled room he forces his weight on the sink, both hands going white knuckled around the rim of the sink. He looks up at the mirror.

He almost recoils from the mirror. His facial scars are prominent against his black eye and the bruise that goes from his left temple to just under his ear. Tentatively he brings a finger up to his ear, checking if the blood there is old or not. It's not crusted over but it isn't warm either. So not too recent.

He looks further down his reflection. A split lip welcomes him and he once again has to check if the blood on his face is fresh. Again, it isn't. His eyes catch sight of his neck next.

There isn't just one set of bruised hand prints, there must be nearly three sets of hand prints forced into his skin. The strangulation started at different points though because some of the bruises are more developed than others.

The scar from the entrance exam is almost impossible to see due to the overlap of green and purples.

Going with gut instinct he readies himself before slowly and cautiously pulling his sleep shirt over his head. When he drops it and looks back at the mirror he's immediately dropping to the floor and throwing up in the toilet.

His body has always made him feel uneasy, the marks of misfortune always a reminder. But this is ridiculous. He knows what he's done now, how could he not know?

There must be at least seven new scars, and they all overlap old ones. Some look like single strikes, small clean injuries. Some look like anger fueled blows. Red, messy slashes and uneven scar tissue. And that's ignoring the magnitude of boot and weapon shaped bruises that littered his torso.

He throws up again just from thinking of it.

He can absent mindedly hear his mother getting up and making her way to him quickly, but he can only focus on the cold of the tiles under his legs and the feeling of Nana rubbing his back, avoiding questions spot on his back which tells him he has an injury there as well.

His mother's horrified intake of breath when the door opens tells him as much.

"Dear God Izuku, what happened to you?" His body locks up again when he realises that it isn't his mother but his aunt. His aunt who hadn't seen the extent of the damage his quirk did to him.

His aunt who he hadn't told about the extent of his quirk to give her peace of mind.

He thinks he's done throwing up now, and as the dyed blonde passes him a tissue he nods his thanks to her. She sits on the floor near him, back against the bath as she folds herself up.
"Your mother's on the phone with Tsukauchi. That's why it's me here right now." He nods again, knowing that's all he can do. "Don't worry though- you didn't do anything bad. Just roughed some people up a bit too much."

He can see her head turn in his peripheral and she gets up then, patting his head softly. His mother takes her place, but she pulls him close so that he's held against her.

He doesn't fight the closeness. Usually he would, but he's that disgusted in himself and his actions (which are coming through in fits and bursts) that he'll accept it.

The alternative his mind supplies is she kicks him out.

"Tsukauchi said that everything's alright, you didn't do anything that you don't normally, it's just the last few were injured in a way that relates more to your... other mind set."

He nods, leaning his head on his mother's shoulder so that she can't see his face.

"Did something happen yesterday Izuku? I need to know, just so that we can try and find ways to stop it from happening again." She presses a kiss to the top of his head and he feels himself start to relax slightly, "I just don't want to see you hurt like you were again. You were totally out of it- I don't even know if you were even aware..."

He sighs, but it's once again only a wheeze. And it makes his chest hurt, "You can't speak can you?"

He nods.

"Okay... You aren't going into school today."

He jerks away, staring at his mother with an incredulous look, what did she mean he wasn't going to school!? Of course he was!

"Izuku I saw Nana having to escort you here."

He shakes his head again, he is not missing out on school because of this. In junior high he used to go to school after episodes all the time.

"Izuku, please, hun you can't talk and you can barley walk how are you supposed to go to school?"

He knows its stupid and childish but he forces himself to his feet, legs shaking uncontrollably and he motions down at them with a horrid squawk as his vocal cords protest. He hates the pitting look his mother sends up at him, but he refuses to take no for an answer.

When she doesn't accept his legs he makes his way, shaking and with Nana and his mother hovering over him, to his room where he snatches up his phone. The case has blood on it but he ignores it. It's only his own.

Turning the phone on he brings up Tsukauchi's phone number, pointing at it vehemently as she gives him a sad look. He tries again to make a noise that can be counted as a word, and gets a slightly better response.

However, what was supposed to be fuck now sounds like 'ffucrck' but his mother gets the message.

He pulls up her contact then, steadily texting her his argument, explaining that if he doesn't go to school image does that paint? Considering there are at least four people from his school now who know he's fit for school.
When that doesn't work he starts another argument, whenever he's had snaps like this she's never kept him off of school before.

"That's because when you've snapped before it hasn't left six people in the hospital and resulted with you dropping dead onto the living room floor Izuku!"

He stops, seeing her tears again and hearing them in her voice for the first time. He can see how upset she is, how worried. And like he told Nakamura-San he's an ungrateful selfish brat so he continues.

He sends one final text message, one that if it doesn't work he'll concede defeat and stay home.

'U.A. is the safest place for me to be, if anything happens Recovery Girl is right there and so is Toshi. Besides, it's the first day back from internships we won't be doing anything strenuous.'

____________________

"I don't get how your mother is letting you go to school today. What did you promise her Izuku?"

He looks over at Tsukauchi and shrugs making the detective sigh. As they pull up outside school Izuku feels the weight of his appearance holding him down.

He'd managed to get rid of the blood, but there's no way to disguise the fact he's been in several brawls over the course of the past twenty four hours.

A split lip, bruising and several small cuts that he'd missed the first inspection. Not to mention the bruising that's peeking out from under his short collar, tie worn loosely so that he can breath.

He remembers the looks from the first day of school, remembers how that Izuku (isolated, spiteful and in constant pain) had shrugged it off deciding that if they wanted to fear him or hate him he'd let them, in fact he'd give them something to fear.

He isn't that Izuku anymore. He isn't isolated anymore and while he still is spiteful it isn't to such a massive extent.

And now, now with people looking for him on a daily basis, with people genuinely asking how he is, people smiling at him and people wrinkling their brows in worry at him when they question if he's okay - he can't bring himself to lie.

He wants to be able to say to Ura that he's doing great when she asks him how he is, and wants to be able to say it without lying to her face.

A heavy hand on his head jolts him, and he zones back in to Tsukauchi messing up his hair affectionately, and the man is smiling, Izuku realises that the Tsukauchi siblings look very alike when they smile.

"Promise to take it easy?" He looks in shock as the man's voice softens. "I know you won't not do physical activity, but try to take it easy? Just a little bit. You're unkillable, not invincible."

Processing takes a bit longer, what with his (if he recalls the flashes of pain and split second memories of the events if last night properly) three or so head injuries, but when he does it he smiles in a way that won't make his split lip bleed again and scrambles for the little notepad that he knows Tsukauchi has in the compartment in the car.
When he gets it he quickly writes his message and shoulders his bag before shoving the pad into the detectives chest before climbing out of the car quickly, nearly running to get through the gates.

---

Naomasa watches dumbfounded for a few seconds as his pseudo son rushes to his school building, and it pains him to see so many of his schoolmates part with scared and disgusted looks on their faces.

When he's sure Izuku has made it into the building without passing out he looks down at the notebook, expecting a little joke or a sarcastic message (like he often finds when Izuku's had ahold of any paper that belongs to him) however what he finds makes him sit there for a few seconds taking it in.

'I know you don't think I listen to you most of the time, but I do. Thanks for taking me to school Dad Naomasa'

---

Izuku fights down the embarrassment from his message, and forces himself into the old Izuku's mindset. Into the Izuku who didn't think twice about running around at night attacking petty criminals. About the Izuku who hadn't been turned soft by friendship.

It's, unfortunately, easier than it ever should be. The first person that steps aside looks at him with an ounce of fear and his mind instantly reacts in instinct.

He's scowling and making himself appear as threatening as possible as he makes his way to the school building.

Unlike normal, he doesn't stop and nod to his acquaintances. He looks through them, seeing them as a faceless crowd. He'll apologise later- explaining why he was rude- but for now he ignores the hurt looks.

He has a task, get to 1-A's homeroom, and that's all that's important.

Not the acquaintances that try to stop him to ask if he's okay, not the disgusted looks of older students who thinks he's more trouble than he's worth, not the teachers who he sees stop in his peripheral, not Midnight-sensei (the first teacher besides Aizawa to actually care about him) who tries to stop him, not the hurt look she makes when he very nearly physically snaps his teeth at her.

No.

None of that is important. What is important is getting to class, sitting down and getting through the day.

His plan fails when he opens the door to his homeroom.

Silence greets him as he walks in, eyes burrowing into him - asking, what did you do? Who did this to you? - and trying to rip his appearance apart. He gets to his aisle when shit hits the fan.

"What the fuck did he do to you!?!"

It's probably not even the question itself that shocks people, after all they're so clearly all thinking it, but it's most likely the fact that Bakugou Katsuki of all people is stood from his chair, anger blazing
towards a mysterious person, because his well-being has been put at risk.

He just stares at Katsuki and goes to just walk to his seat when his arm is grabbed stopping him.

"Bakugou...screaming at Miso isn't going to get him to answer. Besides, maybe it's from the internship."

At the same time that Tsuyu, Todoroki and Tenya say it isn't Katsuki is shouting out, "Those injuries are too damn fresh dunceface!"

"What do you mean it isn't Tsu?" Attention is diverted from himself and Katsuki for just a few seconds while Tsuyu explains that she saw him yesterday - uninjured- but those few seconds are all Katsuki needs to hiss at him.

"Was it your father!?"

He shakes his head, and Katsuki loosens his grip on Izuku's arm, though he doesn't let up the appearance that he's keeping Izuku in place. Once they have Tsuyu's account of seeing him attention is brought back to them.

"Deku?" Uraraka makes her way over to him cautiously, more than likely guessing what's happened if the way she's constantly looking back over to Kirishima is anything to go by. "Deku, you don't have to tell us what happened, but are you okay?"

He shrugs and at Katsuki's growl of warning he taps his throat with his hand and shakes his head. He gives the boy a look asking if he's happy now and the questioned is answered with the ever pissed look on the blond's face.

"Three head injuries, twenty three stab wounds, five counts of strangulation and evidence of repeated blood loss." He looks over at the front if the room where Aizawa is standing, looking pissed, "Why the Hell are you in this classroom Midoriya?"
I realised I had kind of dug a hole for myself last chapter, seeing as Izuku can't speak and Aizawa asked him a question and I can't just pull 'Oh! Izuku knows sign language' out of thin air without any prior mention of it. So that's why the start of this is rocky.

He stared at Aizawa for a few seconds.

The first thing that popped into his head to respond with was 'You missed out the fact I was shot' but then the slightly more sensible part of his brain thought, 'holy shit what happened when my head stopped working!?'

Finally, the only real sensible part of his brain asked, 'How does he know this?'

When Aizawa's gaze burrowed into him he shrugged, he didn't have any other way to answer. When he did that he swore Aizawa's eyes flashed red, even if just for a second, because it felt like his heart had stopped.

"Recovery Girl. Now."

He shrugged again, turning on his heel to head back across the room, only for his actions to be restricted by Katsuki's hold on his arm. Looking at the boy with a raised eyebrow, the blond (and now that his mind wasn't mush he could take in his appearance and what was that hair style?) simply turned to their teacher.

"I'll escort him. Make sure he actually gets there."

Aizawa didn't raise an eyebrow or even have any reaction that would indicate that he was confused why the two of them were suddenly acting friendly. He simply nodded, like Katsuki had always been concerned for Izuku's well being.

"Good. Make sure he does Bakugou."

"C'mon idiot, did you sneak out or something? You look ready to fucking drop."

After his childhood friend had gotten confirmation from their teacher the boy had begun to drag him out of the room - an action that was met with much resistance as others tried to bargain with Aizawa to be the one to accompany him instead.

Katsuki didn't let them have a chance however, as they were out of the room long before Aizawa had a second to change his mind.

He felt his shoulders drop when Katsuki's vice-like grip was relinquished as they made their way down the corridor, the only thing keeping him supported gone. Now that the halls were empty he didn't have to show a facade.

Old Izuku could stay dead.
This Izuku, in pain and just so tired, could come to the forefront.

They remained in silence for the majority of the journey and if it wasn't for the fact that he'd known and watched Katsuki for a long time Izuku would of been under the impression the boy was silently fuming.

However, because of the fact he had known and studied Katsuki as long as he had he knew for a fact that he was just deep in thought.

"The hag nearly had a heart attack when she looked outside last night." He made a shocked noise of acknowledgment, "I've- I've never heard her scared before. Thought it was the end of the fucking world until I looked outside the window as well."

He let his eyes travel to his (essentially) bodyguard, "It was you. You, Izuku. Limping down the street like a god damn cheap budget zombie." He saw how Katsuki's hands sparked, not becoming fully fledged explosions.

It was a tick he'd noticed all the way back when Katsuki had first gotten his quirk.

"You were covered in blood and the way you were shambling made it look like you'd seriously broken something."

"The old man tried to go to you, you nearly fucking bit his hand off. I've never- I've never seen that look on a person before. You looked like a cornered animal..."

Guilt hits him when he thinks of scaring his Aunt and Katsuki and guilt hits him tenfold when it registers that he nearly hurt his uncle.

"What the hell happened to you, dickhead? Are you sure it wasn't that shitstain because you know that-"

He pats Katsuki's arm, and the blond's words stop as he watches him. He gives a thumbs up just as they reach Recovery Girl's office.

He stalls now.

Feet become concrete.

He isn't scared of Recovery Girl; no, she's the only medical professional - bar Nakamura-san - that doesn't terrify him.

He just doesn't want to disappoint her. He's disappointed a lot of people recently. He doesn't want to do that to anyone else.

Just like the night Katsuki stayed at his, he goes to knock on the door but can't do it. And again, just like that night Katsuki knocks for him.

The look of shock morphing onto once relaxed features is the last thing he sees before his vision switches off as the pain finally hits him full force.

“-8-”

Katsuki hates Izuku sometimes - genuine blood boiling hate. He isn't particularly sure why he feels it sometimes and not all the time.

When he talked it out with the hag she said it was something about sentimentality.
The main times he hates Izuku are like right this second; he's holding the boy up after he nearly dropped to the floor, body convulsing in what he can only presume is pain.

Recovery Girl directs him to a bed and he gets the other boy onto it, his blazer selves sliding up and revealing white scars on his wrists.

Those weren't there the last time he caught sight of Izuku in the changing room. Or maybe they were, just lost among the myriad of scars that encompasses the boy.

He pushes that back for now, that's something he'll have to let Auntie Inko know about before anything else.

When the bastard is on the bed he stands back and lets the old lady do her thing. As he watches he thinks about why exactly he hates Izuku.

It probably has something to do with the fact that he does shit like this; where because he doesn't care about himself he assumes that nobody cares about him.

Where he just throws away his life to the point that he isn't any recognizable version of himself - where he can't even be considered human.

It might also be that he hates Izuku because of how jealous he is of the boy, he's seen the scars (not all of them but enough) and he's heard the stories - he's even been there for one of the fucked up events that made Midoriya Izuku the altruistic fuckass he is today and he can't understand how he's still standing.

He gets nightmares from the day in the woods, on bad days he still hears the screams of preteen boys being burnt half to death by the creep that also haunts his nightmares.

He can still see the first time he saw Izuku die on the inside of his eyelids (like its burnt there) if he focuses enough.

And yet, Midoriya Izuku gets up everyday and gets on with it. He doesn't falter, doesn't hesitate - he just does.

"What happened to him?"

He brakes away from his thoughts and looks back over to Recovery Girl. The woman is staring at Izuku like he might fly off if he's not under constant supervision.

"He got into a few fights."

She scoffs, "My eyes still work y'know."

"I don't really know," she looks at him, curious, "He's done this since he got his quirk. Sometimes he'd just show up to school battered and bruised - worse than this sometimes- and he'd just get on with his day."

"And what did the school do about it? Did they contact home? Have him come in for meetings?"

He's scoffing, sarcastic and angry, before he realises what he's doing. When he does he coughs into his hand awkwardly, "The school didn't give a sh- didn't care. They thought he was a delinquent; he was always getting into fights back then, so they just left him be. He was showing up more than most non-delinquent kids were anyway."
"And of course, as long as he showed up, they didn't care."

He nods and Recovery Girl sighs, "Head back to class - Aizawa probably has enough stress with him anyway. Take this."

She pops a medical gummy into his hand (he wonders why exactly she thinks he needs one when Izuku is right there on the bed) before ushering him out, just as the door closes behind him he makes out Izuku's awkward groan of awakening followed by a very loud bang on the floor that he chooses to ignore.

Recovery Girl was a hero, she wouldn't hurt anyone besides she was a doctor... He retreats to the door and stands outside peeking through the crack in the door. Trusting doctors ended badly for Izuku last time. He isn't going to abandon him if he can help it.

When he sees the boy sheepishly rubbing the back of his neck and a giant heavy looking cane in Recovery Girl's hands he's satisfied that the green haired boy isn't in any immediate danger.

He hesitates for a few more seconds until Recovery Girl's back is turned, just in case Izuku tries to make a break for it. When he doesn't he sighs and turns to make his way back to class.

He's going to be fine, even if some times he hates him so much he wants to kill him himself Katsuki knows that Izuku can handle himself and he doesn't need to be treated like a baby.

"Oh, Bakugou, what are you doing out of class so close to first lesson?"

Halting he turns to see his first period teacher, Midnight, just behind him in the corridor.

"I had to take Deku to Recovery Girl."

The woman's face drops at that, "Is he alright? He wasn't himself this morning, he seemed very aggressive."

"That's a side effect of his quirk. Don't worry about him Midnight-Sensei."

Not hearing a response he turns back around and heads to class properly this time.

When he gets through the door of 1-A's homeroom it's to find, disappointingly, that Aizawa-Sensei has gone somewhere leaving his class of fuck munchs to fend for themselves until Midnight shows up.

The more time he spends with his homeroom teacher, the more Katsuki understands the importance of self preservation and common sense.

He'd heard off handedly in the halls once that Aizawa had never seen a class through from the start to the end of the year because the classes just didn't last.

This constant lack of/minimal supervision seemed like impromptu tests of whether they still deserved to be his students rather than negligence. After all; nobody had died yet, and the last time Kaminari had nearly gone tumbling out of Izuku's deskside window Aizawa had turned up to yank him back in- so they weren't completely abandoned.

"Bakugou! Is Mido alright!? Did Recovery Girl say anything!? What's going-"

"Holy crap pinkie, fucking breath. You're being more clingy of him than round face right now."

Ashido shuts up at the comment, and its not that he can't be bothered to call her by her name, it's just
that when it counts names of extras don't stick- so unfortunately when they're less extras and more background characters he has to get creative.

He can hear round face make a noise of protest in the background, along with four eyes berating his lack of manners.

"Deku isn't gonna drop down dead." They don't seem to appreciate his dry humour as he gets dirty looks at that turn if phrase, "Recovery Girl is giving him an earful though so just piss off and let the bastard breath."

With that he makes his way to his desk, ignoring more questions and probing. He isn't Izuku's mouthpiece. If they have questions they can wait. He's still waiting for answers anyway.

It only took two periods for his reappearance to be pushed away as old news in their class as everybody got their fill of 'I'm okay now's and ' It won't happen again don't worry's.

Thankfully it took considerably less time for the topic of conversation to shut to internships.

"Wow! So you got to take out some villains? I'm jealous!"

Izuku keeps his head on the desk, trying to get a nap in while this peaceful rumble exists, soon Lunch is going to be announced by a potentially teleporting Aizawa (because how else does the pro get around like he does?) and then all hell's going to be set loose and Izuku won't be able to get ANY sleep.

He needs it after the ordeal he went through in Recovery Girl's office. It isn't even the healing that's sucked the life out of him, it's the healing heroines disappointed look.

And her lecture, dear Lord he can see why Toshinori is always scared shitless.

"It was just evacuation procedures and logistical support. No fighting."

"Still! I'm so jealous!"

He feels a soft knock on the desk next to his head and digs his head out of his self created pit. Tokoyami's concerned gaze greets him. "Are you alright now? Are all your injuries tended to?"

He tries his best attempt at a smile, it seems to work, "Yeah... this is just the lack of sleep and then the healing. Nothing major."

The teen gives him a sceptical look before sighing. He realises with great surprise that the bird headed boy is leaning casually on the back of Katsuki's chair. It's only then that he notices that his row is empty save him and Mineta.

"If you say so. How was your internship?"

"Pretty good, I learnt how to better control my quirk so there's that. How'd yours go?"

His friend nods and goes to reply but is cut off by Kaminari's booming voice. "Now if you wanna talk about the most informative, most traumatic experience that'd be the two of you right?"

He sits up and turns in his seat slightly to see that Kaminari has directed the classes attention to where Todoroki and Tenya are - the class rep pushes his glasses up nervously while Todoroki sits there blank faced.
"Yeah, yeah. The hero killer!"

"I was so worried."

"I'm just so glad the two of you are alright."

"I gotta ask though," Kaminari leans closer to Todoroki, "Is it really true that some vigilante called the Yūrei saved you guys?"

In the corner of his eye Izuku can see Tokoyami lean forward, intently focused.

"Yes. He was rather... intense. Though I must say it showed a clear distinction between what a vigilante could be."

"Really? I figured the guy was an urban myth... and to think you'd hold him in such high regard Iida..."

"Well, I believe that while Stain was a man of conviction he was not a man of change like he believed himself to be. His conviction led him to believe that society needed a purge- no matter ones motivations that is not right."

Tenya pushed his glasses up, "So that no others like myself emerge and suffer my fate, I will correct my path and live the life of a true hero!"

Some of their classmates began to clap, which to Izuku seemed a bit much, but he didn't say anything until he nearly jumped out of his skin when Aizawa's monotone drawl broke over the noise.

"Class dismissed, it's Lunch now."

"Holy shit Midoriya. What the hell happened to you!?"

It was a strange throwback to his first day at U.A as he looked over his shoulder to see his classmates staring at him. The looks were still fouled by fear and disgust - but at least know he knew the disgust wasn't meant for him but for another outside source.

It was Shoji who'd posed the question, which surprised Izuku because the masked boy was exceptionally quiet and when he did talk it was usually nothing more than passing comments.

He tried to look at his back, unsure whether it was the newest one on his back that had drawn the most attention or something else entirely.

"You're gonna have to be more specific." He tacked a laugh to the end of it, but it just made the statement all the more depressing.

He looked back to the front as silence settled in the changing room and, like always, he was out of his uniform and into his costume in the minimal amount of time. Just as he was doing his customary glove check Shoji spoke again.

"Midoriya.... I understand how your quirk works but what the hell are you doing to get that many injuries. You look like you were run through with something..."

He was that distracted as he made his way out of the changing rooms he didn't realise his mistake, "Somethings, Shoji. Plural."
Eijrio found himself nervously laughing as his friend/acquaintance/maybe friend exited the changing room, not even aware of the effects his unassuming comment would create.

"Ha ha ha Mido is pretty intense right!"
Eijiro felt like he should have never opened his mouth as looks of confusion and looks of promised murder were sent his way.

"That's one way of putting it, I suppose."

Iida held his injured arm which had been almost limp at his side - Eijiro was only slightly pissed that their little group all knew but him about the injury before today, but he could understand that Iida had probably only told Midoriya and Uraraka before him because he knew how upset the two would be.

"However, does anybody know what happened to Izuku to cause him such injuries?"

Hearing the bespectacled teen that had griped on at Bakugou for having his feet on the desk on the first day suddenly call a fellow classmate by their first name was shocking, but not as shocking as his follow-up, "Bakugou, when Izuku past by you, you asked if a man had done that to him. Who were you talking about?"

It went quiet again and Eijiro watched as Bakugou's usual thundery expression went pensive. "You already know that his bastard of a father showed up four eyes," the pensive look remained but his red eyes turned into furious hellfire pits, "Who the fuck did you think I was referring to huh?!"

"Midoriya-San did not seem violent when I met him, nor when we were leaving Izuku alone with him did he appear to change his attitude."

"Yeah well 'Midoriya-San' jumped down his throat at every word he didn't like and that was for the three hours I saw of him, plus when I had to fucking go find Izuku- because of his 'father'- the guy flinched when I mentioned the bastard!" The blond scowled, shoving his gauntlets on in much the same way Midoriya had fiddled with his gloves on the way out.

"Don't worry your fucking little head about it though- Hisashi didn't touch him, Izuku did that to himself." Was snarled over the blonds shoulder.

The changing room door slammed shut after him and Eijiro quickly finished arranging the last of his costume before rushing out after the blond before he did something stupid.

"Bakugou, wait up!"

_"_*-

"I am here! And the reason for that is... you basic hero training! It's been a while boys and girls! How is everyone?"

Izuku stood at the front of the crowd, watching his mentor stand tall and smiling like Izuku hadn't watched him do a blood spit take that morning via video chat as his mother let him know before school so in case they had his lesson the big secret wouldn't get out.

Toshinori was purposely avoiding his gaze and he found it hilarious.

"Let's hope that this basic training goes better than the last time. I might go grey from stress because of Toshi if it isn't."

Quietly under his breath, he answered back catching the slightly amused look on Todoroki's face,
"Nana, you can't go grey. Stress doesn't effect you any more."

"I damn well can! You Izuku, are the most stress inducing child I have ever had the honour to meet, and I raised Toshi."

He was about to respond again when his mentors voice cut the conversation off,"A Rescue training race!"

"Oh dear God Toshinori. To all that is sacred where did I go wrong?"

Somehow, Izuku managed to hide his laughter and the tremors that threatened to crush him. On instinct he ducked, just in time for Tenya's hand to miss the back of his head by mere millimetres.

"Shouldn't rescue training be conducted in the USJ?"

"That place is for disaster rescues in particular. Besides what did I just say? That's right. A race! This is field Gamma!" The number one spread his arms, "It's a wide spread of factories that mesh together to create a series of maze-like alleyways! You'll all split into four teams of five, each team going individually."

Izuku was impressed by his teachers lesson so far, it didn't sound like he was reading right off of a lesson plan and there were no cue cards in sight this time. It seemed the number one had gotten a handle on teaching for the time being.

"I'll send up a distress signal from somewhere inside while the team starts on the border! It's a race to see who can traverse the terrain so that they can reach and rescue me first!" All Might began to wag his finger in Katsuki's general direction and Izuku allowed himself an audible snicker, "Of course keeping property damage to a minimum is also something to keep in mind."

"Stop pointing at me!"

"Midoriya, I believe it's recommended that you sit this exercise out. Given your state this morning."

Izuku sighed to himself, standing up properly from where he'd been stretching his legs, "All Might sir," this raised a few eyebrows he could tell but he kept going. He had to back Toshinori into a corner if he wanted him to let him do the exercise, "I've already been cleared before first period though."

"Ah, yes, but you see Midoriya the strain on your body may still be there."

Izuku could see he wasn't going to win if he went about normal routes, "Recovery Girl said I was alright to do physical activity. We could use the school phones to ask her right?"

'He's terrified of her, he won't dare to question her- even if it's just a verification of what she's already said. C'mon Toshinori-sensei don't grow a spine towards the old lady now!'

There was a silent moment where All Might seemed to question whether he should risk asking or not, before the fear of the healing heroine won out. "If Recovery Girl has said you're alright to do physical activity I guess I can't argue. But please, Midoriya, try to not harm yourself."

"Sure." He nodded before turning back to his stretches. Next to him Seri whispered.

"Did you really get permission?"
"Hell no. But she's fucking terrifying- I knew he wouldn't dare question her."

The boy next to him stared before laughing.

"Okay group one, to your marks!"

Exchanging good lucks with his classmates Izuku made his way to his starting position, smirking as he spotted a fire escape.

He'd been rooftop jumping since he was thirteen and moving quickly through small and supposedly non-traversable areas since he was seven. Those two factors as well as his new knowledge and experience of roof hopping with one for all in Hosu made it feel like this exercise was made for him.

"Do you want me to be your eyes, or do you want to do this on your own?"

"I'd like you to be my eyes this time. I have a feeling there's going to be more than a few false ledges and oiled pipes in this experience."

"Go!"

He moved instantly, his entire body becoming encased in green lighting, and landed half way up the fire escape. He didn't start climbing the stairs, instead using his upper body strength to scramble up the side.

When he made it to the roof he saw Sero already swinging away just a few meters in front of him. Smirking he took a few steps back and took a running jump to the edge of the building, one for all kicking in at the last second.

The sudden force and rush of power sent him shooting forward several meters, and also sent him falling fast just to the side of Sero. Using Nana's warning he rightened himself, landing on the pipe feet first.

It made a horrible crunching noise under his feet as he leapt from it again, hearing Sero's cry behind him.

"Whooa Midoriya!? What's with those moves!?"

Risking a look behind him as he performed some mediocre version of a hand spring off of an antenna pole he grinned, "Just a little something I picked up! See you at the finish line!"

Tuning back in, he spotted sight of the finish line not too far off in the distance and gave a whoop as he launched himself higher into the air. He spotted what could of been his downfall seconds before Nana warned him, "Your foot isn't going to land on that properly, grab and throw yourself off of something else!"

He did as instructed, using low hanging wires - thankful to find they were insulated and didn't immediately electrocute him to death- and used his memento to throw himself the extra few meters to the next usable foot hold.

That also turned out to be a false hold as he soon found himself plummeting to the floor until he was snagged and found himself hanging by Sero's tape.

Looking up shocked, he saw his classmate huffing and out of breath as he hung from an overhead pipe. "Dude! I've just lost all my stamina trying to catch up to catch you! You could at least pretend you're out of breath!"
He found himself laughing then, and realised as he looked down and around that his other classmates were no where near them. "Hey, am I alright to pull myself up?"

"Sure man!" He began to pull himself up and Sero attached his tape to the pipe and climbed atop of that as well. Soon the two of them were both stood there, now both out of breath.

"Still think you can beat me?" Was Sero's breathy taunt.

"Oh totally. Still think you can eat my dust?"

"I should of let you fall."

Izuku found himself laughing as he threw himself off of the pipe, certain that where he was about to land wasn't a fake point. It wasn't and he was rewarded with a burst of speed and Sero's scared shout - "Are you trying to kill yourself!?"

He didn't hear the rest however and only waved as he got further away and landed a ledge away from the finishing point. He allowed himself a breather and repeated his starting action as he backed up to the edge of the roof he was on and took a running jump.

This time however, he didn't add one for all on and felt incredibly proud when he stuck the landing, not tumbling at all unlike the sports festival, and strode casually over to where All Might was watching him.

"Well, that was exciting."

A few minutes later Sero turned up and when he did he smiled at Izuku, "Crazy idiot." He pat Izuku on the back as he stood next to him waiting and Izuku had to resist the urge to flinch now understanding what All Might had meant by his body still being tense.

Everything hurt.

Everything.

Everything was not supposed to hurt.

After everyone turned up All Might began speaking again, "Even though Midoriya won, you've all learnt new and better ways to use your quirks since starting school. Keep this up as you're readying yourself for your finals!"

"After being away for so long, I worked up such a sweat!"

"I really have to work on my mobility..."

"You'll just have to make up for it with reconnaissance."

"Still, we're all gonna fall behind at the rate. I'm so jealous of you, Sero and Mido."

"Midoriya." Looking to his left, hands on auto pilot as they buttoned up his shirt, he saw Mineta, "Midoriya I need you to stop me right now."

"Huh?" He finished buttoning up his shirt and turned to the purple boy, "Mineta you're not making sense."
"I uh- well see... I may of been looking for a tom hole."

"Mineta-"

"Not-not for my own personal use! Just y'know... so we can tell the teachers..." Izuku didn't need to vocalise his thoughts for the smaller boy to know he didn't believe him, "And well uh, I found one."

"Found what?"

Because nobody in 1-A could apparently mind their own business everyone was suddenly very interested in what Mineta had found. "Nothing! I found nothing!"

"He found a peep hole, which we're all gonna report to the teachers as soon as we're all done changing aren't we?" He smiled sharply, threatening his classmates to try and say differently.

Various awkward and anxious 'yeahs' and 'of course!' were muttered as his classmates looked away. Sighing he looked back at Mineta, "What made you rethink just looking through it?"

"I was about to and then your threat from the sports festival popped up and," Izuku drowned the boy out as he realised the perv hadn't had a awakening of a conscience but rather was too fearul of him.

"Oi, brat." Looking over to Katsuki who couldn't walk and had to stomp over, Izuku knew he was probably in trouble for something. What, he wasn't sure of. "We're gonna have a talk after school got that?!"

It was supposed to be threatening, he figured, and was punctuated with a harsh poke to the chest. When Izuku nodded Katsuki stomped back to his locker. Picking up his bag Izuku made sure he was in the doorway before he made any verbal response.

"Looking forward to it Kacchan!"

And with that, he threw himself out of the doorway and emerged himself into the gaggle the girls had created.

"Midoriya?" He put a finger to his lips to which he received questioning looks, "Is something wrong-
"

"DEKU GET BACK HERE YOU LITTLE BASTARD!"

"Talk about late response." Was all he muttered before running.

"We're not gonna be able to have our chat today."

Katsuki looked up from his bag to him, and he didn't need to open his mouth for Izuku to know what he was going to say next, "Why the fuck not?!"

Izuku shoved his hands in his trouser pockets, trying to not let his nervousness show through in his posture. Despite the fact that he and Katsuki were on okayish terms now, and you might consider them friends in some aspects, Izuku still approached Katsuki in the way he would a wild dog.

The blond was searching for a sign of weakness, something to latch onto if it came to a fight, verbal or physical. If you wanted respect you had to not show weakness and make sure you respected him first.
"Because, I have to have a chat with All Might. He found out I was lying about Recovery Girl. He's the number one hero Katsuki- I think you can wait till tonight."

"Huh!?"

Sighing softly he realised that the blond was still probably in a tizzy because of this morning and him taking his moves and incorporating them into his jumps and so wasn't really listening anymore.

"I said, if you want to talk you and auntie and uncle can come round for food and we can talk then. For fuck sake Katsuki, are you sure your explosions haven't ruined your hearing because damn."

That caused the blond to stand up, eyes blazing but not in furious rage more pissed off amusement. "Say that once more you little shit."

"I've gotta bounce. Nice catching up, Kacchan."

"You wanted to talk to me Sensei?"

He stood in the doorway as he spoke, just in case they were going to be taking this conversation elsewhere. "Come in, sit."

The last time Izuku had been in here was before the sports festival and the atmosphere then and now couldn't of been any more diametrically opposed. He swallowed down the lump of fear that built in his throat at the pressure in the air.

He closed the door behind him as he moved to sit in front of his mentor.

"You've been through a lot lately, I'm sorry that I wasn't there for you."

"You don't need to apologise Toshinori-sensei. You've done more than enough for me already. Besides," he sat down and clasped his hands in front of him as he leant forward, "I'm a bit more interested in one for all."

"Of course. But before that, I heard the hero killer ingested some of your blood."

'Is this about how one for all is transferred...? I thought it had to be willingly given away...'

"It's not an issue though right? You said one for all had to be transferred. Doesn't that imply that both parties have to be aware of it moving sources?"

His mentor nodded, "That's half right. One for all can't be forcibly taken but it can be forcibly given. Think a girl shoving chocolates at a boy in confession even if he never would of normally taken them."

Toshinori sighed and Izuku shifted in his seat in unease. "That isn't what you wanted to talk about was it?"

"No, Izuku... it isn't." His father figures voice sounded so disheartened he wasn't sure if he really wanted to hear the rest of this conversation. "The truth is, I haven't been completely honest with you about one for all."

"What do you mean, is something wrong-" he cut himself off as he went to stand but a gesture to sit down from Toshinori had him stopping.
"One for all used to be a different quirk altogether, All for one. A quirk that had the ability to take quirks from others and grant the user the stolen quirks abilities. It also enabled the user to give out quirks to others - that side of the quirk was rarely used and when it was... The results were not pretty."

"So it's like the opposite of one for all then? Instead of one power for everyone it's everyone's power for one person... I've- I've heard rumours on the internet and from guys on the streets but I figured it was a myth."

Thinking of his own status as a local legend/urban myth it had been stupid of him to assume such things.

"He first appeared around the advent of the exceptional. As I'm sure you're aware, the societal norms back then we're vastly different. When quirks emerged society worldwide ground to a halt. The human race once again devolved into a us vs them mentality."

"'Without the advent of the extraordinary, humanity would be enjoying interstellar travel by now.' Some important politician said that awhile ago. Did this guy take advantage of the social upheaval or something?"

"In a ways yes. With a quirk like his, one that made him the essential middle man between quirkless and quirk user he drew people in flocks. He used them, manipulated them, tricked them into doing crimes and unleashing his villainous intent upon Japan and the rest of the world."

He could see his teacher shudder at the sheer overwhelming nature of this elusive figures evil, "Before the turn of that century he'd become the biggest crime Lord in Japan."

"I know I said I heard rumours, but if his involvement was this huge why isn't he in textbooks? Even offhandedly?"

"Textbooks don't teach you about what the Yakuza are up to do they? At the time he came about that's all people saw him as. A yakuza, because back then people still thought super villains were things in manga and American action films."

"But," Toshinori rolled his shoulders and Izuku gripped onto Nana's hand as she slipped hers into his. He knew she knew where this conversation was going. Seeing as she'd probably sat Toshinori down and had it with him, "As I'm sure you've experienced when people have power they seek to use it."

"Where does one for all come into this, how did it used to be this all for one quirk? The two are near opposites. Sure they both appear to stockpile power but that's where the similarities end."
Satellite by Gabby Hanna was recommended to me as a song to describe Izuku in this fic, and I gave it a listen to and I think it does! More the original version of Izuku I was going to put into this fic but it still fits the one that's here!

Also, if anybody is interested in the 'original' AU Izuku I was going to write, comment and I'll add a chapter where I put up some of the original ideas I had and describe the concept for Izuku!

"I mentioned that all for one could grant quirks too." Toshinori took in a shakey sigh, and Izuku tightened his grip on Nana's hand (something his teacher didn't miss) as he felt something about to go wrong. "With an ability like that, he could instill trust from others... or at the very least make them submit."

The feeling from earlier, of not wanting to know the rest of the conversation rose up again as he spoke: "You also mentioned that the process rarely went well."

A grim look crossed his father figures face and something itched in the back of Izuku's head, something that pulled and stabbed and screamed 'Listen you damn fuckhead you know something! Remember it for fuck sake!' But he just couldn't fucking understand what he was missing and it was making him go crazy.

"Correct, the load was too much for the person to bare and they'd become nothing but puppets, unable to even speak."

No. No. No no no no no no no. His mind was playing tricks. He was not hearing what he was hearing.

"The Nomu are the newest generation of such casualties."

"I think I'm going to be sick." He stood suddenly, shocking his mentor into action as he jumped for the bin.

Stomach lurching at the realization that his friend had died so horribly and all he could do for him was murder him to set him free. He wasn't fully dead - that's why he hadn't been able to rest!

He threw up again at the next realisation. He'd thought the Nomu was brain dead, he thought it was nothing more than a unholy amalgamation that wasn't alive. But... but it was a person, or a collection of people in Tsubasa's case. He'd killed people.

He'd actually killed someone.

He threw up for a third time.

"My boy?" He felt his father figure rubbing his back, and also felt his stupidly long hair be pulled
back so that it didn't get dirty and felt like he didn't deserve this. "Izuku... Izuku you need to speak to me. Do you need Recovery-"

"I- I killed someone! I actually- I actually killed someone! I didn't think it was a person anymore I thought... I thought it was brain dead and you mean to tell me it was still alive!?!"

Toshinori's face fell in his peripheral as his mentor realised what he was going on about. "Kid... Torino said you attacked the Nomu but he didn't tell me you... Izuku that isn't your fault. You didn't know."

"But I should of! I attacked it because a someone I knew as a kid was a ghost and their ghost was attached to the damn Nomu! I should of known!"

He was pulled gently away from the bin and he realised he was shaking when Toshinori kept a firm grip on him as he pulled him onto the couch next to him. "It doesn't matter if you think you should of known- you didn't. We'll have to get back to your reason behind attacking the Nomu- but right now I need you to breath for me."

He tried to agree but his throat constricted.

He was once again mute.

His breathing became more erratic and he tried again. And again. And again. It hit him, just like it had this morning and all of a sudden he couldn't focus couldn't focus couldn't focus couldn't focus he couldn't-

He flinched when a hand landed on his shoulder, he didn't want to be touched- he didn't want anybody or anything to touch him - he was defenceless how was he supposed to breath if he wasn't safe? How was he supposed to-

He flinched again when the hand left him and Toshinori's voice broke through the ringing in his ears- when had he stopped hearing anything but ringing!? When had the ringing began?

It was sketchy and he didn't understand a lot of what Toshinori was saying but he understood enough to try and start matching his breathing with his mentors.

He didn't know how long it took but eventually he wasn't trapped in his own head and he was in Toshinori's office and his mentor was sat next to him, and he could breath and he could focus.

"Thank goodness..." his mentors hand reached out, hovering over his shoulder and when Izuku shuck his head the hand was retracted. "I think we should stop for today. You aren't in any shape to continue this conversation, come on. I'll drive you home- I can't have you walking home like this." His father figure stood up then, making his way to the desk in the far corner of the room, presumably to get his keys.

Old Izuku would of forced himself to be okay then, as a matter of pride. Izuku who had been sat across from Naomasa before his internship would of scoffed and demanded that Toshinori didn't pity him.

The Izuku he was now could only shake his head, weak rebuke as it was it got his teachers attention. "Izuku?"

"I-" it wasn't that hard to speak before, he'd just have to suck it up God damn it! "If we don't get this done now when will-" he paused, "When will we get it done? Please... please just continue."
Toshinori stared at him, "I don't think it's a good idea, what if you get set off again or-"

"I won't." He faltered, shocked at the harshness in his own words before avoiding his teachers gaze, "Sorry. I won't be set off again. I promise. Please. Just continue."

"Okay. Okay, just don't get yourself into a tizzy alright?" The man sighed as he sat on the stool across from the couch. Their positions from earlier reversed.

"Like I said, the results of giving a quirk were never pretty but there was one exception. This exception lead to a mutation blending."

"The man had a quirkless younger brother. The brother was fragile and weak, but he had a strong sense of justice. His elder brothers actions pained him. So, he opposed the tyrant."

Toshinori rung his hands together, "In retaliation the elder gave his brother a stock-pile quirk by force. With the intent to make his brother submit or through a genuine act of kindness nobody knows."

"You said it resulted in a mutation so..."

"The brother was not in fact quirkless something neither he nor anyone else was aware of. He had a totally useless quirk, something the doctors today would call a invisible quirk."

That's what his quirk was classed as. A quirk that had no use until the correct conditions or certain circumstances were met. "The brothers quirk gave him the ability to pass on his own quirk to another. Through some strange inexplicable genetic mutation the two quirks fused creating one for all."

"The quirks unique given but not taken criteria is thought to be a result of the transferable quirks original parameters."

Izuku nodded his head to show he understood. "With the look on your face sensei, I assume you're not telling me this for fun."

The spindly man ran a hand through his hair, "No. Through some disgusting twist of fate the elder brother managed to acquire a longevity quirk. So he was still around when I first acquired one for all."

Without meaning to his eyes skidded to Toshinori's left side. His father figure hadn't gone into great detail about the cause injury but he had mentioned that it had been part of a non-televised fight. A fight so dangerous and inhumane that a city had been levelled.

That hadn't made the search any less broad when Izuku had researched for it.

"My generation was the one to finally defeat him. I had to kill him to win but it was that or let him continue hurting millions of innocents. Or at least, we thought he'd died. Apparently you can't just drop mountain on people and expect them to die anymore."

He didn't know if that was Toshinori's attempt at lighting up the suddenly despairing atmosphere but it drew a snort from Izuku any way.

"With you mentioning the... the Nomu, does that mean he's the one behind the League of Villains?"

"That's what we- Gran Torino, Naomasa and myself- believe. I'm telling you this because as the next holder of one for all you have a target on your back. And given your past relation with the league's
"Heir that target is even more intense."

"Will..." he bit the inside of his cheek as he struggled on how to phrase his next question, "Will I ever have to face him?"

"Hopefully you never will, but given the way your luck has gone so far I haven't got too much faith in the chances. At the very least sometime this year you will probably cross paths with this monster."

"Toshinori..." He stared at his mentor, father figure, teacher and held his gaze, "If I were to go up against him would I have you at my side or, at least would I have you supporting me?"

"Of course." There was so much conviction in his answer that Izuku could almost tangibly hold it. He grasped Nana's hand once again.

"Then I feel I can do anything. If I have someone like you on my side I should be fine."

"Someone like me?"

"Someone who sees the person, not their power. You've treated me like a person Toshinori-Sensei. Not like a disciple. You've allowed me to lean on you and trust you... why wouldn't a person feel at their most confident with someone like you backing them?"

Toshiba's's face didn't drop, but something changed subtlety in his features - something that told Izuku that even after that there was something Toshinori wasn't telling him.

Having seen the dead in their earliest stages he had a feeling he knew what it was. He didn't want to focus on that though. If he could find a way to prevent Toshinori's death then be would.

But it was better to focus on the time he had now. Otherwise he'd revert back to how he was before.

-"-

He'd been half joking when he'd invited Katsuki over to talk, but it still was a nice surprise to walk into his flat to be greeted by the sight of his Aunt Mitsuki and Aunt Iki sat idly chatting as his Uncle Masura fretted next Naomasa.

What was even better was seeing Hisashi stood on the little steps she used in the kitchen, when helping him when he made lunch for the two of them, to be head to chest height with Katsuki. What made it perfect was the fact his little sister was glaring at Katsuki and the boy was returning it.

It seemed the two had found their destined rivals.

Hitachi's, an older boy who was a prick to people who she thought deserved to be put in his place and Katsuki's, a literal seven year old who liked picking fights and was developing a habit of swearing.

A perfect match.

He tried to ignore the whole mess that was the cramped living room as he skirted around the edge, nodding to his aunts and uncle + Naomasa almost making it into the kitchen where his mother waved at him.

"Big brother." "Izuku."

Being addressed by the two rivals he stopped, turning to face the pair. "What's up?"
"Tell this idiot to stop bein' a shithead!" Izuku was pretty sure he just lost three years off his lifespan from the look Iki sent him alone. Another ten from hearing Hisashi say the word shithead.

"Tell this little brat to stop acting like she's queen of the fricking castle and to not threaten to mix tacks into my damn sushi!"

Izuku lost another fifty years then. Whether it was Katsuki's clipped language, the reality of what a horrible role model he was to Hisashi setting in or the look Iki was once again sending him he wasn't sure.

"Hisashi, we don't use words like that. You know this."

"You use them!"

"That's different and you know it. I always apologise and use a child friendly version later. Plus, don't threaten Katsuki like that." The girl pouted, "Just do it, don't give him a reason to check his food."

Her face lit up as every adults face in the room turned into shock as five different distraught versions of his name sounded out before Katsuki seemed to finally lose it.

"I have to chat with Izuku for a bit, you mind auntie?"

The request broke the disapproving atmosphere and when his mother nodded he followed Katsuki into the corridor outside the flat hearing his mother call for help to set the table behind them.

When the door was closed behind them Katsuki spoke.

"Why the Hell did you steal my moves during training today? Everyone could tell - Round face wasn't particularly quiet when pointing it out so if your plan was to pass it off as coincidence she fucked that over."

Shoving his hands in his pockets again, feeling his hand start up its bullshit of 'I'm going to shake right now because it means your weakness is exposed and you feel shittier!' but he kept his face relaxed and neutral.

"You developed your moves to enable arial manoeuvring, I recently found that I had the capabilities to give myself limited arial movement when I jump. I figured it was the smartest course of action to add in movements that had been proven to assist."

Katsuki's posture was relaxed as he stood across from Izuku, his face also blank. "Whatever. Just don't go stealing my style, nobody likes people who copy. That's why that little prick from B class is going to regret the day he dared copy my quirk."

"I think you got your revenge already Katsuki."

"Huh?!"

He laughed, "After the cavalry battle I saw him heading to Recovery Girl's office because of wrist problems."

A knock from the other side of the door had them turning their heads to see it was being opened, "You kids done yet, Inko said foods gonna be on the table in ten. Where's Toshi by the way Izuku I thought he was supposed to be here tonight?"
Katsuki answered the first portion of his aunt Iki's questioning muttering that they'd be in in a minute and Izuku answered the question directed at him. "Work came up. He dropped me off and went straight to his office again. Some big case apparently."

"Oh makes sense. 'Sashi was just wondering. Worried y'know? Anyway, I'll leave you two to your conversation."

With that the blonde shoved her head back into the flat leaving him and Katsuki alone again.

"Who the Hell is 'Toshi'!?"
Chapter Summary

I finally get to write the Monoma VS Izuku moment I've been waiting for! It isn't massive, especially not in comparison to what I have in my drafts of the og AU version of Izuku but it's good and satisfying to me at least.

I'm not a Monoma hater, I just dislike his character trope massively.

"I didn't have any time to study!? Between the sports festival and internships I completely forgot!"

"Indeed."

"Midterms were... well we haven't covered that much since the start of school so they were relatively easy. But with all these other events going on Finals are gonna hit us hard."

Lifting his head from where he'd been resting it on his desk Izuku watched as Kaminari and Ashido floundered over the start of the exams. Izuku hadn't done a tremendous amount if studying, but he felt confident enough to say he wouldn't fail terribly.

"Sucks that there's gonna be a practical exam too." Hearing the cocky tone coming from the boy behind him Izuku turned in his seat to see Mineta acting like a first place ranker.

"We thought you were one of us!?"

"Guys like you are only likeable when you're a moron! When you aren't nobody likes your trope!"

"Mineta," he got the boys attention, along with Ashido's and Kaminari's, "You barley scraped into the top ten. And don't act like you didn't copy off others, I could fucking feel you leaning on my shoulder for basically half the exams."

That got the boy to calm his ego as he looked away, sheepish this time to be called out.

"What about you though Midoriya! You haven't told anybody your ranking!"

"Huh?" Looking back at the blond and pinknette he realised they were right, "Oh. I got fourth, Katsuki beat me by two points."

"What!? You're a delinquent how the hell did you get into the top five!?"

He shrugged, which gained him even more squawk.

"I do a few part time jobs in my neighbourhood- I pick up plenty that's useful. Like Ms. Akira knows loads about economics and maths and physics. And Himiko- Sensei is fluent in English and has a degree in Japanese history."

"Himiko-sensei?" Katsuki's addition to the conversation had all three of them looking his way. The blond was turned sideways in his seat so that he was facing Ashido and Kaminari's direction but his head was facing Izuku, "As in our preschool sensei?"
"Yep. She's Hisashi's class now. Plus I've done a few jobs for her."

Lifting his head from where it had been bowed in thanks, Izuku began to poke at this lunch with his chopsticks, leaning his head on the palm of his hand. "The academic tests should be pretty manageable- I'm guessing they'll just be drawing from what we've don't this year. I'm personally worrying about the practical..."

"Interesting," looking over at Tenya, he saw the boy's arms were slower than usual in their robotic movements. "I don't believe it'll be anything unusual."

"Same, and I thought you'd be all 'Plus Ultra' for the practical! Fighting is one of your strong suits isn't it?" Uraraka looked up from her own food and smiled at him, "But it shouldn't be too hard anyway."

He began to eat as he listened half heartedly to Hagakure, Tsuyu and Uraraka repeat what Aizawa had told them in class only three hours ago.

He knew they had a point, but going up against the robots - which they most likely were going to end up doing- for a third time now (the entrance exam and the sports festival being the first two) just seemed so boring and didn't really give them any challenge.

Everyone had the chance to just let lose on robots. There was so self-control, no mitigation. With people the user had to actually think and had to actually be careful. He sighed, before quickly ducking his head at Nana's instructions.

Lifting his head again, he saw Monoma staring down at him with a shit eating grin, and anger boiling in his eyes. "Oh sorry, I didn't hit you did I? I just almost couldn't move around that big head of yours." The boys attention turned to Tenya and Todoroki.

"I heard you two tangled with the hero killer. I guess the sports festival wasn't enough huh? You guys just keep getting more attention stunt after stunt don't you?"

Pushing his chair back, Izuku didn't bother to hide his smirk from his friends as the chair landed on Monoma's foot. The blond let out a noise of pain and directed his venomous gaze at his friends and onto him.

"You trying to start something you little 1-A brat?" Turning around to face the blond, he stepped out from around his chair, thankfully nobody had noticed anything yet.

Taking the tray from Monoma's hands, the blond too shocked to react, he handed it over to Tenya who gave him a look that told him to think very carefully about his next few actions.

"I'm starting something as much as you are." With that, he threw a solitary punch at Monoma, satisfyingly hitting the blond hard enough to cause him to fall to the floor.

The shriek he let out caught people's attention. "God I've been wanting to do that since the sports festival." He dropped his fist and stared down at the boy, noting his bleeding nose.

"Now listen here you little bastard- you think my class actually liked being trapped in the USJ, surrounded by villains as Thirteen bled out and our homeroom teacher had his face repeatedly smashed into the concrete?" He could hear a few gasps from the watching students and he didn't care, he only crouched grabbing onto the collar of Monoma's shirt to pull him closer so he could growl at him.
"You think my friends liked facing down against the hero killer, you think Tenya enjoyed having to face down the man that nearly killed his older brother?" He raised his voice again so everyone surrounding them could hear, "Cause if you really think that then a punch to the face is the least if your concerns. I'll find out what keeps you up at night and I'll torment you with it."

With that he released Monoma and stood up, about to bark out a harsh 'what!?' before being cut off before he could even speak.

"Midoriya, a word please." Looking over his shoulder he swore internally and ignored Nana's reprimand of 'I never said hit him Izuku, I said scare him off. There's a difference.' as he spotted Aizawa and Vlad King watching him from the entrance to the canteen.

Turning, he ignored the looks sent his way and just made his way to his homeroom teacher who upon his arrival walked him out into the corridor with Vlad King following behind like a rear guard.

When they were in the corridor he stood with his back to the wall and refused to meet the teachers eyes.

"What happened?" He looked at Aizawa, shocked to see him not immediately screaming at him, shocked because while he knew Aizawa and he knew the teacher wasn't like his past ones he still expected him to not care for his side of the story.

"Why are you asking him Erasure?! We both saw him punch my student!"

He ducked his head at Vlad King's words. It seemed even if Aizawa was different there was always one teacher in an establishment that didn't care for both sides of the story. "We also both saw your student try and hit mine first. Vlad."

"Your student also happens to have a record as a delinquent- did you see the state of him this morning!? He's clearly getting into fights outside of school and now he's bringing it into school."

"Vlad, he is my student you do not speak about him like he isn't right there."

He raised his head again, only enough so that he could see the teachers and Vlad King looked angry while Aizawa, though looking angry, looked at Izuku patiently. "Well then, what happened."

"Since the USJ, Monoma's made it a point to always go on about how cocky 1-A is, how big headed we are because we fought some villains and it just- it really pissed me off! You could of died sensei- my friends and classmates could of died and he acts like we wanted that to happen!"

He grabbed his left arm, the fisted hand shaking and itching to punch something.

"And then he came up to us at lunch and he tried to hit the back of my head with his tray but-" he couldn't talk about Nana, he couldn't, "I was leaning on my hand and my elbow must of slipped because I avoided it somehow." He grit his teeth thinking of the smug look on the boys face, "Then he started going on about how our class had gotten so much attention and he turned to Tenya and Todoroki and started acting like they enjoyed having to face the hero killer!"

He felt bile in his throat. "They nearly died and he made it sound like they enjoyed it! Tanya nearly lost his older brother to that bastard and the little brat acted like it was just another way for our class to get publicity." He looked away, "And I...I snapped. I stood up, my chair catching his foot. He asked if I was starting something and I grabbed his tray gave it to Tenya and told him I was... and then punched him."

He scuffed his foot on the floor and looked away, "Is that everything?" Nodding he didn't bother to
"verbalize his response.

"Go to class Midoriya, we'll talk more there."

Nodding, he hurried off past the two teachers and didn't look back.

"Why the hell are you not even punishing him Erasure!?" Shouta looked at his co-worker much too tired and pissed off to actually care about what the blood hero had to say.

"The kid isn't the only one at fault here, Vlad. Maybe teach your students some respect and they wouldn't get punched in the face."

He turned then, walking away and towards his classroom. Stopping when he was called out to, "You're being too soft on them Erasure, if respect is the issue you should be teaching your students not to physically lash out!"

Looking over his shoulder he didn't spare the man an ounce of emotion in his tone, "You try going through what my kids have gone through, and then you try and react differently. My students are all different, they've all gone through different things. But the stuff they've endured whilst enrolled here have made them close."

He turned and began walking again, "So I apologize if you don't like the fact that kids who've undergone trauma don't appreciate their trauma being made light of."

You actually punched him!? Thank you! I was so close to doing it myself, Midoriya you are a godsend!"

Sheepishly hiding away his face Izuku tried not to be rude to his classmates.

"It was rather unexpected though Midoriya, I haven't seen you lash out before."

"Yeah! Mido, you're usually all scary words and scary looks but to think you also pack a nasty punch!"

"I guess what Bakugou said was true then, that you once beta up four guys with your bare hands!"

"Katsuki's been gossiping about me?"

"Hey, Mido, I'm curious," he looked over at the general direction of Hagakure and tried his best to stare at where he thought her eyes were, "Why is it that you suddenly started calling Bakugou by his first name and a last name? Bakugou's also started calling you by your first name..."

"Easy, we're childhood friends and we've finally got our heads out our arses."

"Robots though? Yeah! This is gonna be so easy."

"You two really need to learn to dial down your quirks against humans though..."

"Humans, robots no difference I'll blast all of them." Katsuki stopped where he was turning to face the class again, "Hey Izuku, remember what we talked about yeah!? Don't think I won't fucking destroy you in the finals- you better come up with your own tricks before then though. If you don't
I'll just be more pissed and that means I'll crush you even harder."

He nodded, "Better be ready to have your backside thrashed though, your little threats don't scare me."

"I'll show you what's scary you ratfaced bastard!"

"Bring it on!"

-_- -

By the time the academic exams had finished and the day of the practical one had arrived Izuku felt like he'd died and come back multiple times. Even though he knew for a fact he hadn't died once.

"Lets start your practical exam. It is, of course, possible to fail this exam. So if you want to attend the training camp don't fail."

"There's a lot of teachers here isn't there?"

"Knowing you guys... You probably asked around and think you have a pretty decent idea of what's going on." Izuku wanted to pay full attention to Aizawa but he couldn't when he spotted the capture weapon wriggling about. He knew for a fact that there was only one thing on the planet not only small enough but capable of getting himself permission to sit in Aizawa's scarf.

To his left Ashido and Kaminari started cheering, probably dancing as well. They seemed to do that a lot when they were excited. "Its a robot rumble, like the entrance exam!"

"Fireworks! Curry - truth or dare!!"

True to his guess it only took a second for the excitement to be cut short as Nezu popped out of Aizawa's scarf causing murmurs from his classmates to arise and one thought to pop into Izuku's head; How did Nezu get Aizawa to agree?

"Not quite! Various circumstances have caused a revision to be put in place on the exam format." Using a strand of Aizawa's scarf Nezu belayed down to the ground, "From now on we'll focus on fights against flesh-and-blood opponents! It is critical that our teachings here simulates practical experience as closely as possible!"

"Izuku... the teachers all look rather devilish right now." He nodded along to Nana's observation thankfully looking like he was nodding along to the head teachers words.

"As such, you students will be pairing up..."

"If I was to be so bold I'd almost say they looked villainous."

"And fighting one of the teachers you see here!"

"Against a teacher...!?" Uraraka's shakey voice spoke the question that was weighing on all their minds.

"Yes! Your pairings and opponent have already been picked. Your test scores, prior academic and practical grading as well as your relationships with your classmates have all been taken into account."

"First..." all eyes shifted to Aizawa, "Todoroki is with Yaoyorozu against... me."
"Next, Midoriya..." He tried not to beg his teacher through his eyes to give him mercy, but he didn't because even if he did mercy was not something Aizawa knew. "Is paired with Bakugou."

Looking next to him he saw Katuski staring at him as well, "huh!?" This would complicate their challenge of who did better but could work to their advantage if they could put their heads together. "And your opponent-

"Will be me! Work together you two and lets see if you have what it takes!"

For his entire time as a student at U.A. Izuku had never been intimidated by Toshinori. He knew the man behind the powerhouse facade, he'd seen what the stick man was really like and he'd seen that despite his bravado he was just a sickly, possibly dying, man who wanted to do his best and help people.

But looking up, he couldn't help but be unadulteratedly terrified.
Father and son day? Ha! Father vs Son smack down!!

Chapter Summary

Injury detail and description of bloodied injuries

"It's either fight to win... or run to win..."

"Yes! Your decision making is being tested! But... given the circumstances and state of things you're probably thinking that running is the only option right? Let me explain."

Sparing a glance out of the corner of his eye, Izuku saw Katsuki's jaw clenched and hands twitching. He didn't particularly have much hope for this team up.

The two of them understood each other, to a certain degree, but they didn't truly understand each other enough for this to work.

He had decent hand to hand but also liked the element of surprise. His fighting style mainly just comprised of going at the opponent until one of them dropped.

That contrasted with Katsuki's head on submission approach. While Izuku went for the hits that would end the fight, Katsuki charged head first and drew it out. He pummeled his opponents, forcing them into a corner to the point they'd tire themselves out far sooner than Katsuki ever would.

In theory, the two styles should compliment each other. A surprise attack and one hit game changers coupled with unending barrages of attacks that cause the opponent to become desperate and act in a way not in their best interests; it was a recipe for success.

But theory only worked as long as both their patients lasted.

They could stomach each other, hell they could hold a meaningful conversation with each other, but that didn't mean they could work together. They were too alike. His uncle Masura had made the comparison back in Hosu when he and Mitsuki had come to visit him.

He and Katsuki were both impulsive fighters who sometimes used their heads. And whilst their styles complimented each other they also outrageously clashed.

If he had to place a bet on how this would go, he'd put money on Katsuki demanding to fight All Might.

They were probably going to fail this practical.

And that would probably send all the progress the two of them had made dwindling back down to square one. He was so looking forward to this.

Zoning back in he saw All Might holding what looked like a prisoner's cuff, sans the chain. "Ultra compressed weights!"

Izuku watched as his teacher put the cuff on, "This little handicap weighs me down with a whole extra fifty percent of my bodyweight!"
Despite the cheerful facade, Izuku wasn't blind to see how Toshinori's mouth twitched as his body suddenly had to handle the stress of that much added weight. If he could barely handle less than three hours with his own body weight, than how long would he last with another fifty percent added on top?

More importantly, how was his already failing internal organs handle the stress? His father figure was stingy with his identity as it was (Ike and Hisashi didn't know he was All Might and he was pretty sure his mother didn't know - he'd introduced him as his trainer, recommended by Naomasa, but she was up for debate- so he was certain that he didn't want Katsuki and whoever else was watching the feed, from the many security cameras he could see, finding out.

That would mean, even with the handicap, escape would be the only route possible if Izuku wanted to keep Toshinori's vulnerability hidden. He spared another look at Katsuki, seeing the rage in his eyes as he glared at the handicap, and sighed to himself.

It was going to be a disaster. Katsuki wasn't going to see the handicap for what it was, a way to make sure that they didn't die and to create a less uneven playing field.

The idiot would see it as nothing more than pity, a questioning of his abilities. To be honest, a few weeks back Izuku probably would of thought the same.

But having seen how vulnerable the symbol of peace was, having seen how terrifying Stain was, having seen Tenya's face at the prospects of a fight that couldn't be won he knew better now.

"By the way, we had a competition to design them. That girl, Hatsume, won."

"Are you trying to bring the fight down to our level? That's just insulting."

He kept his eyes forward, not bothering to focus on his 'partner' at that moment in time. Instead he ingrained the image of Toshinori's face, dark malevolent and twisted into a smirk into his mind.

That would be all the motivation he needed to get this through as quickly as possible. He never wanted to see his mentor look like that again.

"We'll see Bakugou, Midoriya. Do you think you have what it takes?"

-#{-}

One they were released into the city for their game of pseudo deadly hide and seek, Izuku stuck close to Katsuki as the blond stomped around without much thought to his surroundings.

He told himself it was safety in numbers, but being honest with himself Izuku knew it was because Katsuki wanted a fight and ever since they were kids where fighting was concerned Izuku always found himself drawn to it.

It was a bad habit, but he could live with it, so to speak.

The only thing he was regretting during the few minutes they'd been walking, was telling Nana that he wanted to do this on his own. If Katsuki could see Nana then it would only spark controversy and he wasn't feeding the fire any more than would naturally happen.

"Obviously, the only way to beat him is to beta him down." The blond didn't even bother looking at him, just spat the words out as if they were obvious.

Without much thought Izuku slowed his pace so that he was just behind Katsuki and answered,
"That's really not the smartest idea though, even with a handicap he's the Symbol of Peace and we're just first years."

"We'll let him toy with us till the end, then, when he's exhausted I'll let him have it."

'Not only did he just ignore me completely... He somehow knows that All Might's getting weaker. Did he notice the change when he put the weights on? I mean Toshi did look more sluggish than usual but that was easy for me to see because I've known him for a while...right?'

Trying not to focus on his pessimistic thoughts he tried, once again, to get through to Katsuki, "Look," he grabbed Katsuki by the shoulder stopping them both as the blond glared at him, "Get it through your head yeah, he's All Might- you know why he's called that? Because he's considered all mighty. No matter how strong a quirk you have right now you can't beat him."

Letting go of Katsuki's shoulder he continued, "I get where you're coming from with the whole handicap thing I do okay? But the fact of the matter is-"

He didn't get to continue as he found himself flying back, his right cheek stinging from an impact. Staring up at Katsuki from his place on the floor Izuku refused to shudder under the look in Katsuki's eyes.

It was terrifying. It was the look someone he'd in their eyes when they'd snapped. When they'd given up on restraint and had decided to themselves 'fuck it. Fuck every thing I don't care anymore'. He knew that look because he used to ware it.

"You think just because you're some vigilante that you're suddenly the expert on how to do everything don't you Deku. Where the hell did this self fucking preservation come from huh!?" As he pulled himself to his feet he felt his stomach drop.

"You know I really tried to be a good person with you Izuku I really fucking did! But I'm at the end of my damn tether with you!" Explosions went off in Katsuki's hands, "One minute you don't care enough to go out and die who knows how many times, the next you think you have the right to tell me that I can't go fight someone because what- I might kill myself in the process!?!"

Another punch was thrown at him this time, this one packing an explosion and he barely got out the way, "Well when did that ever stop you huh!?"

He threw his own punch, it landing and sending Katsuki stumbling back a few steps. "Yeah well guess what arsehole I've not only got one life! You throwing your life away for what, because your pride is so fragile that you can't see that the handicap isn't an insult its a fucking protective measure!? We were both there when you were suffocating in that sludge villain Katsuki!"

He stepped closer, preparing to throw another punch, "And we both saw that he changed the damn weather with a single punch!"

"Yeah well I'd rather die fucking trying to fight than ever win by being a coward!"

Just as he was about to respond he found himself pushing Katsuki to the floor and taking the brunt of the damage from a piece of debris as the building to the left of them seemed to explode.

Once the wind stoped and he pushed the debris off of himself, checking that Katsuki hadn't died yet, he saw All Might. "Prepare yourselves, for I am here!"

-8-
"Who cares about keeping this city intact?"

What the hell Toshi... this is scary as shit.'

Looking away from his mentor was hard, but when he did he saw that his legs were shaking and he found he couldn't stop them. Sparing Katsuki a glance as the boy climbed to his feet, he saw he was in a similar situation. He turned back to Toshinori when he began to speak.

"If you only think of this as a test, you'll have a bad time. After all, heroes, I'm a villain aren't I? Give me your best shot."

As soon as he finished All Might charged forward, an aura of intimidation surrounding him and Izuku felt his feet glued to the floor, just like he had been with Stain. Except this time there wasn't actually anything keeping him in place except his own fear.

He saw the shine of Katsuki's grenade in the corner of his eye and shot his head to the blond.

"Katsuki we can't beat him, don't you dare do what I think you're about to do!"

But of course, he didn't listen and as All Might approached all Izuku could do was stand there, feet frozen to the ground, as Katsuki pulled the pinion his grenade, a bright light and boom resonating.

'A flash grenade... Now if he'd told me he had that I could of come up with a fucking compromise!'

When the light went off he regained feeling in his limbs and grabbed onto his classmate, dragging the resisting boy back out of All Night's immediate range, "Let me fucking go!"

"I keep trying to tell you, you won't win fighting him, we have to run!"

"You're not the boss of me!"

The other boy broke away and as he did, he was grabbed and lifted off of the ground by All Might.

"Katsuki!"

"Ah waz eshpectin dis!" After his muffled shout Katsuki began to let out a barrage of explosions both on All Night's face and on, thankfully, his right side.

Instead of dropping him the hero simply threw Katsuki to the ground with enough force for a resounding bang and a choked noise of pain to escape the blond. When his senator's eyes turned on him, Izuku tried to make himself sink into the mindset he used in a fight, but he couldn't unsee Toshinori.

It wasn't a scumbag or a villain in front of him, it was his father figure. He couldn't-no matter how hard he tried he couldn't.

"A weak barrage that hurts only a tiny bit. Now, onto you Midoriya. You gonna leave your teammate and make a break for it?"

He looked from where his mentor was approaching him and to where his friend lay on the ground. One last quick glance at his mentor made one thing resound in his head, This is the feeling I always get before I die. Even if it's fake, this bloodlust...is suffocating.'

He hated himself for it, but he used full cowl at the last second and threw himself into the air, he didn't hear the noise behind him until Katsuki was screaming in his ear, "Gah! Move it!"
Unable to move in time the two of them plummeted to the ground, something that couldn't of been good for Katsuki's ribs, or spine. It didn't take long for either of them to be back on their feet but when they were Katsuki was already making his way to All Might.

"You're not gonna win by going at him head on! Katsuki, come on you're smarter than this!"

"Shut up! I'll win! I'm going to win because that's what heroes do!"

Struggling to keep himself standing he watched as Katsuki trudged forward, a lone memory of before Katsuki started bullying him coming to mind.

"Man, All Might's so cool!" Katsuki waved his finger in the direction of the tv in the shop window, looking between Izuku and their other friend. "It's four-on-one right? No way he could win but watch!"

The boy imitated the heroes actions on screen, "Punch, dodge, feint... he's so cool! Even when the odds are stacked against him he still finds a way to win! That's what a real hero does!"

"You wanna fight fine!" Katsuki turned towards him and Izuku forced himself to be standing next to the blond, "But right here right now is not the place!"

The blond looked like he was about to think about his words when they were both forced to look up at All Might's booming voice, "In the meantime... I've got a present for you Mr. Let's-run-away!"

He didn't get any time to react as he felt his body hitting the ground, forehead smashing into the concrete below as what had looked like a guardrail pinned him down.

He realised he was screaming a second too late when both pairs of eyes landed on him, looking to his right he felt sick seeing that one of the jagged piece of the railing that had plunged into the ground had staked through his wrist, pinning him to the ground.

Trying to twitch his fingers on that hand he found that thankfully they were still moving and feeling but the blood that was rushing from the wound, along with the possibility of sepsis from the potential rust on the railing was knocking him sick.

"Fuck! Katsuki, fucking run!" His words knocked both bond's into action and as his classmate stumbled back All Might rushed forward. The heroes fist slammed into his partner's stomach at such a speed and angle that as Katsuki was physically lifted from the ground by the force and threw back he threw up.

As his mentor stalked forward Izuku tried to not focus too much on his wrist. His hand would be useless to him, but he had to focus on getting the rail lifted enough so that he could get his arm free.

If he'd of been on his back it would of been so much easier.

Using his remaining arm he filled it with one for all and awkwardly started throwing his arm against the part of the railing that was impaling him. If he could get that desperate from the rest he'd be able to pull it out.

He didn't pay attention to what All Might was saying and instead put twenty percent into the punch as he hit the railing, somehow managing to snap it and not cause the rest if the railing to fall onto his lower body.

Biting into the fabric of his hood, that he quickly pulled around, he grabbed onto the broken metal and yanked with one for all trying not to scream too loudly. When it was out he shinier his way out,
grabbed his hood and ripped the material and quickly tied it around his wrist as he ran forward, the tail end of Katsuki's sentence hitting him.

"Then... I'd rather lose."

Grabbing his partner by the strap of his top at the last second he used his good arm to grab on and used full cowl to launch himself away and further into the city.

Throwing Katsuki against the wall in an alleyway when they got a safe distance away he collapsed against the opposite wall, cursing when he saw his hood was soaked.

Hissing, he pulled the hood off, unaware of Katsuki's widened eyes, and examined the damage. He forced himself not to look away. The rail had thankfully been pretty thin because his wrist, for the most part was intact, but the skin that the ripped costume showed was mangled.

He was feeling light headed but while the bleeding was heavy it wasn't heavy enough to mean a ruptured artery. So he had that going for him.

Not wanting to risk blood loss more than he already was, he was quick to try and tie the ripped hood back around his wrist, struggling until Katsuki reached out and helped him.

The blond was shaking as badly as he was.

"Whether we run or we fight, at this stage, I honestly can't think of a way we win."

Katsuki slouched back against the wall behind him after he was done tying the hood, staring at him, "With you bleeding out we're at an even bigger disadvantage. You think seeing you trying to fight while that injured will help?"

He shrugged, "Didn't slow him down when he went after you." He kicked the blond in front of him in the leg, causing the boy to glare, "Before you said you didn't care if you lost, in fact you said you'd prefer to lose."

He resisted the urge to close his eyes, "When we were kids you refused to lose. Never throwing in the towel till you won, you were still like that at up until a few minutes ago- so where the hell did your fight go?"

"Possibly to the same area that your sanity went the day your quirk came in. He's willing to slam guard railings on us from above Izuku, you tell me how we win by running away or by fighting."

Once again kicking Katsuki he snickered at the angered expression, "We use both our strengths. We've been playing solo until now. Tag teaming might not let us win but it could give us enough time to get us close."

"Alright." Climbing to his feet Katsuki held out his hand to Izuku, pulling him up by his good hand when he accepted it, "What've you got?"

He cursed as he held the grenade on his wrist, of course the one with enough sweat in it would be the one that goes on his injured wrist.

"Where're you lookin' huh!?" He watched as Katsuki used his explosion to misdirect All Might and when his name was called he jumped out, preparing to pull the trigger.

When he did he resisted the urge to scream at the strain on his wrist and the loud angry pop his
shoulder came out with. He was dazed only for a second before being dragged by Katsuki until he got his feet under him.

"How long do you think that'll work!?"

Shouting to be heard over Katsuki's explosions he didn't risk looking back, "It should stun him long enough for us to make a decent head start at the least!" Keeping his eyes forward he didn't realise how giddy he felt until he next spoke, "Look! The exit! Just a little more and we're home free!"

"Don't jinx us now-Agh!"

Katsuki's shout of pain had Izuku turning his head to see his teacher once again slam Katsuki down. He couldn't properly process anything and was finally able to slip under and into auto pilot as he narrowly dodged the large hand grasping for his injured wrist.

As he kept dodging, part of his mind listening to All Might, part of it focused on dodging, another on Katsuki and a final part focused on not falling he didn't process much else.

"Beautifully done boys, being able to put aside your differences so quickly to come up with your plan. But you have to understand, that was merely the pre-requisite for this exam."

"This is a announcement to the first year participants. The first team to complete the assessment are Todoroki and Yaoyoruzu."

"Aizawa got beat...hmm. He must of gotten careless." All Might gave up trying to grab him and instead kept his foot placed on Katsuki's back when the boy tried to get up.

"Now, should I bury you next?"

He wasn't sure what it was, maybe it was the tension and the pain and fear finally getting to him, maybe it was the look of actually horror in Katsuki's eyes or it was the promise of an end to this torment right behind him. But something pushed him over the edge.

Sliding his knife out while All Might was distracted he did something he promised himself he would never do. Knife drawn, he aimed for Toshinori's left side.
Getting back to your roots is helpful sometimes (pt1)

Chapter Summary

This was originally started on the eight of August, as you can see its been just over a month since then- sorry for the wait.

Also, reference to and of self harm in this chapter. I myself have never self harmed but someone I know has and it is a serious issue. If you're suffering yourself with it, please try to stop. It is not healthy, it is not a solution and consider the fact that while it's momentary release in the long run it doesn't help.

Chapter Notes

A wonderful reader suggested the song Skin by Sixx:A.M as a song to listen to in regards to Izuku and can I just say WOW, I listened to it and I understood completely why they suggested it.

Everything seemed to almost go in slow motion as he lunged forward.

He registered that his wrist wasn't hurting as his fingers defiantly gripped the blade. He registered the way Katsuki's eyes widened with shock and he registered how Toshinori's body seemed to be unable to react to the threat.

He...

He wasn't going to move...

At the last second he curved his blades arc, skimming All Might's costume and joyously nothing more. The wind tunnel that was created as a result as All Might finally caught up with the threat and rushed to a safe distance made him stumble.

He kept his stance and kept his eyes on All Might, briefly aware that Katsuki was standing and holding his arm, hissing in his ear, "What the hell were you thinking!??"

He didn't move, only stood there watching until All Might went air born. "I..." He felt like he was suddenly back. His knife a foreign weight almost in his grip.

"Don't make me regret this Izuku!" Suddenly being lifted and jostled as Katsuki jogged he protested, securing his knife before pushing back. "I'm going to catapult you- I hate to admit it but the strength distance is too great. So run!"

With that last word he was launched into the air, a burning explosion adding to his propulsion. Just before he landed he heard All Might's voice, and ignored the words and instead prepared for the impact that was surely about to hit him.

His preparation didn't matter as he didn't expect for the hero to stay on him as he fell instead of
simply swatting him, because while if he'd been able to roll his wrist - ticked close to his chest - would of been fine, the fact that he was stuck with it underneath him made it worse. The wrist had added pressure and the remnants of Katsuki's gauntlet dug into his chest.

"Those gauntlets let me go at full power without any risk!"

At the sound of Katsuki's explosions and shouts All Might got off of his back, something Izuku took to his advantage as he crawled just enough away to be out of the immediate firing line.

It was disastrous to pull himself to his feet as blood loss hit him and his adrenaline high ended - though when it began he didn't know. He managed it though, managed to stay upright even though the floor called to him and his eyes demanded to close.

"We had no chance of winning... without taking big risks..." something in his partners tone had him looking over and he felt himself slipping under once again, no matter how he tried to fight it he could feel it clawing there as he watched as Katsuki released his most powerful explosion.

"Run!" He watched as Katsuki's hands twitched, "I'm the only one out of the two of us capable of combat right now so be useful for me and win this damn thing!"

He felt his feet itch to move and when he caught sight of the exit he didn't have the emotional stability needed to really appreciate how emotional it was knowing it was so easy. And without knowing when his feet started to move.

They stopped short however when a bang rebounded from where he'd just been stood and Katsuki was in the ground, held by the back of the head, hands bleeding and shaking as he tried to make explosions.

Skidding from his sudden stop he realised how badly he was shaking as he turned. Taking a few steps back he began to run towards All Might. "All Might!" The pseudo villain looked over and he was glad for his running jump as he managed to get off the ground and land feet first on the heroes face.

The impact sent the man stumbling away from Katsuki and ignoring his instinct to flee and fend for himself he grabbed Katsuki and slung him over his shoulder, wrist screaming at him, and used what remnants of full cowl he could summon as his stamina died.

He didn't pay attention to the intercom, as soon as both his feet were over the line he dropped Katsuki and fell to his knees.

"Fuck that hurts." Glancing to the side he saw Katsuki on his back, turning his head to see him.

"You're awake... that's...good. Hey Katsuki...I think I'm gonna just...lie dow-"

Everything went dark.

"Do you not know the meaning of holding back!? Anymore power and they wouldn't of been able to recover- the strain on Midoriya's lower back could of resulted in paralysis if I hadn't gotten him when I did!"

He cracks his eyes open, immediately having to close them again as the sheen from the screens blinds him with their intensity. Braving it once again, he cracks his eyes open and this time make sour Recovery Girl lecturing Toshinori.
Deciding to not just sit around for the rest of the day he goes to push himself up, hissing and swearing be fire collapsing back to the bed when he puts pressure on his wrist.

The noise makes Recovery Girl spin on her heels to him in an instant. "No no, Midoriya dear you need to lie down! That oaf over there managed to shatter your wrist you can't use it- your stamina was too depleted from me preventing damage to your spine for that to be healed."

"Oh...okay. Can I sit up though?" She doesn't even get to open her mouth in response before Toshinori is already next to him and helping him up into a sitting position. His father figure starts fussing over him, refusing to look him in the eye.

"I was going to say keep lay down but... I'm going to be transferring you and Bakugou to the main building now. Your friend won't be up for awhile now and Todoroki and Yayorozu are already there."

"..." He swallowed the lump in his throat at the news, he really really wanted to stay and watch the others fight the teachers but if recovery girl was adamant...

"How about young Midoriya stays with you, Recovery Girl?" Looking to the left he saw Toshinori still failing to make eye contact (something that he both understood and caused him to feel a stab in the gut) with him, but he kept his chin up even under Recovery Girl's scrutinizing eye.

"That way he can remain by your side and when his stamina has recovered enough you can heal him? Besides, I heard that young Midoroya here had a knack for quirk analysis when he was younger!"

At the mention of his old hobby his face went burgundy and something set alight in Recovery Girl's eyes, "Quirk analysis?"

"Well I mean..." He went to wave his right hand then remembered he couldn't, "When I was younger everybody thought I was quirkless, so studying other people's kind of made me feel less excluded. I dropped it around junior high..."

"It's a rather interesting hobby I'll give you that Midoriya... oh fine." She sighed good naturedly and the way she laughed afterwards made it seem like she'd had full intentions of letting him stay from the beginning, "I want to have a chat with you anyway, there's some pens and papers on the desk if you- what hand do you write with?"

"I'm ambidextrous."

She clapped her hands together, "All right, All Might get your wounded soldier into the spare chair and then please, gently, escort your other student to the main building."

"You said you wanted to have a chat?" Perched on the spare spinning chair, Izuku twirled the pen in his left hand, resisting the urge to look at the screens and instead focus on the old woman.

"Yes, it's about how you've been feeling recently. I'm aware you have a psychiatrist, and according to Nakamura-sensei you've been doing well recently." He was put under her scrutinizing gaze and he subconsciously found himself curling up on the chair.

"However, I'm under the suspicious that you haven't been being completely honest with her."

"Oh?" He looked away now, focusing on how the pen seemed to fly from one finger to the next.
"When I had to bandage your wrist I checked the other arm as well, in case of hidden injuries. I have a file of your scars Midoriya, a glossary if you will of where every single one has come from." He stopped moving the pen and put it down, knowing what was coming next, "There were quite a few on your wrists that weren't catalogued."

"..."

"I'm not going to ask you to explain what they are, we both know I can work it out. What I want to talk about is why. They aren't fresh, but they're recent enough for me to be concerned- I would be concerned anyway mind you even if they were years old."

"...

He felt ashamed of them, but at the same time couldn't... put it into words. It was... a release? A reminder that he was alive even if at the time he'd felt like it would be better that he wasn't?

At the time he'd seen it as the only thing, something that broke up the monotony. That pain was like colour in his grey scale. But looking back, it seemed stupid. What had harming himself actually achieved?

Scars.

Scars, and reminders of a time he wanted to leave behind.

"They're from before I got my quirk... if you were wondering how fresh they were. So... just under three years old now."

A silence settled over them as he latched his eyes onto Kaminari and Ashido's screen, watching as Nezu strategically trapped them on all sides while they ran like headless chickens- unable to use their quirks on something they couldn't see.

"I used to be- well I mean I still am really- depressed. To the point of cutting myself. I didn't... I didn't think of the consequences at the time- all I thought about was that it made me feel better. I know now that it didn't; but at the time that's all I understood from it."

He took in a deep breath, "I didn't tell anybody because well... before my quirk my arms were already covered in scars so no body would see and ask and... my mother was heart broken when we found out my quirk how was I supposed to..." He dropped his head into his knees, "How was I supposed to explain everything else to her when I'd already put her through so much?"

"...

The silence remained over them for a few minutes, and he listened to the sounds of his classmates frustration instead of focusing on every micro reaction the nursing hero made. "Thank you for sharing that with me." Were the first words out of her mouth when she did finally speak.

"It couldn't of been easy telling me that, nothing about depression ever is..." the way she spoke had him looking over at the woman, analysing the way she held herself, the tone of her voice, trying to pick up on something that he wasn't sure was even there. "But again, thank you for trusting me with that. I realise it was probably rather impersonal to ask but..." she sighed.
"Aizawa calls you a problem child doesn't he?" When he nodded she laughed to herself, "He picked that up from me. I always refer to some students as 'problem children'."

She shook her head to herself, like she was divulging some deep secret, "Children who always ended up more harmed than others; through sheer lack of self preservation," she noticed her increased eye contact at that one, "sheer ignorance of limitations or just a complete lack of the ability to righten yourself before you hit the ground."

"I've never called students that to insult them, it's always been...sentimental. Aizawa was one of my problem children, and now so are you. Because your lot tend to get more injured than others it makes me worried... that's still no excuse though."

He watched as the old woman reached out her arm tentatively and he reached his left hand across his body to her, and when she grabbed his hand in hers she squeezed it reassuringly. "I'm sorry for prying Midoriya, but I hope you can forgive me and in the future you would be willing to come to me if you needed someone to talk to while in school."

Unable to speak he nodded, trying to fight (with minimal success) the tears that stung at the corners of his eyes. When she nodded back and released his hand he shifted his body slightly away from her, swiftly grabbing his pad and balancing it on his knees before grabbing the pen.

"-
-
-

After some time in soothing silence he finally worked up the ability to speak again, Nana's reappearance and resulting comfort (in the form of ghostly hugs and words of reassurance) helping greatly in that respect, looking up from the notes he'd written.

"I know this is being referred to as a test...but am I right in assuming its more of a specialised assignment?"

"Yes, you would be correct in assuming that."

He trailed his eyes back to Kaminari and Ashido, watching as they floundered only just realising that they had been boxed in. Bored suddenly his eyes flirted to Tsuyu and Tokoyami. "Most of these pairings make sense," he began speaking aloud not caring if Recovery Girl was actually listening or not, "Kaminari and Ashido don't have much control against others, so, putting them in an environment where they could potentially use their quirks indiscriminately and then pitting them against Nezu who's always fifteen steps ahead makes sense."

He bit the nail on his left thumb, "It's the classic brain over brawn situation. Unrefined strength verses refined intelligence. Some don't make sense though."

"Oh?"

He nodded, "Look at Tsu and Tokoyami." He brought a finger and pointed to the specific screen, "They're against Ectoplasm. Tsu has no discernable weaknesses- other than potentially becoming dried out- and Tokoyami is working in the day time in a domed area meaning he's at a disadvantage to begin with."

They sat in silence for a few seconds as he watched Dark Shadow move with and around Tsu.

"But with Tsu's ability to work at both close and long range she compliments Tokoyami's mostly long range combat style which is subdue and constrain- like he did at the festival." He let out a hiss of air in annoyance when he saw his classmates become trapped in Ectoplasm's special move.
"You would think against Ectoplasm's multiple clones they'd be at a disadvantage though Midoriya?"

He looked away from the screen to face the old lady before quickly looking back to the screen to watch the presumed escape unfold. "Not really... Ectoplasm is actually the one with the disadvantage here. He's pretty popular so his special move won't be a surprise for them and Tsu never got to the third round so her hidden strengths aren't know to him."

"Her frog abilities will allow her to slip past his defence and with Tokoyami's extended reach... there." He pointed just as Ectoplasm noticed the cuffs around his legs.

"An interesting win, sneaking the cuffs on under the guise of escape..."

"Tsu's level head and place as an emotional support figure is the foil to Tokoyami's almost reclusive attitude and tendency to second guess at important moments." He waved his left had around after wincing when he forgot he couldn't do it with his right, "When I was explaining our plan for the sports festival he questioned every minute detail and second guessed a few of his crucial roles. No doubt if Aizawa-sensei had input on teams he'd of put them together for that exact reason."

She hummed next to him and he looked over all the screens excited for what he'd see next, "And what do you think about the Present Mic team up?"

Skimming to find the right screen he took a moment to run through his mental notes of Jiro and Koda.

"Jiro's quirk has the capacity to be as strong as, if not stronger, than Present Mic's own projection quirk so she's there to create a stalemate I assume- and to test how she can use her quirk when oppressed by a stronger strain of her own. Koda though..."

He watched as the selective mute began shaking when faced with the prospect of bugs. "Koda can communicate with animals, and insects I'm guessing. Putting him in a woods seems in his favour but when you add projection quirks to the mix..."

"Not only is he drowned out but his fighters aren't going to stick around. Again, sensei knows about his fear so he probably put him in this situation to see if he could over come his fear and work around the limitations on his quirk..." He watched as Present Mic began to get covered in bugs, "It's predictive but still really gross..."

"Defeated by bugs...bah that man will never change."

"It is amazing though... the lengths that everyone is able to go. Look at them, one by one every student is passing."

"Not that one, he looks just about ready to give up any second now." Looking to where she was pointing Izuku found himself blanking when he took in the form of a recursively crying Mineta screaming at the top of his lungs as he abandoned Sero and ran for dear life.

"Mineta... seriously?"

Sitting there, he tried not to look too disappointed in the boy. He knew Mineta could be cowardly; but at the USJ Tsu had spoken for the pervert saying that despite in her words 'crying like a baby' when it had counted most he hadn't faltered enough to endanger them. He hadn't anticipated him running away.

Especially from Midnight. However, he did remember him being traumatized by Mount Lady who
he had directly compared to Midnight before so he could see why the boy might be hesitant.

But still...to leave Sero his team mate.

He held off his judgement however. Even if only slightly Mineta had been getting better. Even if that was out of fear for him Izuku had to hand it to the boy, begrudgingly, that he was improving.

It seemed like Mineta was lost until Midnight started to corner him, which was when he saw him cover his mouth in the fragment if Sero's tape that had been writhing his grasp.

With that he'd released quite a lot of the purple balls on his head trapping Midnight and her weapon, making a mad dash with his mouth and nose covered until he was out of the radius of her quirk.

"Midoriya!?!"

"Oh my God what happened!?!"

"Are you okay- what happened to your wrist!?!"

Looking down at the casted wrist he wanted to shrug but then it wasn't Uraraka, Kirishima and Iida that crowded him- instead being Yaoyorozu and Jiro along with Sato he felt like he wouldn't get away with it.

Holding the arm up for all to see he tried to not mumble, "My wrist got impaled..."

"Impaled!?!"

"Yeah..." He looked away, "it was my own fault, I should of been more careful, besides Recovery Girl healed all the important bits this is more to make sure the bones set properly."

"Farewell everyone... I'll be expecting lots of fun camp stories!"

He wasn't sure how he found himself stood at the front of the room consoling some of his classmates, seeing as he was the least qualified for the job, but there he was. "You're ruling out the possibility that this is just one of sensei's logical ruses."

"Dont give us false hope Mido! You won against fringing All Might!? Your average is probably our expert top achieved level! Your modesty kills me!"

Holding up his hands in surrender he backed up a step from Kaminari who looked way too depressed than was probably necessary.

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