Summary

Izuku had to be sent off to Inko's old crowd for babysitting because she needed to get a job, but that turned out to be the worst decision she could have made. Now he's beating up criminals for money, staying with psychopaths and stabbing people who try to hurt him. But when he's captured by heroes, and sent into U.A as All Might's Successor, how will he deal with his new morals? Why is he making friends with the wannabe heroes? Why does he try to save them when danger arises?...

Why is he being a hero?

Notes

A repost on AO3 after realizing that FF.net sucks. Give me ya reviews, give me ya criticisms. And yes this is OOC/AU, transparency ho!
Chapter 1

Inko grimaced as she heard the phone ring, dreading the conversation that she had reluctantly started. She was vaguely aware of a 6 year old Izuku watching from behind the door, but whatever he might hear was going to be far better then if her plan went into action. She heard the ringing stop and a gruff voice answer from the other phone. "Inky? The hell are you calling after 7 years for?"

The mother gulped, remembering the faces of her old friends and envisioning this particular friend's displeased look. "G-Gareth, I-I know I-I h-haven't c-called in so l-long but I-I h-have no other o-option…"

She was cut off by a laugh, one marred by years of smoking and fighting if Gareth hadn't changed. "Come on, you calling me some kind of second-rate friend? Don't matter where you been Inky, you're one of us like it or not. Now, how can old Gary help you out?"

Inko sighed, rubbing over her arm where a mark had been permanently drawn into her skin. "G-Gareth, you know why I left r-right? My…"

She heard a grunt on the other side and she could almost see him leaning forward, his fingers curled around a cigarette now expertly maneuvering it between his fingers. "Yer son, Izuku if my memory isn't a bitch like usual. You 'ad 'im with that pretty boy Hisashi right?"

Inko gulped, steeling her resolve before saying. "Y-Yes, but Hisashi left us a couple years ago. I-I need to work full time, but I can't afford care and Mitsuki's boy bully's Izuku… Gareth, can you take him in? Even just for a couple of hours a day?"

She heard absolutely nothing from the other side, silence, nada. She was worried they had just ignored her request, before she heard Gareth speak in a serious voice. "Inko, you realise the kinda company we are, right? We ain't the crowd a kid should be gettin' involved with. You realise that if yer boy comes around after suckin' his thumbs at school, he's going to be breaking thumbs in a couple months?"

Inko sighed, rubbing her eyes which had begun to burn with tears. "I-I know Gareth, I don't want it to be the only option, but it is. Izuku is Quirkless, he can't protect himself at those rowdy after-school centres even if I could send him there. I know he's going to be… One of you after a while, but you're the only one I can trust with this… You and the rest…"

Inko was about to dissolve into tears, worried that Gareth would refuse. She was shocked still when she heard him sigh and say. "Alright Inky, I'll take in yer little tyke. Where'dja want me to be after school, I'll take him to my bar and you can come grab him when you get in. Just remember, he won't be your little boy soon enough."

She sighed in relief, rubbing her eyes one final time before saying. "T-thank you Gary… I know I left you all behind, but I didn't want our life for my little Izuku."

Inko heard one final chuckle before some haunting final words. "Looks like he's getting it anyway. Violence is in his blood Inky, as is in yours."

With that Gareth hung up and Inko was left in the darkened corridor. Sighing, she put the phone back into the pedestal before turning around to see Izuku looking at her curiously from his room in his All Might onesie. "Mommy? Who was that?"

Inko walked over and wrapped him in her arms, embracing her son in fear. "J-Just your old
Godfather Gareth. Now, you'll be going with him after school before Mommy comes to pick you up. Now then, time for bed."

She herded the fussy Izuku into his bed, giving him a kiss on the forehead once he was asleep. With one final look over her shoulder, she walked out of the room, fully realising that soon enough he would be much too mature then his age would suggest.

Timeskip, after school the next day

Izuku worriedly looked around the carpark of his primary school, searching for a man that could be Mr Gareth. He heard a triplet of laughs from behind him and turned around to see Bakugo and two of his friends standing over him. "So Izuku, where's your Mommy? Oh, she ain't here? I bet it's because you're such a useless Deku."

Izuku stood there, taking it in stride like he learned to. Kacchan was strong, he was weak, this was how things worked out. "Hey kid, you wana piss off?"

They all turned to see a massively large man next to them, looming over them and casting a shadow over them all. He wasn't built like All Might, but his body obviously indicated a fighter. He was in jeans and a t-shirt, his muscle-bound arms covered by a biker jacket while his right eye was adorned with a scar, framed by his dark auburn hair. Bakugo and his cronies seemed to piss themselves before scrambling off with their tails between their legs. With a sigh, the man watched them go before turning to Izuku. "Hey, your name Izuku?"

Izuku nodded frantically, still scared deeply by the man before he launched a yellow toothed smile at the young boy. "The name's Gareth, yer Momma tell you about me?"

Izuku nodded with a smile, this cool guy was friends with Mom! "Yep! She told me to go with you until she came to get me. It's nice to meet you Mr Gareth!"

The bear of a man huffed and looked away, scratching at his beard. "Come on kid, let's go and get back to the bar."

Izuku followed along, silently sizing up the man from behind him. He seemed to be genuine enough, but he was scary! Eventually they both reached a car, where somebody else was sitting behind the wheel with a glass of pure red liquid. Gareth opened up the back seat and helped Izuku up and into a seat, strapping him in before addressing the woman behind the wheel. "Heather, meet Inky's son. Izuku, this is Heather."

The woman called Heather turned around in her seat, not spilling a drop of liquid despite the quick acrobatics. Her blood red eyes glistened with mischief, framed by raven black hair. "Hiya! So your Inko's son, Izuku right? I'm Heather, I used to be your Momma's right-hand woman till she went domestic."

Izuku nodded, very curious of the friendly woman as Gareth got into the seat next to her. "Come on Red, let's get em back to Bolgia and introduce him to the others."

Heather pouted before getting back into driving position and draining her glass, smacking her lips before cracking her fingers and adjusting her rear-view mirror. Gareth grinned at Izuku in said mirror, giving a warning. "You like roller-coasters Kid? Cause you won't like this one."

Gareth's words held true, as the ride proved to be one Izuku would not forget any time soon. After a trip which made Izuku redefine his version of insane he let Gareth unbuckle him, before being scooped up into the arms of Heather. They appeared to be in a pretty dark part of the city, despite the
sun hanging in the sky. She ran her hand through his hair, apologetically looking down at him. "Sorry Izuku, I get a little excited when I'm behind the wheel…"

Izuku remembered his mother teaching him to always be polite when somebody apologised. "D-Don't worry Ms Heather, I-I'm okay…"

Gareth sighed before walking over to the building they had parked outside of. "Come on you two, I've been sober for two whole hours."

Heather and Izuku grinned, with the older offering Izuku her hand which he took gratefully as they walked inside with Gareth. Inside the large room appeared to be clouded in a mass of smoke, somehow being kept to the ceiling and clouding the large light. The room itself appeared to be a stereotypical bar, but with a whole host of interesting people to the young Izuku. He felt himself be hoisted up by the arms of Heather, surprisingly strong as she proclaimed. "Inky 2 Has Arrived!"

All of the patrons raised their mugs with a cheer, drawing a sigh from Gareth who dropped into a barstool and was instantly served by the bartender. "Heather, you mind looking over him during introductions? I'm getting too old for this shit…"

Heather nodded happily and set Izuku down, taking him to the closest table which had three men seated. One feature Izuku noticed is that they were all missing something like an eye, a finger or an ear. "Izuku, these are Paulo, Reese and James. They're as thick as thieves they are."

The closest one to Izuku grinned at him, an eyepatch adorning his left eyesocket. "Nice to meetcha kid! Was a shame when Inky left it was."

The other two introduced themselves as boisterously before he was carted off to the next table where two women were sat. These two seemed to be rather gloomy, one drinking a pitch black liquid and shrouded in antipathy while the other was sitting surrounded by an aura of sadness. "These are my friends, Laura and Jen. Say hi you two."

The woman drinking the black stuff peered at Izuku over her glass before saying. "If he lives up to Inko's legacy, I will acknowledge him as such."

Izuku didn't pay her any mind, instead choosing to walk up to the sad and shy woman. "What's wrong miss?"

She seemed to recoil in fear, before stuttering out. "I-I-I'm o-okay I-Iz-zuku-u…"

Izuku nodded and flashed her his biggest smile. "Well, I hope your happy again soon!"

Heather giggled as the rest of the bar seemed to laugh uproariously at the young boy's action, drawing a quiet smile from the woman. The rest of the introductions went just as well, Izuku noticing something special about each and every one of them. Something he had noticed was that nobody seemed to care about his quirk and never offered theirs. It was… Refreshing to the young boy, a welcome change from the quirk dominated school he went to.

Eventually Heather dropped him off at the bar next to Gareth with a final hug. "I'm gonna go talk to the girls, you be a good boy now Izu!"

Izuku nodded obediently as Gareth hailed down the bartender. "Something light for the kid."

He nodded and poured out a glass of orange juice before dropping a shot of something into it. Gareth sighed, too exasperated to object as the bartender slid it over to Izuku, who took it with a quiet word of thanks. Gareth finished off his beer, watching Izuku out of the corner of his eye and smiling as the
young boy sipped on the juice. "Mr Gareth, what is in this juice? It tastes really good."

Gareth laughed before shaking his head, scratching his beard. "Don't tell your Mom but it's soft liquor. Drink it nice and slow, this'll be your first time with booze, so we don't want you drunk. So, what do you make of everyone?"

Izuku grinned, swirling his straw around in the drink as he said. "They all seem nice, why did Mom seem to be scared of you?"

Gareth sighed, rubbing his forehead. "Izuku, you should know this before you leave. We're not good people. We ain't villains, but god knows we're not good people. We fight, we get drunk and we don't like the rules that much. We're not gonna kick you out, but you better not rat us out to the cops. You got that?"

Izuku nodded, processing the revelation that some bad people weren't villains. "Um, okay Mr Gareth."

The man grinned at him, motioning for him to drink up. "Then enjoy yourself kid. Also, drop the Mister crap, you're Inky's kid, you're one of us."

Izuku grinned up at him, genuinely happy at his proclamation. After finishing his drink Izuku felt a bit woozy, obviously effected by the shot of liquor in his drink. Gareth felt a ringing in his pocket and brought out his phone and glanced at the darkened screen. Sighing he got up and wiped his mouth on his arm which was adorned with a tattoo of twenty lions biting each other's tails. "Come on kid, your Mom's here. You want to say goodbye to Heather?"

Izuku nodded and turned around to look at Heather who was at her table with Laura and Jen, sipping a glass of wine. She looked up and waved to him with a smile, which Izuku returned with vigour.

Gareth smirked at him and lead him outside, where Inko was stood nervously looking around at the dark street. Izuku ran forward to hug her. "Mommy!"

Inko gasped before gripping her son in a hug. "Heya Izuku, did you enjoy your time with Gareth?"

Izuku nodded into her skirt, causing Inko to look up at the stoic Gareth. "Thank you, Gareth. Same time tomorrow?"

Gareth nodded before kneeling down to Izuku's eye height, ruffling his hair. "See ya tomorrow kid."

Izuku grinned at him and nodded. "Yep! See you tomorrow Uncle Gareth!"

He bashfully looked away before standing up, nodding to the two and walking back inside. Inko helped Izuku up and into his seat while asking about his day. Izuku prattled on about how cool Gareth was and about Heather and the rest of the patrons of the bar. Inko listened attentively as she drove back to their flat, reluctantly eager to see how her old friends were doing. Eventually they got back to the flat, she made dinner while Izuku went into his room to play around. Eventually it was ready, they ate and Inko helped him into his pyjamas and into bed where he promptly fell asleep.

As she was about to leave the room, she couldn't help but notice the little booklet she had bought for him to write his 'Hero Research' in open on his little desk. Walking over, she scanned it over and smiled ruefully at the crude sketches of Gareth and Heather on their own separate pages. They seemed to take pride of place at the front, being as bold as All Might's entry at the start.

Dropping the book down onto the desk, she left the room with a final glance at the few posters Izuku had and his action figures of heroes. 'Looks like they won't be around for too much longer…'
Izuku was much quieter than usual, even by his standards. He hadn't responded as enthusiastically to Heather's boisterous greeting, was silent throughout the ride from hell and only nodded to the welcomes from the patrons. Gareth was honestly quite concerned for the young boy he had come to see as his nephew as he watched him drink his usual spiked orange juice. "Kid, you alright?"

Izuku jumped at the address, before nodding without a word. Now Gareth knew something was up and it spelt trouble for whoever caused the problem. He heard a loud gasp and turned to see the depressed girl Jennifer holding her hands over her mouth while looking at Izuku. Gareth realised her quirk must have activated, Emotional Appraisal. It allowed her to assess the emotional state of anybody she could see, along with a basic reason for their emotion like 'Tasty food' or 'Loss of Friend'. Gareth reached down and pulled Izuku's school jumper up, despite protests from the young boy. He was shocked to see various bruises and light burns on his torso.

Immediately dropping his mug he turned to Izuku and bored his eyes into the young boy. "Izuku, who did this to you. By god I'll rip their fuckin spine out if I get my hands on them…"

Izuku help up his hands, waving it away as if it was nothing. "N-No need Uncle Gareth, just Kacchan up to his usual. Nothing to see here…"

Gareth growled at him, motioning for the Bartender to grab the first-aid kit. "Like hell there is Kid. This kinda shit can't continue, you'll be a fucking invalid before your 10. Your teacher didn't stop the little shit?"

Izuku quietly shook his head, fully aware everybody was watching him. "N-No, he doesn't really care much…"

He heard a small crack and looked over to the source to see Heather's fingers gripped around her table, now sporting a new series of cracks. Turning back Izuku felt Gareth pull his sweater off and begin to treat the wounds, slightly roughly but enough to stop any chance of infection. It was possibly the longest 10 minutes Izuku ever felt, feeling everybody's eyes on his body before Gareth sighed and handed him his sweater. "That should do kid. Now then, what to do about it."

Izuku was about to tell him he had it under his control but balked under Gareth's gaze. Heather came up to them and dropped into the barstool next to Izuku. "Yes… What to do about my little Izuku gettin' beat up. Hey Gareth, you reckon he's old enough to learn 'bout his mother's legacy?"

Izuku leaned inward, interested in what they were talking about. Gareth grunted while grabbing his mug and taking a deep sip. "Kids much younger have done much worse, not to mention he's going to need it sooner rather then later. Kid, you know how we're kinda rough around the edges?"

Izuku nodded, willing himself not to grab his notebook and begin to write down everything he was saying. "Well, our Inko wasn't the salary woman she is now. We're all fighters, we just do it in the backstreets where the law can't see. Inky was one of our best, I doubt I could defeat her in her prime. She was known as the Musutafu Massacre, she was that vicious. What I'm proposing, is that you learn how to fight like we do, like your mother did."

The young Izuku gave pause for a moment, weighing up what he knew about heroes and villains. It sounded kinda bad in his ears, breaking the law, but it was with his Uncle and Heather… But then he remembered one of the strange heroes that had recently popped up, Eraserhead. People kept saying he fought dirty, so isn't it just a kind of fighting? Not to mention, without a quirk he would need every advantage he could get… "O-Okay, I'll learn it."
Gareth grinned as Heather grabbed him from behind in a hug with a cheer. Once the excitement had calmed down Gareth finished his drink and said. "Okay, I'll have your training equipment sort'd for tomorrow. I'll put some meat on those bones before we get to fighting, you got that Kid?"

Izuku nodded enthusiastically, finishing his orange juice in kind. "Sure!"

Gareth nodded and got up, now knowing the time when Inko usually got there as did Izuku. Walking over to the door, Gareth said prememptivly. "Don't mention this to your mother, she'll kick my ass and then the rest of their asses for letting you do this. Also, don't think about fighting those punks at school yet till we've got you on the right track."

Izuku nodded once more, left the building and greeted his mother. They went home, ate dinner, Izuku drew in his journal and went to sleep in anticipation of the next day. Inko had no idea, but this was the beginning of her little boy becoming what she tried to leave behind.

Timeskip, 8 years later

An older Izuku lounged in his chair, boredly listening to his teacher's speech on their future careers while thumbing over a scar he had on the back of his hand. His body was taut with muscle, but framed with scars and other battle memories that he so fondly loved. Each one was a reminder of a punk he had decided to slam into the ground whenever they so much as glanced at him the wrong way and he reveled in the feeling. He looked up to see the commotion of the class peak as the teacher went on about how they were all going to want to become heroes, fucking idiot.

From the corner of his eye Izuku could see Bakugo ranting to the teacher about how he was soo much better then the rest of them and scoffed. Obviously, the other boy heard him, but the lack of a violent reaction was indicative of times Izuku had put his lessons to use. Izuku fondly remembered the first time when he had managed to knee Bakugo in the teeth, knocking a few out and causing the young boy to wail. Heather had been so proud that day and Laura finally invited him to talk, letting the young boy fight her to improve his skills. Inko had obviously known what was going on to an extent, flinching when Izuku first told her that Laura had begun to talk to him.

In all honesty, Izuku really couldn't relate to his mother at all any more. Seriously, if you could give up the rush of watching a bunch of street thugs drop their wallets and run away pissing themselves then you were weirder then an alien to him. Gareth had half-heartedly warned him against going out alone to beat up punks but the warning was lost on him in response to the sheer volume of money he got from the deal. A new knife he like the look of? A night or two of fighting and it adorned his wall. A couple nights alone in a hotel so he didn't need to worry about his mother catching him? Hell, he could pay for it by the night.

And to top it all off, crime rates had plummeted in response to his little crusade. Most small-time street gangs were disband by the 'Musutafu Meddler' and the bigger crime syndicates were forced to do operations only in the large scale to stop Izuku from just taking them all out. Sometimes they had drawn guns, every time that happened they left in bodybags. Izuku never bothered to learn gunsmanship, finding it boring to point at something to kill it. Eventually Gareth had given up on stopping him from taking out street gangs alone, instead trying to get Izuku to head to a fighting ring near them so at least he could do it with him watching.

Snapping back to reality Izuku looked up from his desk to see that class had just been dismissed, leaving himself and a couple girls who were giggling on the other side of the room while taking suggestive glances at him. Winking at them he stood up, threw his bag over his shoulder and made his way out of the school grounds while enjoying the stares he got from most of the female population of the school. He fully realised that he had the 'Bad Boy' look going for him, Heather had told him as much when she told him that her niece Audrey had begged her to let her see him.
Making his way down towards the fighting ring he went to after school, Izuku took a moment to glare at the pollution filling the river. Somebody really needed to fix that shit, it stunk to high heaven. The sun went out of view as he walked through a tunnel, checking for any new graffiti on the walls. What he wasn't aware of was the writhing mass of slime that was gleefully smirking at him from behind. "Oh, now you will be a nice host…"

Now a lesser man might have frozen, a better man might have called the police but Izuku took the nice sweet spot of turning around and throwing up his fists. The slime monster pooled around at his feet, trying to immobilize him but Izuku had seen the kind of trick from a street punk before and dodged to the right. His upper conscious had left, letting his street smarts and intuition kick into overdrive as he assessed the arena. A couple bits of litter, nope. A bunch of rocks, maybe… A shattered glass bottle, fucking perfect! Grabbing it while rolling to the right Izuku got up and lunged at the massive eye on the beast, smiling as the shards embedded themselves into weak point. Jumping back Izuku watched in satisfaction as the monster screamed and whimpered at the pain as Izuku searched for another opportunity to attack. Just as he brought out his knife, he heard a voice from behind him boom. "Fear not citizen, for I am here!"

Izuku whirled around, knife at the ready to see All Might reeling back a punch. Dodging to the right barely managed to get out of the way of the blow which splattered the villain across the tunnel. Sighing that his opponent had been stolen Izuku sheathed the knife and said. "The hell is this?"

All Might turned with his normal smile. "Ah, merely a foe which has eluded me for some of the day. Fear not, for I shall bring him in."

Izuku sighed and began to walk away, throwing a wave over his shoulder. "Don't bother me none, see ya big guy."

As the teenager walked away, All Might couldn't help but feel offputted by the young man. He seemed remorseless at the damage he had done to the villain, regardless of if it was in self defence. The kid hadn't even been awestruck by his appearance as most teenagers would… It seemed like a case of bad parenting but something still seemed off…

Shrugging he got prepared for take-off after scooping the villain into a plastic bottle. In his reverie about the young Izuku however, he forgot to tie it to his belt and as he leapt off into the air, the bottle came undone and dropped to the city below. It landed in front of a disgruntled boy with explosive anger issues and all hell broke loose from there.

Povchange.

Izuku groaned as his way to the bar was blocked by a crowd of people, apparently watching a fight between villains and heroes. Honestly this day was just getting so fucking dandy as it went on. Deciding to see if there was going to be blood, Izuku pushed and shoved his way to the front, not caring at some peoples yells of protest. What he saw shocked him a bit, before a predatory glance managed to weave its way onto his face. That slimy fuck had managed to escape the all so important All Might and had managed to take lil' Blasty hostage.

Realising that the heroes were doing nothing and that his knife was being blue-balled after not spilling blood the last time, Izuku decided to have some fun. Jumping over the police cordon into the area, he called out to the monster. "Hey Shitstain, remember me!?"

It looked down and seemed to recoil in fear. "Y-You! You were the one who messed up my eye you little fuck! Now then, let's see how this quirk does against you"

The mention of a quirk sobered Izuku, a small angry grimace on his face. "You think some
firecrackers will do much to me Shitstain? Let's test that theory."

Hitting the release on the switchblade Izuku threw it at the monster's eye, landing home once again causing it to scream in pain and loosen its grip on Bakugo. Leisurely walking forward Izuku grabbed his classmate by the front of his clothes and wrenched him away, saying. "Oh hey Kacchan, nice new boyfriend you've got here."

Katsuki growled and was about to rebute him when he was pushed aside by Izuku. "Now then, how about a quick dance eh Shitstain?"

Izuku pulled out another knife, this time a much longer one and jumped up to the eye once again. Grabbing onto the switchblade already embedded in the eye Izuku drove the other into the organ, causing another scream to erupt from the monster. "Now then, you want to be blind forever or are you going to shut the hell up and turn yourself over?"

After a couple seconds of screaming, along with horrified looks from the heroes and spectators, Izuku twisted the switchblade. "Come on Sweetpea, I ain't got all night."

The monster blubbered out what Izuku could only assume to be a 'Yes.' and jumped down, taking his knives with him. The sludge villain had curled up in a ball, not responding when the authorities were arresting him and instead blubbering in pain. The heroes tried to detain Izuku for questioning, but got a middle finger in the face as the young man walked off towards the bar. What he didn't notice was All Might watching from a rooftop, his body deflated into his true form. 'That was… Harrowing. The boy has skill, but it is used for pain and not apprehension… It would be prudent to inform Tsukauchi, lest he fall to villainy.'

Izuku had just walked into Bolgia, the bar owned by Gareth, and was greeted by various calls of greeting to him by the patrons. Gareth was nowhere to be found, making Izuku grin as he walked over to the bar and called out an order for his usual. The bartender had become his greatest friend, staunchest ally and taker of wealth in his time fighting and he proved it by sliding the drink over to Izuku as a note flew into his hand.

The bar was quite empty tonight, but a figure sat down next to him causing him to turn his head slightly to look at them. It was Laura, his most vicious sparring partner who had a glass of dark wine in her hand. "Izuku, the news has said that a villain was mutilated by a green haired, armed vigilante. Why?"

Izuku grunted and took a mouthful of his drink. "Fucker tried to kill me before, just finishing business."

Laura nodded as she sipped her own. "Well it looks like the hunt for you is on. I would finish you drink and get out of here. Also, Heather sends her regards."

As his drink was reaching completion Izuku asked. "California right? Visiting family if I remember."

Laura nodded, continuing. "Yes, said that her niece wanted her to be there for her birthday. Granted, she asked after you initially."

Izuku shrugged, not really caring for the girl's crush on him. Audrey looked a nice enough girl, but too rich for his blood if he ever talked to her. "Alright. Thanks for the message, pass it back for me would you? I'm going to hit the ring, I like the look of a new Butterfly."

Laura nodded, watching as Izuku slid his empty glass over to the bartender before standing up and leaving. He walked through the humid air, relishing in the relative cleanliness of the streets that he
had enforced by his own two hands. The path he walked was a familiar one, dropping down a alleyway and heaving over a wall into a large circular clearing with a pit in the middle. It seemed that a couple people were already in there, ripping at each other with claws as a rabid crowd screamed them on.

Looking through the crowd he didn't see any people looking suspiciously out of place, which ment no undercover cops. It was at that point he felt a breath on his ear and twisted out of the way of a knife that flew for his side. "Sup Toga."

The blond girl smiled sweetly at him as she sheathed her knife, now swaying her hips in place as she leaned on him. "Heya Izu-zu! Ready to spill some blood?"

Izuku barked out a laugh as he said. "As long as your giving me my cut of the profits, sure."

Toga nodded, showing a ticket that had a large ‘10,000 on Midori’ stamped on it. "Yep! 40/60 as usual, 1.5x return. Also, I was wondering if…"

He sighed and nodded. "Yes, I'll come with you to get cheesecake."

She cheered before slapping his behind forward, signalling for him to get into the ring. "You go boy!"

Izuku walked forward, shoving the bystanders away as the last fight was cleared up. Jumping down into the pit he saw a large man crash down as well, wielding a large metal pole he whacked the floor with. "Ready to play Little Rabbit?"

All the goliath received in return was the sound of a switchblade opening and a savage grin. "Let's tango."

Timeskip

Twenty seconds, twenty seconds is all it took. The crowd was aroar as they looked down at the weeping Goliath who had about 40 cuts on his face alone. Izuku muscled himself up and out of the pit before getting rushed by Toga who had a plastic bag full of paper bills. "Izu! You would never guess it. When they saw Goliath against you they raised your bet to 2.5x! I also managed to… Get some extra tickets from some suckers…"

Izuku sighed, ruffling her hair before spying the angry looking crowd around him. "Let's head Toga."

She was about to protest before he looked into her eyes and said harshly. "Now."

Toga relinquished before yelping as Izuku brought her into his arms, rushing through the crowd and jumping out of the Ring. They heard some angered yelling from behind them but Izuku never looked back. Eventually they were out of the ring, but they never noticed a scarved man watching them from the roof of a building. A communicator on his chest asked quietly. "Aizawa, do you have confirmation of target?"

He slowly lifted his hand and hit the 'open mic' button. "Yes, he is with subject Himiko. They appear to be familiar with each other."

The communicator said again. "The patrons of the Bolgia Bar have denied any connection with the subject. Inko Midoriya however claims that the target has frequented the bar since he was young due to circumstance. Do not move to apprehend, we will apprehend tonight."
Aizawa grunted and responded. "What of Subject Himiko, Tsukauchi?"

The detective simply returned. "Leave her, Midoriya could be good leverage against her later on."

The hero turned off the communicator and watched as Toga was set down and brought out a bottle. Midoriya sat down on a free bench and let Toga massage the brown contents of the bottle into his hair, each strand getting progressively browner with each press. Eventually Izuku's signature green hair was now a chocolate brown. Standing up, Izuku offered her his arm which she happily took as they went over to a cozy looking café.

Izuku sat down at a table with a sigh as Toga happily began to browse the menu. Grabbing the bag he began to count out their shares. True to the deal they had struck, he took his 40% before sliding over a neat pile of notes worth 60% to her. "Good doin' business with ya Toga. What're you getting?"

She smiled coyly as she put her chin in her hand, leaning closer to him. "Oh, what to get indeed. How many cuts did you get on 'im?"

He barked a short laugh before saying. "49."

Toga mock-swooned before turning back to the menu, counting down the list until she got to 4. Turning to a free waiter she said. "Strawberry Cheesecake please!"

The waiter nodded and went back to the kitchen as Izuku pulled out his phone. 4 new messages. Opening the app he saw three by Gareth and one from Heather. Opening Gareth's contact Izuku read them with a grimace.

Gareth: Four police at Bolgia looking for you

Gareth: Stay clear for tonight

Gareth: Go and stay with Toga or something

Sighing he typed back a quick 'Ok' before turning to Heather's contact and opening the message. Inside was a picture of both her and her niece at the beach, who was obviously trying to make herself look as appealing as possible. Sighing he typed back. 'Nice, say hi to Audrey for me."

Dropping it back into his pocket he looked up to see Toga with a spoon held up to his mouth, a chunk of cheesecake offered to him. Rolling his eyes good-naturedly he took it from her, watching as she grinned happily before going back to devouring her slice. Today had been tiring as hell in his eyes, and since he couldn't drink it away he turned to another waiter and said gruffly. "Could you get me a coffee?"

He walked over to the bar, expertly pulling a coffee and bringing it over to Izuku and placing it infront of him. Izuku drunk it in silence, watching Toga over the lip of his mug as she swung her legs beneath the seat. She was an enigma wrapped in a blood-stained mystery to him, and he remembered his first encounter with her.

She was sat on a corpse, slowly running a knife over its spine when Izuku found her. He had just gotten back from taking down a small drug ring, and he was already pretty cut up from a couple stray knives. He was only just able to dodge the knife thrown at him, but one look at her face instantly told him she was insane. A game of cat and mouse continued for a couple hours, Izuku hiding in buildings with Toga's crazed humming and false cooing making the night like a horror movie.

Eventually the day broke, and he was just about to escape back to Bolgia when she struck. They
wrestled over a knife for a bit, before it managed to draw a line over his cheek. The girl's distraction was enough for him to flip the tables, but she wasn't even trying any more. They talked for a bit, and eventually they reached an accord. She got to see him cut up, he got to live.

Once she was done with her cake Izuku said. "Hey, I need a place to crash tonight. Do you mind?"

Toga shrugged and responded. "Sure, but no funny business."

Izuku nodded and dropped a couple notes on the table before standing up, offering her a hand. They both left arm in arm, and Toga lead him down into an alleyway before opening up an innocuous door. He walked in and perused the room, depressingly bare with a few markers of living. "You know, we could probably go and grab a place in town after a couple nights Toga. Share the rent, we both have a place to crash."

She nodded before sighing. "Maybe, but it's closer to the ring here and I have a couple friends around that I need to stay near. Anyways, want to take the first shower?"

Izuku nodded gratefully before shrugging off his clothes, ignoring Toga's stare before walking into the derelict bathroom and turning on the water. It was cold, but he knew that she was off the grid. Eventually he finished and walked out with a towel, watching Toga scrub off their clothes in the sink with a couple jugs of water. She was in her underwear, and her shivering was indicative of the coldness in the air. Grabbing a blanket he walked over and placed it over her shoulders, saying quietly. "I'll handle it, you go and warm up."

She nodded, hiding the few tears that threatened to fall. "Why is it like this Izu? Why are we the dregs?"

He didn't have an answer to that, and he wrapped his arms around her. "I don't know Toga, but once you're done with these 'friends' we'll go and get a real place. A fireplace, couple bedrooms, shower with hot water…"

Izuku knew that Toga needed to hear these promises for her sanity, clinging to hope gave her hope. He had to do this a couple times before, but he never regretted it. He and Toga were just two outcasts, they had to stick together or they would fall apart. Maybe this was love, but Izuku didn't really know what it was supposed to look like. "Yeah, maybe a cat. Maybe we could have a bath too…"

He didn't know how long they stood like that, but when she fell asleep he walked over to the couch and tucked her in. Walking over to the sink he finished scrubbing the clothes before hanging them over a chair. Grabbing a t-shirt and joggers from the old wardrobe he threw them on before lying down on the other sofa, the sound of Toga's snores comforting him in the cold air. Little did he know as he nodded off, he wouldn't be waking up to her excited smile.

Timeskip

Izuku groaned as he blinked awake, the bright light of the room telling him that he wasn't in Toga's place. The walls were a baren white, and he appeared to be chained to a chair that was sat across from a blurred figure. All of a sudden a rush of cold overcame him, courtesy of a bucket of ice water that shocked him awake.

The figure became clear, a large man with bulging muscles and blond hair. "All Might?"

All Might nodded grimly. "Yes Mr Midoriya, or the 'Musutafu Meddler' to some. You were arrested in the night for vigilanticism, consorting with criminals, participation in illegal gambling and fighting.
As a young adult, you would be granted a familial contact but unfortunately your mother has requested not to be contacted. Is there anyone you wish to speak to?

Izuku gritted his teeth at the news that his mother had given up on him. He couldn't contact Gareth or Toga, they would instantly become targets. "No."

He nodded, leaning forward on his arms. "Okay, let's begin. Normally you would be thrown into Tartarus for a sentence of 20 years. I don't want that to come to pass, but you will need to co-operate with us for that to happen."

The young delinquent shrugged, not particularly bothered by the idea of prison. "It's not happening. I've got nothin' waiting for me out there. I'm a street fighter, Quirkless, delinquent and truant. I ain't got a place in society."

That got the heroes attention. "Quirkless you say? How has this effected you?"

Izuku boredly returned. "A few scars when I was young before I toughened up. Still means I ain't going anywhere outside of beatin' up lowlifes."

All Might inwardly grinned. His early days consisted of much the same. "I see. Have you considered bodyguarding or acting as a bouncer?"

Best not to jump straight to hero, Midoriya would probably write him off as some tacky councillor. "Maybe, but nobody's gonna want a kid just outta highschool without a quirk. I got some skills, but they ain't enough to convince a big important club owner."

All Might hummed at the point. "What of hero work? You may be aware of Eraserhead? He fights essentially Quirkless."

Izuku scoffed at the notion, kicking his feet up. "Now that's the rub ain't it? I gotta lotta friends who ain't going to be pleased I went domestic. And if I'm going to get fucked over by the law I'm not gonna go an' mess up my friends. You never helped us, I ain't gonna go and leave my family."

All Might motioned for Izuku to continue. "Alright Superman, I'll give you a crash course in urchins. Toga needs blood to stay sane, I gave her that blood by goin' to fight rings and cuttin' up idiots. We share bettin' money, go and grab somethin' to eat and head home. We both understand that she only wants me to give her blood, and you can't reason an animal can ya?"

The hero shook in frustration, this was all too complicated! "I see, so you were making sure Ms Himiko was not attacking others for blood?"
Izuku nodded. "Kinda, but it's also cause she needs help. She can't head to school or getta job that won't leave her naked on the streets, but she can bet on a fighter she can rely on."

All Might nodded before revising his points. "Okay, how about this. You will have the same conditions for going to U.A. Himiko will not go to prison, but will be privately tutored by a hero under house arrest. Once a month you will be permitted to see one another and… Sate her quirk. Once you are both finished with your tutelage, both of you will be free to do as you see fit."

Izuku nodded, causing All Might to sigh in relief. "One more thing big guy, how am I supposed to get through U.A? Still not got a quirk over here."

The hero grinned down at him. "Why, I think I have just the thing."
Inko jumped as a loud thudding knock was heard on her front door, shaking her out of her reverie. It had been two days since she had ratted out her little boy to the police, and the empty house was enough to make her regret her decision. She had never dealt well with being alone, because being alone meant that her little boy wasn't with her. Standing up and making her way over to the door she opened it slightly before her eyes widened, a wave of fear crashing over her as she looked at her old friend Heather. "H-H-Hea…"

The redhead nodded, replying in turn. "Inko, do you mind if I come in?"

The woman nodded despite her fear, knowing that refusing would only lead to persistence. Opening the door wide Heather walked in, closing the door behind her without making eye contact. Inko lead her to the living room, where a cold albeit full mug of tea was sat forgotten. Heather shivered at the temperature before sitting down, motioning for Inko to do the same. "Inky… What the hell happened?"

The mother gulped before explaining, rubbing her arm. "I-I-Izuku was involved in a f-fight. T-The police came over and s-said that he was u-under arrest. I-I-I…"

Heather sighed, battling back tears. She knew this day was coming, Izuku was making too big a name for himself before he knew how to deal with it. Things had changed way too much since she had left for her vacation. "Okay, so you sent them over to Bolgia. Inko, why?"

The hurt in her friend's voice made Inko's dregs of confidence shrivel up. "H-H-He c-couldn't stay like that! He was getting in f-fights, s-stabbing people, s-staying in dodgy hotels… And there's that girl he was staying with! She could only be trouble."

Heather sighed, surprising Inko with a reluctant nod. "I know, he wasn't prepared for his own infamy. It was necessary to a mother, I understand. But you have no idea how bad it will get if Toga tracks you down."

Inko shuddered out a motion to continue as Heather brought out a flask containing what Inko remembered to be distilled moonshine. Her old partners quirk, Poison Resistance, made getting drunk difficult. "That girl you called trouble, her name is Toga. I've only met her a couple times, but Izuku and her are as thick as thieves. Toga is unhinged, jealous and strong. Izuku made his mark on her as the only one able to take her all, good and bad, thus she relied on him as an anchor. Now that he's in prison… It might be good to brush off the training equipment."

Her hand reflexively came to her wrist. "W-What? She can't be that bad, surely?"

Heather shook her head. "No, I know that she will track you down and hurt you if given half a chance. I've been tryin' to get him away from her, but it's no use."

Inko leaned forward intently, a silent question to elaborate. Heather grinned happily as a red blush came over her face. "My niece, Audrey, may or may not have a massive crush on him. I'm playin' a bit of matchmaker, but it's hard cause she's in California. Toga has the advantage of being near, familiar and similar to him."

Inko nodded, before wondering aloud. "Maybe his room would give us some clues into his mindset. I've not stepped inside in… Years."

Heather nodded, grinning as she jumped to her feet and dragged Inko up as well. "Lead the way!"
Inko laughed quietly, a bit of colour returning to her cheeks as they walked over to her son's room. Opening it quickly Inko gulped, her whimsy disappearing as she looked at the room. Knives lined the walls, otherwise the room had no other defining features. Heather walked past her, walking over to his desk and cracking open a drawer. "Bingo!"

Inko walked over to see what she had found. "Oh, he still has these? I thought he threw them all out, but these seem pretty new…"

Hero Journals, 20 in total, lined the drawer. Heather picked up volume one and opened it, giggling as she looked at the child's portrayal of Gareth, herself and All Might. "Aww! I can remember those first few days he spent with us. Gareth was so awkward, and Izuku was trying his best not to be a bother to anyone as he scribbled in these."

Going for the latest one Inko opened it up to see a much more intricate portrayal of a blond girl in a beige school uniform. Next to it he had written.

Toga Himiko. Quirk: Doppleganger. Through ingestion of blood, Toga is able to assume the form of the owner's body and quirk. Depending on the amount of blood consumed the time will change. This quirk forces her to seek blood out, be it ingesting or simply watching it be spilled.

Toga requires comforting once every week statistically, but emotions can cause this time to lessen. During these proceedings remind her that things will get better and that we will share a house that is on the grid. Agree with all promises, failure to do so will result in emotional collapse and extreme aggression.

She lives in the slums in an abandoned apartment. She enjoys cheesecake and is unafraid to bid on me in fight rings. 40/60 split is the agreed percentage share of betting money. Her teeth are acutely sharp, she enjoys knifeplay and is very emotional when receiving gifts. Note: Birthday: August 20th. Volatile, possibly the closest somebody has ever gotten to killing me. Current Status: Tied to people who have an interest in keeping her in the slums.

I have already scouted a place in town that has two beds, connected to the grid and is low security. The keys are halfway into my hand, and the moment Toga signs that contract its ours. Until that day I'll keep her alive, she's the best friend I'll ever have.

Inko and Heather looked up from the journal, the holder closing it shakily and laying it down on the desk. Heather spoke up in a weirdly breathless tone. "Well shit. It looks like he's got it bad…"

Inko nodded, slipping back into the days when she was the Massacre. "You can say that again. Toga is his partner, the Bonnie to his Clyde, and that's going to be hard to change now."

Heather inwardly smirked as Inko began to stand up straight again, exuding the lethal confidence she once enjoyed. "Never the less you had better begin to hit the gym again, it can't be healthy for you to stay like this anyway. I'll go and tell Gareth the situation and…"

Inko had cut her off by picking up the journal again and flipping through it. Heather was about to ask what she was doing before Inko thrust it towards her on a certain page. "Check this out."

The page displayed a heart-warming sight. Izuku had obviously done this page over a night, looking over his friend as she slept in the moonlight. It depicted Toga snoozing in a chair near a window, the moon illuminating the girl. Each detail was captured meticulously, from the girl's canines that gave her a cat-like appearance to the clutch of notes balled tightly in her fist. Heather grabbed it lightly, running a finger around the outline of the girl. "I didn't know he was an artist."

Inko sighed, looking up at the knives adorning the walls. "He always was, but he just painted with
violence. I did it too for a bit, but then Hisashi came along and…"

Heather nodded understandingly. "I know… We miss you Inky, we don't resent you at all. I'm sorry I let Izuku come to this…"

She shook her head. "No, it was always going to happen. Just keep trying with Audrey, maybe it'll help. Maybe we'll get my boy back…"

*Timeskip: Dagobah Beach*

"Put your back into it my boy!"

Izuku silently cursed anybody who might have found it amusing that he was dragging a large unit of lockers across a beach. All Might had explained the situation of One for All to him a while ago, maybe a month after his incarceration, and ever since he had been pushed to his highest degree. A couple hours every day he was expected to study, which he did to his lowest degree. Literature and Mathematics, along with a couple quirk studies here and there, made up his study habits. He knew that the books he was reading were monitored, and he wasn't sure how they would react to him reading *The Art of War* or other such books by famous generals, but they were the only ones he could push himself to care about. Mathematics was alright, not his favourite but it beat doing something stupid like biology or modern studies.

He had been assured that Toga was being cared for, but he knew that she wasn't going to last like she is. All Might had noticed him spending many training sessions in complete silence, thinking intently but he had only an inkling of an idea of what his student was thinking about. This wasn't one of those days. "When do I get to see Toga again Mr Muscle?"

All Might hmm'd from the top of the locker. "I believe when you finish the beach my boy! Rest assured, for you are making stellar progress!"

That was to be expected, considering Izuku was already in a good physical state. Years of fighting and exhaustive chases had left him with a good physical prowess, and the beach was about 20% done by this point. "All right, but if I find out that she's being hurt…"

All Might nodded grimly, remembering watching the fight between him and the sludge villain. "Of course, of course."

At that point All Might heard a ringing in his pocket, and he brought out his phone and accepting the call. "Tsukauchi, what's going on?"

The detective sounded really tired as he said. "It's subject Himiko, she's completely disappeared from our radar. The fighting ring, her old apartment, everything. I don't know what we're going to do if we don't find her before Midoriya finishes the beach."

Well that just made things more complicated didn't it? All Might responded quietly. "Okay, I'll try my best to extend his training. Please try and find her, I don't want to be the one to break the news that we broke our promise to Midoriya."

He hung up the phone before sighing and rubbing his forehead, imagining the firestorm that would occur if Midoriya learned that she wasn't being cared for. As this was happening, a knife could be heard being sharpened in a dark warehouse as a gaudy looking man walked in. "Himiko, I have a job for you."

The insane girl walked out into the light, and Giran looked behind her to see various images of a green haired boy cut up behind her on a wall. "What is it Giran? I have business to attend to."
The broker shuddered at her tenor before he smiled. "Well, first tell me about this strapping young lad you have such an interest in."

Her lovestruck expression was plastered back on her face as she cuddled a knife to her cheek. "He's mine, but they took him… My Izu."

Giran inwardly cheered. "I think this job will be just perfect for you…"

**Timeskip: U.A's entrance Exam**

Izuku groaned in displeasure as he walked up to another robot, cocked back his fist and sent it flying with green electricity flying through his veins. It had been 4 months since he had received One for All, and 4 months since he had completely blown off All Might after learning that he had skimped on him. He remembered that fight fondly, despite the two days he spent in chains after. Toga was still at large, wreaking havoc through the slums but Izuku was forbidden from going to her. It was near torture for him, imagining that she was in pain at night without him.

It was also a big shock when Gareth had said in finality that Izuku was no longer invited to come to Bolgia. He had shown up one day at visiting hour in U.A's facility made for him, and said in no uncertain terms that Izuku wasn't allowed back. Izuku had felt betrayed at the time, but Heather's visit the next day had explained everything to him.

**Flashback**

*Heather walked into the room designed to hold Izuku, shuddering at the barren nature of it. The boy himself was sat on the bed, his head held low as his shoulders slumped in defeat. "Izuku… Hey."

The boy looked up, and she was pierced with eyes laced in anger. "The hell do you want?"

She sighed and sat down at the desk chair across from him, his eyes never leaving her. "Look, we didn't get a choice in the matter…"

Izuku cut her off bitterly. "Sure…"

A hand reaching out and smacking him in the back of the head stopped him from continuing. "As I was saying, we didn't get an option in the matter. Gareth did it of his own accord."

Izuku's look of anger turned to confusion as Heather continued. "Okay, so Gareth walks in one day and tells us that you're banished. He has to take on four of us before he's restrained. He says it's 'cause you need to go down a different route then ours, and I'm not sure I disagree."

The boy's scoffing didn't give her hope as she leaned forward. "Fine then, I'll spell it out. Izuku, we want you to be happy."

He looked at her, his eyes showing a lost soul as he asked. "But I am happy? I beat up idiots, I drink at Bolgia, I go home or I spend time with Toga. She was so close to being free, but now she's…"

Heather leaned forward even more, placing a hand on his shoulder. "Look, Toga is a big girl. She's probably fine. Audrey has been pining for you ever since she saw you, I've even arranged for her to come over and…"

His hand snuck up to her wrist, gripping it tightly as she gasped. His eyes had become even angrier then before as he accused in a quiet, trembling voice. "You're trying to replace her… You always were, weren't you… Get the fuck out."
Heather gulped before saying. "N-No! I was just trying to..."

His hand twisted, and Heather could feel a crack echo up her arm as she cried out in pain. "Get out."

Two guards ran in with tasers, jabbing them into the prisoner's neck before Heather was escorted out. She was lead to Recovery Girl, her fracture was healed and she was sent on her way. Izuku was left unconscious in his room, but the scars he had from yesterday were only ripped open and salt was dropped into the wounds.

Flashback End

40 Robots had fallen to his fist since the exercise had started, and Izuku was enjoying a comfortable stroll as he patrolled for more points. That was when a large robotic noise was heard, and he turned his eyes to see a massive bot looming over the main area. Rolling his shoulder from his last hit he felt the green energy at his legs begin to gather and his speed all of a sudden increased, rocketing him towards the fight.

One for All was a curious power, a destructive and terrifying power in the wrong hands but a massive opportunity in the opportunistic ones. Finishing the beach hadn't taken too long considering the amount of time he had dedicated to the task, giving him ample time to beat the quirk into himself. All Might had warned against it, but Izuku was no stranger to breaking bones. Two months of hard training until Izuku was subconsciously using it as he worked his way through U.A's supply of test dummies.

He broke out into the main area and smirked as he looked at the wannabe's run away from the massive bot. There was no way they could hope to take down a determined villain with that attitude, especially when using all of their quirks in tandem would take it down in a second. Walking forward calmly through the rushing crowd he was surprised when he heard an anguished cry coming from under a piece of rubble. A brown-haired girl, whose legs appeared to be crushed under the rock.

Ignoring her cries he turned back to the bot, assessing it's weak-points. The previous bots appeared to have some kind of cerebral cortex, a CPU of some kind in the head. Looking up at the plate interwoven with cameras he made the assumption that it was the weak point. "Well, do or die now Izuku. Let's tango."

His legs crackled with energy, before he rushed past and lept at one of the legs. The bot was unable to hit him with a missile without attacking itself, giving Izuku the opportunity to leap to the top of the bot's head. It was a simple job from there, breaking open the hatch and dropping in. Inside was a sweltering hot room lined with tubes and wires along with a large button that had 'SELF DESTRUCT' written above.

Nearly laughing at the cliché of the situation he punched the button before climbing out and looking for a landing pad. The beeping from behind him was getting faster, and he realised that a jump was the only option. 'I've done worse, come on Izuku!'

He leapt off the bot as it began to explode, and the world went silent for a moment. All of a sudden the heat on his back along with the massive explosion shook him off course, sending him tumbling through the air. There was no way to correct himself, the ground was approaching too fast, and a final prayer left his lips and then...

SMACK

A hand raked across his face as his descent slowed to a halt. He was about an inch away from the
ground, and he peered up at the girl who was under the rubble floating on the same rock looking rather nauseous. She tapped her finger tips together while struggling to say. "Release!" And they both fell to the ground.

Izuku tried to get up before seeing that his legs appeared to be covered in bruises, most likely from overexerting his arteries. Hoisting himself into a sitting position with his arms he called out to the now puking girl "Hey, you alright?"

She looked up, her face pale as she said. "Y-Yeah, thank you for saving me…"

He shook his head, dismissing her thanks. "Don't mention it, I just wanted a challenge but it's cool that you rescued me in turn. What's the name?"

She began to blush at his non-chalant attitude before saying. "U-Uraraka Ochako."

Izuku replied as he spied Recovery girl on the way. "Midoriya Izuku. Hey! Chiyo!"

The elderly girl turned sternly towards him before making her way over. "Mr Midoriya, must I remind you that…"

He waved her off. "Yeah yeah you old bat, ya mind getting her back on her feet?"

There was a general gasp from the crowd as Recover Girl replied with a dark voice. "What was that, you delinquent monster?"

Izuku glared right back. "I said, you senile bat, get her back on her feet."

A boy Izuku didn't recognise walked forward as before commanding. "Excuse me! That is no way to speak to the revered healer of U.A!"

The greenette waved him off as he said. "Yeah Yeah Glasses, I'll get to you in a moment. Ol' Chiyo can handle herself."

The nurse hmphed as she kissed Uraraka's legs before saying in turn. "Damn right Midoriya."

The uptight boy growled in displeasure as the nurse healed the delinquent's legs. "Now then, everybody return to the entrance and return home. If you require healing, please come here."

Izuku stood up, jumping in place a few times before turning to Uraraka and saying. "Hey, I'll see you in class."

She blinked at his change of demeanour before replying with a determined smile. "You too!"

They all returned home, Izuku to his cell. When inside he heard a knock and turned his head to the door, in too good a mood from the fight to be snarky. "Come in!"

The door creaked open, and Izuku watched All Might walk in with hawk eyes as the hero sat down in his desk chair. "My boy, I watched the test with the other teachers. That was some stellar combat if I do say so myself."

Izuku waved him off. "You know I can fight like that, what did you actually want?"

All Might leaned forward as he asked. "The young girl you saved, Ms Uraraka. Why did you do what you did? She displayed no value to you, and you haven't been very forthcoming with… Heroic tendencies."
Izuku sighed as he rubbed the back of his head. "Look Superman, I'm not going to lie I'm still pissed that Toga is out alone. Uraraka was in the wrong place at the right time, I just saved her by taking out the big bot."

Toshinori nodded before bringing out a sheet. "Well, since you are already here I thought I'd tell you your place. 1st, with a Mr Bakugo right behind you. You will be placed in Class 1-A with Aizawa…"

Izuku cut him off with a groan. "Scarfy!? Come on!"

All Might laughed heartily at the boy's dismay before continuing. "And we intend to send you to the U.A dormitory system."

That caused the heat to drain from the room as Izuku asked slowly. "You're trying to keep me caged in here, right? What the hell is your game?"

All Might sighed and admitted. "Okay, we will admit that this is to keep you from going back to the streets. But we also have reason to believe that Ms Himiko has… Let's say gone completely 'yandere' if my terminology is correct. Every crime scene we link to her, we find a message written in the victim's blood pertaining to you my boy. It's some scary stuff…"

Izuku began to rub at his eyes, fighting off tears of frustration. "Mother… She was so close! Fuck! This is your fucking fault, you hear me!? Every one of these deaths is on the hero's hands!"

All Might asked curiously. "What do you mean by that?"

Izuku was too drained to try and hide it. "I was so damn close to helping her. A couple months at most, and she would have been hidden away in the suburbs taking a hot bath or playing with a cat. You fucking caused this, all because you just had to steal me away in the night. Now she has no-one who wants to help her… She's going fucking crazy…"

There was silence in the room for a while. All Might tried to probe. "What of your friends? As I remember it, you frequented a bar called Bolgia?"

The scathing laugh told him everything he needed. "They hated her, thought she was a bad influence. Not to mention they kicked me out. They ment well, but I ain't lookin' back."

All Might hmm'd before standing up conclusively. "Okay, but this is not healthy for you to hold onto. My Boy, I wish to escort you to the bar to reconcile your differences."

A savage grin stretched across the boys face before he threw himself to his feet. "Why didn't you just say so? Let's do this…"

Povchange Bolgia

The atmosphere in the bar had become muted in the 4 months since Heather had come back in tears. The news that Izuku had renounced them in turn had hit all of them hard, even Gareth, who had held out hope that Izuku would understand their reasoning. Heather sat alone most days, sometimes joining her girlfriends where they would sit in silence. But they had another who joined them in Izuku's place, an old friend.

Inko came to the bar every week since Heather had come back from her house, sitting in a corner nursing a glass of water or light alcohol. Many had cheered when she came back, but her frosty attitude was enough to tell them that she hadn't forgiven them for what Izuku had become. Her figure had slimmed back down, and her posture had returned to what it was before. Now she was every bit
the deadly Massacre that she was before she had Izuku.

Their reverie was shook when the door opened quietly, revealing a certain no.1 Hero. Many of them turned warily of the man towards him as he cleared his throat and asked aloud. "Excuse me, may I speak to a man named Gareth?"

Gareth stood up from his bar stool, squaring up to All Might. "You may. What brings the no.1 hero to my bar today?"

All Might's face was the picture of stoicism as he stepped to the side, revealing a face they hadn't seen in months. Inko shrunk back into her corner, watching her son walk forward with a savage smile. "Hey Gareth, miss me?"

Gareth gulped inaudibly as he turned to Izuku, steeling his nerves. "Why are you here Izuku? I told you, you're banished."

Izuku sighed before pointing up to All Might. "He made me come here, reconciling and that. So, how's business?"

Gareth didn't respond as Heather got up shakily. "I-Izuku? W-What…"

Izuku turned to her boredly. "Hey Auntie Heather, how's your trophy doing?"

The woman flinched as Laura stood up, a glass of dark red in her hand. "Izuku, you will not speak to her like that."

That admonishment would have scared a younger, Quirkless Izuku. But not this one. "Laura, glad to see you still have that all encompassing charisma."

Gareth retook the reigns as he said. "Izuku, not now. What do you want?"

The boy's eyes narrowed as he demanded. "An apology, not for myself but for Toga. I didn't need protecting, but she did."

Gareth looked down at him with quiet eyes. They had never said that they liked Toga, but she ment a lot to Izuku. "No."

A sigh came from Izuku's mouth as he began. "Well then, let's figh…"

He was blindsided by a flying Heather, All Might stepping back in shock. "I'm sorry! She never deserved it… I shouldn't have forced you and Audrey…"

Izuku wrapped a scarred arm around her, putting her back on her feet. "Damn right she didn't, and now she's fucking lost it. Look, I'm not going to say that you were wrong to try and play matchmaker but don't try that shit again."

Heather nodded, ruffling his hair with a teary smile as a couple other members walked forward. Paulo sighed and rubbed the back of his head. "Look Kid, I'm not going to lie but she gives me the willies. You've done better then me, sorry kid."

Izuku nodded, accepting the apology as the other members came forward to reconcile. All Might was surprised at the delicacy of the event, until only two people were left. Gareth and Inko. Izuku turned to the corner, nodding to his mother. "Mom, glad to see you've been taking care of yourself."

She stood up, sauntering forward with a hint of her old nervousness. "Izuku…"
The son nodded before saying, "I don't expect an apology, but I owe you one. I'm not the best son, I admit that."

Inko nodded, giving him a quick hug before retreating back to the corner. All eyes turned to Gareth, who sighed and shrugged. "Well, she wasn't any worse then you to be honest."

Smiling Izuku nodded, a massive weight lifted from his shoulders that he didn't know he had. "That's all I need Uncle. Now then, what to do going forward…"

All Might took the opportunity to but back in. "I believe that it would be smart if you were to attempt to visit U.A once in a while. My boy, it is time for us to leave."

Izuku groaned before nodding. "Yes sir."

Heather called out as they were leaving. "Izuku! Do you want to meet Audrey at least?"

Letting out his first true laugh in a while Izuku replied coyly. "Sure! I got enough time for two."

The bar erupted in laughter as All Might lead Izuku away with a smile. It seemed that Izuku did have a heart.

_Povchange, Timeskip, Class 1-A_

Izuku sighed tiredly as he walked towards his classroom, the uniform feeling uncomfortable on him as he dreaded his upcoming class. While he and Aizawa did have some similar qualities, namely fighting style, they despised each other. His mug had managed to keep people from talking to him so far, but he knew he would have to interact with his class at some time.

He approached the door to 1-A and smirked happily as he heard the voice of his favourite puppy and Glasses going at it. Opening the door, he saw Bakugo with his feet up, while the blue haired boy he vaguely remembered from the test berated him. Bakugo cut off his retorts as he looked fearfully at Izuku as the boy intentionally acted like he didn't notice him. "M-Midoriya…"

Izuku turned his head and grinned happily at him, walking towards the blond. Enjoying the looks from the rest of his new class he laid his hands on Bakugo's shoulders and began to dig his thumbs into his shoulder blades painfully. "Heya there Kacchan! Miss me? How's the new boyfriend?"

Bakugo gulped as he tried to ward away the pain. "D-Deku…"

Izuku was about to dig his thumbs even deeper when he heard a voice from behind him say cheerfully. "U-Um, is everything okay here?"

Turning his head he saw the girl from the exam, Uraraka if his memory served him well, looking at him. Releasing his grip he replied. "Oh nothing in particular, just catching up with dear old Kacchan here. Uraraka right?"

She nodded happily, ignoring the feeling in her stomach as she replied. "And you're Izuku Midoriya right? I hope we'll get along!"

Izuku nodded before hearing a voice from the front of the room say. "If you're here to socialise, get out."

Growling in frustration Izuku blew off Uraraka before grabbing a seat and falling into it. "This is the Hero Course! Everybody, take your seats!"
There was a mad scramble as everyone in the class tried to get into a seat. Izuku looked up at Aizawa as the man unzipped his yellow sleeping bag and began. "8 Seconds, I could have killed 3 of you in that time alone. As heroes, you will need to be quicker. Everybody get into your P.E uniforms and go down to the training area."

Izuku pff't at the insinuation that Aizawa could kill him, drawing a glare from Glasses and Aizawa alike. Glasses spoke up again. "Sir! Is there not an orientation procedure…"

Aizawa waved him off. "Not in my classes. U.A doesn't have time for anything like that. Hurry up."

Nobody said anything as they ran for the changing room. Izuku was used to a harsh training regime already, allowing him to keep ahead of the pack with Glasses neck and neck with him. "Excuse me, Deku, am I correct?"

He was blindsided by Izuku hooking an arm around his shoulders and bringing him close to whisper. "Never say that again, my name is Midoriya to you. Whaddaya want Glasses?"

The boy gulped as he said reproachfully. "My name is Tenya Iida, and I am simply requesting an insight into your issue with Aizawa-Sensei."

Izuku released his hold as they got to the boys changing room. "Scarfy and I don't get along, that's all you need. Now get changed, I ain't changing your diaper for you."

He heard a muffled laughter from behind him and turned his head to see Bakugo hiding his mouth behind his hand. Izuku grinned mockingly at him as he said. "Ah, still a good little Beta eh Kacchan?"

Izuku didn't respond to his stuttered responses as he got dressed in the U.A P.E uniform and rushed down to the training field first. He saw a couple of the girls already there, but the rest of his class wasn't far behind. Izuku watched as Aizawa made an example of Bakugo before announcing the first test of skill, which he scoffed at internally. He saw one of the taller girls with a black ponytail looking confused, and sidled over to her and muttering. "Scarfy ain't going to throw one of us out."

She shook her head, looking over to him. "No, Aizawa-Sensei is just bringing out our full potentials. My name is Momo Yaoyorozu, by the way."

Izuku shrugged before responding as they got into line to do their tests. "Midoriya. Maybe, or he's teaching us the best motivator in history."

Momo looked confusedly at him before he answered with a savage grin. "Fear."

The track was pretty brutal for some, giving Aizawa a sense of where everybody was while ignoring all of Izuku's stellar scores. He had 4 months to beat one of the strongest quirks in existence into submission, and it showed. The tests ended, and the scores were shown. Izuku was at the top as he had expected, maybe seceding a few no.1 spots in events to some more specialised students, but having the highest average score. A small purple haired rat wailed as he realised his score was the lowest.

Izuku took great joy in mimicking Aizawa's exact words silently to Momo across the class, and she had to hide her mouth behind her hand daintily to avoid the giggles. 'Good to see you've still got it… No! Toga still needs you.'

Instantly stopping the foolish behaviour he allowed himself to be lead away with the class and back into the classroom. Bakugo knew better then to question his sudden change in mood, but Uraraka had no such experience. "Um, Izuku-kun, are you okay?"
He snapped back. "Yes."

She was lead away by some of the other girls who glared at him, and Bakugo took the opportunity to analyse Izuku's posture. He had always known that Izuku was ruthless in getting his way, but until he saw the test scored he had no idea he would have to compete for no.1 hero in the same race as him. Izuku was slumped, his shoulders hunched like an animal wound to attack. More then enough for Bakugo to realise that another provocation would be enough to make the delinquent snap.

Class passed pretty quick, and lunch began with an overwhelming sigh from the class. While most went off towards the cafeteria, Izuku broke off and went for the dorms. Entering the massive Height's Alliance he went towards the kitchen and sighed, rubbing his tired eyes as he began to create his lunch. The lunch period was their only break, giving them an hour to recoup between the two segments of the day, and Izuku would prefer to stay away from the cafeteria.

Of course his silence was interrupted by a voice calling out 'Knock knock!'. Turning around he saw his mother standing there with Heather, both with bags of groceries on their arms. "Mom… Aunt… What're you two doing here?"

Heather took the lead as Inko was obviously uncomfortable. "Well, we wanted to see how you were doing! How's your first day going?"

They both set down their bags on a spare counter as Izuku said a word of thanks. "Alright, Teach is annoying but what do you expect. You two want some?"

Heather nodded happily as Inko began to help out with the cooking, avoiding eye contact as best as she could with Izuku. Heather kept chatting away as Izuku responded to each question dutifully until she reached a certain topic. "So… Any cute girls?"

Inko's loud chop signalled her displeasure with the notion as Izuku began to stir slower. "None that matter…"

Heather sighed before shrugging, letting her feet dangle from the countertop she sat upon. "Yeah, my bad. Any news on her?"

Izuku nodded his head sadly, ladling out the soup he had prepared into three separate bowls. "She's getting worse. All Might told me that she was back on the killing, and she's… She's…"

He couldn't continue, the thought of her suffering too much for him as his mother pulled him into a hug. Her height had come back since she had stopped worry-eating, and Heather had joked that it was time to put herself back on the market. Nonetheless she was tall enough to hug her boy as she comforted him quietly, and he allowed it in a moment of weakness. "She'll pull through Izuku… You both will."

Eventually they broke apart and Izuku pulled himself back together, setting the table as his mother plated up the sides. Heather was glad to finally see the two of them working together, a real mother and son duo. She had spent many of her teenage years with Inko, and she had watched Izuku grow up, and the similarities between them were finally coming to a head. She sat down with the two with a steaming bowl in front of her, said her thanks, and dug in.

Izuku would never claim to be a cook, but Toga would have claimed otherwise if you asked her. He had to learn to cook because he often couldn't go to the uncertified restaurants in the slums, and Toga often didn't want to go out to anywhere but her favourite café. Therefore he had to learn to cook for both of them, and his skills weren't too shabby.
All three ate in relative silence, enjoying the meal they shared until Heather pulled out her phone in response to a buzzing and opened a call with an apologetic glance. "Hey Aud, how can I help?"

Izuku and Inko looked at her curiously as Heather hmm'd and gave basic responses in return to some questions until a mischievous grin stretched across her face, spelling trouble for Izuku. "Why, yes he is sat in front of me."

Izuku sighed as Heather slid the phone over to him. "Your princess awaits oh shining knight."

He picked up the phone dutifully and said. "Hey, Audrey right?"

The voice on the other was obviously cultivated, but had a tinge of roughness to it. "Um, yeah. It's… Cool to finally meet… Talk to you Izuku."

He tried to hide a laugh at her demeanor as he responded. "Likewise. What did you want to speak about?"

Inko noticed that his speech became somewhat less street when he talked to Heather or Audrey, filing it away in her drawer of 'Things to learn about her son'. "O-Oh! Um… Well I was invited by Auntie Heather to come to Japan and… I was wondering…"

He smiled as he recalled nearly the exact speech pattern some of the girls in Middle School would use when talking to him. "Sure, how about a day at the mall before a night on the beach?"

Her small scream of excitement was muffled after a second before she responded. "That sounds lovely. Goodbye!"

The line went dead, and Izuku handed the phone back to the applauding Heather with a smirk. "Still got it. Sounds alright as far as 'take her home' is concerned."

Heather nodded, a prideful smile on her face as she crossed her arms over her chest. "I know, right? And I'm certain that those pics I slipped your way were enough to convince you of her other… Assets."

He suddenly felt an angry presence to his left and turned to see his mother having attracted all of the knives to her. "What. Was. That?"

Izuku gulped, silently thinking to himself. "Well I was never one for school, but I could really fucking use a bell right now."
Izuku watched the rest of his class approach from the main tunnel to the training ground with critical eyes, wondering about their quirks. Apparently, it was now time for Basic Hero Training, I.E Teenagers beating the shit out of each other. All Might was waiting with him, trying his best to ignore his successors costume. While he had seen the potential in him, the dark black t-shirt and jeans didn’t inspire much confidence considering how many of his scars he showed. “Young Midoriya… Are you sure that is appropriate?”

The greenette looked up at him with a challenging smirk. “I’ve killed people in these very clothes, intimidating isn’t it?”

The rest of the class arrived before All Might could chastise him, and they all formed together in front of the hero. As All Might explained the objective of the training, he looked around at the assembled heroes and wondered which one he would have to work with. Well, those were generous words for ‘Ignore’. Eventually the lots were drawn, and Izuku looked down at his A on his slip of paper and spied that Momo girl inspecting her own A paper. Walking over he said gruffly. “Yaoyorozu right? Looks like it’s us.”

Momo turned to him in shock before nodding, not exactly making eye contact. “I-I see…”

All Might called out the first bouts of people. “Hero Team: Midoriya and Yaoyorozu versus Villain Team: Uraraka and Iida!”

He groaned in annoyance before being led over to their starting point. Momo was eyeing up the building analytically. “Hey Jenga, what’re you going to do?”

Momo looked down at him in annoyance and asked. “Jenga?”

Izuku took great pleasure in poking her exposed stomach and taunting. “You seem so tall and powerful, but one push in the wrong direction…”

She yelped, jumping back and covering her stomach with a blush. “Don’t worry about it sweet cheeks, this is going to be easy.”

Momo blinked before asking in indignance. “How could you possibly know that!?”

Izuku internally scoffed as he mock-mimicked All Might. “‘Because I’m here!’ or something? Nah, they just haven’t seen a real fight before.”

The bell sounded, and Izuku began to walk through the halls of the building with Momo walking behind him seething slightly. “And what does that have to do with the exercise Midoriya?”

Izuku busted down the final door on the first level as he answered. “Iida’s family is full of heroes, he’s probably going off his sense of duty and not battle sense. Uraraka is nothin’ but a marshmallow, she won’t survive in here when shit hits the fan. And I’m that shit.”

Momo shivered in disgust at the allegory as they continued up the building. With Izuku not paying mind to potential traps they eventually found themselves at the final door. “Hey Jenga, know the formula for tear gas?”

Momo nodded before whispering angrily. “I am not using tear gas against our classmates!”
He shrugged, opening the door with a kick as he said. “Well, their loss.”

Uraraka and Iida seemed surprised at their burst inwards, having arranged the battlefield in their favour. Uraraka went first, trying to hit Izuku with her finger tips. Grabbing her helmet as she approached he went over to one of the walls and touched all 5 fingers of her hand to the wall with his other hand. She instantly turned green, and began to puke from her mouthpiece. “There’s one…”

He heard a stamping run behind him and whirled around with his arm out stretched, clotheslining Iida and watching as the boy smacked his head on the wall. “…And that’s two.”

Walking over and slapping the bomb to signify their win, he turned back to see Momo helping Uraraka release the building from her quirks grip. She looked up in slight admiration and said. “That was rather... Uncompromising, but impressive nonetheless.”

Izuku waved her off as he went over and grabbed the unconscious Iida from the ground by the back of his costume. “Thanks Jenga, you did love me after all.”

Momo sputtered out denials as Izuku ferried Iida out of the building. Eventually he was followed by Momo who was supporting Uraraka while fuming. “I can’t believe that... That... Brute!”

Uraraka giggled despite feeling completely out of it and replied. “He seems nice though, rough, but nice. I wonder what he’s all about?”

The other girl couldn’t help but ask the same question in her own mind as they all went back into the room, where the class watched Izuku in shock as he set down Iida against the wall. All Might cleared his throat before saying. “W-Well, that was quite the display right there! Now then, who was the most valuable player in the exercise... Well that’s rather redundant now... Rather, what could the hero team have done to better their time?”

A punk looking girl stuck up her hand and said. “Could’ve scouted using something Yaoyorozu made, or a ladder or something to take them to the top?”

All Might nodded happily. “Well done young Jirou! Quite right, maybe slightly riskier but time is always of the essence. Now, if Villain Team C and Hero Team D could make their way to the building we can continue.”

At that point some medical bots came into the room and took Iida on a stretcher while dispensing some pills to Uraraka, who downed them when it told her they were for motion sickness. Eventually the new round was underway, and Momo asked Izuku quietly from the back. “How did you know Uraraka’s weakness?”

Izuku shrugged and said. “I was in the same exam ground as her, seems her weakness is large objects. It wouldn’t cause lasting damage, Scarfy would be on my ass about that, and was effective.”

Momo shivered at his efficient tone of voice and continued in slight terror. “Well, if I may... Where did you learn to fight like that?”

He grinned up at her as he flashed his scars on his arm at her. “A real fight. I’ve got some more lower down if you want to see em’? How about it Jenga?”

Usually people were scared by his scars, but Momo seemed morbidly intrigued by the discolours strips. “N-No thank you... It is nice to meet you properly Midoriya, I don’t think the assessment counts.”

Izuku was thrown slightly of tilt by that and replied before he could stop himself. “Nice to meet you
He tore his eyes from her and gritted his teeth angrily, it wasn’t the time to get buddy-buddy with his classmates. Staring up at the screen and pointedly ignoring Momo’s calls for attention, he waited until everyone had finished. During this time Momo had given up and walked over to the other group of girls, where Jirou asked quietly. “Hey Yaoyorozu, what’s his deal?”

She looked back at Izuku quickly to make sure he wasn’t listening before responding. “He seems completely uninterested in becoming a hero, but he has seen real combat, like, scarring combat. It’s possible he is in the process of being reformed or something of the nature… Jirou right?”

The two continued their conversation until they got back to the changing rooms and got back into uniform. As they walked back towards the classroom, they noticed that Izuku was walking away towards another part of the grounds towards some unmarked buildings. Momo called out. “Midoriya! There is still class left!”

He tilted his head back, eying both of them up and down before replying. “Scarfy will tell you to be quiet for the rest of the class, before sending you home. Class is over.”

Momo sighed in frustration as he continued walking, he was incorrigible! However, when she went back to class, Izuku’s prediction was completely correct. The next 10 minutes were spent in silence at their desks as Aizawa napped at the front, and the tapping of some people fingers was driving her mad. She couldn’t be happier to hear the bell, and rushed for the door.

She noticed that some of the older students weren’t leaving the school grounds, instead also going in the direction Izuku was going. Looking around for one of the upperclassmen, she noticed that a group of three seemed to be hanging around and went over to them and cleared her throat. “Excuse me, but do you know where all of those students are going?”

The only girl in the group, a long blue haired girl with a friendly smile, responded. “Oh, they live on campus in the dorms. Nejire Hado! Third Year. You?”

Momo smiled at her bubbly tone and said. “Momo Yaoyorozu, First Year. Apologies for the interruption, I was just wondering about one of my classmates.”

The blond muscly boy blinked before asking. “This isn’t Midoriya is it? I’m not sure about the cut of his jib just yet.”

Momo bowed to them as she left them in peace, mulling over that last comment. Eventually she made her way home, pushing the boy from her mind. Little did she know that soon enough he would be hard to not think about.

**Time Skip**

The class sat in silence as the bus rumbled towards their training grounds. Izuku was pulling uncomfortably at his new breathing mask that All Might had insisted upon, claiming that it was essential when fighting in close quarters. Suddenly their reverie was broken by Tsuyu saying aloud to seemingly nobody. “U.A is strange, isn’t it Kero?”

Some people snickered at her demeanour before Izuku responded from beside her. “No shit Frogger, this is the top in the country.”

She looked up at him and said without missing a beat. “You seem to be the strangest out of all of us Kero. Strong but you hate all of us.”
Izuku grinned down at her and responded. “What makes you think that? I’ve not met you yet Frogger.”

Tsuyu said in turn. “You seem to have a hatred for heroes, and we all want to be heroes here Kero. Logically, you should be kicked out of U.A, a bunch of others wanted your spot.”

Most of the class expected him to explode in anger, especially Bakugo, before he burst out into laughs. “I’m likin’ you so far Frogger. You’re right though, moment I get the chance I’m blowin’ this shit.”

At that point they arrived at their destination, and Izuku ignored Class President Yayorozu’s orders as he jumped off the bus and stretched his arms. Eventually they were all greeted by the Space hero: 13 and the rescue training was detailed. Izuku couldn’t care less for the exercises, despite getting the opportunity to ‘accidently’ drop the grapist Mineta.

Eventually the day was coming to a close, when Aizawa seemed to notice something. Izuku turned to look at what he was looking at, and saw the swirling black mass in the middle of the USJ. “The fuck… Scarfy, is this a part of your circus?”

Aizawa shook his head, and Izuku was instantly on guard. He remembered this quirk from an old fun run against a new organisation, the mist had taken the entire contents of the shipment away while he was sent back to the middle of town. From the mist appeared many figures, lead by a pale figure covered in hands and a purple monstrosity. “Midoriya, 13, protect the students.”

But he was too late, the emergency shutter to the USJ fell shut and the red emergency lighting rose. Izuku growled as he turned to Aizawa and said. “This is a dirty fight Scarfy, they’ve got us in a noose and that purple fucker is their hangman.”

The teacher ignored him as he ran forward into combat with the villains. Thirteen was hurriedly trying to alleviate the students worries before Izuku ran in after Aizawa. “Midoriya! Get back here! It’s too dangerous!”

Izuku called over his shoulder with a smile on his face, the red lighting not making it at all better. “This is a fight for survival! Get ready to be heroes kiddies!”

Rushing towards the first lumbering villain, he executed a series of jabs into their stomach before bringing out his pocket knife and holding it above their face. Suddenly he heard a voice call out from the battlefield. “Midoriya! If you kill any of them, we will imprison her!”

Nearly screaming in frustration at Aizawa’s hurried leash on his neck, he brought his knee up into the villains face and knocked him unconscious. The villains began to murmur among themselves before one of the rattier looking ones screamed. “It’s the Meddler! Why’s he on the heroes side!?!”

The pale leader seemed to take notice of his name, and suddenly Izuku was teleported over to be in front of him by the black mist. “The Musutafu Meddler… A mini-boss if there ever was one. We know you only do this for money, and we can get you all you want.”

Izuku scoffed and replied. “Sorry Handjob, I’ve already got a girlfriend.”

The figure smiled savagely before replying. “You mean Toga? She’s quite the carry for us.”

That gave Izuku pause. His eyes sharpened as he asked. “What was that?”

He began to giggle before saying. “Yep! We’ve got your precious Toga as a member of our League of Villains. She’s been indebted to us for a while, and the heroes capturing you just threw her over
the edge. But if you help us take down All Might, maybe I’ll let you two share a room if you join us.”

But his tirade was cut short as Izuku brought out his knife and took a swing at his shirt, causing a large gash to appear on the villain’s chest. “Gah! What the hell!?”

Izuku growled in anger before his face twisted into a smile. “So you put her back on killing, even kept her in the slums? Well then, looks like the damsel in distress now has a hero to save her. Let’s dance Fuckface.”

He didn’t get to fight the pale leader though, as the purple abomination engaged him at the leader’s terrified command. Izuku couldn’t even comprehend the monster’s strength, each blow that missed him sending him a few feet back from sheer wind pressure. All he could do was dodge and get the occasional hit in with his knife, that was quickly healed. “Mother fucker! What is this overgrown tumour!?”

The leader laughed aloud from the side-lines as he taunted. “Regeneration! This thing is going to kill All Might! Willing to join us now? No? Then let’s kill some classmates, maybe that’ll draw him out.”

Izuku watched as the black mist teleported one of the villain’s hands over to where Momo was watching from the side-lines as well. Suddenly he jumped on the abominations arm over to where the villain was reaching into the black mist and rammed his foot into his face and dislodging the hand that covered it. Quickly recovering he dodged out of the way of another strike before noticing that Tsuyu was next on the chopping block.

He only just managed to grab her and take her away from the area before his hand touched her face. “Frogger! Get Yaoyorozu and fucking scram! We need All Might for this guy!”

She screamed as he went back into the fight against the abomination. “But Midoriya! You’ll be killed!”

He shouted back as he continued to fight, his mouth flashing her a smile. “I love myself too fucking much to die! Go!”

Momo watched the exchange with a shocked expression. In that moment of letting Tsuyu run… Giving her the opportunity to save her own skin… He almost looked heroic. They both walked around the arena stealthily before arriving at the door where some of the class were trying to open the shutters. “Guys!”

Kaminari sighed in relief and said. “Yaoyorozu, can you make dynamite? We can’t get this thing open at all. We don’t know where the others are, but if we can get the teachers then…”

Suddenly they heard a crash, and they all turned to see Izuku kneeling on one knee and holding his hand to his ribs. The abomination was looking over him with an empty gaze, and the leader gloated above Izuku as he said. “Shock Absorption, Strength, Regeneration… Not even All Might can kill the Nomu! You’ve lost Meddler, admit it!”

They watched as he coughed up a glob of blood but kept smiling nonetheless. “Huh, looks like this might be it… Too bad I never got to give this quirk a test drive in the bedroom…”

He stood up, letting his hand fall from his chest and got back into his fighting stance. One for All danced across his arms as he began to shout back. “I might die here! But I had might as well go out as a goddamn hero!”

Izuku went back at the Nomu with One for All, fruitlessly dancing around the beast as he sent
overpowered punches at it. They didn’t seem to do much, but he took more and more blows until he was sent flying into a wall. Momo watched in abject horror as he got back up, now hacking up even more blood. “Hey Handjob!”

The leader hummed in amusement, motioning for him to continue. “Give some of my blood to Toga will ya? Little parting gift?”

He laughed in glee as Izuku essentially confirmed that he was willing to die. “Of course, but it will be a stray hit from a hero that killed you to her.”

Izuku laughed ruefully, coughing up more and more blood as Momo screamed. “Midoriya! Stop this! Don’t throw your life away!”

He didn’t even spare a glance at her as he smiled once again at the passive Nomu. “Jenga, if you ever fight her, go easy on Toga will ya? And I’m going to fight till the end. Why? Because-I am Here!”

They were all shocked as All Might burst in through the ceiling, dropping in front of the Nomu and Izuku. “Young Midoriya, take five, you’ve done well.”

Aizawa, who was preoccupied with the hoard of villains, sighed in relief as they all threw themselves to the floor in surrender at the sight of All Might. Izuku cleared his mouth of blood before saying. “Took your time Superman… That purple guy, he’s serious shit, Shock Absorption, Regen and Strength in a big fuck-ugly package.”

All Might smiled back at him and said. “Don’t worry about that My Boy. Now watch as a pro gets serious!”

He engaged the Nomu, exchanging blow after blow with the beast as Izuku limped away from the fight. Eventually he got to the stairs as All Might sent the Nomu through the roof. But in his exhaustion, the hero didn’t notice the pale leader sneaking up on him. “Fuck!”

Surging One for All through his legs despite their protests he jumped in and kicked the leader away, who was caught by the black mist and teleported away. The villains were all apprehended quickly by Aizawa and the other heroes who had arrived, and Izuku watched as a cement wall separated himself and All Might from the rest of the class. He sighed in relief, before falling forward and smacking his head against the dirt floor as he fell unconscious.

All Might, now in his true form, was quick to rush over and check over the boy. He saw that his clothes were naught but destroyed, and his body was covered with bruises and his upper limbs were all broken. “Good lord Midoriya… How did you keep going?”

Aizawa rushed around the cement wall and ran over to them, kneeling down next to them as well while binding Izuku’s wounds with his scarf. “Damnit… How did we lose this bad?”

All Might turned to him with a horrified expression and asked quietly. “Why did he fight? I thought he hated us?”

The teacher tore strips off his top to bind the wounds he couldn’t do with his scarf as he replied. “It was Himiko, their cartel, the League of Villains, they’re the reason she’s going insane apparently. We need to keep him on grounds at all times, he’s going to try and escape to find her.”

They both gave the student triage as All Might pondered the new information. He wasn’t surprised to hear the Toga was going insane, but Izuku’s reaction to finding the perpetrators was immense.
Eventually he was escorted out under secrecy by Aizawa as Recovery Girl arrived, and the class rounded on their teacher, namely Momo. “Sir!? Is Midoriya okay? Will he survive?”

He nodded simply before announcing. “If you’ve been interviewed by the police, return to class or go home. Be safe.”

They all dispersed, some reluctantly and some more then willing. As they all left, a vehicle screeched to a halt in front of the USJ. From it appeared two figures, a frantic looking Heather and a terrified Inko. Spying Aizawa, they both ran over and Inko asked forcefully. “Where is my son?”

He was about to ask how they knew about the attack this early before the Police Investigator Tsukauchi came over and said. “Ah, Mrs Midoriya. Your son was badly injured and is currently being treated. If I may, how did you know about this attack this early?”

She didn’t bother lying. “Luck, was fending off a thug and found out that he had skimped on the attack. Take me to my son, now!”

Aizawa sighed in frustration and lead the two women over to the medical wing, the twenty-minute walk in silence only punctuated by the sirens behind them. “Mrs Midoriya, why was your son consorting with a villain?”

Heather spoke up before Inko could. “That’s was my bad, they were close and kinda like a couple. In his defence she was cute.”

Aizawa groaned internally as he opened the door to the medical wing where Izuku was lying on a bed, unconscious. “Well, that’s what happened to him because of it.”

Inko’s eyes widened in horror as Heather barrelled past her to stand over Izuku, fretting over his many bandages and covered eye. Recovery girl cleared her throat angrily from the side, letting it be known how displeased she was with the disruption. “My poor baby…”

Immediately Inko rounded on Aizawa. “Why the hell is he like this!? He’s just a boy, you’re his teacher!”

Recovery Girl threw a clipboard at her, yelling. “Don’t think about berating Aizawa for something your idiot son did out of anger! Who let him learn how to fight like that in the first place?”

Inko’s murderous intent was palpable, and just as a syringe was lifting off the tray next to her seemingly held by nothing, they heard a groan from the bed. All eyes shot to Izuku who began to cough before Heather helped him sit up frantically. “Heather…? Where… Wha- Toga.”

Suddenly he seemed to focus, now trying to get up from the bed. Heather was able to hold him back with one hand to his chest as she said angrily. “Izuku! Don’t you even think about it!”

He kept on struggling and said groggily. “No… I’ve got a lead, I need to… Ack!”

Suddenly he felt a cool sensation in his arm, and his body fell limp. Recovery Girl checked over his IV unit once more before sitting down and saying. “Midoriya, just… Let me do my job before you bust your body up again.”

He was able to speak somewhat but didn’t manage to say anything before Aizawa said. “Midoriya, for disobeying a teacher and recklessly using your quirk, you are hereby confined to U.A grounds until the villain Himiko Toga is found and detained.”

Izuku wanted to scream in frustration as he said angrily. “And you expect me to follow this?”
The teacher looked apathetically down at him as he continued. “We will put a tracking bracer around your leg that will ensure we know where you are at all times. Midoriya… Your hands are now tied.”

The young delinquent glared at him with a ferocity that was unrivalled by the fiercest tiger. “You think you’re going to win any favours by doing this? I’m going to break your class, I’m going to make them suffer until you let me go.”

Aizawa avoided eye contact and was about to leave before he heard the red haired woman promise him. “Don’t worry Izu, we’ll do it for you. Don’t make your class hate you.”

They all turned to Heather who had a shaky smile on her face. She brought out a hip flask and took a gulp from it before continuing as she screwed it shut. “I’ll cancel that meetup with Audrey, you need to sleep. I’ll look out for Toga and if I find her, I’ll take her straight to you… Aud can wait for a couple more years.”

Izuku asked quietly as he kept his eyes down. “Aunt… I… Thanks.”

As they all waited in silence eventually Recovery Girl said. “Alright, everybody out. I need to perform surgery now.”

As they all left to do their various tasks, Inko grabbed the retreating Aizawa and slammed him into the wall. “Aizawa, if you let even the lightest breeze touch a hair on his head, I will rip you limb from limb, understand?”

He was suitably intimidated by the woman as he nodded. Eventually the two women left, and he took a deep breath of relief. The day progressed, and Izuku was released from the hospital late at night. Aizawa had been too busy to put his tracking band on yet, and he decided that he needed to at least do something. Before anybody could stop him, he ran out into the city as some police officers tried to stop him.

He didn’t stop running until he reached Toga’s old apartment, now left abandoned. Taking out his pocket knife he ran it across his finger tip before writing on the wall despite the painful feeling.

_Toga, I don’t have long but I need to get this off my chest. I’m so sorry I was captured, but I know you’re a part of the League of Villains. Don’t believe a thing they say, I’m alive and well. And once I destroy those bastards, I’m taking you to that little house in the country with a bath and the cutest cat you can imagine. Wait for me. – Izu_

He heard voices outside the apartment and gritted his teeth. Putting away the knife he ran over to the windowsill and jumped out onto the fire escape, made his way down to the street and walked back to U.A where he slipped in under the cover of night. Getting up to his dorm, he promptly collapsed into his bed without closing the door, holding his hand up to his face where his blood had clotted. “Wait for me Toga…”

_Time Skip_

The next day was a day to rest for the students, but on Monday Izuku walked into the classroom with his tracking bracelet around his ankle and his arms completely bandaged. A lot of the class were shocked to see him, and Momo rushed over and said. “Midoriya!? What’re you doing out of hospital? Get back to your room, I cannot allow you to…”

He smacked her hand away with the back of his and said teasingly. “I knew you cared Jenga, but I don’t have time to sit around with my thumb in my ass. Your ass however…”

She yelped in embarrassment and stormed off to her desk as he chuckled to himself. Sitting down at
his desk, he was met by Tsuyu who sat down on the chair in front of his. “Hey Midoriya Kero, how’re you holding up?”

Izuku’s eyebrow raised as he asked tauntingly. “What makes you so interested in me Frogger? Thought I was the worst?”

Tsuyu didn’t smile, but she covered her mouth and leaned in to whisper to him. “I need booze, can you get it Kero?”

His eyes widened before he said challengingly. “I’ve got some in my room now. Wanna come with?”

Mineta was fuming from the side, whining about how unfair it was before Jirou slammed an earphone jack into his head. As Aizawa walked into the room, Izuku acted out. “Oh! My head!”

Everybody turned to him as Tsuyu said aghast. “Midoriya Kero! It must be your injuries, come on, let’s lie you down.”

Aizawa pointedly ignored them as they flaunted out of class. The rest of the students watched them with disbelief before Iida announced. “If he has terrible headaches it would be inefficient to keep him within class. Quite logical of Asui to accompany him as well.”

Nobody could believe that he was so gullible, but class continued without Aizawa saying another word. Eventually the lunch bell rang after Mathematics, and when the class arrived back after lunch they saw Izuku and Tsuyu giggling in their seats happily. Uraraka walked over to them happily and tapped Izuku on the shoulder while saying. “Welcome back Midoriya! Did you and Tsuyu enjoy yourselves?”

He turned around, and everyone could now see that they both had reddened cheeks along with massive smiles. “Oh, Space Jam! How’s you doin’?”

Tsuyu giggled at the nickname and said in turn. “You’re funny Kero. Will ya marry me?”

Izuku laughed in turn, apparently finding that the funniest thing in the world. “Yah! Let’s get married!”

Momo walked over, an aghast look on her face as she berated them. “You two are blind drunk! Come on, you can’t possibly learn like this.”

She made two leashes, making Mineta pant from the side-lines, and affixed them around their necks. Dragging them away by a leash she brought them over to the Dormitory sector and looked for the building marked ‘1-A’. Arriving and opening the door with her student ID, she noticed that the room was covered in empty bottles and messy as hell. Sighing in annoyance she pulled the two over to the barren couches and sat them down on them, watching as they turned their backs to each other and leaned against each other and falling asleep.

They seemed so comfortable with each other, it made her wonder if they were an item, but as she looked around she noticed that their phones were sat on a table with their screens still illuminated. Walking over despite her morality telling them to leave for their privacy, she picked up the frog-coloured phone first and scrolled through the open gallery app. In the folder it displayed various disturbing images of Tsuyu in various states of exhaustion, her eyes dropped and her hair greasy. The most recent photo was taken at 3am the day after the villain attack. She seemed even worse then the other pictures. Grabbing Izuku’s phone she found similar pictures, but of his various injuries.

Placing them down lightly in their laps she returned to class, her shock nearly palpable to the rest of
the class. Nobody got an answer out of her though as to what shocked her so, and when the day was over she quickly rushed over to the Dorms to see that Izuku was sleepily making a meal at the stovetop as Tsuyu let out small distressed ribbits from the couch. “Midoriya, Asui, you can’t just skip class to go drinking.”

Izuku looked up at her tiredly and sighed, plating up the pancakes he had made and walking back over to the couch and handing them to Tsuyu. “Isn’t that bad Momes…”

She blushed at his lazy way of saying her name, entirely too familiar. Tsuyu had eaten the pancakes as soon as they were sat down in front of her and turned to Momo in a haze. “Yaoyorozu Kero… What time is it?”

Momo responded that class had just ended, and Tsuyu stood up shakily and said. “I-I gotta get home Kero, thanks for today Midoriya.”

Izuku grabbed her shoulder and forcefully sat her down. “Tsu, you can’t go out like this. Yaoyorozu, give me her phone.”

Momo took the phone from Tsuyu’s pocket, wondering what he was going to do. Tsuyu struggled against her, but it was obvious that Momo wasn’t going to let her go. Izuku scrolled through her contacts for a bit before finding the one he was looking for. Dialling it, he held it to his ear and let it ring until he heard a timid voice on the other end. “Big Sis? What’re you phoning for?”

The other voice said. “Yeah Kero, I’m Samidari. Big Sis has been kinda out of it, so it makes sense I guess. Where is she? Can we talk to her Kero?”

Izuku handed it back to Tsuyu who took it panickily and said. “Samidari, you and Satsuki are alright Kero? I’m coming right home and…”

She was cut off by Samidari, who said as forcefully as he could. “No, you should stay with your classmate Kero. I can look after Sat for a night, enjoy yourself Kero.”

Izuku rubbed his eyes tiredly before saying, “Hey, this is one of your sister’s classmates. She’s crashing at my place for tonight, this is Samidari right?”

The other voice said. “Yeah Kero, I’m Samidari. Big Sis has been kinda out of it, so it makes sense I guess. Where is she? Can we talk to her Kero?”

Izuku handed it back to Tsuyu who took it panickily and said. “Samidari, you and Satsuki are alright Kero? I’m coming right home and…”

She was cut off by Samidari, who said as forcefully as he could. “No, you should stay with your classmate Kero. I can look after Sat for a night, enjoy yourself Kero.”

The phone went dead, and Izuku took Tsuyu’s chin and made her look into his eyes. “Frogger, what does it mean when your 8-year-old little brother knows what’s good for you more then you do? Now lets get you to bed, and I’m taking your phone.”

Tsuyu struggled in his arms as he lifted her up to his room, where he dropped her in the well kept bed before leaving her in the dark with a ‘night Frogger’. Sighing as he made sure that she wasn’t going to open the door, he was asked by Momo. “Midoriya, what’s wrong with her?”

Izuku motioned for her to shut up as they went down to the living area again, where he began to clear the bottles into a corner of the room. “Tsuyu’s had it rough since her little brother and sister were born. She showed by a picture log of herself after a night of caring for them, it’s fucking despicable. She needs this Jenga, more then I ever needed a rest.”

Momo felt her heart leap at the care he was showing Tsuyu, how sweet! “But that doesn’t tell me why you both went drinking in a U.A dorm.”

He laughed lightly as he finished off a bottle on the table, grimacing at the taste. “You think she managed to get this far without a coping mechanism? Everyone has their vice Jenga, turns out she’s a drinker on the side.”
The girl’s brow furrowed at the knowledge, remembering the images on the phone she had flicked through. “… The USJ?”

He paused in his clearing before asking without looking at her. “You looked through her pics?”

She made a noise of confirmation, and he elaborated. “Her siblings had nightmares through the night, she had to comfort them because her parents are abroad or working the night shift. After a day of nearly dying, she had to stay up to 3am… I can’t believe she lasted that long.”

Momo gasped, and Izuku nodded ruefully. “She couldn’t catch a fuckin’ break, this was the least I could do for her.”

The vice-president created a garbage bag using her quirk and began to help him by scooping the bottles into the bag. Izuku looked at her curiously before she said with a blush. “That’s really nice of you Midoriya. I-I want to thank you as well… You saved me at the USJ.”

Izuku scoffed good-naturedly as he threw the first full bag into a new corner. “Can’t let your sweet ass take a hit Jenga, and you had might as well call me Izuku.”

Momo’s eyes widened before she managed to reign in her composure and said semi-jokingly. “How about Meddler?”

He laughed aloud, a gruff, barking laugh, but a true laugh nonetheless. “Sure Jenga.”

She pouted in turn at her own nickname before they finished cleaning up with Izuku lifting the bags into the dumpster outside. Momo cleared down her uniform before smiling at him as he began to get started on dinner. “I’ll see you tomorrow Meddler… In fact, I’m just going to call you Izuku. And no drinking tomorrow! You hear!?”

Izuku waved her off with a smile as she walked off and out of U.A. That was different, having a few people be nice to him for a while. He found that he couldn’t keep the smile of his face as he continued to cook their meal, and eventually he brought up a bowl of soup to the recently awoken Tsuyu who was now sitting in his bed with her knees to her face. “Thanks Kero… Thanks for looking after me. Why’re you doing it?”

He grabbed his desk chair and dropped into it, making sure his own soup didn’t spill as he kicked his feet up. “’Cause I think you’re cool Frogger, not me cool, but awe-inspiring cool. You’ve done a job I couldn’t, be a good child to your parents.”

Tsuyu smiled at him brightly before saying. “About Momo Kero… Do you like her? Or is it me because your doing all of this for a shot at a frog?”

Izuku nearly choked on his soup, hacking for a moment before turning to her. “Christ above Frogger I just like you, okay? None of this romance shit for you. Jenga seems aight as far as domestics go, nothing wrong with a few friends.”

She eyed his stomach, and he sighed as he knew what she was referring too. “Look, she needs help…”

Tsuyu looked up into his eyes and said conclusively. “Toga or Momo is what’s in your mind, isn’t it? I don’t have much experience Kero, but I’ll help however I can.”

Her next words made his eyes widen though, ones he had said to Toga so many times.

“Us delinquents gotta stick together, Kero.”
The class was alight with excitement at Aizawa’s latest announcement, something that both Izuku and Tsuyu had to be filled in with by an exasperated Momo. Most everyone was challenging their fellow classmates, Bakugo was even back to his old Middle-School self. Izuku and Tsuyu were content to let the monkeys fight amongst each other as they talked about the upcoming tournament. “Do you care for the Sports Festival Kero?”

Izuku shrugged, fiddling around with his pocket knife in his pocket while responding. “Not particularly, watched it once or twice when I was a kid. I think my Aunt took me at some point to see it in real life, but that was long ago.”

Tsuyu had turned out to be just as loose with her tongue as he was, a relief in his opinion. Always nice to talk to someone who ment what they said. “Are you going to try?”

He shook his head, explaining. “I’ll let them take the glory, it’d be a pain in the ass.”

Right on the dot she countered. “The League of Villains will be watching Kero. You could use it as a declaration of war.”

Izuku froze, before loosening up and smiling down at her as they sat on the windowsill. “You’re a fuckin’ menace, you know that Frogger?”

She smiled back up at him, her innocent face belying her challenging attitude. “Likewise, Kero. Anyways, it’s time for class.”

They both dropped into their respective seats as Momo watched from the other side of the room, gaging their relationship. Izuku and Tsuyu had seemingly glued themselves together, while the frog girl had completely changed her attitude. Ochako had worriedly wondered aloud if she had changed after the USJ, but Tsuyu just seemed happier in general.

Class began, and Aizawa sent momentary glances over to the two delinquents before beginning to teach. The day was slightly confusing for Izuku, considering that he wasn’t there yesterday, and by the time lunch hit he was completely lost. Both he and Tsuyu began to walk off towards the dorms, and Momo noticed them splitting from the crowd and ran over. “Izuku! Tsuyu! You two had better not be…”

Tsuyu turned around to see her and smiled happily. Momo noticed that she had fixed her posture somewhat, and her eyes seemed more naturally bright. “Oh Momo Kero. We were just going to go and get some lunch, coming?”

Izuku smirked back at her as well while addressing Tsuyu. “Careful, I might have to order some groceries with this many people.”

Momo sighed before falling in step with them. None of them noticed the icy glare of Todoroki burning into Izuku’s back as they all walked away to the dorms. The three worked in tandem to create their meal, and afterwards Izuku grabbed a few bottles from the fridge and handed one of the similar bottles to Tsuyu while handing the other, different bottle to Momo. “Here, just soda.”

The vice-president sighed in relief as she began to sip the cool cola, before noticing that both he and
Tsuyu had clinked their together and suddenly recognised the brand they were drinking as the beer from last night. “For gods sake you two I thought…”

Tsuyu sighed in happiness as she disengaged the bottle and said. “Don’t worry Kero, one beer isn’t going to get us drunk. It’ll probably help us mellow out Kero.”

Izuku lifted his bottle in a mock-toast, and Momo relinquished knowing she wouldn’t be able to convince them otherwise. Once they had finished their respective drinks Izuku stood up, took the three empty vessels and lobbed them into the bin across the room. “Come on you two, let’s get back to class. It’s Hero Art next right?”

Momo nodded as she also got up, admiring how tidy the area seemed to be. “Izuku, this dorm seems much nicer without those bottles. Did you do a full clean?”

Tsuyu spoke up as she dusted off her skirt. “I helped him out Kero. Just needed to sweep the floors and vacuum the carpet Kero.”

He laughed, rubbing the back of his wrist as he looked around in slight admiration. “Yeah, Frogger really knows her stuff.”

The trio locked up the dorm and went back to class, chatting lightly amongst themselves until they reached the classroom. Momo found the company of the two surprisingly pleasant, Izuku seemed less vicious around Tsuyu, and the frog girl herself seemed completely at ease. Class began again, and eventually Izuku was called upon by Midnight. “Midoriya! I don’t recognise these people at all, what heroes are they?”

He looked up from his sketchbook and said teasingly. “Old criminal cartel, called ’emselves Smoking Coffin.”

Kirishima suddenly shouted out in excitement. “No way man! Those guys were beat by Crimson Riot, how d’you know what they look like?”

Izuku called back across the class. “Eventually you take down enough thugs that one has a picture collection of the best.”

The class fell uncomfortably silent until Midnight said happily. “Well, unfortunately that was not the task of the class Midoriya. Not to mention these seem static and not very lively, but I think I have just the solution. Everyone pack away their references!”

They all did so in confusion before she seemingly picked someone out of the class at random. “Hey, Todoroki right? Get up here and get into the chair, and everyone circle around him and draw to your hearts content.”

Izuku let a small glare hit Midnight, and the teacher flinched despite her years of practice. Izuku was quick to sit next to her and whispered angrily. “You saw my last version, didn’t you? If you try something like this again, don’t sleep for a while.”

She gulped and he took great pleasure in twirling his pencil around in his hand intimidatingly before Tsuyu came over and asked him. “Midori Kero, do you mind helping me with shading?”

He nodded, explaining in loose terms how the concept worked and giving an example of it on her page. Finishing off his own one, Midnight took it from him and smiled. “Now this is more like it! Who would have thought the Big Bad Midoriya was such an artist?”

The class turned to her holding up the page and were shocked to see an amazing portrait of
Todoroki’s features, framed by a broken yin-yang. Eventually the class finished, and a few of the girls came over to where Izuku was sitting and Uraraka asked excitedly. “Can you do me Midoriya!?”

Most of them asked the same thing, Toru too for some reason, until Izuku said exasperatedly. “I can’t be assed to do all of you. In fact, just decide amongst yourselves which one gets the fucking picture.”

They all began to argue, and Tsuyu was about to question what he was doing before she realised that he was drawing her. She sat still, waiting for him to finish embarrassedly until the argument was over and he handed the book to her. “Not my best, but it’s aight.”

Tsuyu looked down to see her figure with a happy smile, a bottle held loosely in her hand and her face covered in the blush of alcohol. “Midori Kero… This is good!”

The girls all crowded around the page, admiring the quickly drawn sketch as Izuku said while jamming his hands in his pockets. “None of you are interesting enough to draw, so piss off.”

Most of them pouted, Mina even shouted out indignantly at the insinuation, before the bell rang and the school bell rang. Izuku was forced to stay behind, but not before he grabbed Tsuyu by the shoulder and commanded her not to push herself tonight. She nodded, grabbing him in a quick hug before walking off with the now gossiping girls.

Izuku stood in front of Midnight with a bored glare on his face, he was still angry at learning that they had gone through his possessions. “Midoriya, we found your stash in your room at home.”

He froze before looking up at her with a furious look. “If you’ve touched anything in there, I’m going to bring this fucker to the ground.”

What she was referring to was a locked safe hidden in his room full of money, fake passports and disguise materials. That was his backup, the one he and Toga had put together in case they need to scam out of the country. Midnight seemed completely serious, her flirty personality completely gone as she sat him down at a desk and she began to interrogate. “Midoriya, did you plan on leaving the country? There are sets of passports made for a girl, enough money to set up in a new country along with a full complement of clothes. Were you that scared?”

Izuku didn’t waver, instead stating. “If you put that safe back where it belongs, I’ll tell you what it was for.”

Midnight nodded, giving her word and he elaborated reluctantly. “That’s Toga’s backup. I was planning on telling her about it one day, but I was getting a care package set up for her. In the event I was ever killed that is.”

The teacher’s eyes widened before they fell into a soft gaze. “Midoriya, do you love her?”

He shrugged, not looking at Midnight as he responded. “She’s the first friend I ever had, a real friend. One with all of her bells and whistles and problems. We were going to move in together, start a household, go as legit as we could. I don’t know if it’s love, but I don’t want a future where we’re apart.”

Midnight was internally squealing, this is exactly like her guilty pleasure of teenage romance novels! “A-And your classmates? What would they think?”

Izuku responded without missing a beat. “Don’t care. Frogger would probably be my best woman, Jenga’d get an invitation to the wedding.”
The teacher couldn’t contain a squeal, causing Izuku to look at her strangely before she coughed and said embarrassedly. “W-Well then, that should be all. I’ll see to it personally that the safe is returned to its state. That is quite a lot of money though Midoriya, 1,000,000 Yen.”

He laughed, now not as worried about his investment as he responded. “Took down a drug ring, found a couple hundred thousand that helped it along. Can I leave now?”

Midnight nodded, watching as he left with a smile. He was much more enigmatic then the other teachers made him out to be. The sports festival was going to be interesting…

*Timeskip: U.A Sports Festival*

Izuku loitered in the festival grounds, looking around at the various people enjoying the festivities. He had been up early because of the noise, and it was quite interesting to see the effect the event had on people. He hadn’t seen any of his class yet, but eventually he spied Tsuyu walking through the gates along with a whole complement of family. Walking over, he waved to her as she spied him and called out. “Hey Frogger!”

She ran up and gave him a quick hug, something he noticed she enjoyed doing as a greeting. Maybe it was because he was warm-blooded compared to her cold? “Midori Kero! Come on, you should meet my family!”

He was dragged over to the rest of the Asui clan, and was first greeted by the two younger siblings of 8 years. First was the boy, who said. “Are you Midoriya, Kero?”

Izuku nodded, responding with a smirk. “Samidari right? Nice to meetcha kid.”

The girl spoke up in a very timid tone. “T-Thanks for looking after big sis Mr Midoriya…”

Tsuyu made to chastise her before Izuku put a hand on her head and smiled. “Frogger’s a friend, it’s no worries.”

At that point the parents made themselves known. First was a large, beefy frog man. “Ganma Asui, thanks for lookin’ after my Tsuyu Kero.”

The mother spoke up next. “Beru Asui, she speaks well of you Kero.”

Tsuyu groaned out a quick ‘Mom! Kero!’ as Izuku scoffed down at her. “I guess you’re all here to watch me beat her?”

His classmate dropped an elbow into his ribs and said with a sweet smile. “You can try Midori Kero.”

Ganma let out a roaring laugh. “I like the kid Kero! Hey, how about you come around our place tonight for a celebration? Be nice to finally meet one of Tsuyu’s friends, it used to just be that Habuko girl Kero.”

Izuku waved him off, flashing his ankle bracelet. “Sorry, I’m chained here. Anyways, you seen Jenga anywhere Tsu? I wanna embarrass her in front of the public.”

She shook her head, but before he could respond he heard a voice calling his name from a while away. Turning around he saw his mother, Heather and Gareth all standing while Heather was waving like a mad woman. “Alright, looks like that’s my cue to scram. See ya in the tourney Frogger.”
Tsuyu nodded, and Izuku went over to where the three were standing. Heather quickly wrapped him up in a hug as she said excitedly. “Izu! How’re you feeling? Pumped for the tournament?”

He grinned back at her, nodding before Gareth said. “Laura wanted to be here, but some family stuff came up. Said to tell you that you’d be dead the next time she saw you if you didn’t win.”

Izuku barked out a laugh, grabbing the mans’ pro-offered and squeezing it in greeting before his mother lightly stroked his cheek with the back of her hand. “Izuku… Give em hell, okay?”

He nodded back to her, his eyes mellow until he asked. “Sorry to ask, but…”

Gareth shook his head, cutting him off. “Nothing, sorry kid.”

Izuku sighed, knowing it was too good to be true. The bell rang, signifying for contestants to get prepared. “Well, that’s me. Get this on camera, alright?”

Heather nodded, flashing her camera at him with a smile as he went off towards the changing room while meeting up with Tsuyu on the way. Eventually he was in his gym uniform and standing with the other members of Class 1-A in their waiting room. Spying Momo in the centre of all of the girls, he debated on if he should go and talk to her but she looked up to him and smiled to him, good enough for him.

Suddenly he was met with the cool voice of Todoroki from the side. “Midoriya, this is my honest opinion. I think I am stronger then you.”

The class gasped, now all eyes on them. Izuku turned to him with a smirk and asked. “Sorry Frozone, I think you might want to thaw that brain of yours.”

He didn’t give Todoroki a chance to respond as he pushed the boy into the wall and slammed his fist into the wall next to his face. “Stronger then me? Well then Jack, let’s see about that.”

The P.A system announced for them to go towards the arena, and as they did so he was met by Momo who said in slight terror. “Are you sure you should have said that? He’s quite powerful you know.”

Izuku shrugged as they walked out into the sunlight, the roaring crowd chanting out ‘1-A! 1-A! 1-A!’. He grinned, raising his fist as he lead the pack to the crowds delight. Iida said from the back in awe. “His charisma is so refined! Amazing Midoriya, I knew you were a hero!”

The class turned to him with deadpan looks before they arrived in front of Midnight’s pedestal. The hero cleared her throat before announcing. “Welcome to the First Year U.A Sports Festival! And now, the student with the highest test scores, Izuku Midoriya, will now make his statement as representative of the year!”

Izuku walked up, remembering Momo mentioning something of the sort when she explained the Sports Festival to himself and Tsuyu. Getting infront of the microphone, he said. “I don’t care much for speeches, because we’re men and women of action, so I’ll keep it brief.”

He smiled down threateningly to the crowd of students. “If you don’t try to win, I’m gonna personally smack you into the ground until you do. I’m going to beat and break you until you go past your 100% and give me a challenge. What is that saying that U.A is so fond of? Plus Ultra?”

The crowd cheered as he bathed in the fruits of his witty tirade. The classes didn’t seem intimidated, but now they seemed to get riled up into a competitive frenzy as he stepped down from the podium and down into the crowd. He heard Iida say incredulously. “He managed to invoke our competitive
spirit and muster the crowd while declaring himself the strongest… Simply marvellous!”

Eventually the first event was called by Midnight as the commentators of Present Mic and Aizawa discussed the classes. ‘Obstacle Race eh? Should be easy enough.’

Izuku stood in the middle of the pack, a head higher than most of the others as the countdown began. Charging One for All again through his legs he waited until the countdown hit zero before leaping across the pack to the front. “And 1-A’s Midoriya takes the lead!”

Dropping to the ground and skidding for a couple seconds he began to run ahead. He could hear the noises of quirks behind him, but soon enough the first obstacle was sighted. “It’s time for Robo Inferno Ladies and Gentlemen!”

4 of the Zero Point robots began to activate, and Izuku watched as they were suddenly frozen in a layer of ice. Jumping over the rubble and debris kicked up by the falling robots, he turned his head to see Todoroki and Bakugo hot on his tail riding ice and explosions respectively. Ignoring Bakugo’s taunts he came to a halt at the next obstacle. “The Canyons of Death!”

He was getting sick of those announcements from Mic. Grabbing ahold of a rope he moved across the canyon by holding himself up, despite Bakugo and Todoroki getting in front of him. He took the rope when he got to the other side and snapped it away from the other side, watching as it came loose and he dropped it into the gorge.

Continuing to run after clearing his tracks he eventually reached the minefield and gritted his teeth, Bakugo and Todoroki were far ahead of him at this point. Beginning to run through the Minefield, he detonated bombs behind him that threw off his running. Suddenly a spark of inspiration met him, something crazy enough to work. Charging One for All he quickly dug out a mine from the ground and began to sprint through the track. The bombs exploded, but the shockwaves only made him faster. Eventually he got close enough to lob the mine at Bakugo and Todoroki, who were sent flying to the sides by the explosive. “And Midoriya takes the lead with an explosive comeback!”

Now that he had cleared the way, he managed to get through the minefield and finished the course into the arena to the cheers of the crowd. Turning around he saw most of 1-A coming though the gates, including Bakugo and Todoroki in the middle of the pack. Izuku was met by Momo and Tsuyu who went over and congratulated him on his first place, where he thanked them shortly before the next announcements began.

Izuku’s face fell into a frown as he heard his special condition of 1,000,000 points as 1st place in the obstacle race. He needed a team, but unless he had a miracle he would be stuck with… “Hey Midoriya! You’d be just perfect!”

Turning suddenly he saw a pink haired girl with crosshairs for pupils staring at him from a few centimeters away. “And what would that be psycho bitch?”

She didn’t seem deterred by the insult and moved away from his face, and he was then able to see that she was covered in various gadgets. “Mei Hatsume, inventor in the support course. And you, my new partner, will be perfect for my babies.”

Izuku rubbed his forehead, staving off an oncoming headache mixed with a hurricane. “Well you’d do fine, but we’ll need a couple more and…”

Suddenly he felt a tap on his shoulder, and turned to see Tsuyu standing with a boy with a birds head. “Hey Izuku Kero, can Tokoyami and I join?”
Izuku sighed in relief, at least he knew her. “Sure.”

Turning to Tokoyami and Mei he asked them for their quirks, and his head began rushing at the concept of Dark Shadow. “Okay, I think I have a plan. I’ll take point, Hemmingway back left and Psycho back right. Frogger, you’re rider.

Tokoyami looked at him quizzically and asked. “Midoriya, would it not be prudent to put you on the top as the most skilled combatant?”

Izuku glared at him as they got into position. “This isn’t a combat round Birdbrain. We dodge, we take headbands and we don’t let them take ours.”

The point totals were tallied into headbands, and Tsuyu put the 1,000,000 point band around her neck as Izuku had commanded. “Okay, when this shit starts let them get close while Dark Shadow takes the hits. I’ll counter, Psycho gets us out with her hover boots and Frogger grabs what she can as we fly, alright?”

They all nodded, and as the whistle blew, Dark Shadow enveloped them. Izuku stood completely still as he heard the battering on the outside of their shield. The darkness suddenly dissipated, and Izuku was met with the twin ice and explosions from Todoroki and Bakugo. Raising his free hand he charged One for All recklessly and slammed it into them, sending both attacks reeling.

Mei charged her hover boots and sent them away as Tsuyu managed to sneak a headband off with her tongue. Izuku was busy nursing his aching arm. ‘Damnit, I haven’t overcharged it in ages… I think that was 30%’

They touched down lightly and began to run as per the plan, picking up headbands from various stragglers who were trying to take the million. During a lull in the combat Izuku commanded Tsuyu to invert their bands, hiding their point totals. “Okay… Okay, let’s keep going.”

The team managed to collect most of the headbands on the field, leaving them with a healthy four while the other teams lead by Bakugo and Todoroki took the other bands. But as the clock approached a minute remaining, those two teams turned towards them again and began to charge. “Psycho! Any ‘Nades!”

Hatsume thrust a grenade like device into his outstretched hand and said proudly. “Standard Flashbang, should disorientate them.”

Izuku grabbed the pin and ripped it out, throwing it at the ground infront of Kirishima and Iida who stalled to wipe the light from their eyes. Saying calmly he said. “Hemmingway, cloak us. Frogger, drop the lowest value and don’t show the number.”

They both did so, hiding the dropped band until they began to run towards them again. “Move it!”

They began to run again, Tsuyu dodging a blow from Bakugo as they began to leave the area. Izuku watched as the other two teams began to fight over it and smirked. “Good job you three, smooth sailing now.”

And smooth sailing it was as by the time the clock struck zero, Todoroki had grabbed it only to reveal a big number 345. It suddenly froze, crumbling apart in his hands as he glared at Izuku. ‘You are going to pay for this Midoriya, I swear on it.’

The final teams of Tsuyu, Todoroki, Bakugo, Kaminari and some guy called Shinso were left for the tournament, and they got some time to unwind before the next event. Walking out into the crowd out in the food area he was greeted by massive applause and a news reporter in his face. “Midoriya!
How does it feel to take first place in both events so far?"

He smacked the microphone out of his face, sending it crashing to the ground. “Piss off Journo.”

The reporter began to fume as the crowd ‘oohed’ at his actions. But eventually he was greeted by a very young girl who held out a notepad labelled ‘Heroes!’ and a pen. A man who looked to be her father judging from their distinctive horns said sheepishly. “Sorry young man, she has been pestering me to get an autograph from you. If you don’t mind?”

He took the book with a shocked expression. Granted, if he was this young and was meeting All Might, he would have done the same, but he wasn’t All Might. Signing his name on the back page he knelt down to the girls eye level and asked in his usual drawl. “You wanna become a hero kid?”

She nodded, her eyes bright with enthusiasm as her horns nearly touched his head. Ruffling her hair with a smile he responded. “Well, it’s not all roses and princes but don’t let that stop ya. Keep an eye out for me kid, alright? I’ve got a tournament to win, and I’ll need my number one fan cheering for me.”

The girl gasped, nodding frantically as she clutched the book to her chest. Izuku stood up as the man said with an approving tone. “You seem rather unorthodox, but you have the makings of a great man. Good luck in the tournament, we’ll be cheering for you.”

The girl was taken away after giving a happy wave to Izuku, leaving the boy in a stupor. He had no idea that he, dreg of society and delinquent, could be popular like that… “Izuku, are you okay?”

He saw that Momo had snuck up on him at some point, accompanied by a serious looking woman with long blond hair. “Yeah Jenga, just thinkin’. Who’s this?”

She sighed in exasperation before the older woman said. “Riza Yaoyorozu, Momo’s mother. I have heard many things about you Midoriya, not things I want in someone near my daughter.”

Momo gasped and was about to butt in before Izuku glared at her and responded. “Overbearing, bitchy and snarky, not things I’d associate with her either. What do you want?”

Riza kept the glare for a moment longer before it softened, and she sighed in seeming relief. “My apologies, I’ve been on edge for a while and the stories I’ve heard may have been less serious then I though. Allow me to apologise.”

Izuku nodded, shoving his hands into his pockets while still eyeing her up. “Fine. Anyways, Momo, you ready for the tourney?”

She nodded, explaining. “I’m fighting Tokoyami first, might be challenging but with enough planning I believe I will succeed. You were fighting a boy from general studies I remember, Hitoshi Shinso.”

He grinned, cracking his knuckles. “Should be a good warm-up. I’m lookin’ forward to taking down Jack though.”

Riza asked Momo. “Who is this Jack? Sounds foreign.”

Momo sighed and explained Izuku’s tendencies. “Izuku enjoys giving people nicknames, for instance I’m ‘Jenga’. Jack is the name he gave to Todoroki, I believe in reference to Jack Frost of winter lore.”

It was then they a floating set of clothes ran over to them, grabbing Momo by the wrist. “Come on
Momo! We’re having a cheering battle!”

She didn’t get a chance to respond, getting dragged away back to the changing rooms. Izuku smirked at the sight before walking off, ignoring Momo’s mother who seemed lost without her daughter.

Walking around he saw that there were heroes patrolling the area, namely a trio who he remembered somewhat based on their distinctive designs. They seemed to recognise him as well, considering that the gorilla of a man stomped over and grabbed him by the shirt. “You! You’re the brat from the Sludge Villain! Okay kiddo, you’re comin’ with us.”

Izuku laughed as his shirt was torn slightly. “Man you guys hold a grudge! What’s wrong Monkeybrain? Did I piss on your pride?”

He roared in anger and his fist tightened for a moment before Izuku slipped out of the garment and began to walk around the hero. “Didn’t know that heroes attacked their little Herolings, what is the world coming too?”

Suddenly he bumped into another person, the woman of the group who seemed completely flustered at his body. “Wait… Who are you again?”

Her face completely flushed before she quickly wrapped her arms around his torso. “Don’t worry guys! I gottim!”

Suddenly a whip crack was heard from behind them, along with the loud sound of someone licking their lips. “Mt. Slut, what exactly are you doing to my student?”

Izuku laughed as she turned him around as if to use him as a shield. “Bitchnight, what a surprise. But this young stud is coming with me.”

He easily broke out of the woman’s grip, running over to Midnight and hiding behind her in mock-terror. “Ms Midnight! Please help, she was going to kidnap me!”

Some of the more clued in members of their small audience began to snicker while some began to murmur worriedly. Midnight put a comforting hand on his head as she cracked her whip again. “Don’t worry Midoriya, I’ll handle this.”

They began a little cat-fight as Izuku walked off with a massive smirk. ‘Well that was fun.’

He got some catcalls from the crowd as he went back up into the stands where he met with the rest of the 1-A boys. Kirishima grinned up at him, flashing him a thumbs up while saying. “Lookin’ good Midoriya! What happened, get pulled away by the public?”

Mineta began to scream about how unfair it was before Izuku flashed his pocketknife at him, silencing the gremlin. Dropping down into a free seat he responded. “Kinda Human Boner, anyways, what’re the girls doin’ down there?”

Everybody looked down to what he was seeing and were shocked to see all of the girls in cheerleader outfits looking confused. That was when they heard Mineta’s proud voice. “I did that! You can all thank me, now the most popular member of 1-A and…”

Suddenly they heard him scream, and turned to see that Izuku had thrown a knife through one of his hair balls. “Grapist, if you ever pull this shit again, it won’t just be your hair balls stuck to the wall. You hear?”

Mineta let out a terrified squeak before Izuku went over, grabbed his knife and ripped it out of the hair ball. It was covered in little hairs for a moment, before they fell off limply. “That’s weird…”
Sitting back down next to Kirishima the boy asked curiously. “Hey Midoriya, hope it’s not too personal but is it because Yaoyorozu is down there? That you’re so angry I mean.”

He lifted an eyebrow towards him and responded. “You think it’s cause I get a chance to see her in a number like that? Nah, I just don’t want Frogger to have this on her record.”

Kirishima grinned, knocking him on the shoulder. “That’s manly as hell! Looking out for your friend, knew you were a good egg.”

Izuku didn’t seem very happy with it, but didn’t respond to the complement. Eventually the cheering battle was over, what little of it happened, and Izuku got ready for his first match. Walking down to the waiting room he stayed there until the P.A system called for him. Walking out into the arena to a large cheering crowd he walked up to the arena, where he saw the purple haired boy standing on the other side. Midnight called the beginning of the match, the rules, and the countdown.

They stared each other down, neither willing to give an inch as the countdown ended, and the battle began. Neither rushed in though, instead beginning to circle each other. The crowd watched with bated breath until Shinso eventually made the first taunt. “Midoriya right? What a character you are. Delinquent, unfriendly, rude, you’d be better off in prison.”

He didn’t respond, instead closing the gap between them with a dash. ‘General studies aren’t worth my time. Let’s just finish this.’

Grabbing Hitoshi by the collar he began to drag him over to the edge of the arena. The boy struggled against Izuku for a moment before he was thrown out of the arena with Izuku smirking down at him. “You’re a fucking disgrace. Maybe I’ll see you next year and you won’t be so damn weak.”

He felt a small push in his mind, but it was feeble enough for him to ignore. Walking back out of the arena he went up to the stands where 1-A was sitting, and sat down next to Tsuyu who was back in her gym uniform. “Good fight there Kero. How’d you know how to avoid his quirk?”

Izuku turned to her quizzically. “Quirk? What quirk?”

He heard a voice from behind him say. “Midoriya, his quirk gives him control over people who respond to his voice. It’s why most of my team dropped out.”

Izuku turned to the monkey boy, Ojirou if he remembered correctly and said again. “Dropped out? Huh, I just didn’t waste my breath on him.”

The class sweat-dropped at the luck, and eventually the next set of fights began. Most of them were either brawls or one hit K.O’s, making him sigh and stand up while asking Tsuyu. “Hey, you want anything?”

She looked at him as if he was an idiot and he laughed. “Aight, I’ll go get some beers. Wanna hot dog or anything?”

After getting a shake of the head Izuku went off down towards the dorms, glad that the crowd was concentrated in the arena. Going back to his dorms he grabbed the drinks and went back up to the stands, ripping off the branding from the bottles. Handing one to Tsuyu he saw that his match was up after the next fight and groaned. “So this is my fight against Jack? Whaddya think of my chances Frogger?”

Tsuyu twisted the cap off her bottle while grabbing his from his hand. “Easy Kero, dodge first attack and close the gap. But don’t mess around with him, he’s saving his fire side for something Kero.”
Groaning as his drink was taken from him he went down to the waiting rooms, arriving as his name was called. Walking out into the arena again he scratched his sore arm while taunting. “Alright, let’s get this over with Jack.”

Todoroki didn’t respond, instead getting into position. The fight began, and Izuku brought an empowered elbow down on the ice approaching him. “Jesus Christ this is pitiful. Come on Jack, give the people a show.”

Three more ice blasts went his way, and Izuku easily dodged to the side. His easy demeanour belied his concentration on avoiding the blasts, closing the gap as fast as he could. When he was within lunging distance, he threw his first punch which was caught by a hasty ice wall. “Come on Jack, at least throw a punch.”

This game of cat and mouse continued for another few minutes, until Izuku saw that his ice side was beginning to frost over. “Hey Jack! Having performance issues!?”

Some of the crowd laughed as Todoroki said angrily. “Just finish it Midoriya, you win.”

Izuku pointed at his other side with an easy going smile. “Nope, someone is being very stubborn about his fire. Come on, be a good boy and warm me up. Else I’ll just have Jenga do it for me.”

Todoroki responded as he breathed heavily, sending another ice wave towards him. “Midoriya… I don’t need this power, this curse. I’ll only win using my ice, my ice.”

He smiled back at Todoroki, rushing forward and flipping him over his shoulder into the ground. “I made a promise at the start of this little funrun, I’d beat you into the ground until you give me a challenge.”

Todoroki was about to respond before Izuku got close to his face and said. “Your old man’s Endeavour right? Well, let’s tell him that you’re a big boy now. Use your power, I won’t let you go until you do.”

Todoroki’s body suddenly exploded in heat, and Izuku jumped back with a laugh. “Yes! Come and get me Microwave!”

The other boy smiled back at him as he wreathed himself in fire. “Warm on the outside, frozen in the middle. Why are you doing this Midoriya? You could’ve won.”

Only he could see the relit fire in Izuku’s eyes. The delinquent responded with an insane grin. “Because I want someone who can keep up with me Microwave. Can’t be going rusty in here. So…”

He threw his arms to the side, inviting a blow from the other boy. “Give me everything you’ve got! No holding back!”

They began to run at each other, each charging up their attacks with matching grins. Midnight moved to stop the match before they hurt themselves, and Cementoss made walls to counteract their blows, but the boys were too fast. They collided, One for All and Half Hot, Half Cold, in the middle of the arena. The crowd had to cover their faces to avoid the blast of heat, and when the dust settled they saw that Izuku was kneeling, breathing heavily as his harm hung limply at the side. Todoroki was lying on the ground, completely bust up as well but still conscious. “I-I… I can’t move.”

Midnight ran over, checking to make sure they weren’t in any immediate danger before announcing. “Midoriya Wins! Todoroki can’t move!”
The crowd took a moment before beginning a wave of cheers. Izuku grabbed Todoroki’s hand with his good one and lifted him to his feet with a heave. “Good fucking show Microwave.”

Todoroki seemed to notice that his shirt, and Izuku’s replacement made by Momo, had both burned off. Looking down to the ground embarrassedly he said. “Sorry about your shirt Midoriya…”

Izuku helped him walk off the arena with the crowd cheering them on, replying with a small rap to the back of his head. “I’ve lost more shirts to someone else, this is nothing. Anyways, lets get to Chiyo.”

They both were met by the medical staff, who helped them get to the recovery wing and into beds. Todoroki was quickly set up with an IV, while Izuku was berated by an irate Chiyo. “The villain attack I can understand, but this is the Sports Festival you nincompoop! I’m half tempted to sow your feet to your hands!”

Izuku glared at her in turn. “Just get my arm back in position you insufferable harpy. I’ve got an idiot to beat.”

Todoroki watched the encounter in confusion, you never spoke back to Recovery Girl, right? Eventually the nurse set him right with a kiss to his arm, and he was met by Gareth, Heather and his mother as he was recovering his energy. Inko ran forward first, grabbing a hold of him and pulling him into a hug. “Izuku! What were you thinking you idiot! You could’ve died, or worse!”

He seemed surprised by the contact, awkwardly patting her back until she let him go. “Um, okay then. Anyways, what’d you guys think of that?”

Gareth had lit up a cigarette and said with a smile. “You did good kid, and this’ll be your competitor?”

Todoroki blinked as he was addressed, replying. “Yes, Shoto Todoroki.”

Izuku looked out from behind his mother and said. “Gareth, Microwave. Microwave, Gareth. He’s my godfather, and that’s Heather and this is my Mom.”

They all waved to Todoroki before Heather said curiously. “Don’t you have parents here for you Todoroki?”

His face fell, and Izuku explained. “His father is Endeavour, we know how he is. Never heard about your mother though Microwave.”

Todoroki explained in a deadpan tone. “She’s in a mental hospital after a stress attack 7 years ago, it resulted in my scarring. Haven’t seen her since”

Inko gasped before Izuku got up and went over to him, lightly punching him in the shoulder. “Go fuckin’ see her then. You think she’ll get better with therapists of all people?”

Todoroki glared at him, grabbing his arm angrily and replying. “What do you know?”

Izuku brought their faces close and whispered. “Because Mothers make mistakes, and so do sons.”

He let him go, and Shoto sighed before nodding. “I-I’ll go and see her when I’m discharged.”

They both nodded to each other, and Izuku stretched out his back before saying. “I’m going to go and chill before my next match. Microwave, I’ll see you in class, aight?”
Todoroki smiled softly, replying. “You too Midoriya.”

Izuku walked off with the three adults, and Todoroki was sent asleep by a chemical inserted into his IV. When he arrived up in the stands he was met with much clapping and slaps in the shoulder. Dropping into his seat he felt a bottle being pushed into his hand, and turned to see Momo averting her eyes as she did so. “H-Here, T-Tsuyu had to go do something. S-She was beat a while ago.”

He raised the bottle slightly in thanks before ripping the cap off and taking a quick drink. “Ah, that’s fucking good, thanks. Anyways, you know who I’m up against next?”

Momo nodded, now making eye contact with him albeit shy. “It’s Bakugo. He’s fighting right now and seems to be winning.”

Izuku took another drink before asking curiously. “Why’re you so damn shy all of a sudden?”

His reply was heard from behind, coming from Uraraka of all people. “Handing a boy a drink after an arduous task, it’s the duty of a wife!”

Momo yelped, turning back around and looking down at her feet as Izuku snickered, as did some of the others around him. Looking over to the fight in the ring he saw Bakugo destroy his opponent, leaving them to fight. “Well, looks like it’s time to beat the shit out of Blasty. Keep my seat warm Jenga.”

Walking down to the waiting room, he let himself relax for a moment before throwing away the last half of his drink a few minutes before his match. Heading back into the arena, he stretched out his previously broken arm and didn’t say anything as Midnight began the fight. He could see the fear in Bakugo’s eyes, it was palpable. Izuku had been the one pebble he couldn’t kick aside for so long when they were children, but ever since he trained up he was the insurmountable mountain that didn’t even bother getting in his way.

Izuku charged up his arm with a grin, his veins bulging as he ran over and grabbed a hold of Bakugo’s face and slammed him into the ground. “Man, this brings back memories, right Kacchan?”

He was met by an explosion, sending them a bout 9 feet apart as Bakugo began to try and get hits off on him. Izuku had long since learned about his battle strategies, and the flaw of his quirk, only palm attacks. Dodging inwards he went around the outside his Bakugo’s outstretched arm and threw his elbow into his side, making the boy fly to the side and skid to a halt at the edge of the arena. Coughing up a drop of blood Bakugo began to whisper. “Why… Why’re you getting in my way! YOU FUCKING DEKU!”

He came back just as ferocious as a tiger, but Izuku was unimpressed. Bakugo would probably be fine with taking down any of his other classmates, maybe even a few villains, but he still couldn’t face the truth. “Bakugo, it’s time to face reality. The very simple reality that you seem to be terrified of…”

Grabbing his arm, Izuku swung Bakugo around like a ragdoll before ramming an open palm into his chest with One for All surging through him. “YOU’RE WEAK!”

The fight was over just like that, with Izuku standing triumphantly in the middle of the arena as Bakugo looked down at the line he just crossed with horror. Midnight was quick to subdue him with her smoke, and Izuku sighed in relief knowing that the tournament was over. He didn’t pay attention much as the podium was lifted, the arena was demolished and himself, Bakugo and Todoroki were all situated on their respective pedestals.
Midnight introduced the somewhat early All Might, who handed medals to the two runner-ups and gave them some words of encouragement before going up to Izuku. “My Boy, allow me to congratulate you on a victory hard fought for. Just as you have triumphed over your obstacles, so should we all, and that is a lesson I hope we all can learn from you.”

Izuku nodded, letting him put the medal around his neck before replying sourly. “Can’t celebrate yet Superman… I’ve still got a lot of work to do.”

All Might nodded grimly before turning back to the crowd and royally fucking up his ‘Plus Ultra’ with a ‘Thanks for your hard work!’ . And with that, the games were concluded. As this happened, a certain TV sat in front of a girl in a dark room. If you squinted, you could see various pictures of the boy on the screen cut up in various ways with little hearts and X’s drawn into his eyes. An insane giggling could be heard throughout the room, echoing off the walls along with the sound of a knife grinding against a whetstone. “Oh Izu, Toga-chan’s coming to save you… Just wait my love, I’m coming for you…”

Chapter End Notes

Fairly obvious but I hate writing the tournament arc, never appealed to me in canon, can’t write it myself. Anyways next time we’re getting into the meat of things with our little circle of Daddy Issues, Big Sis and OP Toss. See ya.
Chapter 5: Revenge of the Nomu

The morning after the final two sports festivals was a chaotic one for 1-A. Aizawa had given the announcement of the hero work experiences, and after looking over the board for the requests Izuku was placed at number two behind Todoroki and ahead of Bakugo by about 30. “Damn, that’s a lot…”

Tsuyu nodded from the seat next to him, looking at her spot in 11th. “You have a lot of options Kero, anything in mind?”

Izuku shook his head, wondering about the arrangements considering his tethered state to U.A. “Not quite Frogger, maybe I’ll follow Microwave or Jenga. Can’t handle your stupid face for too long after all.”

She was right on the ball with her response. “And if I had to hear your voice for another week, I’d have to cut out my tongue and stuff my ears with it.”

He smirked down at his desk before Aizawa told them about their hero name choices and introduced Midnight to take them through the proceedings. “If you don’t take this seriously, I might just have to punish you after class.”

They were handed out whiteboards and markers, and Izuku just threw his last name onto the board and waited for the rest of the class to finish. He did his pretty early on, garnering a slightly interested response from most of the class. Sitting back down next to Tsuyu he rubbed his name out with the back of his arm before asking. “Hey, you know what’s up with Eurobeat?”

She nodded, looking over at Iida who was sitting in his usual strict position but obviously troubled based on his furrowed brow. “Ingenium was recently on the news as a casualty from the Hero Killer Stain Kero. Alive, but his hero days are over.”

Izuku frowned, that wasn’t good even by his standards. The class finished, and they were given a packet of files to look over, supposedly full of the information on their requesters. Before they all dispersed, Izuku shouted over to Todoroki who walked over slightly confused. “Midoriya, what do you want?”

The delinquent grinned before asking. “How’d the meeting with your Mom go?”

Todoroki’s eyes widened before relaxing, and he took a seat in the chair opposite him. “It went well, she was… Happy to see me again. The doctors say that she should be able to leave soon, as she knows that I don’t resent her now. How… Are you doing?”

Izuku waved his hand in front of his face. “Aight, just going through life. Anyways, any idea where your going for your week?”

Shoto’s eyes narrowed, saying in a voice full of disdain. “Though I hate him… Endeavour. He’s the number two hero, I can learn a lot from him. Yourself?”

The greenette responded with a dismissive tone. “I dunno, maybe a cute heroine or something. Anyways you said your mom was going to be released soon? My mom called me to ask after her, she’s been worried sick.”
Shoto seemed surprised at the concern. “R-Really...? It would do mom good to have a friend, she didn’t have many even before her marriage. Do you think yours would mind?”

Izuku nodded with a smile, jumping up to his feet. “It’ll do her good as well, tell her to look for the Bolgia bar on google and tell them Izuku sent her, she’ll be welcome. Anyways, I’m heading off. Apparently they’re opening the pool for training now, should be a good enough change of pace.”

His partner also got up, accepting the hand offered to him by Izuku to pull himself vertical. “Midoriya… You seem to be friendlier than usual. Has something changed?”

Izuku shrugged as they began to walk out of the classroom. “I think I just can’t be fucked to go out of my way to hate the class. Or it could be that I’ve finally got direction in life or something equally sappy. Frogger’s pretty fun to chill with, Jenga’s aight as far as her kind goes and you’re probably the only one who can give me a fight in here.”

Todoroki tilted his head and asked. “‘In here’? There’s another one?”

He sighed, scratching the back of his head as he explained. “It’s complicated. She was my only friend for a long time but then I got captured and thrown in here. Unstable but loveable, blonde and hot as anything. She can’t be doing well out there without me, she was barely okay with me.”

Shoto nodded, understanding his struggle. “Hopelessness, you feel as if you have no way to help her. Does this… Does the League of Villains have anything to do with her?”

Izuku gritted his teeth as they left the main building. “Yeah, fuckers are probably messing with her or feeding her lies. She’s getting manipulated, and it’s fucking pissing me off.”

Todoroki let him rant, but when they reached the gates and Izuku’s ankle bracelet began to beep warningly he sighed and said. “Midoriya, I’ll see you tomorrow. And remember…”

He held out his fist semi-confidently, an unsure smile on his face. “If you need some help taking them on… I can help.”

Izuku was surprised by the gesture before bumping his own fist to Todoroki’s, replying to the smile with his own. “You know it, but I get dibs on Handjob. Keep it real Microwave.”

He waved Todoroki off before walking back to his dorm, redressing into the swimming trunks he was supplied with by U.A and went off to the pool. Arriving there he saw three third years, two in the water while another sat in the shade with a book. They all seemed distinctive in their looks, one with a confident smile and a bulky body, another with a slender frame and long blue hair and the other with darting eyes while his dark hair spiked slightly. Jumping down into the water he paid them no mind as he began to swim at a smooth pace.

What he didn’t notice was that the blond boy had begun to recognise him, his smile slowly devolving into a worried frown which only got deeper as his companion approached the first year. “Heya Firstie!”

Izuku was broken from his reverie, hurriedly fixing his posture upright and beginning to float as he asked annoyedly. “Yeah?”

She didn’t seem to notice his irritation as she asked cutely. “You’re that one who won the firsties sports festival right? What’s your quirk? Who do you like most in your class?”

Izuku sighed before replying. “Yes, strength enhancement and prolly Frogger. Anything else Ariel?”
She seemed to blink at the nickname before thrusting her hand out at him in a handshake. “Nejire Hado, Third Year. This is Mirio, and that’s Tamaki.”

The blond boy swam over as Izuku took the hand reluctantly, looking at him appraisingly. “You’re the one Mr Aizawa told us about, the delinquent kid who fought the villains at the USJ. Nice to meet you, the names Mirio Togata.”

Izuku smirked at him appraisingly. “Least Scarfy tells it like it is. Anyways, anything else?”

Nejire pouted at being seemingly ignored and said searchingly. “Hey! What does Ariel mean? And you’re Izuku Midoriya, could’ve at least introduced yourself…”

Tamaki supplied helpfully as he avoided eye contact with Izuku. “I-I think he means like the Little Mermaid Hado…”

She giggled, seemingly bouncing in the water as she said. “I like it! You’re a cute guy Midoriya! In fact… Since you gave me a nickname I’m calling you… Whiny!”

Izuku glared at her with deadpan eyes. “Don’t.”

Mirio laughed at her antics before sobering up and asking curiously. “It’s about time for the work experience for you tadpoles right? Who’re you off to?”

He shrugged before Nejire shouted with apparently no regard for the volume of her voice. “You should come to Ryuko’s! I’ll even tell her to let you in, you could be my sidekick Whiny!”

Izuku mentally noted not to make a point of talking to her in the future. Turning back to Mirio he said. “Not got much clue Triton. Anyways, I’d better get back to my workout.”

Nodding to each other they began to swim again, much to the chagrin of Nejire who’s boundless curiosity made her want to talk more. The sun began to glow red in the sky, and Izuku jumped up onto the side of the pool again while gasping for breath. It had been many hours, and his various muscles were burning differently then after a fight. “That’s new…”

Mirio seemed to have the same idea, jumping up next to him from his lane. “You got that right kiddo, this is always the best part of the year. You know, you don’t seem that bad considering the stories.”

Izuku quirked his eyebrow and asked. “Stories?”

The older boy nodded while ticking them off his fingers. “You and two of the girls going to your dorm for a threesome, you broke a hole in the wall between the boys and girls changing rooms, secretly you and Midnight are having an affair…”

Izuku sighed, rubbing his forehead before saying. “I’ll just confirm that one of those is true. Probably. I’d better get back to my dorm, it’s getting late.”

Mirio waved to him as he left the area, and Izuku noticed that Nejire had vanished while the Tamaki boy was gone as well. Shrugging he continued back to his dorm, setting down in the living room while fingerling through the packet of files. His eyes scanned each one with disinterest, before falling on one that made him pause. Checking the location on his phone, he laid it down before saying to himself. “Oh yes… This’ll be alright.”

*Timeskip, the first day of work experience.*

Izuku knocked heavily on the door of the traditionally Japanese looking building, checking the
address of the building again. He had kept tight lipped about his choice, much to the chagrin of Tsuyu, but apparently this was supposed to be a good enough hero agency in the perfect area. The door slid back, and he was met by a beautiful looking woman in a kimono with 9 tails coming from her back. “Midoriya right? Come in, please.”

He did so, walking past her before she slid the door closed again while he asked. “You’re Kitsune right? Thanks for the invitation.”

She giggled, motioning for him to kneel on a pillow opposite another one as she procured a tea set from a shelf. “It was my pleasure, but I must ask…”

As she set down herself she continued. “Why the Foxfire agency? You must’ve had many more popular and illustrious offers. And I’m certain it must not have just been for little old me.”

Izuku laughed as he set his briefcase aside he had received from Aizawa, who had told him that the bracelet around his ankle would tell them if he was going rogue and where he was. “I know the area’s got some of my classmates around, birds of a feather and all that. Anyways, what would you have me do?”

She finished brewing the tea she had started, pouring both of them a cup before replying. “Please, drink. Once you’re settled in, we can go over your duties and then we can begin our patrol.”

Izuku was slightly offput by her calm demeanour, but drank nonetheless. The green tea was calming, especially after he saw that she too was drinking it calmly. Eventually they had finished, and the heroine began. “Okay, let us begin patrol. Get changed and we may leave.”

She brought out a partition wall, separating both of them before Izuku quickly got changed and affixed his mask. Setting his clothes into his case he removed the wall and Kitsune lead him outside. “Now then, there has been increased activity in this area so I must remind you that we may be fighting. Considering your abilities in the Sports Festival, you should have few problems, but do not underestimate them.”

He knew she didn’t know about his past, but nodded nonetheless. As they walked through the streets of Hosu, Kitsune received a few waves which she returned with a small smile. “Remember Midoriya, this will be your primary reward. Those who benefit directly from your actions always give the sweetest smiles.”

Izuku nodded nonchalantly, instead looking around at the crowd who seemed to be whispering about him. His dark clothes and unnerving mask didn’t inspire much trust it seemed; who could’ve guessed? Eventually she brought them into the darker parts of the area, where her face began to sharpen and her tails began to rhythmically twist in the air. “Come out where we can see you with your hands behind your head.”

He heard a whimpering from around the corner of the next building, before a grovelling man stumbled out with his hands behind his head. “P-P-Please! You gotta get me outta here!”

Kitsune walked forward, roughly grabbing his arms and handcuffing them before giving him a sniff and recoiling in horror. “Cannabis and Refrain, a Class C and A narcotic. Midoriya, cover me.”

He walked over, looking over her back as she began to interrogate him. “Why are you running and what from? Where did you receive these drugs, and who supplied them?”

The man seemed to piss himself as the woman held up sharp fingernails to his throat. “I-I dunno! Local drug lord fella, you probably know ‘im already lady. I’m runnin’ from this crazy broad! She’s
killin’ all sorts round these parts with this fuckin’ giggle!”

Instantly Izuku went alert, twisting around and grabbing him by the throat while pushing Kitsune out of the way. “Where!?”

He screamed before replying. “J-Jus’ r-round here! I swears kid, I dunno!”

The man fell unconscious, and Izuku dropped him before slamming his hand into the wall while prompting a beep from his ankle. Kitsune put a hand on his shoulder, pulling him around to look her in the eyes. “Midoriya, do you know this killer?”

He nodded before replying. “Yeah… Yeah we need to find her now. She’ll kill more and more people if we don’t find her.”

Kitsune nodded before jumping up to the top of the building, her tails seemingly giving her perfect balance as she did so. Izuku followed using One for All, arriving at the top where she seemed to be looking out at the slums. “Let’s go.”

They both began to jump across the rooftops, looking down between the buildings in an effort to locate Toga. Eventually they heard an ear-piercing scream from just below them, and Izuku skidded to a halt before jumping back down. He made a loud thud as he did so, and looked up to see Toga continuously stabbing into a corpse. “T-Toga…”

She looked up with a voracious smile, rubbing the knife to her cheek as she cooed. “Oh Izu… I knew you’d come if I made enough noise. Now come with mama, I’ll take care of…”

Suddenly a black portal appeared beneath her, sending her careening to the abyss as Izuku screamed before attempting to reach her. He was just about to grab her when the portal closed, leaving him in the alley with shocked eyes. “N-No…”

He heard a small woosh behind him. “Midoriya, you found her?”

Izuku looked down at the ground as he responded. “S-She’s gone… They took her again… They did this to lure me out.”

His fists curled, and he felt a pair of arms around his back pull him to his feet. “Come, let us go and make some tea.”

They went back to the hero agency in silence, and Izuku was sat down again as Kitsune brewed some more tea with green leaves before setting it in front of him. “Midoriya, tell me about her.”

He went over what he knew in a small voice, not feeling at all confident in himself. “I-I stayed at her place for a night… And I woke up in a jail cell…”

Kitsune nodded, and Izuku could feel himself calm down slowly. “Don’t worry, that is just the tea. It is worrying that this League of Villains is present in my territory, but it may just be as you said and be a taunt. Don’t let it get to you, you can’t work like that.”

Izuku nodded, sighing as he looked down into the swirling cup. “You’re right… Anyways, is that patrol over or…?”

She nodded, looking at the stylized clock on the wall before saying. “It’s about time for my nightly patrol to begin, you will return home. Arrive here for 8 in the morning tomorrow, I will teach you what I know.”
As he got up to leave, he heard her say. “Do not attempt to follow any traces of this Toga, it will only lead to disaster. Allow us to help. Thank you for your assistance today Midoriya, I look forward to tomorrow.”

He stalled for a moment before continuing out into the daylight, largely ignoring her words as his tracker beeped and announced for him to return to U.A. His train trip was mostly in silence, leaving him to his thoughts and the few pictures he had on his stripped down phone. Mostly it was just a music player, camera and gallery for him now, U.A permitting him that at least. Scrolling through his library he stopped on the few pictures Toga insisted they have together, mostly of them eating at her favourite café and the few of them disguised out in town. It was beautifully nostalgic for him, and as he made his way from the train station to U.A he didn’t keep his eyes up much.

Aizawa greeted him at the gate, noticing his muted appearance as he asked. “Midoriya, what happened?”

Izuku walked past him, asking. “Whaddya care Scarfy? No need to keep up appearances without the chicks running around.”

The teacher fell in step with him. “I’m your teacher, despite our animosity. You’ve got the face of a hero whose just seen death for the first time.”

Izuku laughed quietly as he mulled over the idea. “I’ve seen much more, a sack of blood ain’t throwing me off. It was Toga, she made an appearance the day I arrived at Hosu.”

Aizawa paused in his calmness, almost tripping over himself before replying coolly. “You think she was taunting you?”

The student shook his head, his eyes focusing again as he explained. “The black mist guy from the USJ, I think he pulled her out when I saw her. This was the League, they’re trying to bait me.”

The teacher responded with his usual sharp tongue. “And if it wasn’t?”

Izuku stopped in his tracks, looking up at Aizawa with a glare. “What are you tryna say here Scarfy?”

Aizawa also stopped, not looking back at Izuku as he said into the evening sun. “You’re blinded Midoriya. Some people are bad, always have been and always will. The heroes fight them, the villains give the heroes reasons to fight them and the civilians will side with the heroes. Think about where you’re going to throw your lot in with, it may be the biggest decision of your life.”

He left Izuku seething as he went back to the teachers lounge, where All Might looked at his haggard face worriedly. “Aizawa, are you alright?”

The tired man grabbed his sleeping bag and juice box as he replied. “Talk with Midoriya, he needs a better hand then mine. But I doubt even you’ll manage to get through to him.”

Povchange: League of Villains

Dabi laughed maliciously as Twice flashed the rest of them a thumbs up and a thumbs down simultaneously, announcing. “The clone is dead! It LIVES!”
Shigaraki nodded as he smiled behind his most beloved hand, the plan having gone perfectly. The serum that Master had provided them had worked perfectly, accentuating the clone of Toga’s insanity while conveniently not letting the girl’s real mind suffer the side effects. “GG Twice, that’s sure to prime him for the final phase. He’ll be ours, and those heroes’ I’ll have the sweetest smiles when they realise that friendly fire is on.”

Kurogiri nodded as he continued to clean his already pristine glass. But in another part of the building lay a girl sobbing into a ragged pillow, her arms covered in ragged cuts and bruises. “I’m sorry Izu, I’m sorry… Please, I-I-I need you… I…”

“I miss you…”

Timeskip: Two Days after incident, Afternoon Patrol

Izuku continued to watch as Kitsune handed over a group of muggers to the police, having been taken down by himself and her with minimal effort. Apparently the area they were in was one of the hotbeds for petty crime in the Hosu area, ideal for some stress relief. Some civilians were crowding around them, a small crowd, and were muttering about him it seemed like. “Hey, isn’t that the kid that won the sports festival?” “Yeah, he seems a lot more intimidating with his costume though.” “Wonder what he’s doing in Hosu, maybe that Work Experience thing?”

Turning to the crowd with a quirked eyebrow he pulled down his breathing mask and said aloud. “Look, nothing to see here people.”

An older man said aloud as the crowd didn’t seem to want to disperse. “Sorry sonny, but these ruffians have been causing us a lot of trouble recently. Why, they took my grandsons lunch money just the other week!”

Izuku made a small ‘huh’ as Kitsune began to address the crowd herself. Turning back to the muggers who were busy with the police he walked over and crouched down to the leader’s eye level. “You like stealing from kids do ya? Keep those hands to yourself fuckface, or I’ll have em for myself.”

He yelped in his restraints before Kitsune grabbed him by the back of his collar, pulling him to his feet as she said exasperatedly. “Midoriya, you can’t just threaten people like that…”

Suddenly they were interrupted by the clapping of the crowd, along with a few cheers interspersed amongst them. Turning back, he saw the old man now accompanied by a little boy who was looking at him in awe. He shouted out with a starstruck face. “That was so cool! You really showed ‘em mister!”

Izuku went over and crouched down again, keeping a eye contact with him as he said seriously. “This is not an example, got it?”

He seemed thoroughly cowed, and as Izuku got back up the crowd finished clapping and he shouted out angrily. “Didn’t I say there’s nothing to see!? Scram!”

They all eventually began to leave, a few parting words of thanks to Izuku and Kitsune as they did. The heroine in question came up beside him and asked amusedly. “Not one for the public?”

Izuku shook his head and they began to patrol again, but it appeared their little display had threatened most criminals into silence for the rest of the day. The patrol passed without much more interference, but as they debriefed in the agency both were met by a frantic assistant. “Miss Kitsune! There’s been an attack, it’s those Nomu’s from the USJ incident at U.A!”
They both stood up abruptly, Izuku setting down his cup of tea as he affixed his mask again. Kitsune stopped him as they began to move towards the door. “Midoriya, you can’t possibly come with me this time. Those Nomu things are immensely powerful and…”

He slapped her blocking hand away lightly, saying in a rough voice. “I fought it. I held off that thing, you’re not going to survive without a powerhouse.”

Kitsune ‘tched’ to the side before motioning for her to come with him. She brought out a small transceiver and hit a button, handing it to Izuku. “Take this, we can communicate with other hero agencies in the area.”

Izuku did so, attaching it to his ear as they began to jog towards the now apparent sounds of terror and violence. As they got closer to the area he could hear the transceiver say in a rather static riddled voice. “Calling Foxfire Agency, repeat, calling Foxfire agency.”

Kitsune held a hand up to her transceiver and responded. “This is Kitsune and Trainee Midoriya, approaching battlefield. Manual, what’s the fight status.”

The voice said after a small blast was heard. “We’re taking heavy casualties! We’ve lost two sidekicks, there are three Nomu and we haven’t even dented them yet. Please, get here soon. My own trainee Iida is missing and Endeavour is still enroute.”

Izuku’s eyes widened before he hit the button on his own communicator, responding. “This is Midoriya. Don’t try and fight those Nomu, they’re too strong. Wait for Endeavour an’ just contain them for now cause even All Might had trouble with them. He should be able to char ‘em. I’m going to look for Eurobeat.”

He broke rank with Kitsune, who quickly said through her communicator. “Midoriya! Get back here! We can’t just split up during an operation and…”

Izuku quickly lost interest with the voices, taking the little device and pocketing. Going around the outskirts of the battlefield and looking down into alleyways he didn’t see anything, but he could hear the bloodcurdling scream of Iida from a few jumps away. Approaching, he looked down into the alleyway in question to see someone monologuing as he kept a sword hovered over an incapacitated Iida. “Hey Mosquito!”

Stain looked up to see a boot approaching his face fast, not having time to readjust his footing as Izuku slammed a kick into his face. The villain was sent sprawling, and Izuku looked down to see the blood pouring from Iida’s arm wound. “Shit… Eurobeat, you still with me?”

Iida looked up with immense effort and said angrily. “Midoriya, what are you doing here!? This is my fight, my vengeance!”

Izuku looked back up at Stain, not letting his eyes leave his opponent as he replied snarkily. “And you’re Space Jam’s dildo, fucking sue me. Now’s not the time, can you move?”

He shook his head, and Izuku gritted his teeth as he spied the pro hero also lain paralysed to the side. Directly addressing Stain, Izuku asked. “So, you with the League?”

Stain stood back up, rubbing the blood from the corner of his mouth as he said angrily. “No! Those fools don’t understand what I fight for, the future I want! The future without actors, the future where children don’t look up to posers!”

He rushed forward with a knife, and Izuku was easily able to dodge it but didn’t see the katana coming in for a swipe at his side. It glanced against his side, cutting him shallowly, and it may have
made its way back to Stain if Izuku didn’t manage to grab the blade and toss it to the side. “Jesus fucking Christ, that stings like a bitch. Granted, it’s pretty much a love bite compared to her, but can’t blame a guy for trying. Now then…”

Izuku pulled out his pocket knife from his holster, brandishing it at Stain. “You’ve shown me yours, let’s show you mine.”

They began to fight with their knives, Stain monologuing about fake heroes the entire time until eventually Izuku was able to get a moments respite for them to breathe. “You really don’t stop talking, do you? Look, I’m not a fucking hero, so don’t talk to me about fakers.”

Stain took pause, saying in confusion. “Yet you are a student at U.A? They allow in non-heroic children!? Why not leave!? Why must you taint my future further!? WHY MUST YOU TAUNT ME!!?”

Izuku was about to lunge forward with his knife, but as he did so he heard the telltale sound of ice coming from the rooftops. Grinning savagely, he shouted aloud. “Because it means I get to fight fuckers like you. Microwave, hit it!”

Stain was surprised by the mass of ice slamming down on him from the rooftop, and as Todoroki appeared Izuku ran over to greet him. “Good shit Microwave, what brings you to my little nook of the woods?”

Todoroki smiled at him before asking as they looked at the block of ice that encompassed Stain. “I heard the commotion as I passed, good to see you Midoriya. Will that hold him? And that cut looks bad Midoriya, you should go…”

Izuku held up his knife as the ice block began to crack, and as the entire thing collapsed, he quickly pummelled him into the ground until he was sure the villain was unconscious. Standing up tiredly he felt Todoroki come over to support him, holding a freezing hand to his cut. “Midoriya! Are you okay? What was that?”

The greenette flipped his knife closed as he limped over to the wall, leaning against the wall as he kept a hand on his cut. “Can’t keep him awake, we can’t contain ‘im. Wait, let me just…”

Taking out the communicator from his pocket he held it up to his ear and hit the ‘All Channels’ button. “Hey, this is Midoriya. We’ve got three wounded, a Todoroki and Stain here.”

The reply came much faster then he had expected. It was Kitsune, who obviously sounded frazzled. “Midoriya! Okay, that’s big. We’re on our way, we’ve got a tracker in that communicator so don’t lose it, have you got Iida?”

Izuku responded with an affirmative, but as he set the communicator down, he looked over to Iida who was busy bandaging his arm wound. “How you are holding up Eurobeat?”

Iida gritted his teeth as he pulled the cloth tight. “I don’t care about that, what I want to know is why you said that in the fight. You’re not a hero?”

Izuku nodded, his mouth quirked open in a smile as he held his hand to the cut. “Well look at Sherlock here, what a legend. It’s not a fucking secret I was forced into U.A.”

Todoroki and Iida were silent, they had a suspicion, but the confirmation was… Well they didn’t know what it was. After a few minutes the pro hero was free to move, but Kitsune and a small entourage had appeared. “Midoriya! Native!”
She ran over, kneeling down next to Izuku as she brought out a roll of bandages and began to work on his cut. “Damnit kid, I told you to stop but you just had to go and be a hero. Look at yourself!”

Izuku laughed as he cringed as the pain began to escalate. “Well, didn’t know you cared so much. Someone go get Mosquito there, he’ll be up soon enough.”

The heroes went to detain Stain, and Kitsune began to ferry the three in-trainings out of the area. As they walked out, Izuku heard a loud squawk and turned upwards to see a Nomu racing down at him from the air. It was different to the purple one, it had wings and talons that looked like they could rip steel. Charging One for All he quickly shouted to Todoroki. “Guard up!”

Jumping at the Nomu as his bandages ripped, Todoroki made an ice wall to separate them and the Nomu. Izuku managed to wrangle himself up and onto the Nomu’s back, breathing raggedly as his injury was exacerbated. Slamming a powerful blow down into the Nomu’s back, it screamed as they were sent hurtling down to the ground. Izuku was sent rolling, and as he slammed into the wall of the building closest he bit down on his lip as his wound was torn right open.

Looking up at the Nomu he saw that it was busy being incinerated by the newly-arrived Endeavour, who seemed to take great pleasure in the act and sighed in relief. All he could hear now were the sounds of panicking heroes and all he could smell was roasting villain.

Delicious.

*Timeskip: The Hospital*

Izuku yawned as he walked out into the morning sun on the day of his discharge, accompanied by both Aizawa and his mother. She had been insistent on staying with him during his three-day home recovery period but U.A had disallowed it, while Aizawa came along for appearances. “Hey Scarfy, do you mind if I head and get a drink?”

Aizawa looked down at him with a deadpan glare as Inko cuffed him on the back of the head. “We’ll head to Bolgia, but no drinking. The doctor told us that you can’t take alcohol while on your medication Izuku.”

He groaned before nodding. “Fine. You comin’ too Teach?”

Aizawa shrugged and nodded. “You’ll need a chaperone anyways, and I doubt you’d back down.”

Izuku could see that he was obviously hiding his true purpose for coming along but didn’t care enough to ask as they piled into Inko’s car and drove off towards the bar. When Izuku arrived, he heard the bar go silent as they stood outside. “They knew we were comin’?”

Inko smiled down at him, motioning for him to go inside. “Just head in you little terror.”

Opening the door he could see that everyone was watching the door intently, and after an instant a large cheer erupted. They all began to leap up to pat his back, congratulating him on his discharge and the fight. Eventually he was free to sit down and was shocked to see Tsuyu and Todoroki sitting at the bar with a seat open next to them. “You guys, what’re you doing here?”

Todoroki motioned over to the table that usually seated Heather, and Izuku could see the addition of a tall, white haired woman sipping a heavily iced drink. “I heard about the plans to bring you hear, thought I’d join in. I never heard about Asui though.”

The girl in question grabbed Izuku into a hug as he sat down, catching him off guard as she said. “I was worried Kero. I asked where you were, and your mom let me come here for the meet Kero.”
Izuku grinned and ruffled her hair, flagging down the bartender who slid across a semi-familiar drink. “Low-Alcohol Orange Juice, just how you used to take it. Good to have you back kiddo.”

He raised the glass in a salute to the man and took a deep drink, sighing in pleasure at the familiar bite. “Damn that’s good… Thanks. Anyways, what’s the situation like? How’s your internships going?”

Tsuyu told him about the big smuggling bust that had sent her home early on holiday, and Todoroki explained how the police had covered up the Stain incident by framing the victors as the heroes that showed up. Izuku scoffed and drank, muttering. “Damn idiots, woulda got me a chance to tell the League to fuck ‘emselves…”

Suddenly the door opened again, and everybody turned to see who had entered considering their entire patronage was already there. Izuku was surprised to see Momo standing awkwardly looking behind the door as she asked to the silent masses. “U-Um, is Izuku Midoriya here?”

He got up and walked over to her curiously. “Jenga? The hell’d you find this place? Wait… Yeah just come in, it’ll be fine.”

She walked in alongside him to the stares of most of the older men, who were quickly shot down when Izuku barked out. “She’s underage you fuckin’ low lifes!”

Most of them muttered disappointedly as they went back to their drinks, and Izuku let Momo sit up on his old barstool as he grabbed his drink while asking. “What’re you doing here? Never thought you’d find this place.”

Momo explained in a meek voice. “W-Well, I kinda asked Mr Aizawa if I could see you and he told me to come here… Are you okay Izuku? You seemed really beat up.”

Izuku looked over to Aizawa, and suddenly he realised why he seemed so okay with going to Bolgia. From his lone table he was looking over at Inko with a certain eye that made him laugh uncontrollably. “Holy shit… That’s a scandal and a half… Yeah, seems about right. I’m doing fine Momes, it was just a bad scrape, nothing more. How’re you doing?”

The four continued to talk until the day turned to midday, and Aizawa went over to inform them. “Midoriya, it’s time to return to U.A. You three had better disperse before I report you for being in an 18+ area.”

Izuku scoffed as they all got up. “You want to make my mom an 18+ area, amirite Frogger?”

He held up his hand, which she promptly high-fived as per the laws of bro despite the lacklustre quality of the burn. They all went over to the door, and as Izuku was prepared to leave he saw Heather motioning him over. Walking over he was about to ask what was wrong when she held a finger to her lips and showed him a picture on her phone. It was the four of them, all laughing at something from just about 10 minutes ago. “I’m glad you’ve got some friends Izu, you’re so much happier with them.”

She pulled him in for a hug, which he reciprocated with a good-natured groan as he replied. “Well thanks for the vote of confidence Aunt. I’ll see you around, aight?”

Heather nodded, and Izuku went back over to Aizawa while saying goodbye to the rest of the bar. The children dispersed, all refusing the offered rides from Inko as Izuku got into the car along with Aizawa and they went back to U.A, where Izuku was greeted by All Might. “My boy! You seem to have had quite the adventure! Now, come along and we can discuss your situation.”
Inko grabbed Izuku’s shoulder as he was about to follow All Might, turned him around and grabbed him for a hug. “Izuku... Just, take it easy, okay? I can’t deal with seeing you like that again...”

He smiled at her, pulling back as he said. “Okay... Love ya mom.”

Nodding to Aizawa as well, Izuku followed All Might away and towards a conference room, mostly in silence. Eventually they reached it, and as Izuku sat down he saw that All Might had deflated with a heavy sigh of relief. “You are doing okay?”

All Might grinned as he sat down, and Izuku spied a tea making set on a cabinet and quickly grabbed it and set it down in front of them. “Quite alright my boy, it does these old bones a service when I get to sit down though. As I recall you went to the Foxfire agency for your work experience? I assume this is where the tea is coming from.”

Izuku nodded, going through the motions of making the tea for the two of them as he had been taught by Kitsune. “Old Hag loved her tea, but it’s good. Anyways, why’d you bring me up here?”

The teacher leaned forward, his brow furrowing as he asked. “As I understand it, you’ve seemingly ‘mellowed out’ recently. I must ask... Are you partaking in drugs?”

Izuku nearly dropped the water scoop but shook his head as he responded in a no-nonsense tone. “I’ve seen the shit people have gone through on some of the junk being pedalled. The one that scared me off was Refrain, you heard of it?”

They both fell silent, thinking about the accursed red liquid that went around the criminal underworld. All Might had seen many people fall to the drug, men, women and even troubled youths and it frightened him. It was reported to dredge up the best memories of a person, the happiest and most fulfilling, and put them on loop in a person’s head. “I have. It is good to see that you are so aware of the dangers. So, if you are not on drugs, what is it? Do you finally believe heroics are the way forward?”

Izuku shook his head again, serving the tea and taking a quick sip. “Don’t get me wrong Superman, you’re still all pieces of shit for whisking me away in the night. But I got a taste of fighting the League, a real taste. I did damage, that’s all that matters.”

All Might frowned, before taking a sip of his tea and smacking his lips in approval. “Stellar tea, as to be expected of Kitsune. But that is not a healthy mentality my boy.”

He was cut off by Izuku raising his eyebrow and asking. “So what’ve the heroes done to stop the League? Name one thing in the past months I’ve been stuck in here.”

That sent All Might for a loop. It was true that they hadn’t made any offensive moves against the League of Villains, instead making sure U.A was secure. “I… Well...”

Izuku scoffed, slightly disgusted but not surprised. “You’re fucking kidding me. What was that one saying, ‘Prevention is better than treatment’?”

All Might nodded, accepting the argument as a lost cause. “That is correct, yes. If we had the information we would have taken down the League of Villains months ago, but we don’t have any.”

Izuku sighed and finished his tea, standing up as he did so. “You should start thinking about spies, moles and the like. They’re looking for ways into U.A, so why not feed ‘em a bone laced in poison?”

He left All Might in that room, walking back down and out towards the dorms. He could see some
upperclassmen walking around, and he was suddenly blindsided by none other then Mirio and his
two companions. “Hey Midoriya! You were at Hosu right?”

Trying to stave off his headache he turned to see Hado holding a phone right up to his face, showing
him on top of the Nomu on a paused video on Youtube. It had over 4 million views already it
seemed. “That was so cool! You were like ‘Blam!’ and it was like ‘Ohhh Nooooo’ and then it was
like ‘Pah-BOOM!’ and…”

Izuku was so close to snapping when Mirio pulled her back, an approving smile on his face. “That
was a pretty good hit right there Kiddo. Not to mention a right big ol’ pair on ya!”

He waved off the boy, intent on getting back to his dorm as soon as possible. “Yeah yeah, thanks for
the kind words and all but I’m very tired and…”

Hado immediately wrapped an arm around his shoulder, pulling him towards the U.A building while
declaring. “Let’s celebrate! My sidekick kicked some Nomu butt!”

Izuku was stopped from charging One for All to send the girl flying by the quiet boy who
accompanied them, saying nervously. “U-Um, Hado, he really should be getting to h-his dorm to
rest…”

He had never felt gratitude quite like the feeling he had for the boy as Hado let him go, pouting
cutely as she declared. “Fine, but we’re gonna get ice cream!”

Izuku nodded dismissively as he walked back to his dorm, passing by the boy who saved him and
whispering. “You’re a real fuckin’ hero man, thanks.”

He didn’t see his reaction as he went back to his dormitory, grabbed a soda after hovering over a
beer for a moment and kicked up his feet. As he did so, he looked over the coffee table and saw one
of his discarded notebooks lying on the desk. Grabbing one he flipped through it, looking over them
with a nostalgic smile as he saw the various notes that he had scribbled that had been taken from
Laura’s fighting lessons. ‘Nothing wrong with looking over the basics now and again…”

Chapter End Notes

I'm going to have a lot of fun with Aizawa x aloof Inko, so much. Hope you enjoyed,
review and all that.
Izuku leaned back in his chair as the class crowded around him, bugging him about the video that went viral involving him and the Nomu. Tsuyu and Momo had tried to keep them from bugging him, but he waved them off and explained it shortly. He was still aching in the side, but if push came to shove, he could probably fight someone. Uraraka and some of the other more concerned members of their class fussed over his injury, it was… Familiar to him, almost like his first few times fighting by himself and coming back to Bolgia with cuts and bruises.

Eventually Aizawa walked in, and they all had to go to their seats. He seemed even more tired than usual as he went through the motions of homeroom before setting down his papers and saying. “It’s nearly time for the Final Exams for this term, I hope you have all been studying?”

Izuku smirked, knowing that he absolutely hadn’t. Looking around he saw that Ashido, Kaminari and a few others were visible scared at the prospect. Aizawa announced the date of the exams, before the first class of Mathematics began with Ectoplasm at the helm. By the time lunch rolled around, Izuku could hear the class squabbling over how utterly screwed they were when it came to the final exams. Leaning back, he looked over to Tsuyu who was watching them as well and said. “You ready for these things? Cause I ain’t.”

She smiled as she put her books away in her bag, stating with a small glimmer of pride. “I hope so Kero, these are pretty important. Do you want help studying Kero?”

Izuku scoffed and replied. “Yeah, as if knowing fucking parabolas is going to help in heroics.”

He heard a small scoff of laughter and turned to see Bakugo hastily trying to hide his mouth. “Well at least you’re on the same page, eh Kacchan?”

Ignoring Bakugo, who was fervently trying to stay out of his way he turned back to Tsuyu and said. “Well, I won’t turn it down if you’re offering. Wanna come by my place or something?”

She shrugged, before they were suddenly greeted by an enthusiastic looking Momo with a glint in her eyes. “You two! How about you? Do you want to join our intra-class fully encompassing study session?”

Izuku looked over to the teacher’s podium before sighing and replying. “Sorry, doubt it’d be possible.”

Her face fell, and she said in a meek stutter as he shoulders drooped. “O-Oh, okay…”

He managed to stealthily flick her forehead, making her yelp as he replied with an amused smile. “Not ‘cause I don’t want to; it’s ‘cause I can’t.”

Momo seemed to regain her spark as Tsuyu agreed to come along, and Izuku smiled at the two as they walked back to the group of other students to make arrangements. Getting up from his seat he made his way down to the dorms and was surprised at the sight of his mother standing in the kitchen cooking. “Mom? What’re you doing here?”

She turned back to him and smiled at him welcomingly, “Hey Izuku, I was just in the area and I thought I’d come in and make lunch for my little man. How’s classes?”
Izuku replied that they were fine, and as he set down his bag and went over to help her out. As he was frying up the meats, he heard a banging on the door along with the unfortunately familiar voice of Hado. “Open up in there Whiny! This is the FBI!”

Inko looked over at him confusedly, and he shook his head along with running a finger across his lips to indicate silence. “WINDOWS ARE A THING WHINY, LEMME IN!”

He groaned before turning down the heat on his pan and going over to let Hado, along with Mirio and Tamaki, inside. “You three don’t have anything better to do then stalking a first year?”

Mirio laughed, clapping him on the back as he replied jovially. “Nejire doesn’t, and we don’t have anything better to do then follow Nejire. How’re you doin’ kiddo?”

Izuku was slightly overwhelmed as Hado constantly tried to get his attention, before they could hear a knife slam into a chopping board. They all turned to Inko, who had made the noise and was now glaring at them. “It is bad manners not to introduce yourselves children.”

Mirio gulped as he stepped back from Izuku, replying. “A-Ah yeah. Mirio Togata, upperclassman. This’ Tamaki and that’s Nejire, we’re the top three at U.A. She’s taken a liking to Izuku, sorry about that.”

Suddenly her personality went back to her motherly self, saying happily. “Oh it’s so nice to see Izuku has such illustrious friends! I’m his mother, Inko Midoriya. Here, let us make lunch for you all and you can all sit down.”

Izuku sighed and motioned for them all to take a seat at the dining table, which was thankfully large enough to accommodate the entire of 1-A. They all did, thanking Inko as they did while Izuku went back over to add more food to another pan. “So, you all good?”

They all replied happily, Tamaki quieter then the others as usual, and soon enough plates laden with food sat in front of them all. The big three said thanks before digging in, and Mirio was quick to declare. “This is good stuff! You two pro cooks or something?”

Inko waved him off embarrassedly as Izuku replied truthfully. “I’ve had to cook my fair share of meals, eventually you get bored of bad food. Anyways, looks like final exams are coming up. You guys ready?”

Nejire and Mirio began to laugh nervously as Tamaki sighed, replying. “These two haven’t studied at all for them, I’m going to have to tutor them.”

He laughed along with them as he responded. “I’ve not done so much myself…”

Suddenly he felt a murderous intent beside him and turned to see his mother’s knife in her hand bent from her grip. “I hope you have a plan for that then.”

Izuku panickily tried to alleviate her worries by telling her that the classes weren’t that challenging, but it seemed to do little. Eventually Tamaki spoke up nervously. “I-I can test him if you’d like…”

Inko suddenly regained her happy demeanour as she replied happily. “Oh, that would take such a burden of my shoulders! Thank you young man, such a responsible upperclassman…”

She returned to her food, and Tamaki flashed him a shaky thumbs up that Izuku replied to with a grateful nod. Eventually they finished up, and Inko stood up and grabbed her handbag. “Well it was lovely meeting you all, but I had better get going. Love you Izuku! Tell your friends I said hi would you?”
Izuku nodded along, waving to her as she left and closed the door behind her. He let out a deep sigh of relief as he was home clear, and Mirio said amusedly. “Man, your mom’s scary! I can see where you get it from Kiddo.”

He nodded before grabbing his phone and checking the time. “Looks like lunch has about 10 minutes left. Thanks for the assist there Sebastian.”

Tamaki smiled back nervously, saying a nervous ‘You’re welcome.’ As Mirio and Nejire got up. “Man, thanks for the food Whiny! Have a good one, ‘kay?”

The Big Three funnelled out, all saying their respective thanks and goodbyes as Izuku went back to his fridge and grabbed a beer. Ripping off the cap he downed half of it in a single gulp, finishing it off in the second with a breath of relief. “God, I hate that woman…”

Throwing the bottle into the bin he went to grab his bag and went back up to the classroom, falling into his seat as the rest of the class funnelled in. Modern Hero Art began, and Izuku fell into his lull of absent-mindedly doodling on his page. But before he knew it, the day of the final exams were upon them…

*Timeskip: The Day of the Practical Exams*

Class 1-A stood outside the specialised testing facility of U.A, designed to let all observers see the fights of the exams. They were faced by the entirety of the U.A teaching staff, all silent as Nezu explained the parameters of the practical exam. Izuku was already thinking about how to defeat each of the teachers, and his eyes were immediately drawn to All Might. It would make sense for him to fight him, but how to fight him…

Eventually the lots were drawn, and Izuku wasn’t surprised to see All Might as his opponent against himself and Katsuki. The class was dismissed, and the first pair was taken away. He and Katsuki didn’t speak at all, instead taking glances at each other across the room as they slowly waited for their turn. It came to their turn, and they were taken on the shuttle car operated by a drone to the training ground. As they waited outside, Izuku said reluctantly. “Look, we’re gonna need to work together for this thing. All Might isn’t a push over, we need a plan.”

Katsuki looked over to him, his usual skittishness absent as he responded. “Then what is it?”

Izuku nodded, looking out into the city street as he said. “All Might isn’t going to let us split up, he knows we’d try that. You up for a ride?”

Bakugo’s eyes widened, and as the siren blared Izuku kneeled on one knee. “Get on, I’m going to give us some height. Give us speed.”

Katsuki did so awkwardly, gritting his teeth at the juvenile position before Izuku launched them into the air using One for All. They began to speed through the air using Katsuki’s explosions, and Izuku could spy All Might winding up an attack. “Fuck… Get to the exit!”

Izuku let go of Katsuki, falling down and narrowly missing the pressure blast sent by All Might. He rolled out on top of the roof he was on but wasn’t given respite as All Might simply jumped up next to him. “Why, hello there young Midoriya! What was that saying you youngsters love so much, ‘Let’s dance’?”

Immediately All Might struck out at him, the Hyperdensity Weights on his arms slowing the blow somewhat allowing Izuku to get out of the way and push himself to his feet. “Not playing around, eh Superman? Well then…”
Izuku went on the offensive, trying to get a blow in on All Might to no avail. The man was obviously used to fights, no surprise there, but Izuku was surprised just how masterfully he managed to avoid his attacks despite the weights. Suddenly a fist rammed itself into his side, and Izuku was sent rolling. He coughed heavily as he wobbly got back to his feet, looking at All Might who seemed to keep his eyes cast to the ground. “You doin’ alright there old man?”

All Might rumbled out a laugh, making Izuku laugh in turn before they went back at their flurried fight. Izuku continued to get pummelled, but soon enough he heard the bell ring and sighed in relief before getting slammed into the ground by All Might. “Wait… The fuck Superman!?”

Suddenly he heard the announcer say. “Due to the fully divided nature of the battle, Midoriya has been declared killed by the villain. Exam over.”

As the adrenaline wore off, and he felt himself fall unconscious, he saw All Might’s regretful face staring down at him. “Motherfucker…”

He was awoken by the bright light of the nurse’s office, blinking away the sleep as he sat up. Izuku could only see Recovery Girl sitting in her chair, nobody else in sight. “Hey, Doc, what happened?”

She turned around with a disinterested look. “You failed your final exam by suicidal tactics, idiot boy… Multiple broken bones, dislocations and a medium level concussion, but my quirk healed it fairly early. Classes are over, the rest of your class has gone home.”

Izuku gritted his teeth, looking down at his bandaged arms in slight disgust. “Damn it… Lookin’ forward to getting out to that summer camp as well… Aight, thanks Doc.”

She nodded, going back to her paperwork as he walked out of the ward with his bag that had been perched on the chair adjacent to his bed. As he went down to the dorm system, his thoughts mostly blank, he saw Katsuki leaning against a wall obviously waiting for him. “Hey Kacchan, whadja want?”

Katsuki stood up and walked over to him, saying angrily. “I had to fucking run, that’s not my style. And look where it got us, me barely passing and you failing.”

Izuku wasn’t really in the mood for a rant from a boy with his pride hurt and grabbed his head before the blond could react. “Look, you won ‘cause you followed orders and I lost cause of a shitty strategy. Stop bitching about winning and go tell your mom that I said hi, whine to Sharkweek.”

Pushing him to the side, Izuku continued to his dorm where he saw Momo, Tsuyu and Todoroki waiting for him on the couch. Tsuyu instantly rocketed over to him, wrapping him in a hug from the waist while declaring. “That was stupid Kero! You could’ve been seriously injured.”

He laughed, slightly winded from the hit as he set her down next to Todoroki. “No I wouldn’t, anyways, how’d you all do?”

Tsuyu announced her victory, while Todoroki and Momo detailed how they were able to overcome Aizawa. After they were finished, Izuku noticed that Momo seemed to be avoiding his eyes as well as Todoroki who said semi-innocently. “Oh yeah, didn’t you say we should think of how Midoriya would approach the situation?”

Momo fervently tried to deny the allegation as Tsuyu and the boy in question laughed lightly. Izuku went over to the fridge as he called over his shoulder. “Hey Microwave, Jenga! You wanna beer?”

Todoroki blinked before nodding as Momo shook her head, obviously disapproving of the alcohol. He grabbed two beers and two sodas, going over and handing the two beers to Tsuyu and Todoroki.
as he quickly capped the sodas with his bare hands and handed one to Momo. “Um, Izuku, aren’t you going to drink?”

He smirked at her lightly as he said in a show-offs voice. “I have seen the error of my ways fair maiden! I’ll abstain from alcohol and live a secular life! Nah, I’m just going to let you play sober friend at the start, I’ll probably drink later.”

She nodded to him, her cheeks flushing as he raised his bottle. “To you three beautiful bastards who did what I couldn’t. Cheers!”

Three cheers replied to his own, and they began the night. They had all assured him that they were allowed to stay, but didn’t give their reasons for wanting to stay. As the night progressed, Momo noticed that Izuku had only joined in on the alcohol for a single drink before going back to soda. While Tsuyu was busy snuggling into Todoroki’s fire side in her stupor, making the boy blush immensely, Momo asked curiously. “Izuku, are you feeling alright?”

He looked over to her and nodded, his eyes unfocused as he replied. “Yeah, just thinking… Never had much to celebrate.”

She seemed to be emboldened, shuffling over to him and giving him a concerned look. “You mean like academics?”

Izuku shook his head, looking down at the few scars that littered his hands. “Well, I’ve taken down my fair share of criminals. It’s just that… Every time I tried to get excited about something two fucked up tragedies took it’s place…”

Momo listened intently, before hesitantly wrapping her arm around his shoulders much to his surprise. “W-Well, we’ll help you then. That’s what f-friends are for, right?”

Izuku waited for a moment, before looking up at her with a remorseful grin. “Thanks for the support, but I don’t think I could drag you all into my shitty life. Too many loose ends, too many people I’ve killed…”

He was interrupted by Todoroki, who said conclusively. “You don’t have to involve these two, but remember what I said? Any time you go and fight the League, I will fight with you.”

Izuku cast his eyes down as Momo watched the encounter intently. Eventually he nodded, went up, grabbed another two beers and threw one over to the other boy. “That’s fucking right man. Don’t need to get the princesses involved. We’ll take down the fucking League ourselves if we have to!”

They both grinned, cranked their drinks together before taking a deep drink. Momo pouted at getting left out, Tsuyu following suit despite not knowing what direction up was, but she didn’t interrupt. It was obvious they had a pact of some kind, maybe something that bound them. Perhaps the Stain incident, she mused.

Eventually Izuku saw the time and sighed as he realised that the rest of them had better get going. “Hey, guys…”

Turning around he saw that Tsuyu and Todoroki had fallen asleep against each other, obviously drunk into a coma. Sighing he turned to Momo, who was busy fashioning a blanket for the two. “Hey, you got a way home?”

She shook her head shamefully, explaining. “I-I can’t walk alone at night, and all the transports are over now… I would walk, but I’ve had to fend off a few guys…”
Izuku gritted his teeth in disgust, before saying reluctantly. “It’ll be fine, you can crash here. Want my bed?”

She shrieked slightly at the prospect, before shaking her head and saying embarrassedly. “I-It’ll be fine, I can take the sofa… Oh…”

Momo obviously remembered Todoroki and Tsuyu had taken it, and the chairs were completely trashed with bottles and stains. “U-Um…”

Izuku sighed in exasperation and said. “Just take my bed, honestly. I won’t make you sleep on the floor y’know.”

She gulped before nodding, allowing herself to be lead up to his room where he motioned redundantly to his immaculately kept bed. “Just fall in it when your ready, bathroom’s at the end of the corridor.”

Izuku promptly fell into his desk chair, grabbing his phone and scrolling through it absentmindedly. Momo watched him nervously, before going over to the bathrooms, making a pair of pyjamas and eventually walking back to see that he had fallen asleep at his desk. She smiled down at his sleeping form, looking at his back muscles made obvious by his shirt subconsciously as she made a blanket for him. “Sleep tight…”

She got into the bed, now engulfed by the scent she had come to associate with him and suddenly blushing again. “I-I’m sharing a room with him! Oh god, what do I do I’m going to… I could have just made a sleeping bag!”

Quickly banishing the idea from her mind, she got comfortable and tried to fall asleep as fast as she could to avoid her embarassment. But as the night progressed, she couldn’t help but sneak peaks of his sleeping face, so at peace with a hint dormant curiosity that she nearly couldn’t recognise him. Her vision faded to black, but a smile was plastered on her face the entire time.

*Timeskip: Morning*

Momo blinked awake, hearing the sound of a scratching pencil from next to her. Peering out sleepily, she spotted a green haired figure looking at her with a pencil and paper in hand. Suddenly she noticed the rest of the room, and instantly began to panic as she remembered the night before. Throwing the cover off herself like it had burned her, she heard Izuku say coyly. “Finally awake, eh Momes? Anyway, it’s Saturday so you can chill.”

She looked up at him as if he saw stupid, asking incredulously. “Aren’t you worried about the impropriety of the situation!? W-Why, this is a scandal waiting to happen!”

Izuku scoffed, handing over the page which made her take it curiously and flip it around to see what he was doing. Momo could see herself, tucked into the bed with a nice, peaceful smile and cute position holding a pillow in a hug. “Don’t worry about it, aight? Come on, Tsu and Todoroki are already awake.”

He walked out of the room, and Momo was left in embarrassed silence. Eventually she managed to take her eyes off the page and walked downstairs to see a dead-looking Tsuyu and Todoroki sipping coffees in their wrinkled school uniforms. “G-Good Morning you two…”

They waved back like zombies, and she could see Izuku plate up four dishes of meat. Handing them over to each respective person, they thanked him, and they began to eat. They had forgotten to have dinner the night before, and Momo noticed just how hungry she was. As she set her clean plate
down, she suddenly realised something and turned to Izuku worriedly. “A-Are you going to be able to afford all of this? I-I can easily pay for the expenses…”

Izuku laughed at the idea, sipping his own coffee before replying. “I’ve got a basics allowance from U.A, and I’ve been sitting on a bunch of money from fights and the like. I get my stuff from my aunt Heather, ’s how I get my beer and stuff since I can’t leave the campus. Besides, you guys get a free pass since I won’t be able to chill with you at camp.”

Momo nodded in understanding, slightly saddened by the news that he wouldn’t be able to join them. “O-Oh… Well, we can go somewhere when camp’s over!”

Izuku laughed at her exuberance as Tsuyu and Todoroki complained at the noise. He looked over to them in slight concern and asked. “Hey, you guys want to chill until lunchtime and sober up?”

They nodded, walking over to the sofa and falling over onto it and promptly began to nap. Izuku smirked at them, before turning to Momo and asking. “How’re you getting home? Limo, jetpack?”

She pouted at his teasing before replying. “I’ll call my butler, she’ll come and pick me up. Would you like some help cleaning up?”

Izuku waved her off, going over to a drawer and grabbing a bin liner with a sigh. “Nah, I’ll handle it. You sit your pretty little ass down or go and get dressed, aight?”

Momo blushed at his complement to her behind, rushing out of the room before she could retort and going to the bathroom where she had left her clothes and getting dressed as she tried to stop her heart from racing. Eventually she managed to text her butler, telling her to come to U.A to pick her up.

After taking a quick detour to Izuku’s room to clean up, she walked downstairs to see that Izuku had pretty much finished clearing away the bottles and was looking at the stains with distain. “Here, this should get it.”

She made a bottle of liquid and pushed it into his hands, avoiding his eyes as he tried the bottle on the stains and rubbed them with his rag. They instantly transferred over to the cloth, and he grinned savagely. “Thanks, Jenga, those things were fucking annoying. Mind if I keep this stuff?”

Momo nodded fervently, replying. “W-Well my maid’s asked if they could get a high-quality cleaner so I learned how to make it and a spray bottle and…”

He laughed her off, setting the bottle down on the counter as he saw down on the now stainless chair. “Don’t worry about it, take a seat.”

As she did, they were surprised by Aizawa walking into the dorm and taking a sniff. “Midoriya, have you been drinking?”

Aizawa seemed to notice the other three, and rubbed his head in frustration. “Never mind… Of course, you have. You can’t just keep people in the dorms if they haven’t signed up for it.”

Momo seemed intreagued, but Izuku replied flippantly. “They stayed, wasn’t me. What brings you here Scarfy?”

He quickly checked over Tsuyu and Todoroki, before turning around and addressing the two of them. “Your mother has asked for you to be allowed off campus for a part of the summer. We’re giving you two weeks of daylight times to roam, aside from the summer camp times.”

Izuku seemed amused at the statement, asking. “Um, everything okay up there? I failed Scarfy, I
ain’t heading on this magical bus ride.”

He could see Momo lowering her head in the corner of his eye, before Aizawa said tiredly. “You will all be on the trip, but your remedial lessons will occur parallel to them. Be ready for a week of pure hell.”

Momo perked back up, smiling at Izuku to which he replied with his own. “Well, that’ll be a pain in the ass… Alright, thanks for the info Teach. Anything else?”

He got up, dusted himself off and left without another word, making Izuku mutter ‘Dick…’ under his breath which made Momo giggle. “Hey… D-During those two weeks, let’s get together. J-Just the tw-four of us!… Let’s go somewhere, maybe… Um…”

Izuku nodded, cutting her off as he leaned back in his seat. “Yeah… Sounds nice… Hey Momo, I need to ask you something.”

She listened intently, wondering what he had to say. He was obviously contemplative of whatever was going through his mind. “If you ever meet a friend of mine, Himiko Toga… You reckon you could teach her how to be a normal girl?”

Momo had many questions going through her mind, mostly ones along the lines of ‘Who is she to you?’, but as she tried to ask, he held up his hand to stop her. “Momo, please…”

She swallowed her pride, nodding. He seemed to deflate in relief, and as her phone buzzed to tell her that her butler had arrived, he said. “Thanks… You have no idea how much that means to me… Now you get going, I’ll see ya Monday Jenga, thanks for the company.”

Momo nodded, her heart calming down as she leaned over hesitantly to him and wrapped her arms around his torso. Quickly retracting from the impromptu hug, she quickly rushed out while shouting a goodbye across her shoulder. Izuku wouldn’t know it, but she did so while fiddling with the page containing the picture of her in her pocket. It wasn’t much, but it was evidence…

Evidence that he had a soft side, and she would save it.

Meanwhile, In the League of Villains base.

Tomura giggled insanely as he looked over the new crop of villains prepared for the upcoming raid. It was a stroke of luck that gave them the plans for the hero training camp in the Pussycat’s Forrest, from a chance intercept of an email. They all seemed ready and waiting, except for one. Toga Himiko had fallen completely mad, and no about of blood as her profile said, would sate her insanity. She kept babbling about one ‘Izuku Midoriya’, which was listed on her page as a boy that had thwarted them many a time. “Can someone shut her up?”

Twice quickly cuffed her on the back of the head, making her demeanour change completely into the meek and cautious girl that sometimes inhabited her. “Be quiet! Let your heart sing Toga!”

She held onto her restraints timidly, keeping her head low as tears began to leak from her eyes. Tomura never enjoyed crying girls and groaned as he asked. “Oh my god fine! How about we capture the brat, that gonna make you stop crying?”

Toga looked up at him in shock, shaking her head with an obvious stutter in her conviction. “N-No, I-Izu d-doesn’t d-deserve this…”

Tomura grinned as he got up from his seat, walking over to her like a predator stalking it’s prey. “Oh? It seems I’ve got my winning numbers. How about it missy? We were gonna capture a 1-A
brat anyways, why don’t we capture him as well? Hell, he hates heroes, right? That’s what you said anyways. I’m sure he would join us if we told him you two’d get to share a room.”

She didn’t have a response for that, instead looking to the side to avoid his gaze. Tomura smiled gleefully as he let her be, instead announcing to the room. “Well people! Looks like we got a secondary objective. Capture Izuku Midoriya, 500 exp and two new followers. Along with Bakugo, those two’ll make a dream team and a half.”

The villains grinned, their faces darkening. The only one who didn’t seem to take pleasure in the announcement was Twice, who looked down at Toga with pity. While the rest of the League enjoyed teasing him about his mask and tendencies, she had only been kind to him while she was sane. Twice nodded to Tomura, who flicked his hand in his direction in a form of acknowledgement. He took her back to her holding room, letting her inside and locking the door behind them. “Toga, are you okay? I don’t… No, are you okay?”

She seemed completely muted, cuddling her knees up to her chest as she sat on her cot. Twice sighed, and was about to leave, before she asked. “Twice, am I a bad person for wanting Izu to come to me?”

Twice paused as he was about to leave, instead turning back around and sitting next to her on her cot. “Of course not! You’re a girl in a place she doesn’t want to be, of course she would want her boyfriend! She wouldn… No she would!”

Toga smiled at him encouragingly. “You’re getting really good at not doing that Twice! I bet you’ll be over it in a few more months, just you wait! And then I’ll… ARGH!”

Twice recoiled as Toga grabbed her head in splitting pain. He asked frantically. “Are you reverting Toga? Is there anything you want? Anything at all?”

She cried in anguish as she began to mumble under her breath. “Izu, p-please, I-I want Izu… House… Kitty…”

Twice quickly retreated from the room, locking it as he did to stop the insane Toga from escaping. After a few seconds he could hear the insane giggling beginning again from inside. He sighed, rubbing his forehead as a headache built. “How’m I gonna get that lovely young brat to come here? Wait… Oh Twice you are good! I’m not. I AM!”

He walked off down the corridor with a skip in his step, thinking about his master plan to help the young girl find some solace. Knowing where he could be found was a cinch, U.A of course. But how to get in… “Ah yes! The raid! Oh Twice you sly old dog you’ve done it again!”

Timeskip: U.A

Izuku walked downstairs groggily to see Heather unloading her arms of the bags of groceries, sighing in relief. “Hey Auntie… How much I owe ya?”

She went over and lounged on the couch, taking the drink Izuku had thrown at her and messing around with it in her hands. After a few hours, they were feeling pretty up-to-date on each other’s matters and Heather got up happily. “Well, I’d best be going. See ya Izu!”

She walked out, waving to him as he did back. Eventually he was left in silence, mulling over what to have for dinner considering his state of plenty. “Oh Whiny!”

He looked up to see that Hado had taken a stance over him, looking down on him from behind the sofa with a hungry look in her eyes. “Come on! Tammy’s making barbeque and said to invite you!
Let’s go!

Izuku didn’t complain, instead pushing himself to his feet and following her. Remembering some of the movies he had checked out, he grabbed the newly bought case of soda and brought it with him as he thought about the etiquette of a barbeque. As they arrived at the Third Year Dorms, he saw that there were about 7 people there, including the Big Three. Setting down the case just underneath the table where all of the food was, he leaned against a post and smiled at Nejire as she bothered the rest of the Third Years. Eventually he was joined by Mirio, who shoved a plate of barbequed food into his hands along with one of his sodas and said jovially. “Nice to see you could join us Kiddo! Heard how you went toe to toe with All Might, that’s super manly!”

The younger laughed, taking a skewer and biting off the deliciously seasoned beef before responding. “Yeah, but I failed the exam and now I have to take remedials at the Summer Camp. How’re you doing Triton?”

Mirio laughed as he replied that they were as bad as ever, before saying with a small smile. “Thanks for giving Nejire a nice nickname by the way. The rest of the third years have kinda taken to it, it might’ve been bad for her self-esteem if it was Tinkerbell or something.”

Izuku peered up at him and asked curiously. “You gotta crush on her?”

He went to deny it embarrassedly, but one more look at the blue-haired heroine and he sighed. “Yeah, you got me. Honestly I think I’m in love, y’know? You got anyone you’re interested in kid?”

Instantly Izuku’s mind flew to Toga in a wedding dress, blushing as she held a bouquet of white flowers. But suddenly another thought popped into his mind, a similar scene, but instead of Toga it was the embarrassed view of Momo. His face flushed lightly before replying. “Yeah… A couple.”

They continued to laugh and joke around heartily before Mirio grabbed him and took him over to the main body of students, introducing him to the rest. The day continued like that for a while, before Mirio announced to everyone after scheming with a few members of the third year. “Hey guys! Everyone to the pool!”

The third years cheered, storming off to the dorms to get changed but not before throwing their waste in the bin as good heroes should. Izuku smirked as Tamaki also shut down his barbeque, and he called out a quick. “Thanks for the food Sebastian! I’m gonna head.”

Tamaki flashed him a wide grin before following his friends. Izuku went off towards the U.A building, went towards the gym and began to absentmindedly jog on the treadmill. He didn’t know how long he was going but eventually he was met by Midnight who told him that it was time to lock up. She also told him that she felt the exam was unfair, making him smile at the concern. Walking back to the dorms, he went to bed without dinner considering how filling that barbeque was. He looked up at his clock and saw that it was 6:30pm, a bit early but he didn’t have anything better to do. Tucking himself in, he remained completely unaware to the plotting of Twice. This summer camp was going to be fun…

Chapter End Notes

Really sorry for the lacklustre quality of this one, the whole ending section was a mess and I didn't know how I wanted to handle the Final Exams. If you feel cucked, srry. Next time, Summer Camp and the first meeting of fated rivals.
Izuku stepped out of the bus taking them to their training camp, stretching his arms above his head and popping his back with a sigh of relief. Momo came up behind him, chastising him for his uncouth behaviour before worriedly asking if he had back pains. The constant hen-pecking had somewhat cemented itself in Momo’s personality it seemed, but Izuku didn’t particularly mind when it came from a place of concern.

The rest of the failed students had been ecstatic to learn about the fact they’d be coming along too. Of course, that ment that he had to entertain Uraraka and Mina’s chattering for the rest of the day during the week leading up to summer. Aizawa had told him that they had a special tracking software that allowed them to locate him wherever he was, making sure that he couldn’t run away during the camp.

As he was thinking about it all Todoroki and Tsuyu had come over to them, enquiring about their states. Izuku had been surprised at how well the rebellious Todoroki had taken to the easy-going and responsible Tsuyu, but they complemented each other well. Honestly, it was like the two were dating at this point, but knowing Todoroki he would never admit it even as Tsuyu picked a wedding dress.

They chatted for a while until a hummer pulled up next to them, carrying two brightly coloured heroines along with a reluctant looking boy. “Introducing: The catty, sharp and Wild, Wild… Pussycats!”

Izuku was thoroughly unimpressed, staring at them blankly as Tsuyu giggled at their exuberance. They made their small spiel, before Izuku felt a rumble beneath his feet. Turning around quickly, he saw the mudslide coming for only the students. “Fuck… Brace yourselves!”

There was a general panic in the air, but the mudslide had essentially just carried them to the bottom of the cliff. They all heard the voice of the heroine Mandalay introduce them to the Forest of Beasts, and Izuku spied the golems lumbering around in the treeline. Turning to Todoroki, who was busy checking up on Tsuyu, he asked challengingly. “Hey, Microwave, what-say-we have a little competition? Most golems destroyed, wins.”

He turned away from Tsuyu, looking out at the golems as well before smirking. “Sure Midoriya, don’t come crying to me when you’re completely destroyed though.”

1-A began to make their way through the forest, most of them following Izuku or Todoroki’s path of destruction. With a few other combatants helping to take down a golem here or there, they were done in about 7 hours. Breaking through the treeline, 1-A was treated to the sight of Izuku and Todoroki laughing as they congratulated each other on an apparent equal score. “Damnit! I was gonna make you give me your pudding.”

Pixie-bob sauntered over to them, proclaiming that she was thoroughly impressed and wanted to give them a special ‘reward’. Izuku looked up shortly and began to mock-cough as he said. “Cough Thirsty Cough…”

She seemed to deflate in anguish as Todoroki laughed along with him. Momo and Tsuyu came over to them, seemingly with identical disapproving looks as they pulled them apart and lead them inside at Mandalay’s command. Izuku noticed that the young boy seemed to be glaring at them all, him in
particular, but didn’t pay much attention to it. Must’ve just been Pixie-bob’s reaction.

Eventually they were all sat down in the cafeteria, and Izuku was surprised at Momo, Tsuyu and Todoroki’s reaction to the announcement that they’d be cooking their own meals. It was Tsuyu who asked first. “Izuku Kero, can you make ours?”

He scoffed and replied. “As if you can make anything edible anyway Frogger. Don’t worry, it’ll probably be a whole class thing if Eurobeat has a say.”

As they finished up their meal, and Mandalay made the full debrief of safety and duties, Izuku nearly fell asleep there and then… And then they announced the hot springs. He grinned at the thought of relaxing for a bit, and was one of the first people out of the door when they let them go and get changed. After taking a quick shower, he lowered himself into the warm water with a sigh of contentment. “Damn that’s good…”

He was joined by Todoroki and could feel a small increase in water temperature as he did. Not making the obvious joke, they spoke in quiet tones as the rest of the boys funnelled in. 1-B was nowhere to be seen, obviously they had their own set of hot springs. Kirishima had went over to them at some point, congratulating them on their absolute destruction of the Forest of Beasts. Izuku went to thank him, but was interrupted by Mineta shouting. “The holy grail! The pervert’s dream!”

Everyone turned to see him looking at the wall to the girl’s hot spring, and Izuku called out mockingly. “Hey Grapist! You think you’ll survive?”

Mineta shook his head grimly, obviously taking it too seriously, and Izuku sighed as the gremlin began to climb. He was about to go and grab him and throw him down into the water, but suddenly the young boy of all people came up and began to try and prod Mineta off the roof with a broom. But obviously, U.A couldn’t have a student failing to defeat a young child, and they began to duel. The boys and girls were treated to the sight of Mineta and the boy duelling, until eventually Mineta came out on top by sticking the boy to the floor. “Aha! And now, for the grand prize…!”

He was about to peak over the ledge into the girls spa, but suddenly felt a hand grabbing him around the neck. “Hey Grapist, newsflash, you don’t survive.”

Izuku promptly threw the boy back down into the boy’s spa, admittedly at the deeper end so he wouldn’t die. Turning back to the girl’s spa he called down. “Don’t worry! I gottim!”

Suddenly he heard a shriek as a gust of wind uncovered his privates for the world to see, a litany of attacks made their way straight at him from the collective of females. All he could do was duck, put on his towel again, and try to tell them that he was sorry. Suddenly he spied the young boy Mineta had duelled sitting there dully, his back against the walls as he pulled his leg against Mineta’s hairball. “Hey, I wouldn’t touch that Kid. You’ll be stuck like that for the rest of the night.”

He humphed, looking to the side as Izuku called back down. “Hey! Jenga! Throw up a blanket for the kid, wouldja!”

The spa went quiet, and suddenly a balled blanket fell next to him. Unwrapping it and handing it to him, Izuku explained. “Grapist’s hair lasts depending on how good he’s feeling. You’ll probably be there for a couple hours at least, sorry kid.”

He scoffed, asking under his breath. “What does it matter to you?”

Izuku shrugged, before standing up with his hands raised in surrender. “I’m gonna go grab Hello Kitty, alright!”
He looked down to see Momo nodding up at him, a towel wrapped around herself as the rest of the 1-A girls kept themselves under the water to hide themselves. “Okay Izuku… Sorry about the overreaction, thanks for dealing with Mineta. Anything’s better then him at least.”

Izuku averted his eyes, jumping back down and bending his knees with One for All to accommodate the shock. He went to tell the boys where he was off too but saw that all of them except Todoroki had been hit by the fallout of the girl’s impromptu war on his genetalia. The icy boy in general had made an umbrella for himself, looking at the chaos with contented eyes. “So peaceful…”

Izuku said amusedly. “Hey, you climb up now you’ll prolly get a peak of Frogger’s assets, y’know what I’m saying?”

Suddenly the water began to steam heavily, waking up the other boys who began to scream in agony while Izuku cackled mischievously. Walking out into the changing room and grabbing his clothes, he quickly redressed and walked out to see Mandalay and Pixie-bob already hurriedly trying to unlock the access corridor to the partition roof. “Hey, you two. You know what’s happenin’?”

Mandalay turned to him before asking worriedly. “Oh, it’s you. We heard a commotion and the sound of Quirk-Fire, what’s going on?”

Izuku quickly explained the situation, finishing with. “It’s that kid that’s stuck up there thanks to Mineta. Got a blanket on ‘im, he’s not too damaged but he’ll be up there for a few hours.”

Pixie-bob nodded, noting it down on a small pad of paper before grinning coyly and asking. “Hey, since your spa time’s been disrupted, you wanna come over to my personal one to finish up and…”

Mandalay cuffed the back of her friend’s head, making her pout as the more mature of the two commanded. “Go and get Kota’s console, he’ll need the entertainment.”

Pixie-bob saluted, sauntering off down the corridor. Mandalay turned back to Izuku and said. “Thanks for the details Kawakami… Wait, Kamakawi!?”

She brought out a small, folded sheet of paper and scanned it for a moment before falling on something. “Wait, Izuku Midoriya… Are you the Massacre’s son? Inko Kamakawi’s?”

Izuku nodded, vaguely remembering his mother’s maiden name. She continued to unlock the door as she explained. “Damn, you must take after your father then. No way she’d let you become a hero.”

That didn’t endear himself to her at all, shooting back venomously. “I’m the Meddler, I take directly after her, I’m not that interested in heroism, and if you say anything about her again I’ll break your spine.”

Mandalay smirked as they began to climb the stairs to where Kota would be. “Yep, definitely her son. Kawakami was the most vicious opponent I ever had y’know? Made me push myself to become a hero, anything to surpass the Massacre.”

Izuku peered at her curiously. He never knew his mother had that effect on somebody, Gareth certainly hadn’t told him about it. “I use her exact style myself actually, it’s inspiring. A perfect blend of misdirection, dirty fighting and dirty talk. Sorry to tell you kid, but she was an absolute nightmare to fight.”

He shuddered, not wanting to think about his mother dirty talking her opponents as he responded. “I use only the fighting part of that myself, some trash talking as well. Learned it from her friends, but since recently she’s fighting again.”
Mandalay nodded, before walking over to Kota and fussing over him. Izuku sat down on the small wall until eventually Pixie-bob came up holding a thermos and a hand-held game’s console. “Here Kota, that’s from Rag. Now then, for you cutie…”

Suddenly Mandalay held out her hand, keeping the two separated as she said sternly. “Pix, you are not going after Massacre’s son.”

Pixie-bob’s eyes widened, suddenly sparkling in excitement as a predatory grin spread across her face. “Inky had a kid eh? Well, if I can’t have her… I’ll just take her son!”

Suddenly she jumped at him, making him fall back from the wall in an effort to avoid her. He quickly fell into what appeared to be a tree, breaking his fall but leaving him sprawled on the ground. His vision was blurred, and he could feel a slight ache, but the thing that brought him back to reality was the sound of an angry coughing. Looking up, he could see Momo and the rest of the 1-A girls looking down on him angrily. “Oh shit… Welp, I die happy. Actually… HOLY SHIT TODOROKI COME CHECK OUT JIROU’S A…”

Suddenly a large explosion was heard, sending the boy flying back up and into the partition roof accompanied by indignant shrieks. As he rolled out onto the floor, Mandalay came over to him worriedly only to see that he had fallen fully unconscious. Suddenly, she heard Pixie-bob observe as she looked down at the girl’s spa. “Y’know, if it’s that pink girl he’s talking about he’s not wrong.”

Mandalay sighed in exasperation as she muttered. “Fuckin’ cradle robber… I’m gonna go and take Midoriya down to the guys room.”

Pixie-bob immediately turned to offer to do it herself, but suddenly she felt her friends hand push her over the wall as well. As she also looked up at the confused group of girls, she observed. “Looks even better from down here…”

 Needless to say, there were two injured parties that night.

*Timeskip*

1-B yawned as they followed their teacher. It was about 5am, and he had commanded them out of bed to begin training that morning. They would have complained, but Vlad King had whipped them into shape fairly quickly. As they approached the sounds that had permeated the air for the past hour, they saw 1-A already in the thick of their training. Vlad King made his speech about working out their quirks, and suddenly the weird actions of 1-A all made sense.

Most of them were training fairly standardly, and they managed to join in rather quickly. But the one boy who was working with the burly Pussycat was avoided by most of them. Izuku was in the throes of battle with Tora, exchanging blows on the same level as his fight with All Might. “Come now, Kitten of the Massacre! Show me the power of your legacy!”

Izuku wound up a punch but misdirected to the side which made way for his follow-up kick to send Tora stumbling. “What a hit! What posture! Truly, you do your mother proud.”

The student wiping a drop of blood from the side of his face as he asked rhetorically. “Do you all know my mom?”

Tora nodded stoically, explaining. “It took all four of us to take her down back in Middle School, and that was without that Gareth or Heather backing her up. Brings me back this does, I got in quite a few scraps with the Massacre alright!”

Izuku shook off his tiredness and began to spar again. Tora wasn’t at all like All Might, but he was
definitely a slippery bugger. But at least his hits did damage, sending the teacher back a few feet every time he landed a hit. They continued for another hour or so before he and Tora were both completely tired out, and the teacher called a break. “You have done well, Kitten of the Massacre. Tell me, what is your title?”

The greenette went over to the breakfast table as he replied. “Meddler, the Musutafu Meddler. Got it from taking out a bunch of criminal rings, not to mention taking money from lowlifes.”

Tora nodded, musing. “Meddler you say? I would have recommended Monster or Master. You do have quite the punch on you.”

Thinking back to his training with All Might, Izuku remembered his old style of Hit-and-Run before he could take someone down with a quirk. “Maybe, I changed my style a while back so maybe that’s it. Anyway, I’m fuckin’ starving.”

Taking a sandwich that had been prepared in advance, he chowed down on it as the rest of 1-A also came over. He noticed that Jirou was avoiding his gaze entirely, blushing as she did so. He was greeted by Tsuyu, strangely not Momo, who explained shortly. “You’ve been excommunicated by the girls Kero. By the way, Jirou spent an hour looking at her own ass in the mirror. Bye Kero.”

She walked away, and after trying to hold eye contact with any of the girls he realised that what Tsuyu had said was true. Sighing in annoyance he was joined by Todoroki and Iida who seemed completely out of breath as well. After breakfast had finished, Izuku noticed the green-haired Pussycat looking at him curiously while looking away when he tried to catch her in the act. Tora came over and grabbed his shoulder. Leaning down to his ear, he whispered. “Ragdoll had quite the crush on your mother you know. Why not train with her while I whip up these runts?”

Izuku nodded, shrugging off Tora and saying goodbye to Iida and Todoroki before walking over to Ragdoll. She seemed to look frantically for a way to escape, but when Izuku approached her she stopped trying to leave and instead asked. “U-Um, what can I do for you Midoriya?”

He said quietly, as not to embarrass her any further. “Look, Tora told me to train with you. I won’t ask if you don’t want me to, alright?”

She nodded, keeping her eyes low as she said. “Okay, well then, let’s go!”

Her demeanour changed for the better, becoming more exuberant as she led him away towards a large stone. “I was looking at your quirk a while ago and saw that you weren’t able to use it to your full potential, so let’s work on that! So different…”

Sitting down with legs crossed, she explained happily. “How about you try working on keeping your quirk active for a while passively?”

Izuku blinked, before nodding and activating One for All. It surged through his veins, making him breath heavily as he focused on just keeping it active. Eventually it flickered out though, and he fell to his knees. “D-Damn… That’s so difficult…”

Ragdoll nodded, bringing her knees up to her chest as she explained. “It’s like you’ve only ever done sprints and never run a marathon. If you keep this up, you’ll see a drastic improvement to your cardiovascular system and muscle mass!”

He nodded, reigniting One for All again and holding it for as long as he could. It was substantially harder without adrenaline pumping through his veins, but eventually he was lying on the ground completely worn out as he breathed raggedly. Ragdoll smiled at him, rubbing his back as he tried to
recuperate. “Don’t worry about it, you’re still strong enough to take on Tora! Let’s go and get you some water.”

Izuku nodded, following her back to the food table and handing him a bottle of water that he quickly downed before Ragdoll offered to take his shirt. When he lifted his eyebrow, she explained helpfully. “You’re sweating a lot, that’s not good for your skin if you keep a sweaty shirt on! We’ve got spares, so you can get right back to work.”

He shrugged, too exhausted to argue and went behind the truck and pulled off his shirt. Wiping away the rest of the sweat from his forehead with the driest part he heard Ragdoll behind him gasp. Turning back, he saw her looking forlorn at his back. “What’s wrong?”

She pointed at his back and said sadly. “Sorry, just shocked. You’ve got a lot of scars… And the tattoo…”

It was obvious that she was referring to the small lion on his top right shoulder blade. He had refused to get the circling lions around his forearm, he felt like that was the older generations thing. Ragdoll handed him the new shirt, which he took with a word of thanks. As he pulled it on, he noticed that she had rolled up the back of her costume and was presenting a small pair of lions as well. “I-I got one too, but Inko didn’t appreciate the sentiment… I never joined that gang, but I had the option.”

Izuku nodded, understanding the situation much better now. As they walked back out towards to their training area he explained. “Bolgia is a rough and tumble place for delinquents and bastards. If Mom cared about you, she wouldn’t want you there.”

Ragdoll fell silent, and Izuku sighed as he continued. “Look, I’m not going to make this weird if you like my Mom. Do whatever the hell you like, hell I’d show you back to her bedroom and lock the door behind you two if you asked nicely, but don’t fucking try to hurt her. I’ve done that too much.”

She blushed furiously before asking worriedly. “B-But what about your dad? D-Don’t you think…?”

Izuku scoffed, replying. “Bastard hasn’t seen me since I was three, much less Mom. She’s a grown woman, she can make her own choices.”

Ragdoll nodded, suddenly gaining a skip in her step as they both sat down again at the large stone. “Hey, I’ve got an idea! I’ll tell you the story of me and your mom, and you can ask questions while activating your quirk. You’ll still need to talk while using your quirk y’know.”

He nodded, activating One for All as he asked. “How did you meet?”

Ragdoll assured that he was okay before beginning. “Well, we knew each other since kindergarten. We were never the bestest of friends, but we talked and stuff and eventually in Middle School I realised I had a crush on her. Manda and Pix were the first to know, and they supported me a lot. But around that time, she began to get involved in that Gang with Gareth, and suddenly she became sharper and witter, not the nice girl I knew. I still tried to convince her to leave, but when I got my tattoo at that Heather Rose’s insistence, she cut ties. That was when Yawara began to fight with Gareth, and suddenly we were on opposing sides on the playground. I never really got involved, but when I did I noticed that Inky tried to pull her punches against me. Highschool came, and I haven’t seen her since…”

Izuku listened intently, responding as his heart raced with the effort of keeping up with One for All. “I heard that she met my dad in high school, they got married, had me and then he hauled ass. I think I was… 5? When I met Gareth, he was my godfather. Mom always told me that I didn’t need a
Godmother. I started going to Bolgia after school cause mom had to work, and that’s how I got here.”

Ragdoll’s face fell. “I-I would have helped out…”

He gritted his teeth, responding shortly. “You think she would accept charity from someone she fought?”

Ragdoll shook her head, and Izuku sighed as he let One for All die down to rest. “Look. I’ll talk to her and see if she wants to talk, alright?”

She looked at him curiously, bringing up her knees to her chest as she asked. “Why’re you going so far to hook your mom up with an old acquaintance?”

Izuku sighed, rubbing his forehead as he explained. “She’s single, alone and has a son that’s enemies with a lot of powerful people. I’ve done enough to be a bad son for two lifetimes. If I can do something to help her out, then I had might as well do it.”

Ragdoll grinned at him, grabbing his cheek and giving it a pinch as she said. “Well, you’d better start calling me Momma then!”

Her voice carried around the training area in a terribly-timed moment of silence, and most eyes turned to them to look at them in disgust. She lowered her eyes quickly, trying her best to remove her blush as Izuku grinned ruefully. “Back to work?”

She nodded, and he began to work again. Over time, he noticed that it was getting somewhat easier to passively hold One for All while not thinking about it. By the time dinner rolled around, he was able to hold it for a solid 10 minutes. “Good job Izuku! We’ll keep working on this tomorrow, after that I think it’d be good for you to spar with us.”

Izuku nodded, and then she walked off to help get the ingredients out towards the kitchen. Leaning back to sit on a table, he was met by Todoroki who grinned at him coyly. “So, what’s going on between you and Ragdoll? One peek enough to scare you off from Yaoyorozu?”

He elbowed him in the side, replying ruefully. “Shut the hell up, you were the one making a pot of Todoroki Soup over and over again. Nah, just turns out she knew my mom from Middle School, wanted to talk.”

They continued to talk about their day, glancing over his apparent excommunication, before the dinner preparation began. Immediately Izuku and Todoroki got to work at a single station despite Iida’s commands. Todoroki focused on keeping the fire at the right temperature as Izuku expertly made the curry with the limited ingredients that he had managed to get from the pile.

It was like they danced around each-other, working on their own separate thing until eventually they had finished two plates of delicious smelling food. The rest of the class was still fumbling around with their production line kitchen, and some glared in envy of the two as they sat down to eat. Izuku took one bite and grinned proudly. “Now this, this is good shit.”

Todoroki took a bite of his own and nodded, agreeing wholeheartedly as they shared a fist-bump before digging in. The rest of the class eventually joined them, and Todoroki pointed out amusedly. “It looks like Momo and Tsuyu forgot that ignoring you meant you didn’t cook for them.”

Izuku peered over at the two, and sure enough they were looking down at their bland meals dejectedly. A smile weaved its way onto his face, before turning back to his companion and saying. “Eh, they all come crawling back eventually. Y’know, I reckon we’ve got some extra. Wanna eat it
to spite them?”

He nodded, and Izuku went over to their work station where he took the final parts from the batch on the embers of their fire and served up the final parts. Bringing it back and setting their plates in front of them, Kirishima said from the side of them enviously. “Man! I can’t believe how good yours looks Midoriya!”

Izuku grinned, pointing down at it with his fork and saying. “This is the result of a lot of hard work, tears and good management. A factory line’ll never make something this good.”

Todoroki was quick to shield his from the surrounding males, and Izuku peered over to the female side of the table to see them nearly in tears. Mina in particular was muttering about ‘Just one bite…’

Once they were finished, much to the dismay for the rest of the guys who were hoping to snag a piece, they were able to relax. Izuku leaned up against a tree, feeling tiredness overcome him as he began to nap. It was quite unavoidable considering the day, and at least he had the time considering they had finished their meal 15 minutes before anyone else.

Eventually he was awoken by the smiling form of Ragdoll, leaning over him as she said. “Wake up sleepyhead, it’s time for your remedials!”

Yawning briefly he pushed himself to his feet, Ragdoll getting out of the way as he spied Aizawa standing with Kirishima and Mina in bindings. Walking over as he brushed off his legs, he kept silent as they began to walk back to the Pussycats HQ. Once they were inside of the classroom that they had prepared, Izuku noticed that only one 1-B person was there, Monoma if he remembered right. “Hey! You’re the one that peek at the girls in 1-A! You guys really are the worst and…!”

Izuku drove his elbow into the boy’s gut as he passed, not sparing him another glance as he dropped into his seat and looked down at the pencil and paper labelled with ‘Remedial Math Problems’.

Mentally sighing he got to work, slowly making his way through them as he wondered what the rest of the class was doing. But eventually their reverie was broken by the emergency announcement blasting through their heads. “Villains have infiltrated the area! All Students, you are free to use your quirks to defend yourselves and regroup. They identify themselves as the League of Villains!”

Immediately Izuku was to his feet, before he was glared at heavily by Aizawa. “You’re staying here Midoriya, I’m going out. Vlad, keep them here.”

Izuku went to argue with him, before Vlad King held out his arm to stop him. “Don’t think so Boy.”

He gritted his teeth, scenarios going through his head like paper bags in a tornado. If they were here, then Toga could be too. He needed to get out, he absolutely needed to. “Also, if Ragdoll hears this, please return immediately! Pick up your cell dammit!”

Izuku froze. Ragdoll could be in danger? What would he tell his mom… Suddenly, the door was blasted off it’s hinges by a bout of blue fire. “What do we have here? A bunch of herolings…”

The villain didn’t get another word in as he was quickly grabbed around the neck and slammed into the wall. Izuku’s eyes blazed with green fire as he growled. “Where is Toga you fucking lowlife.”

He wheezed out a laugh as he responded crazily. “Why, she’s doing her job! Wait… You’re Midoriya right!? Our leader took a great interest in you, you know.”

He didn’t get another word out as Izuku slammed his fist into his face, throwing the body to the side. It dissolved into a grey sludge, making the assembled students nearly puke but it was incredibly similar to Toga’s reverting from her quirk. “Vlad King, I’m going out.”
The teacher grunted as he said. “No, you’re staying here. There’s no way that…”

Izuku rounded on him with a vitriol the class had never seen again. “I’m the only one that can subdue Toga, I need to get out there.”

He walked past the teacher, ducking under the grapple he nearly got himself in as he began to run out of the HQ. Looking out over the forest as he exited the building, he saw that it was alight with blue flame in the distance along with a massive swirling vortex of gas. “Damn… Gotta move quick.”

Running back to the area where they had made their dinner, he saw that Tora and Mandalay were in the thick of battle with two villains. They were distracted, and so it didn’t take much effort for Izuku to charge One for All and slam into the Lizard-looking one. “Heya you scaly fuck!”

The other villain immediately rounded on him, giving Tora the chance to deck them in the face with a strong haymaker. Izuku sighed as he knocked the villain under him unconscious with a strong knock to the back of the head, and turned to Mandalay and Tora seriously. “You two, where’s everyone?”

Mandalay quickly explained what they were doing, and Izuku gritted his teeth as he said. “I’m going down the path, if I see any students, I’ll send them back.”

They tried calling him back, but soon enough he was out of site. Mandalay sighed and looked over to Tora with a nostalgic smile. “That’s Kawakami’s son alright.”

He nodded, beginning to scout for any other villains in the area as Mandalay got to work on applying first-aid to the unconscious Pixie-bob. The chaos of the night was terrible, but at least Mandalay knew that Kota was safe in the HQ. “Gods above, Massacre would kill us if we let her son get hurt… Rag, I hope to god you’re okay.”

With Izuku, he had been running though the forest with no discernible direction. He was just trying to find a fight at this point, and it looked like he had found one. Todoroki’s signature glaciers were peering out of the treeline, and as Izuku skidded to a halt before he could hit him his friend said waringly. “It’s Tokoyami, his Dark Shadow is out of control. We need some way to light him up…”

Izuku nodded, pointing at his arm and saying with an impressive lack of snark. “Make your flames as bright as possible and send them at it.”

Todoroki nodded, slightly embarrassed that he hadn’t thought of it before. Dark Shadow busted through the glacier, and Izuku watched as Todoroki threw a bout of bright yellow flames at it. It recoiled with a scream of anger, and it gave Izuku the opportunity to run up and grab the bird boy and throw him toward Todoroki.

The flames became more controlled, bathing the bird boy in light as he gasped heavily. “I-I am sorry… I lost the reigns of control on the beast…”

Izuku scoffed, before kneeling on one knee and saying. “Look, you’re with us Bird Brain. Microwave, you ready to take these fuckers down?”

Todoroki blinked before replying. “Midoriya, we need to regroup…”

He turned to his friend with a fierce gaze. “The heroes are busy getting the weaklings behind them, but we, all of those fighting right now… We can do damage! We can slow them down, make them rethink messing with U.A!”
Todoroki was about to retort, before Tokoyami said stoically. “He speaks the truth. The League of Villains has threatened us twice now, it is time for us to strike back.”

Izuku grinned down at him, pulling him to his feet as Todoroki sighed. “Fine, but don’t blame me if we’re killed. Let’s move, we need to gather as many people as possible.”

The three began to move again, eventually being joined by the joint forces of Kendo, Momo, Awase, TetsuTetsu and Bakugo. Once they found him, Izuku called for them to stop and turned to them all. “Look, this is an alright force to take on a couple of them, but we need to retreat now. We don’t know what kinda force they have in backup…”

He was interrupted by the voice of a deep, growling man. “Well, whadda we have here? A bunch of herolings, mind if I kill one Compress?”

They all turned to see a duo of a blond, burly man along with another in an orange cloak and strange white mask. “I would prefer you didn’t Muscular.”

Izuku immediately took point, charging One for All as he said cockily. “Well, you can fucking try. Whaddja want?”

Muscular blinked before laughing viciously, his muscles burgeoning through his shirt as he began to advance. “I like this one! Got some guts! I’m gonna kill him first!”

Compress held out his staff, stopping him in his tracks as he instead addressed the students. “Well then, I guess you can say we are here to recruit. One Bakugo Katsuki and Midoriya Izuku actually, and what do you know? They appear together.”

Bakugo growled, a few firecrackers going off in his hands. “What Midoriya said, you can try it you rejects.”

But then Izuku did something that surprised all of them and stood forward. “I’ll come quietly, just return Ragdoll and we gotta deal.”

The students, in particular Momo, gasped. “Izuku! You can’t possibly…”

Compress brought out a small bead and crushed it between his hands, causing a beaten and bruised Ragdoll to appear in front of him. Grabbing her throat, Compress said. “Why, that’d be just grand. We’ll release her to your friends here, and you can come with…”

His final words were cut short by a mass of shadow hitting him from the side. Tokoyami nodded to Izuku who quickly jumped forward, grabbed Ragdoll and brought her back to the rest of them as he taunted. “Guess what? I don’t bargain with shitwads like you. Awase! You take care of Ragdoll! Todoroki, you take Compress!”

Todoroki nodded, and he and Tokoyami began to fight the slippery criminal. Izuku turned to Muscular who was slowly gaining muscle mass as he laughed maniacally. “Y’know kid? This is pretty fun! Let’s go, I wanna see how strong you really are!”

Immediately Izuku rushed forward to hit the villain, but his fist was met with his own, sending him tumbling back gasping in pain. Muscular’s arm had become as large as his torso, and Izuku gritted his teeth as he got back up and began to circle him to look for weaknesses. “Don’t even try it kid! This quirk’ll kill you before you can see it coming!”

Izuku charged up One for All as far as it could go and grinned. “Let’s see about that.”
They began to exchange hits, and Izuku was surprised at just how little progress he was making. Muscular was taking hits like a mountain and dealing them back like he was All Might, and Izuku’s pain only began to grow as he felt a rib break. But soon enough he tripped, and Muscular managed to get a solid hit in that sent him flying back. Izuku gasped in pain, blood jumping out of his throat and onto the ground as Muscular stood over him victoriously. “Thanks for the bout Kid, but this is the end of the line for you!”

Suddenly he was blindsided by a hail of darts, making Muscular grunt in annoyance. They both turned to see Momo standing next to a Gatling gun, feeding ammunition into it. “Those darts contain Elephant-Grade tranquilisers, so leave or be captured.”

Muscular grunted in annoyance, before groaning in frustration. “Ah dammit! Well, I’ll see you later kid. Keep those arms on ya, okay? I wanna rip ‘em off myself.”

Muscular ran off, and Izuku got a chance to breath as he pulled himself up. Momo ran over in worry, fussing over his many bruises and broken bones. “Izuku! Oh god are you okay? Please, come on, say something!”

He grinned at her through the pain, replying. “So this is what it takes to get ya to talk to me, he he Ack!”

More blood poured up from his mouth, but Momo didn’t get a chance to worry any more as Izuku suddenly disappeared. Everyone was surprised, but then turned upwards at the sound of laughing to see Compress holding a small bead. “Well, it had been fun but I must get going. Tata!”

The villain ran, and Todoroki rammed his fist into the side of a tree when his attacks couldn’t reach him. “Damnit! How did we miss him!”

Tokoyami held his head low, obviously ashamed of himself for letting the villain out of his sight. They all sat for a moment before Todoroki said sombrely. “Let’s go, we need to get Ragdoll back to base.”

Momo had been sat in shock, but at hearing this she turned up to him angrily. “We need to go after them! Who know’s what they’ll do to Izuku!?”

Of all people, Bakugo was the one who rebutted her. “What do you think we could do? Huh? That Muscular guy would kill us, there’s no doubt if he can take down Deku. And they’ll have allies… We’ve lost.”

Todoroki looked at him shortly before continuing. “And if I know Midoriya he’d want us to secure Ragdoll first. He’s a strong guy, he knew he’d last longer then Ragdoll under torture.”

Momo and a few others gapsed, but Todoroki continued. “Not to mention he’d have less information to give them. It was the logical trade-off, not to mention they didn’t get Bakugo.”

The group accepted it reluctantly, before making their way back to the clearing where the rest of the student body had gathered with the Pussycats. Immediately Mandalay spotted Ragdoll and ran over to take her from them worriedly. “Oh Jesus… Come on Rag, stay with me. Where’s Midoriya?”

Todoroki shook his head, replying grimly. “He traded himself for Ragdoll. He’s a strong guy, he knew he’d last longer then Ragdoll under torture.”

Mandalay’s eyes widened in shock before shaking out of it and saying. “Look, get to the rest of the students. I need to make sure Ragdoll isn’t critical. We’ll… We’ll tell Aizawa.”

The night had been a mess, and a complete failure. The heroes kept their heads low, because they
knew that they had failed in their mission statement…

They didn’t manage to keep the students safe.

Chapter End Notes

Usual stuff, blah blah. I used Kawakami for Inko's maiden name as that's the VA's last name. And yes, as it turns out I ship Tomoko and Inko, I didn't even know myself.
The atmosphere of Bolgia was as normal as it always was. People were drinking, the women were gossiping, and generally it was a good time. But that was shaken by the door opening, revealing a stoic faced duo. The brown and blond-haired girls walked in under the eyes of the rest of the patrons, and the brunette called out. “Can we please talk to Inko Midoriya.”

Gareth was the first to stand, getting out of his barstool to walk over to them. “If it isn’t Tweedle-Dee and Tweedle-Dum. What are you two doing here? Come for a rematch?”

Mandalay shook her head, not willing to deal with his attitude. “No, we just need to talk to Kamakawi.”

The woman in question stood up and walked over, standing beside Gareth and crossing her arms. “Shino and Ryuko, haven’t seen you two in a while. What do you want?”

Mandalay cleared her throat before replying. “Your son’s been captured by the League of Villains.”

The assembled gasped, and Gareth’s eyes narrowed as he asked. “Why’re you the one’s telling us this? You went north.”

Suddenly the door opened again, revealing a bandaged figure on crutches. Her hair was unmistakable, but her once vibrant eyes had dimmed significantly. “B-Because he did it to save me…”

Inko’s eyes widened, before rushing over to help support the woman. “Tomoko? What… Oh Jesus what happened?”

Ragdoll’s eyes began to tear up, her voice cracking as she said. “I-Izuku gave himself to stop me from being captured… I-I’m so sorry… I-I-I…”

She began to weep, and Inko pulled her in for a hug before turning to the other two Pussycats and asking angrily. “Who thought it was a good idea to let her out of bed?”

Mandalay shot back. “Why do you care so much? You’re the one who fought her so often back in Middle School.”

Inko gritted her teeth, before letting Tomoko go and helping her over to a chair. “I want everything. Why is my son captured, where was he and how long ago was it?”

Mandalay relayed it all back to her, and the rest of the bar by proxy, and Inko gritted her teeth angrily. “For fucks sake, why did he… Oh damn it, did you show him your…?”

Tomoko nodded ashamedly, and Inko pulled up the back of her shirt to reveal the two lions that had been spared from the attack. Inko lowered the cloth again and sighed, her eyes falling as she spoke. “Izuku would never allow one of us to fall into that fate… He feels like you’re one of us…”

The bar was silent, mourning the young boy who they had come to love. The next bit of information however did shock them. Pixie-bob had been uncharacteristically silent but spoke up then to say. “He still has a tracker on him.”
All eyes turned to her, and she continued. “He had a tracker to stop him from leaving U.A, it’s still on him. I guess they didn’t know that the external mechanism was just a dummy. The heroes are establishing a hit team to raid their base, but it’s going to be a few days until we’re ready. Yawara is going on the hit team.”

Inko held her head low, and suddenly they realised that a few tears had managed to leave her eyes. “Damn it… Why did it have to be between you two…”

Tomoko began to apologise again, but Inko stopped her before she could. “No, you did your best… Did he do good? Did he take any of them down?”

Mandalay replied. “Two. He took down the one I was fighting, which lead to Tora taking down the other one. He also managed to destroy a clone of one of them, I heard it from Vlad King. This was after a day of training his quirk, it’s a miracle that he managed to do it all.”

Inko nodded, looking over at the guilty looking Tomoko and sighing before turning to Gareth and saying rhetorically. “Well, at least he’s with Toga.”

Gareth grunted, pulling out a cigarette and lighting it before turning to the other members of the bar and shouting. “Once he gets back, we’re getting him his full Pride!”

The assembled cheered, before raising their glasses in respect of Izuku. Inko sighed, before the Bartender slid across a certain drink. “Here Inky, a shot of whisky in orange juice. Just as the kid used to take it.”

Inko nodded to him, downing the drink in a swift two gulps before turning to the Pussycats again and saying angrily. “You had better get my son back, you hear? And don’t you fucking let Tomoko out of bed again.”

Tomoko blushed at the admonishment, before Ryuko and Shino helped Tomoko out of her seat and supported her over to the door. As the opened it, they could see Aizawa leaning against their hummer, and Inko called over angrily. “You too Aizawa! You had better get him back, or I’ll be coming for you.”

He nodded to her, keeping his gaze to the ground. As the Pussycats loaded into the hummer, Tomoko stayed silent as Pixie-bob put her seatbelt on for her. Eventually they returned to U.A, where they dropped off Tomoko for her treatment before leaving. The injured Pussycat was forced to stay there under Recovery Girl for her treatment, but knowing that it was where Izuku was taught was killing him.

As she was given the negligent amount of healing she could endure, the door opened to reveal three faces. Recovery Girl smiled upon seeing them, they being some of the students who she respected quite a lot. “Ah, The Big Three. What brings you here?”

Hado’s face was plastered in worry as she asked. “Ms Chiyo, I heard that Izuku Midoriya was captured. Do you know anything? I tried asking Mr Aizawa but he said he couldn’t say and…”

Chiyo lifted her hand, stalling the young woman as she said. “You had better get him back, or I’ll be coming for you.”

The three turned to the bandaged Ragdoll, who looked incredibly sad as she nodded. “I-Izuku was captured in a raid from the League of Villains. I-It was because it was either him or me… I-I’m so sorry, did you know him?”

Hado looked horrified, as did Tamaki, while Mirio explained stoically. “Midoriya was pretty close,
not familial, but we enjoyed his company. Do you know who’s going to rescue him? Sir Nighteye would be happy to help I’m sure.”

Ragdoll was shocked, but nodded as she said. “I-I’ll talk to Tora, h-he’ll ask Sir Nighteye.”

Hado also exclaimed. “A-Ask R-Ryu as well! I-In fact, I’ll ask her myself! You too Tammy!”

Tamaki nodded as well, saying to Ragdoll. “We’re all interning under them, we’re going to try and join the effort to rescue him. Don’t worry Miss Ragdoll, we’re going to save him.”

Ragdoll smiled at them happily, giving them her blessing as the three funnelled out after apologising for disturbing the recovery wing. Recovery Girl smiled at their backs, shaking her head as she said. “Those three… Don’t worry Ragdoll, I’m certain they’ll be invaluable in the effort.”

The heroine nodded, but couldn’t help the small feeling in the back of her mind that Izuku might be past saving…

*Povchange: With Izuku.*

The boy in question panted heavily as his finger’s were snapped once more, the pain amplifying a moment later as they spun back into place causing him to scream. This torture had happened for so long that he didn’t know what day it was. The voices were unfamiliar to him, but they had come in on a rotation to inflict their own brand of pain on him.

Izuku wasn’t sure how long he would be able to hold out against the onslaught, but it was sure coming close. But after another… Four hours? He was given a break, which was the worst time of all for him. It was supposed to be a respite, but instead a pair of headphones were jammed onto his head and a crying ensued. It was horrifying, because he could recognise those cries anywhere. “I-Izu… P-Please…”

Hearing Toga cry only further destroyed his mental state, making him scream in anger at his captors to let him go. But they never did, and eventually he heard Toga begin to giggle in insanity. “No… No! Come on! Don’t listen to them Toga! I’m here!”

The headphones were pulled from his head, and he could hear the voice that had introduced themself as Shigaraki say happily. “Her screams are so annoying you know, ‘Wah wah give me my Izu!’ God, makes me want to crumble her face. Anyways, let’s keep going. We’ve got big plans for you…”

Everything faded to black for Izuku, and if you could hear his heart, you might have heard something crack…

*Timeskip*

Izuku was only awoken by the sound of fighting, the pain having no meaning to him anymore. He sat passively, completely still, until the blindfold was ripped off his face to reveal the greyed out sight of All Might. “Young Midoriya! My boy! Can you hear me? Oh my…”

He didn’t respond, instead charging One for All and crushing the restraints on his hands. Standing up, he completely ignored the All Might as he walked out of the torture room to see the rest of the League of Villains tied up in tree branches. Shigaraki smirked and yelled at him. “Midoriya! Take down these fools!”

The heroes watched as Izuku ignored the command, instead walking over to Shigaraki and ripping the hand from his face. Grabbing onto his face, Izuku gripped it hard with no emotion left on his face.
until the boy was screaming. His eyes demanded something, and Shigaraki was only too happy to tell him.

Shigaraki replied in terror. “The room next to yours! Ahh!”

He let go of his face, and walked over to the door in question to destroy the lock. The heroes were calling out for him to stop, but nothing they did stopped him. Opening the door, Izuku was suddenly met by a flying missile of blond. “Izu!”

Looking down, he saw Toga wrapping her arms around his waist while babbling. Robotically, his hand moved to stroke her hair, but none of the warmth Toga associated with him was there. Looking up panickedly, she saw that he didn’t even crack a smile at her. “I-Izu?”

Standing up, she stroked his cheek… No response. Hug around the chest? No response. “No… No no no! Izu! Come on! Stop joking around!”

Yet again, no response. Toga began to weep into his chest as she began to beg. “I-Izu, come on… Let’s go, let’s go get a house… We’ll have kitties, a bath… Anything! I’ll even go back to my apartment! Just say something!”

…Nothing.

The heroes watched somberly as Toga wept into the rescued boy’s chest, begging for him to say anything. But alas, even she couldn’t get a word out of him. All Might came up beside them, asking quietly. “Young Himiko… Would you come with us? I think he’ll need you…”

Toga nodded, still weeping as she held Izuku around the chest. As this happened, the heroes were too distracted to see that the League of Villains was portalled away. Edgeshot yelled in anger. “What? I messed up their portal… Wait, they have two!?”

The heroes sighed in annoyance. They hadn’t captured the Villain Alliance, but they had managed to save Midoriya. Suddenly however, they noticed that small portals began to form all over the street. Nomu’s large and small began to emerge, and the reserve heroes began to battle with them. Izuku looked up, before taking Toga and separating her from him. “I-Izu?”

He looked her deep into her eyes, an emotionless intensity as he spoke his first words to her. “I’m going to kill their leader. Stay with the heroes.”

Stepping back, he followed All Might who had jumped away after asking Endeavour to handle the Nomu’s. He followed the hero over the buildings behind him, and watched as they began he met with a suited figure that made his hair stand on end. Watching silently as All Might began to fight the villain, he saw the League of Villains move in to assist the suited man and realised his place in the fight.

Jumping down, he quickly worked his way through them. His ruthless efficiency caused the League to fall with each punch, they didn’t even have a chance to react. All that was left was Muscular, standing just behind All Might as he laughed maniacally. “You know what kid!? I tried to let you go! You were so damn pitiful, sitting in that chair crying for the bitch. Made me sick!”

Izuku didn’t give him a chance to react, jumping in for his first hit. Muscular blocked it easy enough, but the next four pushed him back a few feet until Izuku clocked him in the face with a kick. “Eh? You’ve gotten better kid! All the better to crush you!”

They began to exchange blows, but Izuku was able to slip under each and every one of them. Muscular was groaning in annoyance. “Why you runnin’? This ain’t any fun.”
But he was suddenly blindsided by Izuku jumping next to him, grabbing him in a tackle and launching him forward. Muscular was surprised, but as Izuku jumped back, and he spied the glow of the attack All for One was launching, he grinned. “Huh… Fucking kid…”

The beam obliterated him, vaporising every part of his being as Izuku watched with no emotion. All for One and All Might stopped, looking at the part where Muscular had stood before the villain began to cackle from behind his breathing mask. “Ah yes, young Izuku Midoriya. I had told Tomura not to carry out his torture on you, but the boy failed to listen. Tell me, if I offered you a place next to me, would you take it?”

Izuku looked at him, before walking over next to the villain. All Might felt his heart shatter into a million pieces as Izuku stood behind All for One, and the villain began to laugh heartily. “Oh ho ho! The successor joins the arch-nemesis. Tell me All Might, how does it feel to be…”

Suddenly he smelt ozone from behind him, before a massive impact crashed into his back launching him towards All Might. The hero immediately responded with his own attack, launching him back to Izuku who wound up another hit and sent him back. The beatdown continued for another few hits, before Izuku grabbed the flying All for One, spun using the momentum and slammed him into the ground. The stunned villain lay there as Izuku lifted up his foot, looked down at him without a shred of empathy and began to stomp his face. Eventually the mask broke, giving him the ability to dig his feet into the man’s face. All Might came over, putting his hand on his shoulder and saying worriedly. “Young Midoriya, that is enough. He will be taken into custody and…”

Izuku didn’t even turn to him, replying. “Leave your enemies standing and they will stab you in the back. He tortured me. His people taunted me. He tortured Toga. He attempted to kill U.A children. Are you the hero for wanting to save him?”

All Might fell silent, before Izuku began to cough. He watched as the student’s legs began to tremble, before he fell forward onto the villain’s unconscious body. Grabbing Izuku, he pulled off his shirt to reveal bruises, cuts that had barely begun to heal, broken ribs and not to mention his arms that fell completely limp. He looked down at his successor with nothing but pity for the boy that had endured too much, all because of his failures…

*Timeskip: Recovery Ward*

Izuku awoke calmly, blinking furiously at the light shone above him. He could hear a worried voice next to him ask. “Whiny? Is there anything you need?”

He said mechanically. “Please dim the light.”

It did so, and he heard the voice ask. “I-Is that okay?”

He replied. “Yes, thank you.”

The room began to visualise, and he could see the worried Hado hovering over him. “Hado, please move.”

She did so, but asked worriedly. “U-Um, it’s me, Ariel remember? Little Mermaid? You called me that when we met?”

Izuku sat up and replied. “It’s facile. What is the current situation with the League of Villains?”

The room came into full focus, and he could see the other faces of Mirio and Tamaki along with All Might, who was completely deflated. The hero in question responded grimly. “All for One had managed to let them escape during his monologue. All for One is currently sitting in the lowest wing
of Tartarus, 5 separate defence systems ready to kill him at a moments notice. And… Young Midoriya… What happened with you?"

Izuku recounted, not even flinching. “I was held in a room with a blindfold on, the League of Villains took turns torturing me. They broke my body, and had someone with a healing quirk fix me. They gave me a break to eat and recuperate whenever they knew that Toga was crying, in which they forced me to listen until she returned to insanity. I believe it was the… Fifth day when I broke, where I assume they brought in an external persons help.”

Hado grew completely pale, as did Mirio and Tamaki as All Might lowered his head. “I-I am sorry my boy… If we had acted sooner, perhaps you would be…”

Izuku cut him off, not willing to hear the apologies as he asked. “Current status of Toga and Ragdoll?”

All Might cleared his throat, rubbing his eyes slightly before replying. “Young Toga is currently living in your Dorm, she said it was the only place she felt safe. Ragdoll has finished her healing course and is currently with Toga. It has been three days since you fell unconscious.”

The student nodded, pulling off his covers to reveal his bandaged body. “I am going to go and see them.”

Hado immediately began to protest, claiming that he needed to stay in bed before he pushed her out of the way and stood up. Wobbling slightly, he made his way over to the door before All Might called out to him. “Young Midoriya, I need to tell you the story of myself and All for One. I will contact you later.”

Izuku nodded, before walking out of the Recovery Wing with the big three in tow. Hado constantly tried to convince him to lie back down, before he eventually said. “Hado, if you are going to continue this I request that you return to your dorm.”

She gasped, stalling as Mirio comfortingly put his arm around her shoulder. “Kiddo… I know you’re in there somewhere. I don’t know what’s taken over, but you’d better get it out before I beat it out of you.”

Izuku seemingly stalled for just a moment before continuing down to the dorms. The Big Three watched him go sadly, Tamaki wishing that he could do more for him. They went back to the Third Year dorm, and as Izuku entered the first year dorm he saw Ragdoll and Toga sitting on the couch with their knees up to their chests. “Toga, Ragdoll.”

Their eyes shot up to him, and Toga jumped up to run towards him and wrap him in a hug. “I-Izu! Oh god… What are you doing up? Come on, sit down right now!”

He allowed himself to be pulled over to the couch and sat down, where Ragdoll asked quietly. “I-Izuku, are you alright? W-What’s going on?”

His eyes seemed unfocused, but eventually he replied. “I am unable to show emotion as I once knew. Currently, I only know that I should be feeling love and affection for Toga but I am unable to express it.”

Ragdoll gasped, and Toga asked incredulously. “C-Come on Izu, t-that isn’t funny. Y-You can be h-happy to see me, right?”

He turned up to her, shaking his head. “Unfortunately, no. I cannot. Do you require blood?”
She sat back down, putting her head in his lap as she asked again. “W-What? I-Izu, are you…?”

Pulling his wrist up to his mouth, he quickly sliced it open with one of his teeth and offered it down to her. She grabbed the arm and quickly covered it with her hand, applying pressure as she frantically said. “You’re in no condition to give blood Izu! Tomoko, get some bandages!”

Ragdoll went over to the first aid kit hung on the wall, ripped it off and went back to bandage Izuku’s wound. Once the bleeding had stopped, Toga got back up and leaned over Izuku worriedly as he looked up at her from her shadow. “Izu, d-do you really not feel anything?”

He shook his head again, and she fell gently onto him where he caught her and aligned her on his lap. Toga once again felt none of the usual warmth from his touch, and it made her shiver sadly as she hugged one of his arms to her. Ragdoll asked timidly. “U-Um, should I leave?”

Izu shook his head, replying. “No. Why are you here though?”

Ragdoll gulped before replying. “I-I wanted to thank you for saving me…”

He replied monotonously. “You mean something to my mother. As such, I saved you at the expense of myself.”

Ragdoll nodded, her cheeks flushing slightly before asking. “Um, would you like to go back to Bolgia?”

Izu shook his head, instead saying. “No. I am going to go to my room and sleep before assessing the damage to myself. After that, I am going to begin to work on returning myself to my usual state.”

Ragdoll nodded, accepting his conditions as Toga got up with him. “I-I’ll help you up to your room!”

She did so, supporting him up the stairs until they reached his room. When they arrived, Izuku noticed that the room was completely clean but smelt entirely like her. “Toga, have you been sleeping here?”

Toga nodded, slightly embarrassed before Izuku said. “Do not worry. You are completely allowed to use this room. However, I do wish to go to sleep.”

She nodded, helping him into bed before crawling in next to him and snuggling up to his chest. He didn’t even so much as look at her as he stared straight ahead. “Why are you in bed with me?”

Toga put her face right up against his chest, and Izuku could feel a small wetness grow on his bandages as she replied tearily. “S-So I can feel your heart beat…”

He wrapped his arm around her body, pulling her close as she did the same. Eventually they fell asleep, the curtains drawn on them as Toga’s mind was full of things that she could think off to save him…

“Izuku! Wake up this instant!”

Their eyes both shot open, and Izuku could see his mother standing over him with her hands on her hips. He could also spy Ragdoll and Heather standing behind her, trying to convince her to be quiet. “Is there an emergency?”
She growled angrily, and Izuku looked down to see Toga curled up on his chest. “Toga is fully
clothed, as am I.”

Getting up, he shook Toga awake while saying, “Toga, wake up.”

She blinked tiredly before yawning cutely… And promptly falling back onto his chest. “Nah…”

Picking her up, her set her next to him on the bed much to her protesting as he stood up. He knew
that he hadn’t changed his clothes once he fell asleep, but as he sniffed himself he realised how bad
he smelled. “I’m going to go and shower. Please awaken Toga and prepare breakfast for her.”

Walking out of the room while grabbing his towel, he went to the bathroom and stripped off his
bandages. They stuck slightly to his skin, and as he peeled them off he noticed that the blood had
encrusted them to him. Revealing his torso, he noticed that all of the cuts had fully healed and were
just raw. Walking into the shower and turning on the spray, he quickly scrubbed himself down
despite the pain and washed himself before walking back to his room. Inside he saw Toga in the
middle of getting dressed, and as she began to cover herself embarrassedly Izuku turned to his
wardrobe without another look. “A- Are you not embarrassed at all!? Oh… Wait…”

Izuku nodded, explaining. “Yes, I don’t feel embarrassment. Well, I can feel it but I do not react to
it.”

Suddenly he felt a pair of arms wrap themselves around him, along with her cooing in his ear. “And
this…”

If he was his old self, he might have faultered. But as he was himself, he simply lowered his head
and responded. “Nothing.”

Toga then pulled herself closer to hug him properly, saying quietly. “Izu… You helped me so much.
I-I might have gone completely insane without you… So let me do the same, please?”

Izuku nodded, replying. “I will accept any help from you.”

She let him go, and they continued to get dressed. At some point she giggled and said. “Y’know,
going dressed together makes me think of the old times. Kinda like we’re married!”

Izuku nodded, pulling on his t-shirt before turning back to Toga and saying. “Shall we go down and
get breakfast?”

Toga nodded, and they both walked down to the kitchen. She took his arm in hers, smiling at him as
he looked down at her questioningly. “I missed you.”

Izuku nodded, and when they reached the kitchen they saw Inko slaving over the stove. “Hello
Mother.”

She immediately turned, smiling at him happily as she said. “Hey Izuku! Are you okay? Would you
like some water?”

He sat down at the dining table next to Heather, saying simply. “Yes, please. Additionally, I have not
eaten consciously in 9 days. It is not exaggeration to claim that I am starving.”

Inko gasped, immediately going back to the stove to continue her cooking. Toga sat down next to
him, leaning into his side as she looked up at him concernedly. “Izu… What are you going to do?”

He leaned forward, his arms situated on the table as he said. “More then likely I will continue to
study at U.A. However, based on your circumstances it is possible I will follow you wherever you go.”

Toga grinned happily, wrapping her arms around his waist as she exclaimed happily. “Well, Mr All Might told me that I’m going to be staying here!”

Izuku looked down at her and nodded. “That’s good. What is the current situation with the media.”

Heather took up the plate on this one, relaying back everything that had happened from All for One’s defeat, to All Might’s retirement and the current scrambling for information on you. “…Also, one more thing…”

She didn’t get another word in as suddenly, Class 1-A burst through the door. “Hey Midori! We’re home!”

He turned spotting Mina rushing towards him. “Ashido, please refrain from touching me.”

She stopped in her run to see Toga pouting at her angrily. “No touching Izu, he’s injured.”

The girl in question stepped back sheepishly, saying ‘Sorry’ over and over again. Eventually 1-A in their entirety had entered, all calling out greetings to Izuku. Eventually he simply stood up and asked loudly. “What are you all doing here?”

It was Iida who spoke first, stepping forward and bowing lowly. “Midoriya! We have been invited to stay at U.A in the dormitory system for security! As such, we will be living with you from now on! We apologise for any intrusion. Our bags have already been unpacked, and as such you will not have to deal with any interruption from moving!”

Izuku nodded, replying. “Thank you for the explanation Iida.”

Iida stepped back, before Kirishima spoke up worriedly. “Midori, man, we heard about what happened to your emotions from Aizawa. It totally blows!”

He nodded, before Inko passed him over him and Toga their plates before saying worriedly. “O- Okay Izuku, we’ll be going now. Girls, come on. Oh, hello Katsuki.”

Heather and Tomoko both stood up, said goodbye to him and Toga while Ragdoll said a quick hi to 1-A before running off. Izuku sat back down and said. “If you don’t mind, I wish to eat. And also, this is Himiko Toga if you have not been introduced.”

Toga waved timidly, before digging into her meal. The rest of the class all sat down at the table, and Izuku could see Todoroki, Momo and Tsuyu all sat together with their heads lowered. “Todoroki, Yaoyorozu, Asui, what is the problem?”

Their eyes all shot up before Todoroki explained. “If we had just been faster, you wouldn’t be…”

Izuku nodded again, and the emotionless response killed them. “Do not worry. Though I endured torture, the payoff of leading the heroes to the League of Villains balances it. An analogy to help visualise it is ‘A bone for a dog layered in poison.’.”

Todoroki nodded, gritting his teeth before Tsuyu addressed Toga, who was trying her best to make herself invisible. “You’re Toga then? Izuku told us about you Kero. I’m Tsuyu Asui, but just call me Tsu. We’re his friends Kero.”

Toga nodded, stuttering out. “N-Nice to meet you… Izu, can we…”
Izuku nodded, standing up as he said. “We will be going now, as Toga requests space. Excuse us.”

The two walked up the stairs, and the class were left looking at their backs. Once they were gone, they were surprised by Todoroki slamming his fist into the table. “Damn that fucking League! They did this to him, did you see his eyes? Nothing!”

Tsuyu tried to calm him quickly. “Shoto Kero! I know how you feel, but don’t…”

Momo interrupted her, saying quietly. “No, we could have done so much more for him… I-I can’t believe that he’s… He’s…”

Of all people, it was Kirishima who said optimistically. “Wait, I’ve heard about this before! There are these news stories talkin’ about emotional withdrawal. Maybe if we jog his memory about times where he’s been happy and stuff, we can get Midori back!”

The class nodded with him, thinking of times when Izuku had been happy. All they could really dredge up was the time when he and Tsuyu got drunk, but that hardly counted. Momo, Tsuyu and Todoroki could think of a few more but even those times were minor, or at least not enough for Izuku to remember. “Do you think Toga might know?”

All of their eyes turned to Momo, who was looking down sadly. “I know we don’t know her, but she might be his best chance at getting his happiness back.”

They all fell silent, understanding her logic. Bakugo spoke up reluctantly. “I’ll talk to his Mom, his and mine used to be friends. Also, that redhead, I remember her picking him up from school sometimes. Maybe she’ll know something.”

They continued to brainstorm, thinking of possible ways to bring Izuku back to his usual self. This was going to be one hell of a challenge…

Chapter End Notes

Reunited at last, but at what cost! Stay tuned for the greatest collaboration of Toga and Momo as they attempt to save Izuku.
And so, the healing process began.

Classes began again shortly after Izuku was retrieved, and as it turned out living with Izuku was much different then they could have thought. He was clean, methodical, and even the multitude of alcoholic drinks Tsuyu had warned them of were gone. Upon questioning, he replied. “Emotion enhancing drinks have no effect on me, and thus they only harm me.”

They wouldn’t admit it either, but Izuku had become a much better student then before. He never asked questions, kept his head low and assumedly his mind was completely clear. Toga hadn’t joined them like many had thought, and instead she was getting tutored in some of the teacher’s free time. Her legal situation seemed to smooth itself over with All Might’s testament of innocence, allowing her to join U.A as semi-student.

The biggest difference they had noted was Izuku’s ruthlessness in heroics classes. They didn’t think that he was holding back that much, but evidently, he was much more learned then he had let on. Aizawa had begun to relegate him into a team of his own during group exercises, mostly since every group that didn’t include Todoroki failed spectacularly against him and a partner.

Meanwhile, his Modern Hero Art scores plummeted. His usual inspired art style became a shadow of what it was, forcing Midnight to give him a lower score. But mostly school was the same for them, until the day when Aizawa brought them to a specialised building during hero training. They were met by Cementoss and Ectoplasm, who explained simply. “Heroes must always have a super move, or ‘Finisher’. They guarantee victory and give the public an image of indomitable strength when it comes to heroes. Super moves can be anything, but they must be memorable.”

The class got to work as Cementoss and Ectoplasm began to make resources for them. Izuku however, was completely blank when it came to inspiration for a hero move. Todoroki asked coolly. “What’s wrong? Can’t think of anything?”

Izuku nodded, replying flatly. “I cannot feel excitement or promise coming from any of my ideas, so I cannot gauge their worth.”

Todoroki nodded, his eyes darkening slight as his friend’s emotional crippling reared it’s head again. They had seen Toga speaking at him around the dorm, trying to jog his memory about their years together, and it made them realise just how little they actually knew about him. Momo had asked Toga about trying to get his emotions back, but ever since she had nobody had heard a word out of the two as they schemed.

As the boy mused, they were suddenly blindsided by the voice of All Might behind them. “My boys! If I may have your attention…”

They both turned in sync to see All Might standing with Toga, who was smiling happily. “Hey Izu! I asked Mr All Might and he said I could help out!”

Izuku nodded, replying. “That would be useful. Let us begin.”

Both walked off and All Might was left stuttering. Todoroki sighed, saying to no one in particular. “Did he ever really think of us as friends…?”

All Might turned to him, saying quietly. “I wouldn’t ask yourself that Young Todoroki. I believe he
simply shared many experiences with her, which does not mean an equal amount of experiences couldn’t be had with yourself.”

Shoto nodded, bolstered by the words. Of course he was Izuku’s friend! He saved him from his father’s shackles, talked some sense into him when it came to his mother and even, inadvertently, introduced him to Tsuyu! “You’re right All Might, it just means I have to try harder to get his emotions back. If you don’t mind, I’m going to go and work on my Super Moves.”

All Might nodded, and they both split. As they were talking, Toga and Izuku had moved off to another area and were working quietly. Toga was asking for him to try different moves, which Izuku’s logical mind questioned heavily. “Toga, I do not think ripping off my shirt during an attack will count as a super move.”

The girl in question was watching intently as she pestered. “No, it’s perfect! Remember what Cementoss said? That it had to be memorable? That’s perfectly memorable and would stun any girl you go up against! Come on, try it!”

Izuku nodded, tensed his back muscles and flexed. And as it ripped, they saw Momo coming around the corner. “Hello Izuku- WHAT!?”

Momo was stood awestruck, and Toga giggled as she said happily. “See? Perfect success!”

He nodded, saying without a shred of embarrassment. “It has stunned Yaoyorozu effectively, you were correct. This shall join the list of super moves.”

Toga nodded, pseudo-impressed with herself as Momo managed to snap herself out of it and glare at Toga. “That’s not kind Himiko, even if it shows his a-a-a…”

The girl in question shushed her, saying conclusively. “I’m only doing what’s in the best interest of him. Could you make him a new shirt then?”

Momo pouted, growling slightly before making the new shirt and passing it over to him as he took it with a word of thanks. Storming off, she left them together again as Toga began to bounce other ideas off of him which he tried. Eventually they were done for the day, and Izuku was breathing heavily as Toga said happily. “We got a lot of stuff done Izu! You did really good, but I have something to ask you…”

As they returned to the dorms, Toga detailed out her plan. Izuku nodded at the end of it, asking. “You want me to return to the slums, and proceed to take down criminal rings as a form of therapy? I will trust you. I will ask Mr Aizawa if I can get time out of U.A grounds.”

Toga cheered, grabbing onto his arm as they continued back. Eventually Izuku retreated to his room, and Toga turned to the class and grinned happily. “Operation Beatdown was a success!”

Kirishima grinned back, throwing an arm around her shoulder as he said. “Good job Toga! I’m sure this’ll work! Now we just gotta convince Aizawa to let him go.”

Bakugo watched them from the side of the room, remembering their hare-brained scheming to get Izuku’s emotions back. They had tried the ‘See Momo in the shower’, ‘Beat the shit out of the entire class’ and ‘Fondle Midnight’ plans and none of them had worked… Why had they let Mineta in the talks? Iida had walked out as they said that, assumedly to go and get Aizawa, but were surprised by the door opening to reveal the red-headed woman that had been there with Izuku’s mother. “O-Oh, hey kids. Just dropping some stuff off for Izuku, don’t mind me.”

It was Todoroki who went over to help her out with the boxes she was carrying. “Hey, Heather
right? What is this stuff?”

She nodded, confirming her name as he lead her to Izuku’s room. “It’s some stuff that Toga had called about to try and help with his rehabilitation. It’s mostly the contents of his room at his house, maybe it’ll help. His mom wanted to help but she was busy.”

They didn’t see it, but Toga was following them up the stairs. When they arrived, Todoroki opened the door to see Izuku sitting at his desk, his posture completely perfect as he wrote down lines in his jotter. “Hey, Midoriya. Heather’s here.”

Izuku turned his head to see them and nodded. “Please leave the boxes in the corner. It is good to see you Aunt Heather.”

The woman grinned at him, still unnerved by his attitude. “Hey Izuku, nice to see you too. Actually, I was wondering if you wanted to go through the boxes right now? It’s the stuff from your room, your Principal gave the all clear for you to have it now that… Well, you know what I mean.”

Izuku nodded again standing up and closing his jotter as he took one of the boxes from Todoroki and began to rifle through it. As he was doing this, Todoroki was surprised to see Toga shuffling past him to sit down next to him on the bed. “Hey Izu, isn’t that the first knife I gave you on your birthday?”

He took the knife in question out, holding it on his palm as he replied. “Yes. A straight edge switchblade. This was the knife that I first used to kill a man.”

Todoroki gritted his teeth, lowering his head before Toga said something that made him look up in shock. “Yeah, but you did it to protect me, right? We were walking together at night and that guy was trying to molest me, you did what you had to. I remember that night, you were crying like such a baby Izu. We had to share a bed because you kept having nightmares.”

He paused for a few seconds, before nodding again. The simple action was repetitive, but it was efficient. “Yes, I was.”

That little tidbit made Todoroki’s mind race. Izuku wasn’t the coldhearted killer he thought he was, maybe all of his kills were justified…? Heather sat down next to him as well, talking about the few toys that he had brought to Bolgia when he was just a young boy. Eventually the classmate just left, closing the door behind them with a small smile. Turning to walk down the stairs, he was met by Tsuyu who was looking at him expectantly. “So Kero?”

Todoroki nodded with a half smile. “He’s not back to normal yet, but I think it’ll do a lot for him. Come on, Momo is going to want to know what’s going on. Not to mention Iida has to present our plan to Mr Aizawa.”

Tsuyu went down with him, thinking about the upcoming appeal to their teacher. Meanwhile in the room, they had stumbled on an interesting piece of history from his room. “Izu, what’s this safe?”

Toga held her hand over her mouth, her eyes welling up with tears as she took the passport and opened it to reveal a person that the disguise kit would turn her into. “I-Izu… Thanks…”
She hugged him from the side, and Heather took that opportunity to excuse herself to leave the two teens in peace. Walking back down and out of the building she was surprised to see All Might standing waiting for her. “Ah, Ms Rose. How was young Midoriya? I caught wind of the delivery from young Toga.”

Heather sighed in relief, having thought she was in trouble before replying. “He’s doing alright, not healed as we had hoped but he’s doing well. What do you need?”

He grinned at her as he rubbed the back of his head with his unbroken hand. “Well, I simply thought that I would come and see how the class is coping with his current state.”

She thought back to Toga and Izuku in his room and hurriedly replied. “W-Well, they’ve kinda got their own thing going on right now. You want me to fill you in?”

All Might didn’t exactly see anything wrong with the arrangement and nodded as he lead her back to the U.A building. Heather was trying her best to keep her cool as she was walking with the ex no.1 Hero of Japan. Eventually they reached a tea room where All Might dished out a few cups before motioning for her to begin. Clearing her throat she began. “Well, they’re actively doing what they can to get him back on his feet. I’ve heard from Toga and Rei- I mean Todoroki’s Mom that they’ve been trying to get him in situation’s that’ll make him really embarrassed or angry or something along those lines.”

He was suddenly greeted by the memory of Midnight storming into the teacher’s office, ranting about the little pervert Mineta and how he asked her to let Midoriya fondle her. Of course, the little rat had asked to ‘Quality assure the goods’ to make sure she was up to par for Izuku… He didn’t need to think about the fate of the young boy. “Yes, I’ve heard about those. I assume they’re in the middle of another operation?”

Heather nodded, the feeling of a tea mug different in her hand from the usual wine glass or flask she usually drank out of. “Yeah, last time I asked Toga told me that they had a final embarrassment to try before another one. I think it actually happened today, she said it involved Yaoyorozu looking at him shirtless or something. But this next one is different, they’re trying to get Izuku some free time to go out into the slums to beat up criminals like the old times. Personally, I don’t think it’s a half bad idea. Maybe it’s adrenaline or something like that they’re thinking is going to break down the barrier.”

All Might processed all of this, editing out the part about Yaoyorozu as he grimly nodded. “That does sound like a sound idea. And I shall trust you as he trusts you and tell you that we are currently on the hunt for the quirk that bound his emotions. The boy told me that he was unsatisfied with the passive nature of our dealing with the League of Villains, and after seeing the result of that, I am inclined to agree.”

As he said this, Heather’s eyes widened. “Wait… That might be interesting…”

All Might looked at her curiously. “What might be?”

She looked up at him intensely as she asked. “Do you mind if a friend of mine can get a day pass into U.A? Her name is Jennifer Cleardrop, a friend from the gang. I think her quirk’ll give us some insight into his condition.”

The Hero blinked before grinning, slapping his thigh before standing up. “Anything that may help my student, I will help. I’ll go and draw up that day pass… In fact, if your friends not too busy we could do it today?”

Heather nodded, taking out her phone and texting Jennifer who promptly replied that she would be
over in half an hour. Following All Might, he went to his desk and brought up a file where she spied both her, Inko and Gareth labelled as ‘Guests’ and typed up another name into the document. After a small whirring, a picture of her friend appeared and All Might filled out the permissions before saving and standing back up. “Now then, once she arrives we can see what her quirk may do. Until then, I think it is a good time for a spot of lunch. If you would join me?”

She hadn’t expected this visit to turn out to be a day with the former no.1 Hero, but Heather shrugged and joined him in going down to the cafeteria and getting something from the all too happy to comply Lunch Rush. Eventually, after 20 minutes of talking, they finished up and went to the gate where they met Jennifer standing there in her usual conservative attire. “H-Heather, you said you needed me to come to U.A?”

Heather went over and pulled her inside the gate, where it glowed green at the lights for a moment before dimming again. “Yeah, it’s Izuku. I was just thinking that your quirk could give us some insight into his condition. Also, this is All Might.”

He waved to her as he spoke up. “If you wish, simply call me Toshinori. My hero days are over.”

Jennifer bowed, and they all walked over to the U.A dorm area and walked into the 1-A dorm. Inside, the room was quiet as Aizawa stood in front of the 19 students and Toga, Izuku missing for obvious reasons. All Might, jovial as ever, said. “Why, it seems like this is a lively dorm today! What’s the occasion Aizawa? Are they petitioning to get a pet?”

Mina and Toga immediately became excited, but Aizawa’s glare of disapproval silenced them quickly. “No, something about allowing Midoriya free time outside of the dorms for ‘Therapeutic’ reasons. Do whatever you need to All Might.”

The other hero shrugged before they all walked up to Izuku’s room. Heather was the first one to open the door slowly. “Hey Izuku, it’s me again. Jen’s here with me too, so’s All Might.”

He called for them to come in, and Jennifer smiled upon seeing him again. “Hello Izuku, it’s been a while since we’ve spoken.”

The boy nodded, replying simply. “It has, despite the multiple times I have been present at Bolgia we have not spoken. What is your purpose for being here?”

She walked over and sat down beside him on his bed, putting her hand on his shoulder. “Heather thought that my quirk may have been useful in figuring out what’s going on with your emotions. Do you mind…?”

He shook his head, and Jennifer closer her eyes and focused her quirk. She could use it from a distance, but skin to skin contact made it much easier. After a few seconds, she retracted her hand and said confusedly. “It is like you are incredibly sad, but the reason is simply ‘Unable to express emotion.’… Hold this Izuku.”

She handed him the knife that was on his bed, and as he looked down at it disinterestedly she focused her quirk again and smiled. “Nostalgic! You are feeling or processing the emotions, but you just can’t express them. But… That would mean…”

Her face fell, and as she lowered her hand she said sadly. “Nothing we can do right now will help…”

He nodded, mulling over the information. “As it were, there is nothing that can be done to regain my feelings. Currently, I believe that focusing on my studies would be the best course of action.”
Jennifer nodded sadly, standing up and stroking his hair for a second before stepping back. At that point, All Might was the one who stepped forward and said. “Well, that is disheartening but knowing the enemy is the first step in beating them. Now, I wish to speak with you about an important part of your heroic training that I feel is going to be effected by your current state… The Provisional Licencing exam.”

Heather and Jennifer both left the room, and All Might continued his concerns. “The Provisional Licencing exam will allow you to act as a hero during disaster or emergency situations, and will provide a high amount of experience. But however, the exam does have a charisma area… Which you can probably see the issue in.”

Izuku nodded, replying. “As I am currently, I have no chance of passing.”

All Might nodded grimly, before saying sadly. “Unfortunately, I have no current way of knowing how you could pass. But… There is a small way I think you could get some freedom to act heroically.”

He looked up at Izuku and steeled himself, saying. “There is a hero agency, lead by my former sidekick… Sir Nighteye. I believe Young Mirio Togata is interning under him. If I can convince him… I think you would benefit greatly from doing much the same.”

Izuku nodded, asking robotically. “Due to this, I would not receive my Provisional License. How will I be able to act as a hero under Sir Nighteye?”

All Might laughed nervously before replying quietly. “Well… I guess ‘Happy Birthday’ doesn’t explain it?”

The deadpan stare made it clear that Izuku required more information, and All Might brought out a small card from his pocket and handed it over to him. “This is a special provisional license, written and licensed by myself and a friend in the police. While you are with a provisional or actual hero, and during an emergency or villain attack, you may act as a hero as well. This will allow you to work as a hero under Sir Nighteye, should we manage to get the internship. I only managed to get this due to your incredible fighting skill, feel honoured that the hero association acknowledged you.”

Izuku nodded, taking the card with a word of thanks and putting it exactly perpendicular to the edge of his desk. “Okay. Will that be all?”

All Might shook his head, leaning forward as he said. “No, there is a story that needs to be told… One of a man, his brother, and the origins of One for All…”

The next Weekend

The morning of Saturday brought with it Izuku’s interview with Sir Nighteye, as All Might had endeavoured to obtain. Aizawa had initially ignored the petition from the rest of the class to let him free, but had then said that he’d think about it. All Might had been incredibly nervous for some reason, and had insisted upon staying out of the talk and instead staying at U.A. Walking into the office, he saw a semi-familiar figure standing with a curiously clothed woman. “Mirio.”

The boy turned surprisedly and grinned when he saw him. Walking over, he slapped him on the back as he asked jovially. “Kiddo! What’re you doing at Sir’s office?”

Izuku looked up at him blankly and replied. “All Might referred me to Sir Nighteye as an intern. Currently I am looking for his office to conduct the interview.”

Mirio grinned as he turned to the heroine and said. “Bubble Girl, I’ll lead him up to Sir’s Room. You
mind waiting for a few minutes?”

The woman nodded, and the two boys went off and up the stairs. Mirio said excitedly. “Man this is going to be interesting. Sir’s a tough nut to crack, you’re going to have a tough time. But if there’s anyone that’ll set you straight, it’s gonna be Sir.”

Izuku nodded as Mirio opened a door, letting them inside as he said aloud. “Hey Sir, Midoriya is here.”

From the desk a man looked up piercingly, gazing deep into Izuku as he said. “Thank you Mirio, you may go.”

Mirio grinned down at Izuku before walking away, leaving Izuku in the room. Sir Nighteye stood up and walked over to Izuku, looking down at him appraisingly. “So you are the one that All Might chose for One for All. Personally, I believe that you are the worst possible host, worse then the worst.”

Izuku replied evenly. “As I was at the moment of receiving One for All, objectively I was an imperfect host considering it’s original purpose. As I am currently, All Might has said that he sees potential for me to quell the rise of villains in the current political and social climate.”

Sir Nighteye stalled, before turning around and saying angrily. “One for All is a torch, something for the people to rally behind and draw comfort from. You are cold, unfeeling, you cannot ever be the host of One for All that I will accept.”

They were silent for a moment, before Izuku said quietly. “I am willing to become the host.”

The hero turned around, looking at him again but without the vitriolic hate he used to have. “And so, why do you come to me to do so?”

Izuku replied on the dot. “Because you were close enough to All Might observe his behaviour and charisma. You will be able to teach me what I need to know to become the host. Additionally, this will possibly assist in my rehabilitation.”

At that point, Sir Nighteye brought out a piece of paper from his desk. A stamping area was present on it, still blank. “I will allow you to join me… For a price. You have until the 25th of December, approximately 5 months, to show me that you have the ability to become the perfect host of One for All.”

Izuku nodded, and Nighteye grabbed the stamp and succinctly dropped a stamp on the paper. “Welcome to the Nighteye Hero Agency Midoriya, I will make a hero of you yet.”

The day ended with a success, and as Izuku got back to the dorm after a few hours of debriefing he was surprised by Kirishima running towards him and clapping him on the shoulder. “Dude! You totally need to see this, you’re all over the internet!”

He was dragged over to where Kaminari had brought out his laptop, and a few tabs were open on hero forums and suspiciously one on google images. “Yeah man, it looks like the whole thing where All Might fought his final battle has finally blown over and you’re the new hot topic. The news helicopter caught you taking out the League of Villains and the fangirls are fucking hilarious.”

Izuku was sat down, and Kaminari took him through the various posts as the rest of 1-A gathered around. “Oh my god, check this one out. ‘Look at how he took down the villain that killed Water Horse! It made me sooooo W.E.T!’ And then this one. ‘Yeah, but can he beat Dark Souls without
“dying?” … Why did someone make a bad drawing of Tsu?... Pepe?”

The class was laughing happily at the whole ordeal, while Izuku didn’t particularly care for obvious reasons. Eventually he got to the final forum and quickly scanned over it, before a wide grin spread across his face. “Midoriya x Asui x Yaoyorozu Lemon… Now that’s a thing and a half… WAIT, WHY THE HELL IS MIDORIYA X JIROU ON HERE? MIDORIYA X… ALL MIGHT!? WHO ARE THESE PEOPLE!?... THIS IS ONE PERSON!”

If anyone was paying attention, they would see Jirou standing at the back of the crowd mortified as the class found her secret profile. Eventually they were done shivering at the idea of the latest one labelled ‘Midoriya x Midnight’ and Kaminari brought up google images. “Now, let’s see if you have any fan art… Whew boy!”

Of course, all sorts of fan art sprung up. From pastel to edgy, Izuku watched as his legacy was laid out before him. “May I leave?”

Kaminari was too busy laughing at one particularly incredible one. “Holy shit! Look at how they drew the Pussycat’s! Man, Pixie-bob is all over you man…”

At that point Izuku stood up and walked away, making the class laugh. From the back Momo and Toga were watching the monitor embarrassingly at the shirtless drawing of Izuku… “Izu could draw us so much better…”

Momo nodded, before turning to Toga embarrassedly. “Wait… He’s drawn you?”

She nodded, stealthily drawing her away and up to her room. Toga’s room was incredibly fun and vibrant, filled with light reds and pinks along with fluffy pillows… Along with a small plush of Izuku. Toga went over to her bookcase and took out a small leatherbound book with a small lock and fished out a key from under her bed and unlocked it. Momo and Toga sat down on the bed and Toga brought out two a5 pieces of paper from the hollowed-out dummy book. “Here’s the one he drew of me when we first went to the fighting ring. That was the first night I didn’t have to steal my dinner…”

Momo hugged her around the shoulder, comforting her in her moment of weakness as she replied. “Izuku is just like that, isn’t he? He cares in his own way… The first time he drew me was when I had to sleep in his bed. He didn’t even ask to share the bed.”

Toga giggled as she leaned into Momo’s side. “I could never get him to get into bed with me, even when it was cold. He always just gave me his shirt or something… But he didn’t stop me a while ago, when he first got out of hospital. Do you think he’s just embarrassed?”

Her friend giggled along with her, saying conspiratorially. “You know, what say we handcuff him to the bed and sleep with him together? I bet he’ll be so shocked, he won’t complain if we dress him up!”

They both broke down in laughed, falling back on the bed. Toga had been approached by Momo many a week ago, and upon figuring out her intentions with Izuku she immediately felt kinship with the girl. Despite her initial jealousy over Izuku, she figured out that she felt like Momo didn’t deserve her ire, especially if it ment she could have a friend that she could talk to normally. “Yeah, it’ll be fun. Wait, I never heard how the interview went!”

Immediately she sat up, but Momo took her hand before she did so and forcible made her sit down and said to the confused Toga. “Let’s let him relax for a while, yeah? How do you think he would feel if you came along, and then remembered blowing you off after a big event?”
Toga nodded reluctantly, pulling her knees up to her face as she asked sadly. “I know but... I don’t wanna miss anything. I wanna be with him, always.”

Momo put her arm around her shoulder, nodding as she replied. “Me too Toga, but we need to give him a bit of space. You know, I bet he’ll be really proud of you if you manage to get through Middle School before he’s cured.”

Her friend nodded determinedly, going over to her bookcase and taking out her 12-year-old level maths book. Momo had never thought her strange for being so far behind, it wasn’t like she was stupid or inattentive but the fact that she couldn’t attend school for so long. They spent the rest of the day like that, Momo leading Toga through the problems until she had gotten them down perfectly.

Once she had closed the book with a sigh, Momo helped her up and walked with her down to the kitchen where they saw Izuku standing in the kitchen with Todoroki. They were both cooking, and immediately Toga began to salivate as she saw what he was making. “Izukatsudon... Thank you god.”

Momo looked down at her curiously and asked. “I mean, I’ve tasted his cooking before and it was nice but is it that good?”

Toga turned to her like she had mortally offended her. “Do you know who he is? His Katsudon will put you in heaven. Come on, let’s place our orders before the rest of the dorm gets it.”

She immediately marched over and begged Izuku to make enough for them as well. It wasn’t Izuku, but Todoroki who answered. “Don’t worry, I made him make enough for all of us. After seeing Momo make curry, we’re not letting her make food again.”

Momo pouted angrily but knew that he was speaking the truth. Eventually they were finished, and 1-A began to eat. At that point, most of them began to break down in praise of his food. Of course, Toga and Momo took the seats next to him as Toga whispered forcefully. “You are marrying me and you are making this every night.”

Momo growled angrily and said in turn. “If you marry me I’ll do your homework for the rest of our lives if you make this every night, with seconds.”

The two girls began to glare at each other across him, and from across the table Jirou was mentally taking notes. ‘This’ll be perfect... My finest creation... A smut to end all smuts...’

Chapter End Notes

Izuku doing the things, Momo and Toga doing the bondings and Jirou doing the us.
Yeah, so Izuku's not taking part in the exams but has the watchful eye of Nighteye over him, ready and primed to swing in the Season 4 Spoilers. Don't expect much of the actual Final Exams, but do expect quite a large chapter next time as I dive into the pool of Overhaul Arc with a keytar and lightning. CYA.
The Season End

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The duo of Midoriya and Lemillion had become a staple around the Nighteye Hero Agency, the duo being ruthless together in their dispatching of villains and thugs in the area. Izuku had seemingly taken to the role like a duck to water, with Lemillion becoming the image of the two as Izuku pulled his weight as the enforcer. Not that Lemillion was at all weak, but as he focused on removing the citizens from the danger Midoriya took down the threat. It was after one such encounter that Izuku was praised heavily for his clean take-down of a gigantification villain. “You were simply marvellous! May I have your hero name young man? I believe that you could be one of the greats!”

Luckily before Izuku could blow him off, Lemillion was quick to intercept with an apologetic wave of his hands. “Sorry, my partner here isn’t the best with people just yet. He’s Midoriya, an intern at the Nighteye Hero Agency.”

The businessman blinked before exclaiming. “Ah! Midoriya, from the U.A sports festival? Well, I won’t pry, but thank you for stopping them before they could disrupt my commute.”

Izuku bowed without a word, and the crowd dispersed from around them. Mirio sighed in relief before turning to Izuku with a grin. “Good job there partner! That looks like a big payday for you.”

He nodded, replying simply. “The 40% cut given to us, and the 7% you are legally able to award me, will be worth approximately 40,000 Yen. Shall we continue Lemillion?”

Mirio nodded proudly, watching as the police arrived at the scene and confirmed that the villain was under control. As they began to walk, Mirio asked curiously. “So, what do you actually use your money for? You’re living the dream Kiddo, living the dream. You’ve taken down… 24 a month?”

Izuku stared straight ahead as he readjusted his respirator, making sure he was back to his state before the fight and responded. “Currently it is gaining interest in a bank account. When I have gained sufficient funds, Toga has proposed that I search for assistance with my current emotional state.”

The hero nodded grimly, smiling somewhat at the mention of Toga. He had met the girl once, and he had been thoroughly tickled by how much she obsessed over Izuku. “What a girl, eh kiddo? Anyways, what do you make of this whole Overhaul thing?”

That story had been quite prevalent recently, with Nighteye even warning them of the current situation and briefing them on what to do in the event they met him. He had even heard from Kirishima, who along with Tsuyu and Ochako had secured internships with Fatgum and Ryukyu, that they were also clued into the proceedings. “It was to be expected for a group to take the place of the League of Villains considering their current state. We should be on the highest alert level at all times as to avoid an ambush as a declaration of presence.”

Mirio sweatdropped at the boring summarisation but was suddenly surprised at a blur of white hair jumping at his partner. “Midoriya!”

Izuku turned quickly towards it, and seemingly immediately wrapped his arms around the tiny girl as she did to him. “Who are you?”

She didn’t say anything, instead beginning to sob. Izuku looked up at the sound of footsteps and was
greeted by the sight of a man wearing a crow’s beak mask. “Ah, sorry to bother you heroes. My daughter ran off, do you mind…”

Izuku wasn’t having any of it, replying instead. “Explain why she is distressed.”

Mirio was panicking slightly. He hadn’t expected to meet Overhaul this early, especially with a civilian in the area! “Midoriya… We should retreat…”

Overhaul sighed, not hearing what Mirio had said thanks to the low tone of voice and said. “She’s just scared of a couple of my friends, we were just on the way home and one shouted over to me. Eri’s just shy like that.”

Izuku let Eri go, and Overhaul said forcefully. “Eri, get back here.”

The young girl seemed reluctant to go back but did so anyway. As they walked away, the young girl turned her head to look at Izuku pleadingly, to which he only nodded. He and Mirio began to walk away, and when they were sure they were out of earshot Izuku immediately charged One for All and said to Mirio. “We should report this to Sir Nighteye.”

Mirio gritted his teeth and nodded, and they quickly ran back to the agency. As they burst in, they walked past a surprised Bubble Girl and Mirio quickly knocked before opening Sir Nighteye’s door. Inside, they say him obsessing over a small piece of paraphernalia. “Sir! We just made contact with Overhaul!”

Sir Nighteye looked up sharply, before pushing himself to his feet and demanding. “Lemillion, get Centipeder and Bubble Girl. Midoriya, tell me everything.”

Mirio nodded, walking briskly out of the office as Izuku began to recount his experience. “At the time of contact we had just finished eliminating a villain with a Gigantification Quirk on patrol. As we left the scene, I was surprised by a small girl with white hair, red eyes and a single horn who held onto me as she sobbed. We then made contact with Overhaul who claimed that the young girl was his daughter and that she was overly startled. Lemillion made the call to retreat, and I relinquished the young girl he identified as ‘Eri’ to Overhaul before we returned. Currently, I propose we inform other hero agencies and have them on high alert in order to locate and save her.”

Nighteye filed away his seeming insistence on saving her as interesting, before Bubble Girl and Centipeder arrived in the office with Lemillion. “Sir, I’ve filled them in on what happened. What’s the course of action?”

The head hero nodded, walking around his desk and leaning on it as he said. “This is more serious then I thought. Fatgum recently made a report about a Trigger user… And now we have a hostage, a young girl at that. But why would Overhaul be interested in her?”

Izuku spoke up. “I remember her having bandages on her arms. It is possible she is being experimented on due to a quirk or other special genetic trait.”

Nighteye nodded and said definitively. “That does it then, we need to do everything we can to move in on the Eightfold Cleansers. I will contact our allies in the area, and we will prepare to move in when we know where they are. Midoriya, Lemillion, you are to return to U.A and discuss this with your friends Hado, Sun Eater, Froppy, Uravity and Red Riot. Make it clear that they cannot talk outside of this incident. I’ll transfer your cut of the proceeds for defeating the villains once this all blows over, okay?”

The two boys nodded and went to the changing room to get back into their usual clothes, which
mostly just resulted in Izuku putting his mask away in his locker. Once Mirio was finished, they began to walk back to U.A in silence. Mirio was incredibly troubled by the incident, and he had found that an emotionless Izuku was a good soundboard for advice. “Kiddo, what are we supposed to do? That girl… She needs us.”

Izuku replied, and Mirio was surprised at the tiny amount of emotion that made its way into the boy’s voice. “We will fight relentlessly along with the heroes in order to get her away from the villains as soon as possible. After that, we will assist in her rehabilitation in any way possible.”

The older boy looked down at him with a wide grin but didn’t say anything about it as he instead replied enthusiastically. “You’re damn right! We’re gonna save her, just you watch. Lemillion and Midoriya, partners for life!”

Izuku nodded plainly, and eventually they reached U.A. They saw that Kirishima, Tsuyu, Uraraka, Hado and Tamaki were all coming back to U.A as well. “Guys!”

They turned at the sound of Mirio’s voice, and the two boys ran over to them. Hado asked worriedly. “Mirio? We got a message from Ryukyu that you needed to talk to us?”

The blond nodded, saying importantly. “Yeah, something big. Let’s head back to my room, it’ll be comfier. Midoriya, good job today man! I’ll see you tomorrow, chin up eh?”

Izuku nodded to him, before turning to the confused 1st years and saying. “I have been instructed to inform you of a current issue pertaining to villainous activity in the area. Similarly to Mirio, may we return to my room?”

Kirishima nodded confusedly, replying. “Sure man, let’s head.”

The three followed him to the dorms, and when they arrived Izuku was met by Toga and Mina who immediately tried to pull him over to the T.V. “Izu! Come on, you were on T.V!”

He immediately grabbed her wrist lightly, saying. “Toga, I will endeavour to watch the video footage of myself with you at a later time. Currently, I am busy with business…”

Kirishima was quick to throw his arm around his shoulder, saying jovially. “Dude, is this a fight? Come on, I wanna watch!”

Izuku released Toga’s wrist and she continued to pull him over to the couch. The T.V was paused, and as the rest of 1-A gathered around Mina unpause it. He immediately recognised it as the villain he had just fought prior and watched as he managed to expertly take it down. The class cheered happily as he managed to kick it into the ground. “Izu! That was so cool!”

But Izuku was more focused on the crowd instead, more importantly a familiar few pixels that displayed a low-resolution version of Overhaul. “Thank you. May we continue?”

Kirishima nodded, and Tsuyu and Ochako also joined him as they went up to his room as the class watched in confusion. Once they arrived, Kirishima grinned at the cool decorations on his wall. “Dude, is this a fight? Come on, I wanna watch!”

Izuku released Toga’s wrist and she continued to pull him over to the couch. The T.V was paused, and as the rest of 1-A gathered around Mina unpause it. He immediately recognised it as the villain he had just fought prior and watched as he managed to expertly take it down. The class cheered happily as he managed to kick it into the ground. “Izu! That was so cool!”

But Izuku was more focused on the crowd instead, more importantly a familiar few pixels that displayed a low-resolution version of Overhaul. “Thank you. May we continue?”

Kirishima nodded, and Tsuyu and Ochako also joined him as they went up to his room as the class watched in confusion. Once they arrived, Kirishima grinned at the cool decorations on his wall. “Dude, totally kickass! Anyway, what’s up?”

He motioned for them to sit down on his bed, which they all did. Once they seemed comfortable, Ochako blushing slight at the insinuation, Izuku began to recount what had happened during the day. “…As such, it is more then likely you are going to be called to the Nighteye office in the near future for debriefing. We will be moving fast to remove Eri from the situation, and to capture Overhaul.”

Tsuyu was angry, livid actually. She could never comprehend that someone would want to attack a
child and having siblings of her own made her even angrier. Ochako had a hand over her mouth at the idea of the abuse with her empathy shining through as Kirishima began to grin determinedly as he roared. “This Overhaul guy… He’s got another thing coming if he thinks he can mess with a little girl like that!”

Izuku nodded, saying simply. “I request you all receive long sleep periods tonight as to be rested. If there is anything you want to ask, ask now.”

They shook their heads, walking out of the room with some parting words for Izuku. As they left, Tsuyu seemingly growled in anger as she said. “Ochako Kero, let’s do our best.”

Ochako nodded and they all went back downstairs. The class obviously nagged them, but they knew that they couldn’t say anything. Kirishima was busy thinking about his final image of Izuku sitting in his room. Usually, the boy had perfect posture, but he was sure he could see a tiny hunch of animalistic anger in the boy as he left. The rest of the day came and went, and the day of the conference was here.

Izuku and Lemillion were placed on door duty, greeting the heroes and ticking their names off on a list as they entered the building. They nodded to their friends as they entered, and eventually they were all sat around at the conference table. Nighteye began, and once he had finished speaking he said directly to the children. “I would ask that the interns present leave the room and go to the cafeteria. This matter is incredibly confidential, and due to your only having provisional licenses it may reflect badly on your respective bosses if it leaks due to you.”

Some of them pouted at the insinuation, but what made them suitably peeved was the arrogant looking Rock Lock who said. “I don’t even know why the brats’re here. They’ll slow us down during the fight.”

Of all people, Izuku came to their defence. “Currently Hado, Sun Eater and Lemillion are considered as powerful as many current heroes. Myself, Froppy, Uravity and Red Riot all have combat experience, and can act as suitable backup should unforeseen circumstances arise.”

Rock Lock gritted his teeth, looking away as they all stood and left. Mirio and Kirishima patted him on the back as they left, thanking him for standing up for them as they entered the cafeteria. The Big Three took their own table, while the 1st years all sat at their own. “Man, this is heavy Kero. So we’re deploying soon?”

Kirishima nodded, his head low as the rest of them contemplated their first true assignment. They had been told their positions, and while Kirishima and Izuku were on the vanguard Tsuyu and Ochako were relegated to backup. “Tsuyu, Ochako. I request that you be on high alert to assist myself, Kirishima or Mirio in the event of full-scale combat.”

They looked up at Izuku surprisingly, and his eyes were dead as usual, but his words came as a surprise. “U-Um, okay?”

He elaborated shortly. “It is more likely that I will be fully focused on assaulting Overhaul. I ask that you remove Eri from the area as soon as possible.”

The girls nodded, and they sat in silence until eventually Aizawa came back into the room to collect them. He looked down at Izuku suspiciously for a moment as they all got into the vehicle, and they all returned to U.A. When Izuku arrived however, he went up to Toga’s room seeing as she wasn’t in the living room. Knocking, he opened it to see her and Momo sat on the bed together going over her books. “Oh! Izu, what’s up?”
He closed the door and said simply. “Toga, Momo, it is possible that I am going to die soon. I will endeavor not to, but I ask that you tell my mother the news should it come to pass.”

She simply grinned, getting up and hugging him around the waist. “Sure Izu! But, if you don’t come back, I get your knife collection, right?”

He nodded, before leaving the room. Momo was sat in shock, before asking angrily. “Toga! Didn’t you hear him? He could die, we need to talk to him and…”

Her friend shook her head, sitting back down as she said. “Izu doesn’t die, not until I get to kiss ‘im. Don’t worry Momes, he’s coming back.”

Momo sat in shock at the amount of faith that Toga was showing him. Izuku was powerful, sure, but could he really handle everything that came his way? “Okay… I’ll take your word for it.”

*Four Days Later. Outside of the Precepts of Death Headquarters*

Izuku readjusted his bracer as the heroes rallied themselves, getting ready to assault the base. The police had already been called to the scene, getting ready to bring any villains captured into custody, but he personally wasn’t sure if they were going to be any help. He spied Hado, Tsuyu and Ochako being briefed on the layout of the surrounding area as he, Lemillion and Sun Eater prepared to go in on the vanguard. The rest of the heroes had told them to leave any heavy lifting to them, and more importantly to follow orders, but the three interns were busy strategizing in the event of a separation. “Sun Eater, have you had your special this morning?”

Tamaki nodded to Mirio, saying quietly. “Yes, 3 portions of Octopus. I’ll be ready. Midoriya, can you handle the clean-up?”

He turned to Sun Eater and nodded, stating rhetorically. “Beat them into unconsciousness while you restrain them. Lemillion, you are aware of protocol in relationship to the hostage correct?”

The blond nodded grimly, remembering Izuku’s instructions. “Yeah, I don’t like it but yeah. Get Eri out and with Hado, Froppy or Uravity before helping you out. Kiddo, are you sure you’ll be fine against him?”

Izuku nodded, replying calmly. “I can resolve myself to death as to complete this duty.”

The older students grimaced, and the heroes called them over. Fatgum grinned down at them and Kirishima and said. “Good luck you lot, me and Red Riot’ll be right behind ya.”

Kirishima grinned over at Izuku and knocked his shoulder, saying in way of a goodbye. “I’ll see you at U.A, alright? We’ll party to celebrate getting this Eri outta there.”

Izuku nodded, and the hero’s got into position. A hero went up to the door, took a deep breath, and kicked it down while screaming. “Surrender! The heroes are here!”

All of a sudden a massive, hulking monster crashed through the side of the wall. “In the name of the Eightfold Cleansers… And Mr Overhaul… I GIVE MY LIFE!”

Izuku was forced to dodge out of the way as a fist slammed down in front of him, kicking up a pile of dust. Immediately the backup squad got to work subduing it, namely Hado due to her proficiency in fighting Gigantification quirks. Once the dust cleared Izuku was quick to turn to the heroes and say. “We should proceed. It is possible they will be attempting to move the hostage by use of teleportation if it is available to them.”
Rock Lock nodded, and the heroes began to march inwards. Over time, they slowly had to break off small groups to fight with small groups of villains that tried to stop them. Slowly they dwindled, until eventually they were stuck in a corridor. But then Rock Lock held out his arm to stop their group.

“Stop, there’s someone here.”

Sure enough, the corridor began to twist and distort along with a mad cackling. “Damn! I can’t lock them down without a central body! Alright… LOCKDOWN!”

The hero did a 360°, sweeping his arms out and stopping the corridor from warping any more before the heroes could get swamped by it. The floor then opened up, disintegrating as the quirk made the floor as thin as paper which crumbled under their weight. As Izuku, Lemillion, Rock Lock and a few other heroes allowed themselves to recuperate, they heard a voice. “Oh! Heroes! I sure do love heroes NO I DON’T!”

They looked up, and Izuku was met by two figures. A man in a black, skin conforming suit along with a sultry looking blonde woman. “Oh? Quite right you are Twice, they will be very fun to play with.”

Izuku stood up and turned to them, bracing himself to fight as he asked. “What connection does the League of Villains have to the Eightfold Cleansers?”

The man identified as Twice said importantly as he struck a pose. “Master Tomura commanded us to learn the ways of the Yakuza, I am… YAKUZA TWICE!”

His companion giggled as she said dismissively. “Oh, that brat just wanted you gone dear. I’m Succubus, the newest member of the League of Villains, and your new favourite girlfriend.”

She suddenly blew a kiss in their direction, and suddenly the heroes fell to their knees in agony. Izuku was the only one left standing, and Succubus blinked confusedly before smiling coyly. “Oh? I didn’t expect them to call in Empath for your ‘treatment’. Why honey, I’m sure I can restore your emotions if you just surrender, I know the man who did it to you.”

Izuku charged One for All, charged at Succubus who dodged easily as she grinned madly. “How predictable!”

But he wasn’t aiming for her, instead charging into Twice and slamming him into the wall. Effortlessly grabbing him in a choke hold, he immediately grabbed a hold of his mask making the man begin to panic. “No, no please! We’ll leave, I promise, just don’t…”

The mask began to tear, and Izuku said emotionlessly. “I learned from Toga that a man known as Twice’s weakness was his mask. Removing it would cause great mental and emotional pain. Out of respect for her, I will give your companion an ultimatum. If you tell me the location of Empath and retreat, I will allow him to retain his mask and let you leave.”

Succubus gritted her teeth, before regaining her composure and shrugging while consciously sticking out her chest. “Why, what a forceful young man. Well I can’t just ignore a bargain like that, I don’t like Empath that much either. You’ll find him in the Dagobah slum district, he has a ‘clinic’ to ‘help’ people get over heartbreak. I’ll see you around cutie, give that Overhaul a spanking from me would you?”

Izuku let go of Twice, who muttered quietly. “Is Toga alright…?”

He replied quietly in turn. “She had made multiple friends and is comfortable. Currently she wonders about your state, as she viewed you as a companion.”
Twice sighed, muttering. “Thank goodness… Be careful with Empath, don’t be. He has a tendency for having ambushes ready.”

Twice nodded in satisfaction, standing up and getting back into his usual state. “Well then! Yakuza Twice and Yakuza Succubus will be severing our contracts now. Tootleoo Heroes!”

Succubus took out a button and hit it, and suddenly a dark swirling portal opened beneath them. “Bye Honey! I’ll call!”

Both of them jumped down the hole, and it closed. The Heroes all stood up again, groaning in pain as Lemillion said ruefully. “All I could think about is her and I… Whew! That gives me the willies!”

Rock Lock nodded along, replying. “Yeah, real kinky shit. Well… Good job Midoriya.”

He turned back to the door where they were supposed to go, saying. “I received intelligence pertaining to my current state. A villain known as Empath in the Dagobah area did it. Should I be hospitalised or forget this piece of information, I give it to you as well for reassurance.”

Rock Lock looked at him weirdly as Lemillion grinned and patted him on the back. “Good news Kiddo! I’ll talk to Sir about it when we’re done here. But first… We’ve gotta kid to save.”

He nodded, and Rock Lock said stoically. “Me and my sidekicks will stay here and handle the warping villain. Lemillion, Midoriya, it’s in your hands.”

Mirio nodded solemnly, and the duo began to run through the corridor. One of his sidekicks groaned while nursing their forehead before she asked. “Rock Lock, why’re you letting them go off on their own?”

He grinned as the room began to twist and warp again. “Because Midoriya isn’t an idiot kid like I thought. Now then, let’s rumble!”

The fight began as Izuku and Mirio arrived in a near bare room, where only one man stood. He had a crow’s mask affixed to his face and turned around as Izuku said. “Your forces are routed, and the League of Villains has abandoned you. Surrender Eri to us and do not resist incarceration.”

Overhaul would’ve shown a grin if he could behind his mask. “You think I’ll go that easy? Quirks are filthy, disgusting stains on humanity, and I won’t give up my life’s work to some children. Eri will understand, the cursed child that she is. But if it must come to this… Let us fight.”

He lunged at them, slamming his fist into the ground and turning the arena into a battlefield of spikes and pits. Izuku stood his ground as Mirio permeated into the floor, and as Overhaul saw that the display didn’t phase him his eyes widened. Grabbing the villain, he slammed him into the wall where Overhaul gasped. “You are weak Overhaul. Currently I have complete focus on battle, you cannot best me.”

Overhaul gritted his teeth before grinning savagely. “Oh, I will. Come here Eri!”

Izuku turned his head to see Eri standing at the door with a man with a gun pointed at him. The young girl walked towards Overhaul terrified, but Izuku saw the man behind her get beaten into the ground by Mirio. Eri shielded herself from the fight as Izuku said aloud. “Ensure the villain is unconscious Lemillion before removing Eri from the situation.”

His partner grimaced before nodding and pummelled the villain’s face in until he was sure he was unconscious. Overhaul looked at them in horror as he asked wispily. “Heroes don’t do things like that… Who are you?”
Izuku turned to him as Mirio went over and picked up Eri. “We are not acting in the capacity of heroes currently. As we are, we are saviours, who hold no such moral or societal pressures on limits on violence.”

Rushing forward, they began to do battle. Izuku was forced to dodge each and every blow, and despite his complete focus he saw that Overhaul knew what he was doing as well. Eventually he was forced to charge One for All fully, sending a blow flying into the sky which blew a hole up and into the street. As the rubble fell Izuku rushed forward and grabbed Overhaul with his good arm and jumped out using 8%, bringing them to the street. Sliding on Overhaul onto the pavement, he saw that the heroes that were busy dealing with the apprehended villains now had their eyes on him.

He jumped back as Overhaul tried to grab him, and as he rolled out onto the pavement, he saw his eyes begin to glow with rage. “My work… My life’s desire, master’s desire… YOU WON’T TAKE IT AWAY FROM ME!”

Overhaul jumped forward at him, and Izuku was forced to fight him again despite his broken arm. He was getting beaten badly, and as his arm spasmed, Overhaul got a chance to get a good hit in. Suddenly, the world went quiet for Izuku. The muted colours only permeated by one young girl with bright red eyes looking at him in horror as her horn sparked quietly. As the colours returned, Overhaul was surprised by a hit coming from seemingly nowhere.

Izuku’s other arm was completely shattered, having launched a blast of wind at him from seeming instinct. As the villain tumbled to the floor, unconscious, Izuku was met by a worried Hado. “Whiny… Whiny! Are you okay? What was that!?"

He said quietly. “Overcharging my quirk results in breaking the bones present in the area. As I am now, it is unlikely that I will be able to fight any longer without treatment. It was the logical trade-off to avoid more collateral damage.”

She gasped, before picking him up and rushing him towards the medical staff while the heroes began to work on securing Overhaul. As he felt the respirator get placed over his mouth and anaesthetics began to pump into his bloodstream, he heard Hado, Mirio and Tamaki as they stood close to him. “…Four days… Night-time… Dagobah.”

He couldn’t help himself from falling asleep there and then. When he awoke, he was surprised at being awake in his room at U.A. Looking around, all he could see is his alarm clock which had a large ‘2AM’ printed on it with a 7-segment display. Standing up, he inspected the alarm clock closer and saw the date… The 5th day since the raid. He mentally shrugged, they were arguably as strong as he was, they can handle a single villain. Walking out of the room, he looked around and saw that the entire corridor was dark, probably because everyone was asleep.

Walking downstairs thanks to his hunger, he found himself passing Uraraka’s room and heard a small scream inside. Walking over, he was about to open the door when he heard the voices inside, namely, Uraraka and a young girl. “…Eri, what’s wrong? Was it a nightmare?”

Izuku stood still as he heard the reply. “Mhm… It was Mr Midoriya. H-He was standing over me… H-He had a bird mask too… I-Is he a bad man? He told Mr Lemillion to hurt the bird man…”

Suddenly he felt his heart stop as he waited for the reply. Uraraka’s reply didn’t help. “I-I don’t know Eri, but I’ll make sure he never gets close to you if you don’t want him too. That’s a promise from big sis. In fact, how about we visit Lemillion tomorrow? He’ll tell us everything.”

His mind was thrown back to Twice’s words to him… ‘Empath has a penchant for ambushes’. And there, in the dead of night, the casts on his arms began to crackle… And a smirk grew on his face.
Hado watched in horror as the group of thugs that surrounded them began to kick the downed Mirio and Tamaki, laughing viciously as they did so. They had wanted to capture this Empath guy, make him reverse the quirk on Izuku that made him act so self destructively. But when they had arrived after discovering the location from the crippled Sir Nighteye, they had been ambushed by armed thugs.

Empath stood over her with a savage grin, twisting his foot into her back as he said gleefully. “Ah, the Big Three. You’ve made a name for yourselves you know? How unprofessional you were in your obvious chase, but I will admit, I nearly didn’t get my backup in time. Now then, how about I remove those pesky emotions from you eh honey? You’ll be worth a pretty penny in the underground brothels, or I could just pay these fine gentlemen with your body.”

The assembled grunts began to giggle and laugh as Hado’s eyes widened. One of them crouched down to her face and grabbed a hold of it, pulling it close as if to inspect her. “Pretty face, we’ll take ‘er Empath.”

The man nodded, reaching his hand down to her as he said happily. “Good doing business with you, now then… Goodbye, Nejire Hado. We’ll send your friends bodies back in pieces.”

Suddenly the hand stopped and Hado peered up from her position. She realised that it wasn’t mercy, but the action of a grinning greenette. “Alright Ariel? I guess you’re not that into Bad Touch here?”

Empath gasped for air as Izuku kept his hand tightened on his throat. “Don’t worry, your favourite sidekick’s here to save the day.”

Suddenly Empath was thrown into the side of the building. A boot crashed down into the enforcer that was holding Hado’s face, and he recoiled in pain. “Argh! Gettim men!”

The thugs all turned to him, and Izuku’s face twisted into a heroic grin as Nejire looked up at him in shock. “W-W… Izuku…”

He looked down at her with the same grin and flashed her a thumbs up. “Don’t worry, it’ll be okay. Do you know why?”

As he turned back to the thugs, Nejire’s face also grew a large awestruck smile. “Because I am here!”

The ensuing fight didn’t take long, Izuku being aware of how to fight an enemy with a gun. Eventually the whole posse was sent packing, and Izuku shouted at their backs as he rubbed the side of his mouth with the back of his glove. “And don’t come back!”

Suddenly he was hit by a hug from behind and turned around to see Nejire crying into his chest. “Ahh dammit Ariel, you couldn’t have missed this ugly mug that much?”

She smiled up at him and asked happily. “How did you get them back? I thought we needed to beat Empath?”

He smiled down at her, stroking her hair as he said happily. “A very special little princess. Speaking of which, her saviour had better get these two knuckleheads back to the hospital. Are you okay?”

Hado nodded and picked up Tamaki as Izuku picked up Mirio. “So you guys came all the way out here to get my emotions back? Thanks a lot.”
She blinked before asking. “No problem, but… Are you sure you’re back to normal?”

Izuku pouted at her before grinning and looking out towards the light on the horizon. “Ariel, let me say this now. I felt everything that happened while I was like that, every smile and sorrow. Let me say this now, I’m so damn sorry for how I acted to you like that. You’re the best damn upperclasswoman I could ask for.”

Hado grinned and bumped into his shoulder with hers. “That doesn’t answer my question you little horror, and we’re going to Disneyland for that.”

He laughed it off and replied. “Guess it doesn’t, huh? Well I guess I don’t want to waste another goddamn emotion being angry or a punk. I realised that when I couldn’t tell you or anybody how I felt, the world was so damn… Sad. So I’m gonna start appreciating each and every one of you, I’m gonna be the best damn hero in the world, and I’m not going to ever blow you off again.”

Her smile was brighter then the rising sun as he said that. “I’m glad… We’re gonna be the bestest of friends Izu! Just watch, I’m gonna do better too! I’m gonna win the Ms U.A contest, and then get a full Job with Ryu! Then then, when I get Mirio to marry me, you’ll be my dad!”

Izuku smiled up at her and was about to reply in the affirmative when Mirio suddenly awoke. “Nejire…? What was that? I’m your dad…?”

She began to stammer and panic and Izuku began to laugh, when Tamaki seemed to wake up too. “Dude! You alright? Anything hurting?”

Tamaki looked up from his arms, his eyes widening when he saw Izuku’s face of concern. “M-Midoriya… W-What?”

He shook his head, carrying him towards the fast approaching hospital. “Don’t say a thing man, I’m back. You did good, real good.”

Suddenly his eyes began to tear up as he muttered. “I-I was your hero… I failed…”

As they walked through the door to the building, Izuku grinned and shook his head. “Nah, you think I needed a hero in the first place? Come on, you gotta think more of me then that. Let’s get you patched up Argo.”

Tamaki looked at him in shock, before falling back down into his arms as he said to no-one in particular. “Argonaut… The desire to be a hero… I like it…”

The nurses took them from them and carted them away on stretchers. Before they could, Izuku turned to the Mirio who had seemed to understand what was happening and lightly punched him in the shoulder. “Hey Triton, you’d better get better soon, y’hear? We’ve gotta lot of villains to beat together.”

Mirio grinned up at him, and they both clasped hands tightly. “Good to have you back kiddo, I missed ya.”

Once they were sure they were gone, Izuku turned to Hado and said with a smile. “Well, I’ve got a lotta stuff to do. In fact… Screw it, once those two are good I’ll get the stuff for one of Argo’s barbeques, my treat. We’ll get all of 1-A and Third Year together… The whole hero course in fact! It’ll be party like never before on U.A’s grounds! We’re doing it tonight, tell the teachers.”

Hado smiled, leaning down and wrapping him in a hug. “Sure Whiny! Now then, get goin’!”
Izuku hugged her back before charging One for All and running towards U.A. It wasn’t too far away, and eventually he got there at the crack of 5:30. Sneaking inside, he saw that nobody else was awake, perfect. Going up to Uraraka’s room, he opened the thankfully unlocked door. Probably in case Eri needed to go to the toilet in the night, he thought, and snuck inside. He saw Eri sleeping in her own little bed and tapped her shoulder. She awoke quickly and was about to panic before Izuku grinned down at her with a finger to his lips. Motioning for her to come with him, she did so cautiously until they were in the corridor and Izuku closed the door again without disturbing Uraraka. “Good job Princess, the dragon slumbers still.”

Eri looked up at him confusedly, before Izuku got into a kneeling stance in front of her and lowered his head with a grin. “Your faithful knight is at your service, you wanna go have some fun?”

She nodded, still confused as he picked her up with a yelp and quickly took her downstairs. Taking the shoes from the rack and handing them to her he said excitedly. “Princess, get ready, we’ve got a kingdom to explore! Quickly now, the monsters are starting to awake!”

She slowly managed to get into the act, looking up at him with large eyes. “B-But Mr Knight, I’m still in my jammies!”

Izuku picked her up once she had her shoes on, scoffing with mock-regality as he put her on his shoulders in a piggy back. “The peasants will be honoured to even see you! My Princess looks beautiful and graceful in all things!”

Running out of the dorm, he was met by a bed-headed Midnight. “Midoriya? The hell are you doing up… Wait, Eri?”

Izuku didn’t break character, gasping as he exclaimed. “The She-Beast! Quickly Princess, we must run!”

Eri giggled as Izuku ran towards the gate of U.A, where Toshinori and Aizawa stood with Principal Nezu. “Mr Midoriya, could you please explain…”

He didn’t stop, shouting in mock-fear. “The Guardians of the Gate… Princess, we must fly!”

Eri broke out in full laughter as Izuku charged One for All and jumped over the three, glad Aizawa didn’t have his scarf on. As he passed, he locked eyes with All Might for a moment and grinned down at him. The ex-hero’s eyes widened, before he smiled at him as well and flashed him a thumbs up. “Fellow Guardians, we have failed our task! Let us retreat to the castle of evil at once!”

Both other teachers looked at him confusedly before Nezu lifted his arms in excitement. “A celebration! I have just the idea, come now Aizawa, Toshinori, we have preparations to do…”

Suddenly they were met by Midnight, who seemed even more haggard. Toshinori didn’t even need to be in on the joke to scream in terror, which the other teachers did as well. “SHE-BEAST!”

As the morning turned to evening, the members of 1-A were in a full panic. Eri had disappeared, as had Midoriya. Uraraka in particular was bawling her eyes out. “W-What if they were taken! AHH! TSU, HUG ME!”

The frog girl sighed and said to the rest of the class. “Midoriya Kero has the tracker still on him, we should be able to find him…”

Suddenly the door opened, revealing Nezu and All Might as they brought in 6 boxes on small wheelers. “Everyone, take your packet, get dressed in it, and don’t even think about asking questions! Principal’s Orders!”
None of them were foolish enough to refuse a direct order from the principal, especially Mina and Kaminari after their final exams, and riffled through the boxes to find their small packages. Once they were all dressed in them in their rooms, they all went back downstairs and saw that they were all dressed in fantasy looking uniforms. Kirishima was the first to ask as he looked down at his dragon-like outfit. “Um, what’s this getup all about?”

He looked up to see that Principal Nezu had removed his suit and was now wearing a small tunic made of leaves while on the now Druidic-looking All Might’s shoulder. “Just wait for it…”

Midnight and Aizawa also came through the door at this point, both in demonic clothing as Aizawa asked. “Why are we wearing this again Principal Nezu?”

He grinned as 1-A fully arrived. “Why, the royal precession of course! And if you break character from what was written on your cards, I have many punishments waiting to be used.”

Suddenly, as the door was busted down, a loud, brash voice called out commandingly. “MAKE WAY FOR PRINCESS ERI!”

The class moved to the sides as a long red carpet was rolled out, and due to the sun all they could see is a silhouette of a tall knight and a small princess. As she walked inside, they could see Eri walking forward semi-regally in a princess’s outfit. She had a tiara perched on her head, and as she came to a halt, she turned around while giggling. “Come in Sir Knight!”

The knight figured bowed, and as he walked in the class was shocked. Stood there in full plate armour was Izuku Midoriya, who kneeled in front of Eri and said lowly. “What is your wish, your grace?”

Eri suddenly burst out in giggles, and Izuku gasped as he said panicked. “Your grace! No… it must be an affliction of evil intent upon our great princess! Cleric, please, save her!”

Everybody turned to Momo, who was stood in a priestess’s uniform looking completely lost before Izuku picked up Eri and took her to the couch as he said grimly. “Tis more serious then I had thought. Laughter Worms have made their home in her stomach, we must act quickly.”

Suddenly, he was joined by another grim looking figure in a less armoured knight’s getup. “I concur Sir Midoriya. I suggest that we call upon the great Sage of the Woods to assist us in the procedure.”

Izuku gasped, going along with it as he said incredulously. “Sir Iida, you cannot mean the Guardian of the Gate!”

Iida nodded grimly, saying quietly. “I believe it is our only option, brave Sir Midoriya. The Cleric hath been stuck with an affliction of paralysis, she will be of no use without the great blood magic of the Vampire Princess.”

Toga pointed to her face and looked around the rest of the room. “Is that me…?”

Suddenly, she felt a burning glare in the back of her head and turned to see Nezu looking at her angrily. Clearing her throat, she said. “W-Why, I would be happy to help Sir Iida! For a price that is!”

Izuku stood up as Eri suddenly became quiet, looking at the spectacle in wonder as he said forlornly. “What is your price, young Vampire?”

Toga laughed maniacally as she exclaimed, now getting into the act. “You must live in my tower for the rest of your days!”
Eri gasped, exclaiming. “No! Sir Knight, you cannot!”

He shook his head grimly, kneeling to her eye height on the couch and saying. “Young Princess, I’m afraid it is the only way to break your affliction. Become the greatest queen of the land, and I shall watch over you from the Vampire’s tower, wherever you go.”

Standing up, he walked around to Toga and stood in front of her with soft eyes as Eri watched in horror. “Vampire, it is time. I will come with you; how shall we seal such a contract?”

Toga smiled up at him, saying to the rest of the crowd as well as Izuku. “Well Sir Knight, we must seal with our lips of course! And with my touch on your lips, you will give my magic to the young Cleric in the same manner! A binding contract to never go astray from one another, the greatest prize for my kind.”

Izuku nodded, pulling off his helmet and swooping down and kissing Toga on the lips. Her eyes widened, before she closed them too and held the embrace for another moment before letting go. Looking up at him with a sparkling happiness she said. “Go to her, break the curse and let her join us.”

Nodding with his smirk returning, he walked over to Momo and grabbed her shoulders. She seemed to break out of the paralysation as she said. “I-Izu…!”

Their lips touched, and the class cheered happily. Toga walked over to them once Izuku let go of Momo’s lips, and he turned down to her and picked her up he brought her into a hug as she wrapped her legs around his body. “IZU!”

Izuku broke out in laughter, spinning her around as he said happily. “I’m back Toga! I’m never letting you go again!”

She nodded into his shoulder, saying happily. “I’m glad… I love you!”

As they were enjoying their reunion, they heard a roaring laughter. Turning around, they saw Bakugo standing over a terrified Eri. “Ah Princess! It seems like your precious knight has abandoned you! Now, I shall lock you away in my tower for eternity as well!”

Suddenly he felt a small push in his back, and everyone watched as Uraraka held the now floating Bakugo by the ear as he yelped in pain. “Do not worry Princess, General Bakugo is quite fiery. Now then everyone, it is time for a feast to celebrate our great knight’s return!”

A general call of ‘Aye!’ raised from the crowd of students, and as Toshinori led them outside he spied Izuku holding Eri on his shoulders with Momo and Toga to his sides, the former not able to say anything from her embarrassment. He smiled happily, glad that his student was back to normal as they saw the prepared outdoor feasting area prepared by the other teachers in medieval outfits. Lunch Rush and Tamaki had both gone for stereotypical medieval chefs’ uniforms, working away at a massive grill as the other heroes busied around.

Izuku muttered something to Toga quietly, who nodded with a smile and slapped him on the back. He walked over to the head of the table and announced dissatisfiedly. “This wooden stool is no appropriate seat for a princess! Great Blacksmith, amend this atrocity at once!”

Suddenly they heard a great clanking, and everybody turned to the side to see a rudimentary mecha piloted by a gnomish looking figure holding a large throne in it’s claws. “Why, of course young Knight! The great Majima Manastorm is here!”

It plopped it down at the head of the table, crushing the stool beneath it as Izuku set Eri on the
throne. “All bow!”

With a glare from Nezu, all of the assembled bowed to the overwhelmed Eri, who began to tear up. Izuku noticed this and hurried towards her, asking worriedly. “Princess, what’s wrong? Did I upset you?”

She shook her head, wiping the tears from her face as a smile broke out on it. “No… You did everything perfect big brother…”

He grinned down at her, grabbing her in a hug before turning back to the rest of the crowd who were looking at them in worry. “Assemble the rest of the kingdom! Tonight, we revel in our youth, health, and to the future to come!”

Eventually the entire of U.A’s hero course arrived, all in various uniforms and get ups. As they did so, they all seemed to be confused as to why they were there but didn’t question it thanks to the jovial air of the night. Eventually the sun set, and Izuku spied someone approaching that was missing. Standing on the table, he announced to the rest of the party. “Everyone! I propose a toast to the true hero of the realm, Sir Mirio Togata!”

The rest of the assembled turned to where he was looking, and they could see the bandaged student walking over with Ragdoll of all people. Everybody cheered, raising their goblets and tankards to the hero who looked up overwhelmed at the attention. Izuku quickly ran over, grabbing a tankard from the serving table and pushing it into his hands. “Mirio, don’t ask, but you’re the greatest knight of the realm. Ragdoll, you’re the apprentice nun under great Priestess Chiyo. Ask Principal Nezu for your costumes later.”

They nodded, spying Recovery Girl in set of white robes, and Mirio seemed completely into the idea as he raised his tankard in response to the rest of the crowd as he announced. “I return, subjects of the crown! And while I appreciate the applause, I propose another toast… A toast to the man who saved the princess!”

The hero course all roared in approval, raising their tankards once more in praise of Izuku. As he rubbed the back of his head in embarrassment, he looked up to Eri who was sitting with Uraraka on the too large throne to keep her company. Her eyes were alight with joy, looking over the entire party with glee as the torch-light glimmered in her eyes. And as Izuku walked back to his place, he was grabbed by the shoulder and turned around to see Toshinori standing with Heather of all people. As he gazed into his mentor’s eyes, and he gazed back, they suddenly cracked smiles. “Well then, oh Great Druid, what do you wish of me?”

Toshinori laughed and put his hand on Izuku’s shoulder, pulling him in for an impromptu hug. “I knew you were the right holder for this quirk my boy… You have shown that you can be a hero, the hero I knew you could be… A hero to more then just Toga, but to all people who need a helping hand… I’m proud of you.”

Izuku tried his best not to tear up, retracting from the hug as he punched All Might in the shoulder. “Don’t get all sappy on me, eh Superman? I’m not… I’m not some kinda big shot…”

Suddenly, he felt a hand on his shoulder and turned to see Todoroki standing with Tsuyu. He was wearing a prince’s outfit and suddenly the boy pulled him into a one-armed hug without a word. Izuku was surprised but returned the hug with a half-smirk. “Man, you guys really can’t get enough of me today… Good to see you again Microwave.”

Once he retracted, Tsuyu also jumped up at him for a full-blown hug. He laughed as he twirled her around once, and she said happily. “I’m glad you’re back Kero. I missed you, seriously, you studied
way too much!”

He nodded into her hair, before holding her at arms left to look at her appraisingly. “Are you okay? Sleeping alright?”

Tsuyu giggled, punching him lightly in the shoulder as she said. “What’s with the Mr Nice Guy routine Kero? Don’t worry, Shoto was a good handler.”

Izuku nodded to him, and their fists met as Todoroki said challengingly. “Y’know, we’re gonna need a rematch soon. I reckon I’m doing much better then I was at the Sports Festival.”

He laughed, before they both dispersed with a promise to find a time to brawl soon. Eventually the night came to a close, and Izuku went with Nezu up at the throne with Eri in his lap. The small rodent man announced to the watching masses. “Thank you all for coming out on such short notice. Could we please give a round of applause for the teachers, Lunch Rush and Tamaki Amajiki for their splendid work tonight!”

The crowd roared in applause, and Lunch Rush was quick to brandish his ladle in the air as did Tamaki with his spatula. Once it died down, Nezu continued. “We did not expect this to occur today, but that is the spirit of U.A for you! We all did our part in making tonight a great event for the hero course, and it is all thanks to the spirit of one young man who wanted to give a troubled civilian a night to remember. Midoriya, if you would…”

He stood up, setting Eri down in front of him as he stood on the throne. Clearing his throat, he began his impromptu speech that Nezu had asked him to think about at a point in the night. “Everyone, the heroes of U.A, the students and those who I call friends and family. You are some of the best damn people I’ve had the pleasure of meeting or will have the goddamn honour to meet. You are some of the best damn people I’ve had the pleasure of meeting or will have the goddamn honour to meet. I doubt I’d have made it this long without 1-A, and I doubt I’d be anywhere near as damn happy if I hadn’t met some of you.”

His eyes were drawn to The Big Three, standing together near the grill as they locked eyes. “… As skilled or driven without some others.”

Izuku then looked down to Todoroki and Kirishima, who grinned up at him encouragingly. “Or feel as goddamn lucky without the rest.”

His eyes met with Toga and Momo, who seemingly began to tear up at his declaration. Turning back to the rest of the crowd, he exclaimed. “This is just the beginning for some of us, and the nearly end of the road for some others!”

1-A looked amongst each other with grins as the third years did much the same. He also looked over to where Ragdoll was standing with Heather, Rei and his mother, and she smiled up at him brightly. “But I’m going to say this once, so listen closely!”

They all quietened down, and he crossed his arms as he smirked out at all of them. “There are still villains in the world, challenges to overcome, and obstacles to destroy. Some of them may be insurmountable at first, disheartening or worse. But there’s two words that I think I’ve learned the meaning of in my time here at U.A. Two words that encompass the spirit of each and every one of you. Two words that embody the spirit of the students of U.A…”

His eyes locked with All Might, who nodded proudly as he stood with the contingent of teachers. ‘Nana, I wish you could’ve met him.’

With that, Izuku looked out at the rest of U.A and shouted challengingly. “But I can’t seem to
remember those words anymore! WOULD YOU CARE TO REMIND ME!?”

And in the dead of night, with the voices of the heroes of U.A, the young girl Eri, and seemingly the voices of One for All surging through his mind, two words sounded through out the world. They carried through out the land, carrying on them the hopes, dreams and pride of the next generation of heroes.

“PLUS ULTRA!”

Chapter End Notes

And thus, the first installment of Strays is finished! It's been an absolute blast writing this as my first work published on AO3, having moved from FF.Net to continue it. I absolutely want to continue this, delving into some more relationship stuff (namely Tomoko x Inko and All Might X Heather), but Strays will be continuing with the adventures of Izuku and his pack of strays. With that, I bid you adieu until the next installment, and remember...

Toga can use her quirk to become Momo, lucky mfing Izuku...

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!