Fastest Hero Alive: Rivals and Consequences

by DonWar

Summary

In the aftermath of a villain attack, Izuku is struck by a new future. FlashXBnHA *Re-Uploaded *X-posted on FF.net

Notes

So, Welcome to the re-upload of Fastest Hero Alive. Hope you guys enjoy it!

Disclaimer: I do not own BnHA or Flash in any way

See the end of the work for more notes
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“Speech”

‘Thoughts’

Future Narration

I was young when learned that not all men are created equal. When I turned four, I learned that I was part of twenty percent of the world’s population born without a quirk, a special ability unique to it’s wielder.

Even though I had no quirk, I still strived for a dream that many thought was impossible; to become a great hero like my own hero and Symbol of Peace, All-Might. Sadly, the man shattered my hopes and dreams, leaving me to the future the life of a bystander.

That all changed though, when I was twelve-years old an act of god rewrote my destiny. At that point in my life, I had no idea if it was for better or for worse.

Around me were the remains of the Tatooin Shopping district. The spot where my friend and bully, Kacchan, had been nearly killed by a villain whose quirk caused him to be made entirely out of sludge, and to be a problem for many of the heroes who came to stop him. In an attempt to save my friend, I had put myself at risk and nearly paid the price; if not for the intervention of All-Might himself, I wouldn’t have been able to tell this story to you.

After the fight, while nearly everyone crowded around All-Might and Kacchan, I was cornered by two angry superheroes.

“You moron! What do you think you were doing!?” admonished Kamui Wood

“I mean christ, that sewer trash could a killed ya” growled out Deathgoro not long after the other hero.

It was still raining from the punch All-Might threw to defeat the villain. I could feel the rain tap on my head and shoulders, as the two heroes continued to chew me out for attempting to do something to save my former childhood friend while they did nothing.

“How could I have stood there and done nothing for Kacchan?” I couldn’t even voice a defense, I just sat there accepting the reprimanding, “It was my fault the sludge monster was even able to escape from All-Might.”

“Dammit kid are you even listening? We’re just trying to keep ya safe,” Deathgoro continued “Yer not a hero kid, and I’m guessing by your little stunt that-”

CRaCk

Whatever he was going to say next was interrupted by the crack of lightning. Lucky me I guess.
“Kid…” Kamui Woods sighed, “We’re just trying look out for you civilians, go home and think about your future a bit more, Ok”

I just nodded my head, too wrapped up in my own thoughts and shattered dreams. I never noticed the sky glowing, never noticed as a bolt of lightning left the clouds without a noise, never noticing as whispers began to spread through the remaining crowd of people. I only noticed when everyone around me screamed but by then, it was to late.

An intense pain entered my life and I knew nothing more.

The first thing I noticed when I woke up was a soft breeze lazily blowing through wherever I was. Next a sense of cleanliness, that wasn’t really native to my bedroom, drifted by my nose. I couldn’t keep my eyes closed anymore. Slowly I opened them, finally seeing the white ceiling and and beige walls of the room I was residing in.

‘Am I… am I in the hospital?’ I wondered to myself, ‘What the heck happened to me?’

As I really started waking up, other details started making themselves known to me.

A fly slowly cutting through the air, as if stuck in jello.

The privacy curtains separating my bed being drawn back, revealing a woman in hospital scrubs lazily drifting to the floor as her face sedately morphed into one of fright. Noticing that she wasn’t looking at me, I followed her line of sight.

It was then that I noticed the only other person moving at a seemingly normal speed, standing right in the front of me, leaning on the end board of the hospital bed staring me down with a look of complete disregard and disbelief.

‘Why didn’t I see him’ I cautiously thought, ‘How…How long has he been standing there?’

The man stood at what I could only assume to be 6 feet, with a plain black t-shirt covering a broad shouldered physique that showed this new person to be at the very least somewhat fit. The stranger’s complexion made his western heritage obvious, while his face was somewhat rougher than what I may have been generally used to at the time, with a few small scars crossing over the wrinkles that started showing. Finally the man’s greying hair was chopped short, with a receding hairline that left some of his hair into a vague widow’s peak.

“Ya know, from what the asshole said, I expected you to be older.” The man spoke harshly in a voice that had a light baritone lilt to it, “Someone worthy of the power they just got, not just some random kid.”

I shrunk back from the criticism, tears starting to gather in my eyes, before gathering what little courage I could and started asking questions.

“Wh-who a-are you, S-s-s-sir? Wha-what’s going o-on?” I was able to stutter out through my barely hidden fear.

“Oh-ho-ho” the man laughed, “You can call me Edward Clariss or, since it’s not like anyone else would be able to help you, Teach. Now then, catch me if ya can kid.”

With that Edward Clariss raced out of the hospital room door. After a few seconds hesitation, I disappeared through the door in an attempt to catch up.
Little did I know that my meeting with Edward Clariss would send me down the path to become not only the greatest hero but also the fastest hero alive.…

…And you can count that as a Flash Fact!
A Rival Appears

Chapter Summary

In which Izuku is trained and has a chat with an old man.

Chapter Notes

For Edward Clariss, think of Steven Ogg in body and voice.

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See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Speech”

‘Thoughts’

Future Narration

It took me a few minutes to catch up to Edward Clariss; however, there were moments that I started getting the feeling that the older man slowed down to show me the path.

We continued to run through the sluggishly moving world; across water with fish ever-so slowly breaching the surface, through jungles that held trees that bent away from our passing, into and out of congested traffic. A streak of violet lightning being followed quickly by similar golden lightning, racing to the deserts surrounding the great pyramids of Egypt.

I came to a stop a few feet from Edward, who sat on a sand dune facing away from me, a slight sheen of sweat was present on his forehead. Whether it was from exertion or the heat from the Egyptian noon, I did not know.

Still not looking at me, the older man spoke. “Hold on, I’ll get ya some other clothes.”

It was to my own embarrassment that I realized that, yes, I was in fact still in my hospital gown. Hoping that no one could see me, I made to cover my back; however, something stopped me. A feeling of power I had vaguely noticed as I ran with Edward, and I did what any curious boy would do; I pulled on it. As soon as I pulled on the power, golden lightning began to arc across my body in a blinding light.

When I opened my eyes, I was amazed at what happened to my body. Instead of bare skin, I was wearing a scarlet, full-body superhero outfit with gold boots covering my feet. Around each forearm was a circular design that was reminiscent of a lightning bolt. Looking down I noticed a third lightning bolt design wrapped around my waist in the form of a belt. A mask covered my face and the back of my neck, when a breeze hit my face I could tell that the mask didn’t cover everything; my mouth, my chin, and my nostrils were the only parts of my body free from coverage.
Bringing my hands up, I felt my head for anything else that was different. It didn’t take long, right over my ears were round protrusions that at first felt like the beginnings of cones, before plateauing in to a flat surface not to far away from my head. Jutting out of the flat surface of the protrusions were what felt like metal antenna in the shape of simple wings, both of which curved away from my head slightly before becoming parallel with my temples and pointing backwards.

The final detail was possibly the most eye-catching part of my mysterious new suit was a symbol sitting directly in the center of my chest. A single golden lightning bolt crossing from the upper right to the lower left of slightly smaller white circle.

‘Did I do this? How did I get this to even happen? Is it here all the time or does it disappear after a while?’ More and more questions began to develop in my brain as I tried to figure out the suit’s sudden appearance.

Sadly it did not last, as Edward appeared once more; this time carrying a small pile of clothes. Just as the man took notice, a look of shock appeared on his face

“How- How in the hell did yo-you know what I don’t want to know. Come sit yer ass down, we need to talk.”

In a moment of courage, I offered a simple shaky frown and made no move to join the man.

“Jesus, how can you be worse Garrick’s brood,” Eddie sighed before continuing, “Ya know- The faster we have this talk, the faster you get to go home and see that mom of yer’s thats probably worryin’ away about her missin’ son.”

“Al-alright let’s t-talk”

“I ain’t gonna beat around the bush; a month ago you, Izuku Midoriya, were struck by lightning. So-uh, I guess congratulations are in order, cause you weren’t fried. Instead you got lucky enough to be juiced up by another dimension sittin’ just to the side of ours called; the Speed Force.”

“I h-have the p-powers of the Flash?”

“Kinda.” Edward Clariss’ face grew annoyed trying to think of an explanation. “Ya got juiced up by the Speed Force, which tends to give it’s users super-speed mainly. Though some other powers that border on bullshit could develop; like lightning abilities, enhanced brain powers, and, I guess the ability to make yer own outfits.”

I could only sit there as Edward Clariss explained things to me, wondering what I did to deserve the chance to make my near lifelong dream finally come true. To most of the world I was just the useless Deku, not fit to do anything other than sit on the sidelines as actual superheroes risk there lives saving people from villains and various disasters. But now, now I didn’t have to be useless Deku anymore!

A slap to the back of the head yanked me from my thoughts.

“Get the hell out of your head, brat!” Edward growled, “There’s still some shit we need to cover before you can go runnin’ off home to be a super-nerd.”

“S-sorry, Sir.”

“That’s something else we need to work into you.” Eddie sighed “Jesus, did I do something wrong in my life to deserve this? Don’t you answer that brat!”
I raised my hands placatingly and offered a shaky smile as tears starting to gather around my eyes.

“Somethings we gotta do before we get ya back home. First, ya need to just slow yerself down so you don’t kill someone by moving wrong.” Eddie stared me down before continuing, “Secondly, all this slow world bullshit thats going on need’s to be taken care of so ya don’t get bored to easily. Yer lucky brat, since I don’t usually offer my services like this, but I’ll teach ya some shit.”

With resolute nod of acceptance, I took the necessary next step into my new future.

“Great, let’s get start on controlling yer brain. Then, we’ll make our way back to the hospital and hope the cops weren’t called yet.” Edward laughed at that.

We both sat in silence as the older man collected his thoughts.

“So, I need ya to concentrate on the image I’m going to describe. Alright visualize yerself as a sink that has a knob that has been turned so the faucet is constantly running water.” Edward began his explanation. “Now think of the water as Speed Force energy being pumped into you from the connection you now have, aka, the faucet and knob.”

“H-how is this going to help?”

“Just frickin’ visualize, brat!” Closing his eyes, the man rubbed the bridge of his nose. “Look, the Speed Force is pretty damn confusing. There is no set way to control yer connection, everyone has a different way of getting it to do what they need. Some people need ta sing a little ditty from their childhood, others need objects. Hell, after a while you might not even need it.”

“A-and y-you thought that a m-ental picture would be my control trigger?”

“Yeah, with how much you seem to get in yer head it might’ve helped. So figure yer thing out, we speedsters tend to have all the time in the world.”

Nodding my head, I began to experiment with whatever triggers I could think of; listing superhero facts, reciting the video of All-Might’s first appearance, singing the theme of Present Mic’s radio show. Nothing worked, until I felt it.

The feeling of an unending storm surged through my body. Bolts of lightning and booms of thunder echoed inside my mind, each one calling to mind some unknown facet of my new abilities. An idea entered my head, willing to try anything I decided to test it out.

Slowly I felt myself raise my arms, pushing the storm into the clouds. As the storm dissipated in my mind, the world around me resumed at a normal pace. The gown I had been wearing unfurled from my body as the suit disappeared. Something then decided to hit me in the head, drawing myself away from the storm. Looking down, I grabbed the offending object with my hand.

It was a simple black t-shirt, I looked down at it before looking back to the older speedster in confusion.

“Don’t just stand there! Get dressed, brat!” The man’s voice jumpstarted my movement as he tossed the rest of the clothes at me.

Quickly I slipped the boxers and shorts on under the gown. With my lower extremities covered, I took the gown off and let it drift to the ground. I then slipped the t-shirt on in its place.

“Thank christ.” Clariss began. “Let’s get back to the hospital before I get in trouble for kidnapping.”
With that, we jetted back to the Musutafu Hospital.

We appeared not to long later in an alley not far from the hospital, the rising moon being our only source of light as street lamps just began to flicker on.

“You don’t tell anyone about this, got it brat?”

I looked at him in confusion.

“Thanks to that little show of ours, yer speedster status is probably known by now.” Edward looked me in the eyes. “But ya can’t tell anyone about me training you.”

“Because of who you are?”

A knowing smile spread across the man’s face. “Smart, brat. Now I’m going to get ya back in yer room, and while yer stuck in there try working on the visualization trick.”

The world blurred around me, changing from the dark alley into the clean hospital room. It was with a certain amount of force that I found myself being thrown into the air, landing roughly into an unoccupied hospital bed. The bed found itself hitting the wall with a loud thud.

With a warning glance, Edward Clariss raced out of the room.

A few seconds later a couple of nurses ran into the room to check the source of the thud. Only finding me in the offending bed, staring awkwardly back at them. I offered a shaky wave at their confused faces.

“So, you just decided that you needed to run to Egypt?” A male nurse stood by me, as I sat on the edge of the hospital bed, giving me a basic check-up.

“Y-yes.” I nodded shakily at that.

‘Oh god, can they tell I’m lying.’

“Alright, breathe in. But why Egypt? Breathe out.” He grabbed my medical charts and jotted some notes down. “Why not home, or just someplace closer?”

“I d-don’t know, I-i guess the f-frozen world freaked me out a little.” I said. ‘A-am I sweating? Isn’t that a sign of lying?’

“Probably would freak me out also. Now what about the clothes?”

“A J-Japanese couple that w-was vacationing in the area f-found me and f-felt s-sorry for me.” My voice continued to shake at the explanation. ‘This is where he busts me on lying, isn’t it’

“Lucky you, Mr. Midoriya. We’ll be contacting your mother to let her know that your awake, so just take some time and rest. Someone will be stopping by with a new gown for you” The Nurse walked to the door, prepared to leave.

My voice stopped him.

“Wait, that’s all?” Why did my curiosity have to rear its head. “No other tests, no doctors coming
in to see my powers?"

“Legally, we can’t do anything else.” The nurse let out a sigh. “There are international laws against studying your power source as well as speedsters. As long as no serious medical problems arise, the hospital can only give you basic care.”

With that the nurse walked out of the room, leaving me to my thoughts.

After twenty minutes of waiting my mother, Inko Midoriya, rushed into the room.

“Izuku! You’re okay!” Mom brought me into a tight hug. “I was so worried when they told me you had disappeared. What happened to you?” Tears began to collect around her eyes as she let go to get a better look at me.

I began to gently waving my hands around to show I was okay. I then attempted to put a reassuring smile on my face before I spoke. “The lightning gave me superpowers. I can be a hero now, Mom!”

Mom must have seen something in my gaze, as she wordlessly brought me into another hug. Whispers of pride and acceptance slipped through her lips as she gently held me.

Once she let me go for a second time, Mom began filling me in on everything I missed out on while I was in a coma; get well soon cards from the Bakugou family, condolences from the pro-heroes that were at the sludge monster incident. My teacher dropping off lessons that I missed, so that I didn’t get held back. It slowly began to return to normal, the specter of the coma not as present as before, Mom began to tell me about the day she had and before long visiting hours were up. Mom left after the first warning, promising to be back tomorrow to pick me up if I was discharged.

When she left, I laid down. Hope for sleep faded as a singular thought entered my mind.

‘I’m sorry for lying to you, mom.’

At some point I had finally fallen asleep, until a hand roughly shook me awake. Looking up in shock, I found Edward Clariss staring at me.

“I’ve got ideas for yer training.” Taking a seat on the bed, Clariss began talking again. “We’ll be pretty much working on yer speed and how to control only. Depending on how yer doing, I may teach ya a few other tricks.”

“Like what, Mr. Clariss?!” I quickly brought my hands up to cover my mouth as I spoke a bit louder than necessary.

“Are ya trying to get me caught already?”

I silently shook my head, to afraid to speak and drive away the person that could teach me how to control my powers.

“Now drop yer hands, and you can quietly ask questions, got it brat?”

“When do we start?”

“Ahh haha, So this might not be a total waste.” Eddie quietly praised, “We’ll start in a couple days,
after you get released.”

“How do you-”

“Yer a speedster brat! Super healing’s part of the package somehow.” Eddie interrupted “Now make sure to be at Dagobah beach in two days, got it, good.”

I nodded at him.

“Anything else?”

One question remained for me as the man waited.

“What does one of the world’s first super villains want with me?”

Edward stood and walked to the door, before turning to face me with a grim look.

“Ya got some dark shit comin’ yer way, brat.” He turned back to the door. “I was never the best person, but I sure as shit wasn’t going to let ya face it with out some experience.”

With that he left me to my thoughts.

Two days ago the hospital had decided that, with the powers gifted by my connection to the Speed Force, I could be discharged much earlier then many other people who were in my position. Thankfully I woke up close to the weekend, allowing me time to read up on my missing classes before I had to return to school.

Now that three days have passed since I woke up from my coma. I am sitting on a busted microwave at the beach turned trash heap Mr. Clariss told me to come to, waiting for my new teacher to appear.

The time by myself allowed me time to think about the path I found myself on. ‘I’m so close, in a couple years I’ll be able to-’

A smack to the back of my head, cut my thoughts short.

“Stop gettin’ caught up in yer head, brat.”

I could only irritably stare as I rubbed the back of my head in pain before letting loose a quiet, “Didn’t have to hit me so hard, Mr. Clariss.”

“It’s just about the only thing that’ll draw ya out of yer head, brat.” Mr. Clariss took a seat beside me. “Ya know why I chose this place for training?”

I had an idea. “While it may have been beautiful at one time, the beach has become a dumping ground. So no one bothers coming to visit anymore.”

“Exactly! And that makes it a good enough training area.”

“Mr. Clariss, what are you going to have me do?” Thoughts rushed through my head of all the cool things I could be learning.

“Running laps.”
His voice cut through my thoughts. “Wha-?”

“Ya just got yer powers, brat.” The older speedster’s voice stopped me. “You need to learn how to properly run before you can get to cool shit.”

Lowering my head I let out a whispered. “A-alright.”

Mr. Clariss clapped his hands together. “So, while you were in the hospital, I spent my time clearing out a track for you to follow. You’ll be runnin’ it at various speeds so we can get an idea of yer current…”

I sat there listening to the older speedster’s training plan, ready to prove myself worthy of the power I had been given.

Five months had passed since I began my training under Edward Clariss. In that time my life had taken a definite turn as being struck by lightning changed my social standing for the time being, no one wanted to pick on the kid who survived getting a lightning bolt to the back and came away with no problems. Though I gained no friends from the event, my usual bullies decided to leave me alone for the rest of the school year. I also took another step towards applying for U.A. by turning fourteen.

Once school was out I spent my free time training. Most of that time was spent working on maintaining control and limits of my speed by running basic laps around the beach. Other times I was running through a trash obstacle course made to help work on my reaction time and agility at high speeds by having to duck, dodge, and dive around various bits of trash.

During those obstacle course sessions I tended to find myself nursing a sprained ankle as I adjusted to my new abilities and generally failed in reacting to the various bits of trash in my way. Luckily, I found myself adjusting to the obstacles and successfully learned how to dodge objects being thrown at me by Mr. Clariss himself.

As the fifth month came to a close, the progress I had with the homemade track had begun to stall. It was with some gratitude that Edward Clariss decided to teach me some more tricks outside of control over my speed.

“Alright, bring it in brat!” Mr. Clariss’ voice cut through the air, catching my attention as I laid on the beach.

Quickly I made my way over to stand in front of him.

“Yer control’s coming along.” The older speedster began. “I think yer ready enough for some new tricks, so follow me cause I got something to show you.”

Explaining the next trick, he led me over to a sheet of plywood that someone decided to drop off at the beach in person. “As a speedster whose power is derived from the Speed Force, you have a leg up on most other speedsters.”

He raised his hand for me to see it. “People like you and me got the ability to vibrate not only bits of our body, but also the individual atoms as well.” The older speedster’s hand began to vibrate. “If you start vibrating yer molecules at the frequency of air, you’ll be able to phase through solid objects.” Slowly he pushed his hand through the plywood before pulling back and leaving a
seemingly untouched piece of wood in front of us.

Seeing him pull the trick off, my mind started to race as I started working out how the trick worked. A slap to the back of the head draws me out of my thoughts.

“Nice to see you paying attention, brat.” Mr. Clariss began. “There’s more you gotta know before I let you work on this.”

I nodded my head as I rubbed the spot he slapped.

“There is something you need to know before I let you do yer thing.” The older speedster paused to let the warning sink in before continuing. “Be ready for some pain if you fail at this.”

I felt confusion at that. “What could happen if I fail?”

Mr. Clariss raised a hand for me to see a closed fist, he raised one finger and began to speak. “You could just run right into the object yer trying to phase through, bustin’ yer nose or neck.”

My stomach dropped a little; however, since I started training I had become used to the odd bump and bruise in my life. It also helped that I had been the target of a few different physical attacks because of my former powerlessness.

Another finger raised. “You could cause the object to explode because yer atoms decided to bump up against the object’s own.”

My stomach dropped a bit more, but after being used as a practice dummy for Kacchan’s explosive quirk I felt prepared for that outcome.

A third finger raised on my teacher’s hand. “Or you could stop phasing part of the way through the object and become fused to it.”

Bile rose in my throat as I looked towards the ground. ‘What?’

“Yep, now come on brat, there’s something I want you to do in yer free time.”

“W-what did you want me to do?” I felt a little queasy.

“How can he just ignore those warnings!’

“Just figurin’ you might want to do some studying on yer own.” Mr. Clariss stepped over to me and patted me on the shoulder. “Focus on things concerning speed, momentum and energy in yer studies ok, brat?”

“Y-yeah.” The queasy feeling never left. ‘I-i could die doing that move!’

“Now come on, I should probably do my part and foot the food bill fer a growing speedster.”

I finally looked back up at the older speedster. “I’m actually not that hungry Mr. Clariss.”

“You sure?” A look of confusion spread across his face, before being wiped away with the next question. “Actually, how has yer diet changed since getting yer powers?”

It was my turn to express confusion. “It hasn’t changed all that much.” Fear crept into my voice. “Why is that normal?”

“Don’t worry about it, brat.” Even if he tried to cover it up, I still heard the confusion in his voice. “Still need to buy you food anyway, we did skip lunch.”
It had been one month since I began working on the phase ability, and progress was slow. Especially since Mr. Clariss had final say in all of my training endeavors. It was his decision that made sure I was focusing primarily on reading and my running.

Luckily it was on a cool November afternoon that I was once again able to work on the trick at Dagobah Beach.

Crouching down I prepared myself for the next attempt. About twenty feet ahead of me was a refrigerator, one of the busted pieces of junk that had been dumped here the past few years.

‘Breath in, breath out, breath in, and go!’

Bolting away from the starting line, I raced to the object. At five feet away from the busted appliance, I called upon the storm in my mind. Felt as the storm shook inside my body and felt as pain lanced through my face, starting at my nose.

I clutched the extremity in pain while I laid on the ground. The crunch of sand drew my attention as Mr. Clariss walked over and knelt beside me.

“Keep hold of yer nose brat.” The older speedster growled, then started to consider something. “Remember the other trick you did?”

“I thought you said not to do that?”

“Nothin’ bad has happened yet after the first time.” Mr. Clariss gave a non-committal shrug. “As long as nothing continues to happen, I might consider lifting that ban.”

With a shaky nod I felt power surge towards my nose, a low hum echoed from the body part as it began vibrating. Within a few seconds, no more pain was felt in my nose.

A smack to my back drew me out, Mr. Clariss stood up and waved me back to my starting line.

“I’ll let you have another shot today before we move on. Okay, brat?”

“Ok.” With that, I got to my feet and prepared for attempt sixty-one.

By the time January rolled around, I still had yet to fully master my phasing ability. It was the start of the month’s second weekend and I was prepared for another day of training.

I stood on my appointed starting line, waiting for Mr. Clariss to finish setting up the next piece of junk I was going to use for testing. The old one having exploded last week when I phased through it. Not fun getting caught in that blast.

Not fun at all.

Finally the older speedster stepped away from the junk, which I could see was another ruined refrigerator. I crouched down, preparing myself for the latest attempt. A hand to the shoulder stopped me before I could do anything.

“Brat, what attempt is this? A Hundred?” Mr. Clariss said as he knelt beside me.

I released a sigh as I mumbled in response. “Two-hundred seventy.”
“You want my thoughts? Be a speedster, not an Izuku.”

“Wh-what’s that supposed to mean?”

“It’s not meant to be insulting, brat.” Mr. Clariss scratched the back of his neck. “Up till this point I’m guessing you’ve been thinking about using yer powers.”

I nodded slightly, still feeling a little insulted.

“Thinking’s all well and good, but you gotta remember one thing about the Speed Force; after a point it stops making sense.”

That was not what I wanted to hear.

He placed a hand on top of my head. “For this attempt, I want you to take yer mental image from here,” The older speedster shook my head before removing his hand and placing it over my heart. “And put it here.”

I looked at him in confusion. “I still don’t understand.”

“I don’t either, brat.” Mr. Clariss stood up. “Just remember how you made the suit in Egypt, did you think about making it?”

“No.”

“How’d you make it happen then?”

“I felt something…” I began but was interrupted.

“Then feel the power again, let the Speed Force guide you to the proper way for this attempt. Just, be the lightning.” With that bit of advice, Mr. Clariss walked away.

I had the basest idea of how to start, once again getting ready for the newest attempt. Deciding on a new mantra before starting, I steadied my breathing and attempted to let myself go.

‘Feel the power, don’t guide it, become the lightning.’

The world around me slowed, as I started my dash towards the refrigerator. A hint of power reached out, I grabbed onto it without thinking. I was three feet away from the junk when I began to feel myself vibrate. I couldn’t let myself get distracted, pushing forward I passed through the junk. Stopping several feet away and cutting off the flow of power, I closed my eyes preparing for the possible explosion.

‘Any second now, any second now.’

Nothing happened.

Slowly I opened my eyes. None of the noise was warped, the waves crashed against the beach and cars drove by at a regular pace. Yet the refrigerator did not explode.

Quickly I looked back at the piece of junk appliance, it was still there.

I couldn’t help but be excited. “I did it! Did you see?”

Mr. Clariss responded. “Yep, now do it again, brat.”
With an ‘alright’, I proceeded to repeat my success several times. Nothing could keep me from being excited.

The next day, I made my way to the beach without a care. The only thought in my head was about what I would be learning next

The cool January air brushed my face as I walked over to my teacher, I could see him staring stone faced at the water. As I stepped beside him, Mr. Clariss spoke.

“I’ve been teaching you for how long now? Eight Months?”

An unnatural chill shot through my spine at the question. “Y-yeah, why?”

What I wasn’t prepared for was my teacher to disappear and punch me hard in the jaw. The hit was enough of a distraction for Edward Clariss to grab my left hand and attach a wrist band on to my wrist with a clack.

Clariss disappeared once again, this time reappearing in front of me and grabbing the collar of my jacket. This movement allowed me a good view of a costume change that my teacher just pulled.

Instead of the jacket and jeans he was wearing when the boy arrived at the beach, Edward Clariss was wearing a tight fitting purple shirt and a pair of purple jeans. The shirt had half of a simple violet lightning bolt, with one end of the bolt starting at his left shoulder and disappearing under his waist at the center of the shirt. On top of Edward’s head was a silver helmet from WWI that had two purple wings grafted to the curve of the helmet near the brim, with one wing on each side.

“To answer yer question brat,” spat Edward Clariss, The Rival, one of the first true super villains. “Yer gonna show me that I didn’t just waste eight months of my life. So I guess that make us Rivals.”

Chapter End Notes

Hope you had fun with the story so far. I’ve got plans, well ideas, for more flash characters to show up.

Remember leave a review, favorite, follow, whatever, or do nothing and hope I get whatever vibes you send my way.

Just so you guys know, I will be pulling from the comics mostly. Though there may be interpretations from the TV show and my own ideas mixed in

For all intents and purposes of this fic, I will be using Pre-Flashpoint Wally West’s power set with some of Barry Allen’s mixed in. So no One for All in this story
Mr. Clariss, no, The Rival harshly threw me to the ground.

“Listen brat, no, wait. What does that little shit call you all the time? Dea- Det- no, no… OHH Right, Deku, I’m goin’ to call you that from now on.”

Still reeling from the rough treatment at the hands of my mentor, I mumbled out a simple question; “H-how did you know about that?”

Leaning down and grabbing my face in one hand, the Rival responded. “That doesn’t matter my little Deku, get yer costume on so we can get this show on the road.” As he finished he released his hold on me.

I shakily got on my two feet and slowly drew on the Speed Force, calling the scarlet and gold costume from Egypt. The wrist band somehow was not covered by the costume.

“Good, good” The Rival praised eagerly, before throwing up his hands in a signal that caused several cameras to poof into existence around us, “Since you got yer public face on, we can finally start this thing. Now, smile for the cameras!”

“Mr-”

“Up-up-pa, While the cameras roll, you will refer to me as Rival. You understand Deku-brat?”

All I gave him was a silent nod.

“Good, now the rules are simple; that wrist band will tell you of four separate villain attacks that I have set up across this prefecture of yers, go to the location yer told and stop them. In let’s saaayyyyyyy, forty minutes. You don’t do it and I blow off yer arm with the that fancy band.”

“Why are you doing this?”

The Rival became exasperated with this question; “Because, I need to see I didn’t waste my time on you Deku-brat.”

“What’s stopping me from phasing out of it?”

“Once it was placed onto your wrist a sort-of deadman’s switch was activated; the bomb comes off, the switch is released and… Boom.”

My face drew into a frown.
The older speedster came around to stand by me and threw an arm around my shoulder. “What’s that face for? Do what I say, and you get it off anyway!” The Rival pushed me forward. “Now what are you waitin’ for, clocks starts tickin’… now!”

With that I glanced at the wrist band for information on the first attack and raced off.

(4:30 PM) - Time Left: (40:00)

It takes significantly longer then expected for me to find the first villain, the bomb on my wrist only giving a street name from somewhere in the prefecture.

(4:35 PM) - Time Left: (35:00)

At the five minute mark I had already checked two different cities and was entering the third; ChuChu City. As I stepped into the city limits, I was greeted by a strange looking man that set my nerves on edge. Now, that strangeness usually wouldn’t have been a problem in the age of quirks, what with the numerous ways a quirk could mutate a body; however, this man was someone I recognized. A supposedly retired villain of the Jay Garrick and the mad bomber of Keystone city, James Jesse AKA The Trickster.

It was obvious that age did not treat the first villain of this little gauntlet well, with his old age and somewhat hunched back having caused him to stand at 5 feet even. The Trickster was sporting a baggy white suit decorated in blindingly neon polka dots. Surprisingly a plain brown cane was being used to help him keep his balance. His face was creased with many a wrinkle and a deranged look was shining in his eyes. Lastly his hair was covered in haphazard patches of neon green.

The Trickster turned to face me, madness and recognition evident in his eyes.

“Weeeeeeeellllll, If it isn’t the little showstopper, here to ruin my fun huh?”

If there was one thing I learned about James Jesse, it was that the man was insane unless being medicated; “Mr. Jesse h-have you been t-takin-?”

“Nooo, no, nnmno! Clariss told me all about you! Out to ruin my glorious prank.” The Trickster groused, “Well it’s not gonna happen! Go catch a magic show, or stay and watch the prank. It’s gonna be explosive.”

I had to think of something, and quick, if I wanted to put a stop to The Trickster’s ‘prank’. “Any second now, and everyone’ll be laughing. Ohhhh, where did I set that detonator?” The Trickster fell into a sullen silence as he searched for the equipment

A plan formed in my mind, “Mr. Jesse, I-I’m not who you think I am!”

“Wha-?”

“Y-yeah I’m here to see if everything was s-set up alright!”

“You are?” The villain looked unsure. “Why are you wearing that suit th-?”

“It was a small prank The Rival decided to pull.” I interrupted. “He thought you would enjoy it.”

“A Prank?” Confusion entered the man’s voice, a frown marring his face before it shifted into a
smile “Brilliant! Haha, I knew that old man had a funny bone in his body!”

“Can you tell me where the prank is going to happen?” I gently prodded the aging super villain

“It’s in that rundown apartment down a couple blocks.” The Trickster supplied pointing west, “Now hurry, we need everything set up for that little showstopper”

Nodding I raced off in the direction Trickster pointed.

It took a thirty seconds for me to reach the apartment building, having run into an attempted muggings that needed to be dealt with. The building was a simple semi-dilapidated brick structure standing at five stories, the yard area was purely dirt with a dead tree a few feet from the building proper. A few of the windows showed signs of having been cleaned recently, and a sign in the door noted vacancies. I was about to start my search for the bomb when I felt the ground rumble and roar as time began to slow down. The floor beginning to bulge as death and fire forced its way out of the basement.

Choosing to ignore the phenomena, I began the process of evacuating the building floor-by-floor.

The ground floor held two inhabitants: a man in a wheelchair and a drunk sitting in front of a TV.

The first floor was much more difficult: an entire going away party being thrown for a college friend; various heights, weights, and body shapes granted by quirks caused me some trouble.

Heading back inside, the ground floor started to break apart under my feet as I raced to clear out the rest of the inhabitants.

The second floor was much easier to clear out: A father helping his son study, an elderly woman cooking dinner, a napping woman.

Thankfully the third floor was empty.

The fourth floor held a young couple spending the day in their first apartment.

The stairs and walls began crumbling; I dug deep and pushed himself further, the world slowing even more and the slow roar of the explosion fading away. A fear of failure starts to rise up in my chest as I race the couple from the fourth floor out of the apartment and place them with the rest of the tenants a couple buildings down before finishing my search.

The journey up to the final floor was fairly treacherous with the remaining bits of floor and stairs basically being the size of small lily pads. Reaching the floor, I noticed a young mother holding her daughter close as the piece of apartment they were huddled on was close to being consumed by the flames.

I grabbed them and began the journey down to the streets below, hopping from piece of floating rubble to piece of floating rubble. What seemed like a dangerous twenty minute journey to me, was probably a second long blur for my passengers. I exit the building with the daughter in my hands and the mother holding on around my neck, as I stop in front of the other tenants and drop the duo off; the world resumes its natural pace.

Uncomfortable with being the center of attention for so many people, I called upon what little confidence I could and asked a question.

“I-is anyone hurt?”
Hearing no response, I got ready to head back to The Trickster; however, the small voice of the little girl stopped my movement.

“Where are we going to live now mom?”

I stood still for a few seconds before turning to the civilians and offering up a, “Be back in a flash!”

‘*Couldn’t I have come up with something better?’* I mentally chastised myself as I raced to a local library and began to study all I could for my barely formed plan.

It took me several seconds to find and memorize all of the needed information.

Once I was done, I raced around the town before coming back to the destroyed apartment. I then began the process of building a new apartment building from scratch. Everything I could have done, I did. Clear the debris, lay the foundation, put up supports, in a word: everything. As a last second decision, I even laid down stadium grass and built a new swingset for the kids.

Once I was done with the construction work, I came to a stop and dropped down to the ground in front of the tenants and other witnesses that had gathered. Between massive gulps of air, I was able to give a simple, “h-how do you like it?”

Which broke the dam of amazement, allowing a flood of questions and statements to be flung into the open, including: “Are you alright?”, “He looks small, is he a kid?”, and a “That was so manly!”

Before it could overwhelm me, it was stopped by loud clapping. Feeling a jolt of anticipation for whatever trouble might come, I stood up.

The Rival had decided to make an appearance.

“You got some good craftsmanship. You know, I think construction workers are gonna hate you Flash.” The name of his arch-enemy spit from The Rival’s lips. The old villain stopped, “You know… It was supposed to be a joke, but I think you kinda deserve it.”

I stared at him, putting myself between him and the citizens.

“What!? I come to check on you, I praise you, HELL I think yer fast enough fer that name and all I get is silence!” The Rival had actually sounded upset before harshly tossing some objects at my feet, “I even brought you a couple energy bars fer when ya decided to over do it, deku-brat.”

“Why?” I mumbled, anger at his mentor building with every word he said.

“Because I felt like making sure yer sorry ass made it to the next villain.” The Rival spoke as though talking to a child.

“What do you care what happens to me? You’re the one that put a BOMB. ON. MY. WRIST!” I felt my anger bleed into the final words of my statement.

“Eat the bars Flash, you still got shit to do!” The Rival started to runaway, before stopping and turning to me. “Oh, don’t worry yer head about Trickster, a couple cops picked him up a few seconds after you went to work.”

The Rival disappeared in a purple streak, not feeling the slightest bit hungry I left the energy bars where they lie. I turned to the tenants and other witnesses, and bowed deeply before racing to the next villain.
Rival's Rogues Pt. 2

Chapter Summary

Izuku finds the second rogue

Chapter Notes

Disclaimer: I do not own BnHA or Flash in any way

(4:42 PM) - Time Left: (28:25)

The next villain, as it turned out, was stashed somewhere in my hometown; also, thankfully the watch gave him surprisingly, specific directions to the villain.

“Take a left turn in three feet.”

Literal GPS directions.

“Missed left turn, when possible make a legal U-turn.”

“Seriously?” I mumbled. Correcting my course, I made a u-turn and took the previously specified turn.

“Your target is forty feet below you.”

I overshot my destination by a several feet in confusion.

“When possible make a-” the watch sounded out.

“Alright, alright.” I said while failing in an attempt to quiet the watch. “So, the next rogue is in the sewer? Maybe there’s a nearby man hole I can enter?”

There was not.

A stray thought struck me. With a bit of concentration, my form started to vibrate and fell through the concrete on the street.

As soon as I could feel open air on my body, I stopped vibrating and splashed into the waiting sewer water. I would have begun the search for the the next rogue, if not for a voice calling out.

“Your target is twelve feet below.”

Heat spread across my face as I processed what the watch said, the heat spread even more as I remembered the cameras following me.

Resigned to my fate and ignoring how mush the water smelled, I vibrated through the floor,
dropping into an underground railway with soft thump. Checking my surroundings, I noticed a male figure strolling along the tracks, carrying four duffle bags. A bit of light shined on the figure, allowing me to see that the man was tall and made of metal.

Seeing the figure, my mind began to wander as I analyzed the person’s quirk.

‘Scrap metal? Is it something he has to activate or is it a mutation quirk? If it’s an activation quirk, does the metal appear on hi…’

However, fate had a different idea.

“Your target is just ahead of you.”

The voice echoed from the watch, the sound bouncing through the tunnel.

The metal person turned allowing me to get a good look at the man. At what I assumed to be seven feet tall, the man was the second tallest person I had ever met. Though, the rest of the man’s body drew most of my attention. Instead of being coated in metal as I first thought, the figure was instead seemingly made from hundreds if not thousands of scraps of metal that were bolted, riveted, and fused together. Even the man’s lengthy hair and beard appeared to be scraps of metal attached by tools. It all made the man look like junkyard art piece given life.

“Well, I thought I had enough time for a payday before the ‘Second Act’,” The metal man’s voice was a deep baritone, “But I guess you were too fast.”

A train’s horn sounded through the tunnel.

“I haven’t set anything up yet, but I wonder if you’re fast enough to stop this.” With that, the metal man set his bags down, reached down with one hand and tore part of the tracks from the ground. “Good luck, brat.”

He then ran from the scene, making sure to grab his bags of money.

Another horn sounded and the world around me slowed down as my brain sped up. Thousands of plans flew my head; some I saw fail miserably, others not so much. Only one had the best chance of success, and I quickly got to work.

Getting ready, I started to race up one wall of the tunnel, across the ceiling and down the other wall. A sub turning the corner, blind to the danger it was in.

Thirty feet away, the subway didn’t seem to be slowing down.

A light breeze flowed through the tunnel, as I continued running.

Twenty feet away, I could see the conductor motioning in the window.

The breeze became heavier as I gained speed.

‘Not enough, need, to, be, faster!’

Ten feet away, the conductor appears to have lost control of a strength quirk in his fear. The lever for a broken emergency break is his raised hand, his face wet with tears.

The wind picked up considerably, loudly blowing through the tunnel.

‘Do the people at the next station hear this?’ Floated through my head.
The train finally hit the broken part of the track, as it jumped into the air I sped off; around and around, staying just ahead of the train and creating a wind tunnel to carry the vehicle to safety. Once he was sure none of the train cars were in danger of jumping off the track, I started to slow down.

After a few seconds, the train landed back on the track with a clang.

Knowing that the train may have trouble with stopping, I raced ahead before coming to a halt. I faced the train and begin to spin my right arm in a pinwheel motion, the spin of my arm able to create enough force to safely bring the train to a stop. Dropping my arm, I let loose a slow breath that I had been holding in.

A camera snapping a picture pulled me from my thoughts. Turning to the witnesses standing on the platform I had unknowingly stopped at, one thought entered my mind.

‘Do something cool!’

I quickly offered a clumsy smile and a nervous wave before letting out a tiny, “h-hey.”

‘That was awful’

Then came the whispers

“That was so cool!”

“Is that the Flash? Looks like he got a new costume.”

“Isn’t he supposed to be like super old though?”

“He smells like shit.”

“He stopped a train though!”

“Still seems like kind of a dork.”

Being the center of attention was something that was new for me, luckily the wrist band gave me a convenient excuse to escape.

“Go straight then take a left in twenty feet.”

(4:45 PM) - Time Left: (25:00)

(4:45 PM) - Time Left: (24:55)

Little time passes in my search for the metal man.

“Take a left in three feet.”

My new villain GPS helped a lot.

“Your target is on the right.”

Seeing the place the third rogue had gone, I was filled with a sense of nostalgia as the once bustling Tatooin Shopping District layed before him. It had been repaired since my last time at the district. I noticed people were running away from the scene, only one person made no move to
leave. The metal man from the subway. He was facing towards me, a smirk evident on his face.

“Quicker then you look, brat!”

A nervous energy raced through me, before I tried to steady my mind with thoughts of ‘What
would All-Might do?’

It worked slightly.

Slowly, I began to plead my case to the metal man, “Sir, I do-”

“The name’s Girder, brat.” the newly named Girder interrupted.

Undeterred, I continued, “I don’t know what The Rival promised you, bu-”

“You really think that I’m just gonna roll over and walk away because you say so?” Girder
questioned, “You’re gonna show the world you can play in the big leagues and you’re not just a
pretender.”

With that Girder went on the offensive, doing all he could to attack. Tearing up the street, busting
walls, tossing stands; anything and everything became a weapon to the much taller villain,
especially since I had super speed.

The world slowed around me as Girder made his first attack. Stepping out of the way of oncoming
debris, I became aware of civilians still caught in the district. Forgoing Girder for a few seconds, I
began to clear the remaining civilians out of the district and let my mind wander.

Grabbing civilians and dropping them off away from the danger, I let my mind wander and plan.
Hundreds of plans flowed through my head, going over what I knew of Girder’s quirk. Taking into
account the metal skin and his size in general, I could see that his durability had most likely been
enhanced as well. However the man could only move so fast, so I felt that I could try and out
maneuver the villain.

A sharp pain flowed through my hand and arm, drawing my self back to reality.

I would later find out that, without a plan, my body acted on it’s own, Punching the Girder in the
chest.

Not my proudest moment.

_____________________________________________________________________________________

Stumbling to the ground in pain, I clutched my broken left hand. Girder stood over me menacingly.

“Sorry about this kid.” Girder said raising his arms, “You could of been a hero, but somebody has
to win this game.”

I could only close my eyes as Girder swung his fists downward to crush me.

One second, two seconds, three seconds…

Where was the pain?

Opening my eyes, I saw that someone had pushed Girder back.

Standing just shy of Girder’s seven foot height was the muscular form of a hero I had the ‘pleasure’
of meeting just before the lightning struck; Deathgoro

“I don’t know what kind of game you guys got this kid playing,” the hero growled out, “but I do know that beating on a kid is never a way to win anything!”

Girder charged at Deathgoro, intent on taking him out as quickly as possible. The hero was ready, stepping into a stance to keep himself stable Deathgoro met the villain head on and forced a stalemate between them.

Turning his face slightly, Deathgoro grunted out towards me, “I don’t know how long I can hold him, so you better have a plan Flash!”

I froze, and I admit that. I didn’t have a plan, hell I shouldn’t have had to create a plan. I was fourteen years old! I know I wanted to be a hero, I just thought it would be a few years off. As my mind began to spiral downward into thoughts of ‘why-me’s’, thoughts of uselessness, and pure self-loathing, it happened.

A plan started to form. Memories of super speed-fueled research nights bursting forth through my brain, I raced away from the area ignoring a shout of ‘Flash?!’ behind me. Vibrating through building walls and vehicles, I made my way through the city. I stopped six miles away a straight shot from the warring quirk users. Shaking my healing hand slightly in an attempt to drive away pain, I prepared for the journey back.

Slowly, I knelt into a runner’s position. I closed my eyes and began to pull on the speedforce, letting the world around me slow down. The crackle and heat of the power had a welcoming feel to it. A voice called out and gave me a simple order.

‘Run, Izuku, run.’

My eyes snapped open. I pushed off the ground and began the journey back. I wasn’t aware of many things on the race to the fight, the only thing I noticed was the feeling of excitement every time my feet touched pavement and the speedforce fed me more energy.

Step-by-step, I grew closer to the shopping district.


Step-by-step, I gained more force for my plan.

Vibrating through a building in my way, I could see Deathgoro in front of me on the ground about to take a blow from the still-standing Girder. The villain’s fist slowly falling towards the hero. Looks like I was going to be able to repay the hero’s save from earlier.

Hitting the shopping district’s boundary, I jumped forward and let the momentum carry me the rest of the way to my target as I balled my hand into a fist and stretched my arm out in front of me. In the few seconds before my hit connected, a thought strolled through my head; a name.

More specifically, a name for the punch that was heading for Girder’s gut.

As my fist finally met the villain’s gut, the name echoed from my mouth;

“KEYSTONE CITY SMAAAASSSSHHHHH!!!”

Girder flew back a few feet, landing on the ground out cold. I skidded to a stop on my stomach a foot before the villain.
Scrambling to my feet I sped over to the hero who hadn’t gotten up yet.

“Sorry,” I apologized quietly, looking to the ground as the hero turned to gaze at me in confusion.

“For what Flash?” Deathgoro questioned.

“I could have told you about my plan, or come up with something better that wouldn’t have put you in danger for so long…..”

I began to trail off into a fit of mumbling that would have continued on for a while longer, if not for light bop on my head from the pro-hero on scene.

“Kid, you did good out there. The villains been taken down, so don’t worry.” Deathgoro praised before his tone took a sharp turn, “However, I better not see you doing heroics without a license again. Got it Flash!”

“C-Crystal Deathgoro Sir!” I stuttered out. “B-but why are you calling me Flash?”

“Kid, we all saw the apartment thing on the broadca-.”

A ping from the armband bomb on my wrist interrupted the hero and a high-pitched voice blared out from it “Young student, you are cordially invited to take part in the one-time only free performance of the magnificent Abra Kadabra! To accept, simply come to the Talus Theater. You really don’t want to miss it.”

“Shit,” Deathgoro bit out. “I don’t know who Abra Kadabra is, but your running short on time kid. Another pro will try to get there and help out.”

With a small look towards the hero, I nodded and raced to face the final villain. I could barely hear the hero say, “God-damn he’s fast.”

(4:55 PM) - Time Left: (15:00)
Rival's Rogues Pt. 3

Chapter Summary

It's time for the final rogue to make his appearance.

Chapter Notes

Just a warning that this rogue became a bit more exposition heavy.

Disclaimer: Don't own Flash or BnHA

See the end of the chapter for more notes

(5:18 PM) - Time Left: (12:00)

After a few minutes, I found myself standing in front of a theater near Tokyo; the Talus Theater. The theater was somewhat rundown, doors that had broken windows, grime on the abandoned box office outside, a marquee that flickered briefly every so often. While the marquee was on, you could see the title:

ABRA KADABRA: THE FINAL RUN

After a few moments of waiting for possible back-up, I stepped into the building. Instead of the expected dust and grime, something from victorian England awaited me inside. Ornate woodwork and a gold inlay could be seen everywhere as I walked into the lobby. Soon I noticed a sign with an arrow pointing to an open set of double doors that led to the theater area proper.

Stepping into the audience seating, I could only see one figure in the entire area. An old man sat at a small single chair table on the stage staring at me, the old man had a long white beard and was dressed in a green pinstriped suite and bowler hat.

With a wave of a hand, a second chair appeared in across from him.

“Come! Come here and have seat child, we have much to discuss!” The old man shouted for myself and the ever-present camera to hear.

Quickly I made my way to the stage, only to find myself staring at the chair warily.

“It will not bite you Flash,” The old man prodded gently. “Take a seat.”

With a release of a small breath I didn’t realize I was holding, I took my seat across from the old man.

“I guess that makes you Abra Kadabra.” I spoke quietly, a accusatory tone in my voice.

“Yes, however I am not like the other two you have faced or even like your bullish Rival.” Abra spoke, the way he said rival spoke of disappointment and sarcasm. “I am truly, only here to talk. To
reveal to you a real, what some would call, Black Racer’s hand dealt to you by fate.”

Confusion must have been evident on my face. “Wha-”

“I’ll explain, but first you may wish to take off your mask. A secret identity is outdated in this age, and it would have never and will never be of help to you to keep your new powers a secret.” Abra looked down for a second, before gazing into my eyes. “Please, Izuku Midoriya, anybody who has plans for you knows all there is to know about you.”

Gulping, I nodded and brought my hands to my face. Gripping the edge of the mask that rested on my cheekbones, I slowly slid the mask up and over my head, allowing the it to hang limply behind me and my hair to rest as it usually did. The camera floated lazily behind Abra Kadabra, streaming my face to everyone watching.

A pit started forming in my stomach as I thought about what my mom must be going through as she realized her only child was caught in the Rival’s sick test.

All the old man said was, “Thank you.”

Slowly, Abra Kadabra ran his hand parallel to the table causing five cards appear.

Each one was modeled after old tarot cards, an elegant frame design surrounding a picture and small title printed onto a banner near the bottom of the card.

Abra began speaking, “Before you lies the Black Racer’s hand dealt to you by fate. It is a hand of hardship and death for not only you, but those around you as well.”

Drawing his hand to one of the cards. “The first trial of your tale has come.”

The picture was simple. The familiar silhouette of his teacher was colored purple, a lighter shade of purple in the shape of lightning on the silhouette’s chest. The title read: “The Bullish Teacher.”

“The Bullish Teacher came to you and offered hope, with it came the first true trial you face as the Flash. A test, not of your abilities, but of you. How you handle the situations villains put you in; and with this test, he reveals his purpose as teacher and herald of your heroic debut.” A tone of sadness entered the old man’s voice. “The next trials you face will not have the flair of the teacher’s.”

The next card in the line pictured a green silhouette with sickly orange shapes in the generally area of the eyes. Feelings of unease spread through my body staring at the picture. It was titled; “The Jealous Child.”

“The Jealous Child hates you. You are the one thing his “father” obsesses most in this world and he hates you for it.” Abra Kadabra pulled my hands into his. “He will be responsible for cutting your strongest tie to this world, and with it gone you will be faced with a choice that will set the tone for your heroic career. Do not falter when the choice is to be made.” With that, the old man let go of my hands and gestured to the third card.

The picture featured a small orange silhouette curled up next to a menacing dark red one. This time feelings of sadness gripped my mind as I read the title for the card; “The Tortured Successor.”

“The Tortured Successor could have been a great force for good; however, the trials and the mistakes he faced broke him, made him into a monster. His only goal is to fix the wrongs made against him, both real and imaginary. Be vigilant when facing him, for you now carry the name that could have been his if fate was kinder to him.”
Waving his hand, Abra Kadabra gestured to the fourth card in the series. The picture showed two silhouetted faces. One a dark, almost black, blue and the other a shade of an off white-blue mix. Feelings of sickness spread though my stomach. The card was called; “The Priest and the God.”

“The Priest and his God will be one of the most trying trials you will face. They see you not as a hero to be overcome, but as an aberration meant to be destroyed in the name of the God of Speed. You will experience more loss by their hands, and in the end you will be given a deal that will make sure that the Priest and his God meet the same fate everyone does.”

One card remained to be explained. The portrait featured a figure in familiar shade of scarlet, the same as my own suit. In front of the figure was a fragmented silhouette, this one colored a bright yellow. Feelings of fear, sickness, and a hint of sadness ran through me as I stared at the card. The name on the card was; “The Shattered Mirror.”

“He is the Jealous Child’s father. When he was born, you are a lovingly cherished memory of this age. As he grew older, you were the hero he looked up to most of all and he wanted to be like you. A symbol, not just of the peace you brought, but of the hope you gave all who were saved by you; however, it was not to be. Where your life made you turn right, he turned left. Because of that he not only became a Shattered Mirror image of you, he became your true rival, your Reverse.”

The Old man stood up from his seat as he finished speaking. The band on my wrist made a beep sound and fell from my limb.

“Heed these warnings Flash. I dread to think what would happen if you forgot them.”

Before I could ask him anything, Abra Kadabra vanished only leaving his bowler hat to drop to the ground as evidence that he was ever there.

Just as the hat hit the ground, something pulled at my mask. I toppled to the ground as the fabric of my mask was once again covering most of my face. Getting of the ground, I stood as tall as my thirteen-year old body could allow and stared hard at the one who forced my mask into place.

Edward Clariss, The Rival, stood a few feet away.

“Mr. Cla-” A fist thrown into my stomach stopped me from talking, causing me to fall to a knee. A camera floated past my crouched form

“Ya know, I thought I was clear. Keep the mask on, and. call. ME. THE RIVAL!”

Anger spread through me, the lightning of my Speed Force aura draped over me and began to crackle as I finally shouted at my teacher, “I’ve completed the tests. What else do you want from me!”

A evil smile broke out on his face as he responded, “To see if you got what it takes to really be the Fastest Man Alive.”

(5:29 PM) - Time Left: (N/A)
So, whose ready for a true test of speed next chapter? Only two more parts left in this arc. Hope your excited for whats coming!

Keeping that timer going was probably the most difficult thing with writing these chapters.
Another thing, both Trickster 1 (James Jesse) and Abra Kadabra’s back stories haven’t changed much; Trickster fought against Jay Garrick, and Abra Kadabra is a time traveler. Unpack that however you want.

If you have questions, don’t be afraid to ask in your review.

Next Time: The new Flash races against his former mentor.
The confrontation with the Rival is finally at hand.

Chapter Notes

You may have seen the title change, don’t worry the story is still going to continue. I’m just going to break the long story into a series, which’ll hopefully let me rework the fic(s) into a format that’ll help the story come out more easily. The main change I’ll be making is the second story in a third person limited format; because these ‘I’ statements of first person are kicking my ass hard and I really don’t want to put you guys through the possibility of another rewrite.

Also from now on, my plan is to update my stories in release order. So the next story I’m writing for is Hawkman.

One other thing, I also wanted to gauge your interest in a possible New Gods two-shot.

Remember to leave a review, follow, favorite, kudos, send a message, or whatever you want.

Disclaimer: I do not own BnHA or Flash in any way

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“It took a few seconds for my mind to register what The Rival said.

“Fastest….?” My face contorted in anger. “WHY?”

“You heard the Mad Magician!” The Rival waved his arms dramatically before leaning forward and making eye contact, his face an odd mix of crazed and smug. One of the cameras getting a profile shot as he talked “You got born under a bad star brat! Villains from across time and space will come after you, and you need to be ready.”
“There’s a school that will help!” I could feel the Speed Force crackle with my anger. “Besides, the only villains sent after after me were because of you!”

“And more will come after me.” The Rival held his hand up placatingly. “You have a wild destiny in front of you Flash and I’m goin’ to make you ready.”

“There’s a school that will help with that!” I echoed my previous reply. The Speed Force surging through me felt like a storm roiling just under my skin. Rage and sadness begging to be let out, pleading to be let out, forcing its way out.

*SMACK*

My cheek lit up in pain, the Rival let his hand rest at his side after slapping me. One of the cameras floated by. ‘Is mom even conscious to see this?’

“Need ya’ in the here and now Flash!” exasperation laced through the Rival’s words. “You got one final test to complete!”

The slap did little to calm the storm inside. Thunder and lightning burned in my body, in my blood.

“A race to the end’s of the Earth, and back again. Just like me and Garrick in our hay-day!”

I wasn’t looking at him, but I could hear the smile and glee in his voice. ‘Why was he still talking? Was he enjoying this?’

“Come on Flash, time to get up and get ready.”

His hand reached under my armpit to pull me up, but I wouldn’t budge. ‘No’

“Get up kid.”

The storm swirling inside me grew even more, lighting arced through my blood. ‘No, I won’t.’
“Don’t be a brat! You think the others will just stop fighting whenever you start to throw a tantrum!”

Thunder roared in my brain, I couldn’t talk. ‘I don’t even have a license! And what others? You’re the only one whose done anything!’

“Think they’ll stop destroying what little family you have left if you just don’t respond!”

My eyes started to sting, whether it was from the tears or the storm, I couldn’t tell.

“I don’t think you understand what they will do to you kid!”

‘I understand! I just don’t believe you.’ The storm was too close to the surface now.

“He will ruin your life!” Rage leaked into the Rival’s voice. “He will destroy your life and only when you’re hanging onto the last strip of sanity will he kill you.”

I couldn’t hold onto this ever growing storm anymore. Lightning arched across my skin, pure energy flooded from my eyes.

“Now get up and we’re going to race…”

I looked up at him for the first time since he started to berate me, and it was all laid bare for me to see.

A camera zoomed in on my face as one word slipped from my mouth, filled with the power I just failed to contain.

“NnNOooO.”

Then I blacked out.
Even after all these years, I don’t know how to describe it. What I saw that day when I looked at the Rival, but I’ll try my best.

When I looked at him, it was like he shouldn’t have been there or wasn’t really there in the first place. An echo of what once was making its presence known for the first time since the original died 100 years ago.

And the existence of that echo upset the Speed Force enough to act through me in my emotional state to destroy the ghost of a man long dead.

I’m not entirely sure what was done to the Echo Rival, neither is the world at large. The energy I pulled from the Speed Force was great enough to fry any of the cameras that tried to get close.

None of that mattered to my thirteen-year old self as I woke up. I simply looked around once, then twice and saw the Rival wasn’t there. Then I left.

Stopping at my apartment door, I tried to come up with something to say when I talked to my Mom.

“‘Hey Mom, nice weather we’re having. Oh the televised event you saw? Doesn’t matter anymore.’” I sighed, and bumped my head on the door. “That’s dumb, what could I even say to her?”

I was so busy thinking, I didn’t even notice as the door opened and my mother, Inko Midoriya, stepped through the frame.

“She’s going to be so upset, especially aft-”

“I-Izuku?”

My head snapped up to look at her face. I became so painfully aware in the few seconds it took me to respond. Of the neighbors looking out there windows, of the pedestrians stopping to gawk, of me still standing there wearing my costume, and most of all of the tear stains on my mom’s face.
“M-m-mom, I’m sorry.”

Quickly her arms wrapped around me and pulled me into a hug. “I’m just so happy you’re safe.”

“Ahem, I am afraid I must break your moment up.”

Looking into the apartment I saw where the new voice came from, a short odd, looking animal wearing a white dress shirt, a dark red tie, a black double-breasted waistcoat and matching dress pants.

I couldn’t help but blurt out, “Mom, you went to build-a-bear?”

“I-Izuku!”

“It’s quite alright Ms. Midoriya, high stress days tend to loosen certain heroes lips.” The animal laughed to himself. “Hello young Midoriya! It is I the Dog-Mouse-Bear Principal of U.A, Nezu!”

‘Oh god, I called him a stuffed animal!’ I felt sick to my stomach.

“I am here to talk to the both of you about what happened today,” Principal Nezu continued. “While I can see and understand why you acted the way you did given the situation. What you did was still considered illegal and I am afraid that there are those who want you to face consequences for your actions.”

One thought passed through my head, ‘Well, shit…’

Chapter End Notes

I am honestly super sorry for the wait. I am going to try and be a little faster with updating.
I don’t really know how to say this, but I’ve lost interest in writing this story. A couple reasons for this are:

1) that the Flash franchise has kind of left my head and has shown almost no interest in coming back.

2) Every time I look at this story, I just don’t feel the way I do about Hawkman or Started with Impalement. It feels rushed and I just get the urge to rewrite it again.

And rather than string you guys along on long hiatus after long hiatus or even another rewrite, I’ve come to the decision to abandon this story and let someone else pick this story up or just bits of this story write something better.

I also decided to borrow an Idea from this One Piece fanfic from a few years back and just let you read the notes of where I wanted this story to go.

Book 1 - “Rivals & Consequences”

Continuing from where chapter 6 left off, we would have seen a sort of battle of the brains between Nezu and Izuku, with Nezu sort of making general statements about the consequences Izuku would face for his forced vigilante actions. After a bit Izuku would realize that the threats were toothless and Nezu would be congratulate him on figuring it out. Basically any punishment faced would really be more for show as far as Izuku was concerned. He (and to a lesser extent, his mother) would be remanded into UA protection, where he would be on ‘parole’ and be trained by licensed speedster heroes. The two heroes would be Godspeed (August Heart) and Fast Track (Meena Dhawan), this would be a red herring for those who read the comics and know who the characters are.

Then a stinger chapter would come out showing a conversation between Eobard Thawne and Thaddeus Thawne, where after an argument it would be teased that Eobard’s time traveling may have created this timeline the story takes place in and wiped the DCU out of existence.

Book 2 “Inertia…Death in the Family”

This book would cover up till the sports festival. The main villain being Inertia (Thaddeus Thawne). A lot of the story would focus on the fact that Izuku has heroic experience and how that effect his early days at UA. Before long we would hit up the USJ and find the league of villains would have one addition to their army, Inertia who would distract Izuku and pull him away from the building and lead him on a chase to his mom’s apartment where Inertia would kill Inko and then leave so Izuku could grieve.

A funeral would then play out where we would see that Hisashi Midoriya isn’t a terrible person
he’s a former vigilante whose been in jail for several years. Meena and August end up taking custody of Izuku.

Book 3 - “The Sports Festival”

The sports festival comes around and plays out pretty similarly to canon. Except for the addition of a new speedster student who by the final fight of the festival would reveal himself to actually be Inertia who would try and use Inko’s death to get in Izuku’s head but just end’s up pissing the hero in training off. Izuku grabs Inertia and starts dragging the villain around the world in an attempt to kill him, but thinks better of it. Using his connection to the speed force, Izuku instead forcibly reverses Inertia’s own connection, so that anytime the villain uses his power he starts moving extremely slowly. Izuku is then named winner of the festival and Inertia is arrested.

In jail, Inertia is welcomed into jail by Hisashi and his pyromaniac brother (the Heatwave of this story). In the end Hisashi leaves the two alone, and Heatwave kills Inertia.

Book 4 - “In the Field”

During the work study arc we see Izuku finally fully accept the name of Flash and take on a work study program with Godspeed and Fast Track. Next would be a couple of chapters where he clashes with Weather Wizard and Turtle, before finally coming to the hero killer replacement; Daniel West. West is killing various quirked individuals because in this story the age of Quirks would be happening because of a dark matter storm that wiped across the world and he’s trying to power himself up to change his past. Hopefully creating a new timeline where West can be the hero he felt he should. The three speedsters are able to drive him off.

Book 5 - “End of the Term Tests/Camping Trip/By Grodd"

I don’t know how I would differentiate the test though it would probably run pretty similar to canon

The mall incident that happens after would begin similarly to canon where Izuku is left alone in the mall and get accosted by Shigaraki who is killed by Eobard Thawne. Izuku is taken by the villain to an almost shattered future that is constantly being written and rewritten. It is revealed that Eobard Thawne changed the timeline, and in finally rid himself of Barry Allen attached his existence to a new Flash; Izuku Midoriya. and his entire plan is really a testing of the waters before he dived fully into this new rivalry. After his chat, Thawne returns Izuku to his time and leaves.

The camping trip comes and due to the League of Villains pretty much getting shattered, the camping trip is instead interrupted by Daniel West who starts fighting Izuku before long they disappear from the forest and reappear in Gorilla City that is ruled by Grodd where they get taken by the guards and are put in chains and locked away in the same cell block as Solovar. Soon they learn about an attack on the outside world and break out to stop it. They learn the weapon that will start the attack is a bomb, once they get to the bomb a decision is made and Daniel West drags the bomb into the speed force where he sacrifices himself and die as a hero. Solovar takes down Grodd with Izuku’s help. Izuku then returns home.

Book 6 - “The Rule of Zoom”

We pickup around the internship arc. Izuku takes on an internship with Godspeed where the case they start into is tracking down a cult that is killing civilians. When they finally track the cult down, they see the villain of the book: Zoom, in this story he is a murderous zealot who is trying to collect enough dark matter energy to summon his god Savitar. The two heroes get caught and Godspeed is taken down and killed by the cultists which finally opens the the path for Savitar to
take over Zoom’s body.

Book 7 - “Gods Among Us”

This part of the story would’ve probably been a bit slower, less heroics as Izuku dealt with the death of one of his mentors. Featured one or two fights that would’ve shown how out classed Izuku was compared to Savitar. After the fights, Izuku would have done a bit of searching in the speed force for how to stop the Savitar and would’ve eventually come across the Black Racer, a personification of Death. They would have made a deal where Izuku gave up his body for the racer to hunt down Savitar before beating him to near death. Izuku would regain control of his body and use his own control of the speed force to put Savitar back into the speed force for the racer to do with as he pleased. Zoom would remain in a catatonic state due to the damage having the God of Speed inhabit his body would have done.

‘Final’ Book - “Shattered Mirrors”

This would have been most likely the final part of the story, with Izuku finally confronting Thawne in race, after fight, after race. It would have ended with one final race through various events in time, ending with in QingQing, China as Izuku summons every ounce of energy he could to basically cast Thawne into nothingness and release the dark matter storm that would push in the age of Quirks.

Izuku would then return home and go back to being a student at UA.

Thank you all for the interest you’ve shown in this story and hope I didn’t upset any of you too much.

End Notes

Hope you guys enjoyed the new beginning of Fastest Hero Alive.

Before I can continue on with this story I will be rewriting all of the Rival chapters, some more then others. Just so I can use new ideas that have come to me.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!