Vigilante

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Summary

When society and even his father rejects him for being quirkless, Midoroya finds out that he can still help other people, even if they won't let him be a hero.

Later (Read: Future) chapters will/might be depressing and self harm will/might be mentioned

Tags will be updated when new chapters are out.
Can I just promote my YT channel cause I'm just so proud of this even though it sucks?
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=nZDHoxaaT8M

He was two years old when he first started to admire heroes, and like any other kid was anxiously waiting for his quirk.

He was four when he was declared quirkless, and was subject to the bullying of all his classmates, while his teachers didn't even bat an eye in his direction.

He was five when he heard his father, being a fire-based pro hero working overseas, roaring over the telephone at having a quirkless, useless child. A waste of space, blaming Inko and her family's side for the weak quirks.

He was seven when his father, finally having come back from overseas and knowing that he was quirkless, saw him covered in burns and bruises, his mother protecting him, and burnt down the house in his rage. The house roared into flames, and Inko had tried to hide her son in a cupboard as the support beam fell and snapped her spine as she was closing the door.

Midoriya was seven when he was declared dead to the world, having died in the flames along with the rest of the Midoriya Household.

Midoriya woke up, sitting in pile of ashes. He rubbed his head, and his eyesight felt fuzzy. Slowly, the ringing in his ears had disappeared, and he sat up, groaning.

He looked at his surroundings. He knew where he was. He recognised it. He was in a very remote area, where only gangsters and stragglers roamed. He had no idea what had happened from when he felt the searing heat of the fire licking against his skin to how he ended up in some alleyway. It was obvious the house had exploded, seeing as he was quite a distance away from his home.

It was then he registered the stinging pain in his shoulder. Grabbing it, he winced as he realised that there was a piece of metal stuck in his shoulder, either a pipe or some metal reinforcement from the house.

He was lucky that with all his classmates and Kacchan's bullying, he had built up quite a decent amount of pain tolerance. Still, that didn't stop him from hissing in pain as he jerked the metal pole out of his shoulder. He was lucky that it just tore the muscle, and didn't break any bones.

Suddenly, a scream rang out in the air.

And another lucky break for the green bean, he was wearing a hoodie, even though some of it was black and burnt, but he was able to pull his hood over his face as he gripped the metal pipe tightly, slowly trudging over to investigate.
He found a woman, pinned against a wall, as a man held a knife at her throat. He wanted to scream, to yell for help, but the quickly covered his mouth. Yelling would probably startle the man, and he might hurt her on accident.

Then, all of a sudden, he didn't know why he moved, but *his feet just did.*

Pipe in hand, he whacked it against the man's skull. He didn't even see what hit him as he crumpled to the ground, groaning. The man quickly got up, and his arm transformed into a hammer, as he snarled, and attempted to smash the boy into sludge.

Horrified, the small boy took a step back, then another, before he gave a yelp and fell down. He watched as the man stalked closer to him, before suddenly, something latched onto his neck as he was forced to look upwards.

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Aizawa Shouta was thinking.

Here he was, perched over an alleyway. He saw a man holding a woman at knifepoint, and wanted to step in. However, he didn't know how to do that without accidentally injuring the woman, since scaring the man might make him accidentally slit the woman's throat.

He eyed the boy in the corner, as he covered his mouth.

*Must be her son.*

But that thought vanished as the boy ran out, smashing the man's head with a pipe as he went down. Eyeing the man carefully, Aizawa realised that he wasn't knocked out, as he got up again and transformed his arm into a hammer. The boy had fallen as he tried to get away, but Aizawa focussed on the villain.

He couldn't waste the opportunity that the boy had given him.

He jumped down, into the alleyway, as he latched his capture weapon around the villain's neck and shot down, his boots kissing the villain's face. He eyed the small boy, just to make sure he was okay, but he saw two large green eyes eyeing him.

He quickly changed his focus as the man got up tried to smash him, but Aizawa just activated his quirk and smacked the man into a wall, knocking him out.

He made sure that the villain was really out cold, as the woman had already dialled the police as was screaming at the top of her lungs.

When he turned back to find the boy, he was gone.

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Eraserhead.

He had seen Eraserhead. *The Eraserhead!* The underground hero who worked in the shadows and under the cover of the night.

Normally, he would have been ecstatic, but he couldn't bring himself to be happy that he had seen such a rare fight.

*His mom was dead, he had seen here die. His dad was the one that tried to kill them both.*

Midoriya stopped running, as he leaned against a wall for support, panting, trying to get as much air
into his lungs as possible.

His brain seemed to have finally started up, and his mind started to process what he had just seen.

*Eraserhead's quirk can cancel out any quirk, probably except mutant types because they're extra limbs. He fights using his capture weapon, speed and agility, immobilising the target before getting in close to strike.*

*Eraserhead fights quirkless.*

That last thought rang in his head. He blinked, trying to process what he had just realised.

*Eraserhead's quirk only cancel's out quirks, but that just evens the playing field. He just makes the fight into a quirkless one.*

A small grin appeared on his face. His mom was dead. His dad was probably a criminal by now. But he had hope that he could become a hero.

*Just because society won't accept a quirkless hero, doesn't mean I can't save anyone!*

Aizawa sighed as he closed the door. His roommate, Yamada Hizashi, looked up from the table as he sipped a cup of tea.

"You okay, Shouta? You don't look so good."

"I'm fine... I just... saw a kid."

"A kid?" Yamada frowned, putting down the newspaper he was reading, "I thought you hated kids. That's why you were complaining about having to homeroom a first year class, weren't you?"

Aizawa turned to his blond friend, grunting, "I don't know. There was this guy holding a woman at knifepoint, and I was trying to figure out how to get the guy without hurting the woman by accident when he just ran in and smacked the guy with a metal pole. I was busy dealing with the guy and when I was done he was gone."

"So? Could be her son?" Yamada suggested.

He massaged his temples, "I thought so at first too. Any normal kid would just... run away... or scream... but it seemed like he covered his mouth to prevent himself from making a sound, like he knew that startling the man might make him hurt her. He was... small. Pretty small. Looked to be six or seven years old. Too young to know how to react in situations like that.

"Who knows, maybe he has an analysis quirk or a high IQ quirk or something." Yamada shrugged again, patting his friend on the back.

Midoriya was a fast learner. He was quickly able to analyse fighting styles, just by looking at them. He found the strengths, the weaknesses, and how possibly to improve them, without as much as a glance. Actually learning how to fight back was a problem, since he normally never did as much throw a punch whenever he got bullied.

Since he had started training himself from a younger age, Midoriya was very flexible. He could do splits, and all sorts of other stretches that others found it hard to do and also realised he was double jointed, making him unusually flexible and made it a lot easier for him as he leapt and rolled about on
He already learnt a bit of parkour, mostly from people he had seen doing it before and a bit (read: a lot) of trial and error that resulted in him breaking his fingers and dislocating his shoulders.

He currently resided in the Dagobah Municipal Beach Park, surrounded by tons of junk. No one really went there, since there was so many broken appliances and space for the boy to train and use. He didn't need much, just a shelter over his head. He did eventually make a home out of two mini-buses (he had no idea how they managed to wash up on the beach) that just happened to be side by side. He had melted off the walls between the buses and welded them together with scrap metal, and removed all the seats to create a decently sized place to live in. That, and the fact that his home was currently surrounded by so much junk that no one would even suspect that someone lived there.

With his knowledge, Midoriya was able to fix up one of the phones that someone had thrown away (seriously, he just had to replaced the crack screen and fix the battery) while grumbling about e-waste and its effects on the environment.

He also made his own equipment for fighting. He had a pair of goggles that allowed him to zoom in, and gave him much better vision, and an air filter voice changing mask. He didn't want to bring too much equipment, in case it weighed him down, but he did have a knife that he hid in his belt. He wore a green hoodie that someone had trashed (seriously stop trashing perfectly good stuff), black tights and matching black combat boots. He also had a belt with his knife and a compartment where he kept his phone, some painkillers, antiseptic and a small roll of bandages in case he needed to patch himself up.

He stood up from where he was sitting on the ground, grinning. He was ready to face the world and what it was about to throw at him.
Aizawa sighed for the umpteenth time that week, as he lay on his desk, his phone in his right hand as he rubbed his eyes.

"You okay? You've kept sighing this week, and I'm pretty sure it's not from those three remaining students in your homeroom class." Snipe asked him, patting the underground hero on the back.

"I'm fine... a villain got a flash bomb in my face last night and my eyes hurt." Aizawa groaned, reaching out with his free hand for the flask of coffee on his desk. It was common knowledge that because of his quirk, his eyes were a lot more sensitive and even normal bright lights were unbearable for him after a while. He gulped it down, feeling the warm liquid trickle down his throat. "It's just... urg...You know that relatively new vigilante, right? Green hoodie, goggles, mask."

"Yeah? The green one that's called Uzuki, right?"

Aizawa blinked, "Wait... when was he named?"

Snipe took out his phone, before showing Aizawa an article from that morning, "You just had a class so I didn't expect you to see it, but here."

Aizawa took the phone, quickly reading through the article. It stated how a guy was saved from a bunch of gangsters, and when he was asked for a name, the vigilante had hummed, before quickly saying that his name was Uzuki. He quickly handed the phone back to the sniper.

"According to Tsukauchi, he had received a package that was addressed to me from him. Hizashi went out to buy something and he agreed to pick it up on the way for me." Aizawa sighed again.

As if on cue, the cockatoo blonde poked his head into the teacher's lounge. He carefully placed the box on the table, and immediately noticed the "Please handle with care" that was written all over it.

"You think it's malicious?" Snipe asked, leaning over the hero's shoulder.

There was a card attached to it, and Aizawa opened it.

_Dear Detective Tsukauchi,

I know you probably have a good reason to throw this out, but please can you pass this over to Eraserhead for me? I think he works in UA but the security system is scary and I don't want to break into a hero school and I have no idea where he lives.

I promise you it's nothing harmful.

Uzuki

"Ohhhhh! A secret admirer!" Midnight popped up behind them, "What is it?"

"It looks like a kid's handwriting... so I doubt it can be that bad. Worst case it's probably a prank or something." Snipe shrugged.

"If anything goes wrong, I'm blaming you." Aizawa grumbled, opening the box to reveal... a pair of goggles. It looked exactly like his, and everyone looked at the gift in wasn't until Aizawa picked it up when he realised that there was a thin lens along the eye piece.
Aizawa blinked, handling the goggles with care. It didn't seem dangerous, but who knew what the vigilante wanted with him.

"That's so sweet!" Yamada grinned, snatching the goggles and putting it on his eyes, "Look! We match!" He started posing, and one of his regular poses resulted in him staring directly into a lamp that was on his desk. "Hey... It's dim!"

There was another piece of paper in the box, and confused, Aizawa unfolded it.

Dear Eraserhead,

I kinda made these goggles for you. I tried to make it as close as possible to yours but I have no idea how close I was in my attempt. It shouldn't be much different from your regular ones, but I added a lens that I made. It should help you protect your eyesight in case you get into a situation when your opponent has smokescreen or pepper spray. Trust me, pepper spray sucks. It also adjusts the amount of light that enters your eyes so if you get hit by a flash grenade again you should be fine. You should be able to see properly no matter how bright or dark it is.

I don't think you saw me yesterday, but I saw you struggling a bit after you got hit with a flash grenade so I thought it was an appropriate time to give it to you. Also, I believe your eyes are more sensitive since your quirk lies in your eyes so you should take care of them.

Uzuki

p.s. Thanks for saving my life six years ago.

Midnight just shook the voice hero and handed the goggles back to Aizawa. "Honestly, this Uzuki guy seems like a nice kid. You saved him six years ago?"

Aizawa shook his head, "No idea. Six years is a long time... I don't really know." He stared at the goggles, contemplating if he wanted to try them or not. Yamada was perfectly fine wearing them, and he had to admit he was a bit curious.

"Try em on!" She urged, and Aizawa swapped out his goggles for the newer ones.

It was a perfect fit. Aizawa leaned back on his chair, and for once, he was able to stare at the ceiling without the headache that would start at the back of his head as the lens automatically darkened to reduce the amount of light entering his eyes.

"Excuse me, All Might!" A thirteen year old boy with green hair ran up to the Number One Hero, who had just saved a bunch of other people from a particularly nasty electric villain. Without his gear, it was almost impossible to deduce that Midoriya was Uzuki. "Can I... ask a question?"

"Why not, my boy. Ask away!" All Might replied, grinning.

"Do you think a quirkless person could be a hero?"

"Honestly, I don't think so. Many of the villains with quirks now can be especially dangerous even for those with suitable quirks to protect themselves, so - eh?" The hero stopped talking, realising the boy had disappeared.

It was a surprise to see a boy around his age, surrounded by a bunch of guys wearing the same uniform.
"Hey! Freak!" The poor purple haired boy was punched in the gut, and he winced, his school bag strewn against a wall. He was punched in the face, but he managed to bring out his own arms to protect himself. The group of boys continued to laugh and tease him, as the boy tried to defend himself and not say a single word except cries of pain as more swears and profanities rained down on him.

"Villainous quirk!"

"You can't be a hero!"

"Freak!"

"Hey!" Midoriya couldn't take it anymore. It reminded him of Kacchan and his friends, his father, his teachers, "Leave him alone."

"Crap! Isn't that the new vigilante! The really fast and agile one?" One of the boys trembled, holding back another from throwing another punch.

"Shit! Yeah let's go!"

Shinsou looked upwards, but he immediately felt nauseous as his legs gave way. He didn't remember hitting the ground.

Midoriya managed to catch the boy before he collapsed, though he was completely out of it.

"Dammit. It's always bullies." Midoriya grumbled, carefully adjusting the taller boy so that he could carry him without worsening his injuries. Stealing a glance at the bag on the ground, Midoriya picked it up, before pretty much carrying him out of the alley.

Midoriya crouched on a rooftop, surveying the area. He had knocked out several criminals, but then the police had come after him, so he had escaped onto a rooftop to hide. The boy he had saved was still unconscious, but Midoriya had pretty much figured that out. He had a broken rib and seemed to be suffering from malnutrition.

He heard footsteps behind him, and he whisked around, staring directly at Eraserhead.

"Hi?" He asked uncertainly. He didn't know if Eraserhead was going to attack or not, but he honestly didn't want to fight his favourite hero (Eraserhead had moved up from second to first). He wondered if his formal idol even knew Eraserhead existed, since he was fighting practically quirkless. Midoriya knew that he himself was pretty good and fighting, but still, All Might's words stung.

"Uzuki, huh?" Eraserhead replied, walking closer to the vigilante.

"Did you... uh... get my gift?" He asked.

"Yeah..." Eraserhead sighed, tapping his goggles, "How did you even know the size?"

"I uh... observed." The vigilante rubbed his arm sheepishly, "I kinda look up to you, Eraserhead."

"Oh?" Eraserhead looked at Uzuki, "I have to admit, I'm impressed that you know of me, and that you can even knew where I was working at."

Uzuki snorted, "You practically wear the same thing to UA. It'd be impossible to not tell... " 
Eraserhead sighed, "You do know I have to catch you, right?"

This time, Uzuki was alarmed, "What? I haven't done anything to break any laws! Every time I fight someone, it's in self defence! And I never used a quirk in all those fights!"

Blinking, Eraserhead sighed again and released his scarf, "I suppose that's true. Though I should still bring you in. The media is labelling you as a vigilante."

Uzuki snapped, "I don't care what the media says. This society is shit. They just want everything to be flashy, so more people watches. They just trample others underfoot if they don't have a quirk that makes bright lights and explosions."

He didn't know why, but he started feeling bad for the kid, "What makes you say so?"

"I saved a kid who was getting bullied. They said he had a villainous quirk. As if quirks decide who's good and who's bad. It's how you use it!" Uzuki grumbled.

Aizawa had to agree. He himself had been subject to that same taunts when he was in UA, but at least he had Yamada and Kayama who had his back. It seemed like whoever Uzuki had encountered, he was all alone.

"Do you think a person with a non-offensive quirk can be a hero?" Uzuki looked right at Aizawa.

He was about to answer, but they were distracted by a loud bang.

Trying to find the source of the sound, Eraserhead looked away. When he finally looked back, Uzuki was nowhere to be seen. A piece of paper was left in his wake. He picked it up.

"Think about my question."

Followed by a series of numbers.

Eraserhead pocketed the paper, before setting out to find the villains that had disrupted his conversation.

Who the hell was this kid?
Shinsou groaned, blinking as his the haze in his vision cleared. He found himself staring at the roof of a bus, utterly confused. He managed to sit up, rubbing his bruised ribs as he coughed.

"You're awake?" A voice next to him rang out. Shinsou turned his head as he looked at the person beside him, not sure what to expect. He definitely wasn't expecting to see a boy wearing goggles and a green hoodie, with a metallic mask hanging around his neck, sitting on the ground in a corner. The same guy who saved him from the bullies.

Shinsou blinked again, trying to understand what was going on.

"You're in my home. You were being bullied yesterday and I saved you and you passed out and - "

The boy immediately clamped his hands over his mouth, muffling his words. He took a deep breath, before sighing, "Sorry... I'm sure you're pretty confused right now. I'll give you some time to think things over. I'll be back in five."

With that, the boy got up and walked out of the room, which was covered in a lot of windows for some reason, even though there wasn't any light entering the room from the outside. The light in the room came from the strips of lights on the ceiling, and even the ceiling looked way too low for it to be a regular house.

Shinsou blinked, looking across the room, trying take in his surroundings. He was lying on some sort of mattress, and his bag was leaning against the wall next to him. What looked like his uniform was folded and placed on the table across the room, and he just realised he wasn't wearing his shirt. His wallet and his keys, which were originally in his pants pockets, were sitting on his uniform.

The boy came back into the room, carefully placing a glass of water and a small loaf of bread beside the purple headed student. "Here. You've been passed out for a while so you're probably a bit thirsty. Also, it's a Saturday so don't worry about school."

Shinsou greedily gulped down the water, before sighing. He took a good look at the boy, realising that his bullies were right and he looked exactly like the media had described him as. Except... he was short. Really short. And Shinsou was not expecting this kind of attitude from the vigilante rumoured to have taken down quite a few of the rougher ruffians on the streets.

Shinsou remained silent, years of mistreatment from his family and classmates conditioned him to remain silent and not talk unless it was necessary. He even refused to look at him in the eye and opted to stare at his empty glass.

"You know, you don't need permission to talk."

The boy must have picked up on thoughts, and Shinsou looked up at the boy, "I... don't?"

"Tch." The boy snorted, "Your quirk is response based, I guess? I swear... I have no idea what's wrong with children these days..."

Shinsou mutely nodded, before asking, "Are you really... Uzuki?"

The boy lightened up and laughed, "Yeah. I'm Uzuki. I have a real name but a number of reasons why I won't tell you. And you are?"

Shinsou blinked. Uzuki clearly had taken his wallet out of his pocket, so why didn't he know his
"Ah... personal stuff. Don't worry about it. I don't like snooping into other people's things unless they're bad." Uzuki grinned.

"Ah." That was his reason, "Shinsou Hitoshi."

"Alright." Uzuki procured another bottle of water for himself from somewhere and sipped it.

Both of them remained quiet for a while, before Shinsou spoke up, "So... why did you save me?"

"It was the right thing to do. Plus... I don't like bullies..." Uzuki said as he pulled his mask back onto his face, immediately changing his voice to something slightly deeper. He then pulled his goggles up to rest on his forehead, and Shinsou caught sight of the bright green eyes looking back at him, "What happened?"

"I want to be a hero. But because of my quirk... my classmates say I should be a villain." Uzuki frowned, and Shinsou could see the emerald eyes gleaming in anger.

"I heard those damned kids say that. What quirk do you have?" Uzuki asked.

"Brainwashing quirk." Shinsou looked away, refusing to look Uzuki in the eyes. After all, he was so nice, why would he want to associate with a person with a villainous quirk? He froze. Uzuki already knew his quirk was something responded based, and still wanted to hold a conversation with him?! And allowed him to speak freely?!

Shinsou couldn't help himself, and blurted out, "Don't... don't you think they're right? That I should be a villain with this quirk? That it's useless for me to try to be a hero? That - " Shinsou stopped abruptly when he saw Uzuki looking at him intensely as he flinched.

"Trust me when I say this. I use these to be able listen to things more clearly and from a further distance." Uzuki dug two things out of his ears, and Shinsou bleakly realised that his quirk didn't even work on Uzuki because of them.

Uzuki was going to kill him and he wouldn't be able to do anything and -

Uzuki slammed his earpieces on the ground, crushing them to metal shards.

Shinsou jumped at the sound, and stared at Uzuki incredulously. He had just destroyed the only thing that kept him safe from his quirk.

"Your quirk is amazing. Imagine, there's a hostage situation and you can just brainwash the villain into letting go! You can convince someone and prevent them from committing suicide!"

Uzuki got up, and squatted down in front of the stunned boy. Shinsou curled in on himself on instinct, bracing himself for whatever Uzuki might do to him.

He didn't expect Uzuki to gently ruffle his fluffy purple hair.

"Stop doubting yourself, Shinsou. You can be a hero."

That was all it took for all the walls Shinsou had put up, to protect himself from everyone's harsh words, to reign in his emotions and not let anyone know how hurt he was, to crumble, and he couldn't stop himself from unconsciously leaning into Uzuki's touch and crying into Uzuki's hoodie.
"You... want to train me?" Shinsou's eyes widened at Uzuki's offer.

Uzuki nodded, "Your quirk is powerful, but if you want to get into UA, and I'm assuming you do because that's the best hero school in Eastern Japan, you need to train. The UA exam is made for flashy, destructive quirks, and while I say it's practical because of the sheer number of applicants they have every year, it is not fair to those like you, who have powerful but non-offensive quirks. And from what I've heard, you have to fight robots. A brainwashing quirk definitely won't get you anywhere. But if you train and get stronger, you'll have a chance at getting into the Hero Course. Unless you want to get into the General Education course and transfer in via the Sports Festival."

His own childish curiosity that had been suppressed for so long, combined with the fact that Uzuki practically said he was free to talk, took over and he couldn't help from blurting out, "But you're a vigilante, right? And you have villains to catch and heroes chase after you? Why help me when you have so many others things on your plate?"

"See? You're thinking of others and putting them before yourself!" Uzuki was probably grinning behind his mask. "I had the same dream. I wanted to be a hero. But because of my.. unfortunate circumstances, I lost the chance. There's no way I can even enter a school, let alone become a hero."

Uzuki sighed, before asking, "Are you still willing to let me train you?"

Shinsou nodded, "Yeah."

"So. Where do you live?" Uzuki asked.

"Why do you need to know where I live?" Shinsou groaned, his ribs still aching but not as much as before.

"You have school and I'm not gonna train you in my house. The alley I picked you up in is also a fair distance from here." Uzuki replied, "Plus I'm trying to keep as much personal information about me a secret as far as possible."

"Ah.." Shinsou nodded, "I can bring you there."

"Alright. I'll have to blindfold you though. I'm not letting anyone know where I live, not even you."

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From then on, the duo had a schedule. On Mondays to Fridays, Midoriya would train Shinsou on strengthening his muscles, or working on his stamina. Saturday afternoons were for training him on different fighting techniques, to let Shinsou get used to working several different kinds of muscles at once, and Sunday mornings were for them to discuss how to better utilise his quirk in battle.

Shinsou did start to worry about Uzuki though. He spent all his time out of school with him, teaching him and training him, and would spend the night patrolling and catching villains. He really wondered when the vigilante slept. Hopefully while he was in school.

"Any luck on finding Absorber?" Yamada asked Aizawa as he sighed and shook his head. Absorber was a decently new hero who had the power of shock absorption, and had disappeared mysteriously a week ago.

"Nezu is getting worried. Absorber isn't the first person to disappear and definitely wouldn't be the last." Aizawa groaned, plopping himself onto the sofa. There were cases of people disappearing, but it had escalated until a person disappeared each week, the only thing in common being those with powerful quirks. Heroes were also amongst those kidnapped.
About a month ago, Generate, a reckless hero with regeneration abilities that graduated from Shiketsu High School a few years ago, has also disappeared.

Nezu assumed that all these disappearing cases were connected.

"Ah. What about your little vigilante son?" Yamada asked, trying to keep a straight face but eventually burst into laughter when Aizawa let out an exaggerated groan.

Yamada himself hadn't had any contact with Uzuki, but he did know that he liked to pass Aizawa information about villains, either through indirect means like hidden in villains pockets, or dumping them with Tsukauchi. Each time, his information has been vital to stopping some dangerous and illegal case, and Yamada's respect for the vigilante had increased tenfold, even though what he did was technically illegal. He did manage to save people by passing on information on locations on cases that he had deemed too much for him to handle.

"Stop calling him that. That little rascal is a pain." Aizawa groaned as his phone vibrated. He dug out his phone, and he stared at the message he had received.

"Who is it?" Yamada asked, leaning over the couch to peer at Aizawa's phone. The message was from someone labelled Green Brat. There was five short sentences, followed by a series of numbers, and a picture.


The picture was of Crusher, a villain that could turn his skin into rock, knocked out with his wrists tied up with a cable tie.

Yamada raised an eyebrow, and it took a few seconds for the pro heroes to realise the string of numbers was coordinates.

"So... wanna find out what the green bean left for us?"

Lucky for them, it didn't take long for Aizawa and Yamada to find the downed villain. In fact, it just happened to be in the alleyway just a few roads down from their home.

Present Mic called the police to pick up the villain while Aizawa searched through the villain's pockets. He finally managed to find a thumb drive in the villain's back pocket.

There was a note attached.

*Security Password is the Truth but not True.*

Aizawa had to suppress a groan, and just happened to spot a blur of green that had leapt over the alleyway.

"And you tried to open it?" Nezu asked. He had called up Aizawa in his office after he had notified him about the thumb drive and the warning the vigilante had sent him.

"No. Security in UA is the best and I'm not risking whatever is in here being compromised. Uzuki doesn't give us anything unless it's important." Aizawa blinked. Nezu knew of Uzuki's information passing habits, having been the one to sometimes compile the sheer mass of information for any of it to be useful.
Nezu nodded, opening the file that was contained in the thumb drive.

"The first letter of the letter is the letter to use."

"What?" Yamada gapped at the screen. "What does that even mean?"

Nezu thought about it for a while, before asking, "Aizawa, you said you got a note with it?"

Aizawa nodded, taking the letter out and passing it to Nezu. Nezu stared at the letter, then at the computer, then back at the letter for a good five minutes, before he clapped his paws and laughed.

He quickly typed in an eight letter password.

SPitTbnT

The password was accepted.

Nezu grinned.

"What the? What does that even mean?" Yamada almost shrieked, but Aizawa stopped his quirk in time.

"He passed you a letter. The first letter of each word in your letter is the letter in the password!"

Nezu smiled up at the two gawking pro heroes, though one didn't show it as much as the other.

Aizawa hid his face in his scarf and groaned.

"Go on and teach. I'll go through these." Nezu grinned, patting both heroes on the bath.

"Nezu.. I expelled all my students, remember?"

"Well then, maybe you can talk to Power Loader about making the entrance exam robots more suited for less offensive quirks since you're so passionate about that."

"What's going on, Nezu? You never hold an impromptu meeting." Kan asked, sinking down into his chair. The rest of his colleges were slowly trickling in.

"We have received some important information that we feel the need to share with you. On your desks are a stack of your quirks and fighting styles weaknesses and possible ways to cover them up for the time being, and some for students here." Nezu said, as everyone started flipping through the ten-ish page stack that was sitting quietly in front of them.

"When did you have time to do all this?" Kayama asked, flipping through all the papers, "And I'm not sure you called a meeting just to tell us what we have to improve on."

"Oh, I didn't compile them." The way Nezu spoke had them all on edge, "These were sent to me, via Aizawa."

"Wait. Who sent it?" All of them were worried. Someone had observed them enough to pick out every single weakness that could be exploited in a fight, or when they were teamed with someone, and for some reason decided to send it to them.

"Uzuki."

Maijima growled, "Who does that kid think he is? He can't just tell us Oh hey you guys are
'weak! like he's some important person -

"Power Loader."

Everyone turned to Aizawa, who never said a thing in meetings. If he spoke up, then it was definitely serious. "I assure you this is not some logical ruse from the vigilante. Even if he does things against the law, he has helped in taking down several villain groups and he does not do things unless he knows it's out of his power to do so."

"Basically you're saying you're willing to vouch for em?" Kan asked incredulously.

Aizawa sighed. They were going to need proof.

"You remember that case last year? The one with around 150 kidnapped children to be shipped off and sold? And the yakuza that was trying to make that quirk drug? And that group of villains that destroyed buildings?" Aizawa spoke in monotone.

Everyone nodded. Those were events that the Erasure Hero had taken part in, and Kan asked, "So? What does the vigilante have to do with them?"

"He fed us the information." Nezu grinned. "Notes on their quirks and weaknesses, the layouts of their hideouts, important information that was vital to their take down, Uzuki gave it to us. We wouldn't even know these events were taking place if not for him."

"Uzuki doesn't give us information for no reason. If it's too much for him to handle and he decided it was necessary for Nezu to interfere, then it's something big." Nezu then immediately brought out a folder with several pictures in it. "I doubt any of you want to see this, but these are pictures of the missing heroes. Dead. They were heavily brutalised and I couldn't even recognise them if the pictures weren't labeled."

"Uzuki believes that there is something more than just people disappearing." Nezu continued, opening a word document.

*I'm assuming that Eraserhead took this thumb drive to Nezu, either because the school's security is strong, or because he tried to open the drive and couldn't get past the password. People are disappearing and honestly I'm worried for you guys. I personally like Eraserhead and the rest of the UA teachers, and I don't think he wants to lose any of his collegues so I compiled some information for you to protect your weak spots.

I have a gut feeling they'll go after you guys for your quirks. I'll send more concrete information when I get it. Just please be careful.

Regards, Uzuki."

"Personally, I was also suspecting more to all these disappearances." Nezu sighed, "I don't want to loose any of you. Even if Uzuki is wrong about them coming after us, people are still going missing at a much faster rate than before, heroes or not. I also wish for you to better yourselves, so that you can not only protect yourselves, but other people. You're all free to go."
Bakugou hated everything.

He hated how everyone treated Midoriya.

He hated how Midoriya would let other people bully him because he was quirkless.

All for what? To look cool?

What was so cool about ganging up on a helpless little boy who wanted nothing more than to help other people?

Midoriya was not a normal kid. Even at a young age, he was smart. He learnt things way faster than other kids, and made connections where no one thought possible. If he wasn't officially declared quirkless by the doctor, he would have thought Midoriya had an intelligence boosting quirk.

Except that Midoriya was officially declared quirkless.

Bakugou definitely knew that Midoriya could still be a hero. He knew that he had to be able to fight without his quirk. He couldn't be too reliant on it, after all.

He couldn't say the same for Midoriya. He was too nice, too naive, too willing to believe that he could talk things out. He was too willing to protect himself and other people to even think about attacking offensively.

Bakugou didn't want to watch his best friend become a hero, only to die because he was unwilling to attack a villain.

Bakugou was reclusive. All his classmates from preschool were in his elementary school, all the way up to middle school. He had no idea what kind of god he had pissed off the ensure he was stuck with the same extras through his entire life. Probably the ones that didn't want him to push Midoriya away as well.

He didn't care much for them. Only Midoriya. The others just followed him around because of his awesome quirk. Midoriya followed because they were friends, and he wanted to repair the relationship that Bakugou had unintentionally shattered.

Up till now, Bakugou refused to make friends with anyone else. Especially not those who constantly put him down. He exploded all the time. Midoriya's death had made something in him snap. He was always angry, angry at the world that killed off an innocent child like him. Angry that the world had people that refused to accept some people just didn't have quirks and treated them like they were inferior.

Bakugou was lost in his thoughts.

Where had he gone wrong? He wanted to push Midoriya, told him if he wanted to be a hero, he couldn't continue letting himself get pushed around by others.

What did he end up telling Midoriya?

"You can't be a hero when you're both quirkless and useless."

Bakugou scratched the back of his head. Looking back on it... not the best choice for wording it. He
could definitely see how that statement could be misinterpreted in so many ways.

He wanted to tell Midoriya that if he trained and stop letting other people take advantage of him, Midoriya could still be a hero.

Midoriya probably interpreted it as his dreams of being a hero being shattered. Because he was powerless. Because no one believe in him. Because no one would give him a chance.

*Because even his best friend said he couldn't.*

Bakugou wasn't willing to give up on Midoriya. On Deku, the adorable little boy who would give anything to save others. The only person that Bakugou swore to protect if he couldn't protect himself.

He had asked his mother if a quirkless person could become a hero.

She said no.

He asked his teachers if a quirkless person could become a hero.

They said no.

He asked Inko if she thought Midoriya could become a hero.

She had snapped at him. Yelled at him for being delusional. Shouted that even having a weak, useless quirk was better than being quirkless.

She had then proceeded to slam the door in his face.

Up till now, Bakugou found her reaction weird. Inko had always been kind, happy, never once raising her voice.

Only until Deku was declared quirkless.

Bakugou had realised that Deku came to school with more and more bruises. Maybe cuts, or a split lip, or a black eye.

When questioned, Deku said he had been beaten up on the way to school.

Bakugou accepted it. After all, Deku was bullied all the time. But Deku refused to give up the name of his attackers, even when threatened to be exploded.

Bakugou's head was in the clouds, and he didn't even realise that something was following him as he downed a soda that he got from a corner shop.

The sewers behind him exploded, and a green slimey hand immediately covered his face.

On instinct, his hand exploded.

"Ohhh! A pretty powerful quirk, eh? You'll make a perfectly good vessel!" A voice drawled, and Bakugou wanted the monster villain thing to just fuck off.

He was suffocating. What a way to go.

He could barely see Kamui Woods and Death Arms, standing a few metres away but not doing anything to help.
God dammit. He wasn't going to die before becoming a hero! That would be a huge insult to Deku.

Midoriya was prowling on the rooftops again. He was waiting for Shinsou to get out of school so he could help him train more. The kid was getting pretty good at martial arts, and had decent strength. Midoriya was certain Shinsou would be able to get into UA. After all, they still had ten more months until the entrance exam. Plenty of time to brush up on Shinsou's weak points and maybe teach him how to use a few makeshift weapons.

He heard a few explosions a few blocks away, and went over to investigate.

He saw a sludge monster. One that he had been tracking for a while. Despite being a D class villain, Midoriya did not like how he just suffocated people to death.

He saw Death Arms and Kamui Woods. He didn't want to blow his cover. At least there were heroes, but they weren't doing anything. Surely, they weren't thinking of waiting for someone with a mote suitable quirk to appear.

Midoriya wanted to facepalm. They were heroes. Their society revolved around quirks. Even if their quirks weren't really compatible to fight his particular villain, Midoriya could think of many ways to use their quirks to fight.

Like maybe aim for that gigantic yellow eye that definitely looked gooey and non solid.

Midoriya was going find another villain before another loud explosion echoed out of the alleyway.

His first thought was Kacchan!

He didn't know what to think of his childhood friend. Sure, he kept tabs on him, just to make sure he was fine.

Kacchan had always put him down, but Midoriya knew that he meant something else all together. His explosive mother was definitely not a good role model when it came to expressing themselves.

Kacchan had also taken to protecting him. Everytime someone had beaten him up, Kacchan was there to beat them back.

Even when his classmates told him to kill himself, Bakugou went ballistic on them, shaking them up and yelling swear words at them till they dropped.

Bakugou and Midoriya had a complicated relationship. But Midoriya wouldn't have it any other way.

And when he caught a glimpse of a red eye, looking around desperately for help, Midoriya couldn't stop himself.

Uzuki shot forward, nailing the sludge monster in the eye with his foot.

Wailing, the monster had loosened his grip on Bakugou, and Uzuki took that chance to wrangle the explosive teen out of the sludge monster's grasp.

Bakugou was dumped onto the ground harshly, and Kamui Woods rushed over protectively to shield him from the sludge villain.

But now, Uzuki was within arms reach of the villain.
"You!" He hissed. "You're always in the way!"

"You're the one suffocating people!" Uzuki hissed back, as the sludge monster wrapped itself around the smaller boy.

"You're really annoying, you know?" The villain snapped, reaching over to pull off Uzuki's goggles and crushing them under. Sludgy foot. "I wonder if you can catch me blind."

"I wonder if you can kill me if you're blind." Uzuki snapped back, using his free hand to deliver a nasty punch, right in the eye.

The villain howled in pain, and Uzuki swipped off the slime and landed beside Kamui Woods.

Bakugou caught sight of those shining green eyes filled with determination.

_Deko._

"You know, I made something in hopes of takin you down. It's just a prototype but hope you like your gift!" Uzuki yelled, digging something out of his belt pouch and throwing a small, button sized device at the sludge monster.

Electricity erupted from the device, but it didn't seem to harm the monster much. He did seem mildly annoyed. Bakugou noticed that he did seem more solid looking than before.

"Bah! That barely harmed me at all!" The villain sneered maliciously.

"Huh," Uzuki mocked in a pretence of confusion, "Well does this hurt?" He lunged at the mound of sludge, digging his heel right into the villain's chest as he hammered him with a roundhouse kick.

A loud snap was heard as the villain was sent flying backwards into a wall. He groaned, struggling to sit up, as a loud whoosh was heard.

"Now now, young one! Everything will be alright, for now I'm here!"

Uzuki scoffed, as a sharp gust of wind flew past him, spiralling in the alleyway like a small cyclone.

A powerful blast of wind sent his hood flying off, and Uzuki yelped. Memories flew into his mind, memories that he knew were there but he had always ignored. Memories of his classmates, his parents, his teachers, telling him how useless he was, how he was a burden, how he was trash, how he should have killed himself when he had the chance.

Shakily, he jerked his hood back onto his head. He sighed as he slowly swept all the negative thoughts to the back of his head and his breathing evened out.

Luckily, everyone was staring at All Might in awe and didn't seem to notice his little breakdown.

All except one person.

_Kacchan._

Uzuki took the small distraction All Might provided, and climbed up a pipe, before backflipping over a railing onto the roof.

He heard a loud "IZUKU!" as he ran off.
“What connection do you have to the vigilante?” Kamui Woods asked, grabbing the explosive boy by the arm as he attempted to chase down the vigilante.

_That couldn't have been Deku, right? Deku died._

_His father killed him, him and Inko. In a fire. That made their house explode. No way Deku survived that._

_They just looked similar right?_

_Green hair and green eyes were uncommon, but not that uncommon, right?_

"I... nothing. He reminded me of my childhood friend. They looked really similar. He... died... a long time ago. He was quirkless." Bakugou swallowed some bile that threatened to make its way up his throat.

"Sorry to hear about that kid. I'm sure your friend is happy you survived this. Pretty sure that damned Uzuki brat has some sort of quirk, even if he doesn't show it. Even he's not dumb enough to run into a fight quirkless." Kamui Woods pat his arm on Bakugou's back, but all Bakugou could hear was confirmation that yes, the world still put down those who were quirkless. Because they had some extra toe joint or lacked some weird kind of superpower that used to make humans human.

"Yeah... my friend was also really smart..."

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"I apologise young man. I was tracking that villain before and he managed to get away. If I had gotten him sooner, you would not have been assaulted." All Might somehow managed to seek out the blond explosive boy.

"All Might... I have a question... " Bakugou started, "Do you think... that a quirkless person could be a hero?"

"Young man, pros are always risking their lives. I cannot simply say that you can be a hero even without power. But why does it matter to you? You have a quirk?" All Might asked.

"It's... for a friend..." Bakugou hastily wiped off the tears that threatened to fall, "Thank you for answering my question, All Might."

As Bakugou ran home, he bit his lip. This was a world that was prejudiced against the quirkless. Bakugou would become a good hero, for Deku.
Paralysis

Yamada yawned, and stretched. His radio show had just ended, and he was on his way home. Time to pop out a latte and dump a shit ton of sugar in it, before setting a pot of pure black coffee for Aizawa to down when he got home from his patrol, and maybe figure out a way to wrestle the little jelly packs out of his grip.

He was walking past a particularly dark alleyway when suddenly, he found a hand on his mouth.

"Hey! Intel was right! We really got Present Mic! Boss is gonna be so proud of us!" A man laughed, but Yamada quickly twisted out of his grip and kicked his attacker in the face.

Yamada growled, and prepared to fire off a yell when he suddenly felt his breath sucked out of him, and all he managed to get out was a gasp.

"Ha! You can't yell when you can't breath, can you?" A lady grinned, her hands glowing blue. Yamada could see a hazy blue cloud encircling his head, as he tried to hold whatever oxygen he still had in his lungs.

A green blur dropped onto the lady like a cannon ball, and she was knocked out.

The figure in green stood up and dusted himself off, "Oh! Hi Present Mic!" He gave a small wave, like he didn't just drop out of the sky out of nowhere and stomped a villain flat.

"You again!" The man snarled, as he his arm began sparking with electricity, "You're the one stealing our information, brat!" He thrust his hand in Uzuki's direction, and electricity blasted out.

"No idea what you're talking about!" Uzuki replied in a sing song voice, dodging the blast and jumped, grabbing onto a nearby water pipe.

A man emerged from the shadows, and Uzuki yelped as shadowy arms reached out to grab him.

"Yeah!" Present Mic launched a small soundwave at the arms, and they disappeared.

"Tch. Shadow guy is a problem." Uzuki grumbled, flicking his goggles a few times, "Better."

A few more guys dropped from the rooftops, and Uzuki hissed. Both he and Present Mic were surrounded, and there were a few newbies that Uzuki didn't know the quirks of.

A woman shot a blast of water at Yamada, but he was able to deflect it with a well timed yell. The entire ground was soaked from the attack.

Another guy took out two knives and rushed at Uzuki. He dodged one and kicked the knife out of the other guys arms, but failed to notice the shadow quirk user behind him. He sank his shadow infused claws into Uzuki's shoulder, and he hissed in pain before kicking the shadow user into a wall, and knocking him out with his own knife.

Present Mic was holding his own against the water user, yelling to deflect her water attacks and knocking a few villains away.

One seemed to have a scorpion quirk, as he had grown a tail and was currently trying to spear Present Mic with it. Another guy had arms that turned into blades and decided to change his targets from Present Mic to Uzuki.
The electric user also decided to change his target from Uzuki to Present Mic, and fired off an electric pulse to stun the voice hero, accidentally shocking the water user in the process.

Uzuki pushed the voice hero out of the puddle, and jeered, "That's all you got?"

"Shut up, brat!" The electric user snarled, taking a step forward and into the massive puddle, before attempting to electrocute Uzuki, accidentally shocking himself and the water user in the process.

"Tch. Idiot." Uzuki laughed, before coughing out some blood into his mask.

"Nice job, listener!" Present Mic grinned, after screeching into the scorpion's ear and blasting him into the guy who could turn his arm into blades. "That was quite a nasty shock, though. Are you okay?"

"I've had worse.." Uzuki mumbled, tying up the villains wrists with zip ties. Present Mic called the police to pick them up, and failed to notice the scorpion getting up.

With a hiss, the scorpion quirk user lunged at Present Mic, and lashed his tail out.

Out of the corner of his eye, Yamada saw some movement. He whirled around, only to see a giant tail being whipped towards him.

"Shit" He cursed internally, bracing himself for the impact, before he was pushed out of the way.

He felt his head hit the wall, and while he was slightly dizzy from the impact, he only gaped in horror at the scene in front of him.

"Even if I go down, I'll take one of you down! Boss doesn't care as long how much we beat you up, as long as you're alive and have your quirks." The scorpion screeched, laughing venomously as he threw the limp Uzuki against the ground. "I'll tear you apart, limb after limb and let you suffer!"

Yamada's voice was stuck in his throat as he saw, dimly, the large slash in the vigilante's hoodie caused by the villain. He felt even more sick as he saw blood stain the hoodie, and the fury in his gut exploded.

He let out a sharp shriek, right in the villain's face. As the villain went down, he turned to check on the downed vigilante.

He was gone.

He felt an odd weight in his pocket, and Yamada fished out another flash drive. When the hell did he get that?

Turning it over, the tape with the name "Uzuki" on it caught his eye, and he sighed in exasperation to the little green vigilante.

Midoriya hissed as he climbed up a ladder to the roof. Usually, he didn't have any problems doing so, but that damned scorpion had landed a pretty nasty hit on him.

At least Present Mic was okay. Midoriya liked listening to the voice hero over the radio. He liked how Present Mic actually interacted with his fans and tried to help them, unlike some stinking flaming trash bag.

Midoriya hunched over, gasping for breath. He could feel his muscles tensing and locking up, and he groaned. He didn't just have to worry about bleeding all over a few rooftops. He also had to worry
about suddenly becoming paralysed and maybe falling to his doom or dying some other stupid way on his way home.

His brain was become fuzzy, but remembered that his dear little student lived around this area. Time to visit one Shinsou Hitoshi.

Shinsou was not expecting this.

His parents weren't home, luckily. They decided to take a week off for some holiday or something, leaving him alone with nothing more than some money for training with Uzuki had overrun, and he did not want to explain why he was home late.

He had heated up some noodles he managed to sneak from the school cafeteria, before attempting to finish his homework.

Insomnia sucked, and it was well into the night that he heard a knock on his door. Warily, Shinsou had looked through the pinhole, seeing nothing unusual. He was about to write it off as a prank when he heard a harsh cough outside his door.

Maybe it was a murderer that wanted to trick him? Or a robber?

His common sense screamed danger at him, but one thing that Uzuki taught him was to trust his instincts and his gut feeling. He didn't have time to think when he was in a fight. One second was all they needed to slit his throat.

Shinsou opened the door.

He was not expecting to see his mentor, leaning against the doorframe with one hand and his other hand on his chest, his green hoodie stained with blood that was slowly dripping to the ground.

"What happened to you?" Shinsou gasped, catching the vigilante as he stumbled. Uzuki was small, sure, but he was light. Way too light even for a young adult or even a teenager. Shinsou realised he had no idea how old his teacher was.

"Sorry," Uzuki gasped, as Shinsou helped him into the sitting room and onto the couch, "Some stupid paralysis quirk. Didn't want to die or get caught on the way home. Sorry for being a burden."

"Last time, you saved me. Don't worry about it." Shinsou grunted, digging through Uzuki's belt pouch for his antiseptic cream and bandages.

"You need help dressing the wound?" Shinsou asked, and Uzuki mumbled, "Yeah... can you cut the hoodie open?"

Upon doing so, Shinsou gaped in horror at the wounds that Uzuku had. There was blood spilling from his shoulder, across his chest to his hip, and Shinsou blanched. He was expecting it to be bad, but there was so much blood and Shinsou was wondering how the heck Uzuki was still conscious.

Uzuki coughed, and removed his goggles and his mask sluggishly, before clumsily fumbling in his pouch before procuring a sewing kit.

Shinsou felt so uncomfortable, watching Uzuki sloppily weave the needle and thread in and out of his flesh, and excused himself to go fetch a wet towel because he could not stand watching his mentor, a person he had grown so close to, hurting himself, even thought he was technically trying to stitch a wound up. Without painkillers.
By the time he had composed himself, Uzuku was finished. His fingers were stained with blood and the knife was lying on the ground, alongside the needle.

Uzuki didn't move for such a long time, Shinsou would have thought he was dead if not for the fact that his chest was rising and falling. He then just realised that Uzuki had passed out.

Shinsou tried to help Uzuki with the bandages, though he personally felt that he had done a rather sloppy job given that though he had to support Uzuki and wrap him up at the same time, the vigilante was also really, really light. Hell, Shinsou could see his ribs clearly, at that definitely wasn't good. What the hell was he eating? Air?

He carefully took off the bloodied shirt and hoodie to wash them. Uzuki would probably want them back. The shirt, maybe not, but the hoodie, definitely. With his hoodie gone, Shinsou also realised he had rather deep gashes on his shoulder and set about patching them up too.

With the absence of the goggles, hoodie, and mask, as well as any blood that was on his face, Shinsou realised just how young his mentor was. Soft, fluffy green hair, with freckles adorned his face, and Shinsou wondered how the heck this little kid was a vigilante that took down villains two to three times his size. The only thing Shinsou noticed that really stood out was his eyebags, and they looked even worse than his own.

Shinsou sighed, bringing his homework out to the living room so he could watch over the vigilante and finished whatever essay his teachers wanted him to finish.

It hadn't even been an hour before Uzuki woke up, thrashing and gasping for air. Shinsou wasn't expecting him to wake up so soon, or for him to immediately start reaching behind his neck for something, and looking around at everything like they were out to kill him.

"Hey... it's okay..." Shinsou didn't know how to calm the panicking boy, and tossed one of his spare jackets at Uzuki, thinking that he was cold or something.

Uzuki promptly put the jacket on and pulled the hood over his head, sighing in relief.

"Sorry. Usually I wake up fighting or struggling when I know I didn't sleep on my own accord in case I'm kidnapped and or knocked out and I fall asleep because of some drug or something..." Uzuki mumbled, pulling the hood so that it covered his face entirely. "I'm a mess."

"It's fine..." Shinsou sighed again. "Are you okay?" He had never seen Uzuki so shaken up before, and he was concerned for his mentor.

"I... just don't feel good without something covering my face." Uzuki admitted, "I feel exposed, useless, too much like my old self. I just feel confident with something to hide my identity, something that screams something other than "Hey this is a useless little brat. Come beat me up!"."

Shinsou flinched at the way Uzuki spoke about himself.

You're not useless. You're kind, willing to help anyone who needs it, and you're willing to risk your life for others! You're not useless in any way!

He did not realise he had said that out loud.

"Shinsou. Tell me, honestly," The green haired boy looked at Shinsou, "Do you think that I could become a hero?"
"Yeah. I mean, you're technically a vigilante so police treat you like a villain but you go around saving people for absolutely no good reason. You can definitely be a hero."

"I'm technically not a vigilante since I'm quirkless."

Shinsou blinked, "So?"

Uzuki looked at the taller boy in confusion. "Everyone says I can't be a hero because I'm quirkless. My teachers, my classmates, even my parents." The smaller boy looked like he wanted to cry, but no tears came out.

"I should have died in that fire seven years ago. My mom did, and she was right. I'm useless. Me wanting to be a hero is just a pipe dream." Uzuki growled, absently rubbing his hair through the borrowed jacket, "I'm sorry I'm being a burden."

"Look, you're teaching me how to fight quirkless. You're fighting off villains without using whatever quirk you have! You're not a burden so get that silly thought out of your head." Shinsou sat beside the boy, "You took care of me all those months ago, and even now you're thinking about other people. I'm pretty sure you're thinking of how to help others while you're stuck here with me. I'm pretty sure that does not fall under being useless."

Shinsou decided to file away the fact that Uzuki said he should have died in a fire. "Honestly you're the best thing that happened to me. I told you before, everyone hates me for my quirk. Everyone thinks I'm gonna be a villain. My parents think my dream of being a hero is stupid and meaningless because of my quirk. You're the first real friend I had in over a decade."

"We're... friends?" Uzuki turned to look at the taller boy. "I never really had any friends. I had one good friend but he kinda pushed me away but also kinda helped me so I really don't know. But yeah... meeting you was nice."

Both of them sat silently next to each other, before Uzuki spoke up, "Izuku."

"What?" Shinsou asked.

"My real name is Midoroya Izuku, fourteen years old. But call me Izuku. I don't wanna be called a Midoriya ever again."

"Well... call me Hitoshi then." Shinsou rubbed his neck, and Midoriya turned to stand up, "Well, I'll going now. I don't wanna be a burden - "

He was promptly pushed back onto the couch by the taller boy.

"You're not a burden and I'm putting you under house arrest to let those damned wounds heal. What kind of hero bleeds out while fighting a villain?"

It was funny seeing the supposedly scary and mysterious vigilante pouting and whining like a kid.
Alright, I wanna address some things that a few of my commenters on Fanfic.net pointed out.

1. Yes Izuku did not make his home when he was 7. I'm planning to expand on that later since when I first wrote it I wasn't really thinking about practicality and stuff.

2. Yes there are time skips and stuff that I thought seemed obvious to me but upon re-reading I realised that no, its not obvious unless you have context, which technically only I have as the author.

3. I'm not the best writer out there. I have problems communicating with people and thats why I have a heavy preference for drawing, and I make assumptions about what people can guess and can't guess so if there are any other plot holes and stuff feel free to point em out since I'm a horrible people person.

OWO

"Seriously!" Yamada whined as he grabbed Aizawa's arm, "He could be dead and it would be all my fault!"

"Hizashi, can't you go find him on your own?"

"You're the only one who has been actively able to seek him out." Yamada sank into his chair, rubbing his head, "He could be bleeding out in a ditch and we wouldn't even know!"

"Wow what's got your hair in a knot?" Kayama snickered as she sat down on the couch in the teacher's lounge, sinking into it as she laughed at Yamada's distress.

"Uzuki saved my life and now he's bleeding out somewhere!" Yamada wailed, his statement finally getting a reaction out of the rest of the teachers who had thought Yamada's attitude was his regular melodramatics, "Shouta! Please! You're my only hope!"

"Fine. Only if he doesn't make an appearance after a week." Aizawa huffed. No he was not concerned for the vigilante. He just wanted to get his annoying friend off his back, "Didn't he give you a thumb drive or something?"

"I have no idea how he even managed to slip it into my pocket!" Yamada threw his hands in the air, "It's like he's here, then he's not, and suddenly there's a thumb drive in my pocket! How?!"

"Ohh! New scoop! What's in it!" Kayama asked.

"Um... more pictures and coordinates of possible mini hideouts the villains use. A few guesses on the actual locations of the main hideout, and some places to avoid on patrols unless we're in groups." Yamada shrugged, "Nezu said he'll send us the details later."
"We'll look into it later. The entrance exams are in a week and after that we get around two months when we don't have to be in school. We should be able to deal with these villains by then." Aizawa sighed, "And maybe we should patrol in pairs just in case something happens, like what happened with Hizashi. You said they targeted you?"

"Mhm. Said their intel was right and their boss was going to reward them. Yelled at Uzuki for stealing their info." Yamada nodded.

"Maybe Uzuki is working for them?" Snipe asked, "It's just a suggestion, I mean no harm. As much as you hate to admit it, Aizawa, you're fond of the little green kid."

Aizawa hissed into his scarf, and Yamada protested, "No way! He took the hit for me! The scorpion guy also looked like he was having fun maiming him. Wait! Wasn't there some poison thingy written on the scorpion's powers or something? Nemuri can you bring em up?"

"On it." She chirped, clicking and bring out a digital folder about said villain, "Name's Scorpio. Small time villain who mugs people and paralyses people. It's said here that the larger the wound, the faster the paralysis takes effect."

Kayama didn't get to read more before Yamada burst into an even more crazy frenzy, yelling at almost every single hero that patrolled to keep an eye out for Uzuki before Aizawa groaned and wrapped the voice hero in his capture weapon and stuffing him in a closet.

"You know, I think we should wear trackers." Ectoplasm said, "Our phones are connected to the school system, but since they also broadcast out location to other heroes, they can be hacked if somehow these villains get our phones. If we have trackers, like maybe in our shoes, our clothes, then even if we are caught, there's no way they can get rid of all our trackers."

"That's assuming the villains's don't have something to jam signals. If I were a villain that's the first thing I'll worry about." Aizawa grumbled, "But that's a good idea. I'll talk to Nezu about it."

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"Ya know, I realised how dumb your vigilante name is, Izu." Shinsou said as he dumped his bag on the ground.

"I know... heh..." Midoriya gave a small smile, "When the guy asked, I literally didn't have a name in mind. I just thought swap the letters and bam. Uzuki!" The vigilante was wearing his torn green hoodie that he barely managed to patch up, and one of Shinsou's old T-shirts that fit the smaller boy's frame perfectly, the bloody shirt that Midoriya was originally wearing having been trashed long ago.

"Yup. Smartest guy I know, somehow lives somewhere unknown and can take down big bad villains but can't think of a good vigilante name." Shinsou rolled his eyes.

"Say's you! It took you four days to figure that out!" Midoriya grinned.

Midoriya had been staying with Shinsou for four days, and Shinsou absolutely loved coming home to spend him with him. For the first time in his life, Shinsou felt loved, appreciated, even if it was from a vigilante who had absolutely no sense of self preservation. And was a complete nut job and a goofball at times.

Suddenly, there was a loud yell, and Shinsou immediately tensed up. "Shit," he cursed, "They said they'll be gone a week. Izu. You need to go now." Shinsou's tone was filled with urgency and fear that Midoriya had never heard of before in his friend's voice.

"Toshi. I'm not leaving you here with them alone." Midoriya grinned as the door swung open.
"You brat! Why aren't you helping us with the - who the hell are you?" A man with equally purple wild hair growled at him while a woman with long, brown hair looked at the two boys from behind the man.

"Oh! Nice to meet you! I'm Shinsou's friend from school!" Midoriya gave a cute grin to Shinsou's parents, and gestured for him to usher his parents into the living room while he got the luggages.

"It's...nice.. to see.. Shinsou making friends..." The man managed to say, "But are you aware of his quirk? It's villainous and it's not safe - "

Midoriya's entire aura changed. At first, he seemed like a perfectly normal teenager hanging out with a friend. Now, he seemed downright murderous, and his grin seemed even more creepy than cute.

"Now, I'm perfectly aware with Toshi's quirk, and I do not understand why you would say it's villainous. After all, it's up to him to decide how to use it, no?"

The entire house fell silent. Midoriya's grin seemed to get even more scary by the second, before launching into a lengthy lecture about the usage of quirks and how not to judge other people, especially their own son, by whatever quirk they have, that seemed to rival that of Nezu's.

"Oh dear. Look at the time." Midoriya glanced at the clock on the wall, "I better get going now. But, if you ever, ever say anything bad about Toshi, or even lay a finger on him."

The threat remained unspoken, but his parents got the message.

"Good. Bye Toshi! See ya at school tomorrow! UA entrance exams are in a week!" Midoriya grinned, exiting the house.

"Hey, old hag," Bakugou yelled once he got home, "You think Izuku could still be alive?"

"What? Katsuki. Please. I know you still feel guilty about Izuku's death but it's been seven years. Inko died in the fire, and Hisashi is nowhere to be found." Mitsuki tried to reason.

"Why did he have to die? He did nothing wrong! The only thing people think is wrong with him is that he doesn't have a quirk and that's not even his fault!" Bakugou yelled.

Mitsuki slowly sat beside Bakugou as he continued his tirade. "I asked everyone! Even Aunt Inko! They all said that Deku would amount to nothing because he's quirkless!"

"Katsuki. What happened. It's not like you to explode like this for no reason." Mitsuki was being unusually calm, but she knew that both of them exploding wouldn't help her son and his conflicting feelings.

"A few days ago... Uzuki saved me... and he looked to similar to Deku that I can't help but think that they're the same person." Bakugou replied, clenching his fists.

Both he and Midoriya wanted to be heroes, but ever since Midoriya was declared quirkless, Bakugou could never decide between wanting Midoriya to be a hero to wanting to protect him. Bakugou was more like a brother that Midoriya looked up to, a bond that was even stronger than friendship given that the boys had known each other since birth.

Bakugou had always felt guilty for Midoriya's death. He took it as not being able to protect Midoriya well enough, that he failed in his duty to save someone close to him.
"Aunty Inko was so weird! She yelled at me that Deku was useless and a hopeless case and I should just give up on him!" Bakugou growled, his hands letting out miniature explosions, "Why couldn't she see that Deku was smart?! He could probably think of a thousand ways to get past being quirkless in his little analysis notebooks!"

Tears that he had been holding back for seven years finally broke free of whatever hold he had on them, and they rolled down his cheeks and onto the floor.

"Deku stopped crying so much, you know. He stopped crying all together. He said his mom said that crying is a sign of weakness," He turned to Mitsuki, "Mom, am I weak?"

_____

Uzuki pulled up his mask as the villain he was stalking threw a smoke bomb at him. His wound was throbbing mildly but it was more of an annoyance than a hindrance to him.

He quickly dodged a punch as the villain accelerated, kicking him in the gut and dropkicking him to the ground. Uzuki immediately tied him up and was about yo haul him to a police station when his phone started vibrating. Shinsou knew better than to text him at night so who the heck was texting him?

**Eraser:** Where are you? Present Mic is being very annoying right now.

**Eraser:** THIS IS PRESENT MIC ARE YOU OKAY CAN YOU PLEASE REPLY ARE YOU EVEN ALIVE RIGHT NOW ARE YOU HURT ARE YOU DYING SNDKSBSOWBE

**Eraser:** Can you stop him?

**Eraser:** ARE YOU OKAYYY!?!?

**Eraser:** He keeps stealing my phone.

Uzuki just blinked at the series of messages he was receiving. Present Mic was worried about him?

Oh yeah, he had seen him get slashed across the chest by the dumb scorpion.

He quickly took a picture of the downed villain, with his fingers in a victory sign, and sent it to Eraserhead, along with a message.

Uzuki: I'm fine.

Immediately, his phone started ringing, and Uzuki picked it up.

"YOU’RE ALIVE! ARE YOU HURT? WHERE WERE YOU - Give me back my phone - NO SHOUTA I NEED TO MAKE SURE HE’S OKAY - He literally sent a picture - YOU’RE NOT DEAD RIGHT - He sent a picture Hizashi - Oi what the heck is going on there!"

Uzuki just listened dumbfounded as Eraserhead and Present Mic seemed to be fighting over the phone and a female voice, maybe Midnight? was joining in the conversation.

Present Mic cared? About him? A technically-not-a-vigilante vigilante?

He wished his parents cared about him as much as those heroes did.

He didn't realise he had said that aloud, and that the three, or maybe more heroes, had heard him.

"SORRY GOTTA GO NOW BYE!" He shrieked into the phone and ended the call.
Uzuki found the villain he had just beaten up staring at him in confusion.

"What are you looking at!" He yelled at the villain and knocked him out again, embarrassed at what he had accidentally said over the phone.

Aizawa, Kayama and Yamada stared at the phone in confusion. They had heard Uzuki mumbled out something incoherent, before immediately screeching out an apology and ending the call.

Kan, Snipe, Ishiyama, Ectoplasm and Thirteen stared at the trio in confusion.

Nezu just grinned as he sat on Cementoss' shoulder.

"He's alive!" Yamada cheered, hugging Kayama and Aizawa, the later trying his best to not kick his friend in the gut and tie him up in his capture weapon.

"Senpai... is he okay?" Thirteen asked.

"This idiot over here?" Aizawa grumbled out as he pushed Yamada off him. "Yamada is an idiot and he will never be okay."

"SHOUTA! YOU WOUND ME! I THOUGHT WE WERE BEST FRIENDS!" Yamada wailed, clutching Aizawa's arm. Said person didn't even react, and made no move to even remove the arm that was latching onto him like a leech.

Nezu looked at his phone that he somehow had for no reason, and said, "Present Mic, it seems like Power Loader has finished some stuff for me. Would you mind going over to pick them up?"

"Gotcha!" Yamada yelled, promptly running out of the staff room.

"Can you trace the call?" Ectoplasm asked.

"Nope. Whatever Uzuki did, I can't trace his phone, or the number." Aizawa shook his head. "I tried before. He's either really good at hacking or he knows how to use VPNs or some GPS version of it or something. I don't know the details."

Even though the Development Studio was quite a fair distance away from the teacher's lounge, with Yamada's long legs and the fact that he was running meant that Yamada actually made it back really quickly. He shoved open the door carrying a huge box, and something in his hand.

"Uh... Hizashi, just what are you doing?" Aizawa deadpanned as Yamada stuck something on his nose.

"Trackers! Power Loader made a huge bunch of em!" Yamada yelled, covering his jacket with them.

"Jeez Hizashi! Don't go overboard!" Kayama laughed at her over-enthusiastic friend as she grabbed a few, tossing them to Snipe and Ishiyama.

"Idiot. Don't take all the trackers." Aizawa hissed, snatching the box away from the voice hero before he could resume sticking trackers on himself like a maniac.
"Toshi!" Midoriya grinned, patting Shinsou on the shoulder as he walked into UA.

"Izu? Don't you have like... other... stuff to do?" Shinsou asked, turning towards the smaller boy.
Midoriya was wearing a blue hoodie, and even though it seemed like a really small thing to change, not wearing so much green completely changed how people viewed the smaller boy. Now, he just looked like Shinsou's little brother instead of some crazy suicidal vigilante. His hood was up, hiding the smaller boy's face from view as he jumped around like a little kid on a sugar high.

"Nah. Well, maybe later. I usually keep an eye on the UA entrance exams. Those robots are bound to kill some poor examinee one day and I'm sure Recovery Girl's powers don't cover resurrection." Midoriya grumbled, stuffing his hands in his pockets.

Shinsou had to reign in a bark of laughter at the pouting face the vigilante made. He didn't notice that he had tripped over a loose brick on the road, and Midoriya's eyes widened as he realised that Shinsou was about his bust his nose on the ground. He had instincts, sure, but those were for things like villains, not rocks on the ground.

Suddenly, Shinsou stopped falling, and was hovering about an inch above the ground. "Sorry for using my quirk on you without permission! But it's bad luck to fall!" A girl with brown hair grinned, setting Shinsou back upright, before running into the examination hall.

"Go on. Don't let me distract you. I'm rooting for ya!" Midoriya grinned, patting Shinsou on the back once more before running off to who knows where. "And don't trip again!"

"You seriously think it's a good idea to hide a tracker inside you, Kan?" Ishiyama asked, as he eyed the cameras of the grounds where the students would be going to for their practical exams.
"I think it's plausible. Hiding it inside his body would make it impossible to find." Kayama pointed out.

"Unless they decide to dissect you." Aizawa said. He was lucky Yamada was busy with the written papers, before having to explain the practical exam to all the examinees, so he was free from the noisy voice hero for the next hour or two.

"Yeah. I might ask Recovery Girl about it. Maijima can also smaller version that I can control with my quirk." Kan muttered, pretending to ignore what Aizawa had said. "What if they use quirk cancelling cuffs?"

"It's not like the cuffs are transmission proofing or something. It should still work unless they electrocute the hell out of you or, like Aizawa said, they dissect you and find it." Maijima shrugged.

"But... do we know what they're after?" Yagi asked.

"We don't have any concrete information. I've done some searching around as well. At first, it seemed like they're just kidnapping those with powerful quirks, but there's also a decent number of people with recovery quirks, or strength and speed enhancing quirk missing. My best guess is they're trying to brainwash them to make an army, but that wouldn't explain why they're killing heroes.
"Maybe because the heroes aren't cooperative or something." Aizawa grunted.

"Wait? Killing heroes? I didn't know anything about that!" Yagi scratched his head, his eyes wide with concern.

"It wasn't made public. Well, more like we didn't find any bodies." Nezu spoke up, "We got plenty of information from a vigilante."

"I've never heard of a vigilante who's willing to communicate with heroes directly." Yagi mused, "Which one is it?"

"The green one." Aizawa mumbled.

"What..." Yagi frowned, trying to think what Aizawa meant. The small, green hoodie boy that he had seen bravely fend off the slime villain from the young blonde came into mind, "The one with the green hoodie, mask, and goggles?"

"You need to be more specific than that. All Might is new here so he obviously doesn't know what you mean when you say that." Kan rolled his eyes, before realising that Yagi did seem to know which vigilante Aizawa was referring to. "Wait. Yeah, you got the right one, All Might. You know him?"

"Not really. I met him once when he was trying to save a student called Bakugou from the slime villain I was chasing." All Might replied, "When the vigilante left, the student yelled "Izuku" or something..."

Aizawa turned towards the number one hero, eyes narrowing. The name Izuku rung a bell... and honestly he wouldn't believe that the vigilante would swap two letters in his name and call it his vigilante name. The boy was too smart for that, right?

"Shh! The entrance exams are starting." Snipe hushed them, turning to the monitors.
helped Shinsou just now.

With the way she held her hands, and seeing what happened when she had used her quirk on Shinsou, he was going to put it down as some touch-activating gravity or telekinesis quirk. He honestly liked that the girl was willing to help Shinsou for absolutely no reason. He was gonna keep an eye on her, and mentally added her to the list of people he genuinely liked, which included Eraserhead, Present Mic, Shinsou, Ingenium, Nezu, and Bakugou.

The red head was noisy though. The younger presumed Iida was scolding him, probably for making a ruckus and disturbing other people. Midoriya honestly found his robotic arm swings hilarious, and kept an eye out for the red head's reaction. Surprisingly, he didn't seem to offended, and was even apologising for his antics. Midoriya liked him as well. Two more names to add to the "Mental List of People I Like".

"And go! What are you waiting for!? Examinee 2234 has the right idea! There's no countdowns in real fights! Run, run, run! The die has been cast!" Present Mic's voice rang throughout the area.

Midoriya grinned. Shinsou had already charged ahead, taking Midoriya's advice and trying to get a small advantage by starting once he could.

Hesitation would get them killed in this profession. Heroes have to engage as soon as possible to minimise damage and casualties.

Midoriya carefully kept an eye on the four examinees as he carefully hopped around from rooftop to rooftop, all the while avoiding the cameras. The cameras were hard to notice when you weren't aware of them, but once you knew about them they were as obvious as a punch in the face. Assuming the face had nerves and you could feel, Midoriya mentally amended.

The girl was using her quirk to lift robots into the air and releasing them, using their own weight to destroy them. Smart. She did look slightly nauseous though.

The red head was doing well, and upon closer inspection, he seemed to have some sort of hardening quirk that allowed him to cleave through the robotic enemies with ease. Not a flashy quirk, but it's definitely versatile. Midoriya wondered if his quirk affected his density.

The engine boy was using his quirk to increase the power of his kicks, kicking the robots to bits. He definitely seemed to know what he was doing, but if he was really an Iida (and Midoriya thought he was), his entire family were pro heroes based on engines, so it was natural for him to pick up a few tricks here and there.

Shinsou was doing pretty well, considering that he couldn't use his quirk. He had picked up a metal rod from somewhere in the wreckage, and was destroying robots left and right. Midoriya grinned to himself; he was glad he had first taught Shinsou how to use a bo staff, since it was one of the more versatile weapons out there and Shinsou was absolutely wrecking the hell out of the robots.

Suddenly, an alarm blared, and a humongous robot emerged out of the ground.

A cry of pain caught his attention, and he immediately honed in to the source. The girl. She had been trapped when the robot emerged, a huge slab of concrete pressing her down against the ground. Midoriya groaned. Who's idea was it to have these giant robots in the first place that would be a hazard to everyone taking place in the entrance exam!? Nezu? Surely the principle wasn't that insane and sadistic, right? Even he had to know the limits of Recovery Girl's powers.

Red head and Glasses had immediately turned tail and ran off along with the rest of the examinees.
Midoriya was about to jump in when he noticed Shinsou stop running, look around, before running back to the girl, trying to pry the cement block off her.

"Hey! You're gonna get crushed!" The red haired boy yelled.

"Then help me! I'm not leaving here here like this!" Shinsou yelled back.

Surprisingly, the red haired boy yelled, "HELPING OTHER PEOPLE IS SO MANLY!" and rushed over to Shinsou's side. He hardened his arm and heaved the block up, letting Shinsou drag her out from under it. It was obvious that she wouldn't be able to walk, if the blood pooling out of her leg and the broken rebar sticking out of it being any indication

"Shit," Shinsou cursed, realising just how close the robot had gotten. He hastily picked the girl up and started to run away from the robot, the red haired boy following suite.

They wouldn't make it in time. The robot would crush them. Or more specifically, Shinsou and the girl. The red head wasn't weighed down by anyone and was able to make it a fair distance away from the robot.

Midoriya had added metal to the tips of his shoes to increase the amount of damage to his kicks. He seriously doubted that a metal enhanced kick would do anything, given the size of the giant metal robot that was crushing buildings like paper.

Unsheathing his knife, Midoriya leapt off the building he was on, landing on the robot's arm. He quickly made his way up to the robot's neck, plunging his knife in and severing all the wires.

The robot groaned to a stop, creaking precariously as its source of power was forcefully cut off. Midoriya didn't know if the robot would remain still or fall, so he opted to getting the two examinees out of danger.

Midoriya quickly scooped up the girl from Shinsou's grasp, and yelled, "Come on, To - kid. That robot isn't gonna stay like that forever." His connection to his student should stay private; he didn't want to ruin Shinsou's chances of getting into UA.

Mutely nodding, Shinsou followed Midoriya back to the group, and Present Mic's voice echoed, "And time's up!"

Setting the girl down, Midoriya quickly inspected her leg. Her leg was broken, and he was sure Recovery Girl could heal it, but the broken rebar was the problem. He would have to remove it, and he wasn't sure things like this were included in the youthful heroine's resume.

"I'm going to remove the metal, miss... um..."

"Uraraka...Ochako." She hissed out. Her eyes were unfocused in pain, and the blood loss must have gotten to her head. She shouldn't be revealing her name to random strangers, regardless if he had saved her or not.

"Alright, just... hold still..." He grabbed the metal rebar, and was just about to pull it out before he was interrupted by the loud voice behind him.

"Excuse me, I understand that you saved her, but what are you doing, hurting another examinee?!"

It was Glasses boy. Luckily for Uraraka, it was Midoriya who was tending to her. If it was any other person, Glasses would have startled them and might have accidentally made the injury worse. Midoriya had sensed the engine boy coming up behind him, already half expecting him to speak up
about something or other.

"While I understand it isn't your intention, you could have startled me and caused more pain to your fellow examinee." Midoriya spoke with an emotionless tone, turning to face the blue haired boy, before returning his attention to Uraraka.

"I'm going to remove it on the count of three."

After counting down, Midoriya carefully quickly yanked the rebar out cleanly, as Uraraka clenched her fists tightly and yelped. He carefully took the roll of bandages out of his pouch and wrapped her leg up.

"There," Midoriya said, gently placing Uraraka on the ground and stood up, "Recovery Girl should be here soon and she'll fix the rest of it."

"Recovery Girl? Who's that?" A voice pipped up.

"You don't know Recovery Girl? The school's nurse? Youthful Heroine? The one that gives you a kiss and saps your stamina to increase your body's natural healing process?" Midoriya was confused. Recovery Girl's presence was that unknown, was it? Sure, she wasn't a flashy hero, but surely she was known, right?

"I'm surprised. Most people think my quirk is just a healing quirk with no repercussions." Said hero grinned as she made her way to Uraraka, giving her a kiss to the forehead. "It's going to take most of her stamina to heal her leg, but after a small rest she should be good to go."

"Thank... you..." Uraraka muttered. Midoriya grinned, though no one could see it behind his mask.

Suddenly, a loud sound was heard, as the gigantic Zero-pointer exploded. Most of the heavier pieces of metal landed metres away from the group, but a few smaller, stray shrapnel were sent flying at the dazed students.

"Shit." Kan cursed. "Recovery Girl's there! She could get hit! And none of the other students were expecting it to happen."

"Wait was that Uzuki?" Kayama squeaked, leaning forward to get a better look in the camera, "Where was he this whole time?!"

"Probably avoiding the cameras." Nezu smiled, though his co-workers could tell that even the principal was not expecting the robot to blow up for no reason and unintentionally putting the school nurse in danger, "Present Mic, check on the situation now." He ordered over the intercoms.

Maijima had already run off to fix another battle facility.

Iida didn't know why the guy who had saved Uraraka was familiar. He definitely hadn't met him before, so he had to be someone in the news. But he looked like a teenager, a young adult if he was stretching it, and Iida couldn't recall any heroes that donned a hoodie. He might have been a villain but he did save Uraraka so Iida was pretty confident he wasn't a villain.

He yelped as a piece of shrapnel was sent flying in his face. With no time to react, all he could do was close his eyes and hope that it didn't hit anything vital.

Upon realising that he wasn't hit with anything, he slowly opened his eyes.
The guy who had saved Uraraka was standing in front of him, a piece of metal piercing his arm.

He turned around, and Iida realised he had another piece of metal lodged in his shoulder and his stomach. He was also holding another piece of metal in his hand, like he had caught it.

Blood leaked out of his wounds as he moved, flowing along the metal and dripping on the ground.

"Wow. What's it with things exploding and me getting metal stuck in me?" The guy gave a small chuckle, and stopped upon realising no one found his quip funny. "Are you guys okay?"

The guy started removing the metal shards from his body, not even making a sound as he dropped the bloody metal shards onto the ground.

Ah, Iida realised, *Uzuki. The vigilante that has a quirk that no one knew about.*

*Pain tolerance maybe. Or healing.*

"You... I was rude to you... and yet... you protected me? Why?" Iida stuttered out.

"I mean, you were just concerned for someone else and had no problems with making your opinion known." The vigilante shrugged, blood staining his hoodie red, "I was just concerned that if it wasn't me, you might have startled the person and made her wound worse. I already knew you were behind me and expected you to say something."

Iida had a decent amount of respect for the vigilante, recalling that Tensei had once mentioned that the vigilante had helped him out in catching some villain group that he was having problems beating on his own. Now, seeing for himself just how willing Uzuki was to protect others, his respect for the vigilante increased tenfold.

"I'm sorry, and thank you!" Iida bowed till his body was a hundred and eighty degrees to the ground.

"Are you okay?" Shuzenji asked, already making her way towards the bloodied boy. "Everyone else seems fine. Also, thank you for protecting us."

"I'm all good!" Midoriya poked the wound on his gut, "Wow I'm lucky. It didn't hit anything vital!"

*That doesn't mean you should poke it, you idiot!* Shinsou had to try very hard not to berate his friend slash mentor right there and then.

"Whoo! Hi Uzuki!" Yamada grinned as he jumped down behind the vigilante, sandwiching Midoriya between the examinees and himself. "Nice to see you're not dead yet!"

"I'm glad I'm not dead too! Well, we're all good! See ya!" Midoriya grinned under his mask, tossing something at Yamada's face as he ran towards a building. He jumped, grabbing onto a ledge and hauled himself up. His injuries were howling in protest but Midoriya ignored them as he continued clambering elegantly up the wall, using whatever he could use as a foothold.

Yamada caught whatever Midoriya had thrown at him, and turned his attention to Midoriya as he finally made his way to the top of the building, disappearing from view. He glanced at the item in his hand.

Another thumb drive.

The entire facility was filled with silence, until one red head exclaimed, "That's so manly!"
"Stupid problem child." Aizawa groaned. "He could have done literally anything else besides using his body as a human shield."

"You sound like you want to adopt him, Shouta." Kayama grinned at him. Aizawa shot her a look, but the female hero just smirked back.

"Like?" Kan asked.

"Using his quirk?" Ectoplasm suggested.

"If he uses his quirk, then he would technically become a vigilante. We label him as a vigilante since he's fighting crime without a hero licence, but he keeps insisting that since he hasn't used a quirk at all, we can't arrest him. He made that very clear in our first meeting, and frankly speaking, he's right." Aizawa mumbled.

"What if his quirk is like Nezu's? An intelligence quirk that technically can't be switched off?" Snipe asked.

"You can't really blame him for that. Isn't there this invisible girl, Hagakure Toru? Or mutation quirks? Can't really blame those." Ishiyama said.

"Oh look. He's running away with those injuries?! Recovery Girl's gonna kill him if she meets him," Nezu laughed, as the tension bled out of his shoulders, seeing as Uzuki seemed fine to continue being cheeky. He personally liked the vigilante, and wanted to meet the boy face to face and have a nice long chat. The boy seemed intelligent enough to find the loophole in the quirk laws and to avoid the police and heroes for so long, and being able to evade Eraserhead was no small feat. Plus, he was giving them information that saved them a lot of time digging.

"Is he a gecko?" Kayama asked, "And can we arrest him for trespassing?"

"He saved a few students though. If he didn't trespass we might have to deal with the media about at least two dead children." Aizawa shot a slightly annoyed looked at Nezu, and if the principal noticed, he didn't seem to care. Aizawa made it sound like the media was an annoyance, but Nezu knew he was concerned about the students wellbeing. He was a big softie, even though he pretended to be a children hater and expelled kids from the hero course.

"He still broke the law." Kan pointed out.

"We're letting like.... a few thousand students into the school. Our school rules also just said no trespassing on regular school days. He is technically authorised to enter if the school gates let him in." Nezu was smiling. The vigilante had exploited another loophole, and Nezu did know that the vigilante had snuck into the school for the past few entrance exams, and had saved students from robots quite a few times already. This was just the first time he had to deal with the zero-pointer, and Nezu was quite frankly impressed with how he dealt with the situation.

He definitely wanted to meet Uzuki.

Chapter End Notes

Hey guys! I can't decide if I want Shinsou in the hero course or not so just comment your thoughts?
Am I updating too quickly? I feel like I'm updating once every one or two days and other authors update like... every week or something.

"Another one?" Ishiyama asked, frowning. "And you said he threw it at your face?"

"Yep! I caught it!" Yamada grinned, hands on his hips like he had just accomplished something great.

"Good job. You want a gold star for that?" Aizawa grumbled patronisingly, but Yamada just took it as a compliment and squealed, "Really?!

"No." Yamada visibly deflated at that.

Nezu plugged the thumb drive into the computer in his office, and opened it up.

Surprisingly, unlike the past two thumb drives, there was a password on this one.

"I'm sorry I became this today but technically I did nothing wrong and you can't blame."

Nezu grinned, typing in Trespasser as the password. He enjoyed these small riddles that Uzuki was leaving. He was also impressed how well the vigilante knew both Eraserhead and Nezu. He knew that Eraserhead wasn't the kind of person to throw things away unless they were completely useless, and knew that he would keep the note when he passed over the very first thumb drive. The clues he left were very subtle, and even if the heroes didn't get the information, villains who managed to get their hands on the thumb drive wouldn't be able to access the data unless they hacked it.

Nezu clicked on the last file that had a bunch of gibberish as a name. He came to realise that Uzuki stored the most important information in the randomly named files, for some reason.

It was a list of co-ordinates, thought from scanning through the list, Nezu could tell there were three main locations, for illegal buying of items such as quirk suppressants, quirk cancelling handcuffs, and a variety of other items that he knew a normal person would not have a use for, let alone in such large quantities, all under a person called Afo. The dates of the shipments were included as well, all of them being that day. They were going to have to hit all the locations at once, and Nezu was thinking about who to pair with who.

There was a note at the bottom.

Does Snipe's gas mask actually work? If it does, pair him with Midnight.

Present Mic with Eraserhead.

Vlad King should go with Ectoplasm.

I think these are the best pairings since they cover both close and distance combat but feel free to change the pairings if you think otherwise. I'm not sure if any of these locations are ploys since I just
downloaded the entire list off their database.

Snipe had ended up switching with Vlad King. They had all agreed that Snipe and Ectoplasm hitting the area with a truckload of quirk cancelling cuffs would be the most effective, as Ectoplasm was pretty good with hand to hand combat, and Snipe also has generally good aim. Both of them could put up a fight with or without their quirks, and would be able to fight even if they were accidentally cuffed.

Eraserhead's quirk essentially made his fights quirkless, and Present Mic was a strong hand to hand fighter, so naturally they were placed at the location for quirk suppressants.

That left Vlad King and Midnight checking out the last remaining location that seemed to be for drugs and a ton of miscellaneous items. Nezu insisted that Kan bring a gas mask so Kayama could use her quirk properly, and Kan relented before the animal principal could launch into a lengthy lecture about the masks with tea.

"Huh... this place looks like a bust." Kayama muttered as she creeped behind several boxes. Kan was right behind her, carefully peering around. She tapped her ear piece, hearing her friends go wild and beating up villains. "Looks like this is the only one that's fake. The others seem to be having fun." She whispered.

"There's only like... ten villains here. Snipe just shot them all." Ectoplasm grumbled.

"Yeah... there's really few here too." Yamada replied, "Nemuri, how are you guys?"

Suddenly, the crates all around them exploded, and the duo found themselves surrounded by villains. "Shit." Kayama cursed as she was forced back to back with Kan, her whip in hand.

Now I know why he asked if Snipe's gas mask worked. She hissed to herself. She couldn't use her quirk unless she also wanted Kan to pass out, and Kan couldn't handle all the enemies on his own without risking getting anemia.

"We may have a situation." Kayama growled, cracking her whip at the closest villain, who grabbed it and attempted to shock her through her whip. She hated how common elemental quirks were. They were powerful and awful to fight against. Luckily, her whip was insulated, or she would have been fried. Kan was currently shooting his blood out in small, compact droplets, using his quirk like a gun as he hammered away at several villains at once. A lucky shot from the villains hit his gas mask, tearing a large hold in it and rendering it useless. Kan tore the broken mask away in frustration, shooting at the villains.

"We secured the area." Aizawa's voice droned over the earpiece, "You guys need backup?"

"I think so." Vlad King hissed, dodging a kick and delivering a punch across the villain's face, "There's at least thirty guys here, and Midnight can't use her quirk. They got lucky and tore my mask."

Snipe hissed, "Can you use your blood to cover your mouth and nose?"

"I'll try." Kan recollected the blood he used to shoot the villains and formed a makeshift mask over his mouth. He continued shooting villains for a good minute before he released the make shift mask and panted, "I don't see how this is any better than just holding my breath. I still won't be able to breathe."
"We'll come over once the police come to pick up these hooligans!" Yamada yelled.

Kayama cracked her whip again, smacking a few villains away as she made some distance between herself and Vlad King, "I'll try to use a small amount to neutralise these guys. Just stay away from me!" She yelled, charging at a small group of villains that were huddled between several crates.

Apparently, they had guns. Kayama elegantly weaved her way towards them and waved her hand, activating her quirk in the smallest amount possible but at maximum potency. The villains went down without as much as a cough.

A stray bullet shattered the glasses, and Kayama groaned. Her eyesight wasn't that bad, but she just liked having her glasses as some form of meagre protection for her eyes.

She crouched down, hands out in a kickboxing position. Concentrating her quirk was tiring, and suddenly she was glad Aizawa had constantly nagged at her to stop relying on her quirk and to pick up some other form of fighting. She lashed out, knocking a guy down with her heels and punching another across the cheek.

Suddenly, a purple portal opened up, and the entire room was filled with some kind of gas.

People around her started dropping, passing out.

Sleeping gas, she noted. Her quick made her immune to sleeping gas, but Kan wasn't, and he passed out before he had even realised it. And it's pretty potent as well, considering that they're knocked out with just a whiff.

"Dammit. Sleeping gas. Vlad King's out. It's like they just pumped the gas in." Kayama reported, trying to look around for the source. The sleeping gas was thick, and she could barely see a metre in front of her. A few figures emerged from the gas, and Kayama bleakly realised that they were wearing gas masks.

"How fitting. Lights out, Midnight," Was all she remembered as someone delivered a nasty blow to her pressure point and everything turned black.

"Snipe. You're the one with the gas mask. Go check it out first." Ectoplasm said. He and Snipe had already sent all the villains to the police, and they were currently standing outside the warehouse that Kayama and Kan were supposed to check. Aizawa came jumping down from the top of a building, and Yamada followed suite.

"Fine." The sniper huffed, pushing open the warehouse door.

Aside from the villains strewed all over the flood, nothing seemed amiss. The sleeping gas that Kayama was talking about seemed to have dissipated, and Snipe gestured for the rest of the heroes to follow him.

"Jeez, that's s lot of villains." Yamada commented, as Aizawa mutely examined the warehouse.

"Guys," Ectoplasm spoke up, walking towards one of his clones.

Kayama's whip lay on the ground innocently, with its owner nowhere to be found.

"Dammit. I can't locate their tracker signals. Call Nezu." Aizawa ordered, flipping through phone on the hero tracking app that Nezu had installed on all the UA hero's phones.

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Kayama groaned, rubbing her arms as she tried to sit up. She dimly noticed her arms were cuffed together, and tried to activate her quirk.

Nothing happened.

"Urg." She growled, trying to take in her surroundings. She was sitting in some sort of cell. In fact, the entire corridor seemed to be lined with cells, and the smell of rotting flesh was pungent. The prisoners ranged from children to elderly citizens, from healthy looking teenagers to decaying corpses. Kayama wanted to puke. Who left corpses laying around like to rot?

"Tch. Where are we?"

"No idea." Kayama turned, just realising she was sharing a cell with Kan. "I've been awake for about an hour. They hit you pretty hard, didn't they, Midnight."

"Yeah." She admitted, cracking her neck to loosen it up. Her muscles were stiff from lying in that uncomfortable position.

The sound if footsteps gradually became louder, and Kan and Kayama froze, becoming deathly silent as a coversaron started.

"You said we got Vlad King and Midnight?"

"Yeah. They're quirks aren't what we need, according to boss. Probably gonna use em to lure in some eraser dude or that loud hero that yells on the radio, or maybe ransom. I don't know."

_You said we got Vlad King and Midnight?_

"Yeah. They're quirks aren't what we need, according to boss. Probably gonna use em to lure in some eraser dude or that loud hero that yells on the radio, or maybe ransom. I don't know."

_Shouta and Hizashi_, Kayama noted. Both of them had versatile quirks that could be used in almost all situations. Though she did think her own and Kan's were useful, her quirk wasn't good when she fights alongside others and Kan's would just deplete his blood.

"Alright. That's all the new ones, I think."

The footsteps of the lackeys died down, and Kan and Kayama exhaled. "Whew. Alright. Do we have a plan?"

"Quirk suppressing cuffs and the door is electric." Kan said, "Unless you can disable them, we're aren't getting out unless we want to get fried."

"Shouta knows how to hack. Dammit." Kayama muttered. She knew how to use stuff, but she didn't know much about the inner workings of machines. Aizawa probably knew how to hotwire a car and could do so while marking a stack of papers.

She carefully peeked out of the cell. There seemed to be cameras lining the corridor, but none in the cells that were able to observe the prisoners.

"Let's wait it out. I don't think they're gonna kil us so soon. Let's try to see if they some kind of guard schedule or something," Kayama suggested, and Kan nodded in mute agreement.

It had been a month since the Blood Hero and the 18+ Only Hero disappeared.

The students were having a break before the new school year, so the remaining heroes in UA spent the remainder of their time searching for their missing colleagues.

"Why is it so hard to find this bunch of villains?" Aizawa sighed, rubbing his eyes. He hadn't slept for the past few days, and his eyes were red and puffy. He popped open his bottle of eyedrops,
accidentally missing his eye and he had to wipe the saline liquid off his face.

"Sleep." Yamada grumbled, as he downed a ridiculously sweet latte after he had dumped about ten packets of sugar in it. "Wearing yourself out before we find them wouldn't help anyone."

"Says you. You're gonna drop dead from diabetes." Aizawa retorted, opening his flask and drinking his black coffee. "You haven't sleep since two days ago?"

"Now now, let's all stop arguing!" Nezu still had that sickly sweet smile on his face, and he seemed like to be the only one who managed to get any sleep. Snipe had started patrolling outside of his regular hours, sleeping six hours a day before leaving his house and patrolling. Ectoplasm also did the same, using his clones to patrol at a few places at the same time. But they all knew Nezu was also loosing sleep over their missing heroes but had to rest to use his brain in order to figure it out.

The news of the missing heroes haven't gone out yet, and the UA teachers didn't really want this to be known all over the world. Losing a teacher was bad enough, but two of them? They had already enlisted Ingenium's help, as well as All Might, Best Jeanist, Hawks, and even Endeavour, as well as the Pussycats to see if they could find Kayama and Kan on their various rescue missions, using Shiretoko's Search quirk and Sosaki's Telepath quirk to see if they could find and maybe establish a connection with the missing duo. Tsukauchi was also helping the search, interrogating villains about the missing heroes.

Uzuki became a lot less active for some reason, and while was sending snippets of information to Nezu via thumb drives and Eraserhead, Nezu didn't really know what Uzuki was doing anymore. He didn't want to think that Uzuki wanted Midnight and Vlad King to be caught, and tried to convince himself that the villains were probably a lot more aware of Uzuki's antics and were trying harder to prevent him from snagging more information. That or there was a lot less accessible information that Uzuki deemed useful to pass over.

The UA heroes were working themselves down to the bone, and Nezu really hoped they were sensible enough to not go overboard with their searching.

"So, Toshi, when there's a person you're trying to fight, you have to get them to respond before you can brainwash them, right?" Midoriya asked.

"You know that already. Why are you asking me again?" Shinsou asked, confused.

Midoriya was originally beating up some villains in an alleyway, and Shinsou somehow stumbled into him while on his way home from buying groceries that his parents asked him to buy. Now, they were just talking while Midoriya was tying up the villains.

"Well... I was thinking, maybe you don't need them to respond verbally?"

"What? My quirk doesn't work like that."

"Body language. Tensing up, looking embarrassed, turning away. Those are considered responses, right?" Midoriya asked.

Shinsou thought about it. He had never really thought about that.

Suddenly, Midoriya tensed up, and he turned to the exit of the alley. A large, purple portal opened up, and they felt a sense of dread as villains poured out of the portal.

"Where did they come from?!" Shinsou yelped, slowly backing away from the portal. Midoriya
instinctively stepped between Shinsou and the villains, yelling, "Get out of here. I'll handle them!"

"You'll handle us? Fat chance, kid!" One of the snake headed villains spat, venom dripping from his fangs. The venom landed on the ground, the purple liquid staining the ground.

"That's the one! The information stealer!" Another one with horns yelled. "Boss wants him alive, but he didn't say how alive!" He snarled.

Shinsou clenched his fists and turned towards the villains, "You can't fight all of them. There's too many of them!"

"Both of us won't be able to handle them." Midoriya growled, jumping as someone shot a bullet right at him. He grabbed Shinsou's hand and jerked him in the direction of further alley exit.

"Get back here!" A man yelled, his arms stretching out to grab the two fleeing teenagers. He latched onto Shinsou, but Midoriya just stabbed his hand with his knife and he released the purple haired teen, howling in pain. "Just go! I'll cover you!" Midoriya yelled, jumping at the rubber quirk user tried to hit him. A few more villains caught up to them, but a few well placed kicks had them bashing into the wall.

Both of them had almost made it to the exit when suddenly, a man dropped down on top of them. Midoriya shoved Shinsou aside before the man landed on him, taking the blow and was unceremoniously kicked into the ground. Midoriya hissed in pain as the man shoved a knife into his shoulder, barely scraping against his bone as he struggled to get the man off his back. who just stepped harshly on his other arm, and a loud crack was heard. Midoriya relied mostly on dodging his speed, and while he was pretty strong, he couldn't really do much with two injured arms.

"Toshi! Go!" Midoriya yelped, as the villains caught up to him. His head was brutally shoved against the ground, and his goggles were smashed to bits, and the snake sank his fangs into Midoriya'a back.

"Well, this poison won't kill you. But it will hurt. A lot!" He hissed, as Midoriya's struggling slowly weakened. With a sudden boost of strength, Midoriya grabbed the man's leg. He lost his balance and he fell, head hitting the wall.

He shakily got up, just as the rubber man shot his arm towards Midoriya and nailing him in the gut. His wounds from the entrance exam haven't completely healed, and Midoriya hissed as he felt the month old stab would re-open. The next punch knocked the breath out of him, and he fell to the ground, wheezing.

"Just go, Toshi! Go find help! If you can, find Eraserhead!" Midoriya yelled, as the horn guy picked him up by the neck, squeezing it tightly. By now, his mask was knocked off his face and dangled around his neck. Midoriya attempted to kick him, but another villain that seemed to have super strength grabbed his leg, snapping it. He gasped in pain, and tried to pry the horn man's hands off his neck, but his weakened attempts didn't seem to do any good. His vision was turning black, but Midoriya refused to pass out without knowing Shinsou was safe.

Tears falling down his face, Shinsou turned around and ran out of the alley.

Midorya gave a small grin, seeing as Shinsou finally trying to get away, but that angered the villains instead.

"Don't mock us, kid!" Another villain yelled, punching him in the guts. Midoriya figured he should buy Shinsou time to escape, and grinned even wider. This earned him another kick to his chest, and he wheezed, trying to breath while the horned villain was strangling him.
Shinsou finally reached the end of the alley, running into the main street, and Midoriya finally allowed himself to drift off, unconscious.

"I... is Eraserhead here?" Shinsou panted, wheezing as he tried to calm his beating heart. Shinsou knew who he was,

"Eraserhead? Who's that?" The police officer sitting at the desk looked at him confused, "Who are you, and why are you here?"

"Shinsou Hitoshi. There were villains? Uzuki - " Shinsou gasped for breath again, but apparently that was all the police needed for him to nod. "Hold on, kid, I'll connect you to the boss."

Aizawa and Tsukauchi were talking in the police department's office, when suddenly, the phone on the detective's desk rang.

"Hello?" Tsukauchi asked, as Aizawa slumped into a chair, clearly exhausted. There was some mumbling over the phone, and the detecting replied with a "Alright, thank you."

"New info?" The hero tiredly asked, as Tsukauchi put on his coat.

"Yeah. A kid. He has some report about Uzuki and requested you specifically." Tsukauchi sighed, and Aizawa dragged himself off the couch and out of Tsukauchi's office. It would take a few minutes for them to reach the police station the kid was in, but Aizawa wanted information and nothing was going to stop him. Nezu would also want to know new information about the vigilante, so he texted the principal.

He immediately got a reply to wait for him at the police station.

"Sir. This is Shinsou Hitoshi." The police officer said, as Tsukauchi and Aizawa entered the door. Upon inspection, Shinsou's face was red, and his eyes were red, probably from crying. The teen had glanced up when they entered the door, and Aizawa recognised him as the one that tried to save the gravity quirk girl.

"Alright. We'll take it from here." Tsukauchi said, walking towards Shinsou, "I'm Detective Tsukauchi, and this is Eraserhead. I'm surprised you know about him."

Shinsou recognised the name Tsukauchi. Midoriya mentioned he had some truth quirk, so he was going to have to watch what he said.

"Uzuki requested for him specifically." Shinsou replied.

True.

"Come on, let's talk in private." Tsukauchi kindly said, steering the boy towards one of the private rooms, as the front door opened again.

Shinsou was nervous. But that was to be expected when he was sitting in a room filled with three pro heroes and a detective.


"He... saved my life."
"You mentioned something about villains?" Aizawa raised an eyebrow.

"Yeah. There was this purple portal, and a bunch of villains... they yelled at Uzuki being and information stealer and started to chase us. Uzuki got beaten up trying to let me escape."

Nezu's eyes glinted when Tsukauchi nodded, signifying that Shinsou was telling the truth. These villains were connected to those they were tracking, and the purple portal was a new lead.

"Alright. I'll try to find anything on people with a portal quirk." Nezu said.

Aizawa frowned. Teleportation and warp quirks were extremely rare, and one was a villain. No wonder they couldn't find any leads.

"How... badly was he injured?" Yamada asked, concerned for the vigilante.

"I don't know. He was stabbed in the shoulder and I remember one of the villains attempting to suffocate him." Shinsou's shoulder's dropped, and Yamada pat his back reassuringly.

"Alright. Did the villains say anything else? What did they look like?" Tsukauchi asked.

"They said their boss wanted Uzuki alive... um..." Shinsou frowned, trying to think. His memory of what had happened was a bit hazy. "Um... There was a guy with horns? There was a guy who could stretch his arm? And another snake guy? Oh wait, the snake guy bit him."

Nezu's grin dropped slightly. He remembered the file on the snake villain. His venom wouldn't kill, but it was extremely painful. They really wanted Uzuki to suffer. Nezu was glad that Uzuki was still on their side though.

"Alright. I think that's it." Tsukauchi said, sighing, "If you remember anything else, feel free to drop by again."

"Please... save him." Shinsou asked shakily. Midoriya was his friend. He wanted to be there for him. "He... saved me. I owe him a lot..."

Nezu pat his leg, since the small principal couldn't reach the teen's back even though he was sitting in a chair. "Don't worry. We'll find him. Count on it."
CannibalisticApple made a suggestion, and I wholeheartedly agreed with it. Chapter 8 is slightly changed, but overall nothing much is different storywise. If you wanna reread it, or you don't, you don't miss much.

Upon Aizawa's request, Shinsou led the three UA pro heroes to the alley that Uzuki was kidnapped from. Aizawa felt bad that he was making Shinsou do this, but Shinsou was determined to do whatever he could to save the vigilante that had saved him so many times prior.

Aizawa and Yamada were busy tying up the downed villains. Apparently, they were just considered canon fodder, but the fact they had so many villains on hand was worrying. Shinsou apparently had left the groceries in the alley, and they were strewn all over the floor.

Nezu was busy inspecting the area that the portal had appeared from, while Yamada and Aizawa inspected the damage to the ground and the bloodstains. Yamada cringed when he saw the damage; Shinsou had pointed out that the small crater on the ground was from when a man ambushed them from above, and Yamada was just worried out of his mind for the vigilante.

Shinsou just looked so miserable seeing the damage and the blood, Aizawa couldn't help but pity the boy and handed over a juice pack that the teen took gratefully.

"I think someone should accompany Shinsou home and explain the situation to his parents. Since he did escape the villains, they might try to come after him." Nezu said.

After finally getting some sort of lead after so long, Aizawa had almost dropped from exhaustion right there in the alley. Yamada volunteered to take the teen, and practically forced Aizawa to agree to go back to school, and huddle into his sleeping bag and sleep.

"So... are you friends with Uzuki? You seem concerned about him." Yamada asked.

"I wouldn't say friends... **acquaintances** at best." Shinsou lied, his heart pounding when he forced himself to say he wasn't friends with the crazy bubbly green haired teen. Midoriya had made it very clear their friendship and mentor student relationship should remain a secret, since villains might use Shinsou to get to Midoriya and he didn't want Shinsou to lose his chance at UA because he was friends with a vigilante.

"Huh." Was all the voice hero said as they walked solemnly beside each other.

"What .. about you?" Shinsou hesitantly asked, looking up to look at Yamada.

"Honestly... I'm worried about him. He took a hit for me, right in the chest. I swore, if he hadn't been running around these few weeks, I would have thought he'd be dead." Yamada admitted, not knowing that Shinsou knew exactly what injuries that Midoriya had gotten. "You saw him at the entrance exam. You saw how recklessly he acted in order to protect everyone. I'm worried that one day, he's gonna end up dying for real trying to protect someone."
Shinsou hissed at his friend's recklessness, he slouched even more. Yamada just pat him on the back, "Don't worry about it, kid. He'll make it. We all know how strong he is."

Shinsou didn't know if the hero was trying to console him or himself.

"Shh." Kayama shushed her friend, as footsteps echoed down the hallway once again. They were already given food and water, as were all the other prisoners, so they didn't know why the villains were back.

"Which cell do we dump him in?"

Kayama froze. They caught another person.

"The other cells are filled with rotting corpses and people. Just dump him in the one next to the heroes."

The villains tapped some card against their cell door, and it swung open. They dumped a person with a bloody hoodie into the cell, before slamming the door shut. Kayama couldn't tell what colour the hoodie was; there wasn't enough light and the hoodie was way too bloody.

Unlike all the other prisoners, who had their hands cuffed in front of them, this new one had his arms cuffed behind their back. Blood was steadily trickling out of his shoulder, and he lay on the ground, limply. Kayama would have thought he were dead if not for the subtle rise and fall of their chest.

Kan didn't know how long it took for the new addition to wake up. The person first coughed out blood, a lot of blood, before shakily shifting to a sitting position. Even with the dim light, Kan could tell that the guy, he finally managed to tell, was pale. Way too pale.

He shifted uncomfortably, and the guy tensed up, before turning in his and Kayama's direction. A mask was hanging off his neck, Kan noted.

"Who..." He rasped out, before his eyes lit up and he grinned, "Midnight and Vlad King! You guys are fine! Whew. I thought they would have killed you or something!"

The two heroes eyes widened, but the guy doubled over, coughing violently.

"I... are you okay?" Kayama asked, leaning forwards. She carefully rubbed his back through the bars between their cells, taking care to avoid the bleeding shoulder.

"Sorry..." He apologised, blood leaking from his lips, "Some snake guy poisoned me. I don't think my body likes it."

More footsteps were heard, and a large hulking figure stood in front of his cell, and Kayama retracted her arms just in time. "Oh. You're finally awake. You're lucky we didn't kill you, Uzuki. Honestly, from all the rumours and reports, I expected more from you. You honestly don't look like much, covered in blood."

_Uzuki? He is small though. Maybe he's due for a very very late growth spurt. The vigilante's figure made him look like a middle-schooler._ Kayama thought.

Midoriya just replied in a patronising tone, "Yeah, and it took you guys so long to catch me? Good on you."
Don't provoke him! Kan internally yelled, but bit his tongue. He doubted he would be able to do anything while his quirk was out, and he could barely move. His arms were too stocky to fit through the bars.

"You little pipsqueak!" The man roared, grabbing the vigilante through the bars of the door of the cell, which were large enough to fit. "Too bad the boss wants you alive, or I'd kill you here and now." He yanked Midoriya into the door, which sparked brightly and electrocuted the teen.

**Electric doors.** Kayama dimly thought. They had found the doors were electric a few weeks ago when a prisoner in another cell tried to knock his cell door down and got fried. Surprisingly, Midoriya didn't scream, and instead just grit his teeth and endured it. He staggered away when he was released, back against the wall as he sank to the floor, coughing out more blood. His hood had fallen off while he was electrocuted, and Kayama could only gasp when she realised just how old Midoriya was. They all thought he was at least eighteen years old that was maybe just genetically short, but here he was. He was practically a kid. He was a middle-schooler.

**He might have pain tolerance quirk.** Nezu made a few guesses of what Uzuki's quirk might be, but since he was also cuffed with quirk suppressing cuffs, like everyone else were, that just meant that he had an unnaturally high pain tolerance.

Kayama didn't want to think just what the vigilante had gone through for him to be so resistant to pain.

"I heard you were with another brat."

She could see the scared glint in his eyes, and his breathing rate had suddenly gone up, but his expression stayed the same.

"Maybe we should go after him and tear him apart. Maybe that would teach you a lesson about - " The man stopped talking, staring at the vigilante that was now glaring at him.

"Go after any more innocent people, and I'll tear you apart."

Suddenly, it felt as if the temperature dropped. Midoriya's eyes glinted, and his grin somehow looked softer than before. How anyone could have such a serene expression and yet feel so dangerous, nobody knew. Midoriya just gave off an aura of bloodlust as he smiled at the man. The fact that he was covered in blood didn't help the image he gave off, and he stepped towards the door, his footstep echoing throughout the corridor that had suddenly turned silent. The man that was previously threatening the vigilante stepped back.

"You... don't... scare me."

The man managed to say, as Midoriya walked towards the door, getting as close as possible without getting himself electrocuted.

"Of course, I'm not trying to scare anyone," He whispered, his expression softening further, "I'm just telling you to pick on someone your own size." His tone was soft, calming, but his underlying malice behind his words rang out clearly to everyone.

Maybe it was the fact that he was covered in blood, or perhaps that he was stuck in such a tight spot and still looked so calm, that made him feel even scarier, and the man ran off, metaphorical tail between his legs.

Midoriya exhaled, falling to sit on the ground as he shakily breathed. His eyes were clenched shut, and he tried to fumble with his cuffs. He tried to reach for his hood behind his back, but was in no position to pull it back over his head, and his eyes snapped open as he tried his best to attempt to
wrangle his hood back onto his head.

Suddenly understanding what he wanted, Kayama reached over and pulled the hood over the vigilante's head, as he sighed in relief. Thanking the hero softly, Midoriya carefully laid back against the wall, trying to steady his beating heart.

He coughed out more blood, and his veins felt like there was acid coursing through them. The poison was probably acting up again.

Midoriya curled up in a ball as a rush of exhaustion suddenly flowed over him, and tried to get as comfortable as he could with his hands cuffed behind his back. wondered how Shinsou was doing. Hopefully he was alright. Maybe slightly traumatised, but he would help him through it when he got out of there.

Not an if. When. Midoriya had no intention of dying yet.

Shinsou couldn't sleep. Why did he have to have insomnia? His body was sore and he hasn't slept well in days but he still couldn't sleep. He couldn't bear to sleep. How could he sleep when the first friend he had made in ages was kidnapped?

Midoriya was a vigilante. He was tough. He was running around all over the place, beating up bad guys and subtly taunted Eraserhead. He stole information from villains and tipped off heroes. He throws thumb drives into people's faces. Sure, he technically didn't break any rules since he couldn't break them in the first place, but the fact he was that close to actually being considered a villain was worrying.

The fact was that he jumped into battles and flung his life around like it didn't matter. He was smart, a genius even, but he was stupidly reckless and too willing to risk his life for other people. Shinsou swore he didn't have a sense of self preservation. Midoriya could be insanely annoying if he wanted. He was willing to bet that the vigilante was probably threatening the hell out of them, or just yapping away about quirks, or joking about how he was going to kick their butts. 

If he was even alive.

Shinsou couldn't shake that thought out of his mind. The villains clearly said they wanted him alive.

So why was that thought still plaguing his mind!?

He could have done more. He should have done more. He could have brainwashed the villains into fighting each other (that would make him a vigilante even if it was in self defence. That law was dumb. It was like having a taser in your pocket but not being able to retaliate when someone shoves a knife against your throat, because if you did so, you break a law). Or maybe he could have punched a couple of them (Midoriya wouldn't let him get anywhere close to the villains). Or maybe he could have just ran faster instead of insisting to help Midoriya fend them off.

Shinsou groaned as his neighbour started hammering away at something in the middle of the night again. Like his stupid insomnia wasn't bad enough, coupled with his overly active active brain. He was going to have to listen to knocking throughout the night.

"You said we caught Uzuki?" A light blue haired man with a hand on his face, perked up, as he turned towards the man with a haze of purple mist for a head.

"Yes, Shigaraki. One of our underlings seemed to have poisoned him but it wouldn't kill him.
However, it should cause excruciating pain."

"Finally." Shigaraki grinned, his red eyes glinting maliciously as he drummed his fingers on the table. "Alright Kurogiri. Let's go pay that little brat a lesson for leaking cheat codes to the heroes."

"Very well." Kurogiri politely replied, opening up a portal.

Midoriya's eyes snapped open instinctively as he felt the air around him shift.

"Aww. He woke up?" A voice whined, and another one replied, "He is poisoned and was beaten up, Shigaraki. He's weakened."

He was leaning against the wall on his non-injured shoulder, but his arms were aching and his open wounds were starting to itch. Given the unsanitary conditions they were all kept in, Midoriya wouldn't really be surprised if they were infected. He turned towards the voices, trying to determine if they were a threat. How the heck had they gotten so close without him noticing.

The was a person with hands all over himself, and another misty purple guy. The mist looked like that from the portal... that the villains had spewed out from. No wonder he wasn't woken up earlier. They probably just appeared out of this air.

The misty villain swiped a card, and his cell door swung open.

"Why do you have so many hands on yourself?" Midoriya blurted out.

The man stopped, as Midoriya could see a red eye glinting at him murderously.


Midoriya was dragged through a portal, all the while trying to kick Kurogiri while yelling at Shigaraki to tell his subordinate to release him. He was chained against a wall, and Shigaraki bent down, grabbing Midoriya's wrist with his pinky sticking out.

"Look, brat. We're gonna ask some questions, and you're gonna answer them."

"Nah." Midoriya shrugged, "Don't wanna."

"Don't test me, brat." Shigaraki hissed, "Or this happens."

His pinky made contact with Midoriya's wrist, and he just stared as his hoodie sleeve slowly disintegrated. He winced as Shigaraki's fingers came into contact with his skin, slowly turning his skin into dust and exposing the muscle underneath. The muscle slowly cracked apart and disintegrated, and Shigaraki stopped when he could see a bit of Midoriya's bones.

"Now," Shigaraki released Midoriya, "Are you gonna cooperate or not?"

"Nope." Midoriya grinned, "Look, I work for myself and I have really stupid and dumb reasons for doing things, so honestly you ain't gonna get much from me."

"Tch. We heard rumours that you're really good at analysis and you know the strengths and weaknesses of heroes. What's All Might's?" Shigaraki was trying his best to rein in his temper before he just disintegrated the boy on the spot.

"Tch. As if I'll tell you, if I even knew his weakness," Midoriya scoffed. He knew that All Might
was a lot less active than before, and had stumbled upon the hero's weaker form plenty of times before. Sure, the hero did practically tell Midoriya his dream was too far fetched, but after fighting so many villians, Midoriya understood where All Might was coming from. He had to use his brains and sometimes technology to make up for his lack of a quirk. That didn't mean Midorya was going to sell the hero out. He still respected All Might.

Shigaraki hissed, and bent down again to finish the job, when Midoriya suddenly jerked, bashed his head into Shigaraki's face, the hand falling off and onto the ground. Carefully picking up the hand, Shigaraki shakily placed it back on his face, and gave Midoriya a harsh kick to the chest.

"Kurogiri, get some of the others to beat him up until he's ready to talk. I'm gonna play some games." Shigaraki growled as he turned to walk out of the room, "Just make sure he's alive."

Shigaraki was getting really pissed off at the vigilante who almost had his wrist disintegrated off and was still smiling and acting like he owned the whole place. He reminded the young villain too much of All Might. Shigari wanted nothing more than to rip that damned smile off his face and reveal just how scared and weak he was.

After all, he was bleeding, and all chained up. He was weak. He couldn't fight back.

Yet he acted like this was all part of some master plan, and Shigaraki was just a pawn in whatever grand scheme he had.

Shigaraki refused to be pawn. He hated the world. Sensei took him in, nurtured him, gave him the chance to destroy the world and all it stood for. They just had to get rid of All Might. The supposed "Symbol of Peace". All Might was weakening, after all. Sensei said so. Sensei was always right.

And to do that, they needed weapons. All Might still was far too strong, too fast. None of them could keep up.

*Sensei could probably keep up. But Shigaraki was fond of him and he didn't want him to get hurt. After all, he gave him a place to belong, provided him with chances to complete his goals. What more could he want?*

Sensei had an idea. A plan. A genetically modified human being, with powers from different individuals. A true final boss. An unbeatable character. The ultimate secret weapon. Sensei’s quirk could put it all together, but like any good jigsaw puzzle, they needed the pieces. Shigaraki and Kurogiri set about collecting these pieces, kidnapping and capturing anyone who seemed to have powerful quirks.

They had decided on a quirk match up that would be perfect to counter All Might. A few strength quirks, shock absorbers, regeneration, maybe throw in a few speed quirks and self healing quirks, and maybe a few elemental quirks or a flight quirk if they could fit all that in a human body. It would be fun to literally burn the Symbol of Peace to ashes, or to freeze him to death.

Some pieces just didn't fit right, and when you try to force them to fit, they break.

That happened a few time. A few unfortunate incidents. Like trying to combine an elastic quirk with a quirk that allowed an individual to take in obscene amounts of air. That guy literally blew up like a balloon. Or trying to combine a wax quirk with a fire quirk. That one literally melted himself into a pile of burning flesh and wax.

Shigaraki didn't want to push Sensei too hard. They had to be ready in case of an ambush, and neither of them wanted Sensei to work himself down to the bone. So experimentation and trial and
error were going to take time.

Then Uzuki came along.

At first, Shigaraki tolerated the vigilante. After all, he didn't seem like anything special. With an unknown quirk, taking down villains, sometimes taking down his cannon fodder. They were NPCs, they weren't important.

Then he started stealing information. At first, it was nothing. Locations, hideouts that they were using as temporary safe houses, nothing important. Then it turned to all the sensitive information. The equipment they used to subdue and control their puzzle pieces, powers of their more powerful NPCs. He even raided a few of their hideouts himself and took out his henchmen. Now they had to be even more careful while nabbing people.

Shigaraki decided that he hated Uzuki.
Midoriya was sore, to say the least. He kept getting beaten up by the villains while he was chained to the wall, but he kept grinning and insulting the villains like he had nothing better to do.

Scratch that. He did have nothing better to do. He couldn't do much when he was chained to a wall, after all.

He earned a fair number of bruises and stab wounds, maybe a broken rib or two. All in a days work. His mom used to do that to him, after he had been officially declared quirkless. Those injuries were nothing new to him.

He didn't know how long he had been chained to the wall though. Maybe a few hours, maybe a few days, he couldn't really tell. His wrist, the one that Shigaraki had almost finished disintegrating, was starting to throb, as well as his multiple other wounds that had probably opened up or were made worse by the thrashing he got.

It was starting to become a cycle. Get picked up from his cell, let himself get chained to a wall for who knew how long, insult the villains as they tried to "interrogate" him, get beaten up, try to retaliate somehow, rinse and repeat. Add a dash two heroes acting like mother hens towards him and maybe a few more exposed muscles and bones, and his experience in the hands of the villains could probably be summed up.

Midoriya couldn't help but feel that this entire situation was so, so familiar. His bullies from preschool, Kacchan being a harsh, swearing mother hen that tried to beat up anyone that even looked at him wrong. It seemed like the world decided, hey, you didn't suffer enough as a child. Here. Take an adult version of everything that happened to you as a kid. Instead of getting a bruise, break a bone. Instead of getting a mild cur from a rock, get a knife buried in your gut. Instead of walking around covered in black and blue bruises, just bleed out and die.

He wasn't allowed to treat his wounds though. He felt a lot warmer than usual, even though he still insisted on wearing his hood. The body of the hoodie and sleeves were slowly getting shredded though. Midnight had pointed out that he was too warm, but Midoriya just passed it off as all of them being disorientated due to being stuck in that cramped, unsanitary place for so long. But Midoriya couldn't help but worry that his wounds were infected, since having a fever was a sign of an infection.

He also started to suffer from bouts of dizziness. Most of the time, he suddenly felt nauseous while he was being roughed up, so he had attributed it to the possible blood loss he was suffering from, or maybe a concussion from when a villain punched him in the face too hard, or backhanded him into the wall.

The poison wasn't helping his situation as well. Maybe the poison was causing the fever and the dizziness. Midoriya couldn't really tell which symptom was a result of which injury since there were too many causes and effects. He was good at permutations and combinations, but the dizziness in his head wasn't helping as he tried to figure out which part of his body was hurting the most.

He was fine, right? He wasn't going to die so soon. He couldn't afford to die so soon.

His captors were getting worse.
Midoriya had a ridiculous amount of pain tolerance, and didn't even seem to be bothered by their methods of trying to "convince" him to spill the weaknesses of various heroes, if the amount of mocking and smiling and trash talking Midoriya did was an indication of anything.

The villians decided to take it up a notch. They couldn't kill him, after all. Shigaraki wanted him to suffer. So they made it into a competition: Who could rough the vigilante up and get the most reaction out of him without killing him.

It started small. He was kicked around a lot more, knives and various other weapons were taken out, and he could feel his skin and flesh getting cut apart, blood dripping all over the place.

His vision was blurry, as the villains in front of his face were multiplying. Even then, Midoriya couldn't stop his brain as it kept analysing the villains; their attack patterns, preferred weapons of choice, any quirks or habits they had that could be exploited. Days of being beaten black and blue by the same guys left him with tons of information. He was certain he could beat them if he could get out of his restraints.

Of course. Midoriya hadn't even thought about getting out of his cuffs since he had been there. He had been focussing more on angering the villains so that they would turn all their attention and energy on him. What better way than to escape his restrains and run wild in their base? His hands were cuffed behind his back but Midoriya was fairly certain he could get around that.

Midoriya couldn't help but laugh out loud. Perhaps the blood loss was really getting to his head.

"The hell you laughing for?! You think this is funny?!" A man that had a spike quirk growled. Perfect. He has the tendency to lean forward too much when he punches.

"I don't know. Maybe the fact that a bunch of grown men can't even beat a scrawny little kid is freaking hilarious to me!" Midoriya grinned, baring his teeth as his eyes practically challenged the man to come at him.

He took the bait apparently.

"You little brat!" He growled, charging at the smaller boy. Midoriya just sidestepped him, and his momentum made him crash into the wall. He yanked a spike off the man, and kicked him in the gut, knocking him out.

He quickly set to work, trying to pick the cuffs that chained him to the wall off, all the while dodging and trying to lessen the damage the other villains were trying to do, knocking them out if he had the chance to do so.

Lucky for him, there weren't many of them in the first place, and Midoriya had no problem dealing with them before finally managing to pick the cuffs on his wrists. He carefully squatted down, wincing as his knee buckled at the action. That was probably broken somehow. He picked the cuffs off his ankles, and dislocated his left thumb, slipping it out of the quirk suppressing cuff. He didn't want to dislocate both his thumbs, and opted to just leave the cuff hanging from his right wrist, and ran out of the room. He kept the spike with him, just in case.

Blood was dripping slowly on the ground, and Midoriya huffed as he realised once they realised he had somehow escaped, they would be able to track him down easily. No problems. Midoriya wanted to piss them off.

His mind suddenly lit up, and Midoriya set off, carefully opening and closing doors so as to check what was inside without alerting anyone of his presence.
Best way to piss off the villains - set the heroes on them.

Midoriya crept around a corner, ignoring the pounding migraine that had started to act up as he tried to locate the security room. This might be his only chance to be able to do something. No doubt they would increase security on him once they caught him.

If the villains were smart, and Midoriya had no doubt they were, since they were able to evade everyone for at least a few months while kidnapping people left and right, they would have some sort of security system that would scramble their location, in case they kidnapped someone with a find this phone app or a tracker, or at least jam the signals. But they had to have some way of communicating, so there should be somewhere in the base where he could send messages from. He could try to find their coordinates, or send some kind of tracking signal that Eraserhead and Nezu could pick up.

It didn't take too long for Midoriya to find the place he wanted. There were several locked doors that Midoriya couldn't enter, but besides from that, the base wasn't that big. Midoriya already made a mental map of the areas he had accessed.

Pushing the door open, he entered the room. Monitors of all sorts lay around, and one of them showed the security cameras in the base. Grinning, Midoriya set the camera's on loop. Then, he tapped into one of the other monitors to try and access what he wanted; signal jamming.

Suddenly, alarms blared throughout the base, and Midoriya jumped. Crap. They knew he was free. He didn't have much time. Midoriya hurriedly clicked through the settings, trying to find the virtual switch.

Just as he found what he came for, he tensed up as he felt the air behind him shift, and he turned around, coming face to face with the misty purple face called Kurogiri.

"Found him." The portal man growled, as Midoriya clicked the button that would disable the signal jamming.

Shigaraki emerged from the portal, grabbing Midoriya and yanking him through, disintegrating his shoulder as he tumbled through the portal and landed harshly on the ground.

"Kurogiri. What did he do?" Shigaraki hissed.

"Nothing much, apparently. He just disabled the jamming signals, but I already reactivated it. It wouldn't do him any good, since we had already checked the prisoners for trackers and removed them." Kurogiri coolly replied.

Midoriya bit his lip. God damn it. That was probably his only chance.

"Well... it looks like we're going to have to punish you. It's late now. You better rest up. Tomorrow's gonna be a long day." Shigaraki mocked, grabbing Midoriya's injured shoulder and harshly dislocated it, before ordering Kurogiri to dump him back in his cell.

Kan felt sick looking at the vigilante that the portal had deposited. Midoriya had been dumped back in his cell like a horrible state many times, but this was taking it to a new level. Some of his muscle and bones could be seen, and his leg and shoulder seemed to be broken and dislocated. Kan was used to seeing a lot of blood, his quirk practically called for it, but Midoriya was covered in so much blood that Kan wanted to throw up.

Kan and Kayama, both being UA pro heroes, had their fair share of "interrogation." Apparently,
they wanted to find information on how to beat All Might. As if they would reveal anything. But neither of them were in as bad a shape as the young boy.

Groaning, the boy sat up, and slammed his shoulder against the wall, and a sickeningly loud pop was heard as he forced his shoulder back into place. Kayama cringed slightly at the sound. Kurogiri had re-cuffed him, apparently, and Midoriya slumped against the wall.

"What the heck did you do?" Kan asked. They heard the alarms. Clearly something had happened.

"I escaped, disabled the system that was jamming signals, and got re-caught." Midoriya hissed, burying his face in his knees, "They said they checked everyone for trackers already."

"Wait... you did what?" Kayama blinked, looking towards Kan. Both of them had multiple trackers on them, but Maijima had made Kan a small one that was probably somewhere in his bloodstream...

"Disabled jamming signals for like half a minute." Midoriya groaned.

Kan and Kayama grinned at each other. Half a minute. That was all they needed.

"Why are you guys so happy?"

"Don't worry. We'll get out of here soon." Kayama smiled.

Nezu jumped as a loud beep sounded from his computer. He had spent a long time trying to triangulate the location of the possible main bases based on tons of information he had compiled from a variety of other sources, and was not expecting his tracker program to act up two months after Kan and Kayama's disappearance.

He clicked on the program, eager to shut the beeping noise off. He wonder what had set it off.

A red blinking dot on his screen stared back at him.

One of Kan's trackers. More specifically, the mini one that he had, hidden in his blood stream.

Nezu grinned.

Aizawa yawned as he perched on the roof. He was currently on patrol with Yamada when he received a message from Nezu.

He took out his phone, nearly dropping it as he fumbled to unlock it as Yamada pulled him back from the edge. It would be horrible if he dropped it.

There was a location, and Nezu had told him to scout it out with Yamada, stating that Kan's tracker had acted up and they had gotten a location.

Aizawa scratched his head in confusion. The location was in the middle of the city, and that area was full of people, being some sort of work office building of some sort. It was in the middle of the night, and the entire area should be relatively empty at that point of time, except for a couple stragglers. He would go check it out, maybe intervene if the situation gets too out of hand, and wait for the other heroes to wake up in the morning. Nezu stated that he had already sent an alert to them to tell them to gather at the area and wait for his signal. He also wanted to get some sort of clearance for the building so they didn't hurt innocent civilians.

They couldn't afford to not jump at the chance. Who knew, maybe they would change locations if
they left them alone for too long. Even if the location was wrong, they could probably cancel that location off the possible list of locations they had.

"Come on. Let go of me." Aizawa grunted, shrugging off Yamada who was grabbing onto his scarf and reading the message from behind his back.
Rescue

It didn't take long for the two heroes to find the building they were looking for. There was an entrance, but that was the main entrance and probably not where they were looking for. The base was probably under the building or something.

"You sure it's here?" Yamada asked, scratching his head, "I've been here before. There is no lift access."

"We'll find a way." Aizawa grunted. He fished a small screwdriver from his pocket, and started unscrewing one of the covers to the vents.

Once they were in the vents, it was surprisingly easy to find the way down.

Aizawa carefully dropped into the empty hallway, landing in a crouch. He looked around carefully, wary of anything or anyone that might attack. Seeing as the coast was clear, he gestured to Yamada, who dropped down beside him. With Yamada's help, Aizawa carefully replaced the cover on the vent on the ceiling that they had come out from. No need to alert the enemy that they were there, after all.

Aizawa and Yamada made their way down the hallway, and Aizawa's phone vibrated.

_Nezu: They're all set._

Aizawa quickly pocketed his phone and resumed his work. If there were prisoners here, they would have to secure them first before they decided to completely raid the base.

Midoriya felt pain.

His blood felt like it was on fire, and Midoriya was fairly sure he was slightly delirious as he saw two Shigaraki's drag him into a room.

"You know," Shigaraki taunted as he locked a collar around Midoriya's neck, "You've been a real pain in the ass."

Midoriya grunted, and tried to remove the collar, only to get shocked. Dammit.

"He's just a prototype," Shigaraki motioned, and a hulking figure behind the man walked out from the shadows, "But I want to give him a little test run. Mind humouring me?"

It was too dark for Midoriya to make out any features on the figure, but he seemed like a really, tall, strong person.

Without waiting for Midoriya to say a thing, the figure shot a hand out, grabbing Midoriya's arm and harshly twisted it. Pain exploded from his arm, and Midoriya bit his lip harshly to avoid screaming in pain.

Another punch to the gut, and the figure bashed Midoriya into the ground, which activated the collar and shocked the poor boy. The figure didn't seem affected by the electricity though.

"This is Nomu. Have fun with him!" Shigaraki cackled.
"Eraser?" A voice rang out.

Aizawa and Yamada whirled around, coming face to face with Kayama and Kan. Both of them were bloody and bruised, but they seemed fine as they leaned forwards towards the door.

"There are cameras." Kayama hissed, using her head to gesture towards the cameras sitting on the ceiling, in the shadows.

Yamada grinned, "Don't worry. Eraser already messed with them." He reached out to touch the bars, but Kayama stopped him.

"Don't touch the door. It's electric." Kayama said, before saying, "How did you get here?"

"Through the vents." Aizawa replied.

"The signal went through, I presume?" Kan grinned, before he dropped his smile. "Look, we're all pretty okay here. Some of us were beaten up and stuff, but nothing permanently damaging."

He shook his arm. His arm felt broken but he was sure Recovery Girl could fix that.

"Are all the prisoners here?" Aizawa whispered.

Kan shook his head. "There's another hallway somewhere else, and some guy with hands took Uzuki and dragged him off. He's in horrible shape."

Aizawa clearly didn't think much when Kan said "some guy with hands". Obviously the person had to have hands to have dragged the vigilante away.

"Hey! Who's there?" A man yelled, before tapping his ear, "We have intruders." Aizawa quickly threw out his capture weapon, wrapping the guy up before smashing him onto the floor, erasing his quirk just in case. The man went out like a light. Aizawa quickly searched the guy's pockets and took out a few cards and keys.

Yamada was texting Nezu that they had a visual on most of the prisoners, except for Uzuki, but one of the villains had probably already alerted the entire base before they could stop him.

An explosion rang out from somewhere, and Aizawa and Yamada tensed up.

"We have intruders?" Shigaraki asked, as Kurogiri nodded. "Dammit." He swore, scratching furiously at his neck. "Are all the quirks we need with Sensei?"

"Yes, Shigaraki."

He sighed, before calling out to the Nomu, who stopped pummeling the downed vigilante. Midoriya was swimming in and out of consciousness. He was certain that most his ribs were broken, and his muscles were spasming from all the electricity that was running in his body.

"Well. We better get going." Shigaraki grumble, as Kurogiri pulled up another portal. Shigaraki stepped through, and he said, "Nomu. Let's go. Kurogiri, set the base to self destruct."

"Mic, call for reinforcements." Aizawa ordered, swiping a card against the door. It swung open, and Aizawa quickly set about freeing the captured heroes.

"Get everyone out." He passed the cards over to Kan, as a bunch of villains started to flood into the
Springing out, Kayama released her quirk in a dense pink cloud, and about a quarter of the villains passed out.

Kan started to free the rest of the prisoners.

Another explosion was heard, and Endeavour emerged from the smoke, Snipe and Thirteen trailing behind him. They could see Ishiyama standing outside in an elevated position, clearing some of the rubble away.

"Hey, you could have burnt them by accident." Snipe protested.

"Shut up." Enji growled. "I didn't, right?"

"Take care of the villains." Aizawa said, running off, "Mic, Thirteen, come with me!"

The two mentioned pro heroes followed, and Ectoplasm jumped down from behind Cementoss to join his group, as Aizawa ran down the hallway, and rounded a corner. There were another row of cells, and Thirteen set about disintegrating the doors without harming any of the kidnapped people.

Ectoplasm started helping people out of the cells, creating clones as he tried to get everyone out as fast as possible.

An explosion appeared above one of the prisoners, and Aizawa quickly grabbed him with his capture weapon and yanked him out of the way before he was crushed by a few tons of cement blocks.

"The place is collapsing." Thirteen yelped, sucking up more rubble that had almost hit them, "We're all gonna get crushed if we don't make it out."

"Round them up and make your way out. Vlad King said that the vigilante is still somewhere in here." Aizawa said, before heading the down the hallway, all the while dodging anything that was falling.

He looked around, hurriedly checking all the rooms as he tried to find Uzuki.

It took a while, but he opened a door and found a small boy, collared to a wall, covered in so much blood and looked so beaten up that Aizawa thought he was dead.

He heard a sound, and Aizawa turned around. The whisper was so faint that Aizawa had no idea where it came from. He turned towards the body, and noticed him moving slightly. Aizawa rushed over, and reached out to the boy, careful to avoid the collar.

He was alive. His pulse was faint, but alive. Aizawa quickly checked over the boy. He was injured all over, multiple cuts, bruises and stab wounds littered his arms and his torso. One of his wrists looked badly disintegrated, and his arms were broken. His shoulder was dislocated, and one of his legs were facing the wrong way. Aizawa carefully pressed a hand against his chest, and grimaced behind his scarf as he realised that the boy probably had a couple broken ribs. Blood was leaking out of his mouth and his cuts, and he was burning up. The boy was too warm, far too warm to be good, and his green hair was matted with blood and dirt. The boy was also ridiculously thin, way too thin.

The boy looked too young to be Uzuki. He was practically a middle schooler. He was too young to have suffered under the hands of the villains, to be in such pain.
Emerald green eyes looked at him, foggy with pain and probably a very bad fever. The fact that he was still alive was a miracle, and Aizawa had no idea how he was still conscious through all the pain from his injuries.

The boy knew who he was, but Aizawa pushed it to the back of his mind, softly saying, "Shh. Don't worry. We'll get you out."

He needed to get the collar off the boy's neck though, and Aizawa hissed. He recognised that kind of shock collar. He needed to be careful so as to not let the boy get shocked any longer. He had felt the electricity running through the boy's body, and he didn't want to shock him again.

It took Aizawa a couple minutes to thread his capture weapon between the boy's neck and the collar, before setting to work to release the collar. He pried off a small panel, and fiddled with the internal circuits until with a soft click, the collar unlocked and fell out of his grasp to the floor with a clatter. He quickly picked the quirk suppressing cuffs and they fell off as well.

Aizawa wrapped his capture weapon around the boy's arms and torso. He had to try to stem the bleeding as far as possible. He picked the boy up, cradling his head against his shoulder as he carried him out.

He had no idea where Uzuki was, but this boy needed immediate medical attention or he would die.

"Senpai!" Thirteen's voice rang out, gesturing towards him as he used his quirk on the rubble on the ground.

"Thirteen! Let's go!" Aizawa yelled, rushing towards the entrance Enji had so graciously made. The entire base was shaking and Aizawa didn't want to send the rescue hero on a suicide mission.

They made it out, all the other prisoners being checked out by the medical staff, or being ushered towards ambulances, and Aizawa gripped onto the boy tightly. There were too many people out here.

Thirteen had already ushered some medical staff towards him, and Aizawa carefully placed the boy on the stretcher. Kayama, Kan and Yamada had made their way towards him as the paramedics wheeled him away. Kan's arm was in a sling, and Kayama had some bandages wrapped around her arms, but other than that, Aizawa was sure Recovery Girl could fix them up.

Kayama and Kan watched as the boy was wheeled away, and their posture softened up, "You found him."

"Uzuki? No? I found a school kid in there." Aizawa grumbled.

"No." Kayama shook her head, "That was Uzuki."

Aizawa blinked.

He tried to process what Kayama had said.

_That small boy that had been chained with an electric collar? The boy that was so frail and thin that he looked like he suffered from malnutrition? The one covered in so much blood and bruises with so many broken bones?_

_That was Uzuki? The cheeky vigilante that tipped them off every now and then? The one that risked_
his life for Yamada and for the UA examinees and for Shinsou?

Aizawa blinked again.

_Uzuki was a kid. A kid smart enough to somehow hide his quirk from everyone. A kid who was barely old enough to enter the hero course in UA, who shouldn't even be suffering from potentially permanent damage that most heroes don't even accumulate over their careers._

"He's too young." Aizawa protested. "He should be in school studying! Living a normal teenaged life. Not running around nabbing villains and getting tortured!"

"Yeah..." Kayama scratched her head. "Let's go back to UA. I'm sure Nezu would want to know what happened."
"Victims of the kidnapping case have been found and rescued by heroes. It is currently unknown who were the villains behind this vile act, but several victims have claimed that pro heroes Midnight and Vlad King had been captured, as well vigilante Uzuki. Midnight and Vlad King are reported to be fine, but Uzuki's status is currently unknown..."

Shinsou just dropped the pen in his hand as his head snapped towards the radio. 

Izuku. 

Was Izuku okay?

"A green haired middle schooler?" Nezu asked, frowning slightly. 

Aizawa nodded. Shuzenji had already healed Kan and Kayama, but once she heard the extent of Uzuki's injuries from Aizawa, and the fact that he was practically a kid, she was insistent that she should check on him. Kan was accompanying her. Yamada was at the hospital as well, being the most vocal one about his concern for the vigilante. Kayama was with Aizawa, reporting to Nezu. Ectoplasm and Snipe were currently trying to deal with the media, and helping the prisoners get home. They had been at the hospital briefly, getting a small update from the doctors before leaving to UA.

"Yeah. Doctors said he's fourteen years old." Kayama replied. "His injuries are really bad, and the doctors said that he should have died from it. They also said he has two toe joints, so he's quirkless."

"Just because he had two toe joints doesn't mean he's quirkless. Aizawa should be able to verify that." Nezu said. "Plus, wasn't there that internet flame war over what his quirk was?"

Most people of the younger generation had quirks, so being quirkless would make it much easier to determine who he was. To be honest, Nezu had always hated how people determined a person's worth by their quirks. Much like Aizawa, he knew that some emitter quirks, while they may not be a physically damaging one, were very useful, but many people ignore them because they weren’t very flashy.

"I didn't check." Aizawa admitted, "It slipped my mind. But if he really is quirkless then technically he isn't doing anything wrong. He can't break the law because he doesn't even have a quirk to break the law with."

"That's fine. We'll deal with that later. He's getting patched up right now, right?" Nezu asked, getting a nod from the two pro heroes. "Then you can check later. Green hair?"

Another nod.

"Hmmm." Nezu thought. He was going to have to search the database. Green hair wasn't rare, but it wasn't that common either. But Nezu didn't really know if that was his real hair colour or he dyed it.

"What did the villains want anyway?"
"Well... they asked me and Kan for All Might's weaknesses. I'm not sure what they wanted with Uzuki though." Kayama replied, frowning. They clearly wanted quirks users and information, but the fact that so many prisoners were just sitting around didn't seem right.

Nezu's phone vibrated, and upon checking, he realised that it was Kan. Shuzenji wanted them to be at the hospital as soon as possible.

"He's in a really bad shape." Shuzenji growled. "Multiple stab wounds, broken bones, even poison. And his wounds were infected! He's suffering from a fever and we practically had to pump antibiotics through his system to clear him of everything plaguing him. He could have died from just the malnutrition, infection and the poison. He was also beaten up pretty badly, but his injuries shouldn't kill him."

"That bad?" Kayama gapped.

"Yeah. He was in there for a month." Kan sighed. He was a hero, and yet there was a kid almost dying from a freaking infection because he wasn't strong enough to defend the kid, even if he was some sort of mystery cheeky vigilante.

"He also suffers from severe malnutrition. He's way too skinny and light for a normal boy his age. I'm surprised he still had the energy to endure my quirk."

"Wait, why would you use it if you knew he was that low on energy?" Kayama asked.

"I had to." Shuzenji admitted. "His ribs were broken. His back was slightly sprained. One of to doctors accidentally shifted a rib and it was too close to piercing his lung."

The entire room fell silent.

"At least... he should be fine. He should recover. We put him on an IV for nutrients, and I'll come by again until he's fully healed."

"Can we... check on him?" Yamada asked.

The doctor nodded and opened the door. "Be quiet though. I know you guys are heroes and all... it's just protocol to remind you that people are resting."

The five heroes just looked at the sleeping boy.

His breathing was even, with a breathing mask on his face to help him breathe. His arm was wrapped in bandages, and an IV was connected to his arm. Green locks framed the boy's face, and Aizawa couldn't stop some part of him from screaming internally that he was too young to have to go through something like that.

"We should tell Shinsou." Nezu spoke up, breaking the silence. "He seemed concerned for Uzuki."

"Normal people don't form such attachments to regular heroes, let alone vigilantes." Aizawa stated.

"Is he... really a vigilante?" Yamada asked. He still sounded like he couldn't believe it. "And quirkless? He looks too nice and innocent to be fending off nasty villains."

"Positive." Kan mumbled. He remembered that once, Uzuki had bitten a villain that tried to force feed him, and had broken three of his fingers. "Also, he can be really vicious."
Aizawa's eyes flared red.

Aizawa could identify quirk factors. It felt like flipping a switch every time he deactivated someone's quirk. Some quirks only activated under special conditions. He knew of someone who had been declared quirkless but apparently had a quirk that only appeared when they were diagnosed with having a severe form of the dissociative identity disorder, and they had ended up having four minds in one body. He could still sense the quirk factors, but the switches would be locked and he didn't have to deactivate them, so he could tell if Uzuki might have a dormant quirk.

He could sense Nezu's quirk, Yamada's quirk, Kan's quirk, Kayama's quirk, Shuzenji's quirk... There were five other people in the room, yet he could only sense four quirk factors. He trained his quirk in the direction of the sleeping boy.

He couldn't feel the switch.

Aizawa sighed, his hair falling and resting against his capture weapon, "He's really quirkless."

---

Nezu was tired.

He had spent the last few days checking up on the profiles of the students from every single middle school in Musutafu. None of them matched the vigilante. There had been sightings of him in Hosu as well, so Nezu had checked the databases for Hosu's middle schools as well. Nothing seemed to match.

Nezu ended up checking on the databases of all the schools in Tokyo.

No matches. Very few of them had green hair, and none of them were as fluffy and soft as the vigilante's appeared to be. None of them had the bright green emerald eyes that Kayama and Kan claimed to have seen. None of them had grades that would boast the intellectual prowess that Uzuki clearly displayed, or his physical athleticism that allowed him to leap from building to building effortlessly.

None of them were quirkless.

Nezu sighed.

Yagi had said that the victim of the slime incident, Bakugou, had called out the name Izuku at the vigilante as he was fleeing. Yagi had also overheard Bakugou mention to Nishiya that Izuku had quite died some time ago and was quirkless.

The name Uzuki was practically Izuku, if you swapped the first and last letters.

That couldn't be a coincidence, right?

Nezu searched up the name Izuku, and clicked on the first news article with the headlines "Midoriya apartment gone up in flames!"

He skimmed down, skipping details about the fire, how the house had been consumed by flames and had exploded, until his name rested upon the name Izuku. He read the paragraph.

"Midoriya Inko, wife of Midoriya Hisashi, was confirmed dead at the scene by an autopsy test. Seven year old Midoriya Izuku had not been seen since he returned home from school. No body had been found anywhere near the burnt up apartment and the young quirkless Midoriya is presumed dead after six months of searching."
A picture of all three Midoriya's were showed below, and Nezu blinked, staring at the picture of a wide eyed, smiling boy with wild, fluffy green hair, his bright emerald eyes shining as he looked at the camera, grinning from ear to ear. Freckles adorned his cheeks as he had his hand raised, as if trying to say hi to the camera man.

They had same green hair, the same freckles. Both of them were quirkless.

Uzuki was Midoriya Izuku, son of Midoriya Inko and Midoriya Hisashi. Presumed to have died from a fire and explosion when he was seven. Or Nezu was 95% sure that Uzuki was Izuku.

Wait. Nezu paused. Midoriya was seven when he was last seen. Now he was fourteen.

How did he survive on his own for seven years? Where did he live? How did he survive the explosion? How did he get food and water? Was his malnutrition a result of years of not eating properly and not a month of being starved? How do he take care of himself?

Nezu was intrigued.

He had been interested in the vigilante ever since he noticed him frequenting the entrance exam, subtly saving examinees from rubble and broken robot pieces. Then Aizawa received a goggle upgrade as a gift, and Nezu's interest only grew. A certain thin transparent plastic that was both light weight and practical.

He had tracked the boy through the news, reading as he saved people left and right, regardless of appearance. He became concerned and even had a hint of fondness for the boy he never met as Yamada wailed that Uzuki was reckless and had no sense of self preservation. He was even more curious about the boy when Aizawa handed him a thumb drive, full of information about the kidnappings that none of them even knew about.

Then he had practically stopped a Zero pointer by severing the wires in the neck, getting Uraraka and Shinsou to safety and selflessly protected the students from flying shrapnel, and Nezu got to see firsthand the recklessness possessed by the boy.

Then he had gotten kidnapped. He was tortured, hurt so badly that there wasn't an inch of his body not covered by blood or bruises.

He came out alive. Barely alive, but still alive nonetheless.

Nezu was glad to hear that Uzuki had survived. He didn't know what he was expecting when Kayama and Aizawa were reporting the details of the kidnappings and the rescues to him. Maybe that Uzuki had some sort of very rare quirk that the villains wanted, or that he was an adult that was just genetically short.

What he had not been expecting was that the vigilante he had grown to be fond of to be a teenager. A fourteen year old quirkless teenager.

Nezu had seen people get bullied and teased because they had "weak" quirks. He had seen and heard of people committing suicide because they deemed themselves worthless due to their quirks. He had been experimented on because he was an animal with a quirk.

Midoriya was a prime example that people shouldn't be judged by their genetics or quirks. Heck, he was quirkless and saved people. He tipped them off about the villains. He had disabled the villains security systems long enough for them to detect and find their location. He used his smarts to counter his lack of a quirk, and he did so successfully.
(Nezu had guessed that, from what he heard from Nishiya about the boy throwing something at the slime villain before managing to land a decent hit on the villain, that the boy had somehow made some device that created an electrostatic force that solidified the slimy body of the villain. The boy had smarts to be able to think of that, and to actually be able to make the device with the lack or proper equipment was amazing.)

Nezu continued reading the article.

“When questioned, Midoriya Hisashi mentioned that the young Midoriya had always wanted to be a hero, but when he turned four and was declared quirkless, he had turned angry and vengeful. According to him, when he returned home, the son had attacked him and made him activate his quirk by accident. The explosion was caused by a gas leak which was the work of the young boy, set alight by Midoriya's fire breathing quirk.”

Nezu frowned. That didn't seem like something Uzuki would do. His father had made him out to be a villain. He was pretty sure seven year olds couldn't even reach the stove to turn on the gas. He wondered if Midoriya knew that his father had practically accused him of killing his mother.

Nezu had heard of Midoriya Hisashi before. He was a pro hero that worked overseas, under the name Flash Fire. If anything, he was similar to Todoroki Enji, a fire hero that was cold towards everyone else, but that would be an insult to Enji. Flash Fire had a tendency to burn before speaking, and had killed villains or left them with permanent damage. He had more villain deaths to his name than Endeavor and all the UA teachers (including Yagi) combined, and that was saying a lot considering that Endeavor didn't really care about what damage he did, as long as the villain was subdued.

Nezu grinned. There was probably something behind that story, and perhaps he could question the vigilante with Tsukauchi and clear the boy's name. And maybe convince the boy to finally be the hero he wanted to be since he was a child.

Chapter End Notes

Guys I literally confused myself typing Uzuki and Izuku...

Also, I made a small reference to a fanfic called To Be or Not To Be, written by Bluehorse44. It's a really good story and I love it so I recommend you guys check it out!
"No way! You're bluffing!" Yamada hissed. Nezu had called the UA staff for a meeting, stating Uzuki's real identity and his history behind his presumed death. "He's so nice! There's no way he would do that!"

"The principal doesn't do logical ruses." Aizawa grumbled under his breath.

"Honestly, there's something fishy behind this." Kan said, "A fire breathing adult and a quirkless seven year old kid. I think it's obvious who set the place on fire."

"Hey... Shouta. You met the kid before right? Like... way before any of us. You remember that letter that he wrote to you? The one with the goggles."

Aizawa nodded thought. Hard. He remembered a few days after that incident, there was some attempted mugging. A little kid bashed the criminal on the head with a metal pole. Aizawa had to end up saving the kid from the criminal, but he had disappeared the second he stopped focusing on him. *How could he forget something like that?*

The boy had stepped in to help a woman for absolutely no reason. There was no way he would turn angry and vengeful simply because he was quirkless.

"Do you think a person with a non-offensive quirk can be a hero?"

Midoriya was quirkless. He was sure that the teenager knew about it. So why did he ask him that question as if he had a useless quirk? *Like having any kind quirk was better than not having one at all?* He had to resist the urge to groan. He truly was a problem child.

"I don't think Midoriya is the kind of person to attack anyone for no reason, let alone family." Aizawa said. "Logically speaking, a child at that age should not be let into the kitchen without adult supervision, so even if he did mess with the gas stove, that would be the fault of the mother. Plus, if his father really is a pro hero, then he should have more control over his quirk than to react to a childish attack on him by a kid. With such a high body count, I would say that he is trying to frame Midoriya to protect his image, though I doubt he has any image in the first place to protect."

None of them wanted to call Midoriya Hisashi his real name. They used Midoriya to address the vigilante, since it would be rude to call him by his first name, and Hisashi sounded way too similar to Hizashi, Yamada's first name. That would just be plain awkward, weird, and Aizawa honestly could not bring himself to say a name that was so similar to his friend's that had so much death connected to it, even if they were villain deaths.

Yagi recognised Midoriya as the boy who had asked him if a quirkless person could be a hero, a few years ago. He regretted telling him that, even though he didn't directly saying it, that he couldn't. Midoriya had proven himself worthy to be a hero, and Yagi wanted to apologise to the boy and help him achieve his dream.

"So... can we agree that this is something we should clear up?" Nezu asked.

Everyone agreed; they all decided that there was clearly something wrong with the logic behind the article and wanted to clear it up, even if they didn't really care for the vigilante.

Even if they had disagreed, Nezu was sure to do something about it anyway. Aizawa and Yamada were clearly fond of the vigilante (even if the scarf wearing tired hero didn't want to admit it), and
Kayama and Kan were rather protective of the boy. Yagi was also completely dead set on helping the boy, and really, no one wanted to go against a determined All Might.

Shinsou yelped as his mother tossed a letter at him.

It was from UA.

Frowning, Shinsou ripped it open, and a holographic message staring All Might appeared, announcing that he didn't get enough points from destroying robots.

He was disheartened. All the effort with Midoriya, and yet he failed. Midoriya had told him to follow his heart, and Shinsou's heart told him to help other people instead of killing robots.

Then, All Might announced that a panel of judges that had been watching the entire trial had seen him saving people, even braving the monstrous Zero Pointer to save Uraraka.

"Congratulations! You pass! Welcome to UA! This is your hero academy!"

Taking a deep breath, Shinsou opened the door to classroom 1-A.

"Don't put you're legs on the table! That's very disrespectful to your seniors and the people who made the desks!"

Ah, Engine boy. The one that called Izu out.

"Shut up, extra. Where the hell did you come from?"

The one that Izu liked calling Kacchan.

"Don't call people extras! That's rude!"

The kid that helped him with Uraraka, before Izu came along and disabled the Zero Pointer.

"I'm Iida Tenya, from Somei Academy!"

Shinsou found Iida slightly hilarious, the strict way he was "lecturing" Kacchan and moving his arms around like he was some kind of robot.

"Somei?! You're some kind of elite, aren't you!"

"Oh! It's you!" A voice behind him yelled, and Shinsou jumped, whirling around.

Uraraka stood behind him, beaming, "You saved me from the Zero pointer! Thank you!"

Shinsou scratched his neck, "I didn't do it alone... he helped as well." He gestured towards the red haired kid, who turned around and waved, "Oh! It's you two! I'm Kirishima Eijiro! Nice to meet ya!"

He gave Shinsou a thumbs up, "You tried to save her even if it meant risking your life and points! That's SUPER manly! How could I not help someone like that!?"

"I'm Uraraka Ochako! I'm really thankful that you two even tried to save me!"

"Uh... Shinsou Hitoshi." He was rubbing his neck again. When had that started to be a habit?

"You guys are too noisy."
A raspy voice behind Uraraka was heard, and everyone turned to stare at the man cocooned in a yellow sleeping bag.

Eraserhead? He was their teacher?

Everyone promptly made their way to their seats. Shinsou was sitting behind Kacchan and in front of some kid who had weird orbs for hair that leered at all the girls the wrong way. Disgusting.

"I'm Aizawa Shouta, your homeroom teacher. Get changed and meet me at the field."

Shinsou was glad his training with Midoriya had paid off.

Aizawa had threatened to expel the person that came in last in the quirk apprehension test, but Shinsou did rather decently. He had gotten 16th place, beating the girl that had an earphone jack quirk, the electric boy who had apparently thought electrocuting the ball would make it fly faster, the invisible girl (how did she get past the entrance exam if no one could see her? Heat sensing cameras?) and the perverted boy.

Considering his quirk wasn't useful for any of the tests, he thought he did decently.

*Izu could probably get first.* Shinsou thought. He had seen the boy stretch, and he was very flexible. He would definitely get first for the seated toe touches, and would do pretty well for the 50 metre dash and standing long jump. Midoriya was agile, so he would do well for the repeated sidesteps. Midoriya could probably beat everyone in sit ups, and he probably had enough stamina and energy to probably keep up with the scooter that the creation girl had made.

He wasn't sure how strong Midoriya's grip was, or how far he could throw a ball, but given how well he could probably do in all the others, Shinsou was sure Midoriya would be in the top five in the class.

Shinsou didn't know why every time something happened, he would think about Midoriya. The boy was as much as a mentor to him as a friend, and Shinsou was worried out of his mind for the vigilante that had saved his time multiple times over and probably helped shape him to be a potential hero.

*He only knew that Midoriya was saved. He didn't know the extent of his injuries. Was he okay? Was he still alive? Was the treatment successful? Was he even treated in the first place, since he was a vigilante?*

"Shinsou." Aizawa called out to him after he dismissed everyone, "You're distracted."

Scratching his neck, Shinsou admitted, "I'm worried about Izu...Uzuki."

Aizawa caught the slip up. Shinsou had practically admitted that he knew the vigilante's real name, and was hiding some things about the vigilante from them.

"How much do you know about Uzuki?" Aizawa asked. He didn't want to press the boy, but the more he knew about the vigilante, the easier it would be to handle the boy when he woke up.

"I..." Shinsou faltered. "Not much."

"His real name?"
Shinsou froze.

"My real name is Midoriya Izuku, fourteen years old. But call me Izuku. I don't want to be called a Midoriya ever again."

Taking Shinsou's pause for hesitation, Aizawa sighed, "Kid, you aren't going to get into trouble, or expelled. I just want to know more about Uzuki."

Shinsou shook his head, "I know his real name. I know what happened to him before. But it's not my place to tell. I promised him I wouldn't tell anyone."

Aizawa internall groaned. He had made a promise. He would just be a villain if he tried to force Shinsou to speak.

"Are you close to him?"

Shinsou nodded.

"Who is he to you?"

"He's my mentor, and my friend. He's the first person believed that I could do good with a quirk that everyone deemed as villainous. The first person that defended me. The first person to trust that I wouldn't use my quirk on them. The first person that willingly spoke to me even though he knew my quirk. The first person that empathised with me and tried to help me."

Shinsou looked at Aizawa in the eyes, his eye bags suddenly looking a lot worse than before.

"He is the first person that believed that I could be a hero."


Midoriya groggily opened his eyes. He remembered being beaten up by some thing called a ... Norma? Namu? Nona?

No. Nomu.

He remembered Shigaraki cackling as he was kicked into a wall. He remembered his shoulder dislocating, his arm breaking, his knee popping, his wrist disintegrating, ribs snapping under that immense pressure of the monstrous strength of the Nomu.

He clenched his fist, surprised to feel the soft fabric under his grasp.

Where the heck was he?

He craned his neck. There was a heart beat monitor beside him, and an IV connected to his arm that was covered in bandages. He finally realised that there was a mask on his face. He closed his eyes, slowly exhaling.

Ah. He was in a hospital. Eraserhead had saved him after Shigaraki and the Nomu had disappeared with Kurogiri. He remembered seeing Thirteen? Maybe Endeavor? Snipe and Ectoplasm? He was pretty sure he heard Present Mic...

His eyes snapped open.

Midnight and Vlad King! Were they okay!? 
He had no idea how long he had been asleep for. With a burst of energy, he shot up, ripping the mask off his face and yanking the IV out of his arm, wincing in the pain that shot up his arm. His chest were also covered in bandages, and patches connected to the heart rate monitor. He also removed them, before dashing out of the room, scaring the doctors who were heading to his room to check up on him.

"No running in the hallway... Wait you shouldn't be up!" One doctor yelped.

Aizawa, Kayama and Yamada were visiting the hospital to check on Midoriya. It had been the first day of UA's school year, so they all checked in on him in the afternoon instead of any time they liked.

They had just met all the first years in UA. As usual, Aizawa had skipped orientation and gone straight for the quirk apprehension test (Shinsou had done surprisingly well since he couldn't use his quirk, and even scored higher than Jiro and Mineta, whose quirks were actually useful in a few of the tests).

Aizawa couldn't stand Mineta though. Mineta had potential, but he was way too perverted, and was making the girls uncomfortable. Aizawa was probably going to speak to Mineta about his behaviour. He would have no choice but to expel him if he continued to harass the girls, and he was sure Kayama would love to let a bit of her sadistic side out on the little pervert.

He thought about what Shinsou had told him, and internally sighed. He remembered what Midoriya had said to him before.

"I saved a kid that was getting bullied. They said he had a villainous quirk. As if quirks decide who's good and who's bad. It's how you use it!"

That was roughly around two years ago. They had known each other for so long? And hid their friendship all this time? And Midoriya somehow ended up training Shinsou in complete secret and no one knew or found out about it? Midoriya was sharp, that was for sure. Aizawa was certain Midoriya made sure to keep his relationship to the purple haired teen a secret, to protect him.

_Problem child._

Aizawa was not expecting said problem child to barrel right him. Luckily, the child wasn't running too fast, and had no intention of bashing into someone, so Aizawa just stared at Midoriya ended up sitting on the floor of the hospital, wrapped in bandages like some kind of mummy, rubbing his forehead since he had ran face first into the underground hero.

"Sorry... Eraserhead!" Midoriya yelled. He promptly stood up, "You're okay! Is Midnight and Vlad King okay? Are they hurt?! I saw Thirteen as well! Are they fine? What about Present Mic!? And - "

Luckily, there was barely anyone in the hospital to hear Midoriya practically reveal their hero names. Aizawa didn't even want to know how the heck he had recognised Yamada with his hair down and in a casual hoodie.

"Woah woah woah. Hold your horses kid." Kayama grinned, popping out from behind the erasure hero. "Think more about yourself, okay?"

"Midnight!" Midoriya's face immediately lit up.

"We should go back to the room. You should know better than to run in the hospital." Aizawa grumbled.
"Sorry!" Midoriya sheepishly replied, scratching at his hair absentmindedly.

He froze.

He didn't have anything covering his face. He couldn't show this weak side to the heroes! Midoriya slowly turned around, heading back the way he came. He did remember the way he had run.

Aizawa frowned. He had caught the way Midoriya had paused, the subtle slouching, his back suddenly tensing up, and the gleam in his eyes suddenly fading. Almost like had just realised something wrong when he scratched his head.

Kayama nudged Yamada and whispered something to him. Yamada grinned, patting the boy on the head, "Must be cold walking around in nothing but bandages and boxers, ay?"

Midoriya looked down, suddenly realising that he really was wearing nothing but shorts and a ton of bandages. Kayama laughed as Midoriya's face suddenly turned red as he kept apologising profusely.

Yamada took off his hoodie, carefully dumping it on the smaller boy's head, "Here ya go!"

Midoriya hastily put on the hoodie, and he relaxed. Aizawa felt his entire demeanour change, from a scared child to the confident, cheeky attitude that he had always associated with Uzuki.

"I knew it." Kayama whispered to him, as Yamada started talking to Midoriya and both of them were engaged in some conversation. "When we were trapped, he had, like, a mini panic attack when his hood fell off. I think he's scared of showing his face or something."

Aizawa nodded. They were probably going to have to work the fear out of the boy eventually.

He whipped out his phone, texting Nezu.

The doctors finally managed to finish the check up on Midoriya, all the while saying that, yes, while Shuzenji had used her quirk on the boy and all his major injuries were healed, there was no way he should have woken up so soon, let alone have enough energy to run around in the hospital like a mad man, especially when he was suffering from severe malnutrition.

Apparently, they all had severely underestimated the amount of energy the vigilante possessed.

The doctors had left the room, and Kayama and Yamada were currently talking to Midoriya about something. All three of them were speaking animatedly, waving their arms as they spoke, and Aizawa wanted to take a quick nap.

A knock interrupted them all, and Nezu, Tsukauchi, and Shuzenji entered the room.

"Hi! It's nice to finally meet you face to face!" Nezu cheerfully grinned, and Aizawa swear he saw Midoriya's eyes grow at the sight of the UA principal.

"Oh my god." Midoriya blinked.

Aizawa carefully observed the boy, slightly curious at the boy's reaction. Yamada and Kayama had also stopped talking, looking at the boy who was looking at Nezu.

"You're really Nezu? The hero who's an animal that has an intelligence quirk called High Specs? You have an enhanced sense of smell and hearing, and you've solved many crimes that have been left unsolved for years!" Midoriya was currently gushing over Nezu, eyes sparkling as he stared at the pro hero as he continued talking.
"Ya sure he's quirkless?" Kayama had shifted over to Aizawa's side while he was distracted, internally gawking at the sheer amount of information about Nezu that the vigilante had somehow obtained. "Like... maybe he has a breathing quirk that allowed him to ramble on for so long without seemingly needing the breathe?"

Aizawa rolled his eyes.

Nezu merely kept grinning, moving towards Midoriya's bed and hauling him up to sit at the foot of the bed.

"It's an honour to meet you!" Midoriya finally stopped talking, but then he turned towards Shuzenji.

"And you're Recovery Girl!"

Luckily for them, Tsukauchi interrupted the boy before he could launch into another long winded speech about Recovery Girl, "I'm sorry.. Nezu called me over but I'm a bit short on time..."

"That's fine... sorry...I'm just really excited to meet you guys." Midoriya sheepishly grinned.

"May I ... ask some questions? Some may be personal though." Tsukauchi asked.

"Yep." Midoriya nodded.

"What's your real name?"

"Why are you even asking that? I thought you guys had figured out my real name?" Midoriya asked, and Tsukauchi gapped. Just how the heck the vigilante knew that?

"Midoriya Izuku. Just don't call me by my surname and we're good." The boy was frowning when he introduced himself.

*True. True.*

Another hint that Midoriya Hisashi was probably a bigger shit bag that Todoroki Enji was.

"So... do I address you as Izuku or Uzuki?" Tsukauchi asked.

"Either is fine." Midoriya shrugged. "I don't mind."

"Alright. What quirk do you have."

"Don't wanna talk about it. Ain't harmful anyway."

*True. True.*

Tsukauchi blinked. He was aware that the boy was quirkless, but he didn't really know why the boy didn't want to admit it.

"Well... I'm sure you're aware that you do know we can't really arrest you, as a vigilante, since you never used a quirk while you fended off villains."

"Yes. And I was acting in self defence."

*True.

"Plus, that law is just dumb. It's like bringing a weapon around but not being able to use it when
someone threatens you. It's stupid." Midoriya pouted.

True. True. True.

Tsukauchi chuckled. He did admit the law was pretty dumb, especially when you looked at it from that perspective.

"When did you start turning to... vigilantism? We're just gonna call it that."

"When I was... nine? Maybe ten?"

True. True.

"Where do you stay?"

"I used to sleep in trees or on benches in parks. Now I live in a dump."

True. True.

Now that answer had everyone questioning how truthful the boy was. They turned to Tsukauchi, who was in the same state of confusion as the rest of the heroes. He nodded, signifying that his quirk detected it to be true.

"Where do you get food and water from? And other supplies like bandages and painkillers?"

Tsukauchi hoped that the boy didn't steal it.

"I get water from the water coolers at the sports centre that's around a block away from my home. I help out at a bakery a few streets away every Saturday by cleaning the floors for them and they give me a loaf of bread in exchange for helping them out. I also go clean this really nice blind old lady's house every Sunday and keep her company until around evening. She pays me and I usually use my pay for painkillers and bandages."


He got his stuff through legitimate means, though that explained the malnutrition. It couldn't be healthy just living on a loaf of bread a week. Where the heck did he get all his energy from?

"Why did you turn to vigilantism?"

"I want to be a hero and help people."

True.

Tsukauchi frowned. The boy wanted to help people. But he could tell that wasn't the only reason why Midoriya became a vigilante. He blanched as Midoriya looked at him with an expressionless face.

"And I want to prove to the world that I'm not useless and that I should still be alive."

True.

Tsukauchi suddenly felt bad. Just what happened to him that made him have to risk his life to prove his existence?

"Sorry for bringing that up. Now, I'm sure you remember about... what happened seven years ago?"
"My home burning up and exploding? Yeah."

True.

"What truly happened that day." Tsukauchi asked.

"Flash Fire came home from overseas, got mad at me, and set the whole place on fire. I have no idea how or why the house exploded."

True. True.

Tsukauchi nodded to Nezu. Midoriya Hisashi had framed the younger boy. Noe the current problem was that no one had seen Flash Fire since then, so they were going to have to somehow find him.

Midoriya was aware that his father was Flash Fire. The amount of information that the vigilante possessed was astounding.

"I think that's enough for now. I have an appointment with some criminals." Tsukauchi closed his file of papers, standing up and turning to leave, but not before asking, "I'm surprised though. Most people aren't so truthful when it comes to sensitive things like this."

Midoriya snorted, "It's meaningless to lie to you, after all. You have a quirk called the Human Lie Detector, that allows you to tell whether or not a target is speaking the truth or not."

True. True.

He turned to the detective, speaking seriously, "However, be careful when wording your questions, and you can't always believe what people say, no matter your quirk. People can always find loopholes in your questions, and may exploit them if you're not careful. Statements always have several meanings no matter how you looked at it."

True. True. True.

Tsukauchi blinked, considering the boy's statement. Midoriya's first answer about his non-existent quirk justified his statement. Midorya had practically said he was quirkless and couldn't harm anyone, but people could interpret it as him just saying he didn't want to talk about what his quirk could be and that he couldn't harm anyone with it anyway.

"Also, as long as the person truly believes what they are saying, you can't tell if it's really true or not." Midoriya finished. "I can say your quirk is really awesome can you can tell when people are telling the truth or not. But it is also useless at the same time since it depends on what the person you're asking knows and their view on things."

True. True. True.

Midoriya just proved his statements right again. He gave two contradicting statements and both were registered as true.

Tsukauchi scratched his head, still reeling from the fact that his quirk wasn't as accurate as he thought it might be, "Thanks for the insight on my quirk..."

"Learn to trust your instincts more." Midoriya grinned. "Oh! I also have some notes at home about your quirk! Maybe I should pass them over!"

"Yeah." Tsukauchi said faintly, "Pass them to Nezu."
"I honestly wasn't expecting him to do that." Yamada jaw dropped.

Aizawa groaned internally. He probably just gave the detective a whole new perspective of his quirk.

*Truly a problem child.*

"You want to be a hero, right?" Nezu smiled as Shuzenji checked him over.

Midoriya nodded, "Yeah. It's been a dream of mine since I was a kid."

"And you're quirkless."

Midoriya turned away, smiling sadly.

"I should have figured you guys knew about that too. It's over, isn't it. My only shot at being a hero was to do it on my own, but I'm sure you guys would stop me now that you have me here. Society won't accept it. There's a limit to the human body and I can only get so far on physical strength before they would catch up. There's only so much I can do without a quirk. It's just a pipe dream, wanting to be a hero while quirkless."

"That's what I wanted to talk to you about." Nezu's grin just grew wider, "I want to offer you a spot in UA."

Midoriya turned around so fast, Kayama thought he would get a whiplash, "Wait what?"

"Well... You'll be a normal student in the Hero Course." Nezu beamed at the boy, "You'll have normal lessons, but we might get you to help around during the hero and battle lessons since you have a lot more experience and skill than the other students in terms of technique."

"UA? Me? But... why? I'm quirkless! I'm just a liability to everyone!" Midoriya replied, his fingers twitching. He didn't want to drag anyone else down with him! Not any future heroes for sure!

*Nezu wanted him in UA? To help the other students? To live a normal life?*

"You clearly proved yourself to be capable enough without a quirk." Kayama pointed out.

"Yeah listener!" Yamada spoke up, affectionately patting the boy's head. "Just try to look out more for yourself, okay? No more jumping in front of paralysing scorpion stingers or metal shrapnel, kay?"

Midoriya still didn't look convinced.

"Izuku." Midoriya turned to look at Aizawa, who had been the first person this entire time to call him by name, "Two years ago. You said you looked up to me. Why?"

"Because you're quirk practically allows you to make any fight against non-mutant quirks a quirkless fight." Midoriya mumbled.

"You can do that too." Aizawa replied, "You clearly have the brains to make up for your lack of a quirk. You took down criminals bigger than yourself. You took down a Zero pointer robot that very few people have done before. You were kidnapped by a bunch of villains and survived when most normal people would have died. You may not have a quirk, but your determination to save other people, coupled with your ability to pick apart quirks would make you a dangerous opponent."

"Think about it." Aizawa continued, "You're quirklessness is your quirk."
Everyone stared at him blankly, except for Nezu. Nezu seemed to know where he was going.

Aizawa had no idea why he wanted to point out the glaring strength Midoriya possessed, but he felt like he had too. He had been the victim of people calling his quirk villainous, but he had Yamada and Kayama to defend him. Midoriya was quirkless; he probably had it even worse since in his generation being quirkless was almost unheard of. That must have taken a massive toll on his self esteem and self worth.

If he was able to convince Shinsou that quirks weren't everything, why couldn't he convince himself?

The problem child was such a hypocrite.

"Everyone is reliant on their quirks. You don't have one to rely on. What happens if you fight me? Everyone else loses something, but you're unaffected. What happens if you're trapped in quirk suppression cuffs? Absolutely nothing besides from some loss in mobility, and everyone else would suffer from that and the loss of their quirk. You have an advantage over everyone else."

"I..." Midoriya was at a loss for words.

"Don't worry about it too much." He awkwardly pat the vigilante's back, "We can always work any other problems out later."

"WE KNEW YOU HAD IT IN YOU, SHOUTA!" Kayama and Yamada grinned in tandem, "You're such a mother hen!"

"Says you two." Aizawa growled back, wrestling him away from Yamada who decided to latch himself onto his friend.

Midoriya relaxed, smiling slightly at the arguing heroes.

_Maybe he could finally let his dream come true._
Welcome to UA

Shuzenji had deemed him well enough to leave, as long as he didn't go crazy and running around, since she had used her quirk one last time and healed up any lasting bruises and cuts. But her powers only allowed her to speed up the human body's natural healing process, so the scars remained. None of them had any idea how Midoriya was still so energetic, so they just dubbed Midoriya as an enigma and left it as that.

Upon removal of bandages, Midoriya stared at his body. Many scars littered his chest and arms, and Midoriya was suddenly glad that Yamada somehow always had extra clothes in his car and loaned him some long pants, and decided to let Midoriya keep the hoodie until he got his own.

He was signed out under Nezu, and Shuzenji and the other UA teachers present agreed that they would be keeping an eye on him most of the time.

"So... what now?" Midoriya asked, sitting behind Yamada who was driving. Aizawa took the other seat in front, and Nezu was sitting between Midoriya and Kayama.

"Well... we're probably going to go back to UA. Cementoss and a couple of his friends had started building the dorms, since a couple of students from previous years stated that it might be easier and safer for students to stay in school. The 1-A and 1-B dorms are already done, so you'll have somewhere to stay. Each class has around twenty students, so each building has thirty two rooms, with sixteen for each gender. You should have enough room even if all your classmates move in. We'll probably just pick up Power Loader to see what you have to move. I'm pretty sure he'll be curious as to how and why you're living in a dump." Nezu replied.

Aizawa was sleeping in the car by the time they reached UA, and the sun was setting. They were going to have to make it fast if they wanted to grab Midoriya's stuff by dinner. Yamada drove off, and Kayama skipped into UA, coming out a few minutes later dragging Maijima out of the school by the arm.

"Alright, I'm here. This is the kid?" Power Loader asked, looking at Midoriya, "Honestly, he doesn't look like much."

"Be nice. This is Midoriya Izuku, but just call him Izuku or Uzuki. Izuku, this is Power Loader." Kayama introduced.

Midoriya shot Maijima a smile, "Hi!"

Maijima just grunted in response, "So, where does he live."

"Lead the way, Izuku." Nezu smiled brightly.

"We're in a dump." Maijima said.

"I know." Midoriya replied, walking towards a particularly large pile of washing machines with tyres, televisions and radios that sat atop two mini buses.

"A dump." Maijima repeated in disbelief.
"Yes. A dump." Midoriya grinned. He knew he was supposed to be more respectful towards the teacher and pro hero, but after the way he had dismissed him earlier, he kinda wanted to make Maijima squirm. Some childish part of him that wanted to say "Hey dont ignore me" in the hero's face.

"You've been living here for how long?" Maijima asked.

"Since I was nine? So about five years."

Midoriya walked up to one of the random washing machines, and opened the door. He stuck his head inside the machine, fiddled around with it, and popping back out, before turning and hunting down one of the washing machines with a radio on it, next to the door of the bus. He fiddled with the knobs, and then pulled the door handle, and the door of the bus opened up.

"What was that?" Kayama asked curiously.

"Security system. I think I installed it three years ago." Midoriya explained. He was going to leave the place he called a home. No harm in telling the heroes in case they ever needed a safe house. "I disabled the power source whenever I leave, so you can't enter. I just reconnected it to the power source. The radio knobs work like a safe."

"Not bad..." Maijima admitted, as Midoriya motioned them into the bus. The natural light entering the bus wasn't strong enough for them to see well, and

The first thing they noticed was that Midoriya's home was two buses welded together. Rough metal patches ran along the middle of the room, and there was a patched up sleeping bag in one corner and a patched up mattress in another corner. Piles of shirts and pants of random colours were strewn on the mattress, all of them being patched up. There were chargers near the front, with a table. A disposable plastic bottle and a laptop sat on the table, with stray electronic parts and screwdrivers scattered all over. Two metallic masks were on the table, one seemed to be complete while the other one had some metal and plastic bit sticking out of it. A pair of goggles sat on the table.

There was some hastily welded metal structures filled with papers and notebooks against, and a lone green hoodie was hanging from a hook, having been stitched up in the torso area from a very large slash, next to a blue one. Faint bloodstains were seen on the hoodies. A small bottle with a metal straw and a lighter was on the floor, with several pieces of paper.

Maijima could only call the place an organised mess, and his first question was, "How the heck did you get all this?"

Midoriya shrugged. "People throw away perfectly good things all the time. One part is broken and they decide the replace the whole thing." Midoriya walked towards the papers, carefully taking them off and organising them. "Ah. Tsukauchi's pile." He neatly tied some paper in a rubber band, placing it on the table.

Kayama took the pile off the table and handed it to Nezu, the animal principle being too short to reach the table top on his own. He slowly flipped through the papers, reading Midoriya's messy handwriting as he tried to decipher the hidden treasure on the papers.

"Sorry my handwriting is messy..." Midoriya apologised as he took down another huge stack of notebooks and paper. "I honestly never expected that other people would be looking at my stuff."

Maijima had turned his attention to Midoriya's mask, and examined it. He could see some sort of air filter, and metal plates that could be adjusted. The goggles also had adjustable lenses, and Maijima
was rather surprised how much he could zoom in. He then moved on to inspecting the weird contraption that was on the floor. "What is this?"

"A small blowtorch. The large ones are too big to use."

Maijima was probably gaping at beneath his mask, as Midoriya explained, "I fill it with rubbing alcohol. When the alcohol burns, it sucks up more alcohol. Kinda like a drinking straw, except it burns. It works like 30% of the time though..." Midoriya pointed the horrible welding on the ceiling and floor. "I tried to do that with petrol from the buses. I was lucky that the petrol was diluted with water from the seawater and didn't make that bad of an explosion."

Maijima facepalmed, "If you can make this kind of stuff with junk and makeshift tools, I wonder how you'll fair in an actual workshop. I'm sure you'll have fun with Hatsume, if you can tolerate her."

"Hatsume?" Midoriya turned to look at the hero, as he finished sorting out his papers and notebooks.

"Hatsume Mei. She blew up five robots after orientation, made the door explode twice, and almost killed everyone when she somehow made a staple gun go rogue." Maijima grumbled exasperatedly.

Midoriya had swept his mask and goggles into a plastic bag, since he didn't have too much, and he rolled up his sleeping bag. Kayama was insistent that he forget about the clothes, and she, along with Yamada and Aizawa, would bring him to a mall for proper clothes. "Look. I know that you lived on your own, somehow scrapping by with meagre funds. But now, things have changed, alright Izuku? If you need anything, don't be afraid to ask up for it. Like if you need a power drill with a diamond drill bit for whatever purposes. I'm sure Power Loader would lend it to you."

Maijima snorted, "If we even have one."

Kayama pat Izuku's head, "Don't worry about that. That's just his way of saying that he would. Getting doors blown off its hinges every day would make anyone go a bit nuts."

"And here's your room!" Nezu flung a room on the second floor of Heights Alliance. "Well, you can technically choose any room you want."

Midoriya just gaped at the room. It was huge. There was a closet way too large even if he brought all his clothes along. He suddenly felt really small as he glanced at the empty room. "Leave your stuff here. We'll go get dinner before seeing if there's anything you want."

Kayama practically dragged Yamada into the nearest mall from UA. Aizawa claimed that he wanted to nap, and had fallen asleep inside his sleeping bag of the 1-A dorm couch. Midoriya was sticking closely to the two heroes, eyes skimming the area as if he was expecting to be attacked at any moment. Given that he was a vigilante that had been chased by villains and heroes, Kayama shouldn't be that surprised.

But the fact was that she had stopped seeing him as some vigilante. After whatever he had done when they were captured, what he had said to Tsukauchi, and how he reacted to Nezu's offer, Kayama couldn't stop herself from feeling that Midoriya was simply a scared child that was trying to defend himself from the harsh world that was constantly attack him. His eye bags indicated he never slept well, and he had to have gained his ridiculously high pain tolerance from somewhere just made her want to protect the boy even more.

They first went into a food court, and as expected, Midoriya had gone to the cheapest stall and
ordered the cheapest food item; a plate of fried rice. Out of habit, Midoriya sniffed the food, before he hesitantly took a small bite. "This is... delicious!" Midoriya gasped, eyes sparkling.

Yamada looked worried. Midoriya was suspicious of normal food. Knowing that the vigilante only ate bread after his home was destroyed was bad enough, but people had probably messed with his food before to make him so wary of what he put in his mouth. Lunch Rush would throw a fit if he learnt about that.

Maybe he should talk to Lunch Rush. The boy should be allowed to be pampered a bit, given he practically spent half his life trying to survive on his own with no help.

They went into a clothes store next, and Midoriya just gawked at the large selection of clothing available. Kayama just laughed at his shocked face as Yamada dragged the boy around, trying to find clothes that suited him. Yamada had shoved a handful of clothes as Midoriya started rambling off reasons why he didn't need so many clothes since UA was already providing a lot for him. Kayama shook her head, and just pushed Midoriya into the fitting room, saying he had to learn to actually enjoy life and that he should be a bit more selfish instead of always thinking of others.

Midoriya had finally (after a lot of convincing from both Yamada and Kayama) agreed to get five shirts and tights, since the washing machines in the dorm rooms had a dryer function. The only thing Midoriya seemed to truly want was a green hoodie, so Yamada indulged him, buying two for him so he could wear one while the other was in the wash.

Midoriya had politely declined to get any furniture for him room, seeing as they had pushed the boy just to get clothes, they decided to let it go and just bought essentials like soap and shampoo before they returned to the dorms.

Aizawa was still sleeping on the couch.

Midoriya curled up in his sleeping bag, on the floor of his room. Shuizenji's quirk must have finally had an effect on him, as Midoriya had never drifted off to sleep so quickly or so early before.

He did wake up, roughly four hours later. It was still early in the morning, and the sun wasn't out yet. He tossed an turned in his sleeping bag, trying to go back to sleep. He was safe in UA. He was able to sleep while he was in Shinsou's house, but that was probably because he was injured and needed to rest.

Wait. Was Shinsou even accepted into UA? How did his entrance exam go?

"Hey." Aizawa greeted when Izuku trudged down to the common area, downing a large cup of something.

"Yo! Hi!" Mic greeted, sitting beside Aizawa as he drank orange juice.

Midoriya curiously stared at the black liquid in Aizawa's cup.

"What's that?" He asked, "It smells good."

"Coffee. Wanna try?" Aizawa asked, placing his head on the table as if he had been sleeping there.

"Shouta! You can't offer kids coffee!" Yamada grumbled.

Midoriya carefully grabbed a cup, and Aizawa poured a bit of his coffee into his cup. Taking a small
sip, Midoriya paused, savouring the taste of the drink, before finishing the rest of his cup.

"Shouta!"

"Ah. Izuku." Nezu grinned, passing over a set of uniforms to the boy, "Sorry we had to pass you your uniform so late. Aizawa is probably addressing the class so you can change, and then head to classroom 1-A. I'm sure you know where to go?"

"Yep!" Midoriya grinned. He was gonna be hella uncomfortable without the soothing hood over his head, but they were just students, right? They couldn't really hurt him, right?

"Alright class. I'm sure you would have noticed that table right next to the window beside Shinsou. We have a new student." Aizawa said.

A new student? On the second day of class? Shinsou thought.

"He's a vigilante who technically can't be labelled a vigilante and if the media asks just say that he's going through rehab or something." Aizawa grumbled, before turning to the door. "You didn't have to wait for me to invite you in, you know?"

A short, green haired boy with shining emerald eyes stepped into the classroom.

Aizawa internally snorted as he saw Shinsou's eyes grow wide at the familiar green haired boy, and he carefully kept an eye on Bakugou, who's face had suddenly turned pale, like he had seen a ghost.

Or in his case he was seeing a ghost. Bakugou didn't know Midoriya Izuku didn't really die seven years ago.

"Hi. My name's Midoriya Izuku, but just call me Izuku!"
"Wow! A full class! Twenty out of twenty! I'm surprised you haven't expelled any of them yet. You must really like them. Full marks!" Midoriya grinned, smiling at Aizawa while sending him a thumbs up.

"Shut up. They have potential. I don't expel those with potential." Aizawa grumbled.

"Pft. You care. I'm sure you threatened to do so and then called it a logical ruse, right?"

"It was to draw out their potential." Aizawa shot back.

"Don't use that attitude. You really like them. I mean, you practically expelled your entire homeroom class last year."

"Last years class had no potential, and shut up before I start regretting letting the principal put you in my class, kid." Aizawa grunted, and Midoriya cheekily grinned at the tired hero, "I'm pretty sure you regret it already. I was a pain in your butt for like... two years, Eraser-san?"

"I'm gonna expel you. And don't call me that."

"Nah, you won't." Midoriya smiled, "Do you want me to call you Shou-chan instead?"

"That's even worse." Aizawa spat out, but it seemed to lack the usual Aizawa-ish fire behind it and instead sounded more exasperated and tired than angry, "My name's Aizawa Shouta, use it."

"Nah. Shou-chan sounds cuter."

"Shut up."

Everyone was just staring at the vigilante who was practically teasing Aizawa. Aizawa, their scary homeroom teacher. Aizawa, the man that threatened to expel them. Aizawa, the man that practically admitted that he had expelled an entire class before.

And he was actually getting away with it.

"Ah... Sensei..." Ashido raised her hand, looking as bewildered as almost everyone else in the class, "He's our age?"

"Um... I'm fourteen?" Midoriya turned to Ashido and shrugged, before his eyes lit up. "Oh my god! You look so cool! What quirk do you have!? Are those horns? Are they hard or soft? Can you use them to attack?"

Everyone sweat dropped as Midoriya fawned over Ashido's appearance.

Midoriya paused, sheepishly clammed up, apologising for his rambling.
He was young. Their age. Too young. He was too short and he had such a childish personality to be fending off villains. Was the general thought running through everyone's mind. He has guts to tease Aizawa like that...

None of them actually thought anyone would give Aizawa the -chan honorific. To be fair, the nickname did sound pretty cute and all of them internally agreed it suited the teacher, especially when his face was wrapped up in his scarf bickering with the new student.

Midoriya finally glanced around the classroom. Red Head was there, as well as Uraraka and Engine boy! He noticed a familiar fluff of purple hair, and turned to see Shinsou, and Bakugou sitting in front of him.

He saw Shinsou and Bakugou's eyes both widen as they stared at him, and he wondered which one of them would react first.

Shinsou seemed way to stunned to see him, and was staring at him blinking, motionlessly.

Bakugou's face just screamed "What the actual fuck am I actually seeing", in Bakugou vocabulary.

"You idiot!" Shinsou yelped, like he had just processed who was standing in the front of the classroom, literally jumping out of his seat before anyone could react and rushed over to green haired teen, Midoriya, jabbing his finger into the vigilante's chest. "Where were you!? I heard the news, and I didn't even know if you were alive or dead! Why didn't you tell me sooner?!!"

"In my defence, I was kidnapped for a month, was passed out for half a week and literally just got discharged from the hospital yesterday." Midoriya waved his arms defensively.

"You were getting beaten up." Aizawa grumbled.

"Izu, what did you do this time?!" Shinsou groaned. "I swear, if you decided to poke fun at the villains and disregard your life I won't forgive you."

"It was to take the attention off the other people! Pissing villains off is really fun. You guys should try it some time." Midoriya chuckled.

"I don't get caught. Your attitude for dealing with villains is going to get you killed one day." Aizawa rolled his eyes.

"Does anyone have bubble wrap?" Shinsou addressed the class.

"Why?" Uraraka was the next to unfreeze.

"I'm gonna wrap him up with bubble wrap. You can't even chaperone an entrance exam without getting injured somehow." Shinsou huffed.

"It exploded! And the robots were a dumb idea!" Midoriya whined.

And... Aizawa said he's a vigilante? Todoroki deadpanned.

"Shut up! You're not Deku!" Bakugou roared, storming towards Midoriya. Shinsou turned around, facing Bakugou, but Midoriya just motioned for him to stand aside. Shinsou complied, knowing that Bakugou was Midoriya's childhood friend, but he was prepared to act if Bakugou decided to act out of line.

"Deku was weak and useless! He was too nice, and couldn't stand up for himself! He couldn't hurt a
person. He can't even take down bullies, let alone villains!" He attempted to grab him, but Midoriya instinctively leaned sideways and dodged.

"Deku would never be a vigilante! He wanted to be a hero! Not some kinda rule breaking hero wannabe!" Bakugou released multiple explosions from his palms, as Midoriya just looked at his childhood friend.

Bakugou made a grab for him again, and Midoriya made no movement to dodge this time as Bakugou grabbed him by the collar and shoved his palm at Midoriya's face. Midoriya didn't even flinch, staring at a possible explosive attack at point blank range.

"Deku died, you fucker! Deku fucking died so many fucking years ago in that fucking fire so don't you start fucking daring to fucking pretend to be him!"

The entire class gasped, looking from Midoriya, back to Bakugou, then back to Midoriya. Shinsou wasn't surprised, he knew about it already. Bakugou was swearing up a storm, but the only reason Shinsou hadn't intervened yet was because he could hear the desperation in his voice, desperation that he was trying to hard to hide in order to appear strong, desperation that could only be heard if you were looking out for it.

Even though Midoriya was currently held by a boy who was at least five centimetres taller than him, and had a potential explosive palm right in front of his face, Midoriya didn't even seem to be bothered. In fact, he was standing there so calmly, staring right back at Bakugou, you would have thought he had some quirk that made him explosion proof.

Midoriya grabbed Bakugou's hands, and Bakugou struggled as Midoriya's grip locked him in place. Midoriya slowly guided Bakugou's arms away from him, and stared right back at Bakugou.

"You're right. That weak Deku died in the fire. That weak Deku no longer exists. I'm not the same useless person I was seven years ago, Kacchan."

Bakugou froze. *Kacchan.* Midoriya had been the only one to call him than, and Bakugou was only tolerant of Midoriya calling him by that nickname.

"Prove it. Prove that you're Deku." Bakugou demanded, clenching his fists and he refused to even look at Midoriya.

Midoriya stared blankly back at Bakugou, "We were childhood friends since we were babies. We practically did everything together, and were friends with everyone in preschool until I turned four and visited the doctor about my quirk."

Bakugou scoffed, "Not good enough. That can be easily pieced together."

"You have a scar on your left hand from when we were five. You fell into a river while we were playing with Tsubasa and Shen. Tsubasa has a wing quirk while Shen has a claw quirk that lets him change his fingers into claws."

Bakugou blinked. He hadn't even shown his mother that cut, that small injury. Only Midoriya knew about it, since he had been the one to help him clean and disinfect the wound.

Bakugou's posture dropped, as he took a few steps backwards, all the while looking at Midoriya with an unreadable expression on his face.

He finally spoke up, defeat evident in his voice, "Where the hell were you all this time?"
"Busy. I didn't want to be a burden." Midoriya looked at the floor.

"Idiot. The only time you're being anything close to a burden is when you go off doing your vigilante stuff and you get injured and you don't tell anyone about it. Do you have any idea how worried I was about you? I didn't even know if they would treat you because you were a vigilante. They could have just left you to die! And then suddenly you just appear in the classroom out of nowhere!" Shinsou grumbled.

Midoroya just reached up to ruffle the taller boy's hair, giving a small chuckle as he felt all the pent up stress and tension leak out of Shinsou's posture. He enveloping the shorter boy in a hug. As if he had just finally managed to process that the green haired boy standing in front of the class was real. "You're alive, you stupid idiot.

If there were some things that Class 1-A knew about Shinsou from the one day they had interacting with him, the first thing was that he didn't take shit from anybody. No one could tell him what to do, and he only did what he felt like doing. He was quiet, and only replied when he was talked to, as if he wasn't used to talking to people. He clearly lacked sleep, if his eyebags were any indication. He also had slight self esteem issues, and had credited Kirishima for Uraraka's rescue. He didn't express much emotion, besides an occasional glare or a slightly menacing glare at Mineta's direction when he went too far in his obsession for looking at the girls.

And he absolutely hated people touching his hair. Ashido had claimed that his hair was super fluffy, and had reached out to touch his hair before Shinsou lightly smacked her hand away, leaning away from her touch. Hagakure tried to do the same, and the second she touched his hair Shinsou had swatted her hand away, hissing slightly at the contact.

So imagine everyone's surprise when Midoriya just reached out and ruffled Shinsou's hair. He seemed to have absolutely no problems with the boy who was way shorter than him patting his head. Instead of tensing up like when Ashido or Hagakure did it, he relaxed under when Midoriya did it. If anything, he seemed to lean into the shorter boy's touch.

Unknown to them, seeing Midoriya wasn't enough. The Midoriya in front of him could be an illusion, an imposter. When he jabbed his finger into his chest, Shinsou had the confirmation that yes, this Midoriya was real, but was it really the Midoriya he had come to respect and care about?

The familiar sensation of Midoriya's fingers carefully running through his hair cemented it. The delicate way Midoriya fiddled with the strands of his fluffy head, the slight twirling of his hair between his fingers. Shinsou felt at ease.

This was really Midoriya.

Midoriya was alive. He was fine and well. He was currently in UA, ruffling his hair in front of the entire class. But Shinsou didn't really care. He was glad that his friend was back, safe and sound.

Bakugou was explosive. He hated people that were all high and mighty, coming from rich schools or families. He hated people who didn't have to work for what they had.

Bakugou worked so hard to get into UA. Training his quirk, trying to get as strong as possible. To be the hero that Midoriya denied the chance to be.

He couldn't believe it, when Aizawa introduced the new student as Midoriya Izuku.

Bakugou could see the similarities. The same freckles, the same wild hair, and same shining emerald
green eyes. No. Bakugou didn't even have to see it. He could sense it, that his was Deku, the same quirkless boy he had known for half his life. But something in him had changed. Something had been broken, and the broken portion had been hastily patched up.

He didn't want to believe it, but at the same time he wanted to.

Midoriya Izuku was alive.

"Alright, get back to your seat. Izuku, you can ruffle Shinsou's hair later. Bakugou, I hope you will stop trying to blow him up. And please stop swearing." Aizawa grumbled.

"I... I'm sorry. For trying to blow you up. Mido - " Bakugou apologised softly, but Midoriya stopped him, "Call me Izuku. Or Deku."

"But that name was an insult! I used to insult you before as well! I can't - "

"Kacchan." Midoriya's tone was firm, "You cared about me before when no one would. That's all that matters."

"Sensei, why do you call Midoriya by his first name and us by our last names?" Kaminari, the dense electric guy, asked.

"Don't. Call. Me. That." Midoriya's tone was firm. "I don't want to be called that."

"Kaminari. Izuku has clearly stated his preference for what he would like to be called." Aizawa glared slightly at Kaminari, "If he wishes to be called Izuku, then so be it. Also, please respect him as a classmate even if he didn't enter by the written and physical examination or recommendations... though technically you can call the principal's invite as a recommendation if you want think about it logically. He will also be helping you guys in your hero lessons."

"Sensei! You said he's a vigilante! Who is he?" Kirishima asked.

"You guys can figure it out. You have English with Present Mic now, right?" Aizawa groaned, rubbing his head. What a headache, this class. Throw in the problem child and now this was just a brand new mess.

As if on cue, Yamada strut into the room when his name was mentioned.

Yamada didn't know how much Midoriya knew about English. He was smart, sure, but just because a person was smart didn't mean they were good in languages.

Midoriya was surprisingly good at English. His pronunciation, grammar and sentence structure was perfect. Not even considering that Midoriya hadn't been in school for the past seven years, his english was one of the best in the class.

Midoriya admitted that he hadn't started learning English until he met Shinsou (Yamada already figured it out since he was outside the classroom waiting to enter and saw Midoriya ruffling the purple haired teen's hair), since his quirk required some sort of verbal response. He had thought that knowing different languages would benefit Shinsou, but the taller boy was struggling with the language so Midoriya tried to help out. English came easily to him.

Ectoplasm had given the class a small math tests in order to see how much they knew. The questions
were purposely made difficult, and the students would have to use their heads in order to solve the questions. The teacher also gave them a lot of questions, just to see how they would act and perform under stress. The test was manageable though, and Ectoplasm was sure at least one of the students would do decently.

When Ectoplasm thought that at least one of the students would do decently, he was expecting it to be either Yaoyorozu, or Todoroki, or Bakugou, since the first two were recommendation students and all three of them had gotten very good grades to enter UA.

He was not expecting the vigilante that spent five years living in a dump (he had heard Maijima ranting about it) to be the first one to raise his hand, and ask what he was supposed to do when he was done. They had another thirty minutes left, and Ectoplasm told him to check his work.

"I did. Three times already."

Sighing, Ectoplasm took the paper and told Midoriya to just stay put and not disturb the other students. He was ready to start the headache of marking a paper full of mistakes and errors.

He was not expecting the boy to have practically gotten full marks. Aside from the slightly messy handwriting, the entire paper was done perfectly.

"A word, Mi - Izuku?" Ectoplasm caught his mistake in tongue, and ushered the boy out into the hallway, where they could talk without disturbing the rest of the class. "I thought you didn't have any kind of formal education?"

"Yeah. I didn't go to school or anything. I couldn't afford it."

"How do you know all this stuff? The paper was made difficult on purpose and you just finished it with no problems." Ectoplasm asked. He was genuinely curious how the boy was able to complete such a difficult paper so effortlessly.

"He said he studied in the library?" Kayama raised an eyebrow.

Ectoplasm nodded, "I'm surprised. Being self taught and being able to do so for such high level mathematics is impressive. Most students struggle with this stuff even if they have a teacher to coach and guide them."

"Is he eating?" Yamada asked.

"Not sure... As I was leaving I saw him moving towards Iida." Ectoplasm replied.

Once the lesson ended, Midoriya immediately made his way to Iida, "Um... hi? Are you related to Ingenium?"

"Where did that come from, Izu?" Shinsou asked curiously, as Iida stared at the green haired boy in shock and confusion.

"What...?"

"I'm sorry... It's just you and Ingenium both have engine based quirks.. and you both have blue hair. And I believe you went to Somei Academy? I saw you a few times while I was in Hosu, and Ingenium also works in Hosu so I was assuming and I'm sorry if I offended you ... " Midoriya couldn't stop himself from rambling on. He was completely nervous without his hoodie or anything
"No... It's just... I wasn't expecting anyone to point it out. My brother is the Turbo Hero, Ingenium! I really look up to him!"

Midoriya's eyes lit up, "I know! He has the Engine quirks in his elbows, unlike you, where it is located on your calves. He can create really powerful blasts and shoot himself forward at a really high speed! He can hover off the ground and relies on the engines to propel him forwards at super speeds!"

Midoriya continued rambling on, and Shinsou just sighed and face palmed.

"Oi... what the heck..." Kaminari gaped at the boy, that was rattling off fact after fact about the pro hero. Ashido and Aoyoma were staring and him in shock, and everyone else was just looking at the boy strangely.

"Shut up, Deku! Your ramblings are freaking everyone out!" Bakugou hissed, attempting to smack Midoriya on the back, who had instinctively dodged.

"Sorry... Kacchan..." Midoriya scratched his cheek, grinning.

"Ah! I never introduced myself! I'm Iida Tenya! Nice to meet you, Izuku."

From that, everyone else started introducing themselves to the new addition to class 1-A.

"I am... coming through the door like a normal person!" Yagi exclaimed as he entered the classroom.

"It's All Might!" "That's the costume from the Silver Age, isn't it?!" "Wow! He really is a teacher!" His classmates starting to yell excitedly and Aizawa kept an eye on Midoriya as he eyed the hero weirdly.

"I teach Basic Hero Training. It's a subject where you train in different ways to learn the basics of being a hero and experience is of utmost importance, so let's get right into it! What you will do today is... Combat Training!" He then pressed a button, and several shelves with numbers popped out.

"After you change, gather in Ground Beta!"

"Young Izuku." Yagi called out. "Please follow Aizawa-kun."

"You know...Aizawa Sensei said something that's completely illogical." Kirishima said, slipping on his mouth guard.

"The thing about Midoriya being a vigilante who technically isn't a vigilante?" Sato asked.

"Yeah... but he literally pulled a 'logical ruse' on us after threatening to expel us yesterday so I really don't know if he's joking or not." Sero pipped up.

Bakugou was also thinking about it, also confused, just that he didn't voice his opinion like the rest of the class.

"You should know, after all, you know what his quirk is, don't you, Kacchan?" Shinsou teased Bakugou mockingly, while trying to hint to him the real answer.

"Shut up! Only Deku can call me that!" Bakugou growled, hissing out profanities while
Bakugou's grin suddenly became even wider, and Shinsou just grinned back, "I think he got it."

"Sensei... isn't it too obvious who I am?" Midoriya asked, as he looked at the outfit that Aizawa handed him. Aizawa merely shrugged, "Wearing hoodies and tights aren't that uncommon. Without the mask and goggles, I seriously doubt they could tell, though the colour scheme is a dead giveaway. Plus it will be fun watching them guess your vigilante identity and your quirk."

"You just enjoy watching them squirm." Midoriya merely huffed as he tugged the hood over his head, a familiar sense of peace and calmness rushing over his entire being.

"You did well in class to remain calm, I supposed. You need to stop relying on covering your face and identity." Aizawa said.

"Says the person who avoids people and the media like a plague." Midoriya shot back.

"Look, kid... I'm not gonna let you die because you suddenly lose self confidence once that hood is blown off your head and can't protect yourself and you get yourself killed by a villain."

"You really are a dad. Ever thought of adopting?" Midoriya sniggered at Aizawa, who clammed up, and looked at him with an unreadable expression, "Shut up before I expel you."

"You already threatened me with that! And I know you won't."

Uraraka was practically hiding behind Midoriya and Shinsou from Mineta, who was leering at her. It wasn't her fault that the support company practically made her hero costume a tight body suit. Midoriya was already thinking about how to lecture Mineta about respecting his classmates and how to metaphorically bash it into his purply sticky-haired skull.

"Sensei! Since we are at Ground Beta, are we going to be fighting robots?" Iida asked, raising his hand robotically.

"No. You will draw lots and pair up. We're going to have a small simulation of Heroes versus Villains. The villains will have a faux bomb. The job of the heroes is to capture all the villains or touch the bomb. The job of the villains is to keep the heroes away from the bomb and to capture the heroes." Yagi replied.

"But we have twenty one people, with the inclusion of Midori... uh...sorry... Izuku!" Sato spoke up, "Is one group going to have three people?"

Midoriya grunted an acceptance to the apology.

"Young Sato, Young Izuku will be in his own group!"

"But that's not very fair!" Kirishima yelped, "Totally unmanly!"

"Looking down on people is going to get you killed." Midoriya said, looking away to face Yagi, "But then we'll have eleven groups."

That wasn't going to be fair to the group he went up against. He may not have a quirk, but his
experience far exceeded theirs and made up for that.

"No, Young Izuku. You will be going up against all the groups, as both heroes and villains, alternating each time."

The grin on Midoriya's face only grew as the rest of the class protested. *He wasn't that weak, was he?*

"Don't blame them. You're one of the shortest guys in class." Shinsou patronisingly pat his head.

"Yeah! And you look so innocent and adorable with your freckles!" Uraraka smiled. "Add the hoodie and you're just even cuter!"

"I'm not cute or innocent! I'm still a vigilante! I fought villains!" Midoriya shot back, but Shinsou and Uraraka just laughed at his outburst as Midoriya screeched at them.

"But honestly. Don't underestimate him. I'm certain he could probably beat all of us. Aizawa-Sensei did say he was going to help us out for hero lessons." Shinsou looked at the rest of the class as they protested.

The first match was Uraraka and Shinsou as the heroes, and Midoriya as the villain.

*Uraraka-san would most likely be scouting from outside.* Midoriya thought, staring at the paper mache bomb that was in the same room as he was in. *This is dumb. Which idiot would make a bomb so big and bulky to transport?*

Midoriya carefully lifted up the faux bomb. At least it had some weight to it instead of just being a paper mache shell.

*Anyways, Toshi would most likely start at the entrance. I'm sure they would think I would hide the bomb in the farthest room from the entrance, but they most likely would be checking all the rooms as well.*

"You think All Might sensei thinks too highly of Midoriya?" Kaminari asked. "He did practically tell him to fight all of us."

"He was a vigilante, right?" Sero replied, "So obviously Midoriya should know what he's doing."

"All Might Sensei did say that experience is the most important factor in being a hero." Iida said, "Midoriya is obviously very knowledgable about heroes."

"Aizawa Sensei seems to trust him though, and that's huge considering he threatened to expel us and call it a logical ruse." Jiro mused.

"Midoriya seems familiar though. I can't remember when I might have met him though." Kirishima wondered.

Upon giving the signal, Uraraka floated around the building, peeking in through the open window. She saw the bomb, but Midoriya was no where to be seen.

"Top floor. The room looks unattended." She whispered into her earpiece, and Shinsou frowned, "Izu must have some sort of plan. He's not this careless." The window was located directly above the entrance, and Shinsou could see Uraraka clearly.
"I'm going in." Uraraka carefully floated into the room through the window, and yelped as Midoriya suddenly fell down from the ceiling and wrapped her up in capture tape. He then leapt out of the window, twisting midair while falling from five stories and landed in a very Aizawa-like crouch on the ground.

Shinsou flinched as he heard the sounds through the earpiece, and frowned. Uraraka was probably out, knowing how good Midoriya was. Shinsou gulped as he thought about having to fight his mentor. He immediately entered the building, hearing a loud thump behind him. Shinsou whirled around, face to face with one Midoriya Izuku as he stood up.

"Hey."

"Izu." Shinsou dryly replied. Midoriya was supposed to be the villain, and he the hero. Might as well play the part. If he got Midoriya to talk, he might be able to brainwash him. Shinsou turned off his earpiece; what he was going to say was private and no one but him and Midoriya should hear it.

"You know, I'm surprised you seem okay with All Might, after what he told you, Midoriya. Didn't it hurt, being told you couldn't be a hero?"

Under the hood, Midoriya frowned, and shot forward, capture tape in hand. Shinsou dodged the first punch, but the second nailed him in the gut, and he doubled over. Midoriya was about to trap him with the tape but Shinsou grabbed it, pulling Midoriya off course. Midoriya immediately caught himself, sweeping Shinsou's legs out from under him, and he immediately pinned Shinsou to the ground, effectively immobilising him.

"And villains win!"

"Sorry that I called you by your last name...about what I said...about All Might" Shinsou looked regretful as Midoriya helped him up. "I was trying to get you to respond."

"Don't worry about it." Midoriya grinned, patting him on the back, "Come on, let's go get Uraraka."

Iida and Bakugou were the villains, and they were guarding the bomb, waiting for Midoriya to come.

"Stupid Deku! Is he just gonna wait for time to run out?!!" Bakugou growled as he paced about.

Suddenly, a vent cover from above them fell down, right on top of Bakugou. He grunted, and was about to curse when Midoriya dropped down onto him, pressing the metal vent cover right against his spine.

Midoriya then proceeded to kick the vent cover at Iida, who was too shell shocked and only managed to dodge the cover at the last second, putting some distance between him and the bomb. Midoriya made a dash for the bomb, and Bakugou growled, grabbing onto Midoriya's ankle.

Midoriya just landed on his arms, using his momentum to flip Bakugou over him and into Iida.

"Deku!" Bakugou hissed, getting up and charging at Midoriya, his palm sparking. Iida was right behind him, ready to rush the boy after Bakugou's attack. Midoriya sidestepped Bakugou, grabbing his arm as he swung Bakugou right around, smashing Bakugou's still sparking palm directly into Iida.

Midoriya just walked towards the bomb and touched it. The explosion had knocked Iida into a daze, who landed on top of Bakugou who was slightly sluggish as he cursed.
"And heroes win!"

Mineta and Yaoyorozu were trying to barricade the room the bomb was in. Mineta was staring at Yaoyorozu's butt, and she was just that close to whipping out a pole and bashing him in the face.

The lights suddenly went out, and the two heroes turned to stare at the lights. The lights flickered on again, and Yaoyorozu was about to finished barricading the door when Midoriya jumped over the shoulder height barricade, grabbing the metal on the top of the barricade and launching it at Mineta.

Yaoyorozu immediately created and whipped a metal pole out of her arm, but barely had any time to react before Midoriya had landed and touched the bomb.

"Heroes win!"

"HOW IS HE BEHIND US!" Ashido screeched as she fired a huge blob of acid on the ground, melting it, "We're supposed to be finding him, not him chasing us!"

Midoriya didn't slow down, jumping over the acid. Aoyoma shot his navel laser at him, but Midoriya just kicked off the wall, twisting to dodge the laser and continuing his pursuit for the two heroes.

He shot past Aoyoma and Ashido, the capture tape fluttering in his wake suddenly tightening as he lashed the two heroes together.

"Villains win!"

Sero had placed tape all over the room, and Kirishima hardened his limbs as he prepared for Midoriya to come after them. Soon enough, Midoriya jumped into the room, running as he dodged and twirled past the tape that Sero had put up. Kirishima chased after him, but Midoriya slid under him, and kicked Kirishima into the tangle of tape.

Sero shot more tape at Midoriya, but Midoriya just dodged, grabbing the tape and using it to slam Sero into the wall.

Kirishima cut himself out of Sero's tape, and rushed after Midoriya, but Midoriya just dodged his attack and swept his feet out from under him, before lunging for the bomb.

"Victory to the heroes!"

"What quirk do you think he has?" Kaminari asked as he carefully peeked through the hallways, Jiro with her earphone jack stuck in a wall, trying to hear where Midoriya and the bomb might be.

"Shh." She shushed him, closing her eyes to concentrate on listening. Kaminari turned around to check behind them, though he seriously doubted that Midoriya would be behind him.

"Ne. I suggest not closing your eyes when you use your quirk. That seriously leaves you vulnerable." Jiro's eyes snapped open, and Kaminari whirled around. Neither of them had even sensed his presence, or even heard his footsteps.

With one quick movement, Midoriya had kicked Jiro into Kaminari. Both of them tumbled to the ground, and Midoriya watched as Kaminari hissed, looking between Jiro and himself.

He must not be able to control the direction of his quirk. He's trying to find a way to get between Jiro
and I so he can use his quirk in my general direction. Hesitation will end up killing him. Midoriya thought. He swiftly grabbed his capture tape and tied Jiro up, before carefully setting her aside.

Kaminari was still warily eyeing him, his eyes flicking between him and Jiro.

"Don't hesitate! Just attack! Your hesitation could have gotten her killed!" Midoriya yelled.

Kaminari immediately snapped out if it, and went in to punch Midoriya, who kept dodging his punches. Midoriya knew what Kaminari was trying to do, and just playing along. "I thank you for taking care of her, but now I won't hold back!" Kaminari roared, managing to push Midoriya far back enough for Jiro to be behind him.

Kaminari released all his electricity, and Midoriya hissed slightly, as the electricity ran through his system. Midoriya panted as the electric attack finally ended, and he shook his head at the bumbling electric user became a useless idiot.

Kaminari's suicide attack wasn't that bad. It stung, but how many volts was that? Maybe taking the attack wasn't such a smart idea...

"Villains win!"

"Sorry, Sensei!" Midoriya apologised, carrying Jiro, who was still knocked out, and dragging the idiot mode Kaminari behind him, "I didn't think he'd short circuit."

"He's a monster..." Sero gawked. Midoriya had just taken a full hundred and twelve million volts of electricity and was still standing strong.

"Man, are you okay?" Kirishima asked, "That was a lot of electricity Kaminari released. But it was so manly how you're still standing strong."

"It wasn't that bad. That attack is good to cover a large area, since he should be able to knock out or at least stun a lot of people. He mind have to work on increasing the current, though as it is, his attack is fine. Don't worry about me. I've been hit with worse before."

"That just makes me worry even more, Izu." Shinsou groaned. "What other injuries do you have that I'm unaware of."

"Shock absorption quirk!" Sero yelled.

"Do you need to take a break, Young Izuku?" Yagi asked.

Midoriya shot Sero a small annoyed look (He was still sorry about letting Absorber die at the hands of Shigaraki, he was a kind and nice hero even though he smacked him into a wall trying to catch the vigilante) and took a large gulp of water, shaking his head, "Nope. I'm good!"

He exited the surveillance room, glancing upwards when he saw a very familiar man sitting above everyone in the rafters, and pouted slightly before leaving.

Mineta screeched, "HE ISN'T HUMAN!" only for Iida to retort, "We're all humans! Your statement is very rude!"

"He's strong. When he's the hero, he attacks ferociously. Even when he's the villain, he presses the attack, and keeps the enemy away from the bomb. Offence is truly the best defence here."

Yaoyorozu muttered, and Uraraka agreed with her.
Bakugou gave a small, relieved grin. *Deku was strong. He could protect himself just fine.*

_Based off his hero costume, Koda probably has some kind of animal related quirk. Sato probably has some strength enhancer... his costume looked like it was made to stretch and shrink._

Koda's quirk was rendered useless in the building, and Midoriya had made quick work of Sato once his cognitive functions started dropping. The meek boy couldn't do anything as Midoriya trapped him in the capture tape as well.

"_Villains win!_"

Ojiro and Hagakure glanced around the room warily. Hagakure had shed her gloves, and was currently completely naked. Ojiro was very uncomfortable with that. But that was part of her quirk, he couldn't blame her. They had agreed not to attack together, since Ojiro had no idea where she was or what she was doing, and he didn't want to hurt her by accident.

The others were very hyped for this match, since they thought that Hagakure might be a troublesome opponent for Midoriya, except for Bakugou and Shinsou, the former saying that she couldn't just rely on here quirk and the later shrugging, mentioning that Midoriya didn't necessary need to see his opponent to fight them.

The surveillance cameras were equipped with heat sensors, so the others would be able to see exactly what Hagakure was doing.

Like the other matches, Midoriya had burst in at an insane speed, crashing into Ojiro and knocking him off balance. He looped his capture tape around Ojiro's wrist, and yanked him forward, kneeing him in the gut before further tangling the faux villain up in capture tape.

Midoriya had sucked in a breath and tensed up, before leaning backwards, dodging an attack. He then jumped and kicked a direction. Ojiro heard a small grunt of pain as Hagakure was hit.

Hagakure tried a few more times to attack, but Midoriya dodged every single one. He was a lot more wary than before, his eyes slowly moving around the room.

_He must be trying to determine where Hagakure was._ Ojiro thought, caught and unable to participate in the fight anymore.

Little did he know, Midoriya knew exactly where Hagakure was.

Midoriya shot forward, and Ojiro heard Hagakure's yelp in pain as Midoriya nailed her in what Ojiro assumed was her gut, and lanched himself towards the bomb.

"_Heroes win!_"

Hagakure put her gloves back on, and Midoriya blanched.

"_HOW DID HE KNOW WHERE SHE WAS!?_" Sero yelled.

They could see Hagakure's heat signature, combined with the regular cameras, they could see Midoriya turning in Hagakure's direction no matter where or how she moved.

"I got it! His quirk is probably some heat signature thing!" Kaminari exclaimed, finally out of his short-circuited daze.
"That's probably the smartest thing you said in your entire life." Jiro deadpanned, having woken up.

"So mean!" Kaminari yelped, clutching his heart in mock sadness.

Midoriya burst into the room, clearly upset, Ojiro and Hagakure behind him.

"This is ridiculous! Are you telling me she was naked this whole time!?!" Midoriya demanded, "What if she was fighting Todoroki-kun!? He would just freeze her and she'd get frostbite! Or he'd burn her and because she has no protection she'll get hurt!"

Todoroki stared in Midoriya's direction. He had never used his fire, not once. He purposely froze his left size so as to keep the fire contained. How did he know?!

No one seemed to notice Midoriya's comment about his quirk, opting to focus on the fact that Midoriya could tell where Hagakure was at all times.

"Nighteye has this intern that can phase through things! His hero costume is lined with special fibres produced from his hair so it phases with him. Invisible clothes might be hard to deal with but that's better than going out into battle completely unprotected!" Midoriya grumbled, storming out.

Tokoyami and Asui were the heroes, this time, and in the shadows, Dark Shadow was invincible, or so he thought.

As expected, Midoriya was standing in front of them. Tokoyami immediately activated Dark Shadow, who burst out from beneath his cloak.

"You know... Asui-san's quirk is pretty obvious, being that of a frog." Midoriya's voice resonated.

"Kero. He's noticed." Asui softly said.

"I don't know Tokoyami-kun's quirk though."

A bunch of lights suddenly lit up the area, and Dark Shadow screeched in pain.

"Tch. He probably grabbed all the lights in the base to make a makeshift floodlight." Tokoyami hissed. His quirk was immensely weakened, and he had to rely on Asui's quirk.

Asui shot her tongue out at Midoriya. He grabbed it, pulling Asui towards him and kicked her into a wall. He tied Asui's arm to the capture weapon, and flung her towards Tokoyami. He caught her, and failed to notice Midoriya shooting towards them both, wrapping them in the tape.

"Villains win!"

Todoroki and Shoji decided to split up. All the other teams had failed since Midoriya liked to deal with one opponent, and then toss them at the other to distract them. Shoji was patrolling the outside of the building, and Todoroki had froze the entire building, including the windows.

Midoriya was standing on the top of another building.

They split up. Smart. They don't want me to use each other against them like I did with the other teams. They're both strong. Shoji-kun's quirk lets him change his other arms into limbs... so he's a good scout and also strong if he changes his extra limbs into arms. Todoroki-kun froze the entire place, so it's probably not a good idea to enter via the entrance even if I can run well on ice. His dad's probably Endeavor. No wonder he doesn't want to use his fire, his dad's a real problem.
"Probably abused by him to be some All Might crusher. Why are all the fire-based dads pieces of shit?"

Midoriya quickly stopped himself before he could launch into a mental rant about Endeavor.

Midoriya inspected the window. It was tinted with ice, but Midoriya could see the black hazy outline of the bomb. He wouldn't be able to just smash into it like before, the ice would just make him dislocate his shoulder.

"I don't hear him anywhere." Shoji said to Todoroki over the earpiece.

Taking a leap while Shoji was talking, Midoriya leapt over to the building the bomb was in. He quickly tied the capture tape to a pole on the roof, and some around his waist. He had made the calculations and was had to be careful, or he would end up smacking into a wall.

He walked backwards, before running and taking a huge leap off the roof.

"He's on the roof!" Shoji yelled, turning when he heard Midoriya's footsteps and just happened to see him leap off the roof, capture tape around his waist.

Midoriya let himself fall when the capture tape was tugged against his waist, and he twisted around midair, angling his feet towards the window. He quickly undid the capture tape around his waist, and his foot made contact with the window, and his momentum completely shattered the window and the ice behind it.

Todoroki had already made his way between the bomb and the window, having been alerted by Shoji. He did not expect the glass and ice shards to start flying towards him with a green haired boy, and he hurriedly put up an ice wall to stop him.

He watched, mesmerised as Midoriya jumped and leapt over his wall of ice, twisting between two sharp icicles that had appeared, before landing behind Todoroki, and placed his hand on the bomb.

"Heroes win!"

"Are you sure you went easy on them?" Yagi asked Midoriya, "You beat them all."

"Of course! Recovery Girl would have my head if I exerted myself!" Midoriya huffed.

Everyone, minus Shinsou, yelped, "You call that going easy!?"

"He isn't even remotely tired, he's not even panting." Kaminari froze up, "He's a monster!"

"Does he have a stamina quirk!" Ojiro asked aloud, thinking, *Those manoeuvres he did, all the twisting and turning, that isn't easy. And he jumped in through the window twice from neighbouring buildings. How did he do all that and not be tired?*

"Alright, do any of you have feedback on any of the fights?" Yagi asked.

"Mi... Izuku used completely different methods to take the opponent down in each fight, and he was completely unpredictable." Yaoyarozu raised her hand, "He always pressed on the attack, leaving us off balance no matter if he was the villain or the hero. He also used some of our quirks against us, like Sero's tape and Bakugou's explosion."

Bakugou scoffed when she mentioned how he accidentally blew up Iida.
"He also used the capture tape effectively, opting to trap and restrain the heroes and villains instead of dealing to much damage that might end up injuring us. He also ended each exercise with just broken windows and a few missing light bulbs." Asui noted.

"He also seemed to know what our quirks were, and quickly found ways to counter them." Iida added. "Was he informed of our quirks before hand?"

"No. I assure you, Young Izuku here had no idea he would even be here and was just invited to UA yesterday." All Might replied.

"Wait! Then how did you know?" Kaminari asked.

"Um... I guessed? Some are easy to infer, like Asui-san's posture and her way of speaking was a dead giveaway of having a frog quirk. I saw Uraraka-san, Iida-kun and Kirishima-kun's quirks at the UA entrance exam before, and Ojiro-kun, Jiro-san and Shoji-kun's are obviously mutation quirks. I could feel a small electric charge from Kaminari-kun, and Hagakure-san is obviously invisible. I also knew Kacchan and Toshi before I got here."

"What about the others, like mine?" Tokoyami asked.

"Based on your hero costumes. Tokoyami-kun's is a dark coloured cloak, and I guessed that it was something that works well in the dark. Aoyoma-kun had a huge crystal on his waist, so I assumed his quirk was some sort of laser and the crystal was there to concentrate it. Ashido-san's costume shows her arms, so I assumed she could created corrosive substances with her arms. Sero-kun's practically has tape dispensers on it, Koda-kun's costume is animal friendly looking, and Sato-kun's costume is made to stretch and shrink. Yaororozu-san's is not obvious, but I noticed she had a book on molecular structures and forms so I'm guessing it's something creation based." "What about Todoroki and I?" Mineta asked.

"Todoroki-kun literally has ice on his costume." Midoriya replied, facing Mineta, "And you. You really need to stop being so perverted." "What? Kaminari is also perverted! Why call me out!?" Mineta yelped, scared as Midoriya was glaring at him.

"Don't think I didn't notice how you stare at the girls in lessons. Plus, Kaminari-kun doesn't just leer at people like you do. That's just plain rude and degrading towards them." Midoriya hissed, "Yaororozu-san was obviously distracted by something you did in the trial, and I'm going to take a very good guess that you were staring at her while she was trying to block the door. I could feel the relief practically flowing off her when I knocked you into a wall, and I honestly can't blame her if you kept staring at her in such a way."

He paused, letting what he had said sink into the small boy. Yaororozu blushed slightly when Midoriya practically told everyone she wanted her teammate beaten, but honestly no one could blame her for being stuck with the pervert.

"Yaororozu-san's quirk, from what I observed, allows converting organic material, I'm assuming fats and lipids since they are storage molecules, into inorganic materials, and this allows her to make items as long as she knows the internal components and molecular structure. I doubt she willingly wanted to wear something so revealing, but her quirk produces items from her body so she practically needs to show skin in order to effectively use her quirk, like Midnight."

He quickly turned to Yaororozu, who was staring at him while gawking, "I'm sorry if I made any
assumptions about your quirk, Yaoyorozu-san. I was just guessing how your quirk worked."

"No... it's alright. I'm just shocked because that's exactly how my quirk works." Yaoyorozu replied.

Midoriya turned back to Mineta. "I refuse to allow your attitude towards her, or any of the other girls, hinder their ability just because they aren't comfortable being around you, like Uraraka-san, Ashido-san and Hagakura-san. The design company just made Uraraka-san's hero costume like that, Ashido-san can't have a costume that won't be destroyed by her acid without restricting her quirk usage and Hagakure can't help it if she wants to use her quirk effectively for stealth." Midoriya scolded.

He grinned, his canines gleaming under the shadow of his hood. Midoriya's upper canines being slightly sharper than normal canines, since he sometimes did use his teeth to attack when his hands were occupied, or to get himself out of a bind. His gaze turned slightly murderous, made even worse with his eyebags, and everyone flinched when they saw the short boy, who was angry, turn plain scary as his eyes screamed bloody murder.

"So if I ever see you treating them, or any female, like that, ever again, you're going to regret it, understood, Mineta-kun?" Midoriya towered over Mineta, dragging out his name and his words were just dripping with malice.

"Y-yes sir!" Mineta squeaked.

"Alright. Now that we've gotten that resolved, I have some advice for all of you!" Midoriya clapped his hands, his hood falling down from the sheer speed he had turned at, and the murderous intent emanating from the boy dissipated as quickly as it came.

Everyone sweat dropped at how quickly the boy changed.

"Scratch Kaminari's idea of a heat signature quirk, Midoriya had a split personality quirk."

"Hagakure-san, you may be invisible, but you're too loud. I could hear you breathing. You should also learn how to hide your presence, I could sense you. Like I said, maybe see if the outfit company see if they can do something with your hair to fix up some sort of costume for you." Midoriya started, "Jiro-san, I said it before, but don't close your eyes when you listen. Maybe plug one earphone jack into that speaker on your shoes and the other into the wall so you can attack immediately. Kaminari-kun, I purposely let you push me back to see how you would handle me once Jiro-san was safe from your electric attacks. Don't release all your electricity at one go. Also, maybe ask the support department for some support gear to control the direction of your quirk. I have a few sketches in mind already."

Hagakure squeaked, and her gloves were animatedly moving around so everyone could tell she was waving her arms around in excitement. Kaminari mentally noted down what Midoriya had said, and Jiro nodded. She closed her eyes to help her concentrate, but that just left a huge blind spot right in front of her.

"Uraraka-san, you should be more careful and cautious when you were in front of the window. If you were a villain, I probably would have jumped out of the window and smash you to the ground. Falling down five stories is not fun, trust me. Iida-kun, be more aware of your surroundings, and try to improve your agility. Yaoyorozu-san, maybe if you tried to make a trap instead of directly barricading the door, it might be easier on your body and your quirk. Kirishima-kun, you're too stiff when you harden your arms. Sato-kun, try to tap into your... strengthening power? sparingly. You won't last long in a fight when your cognitive functions run low. Koda-kun, with your stature, I'm sure you would be able to attack directly. I understand that you're soft by nature, but you can't just rely on your quirk."
Koda nodded. He knew he was gentle and soft, and terribly afraid of bugs. He would have to fix that.

"Sero-kun, you could try to mix your tape with the capture tape to confuse me. Ashido-san, use your acid sparingly. You just destroyed your way out when you destroyed the ground. Aoyoma-kun, practise more with that laser. You ended up with a stomachache, right? That probably means your quirk draws energy from your stomach directly, so maybe eat more energy rich foods to suffer less stomach aches. Shoji-kun, you're quirk is great for scouting, but don't just stay on ground level when you do so. Ojiro-san, you know martial arts, so be careful when your opponents fight dirty. Villains in the real world won't follow rules and would probably kick you right between the legs if they could."

Ojiro flinched at the thought. He was right. His kind of martial arts didn't allow people to do that when they had mock fights.

"Tokoyami-kun, don't rely on your shadow quirk bird too much. Maybe pick up martial arts like Ojiro-kun? And Asui-san, don't immediately attack with your tongue. I could have a poison quirk for all you know and you would just poison and hurt yourself."

Asui gave a small "Kero" in response. Poison would be bad. Frogs can secret their own poison but she was still a human with frog qualities. Poison would be bad.

"Toshi, trying to rile me up to use your quirk was great. But try to attack and then use your quirk, enemies are more likely to respond if they're distracted, especially if they know what quirk you have. Kacchan, stop with that right hook. You always start with it. Todoroki-kun, I would like to speak with you about your quirk later, in private." Midoriya said, patting Todoroki on the back with a serious expression on his face.

"All right. Think about what Young Izuku said. I think he covered everyone. Class dismissed." Yagi declared, running out of Ground Beta and breakneck speed, closing the door before poofing back to his skinny form.

Midoriya grabbed Todoroki, and were walking ahead of everyone.

"Still think the match-ups were unfair?" Shinsou nudged Kirishima.

Bakugou clicked his tongue, but everyone shook their heads, "No."

"HE'S SO MANLY!" Kirishima exclaimed. "That's so cool! I need to learn from him!"

"Any idea who his vigilante identity is, Toshi?" Uraraka asked, "You seemed close to Midoriya."

"Don't call me that. Only Izu can call me that," Shinsou grumbled, "And no. I promised I wouldn’t tell anyone his vigilante identity, but I will say that he has been pretty active these past few years."

"I know! He has a ghost quirk! Bakugou said he died!" Kaminari lit up.

"Shut up, you fucking extra!" Bakugou howled, decking Kaminari in the face.

"Fire quirk! Since he clearly didn't die in the fire!" Kaminari obviously didn't get the hint, and Bakugou punched him in the face again, screaming bloody murder.

"That's clearly a sensitive topic and you had to bring it up." Sero sighed.

They didn't notice Aizawa sitting in the rafters the entire lesson, observing them this whole time.
"Todoroki-kun." Midoriya addressed the dual haired boy. He led him around the corner from the changing room, away from everyone else.

"Why didn't you use your fire?" Midoriya asked.

"How did you even know I could use it!?" Todoroki hissed.

"You have white and red hair. Your left side is obviously warmer than your right side." Midoriya waved him off, "Look, I get your dad is a huge shit bag but you can't let him drag you down."

"Shut up. My family has nothing to do with you." Todoroki's tone hardened, "I refuse to use my father's quirk. I will prove to him that I will be the best with just my mother's!"

"Todoroki-kun, you're being very disrespectful to your classmates. They're trying their best to use the full extent of their quirks, yet you think you can become number one by just using 50% of your power." Midoriya remained calm, "Look, I don't know why dads with fire-based quirks are huge pieces of shit, but you need to know that it's your power. Not his. Yours."

Todoroki froze up, looking at his hand. My power... not his... No one had ever told me that before.

"Is... that burn from your mother?" Midoriya carefully asked, "You do know we can file this for child abuse, right?"

Todoroki closed his eyes, looking away, "If anything it should be my dad who is filed for child abuse, not her. My mom poured hot water on my left side because it reminded her too much of him. He hurt her... I can't... it's not her fault. It never was."

"I met your mom before... I visited her in the hospital a few times." Midoriya pat Todoroki's shoulder. "I understand how you feel. She wished she could see you again, to apologise for what she did."

Todoroki shrugged him off, hissing, "Shut up. You can't understand it. It wasn't her fault in any way. You're a vigilante. You can't understand how much he beat me up as "training", how he refused to let me interact with my siblings, or how he literally drove my mom insane!"

"You're right." Todoroki froze when Midoriya's tone changed, suddenly turning slightly sarcastic, "I can't understand how it feels to have someone hurt you because you won't use the full extent of your quirk."

"I can't even understand what it feels like to have a quirk." Midoriya glared slightly at Todoroki.

"What?" Todoroki asked, confused.

"I'm quirkless."

Todoroki froze. He was quirkless? And he beat everyone? He was that strong, without a quirk?

"I'm... sorry... for speaking so harshly," Midoriya apologised, his tone softening, "My dad... when he found out I was quirkless, he kept calling my mom... saying she shouldn't keep a quirkless child around... eventually she started hitting me and calling me useless, all the while crying... I remembered hearing her crying in her room, but I'm sure she still loved me because she tried to protect me from my father when I was seven."

"Oh." Was all Todoroki responded, "How is she now?"
"Dead." Midoriya blinked, looking away, "My dad set our apartment on fire. She stuck me in a cupboard and used her quirk to send me a fair distance away from our apartment, away from my dad. He... burned her."

Both of them remained quiet, until Midoriya spoke up, "Can... you keep this a secret?"

Todoroki nodded, "Yeah... sorry for making you bring it up."

"Don't worry about it." Midoriya gave a small smile, giving him a small thumbs up, "It's going to come out sooner or later. Also, tell me if and when you want to file a report against Endeavor. I'm sure I can dig up some pretty important stuff and I'm positive that Nezu will be willing to help."

"Why do you want to help me?" Todoroki asked, feeling slightly guilty that he had made Midoriya spill an important secret and bring up horrifying memories, and yet he wanted to save him from his dad. He didn't even have friends, people who treated him like he was his own person instead of just "Endeavor's son".

"I don't want you to hurt anymore, Todoroki-kun. No one should have to hurt like that. It's too late for me, but it isn't too late for you. You're your own person, don't let your lineage define you."

"I'll... think about it..." Todoroki slumped. He was tired, still reeling from Midoriya's words.

"Come on. Let's go back before the others think we snuck out and catching villains, Todoroki-kun." Midoriya grinned, his smile spreading across his face, and Todoroki could feel the entire atmosphere shifting from something brooding to something bright and hopeful.

"Shoto. Call me Shoto. I... I know why you refused to let anyone call you by your last name. I want to do the same... but only you for now, because you know the real reason." Todoroki looked away. "My quirk... I'll try... but I can't make any promises."

"Alright, Sho-kun. Take your time. Things like this take forever to get over." Midoriya patted his back, leading him back to the changing room so they could change back into their uniforms, "Come on."

"You sure took your time, nerd." Bakugou hissed.

"Sho-kun and I had a small talk." Midoriya grinned at Bakugou, who just grunted and looked out the window.

"You adopted him too, Izu." Shinsou gave a small laugh.

"What?! I did not!" Midoriya yelled at him.

"You adopted me two years ago, then you practically adopted Yaoyorozu, Ashido, Uraraka and Hagakure after that stunt Mineta pulled, then you just adopted Todoroki," Shinsou grinned, "Pretty soon you'll adopt the entire class, Izu."

"What!?!" Midoriya exclaimed, "Shut up Toshi!" He stomped over to Shinsou, pushing his head down and ruffling the heck out of his fluffy hair.

"Adopting us?" Yaoyorozu asked, "What do you mean?"

"He'll do anything to keep you guys safe and is willing to risk his life in the process." Shinsou cheekily replied. "Why do you think I asked for bubble wrap? He's reckless, has no sense of self preservation, is literally the smartest guy I know with no common sense. This guy has more cuts and
Aizawa and Yagi were reviewing the fights and the students as they watched the fights.

His fighting style and plans to beat the opposing team are randomised and unique. Uzuki also didn't really fight in the media, so it would be harder to link those two together. Aizawa thought, but his temporary hero costume has practically the same colour scheme as Uzuki's. They aren't even thinking.

"Don't blame them. No one would think Midoriya is Uzuki. They practically pointed out how cute and innocent looking he is as we were entering Ground Beta to be thinking he took down some of the worst villains here." Yagi grinned slightly, "Plus, I met the boy before and even I didn't put him and his Uzuki identity together until Nezu pointed it out."

"Shinsou practically said Midoriya got injured while observing an entrance exam. And Midoriya himself said he knew Iida, Uraraka, and Kirishima from it. If that isn't obvious enough then I don't know what is." Aizawa mumbled. He decided to turn his attention to the class' performance.

Midoriya had pointed out everything. Considering it was more scenario based, Midoriya couldn't really see the full extent of their quirks, but he had done surprisingly well in compiling their quirks and weaknesses. Besides from Shinsou, who obviously knew Midoriya's vigilante identity, and Bakugou, who knew Midoriya before, all the other students were discussing about Midoriya's possible quirk.

"Shock absorption quirk, Midoriya would get mad over that naturally. A fire quirk, a ghost quirk, a heat sensing quirk? Wait that would go under fire."

"Young Bakugou would get mad over that last few." Yagi sympathised. Aizawa reported that he had hit Kaminari in the face twice, and while he didn't condone fighting, he did agree that it was rather insensitive of the electric boy, especially since he had given his reasons why Midoriya could have those quirks.

Yagi sweat dropped as Aizawa chucked under his breath, "I can't wait to see their expressions when they realised Midoriya is quirkless."
I seriously need to learn how to proof-read better. I was re-reading the previous chapter so I could write this one and I found so many mistakes...

And I swear, the adopting part is gonna be a running gag in this story...

It was impossible for Midoriya to get a proper night's rest. He had gotten way too much sleep in the hospital (blame those damned pain killers.. and probably Chiyo's quirk) and his body was practically hardwired to sleeping in the mornings or the afternoons and not at night.

Midoriya tossed and turned throughout the night. He couldn't sleep. But he was tired. He was used to moving around and working while tired though, and injured... and probably while he was bleeding out.

Midoriya groaned, flipping over and reaching for his phone. Shinsou had insomnia, didn't he? Midoriya felt bad bothering his friend, but he was tired of just turning around again and again in the middle of the night.

*Izu: Yo! Toshi!*

*Toshi: Sup.*

*Toshi: Can't sleep?*

*Izu: Ya.*

*Toshi: Ok*

Shinsou then send a huge amount of cat memes. Midoriya just stared as picture after picture flooded into their chat, confused.

*Izu: What is this?*

*Toshi: Cat Memes.*

*Izu: What is a meme?*

Shinsou gasped when he read the message. *IZU DIDN'T KNOW WHAT MEMES WERE!?*

Midoriya had been deprived of a normal childhood for too long. When they met up at school again, Shinsou was going to have to introduce him to the world of cat memes.

*Izu: The cats are cute though*
Izu: I don't understand what these memes are

Izu: Why is this cat dancing?

"Hello little listener!" Yamada bust into the 1-A dorms, greeting Midoriya, who was sitting at the dining table drinking something, while looking through and analysing the godsend amount of memes that Shinsou had spammed him with throughout the night.

"Hi." Midoriya replied, pushing over a cup of latte. Yamada had made it a habit to pop by in the mornings to keep him company before he went for homeroom, and Midoriya just made Yamada his latte to show how much he appreciated the company.

"Is that... Shouta's coffee?" Yamada asked, wrinkling his nose, "Did you add sugar?"

"Are you kidding me? Bitter black coffee is awesome! Why would you ruin such a perfect drink!?" Midoriya yelped.

"It's way too bitter!" Yamada screeched.

"Is not!"

"Is too!"

"Is not!"

"Is too!"

"Hi!" Kayama burst into the dorms. "How ya doing, Izuku?"

"I'm fine." Midorya replied as Yamada yelled, "Nemuri! He's drinking coffee! Black coffee! With no sugar!"

"So? He's been deprived of pretty much anything for the past seven years. Let him have his coffee."

Yamada stomped out, grumbling that Aizawa was a bad example as he fumed.

"SHOUTA!" Yamada yelled as he burst into the staff room.

"What?" The hero groaned, lying on the ground in his sleeping bag as Yamada woke him up.

"You! How could you!" Yamada pointed an accusing finger at Aizawa.

"What did he do?" Snipe asked, leaning back from his computer.

"Why did I see Izuku drinking black coffee this morning in the dorms!?!" Yamada screeched.

"It's good, that's why." Aizawa mumbled. "Let him have his coffee. He's been deprived."

"HE'S A KID!"

"And you're gonna end up with diabetes before you're forty."

"Kaminari-kun!" Midoriya waved at the electric quirk user who just entered the classroom.
"Here!" Midoriya handed over a stack of papers, and everyone leaned over Kaminari and his shoulders in order to see what they were.

There were various sketches of some kind of arm band or gauntlet that would fire some copper discs of some sort.

"Mi... Izuku... what's this?" Kaminari flicked through the papers confused.

"I did say I had some ideas for a support item for your quirk. I was thinking of something you can wear on your forearm that allows you to shoot copper discs, which would allow you release your electricity in a specific direction instead of a general area." Midoriya grinned, "I have several designs in mind. Some can store more metal discs but they're more bulky. I was thinking maybe having the discs linked to some sort of visor so you can pick and choose what you want to shoot at in case there are more than one discs shot out, but then the disc has to be able to handle your electricity or it will break. Or maybe we should make a lot of them that break so they can't use it to hack into your support item, but then it might confuse the pointing system..." Midoriya kept talking at breakneck pace that everyone could barely hear.

"You adopted him too." Shinsou grinned.

"SHUT UP!"

"NO PLEASE ADOPT ME! PLEASE!" Kaminari yelled.

"Um... who's been adopted by Izu-Dad already?" Kirishima pipped up, latching himself onto Kaminari.

"Um... probably Yaoyorozu, Uraraka, Hagakure, Ashido, Bakugou, Kaminari... me... and maybe you." Shinsou replied.

"Don't call me that!" Midoriya screeched.

"Nope! You're officially Izu-dad!" Kaminari laughed, "I'll talk to Aizawa Sensei later... maybe he can help be figure out this stuff so I can talk to the support course."

"I'll go with you. I know Power Loader Sensei and I wanna check out the Support Department anyways." Midoriya shrugged.

"Alright, for your homework, please read this book." Ishiyama said, pointing to the slide on the screen with the name of the book they had to read.

"Sensei...which edition? By which publisher?" Midoriya asked.

"What?" Ishiyama said, confused.

"I've read at least five books with that title in the library near Dagobah Municipal Beach." Midoriya replied, "The first was published fifty years ago, the second was revised thirty two years ago, then again twenty four years ago, then once agains sixteen years ago..."

"How many books in that library did you read, nerd?" Bakugou whirled around.

Midoriya stared back at him with a serious expression, "All of them. Two or three times each."

Bakugou just stared at him, dumbfounded.
Everyone else screeched, "HOW!?"

"What? I was bored!"

"Don't question it. Anything you think is impossible, he'll find a way to make it possible." Shinsou sighed.

"Um... what about coming back from the dead?" Kaminari asked.

Bakugou hissed and launched himself at Kaminari.

"Kacchan!" Midoriya whined, grabbing Bakugou's arm and tossing him back in his seat. "Don't explode him!"

"Izu-dad!"

"NO!"

"Alright. It should be around here." Midoriya rounded a corner, accompanied by Kaminari, Shinsou, Uraraka and Iida. He had already talking to Aizawa beforehand and gotten the permission slip needed for support gear.

"Wait... didn't you just get here two days ago? How do you know where to go?" Kaminari asked.

"Um... On the first night I was here I was bored so I memorised the map of the school for no reason?" Midoriya shrugged.

Kaminari, Uraraka and Iida just stared at the boy, and Shinsou sighed. This was normal for the boy. Being a vigilante, his sleep schedule was skewed. Add the kidnapping and the forced bedrest and Midoriya's sleep was even worse off.

"Hey, Izu, how much did you actually sleep while you were a vigilante?" Shinsou asked.

"Yeah! When did you start becoming a vigilante?" Uraraka asked.

"Um... I helped people out when I was around nine... but I never actually sought anyone out until I was around eleven." Midoriya replied, "And sleep... I don't know... I usually spend my nights patrolling, my mornings picking rubbish in the park... how have no idea how many idiots litter, a nap, then I spend my afternoons in the library, evenings fixing my gear... rinse and repeat."

"Basically... you survived... for four years... on one nap a day." Kaminari jaw dropped.

"How long is... your 'nap'." Shinsou used finger quotes.

"Fifteen to thirty minutes?" Midoriya asked, shrugging.

"That cannot be healthy! No wonder you're so... um..." Iida stopped, wildly gesturing towards Midoriya's short stature, not knowing a polite way to say so.

"Oh, I noticed you don't each much at lunch...we were talking about Ingenium but you seemed content with just a granola bar." Uraraka asked.

"I don't eat much, usually." Midoriya shrugged again, "I usually have... a loaf of bread a week?"

What was wrong with him having skewed body habits? As long as he could do his job and help people, he didn't care if he had to starve.
"That's it. Next time we have lunch, I'm forcing you to eat properly." Shinsou grumbled.

"You're the dad, Toshi."

"I'm not. You just need to be wrapped in bubble wrap and fed with normal human food."

They had just reached the door of the support department when it exploded.

"That must be Hatsume.." Midoriya grinned, easily catching the door and preventing it from hitting the four others behind him.

"Hi!" A pink haired girl popped out. Smoke was wafting off her clothes, and she was waving a wrench in the air.

"Hatsume! Stop blowing the doors off!" Maijima grumbled, walking out to the doorway, "Oh... Izuku. And you brought friends? I didn't know the hero course was allowed to start thinking about support items already."

"Nah! I just had some ideas for him and I kinda wanted to see the support department and you mentioned a Hatsume that was constantly blowing down doors. Is this her?" Midoriya grinned.

"Yep! I'm Hatsume Mei! Future CEO of Hatsume Corporations!" Hatsume stuck out her hand, and Midoriya shook it, "Midoriya Izuku, call me Izuku though."

"Alright. You wanted some babies, right? I can show you guys some stuff I made." Hatsume grabbed Midoriya's arm to drag him in, but Midoriya dug his heels into the ground and refused to move.

"Actually... I have some ideas that I have written and drawn here... and I want to see if I can rig something up as a test." Midoriya grabbed the papers from Kaminari, sifting through them before laying them on a table for Hatsume and Maijima to see.

"Not bad... considering you lived in a dump. I think this should definitely be feasible." Maijima replied, "You might want to change the power source though. Kaminari is an electric quirk user, right? This kind of battery would burn out way too quickly."

"Wait?! He lived in a dump?!" Uraraka shrieked.

"You didn't tell them?" Maijima looked at Midoriya incredulously, who just replied, "I literally just met them yesterday!"

Midoriya grabbed a power drill, switching it on and watching incredulously as the bit spun and rotated, "Woah!"

"Don't act like you haven't seen a drill before. If you know how to build stuff, you know how to use a drill. Plus if Power Loader Sensei is willing to look at your blueprints you probably know what you're doing." Hatsume chimed in.

"He doesn't." Maijima groaned, "He practically blew up two buses in the dump."

"Hey! Don't blame me! I was nine! I knew petrol was flammable! I didn't know it was that explosive!" Midoriya defended himself.

Shinsou groaned exasperatedly. What kind of nine year old plays with petrol?!
Iida, Uraraka and Kaminari looked at each other and nodded. They agreed with Shinsou; they needed to wrap Midoriya with bubble wrap.

The next few days passed without any problems. 1-A was still trying to figure out who Midoriya was, but everyone had grown comfortable with the new green haired addition.

Iida, Uraraka and Shinsou were meeting after school, and Aizawa finally trusted that Midoriya would be more responsible with his friends around and let him go with them, but he had to update Aizawa every time he changed location and that he had to be back in school by curfew.

"So... what now?" Shinsou asked. He had never hung out with people (outside of Midoriya) so he didn't really know how to interact with Uraraka and Iida.

"I guess we can talk?" Iida asked.

Suddenly, as Uraraka was walking back to their table, someone bumped into her. She fell over, bashing her knee against the ground.

"Hey! Watch where you're going, you bitch!" The man yelled.

"That's very rude! Please apologise immediately!" Iida got up, and tried to help Uraraka up.

"Shut up, you UA fucker!" The man screeched, and Shinsou just glared, "Leave them alone. You're disrupting everyone."

Midoriya was about to get up to diffuse the situation when the man growled in Shinsou's face, "You're in UA too? You look like a fucking villain, you shit head. And I bet you have an equally villainous quirk to match, fuck face!"

Shinsou froze, and Midoriya growled.

The man flinched as he felt the pressure around him pressing down on him, and he slowly looked up from Shinsou to see Midoriya standing right in his face.

He hadn't even seen him move.

"Look here, sir," Midoriya drawled, "My friends and I are from UA and I'm sure the teachers there won't approve of you calling us out for absolutely nothing, and for calling him a villain. From my point of view, you're the villain, bullying some teenagers who are just hanging out. If you want, I can call the principal of UA. I'm sure he'd like to know that you're harassing a bunch of students."

His tone was deathly calm, as he glared at the man, a small grin on his face that showed his canines.

The man gulped, muttered an apology and scampered off, metaphorical tail between his legs.

"You okay, Toshi?" Midoriya asked, turning around to face Shinsou who was still frozen.

"I'm sorry he said that. I'm sure he was just angry at us about something." Iida sighed, sitting back down. Uraraka also sat down beside him.

"I'm fine... that just hit a little too close to home.." Shinsou grunted, turning back to the table.

All of them were silent for a while, before Iida said, "You are right, Shinsou. Izuku is like an angry dad defending his kids."
"Iida-kun! Not you too!"

Midoriya gulped as he stared at the ruckus in front of the school.

"Hey! Is All Might working here?" "Give us an interview!" "How does it feel like to have All Might as a teacher?!"

Aizawa and Yamada were there, trying to pacify the media and taking the attention off the students who were awkwardly making their way into the school, trying to avoid the cameras and microphones.

Midoriya carefully made his way to Aizawa, patting him and asking, "What's going on?"

"Get back to class." Aizawa ordered.

Midoriya shook his head. He wanted to know what was going on.

Aizawa shooed him away, before saying something to the reporter and turning his back on them, walking into UA.

"Hey! You can't just -"

The woman clammed up as the UA Barrier snapped into place.

"Oh my god that's so cool!" Midoriya's eyes widened at the barrier.

"I thought you knew about it. You did say you didn't want to sneak into UA to give me my goggles."

"I did know about it. But there's something really cool about seeing the triple layer quirk-resistant metal alloy gate just shooting up from the ground in person!"

"Dude...What do you think happened to Uzuki, that vigilante?" Kirishima asked, staring at his phone. "Wasn't he rescued from that mass kidnapping a like.. two weeks ago?"

"Maybe he's in the hospital? They did say they didn't know his condition." Sero replied.

"I have... very mixed feelings about him. He's breaking the law by using his quirk without a licence, but at the the same time he also helps to fight crime where the heroes don't think to look." Iida mused, "He had also helped my brother out on several occasions, according to him."

"Didn't Midoriya say he was hospitalised for half a week? That was when the heroes saved the kidnapping victims, right?" Ojiro pointed out.

"No way Midoriya can be Uzuki. They said Uzuki is a young adult, right?" Kaminari said.

"Maybe he was kidnapped and he was a victim to it. He did say he was kidnapped for a month. And Uzuki has taken down some of the worse villains. I don't think Midoriya would be able to do that. He's too sweet and caring to do that." Yaoyorozu replied.

"Same. I heard that they said that Uzuki was vicious when it came to villains. I honestly cannot see Midoriya doing that." Jiro said.

Upon hearing that, Shinsou burst into laughter. He originally was looking at cat memes to spam
Midoriya with while listening to the conversation, and when he heard his classmates practically being on the dot and denying it while being correct at the same time was just funny. And still underestimating Midoriya?

"What are you laughing at?" Tokoyami asked, "Are we wrong? You do know Midoriya after all."

"Sorry. I was looking at memes. I wasn't really listening to what you said." Shinsou managed to get his laughter under control, blaming the memes and turning his phone over for his classmates to see a cat wearing a dog hoodie prancing around.

"Midoriya could be so much scarier, you know!" Uraraka chimed it.

"Seriously? Like what he did to Mineta wasn't bad enough?" Asui asked.

"He probably traumatised him." Hagakure pointed out.

"Not enough, apparently." Yaoyorozu hissed. Mineta no longer looked at them when Midoriya was around, but when he wasn't, Mineta's staring became even worse and lecherous. They didn't blame Midoriya, he couldn't do anything when he didn't know about it.

Iida shook his head, "Yesterday, this guy bumped into Uraraka knocked her over, and insulted Shinsou and I. Midoriya turned downright murderous."

"Yeah! He was grinning at that guy, and it felt like he wanted to bite his head off as he calmly threatened him!" Uraraka chimed in. "It was so scary! I'm glad he's still so nice when we're safe, and that he's gonna become a hero! I wouldn't want to fight him if he were a villain, and vigilantes are practically borderline villains, since they break the law."

"Not all heroes are good." Todoroki calmly said. "Whoever Midoriya is, he's still a good person at heart."

"Well... maybe he's that electric vigilante? He kills villains though... but it would explain how he took Kaminari's electric attack unharmed." Sero said.

"Or that vigilante Spook, who has that quirk that makes his footsteps deathly silent? I definitely didn't hear him walking towards us yesterday." Jiro pointed out.

"We should just cross out all the vigilantes that kill people. I doubt Midoriya is that kind of person." Iida said.

"Someone mentioned me?" Midoriya asked, walking into the classroom after Aizawa had chased him away from the press.

"Nope! We're not talking about you at all!" Kirishima waved his hands defensively, Yaoyorozu and Uraraka blushed because they were talking about him behind his back. Shinsou was snickering, Bakugou was trying to blow Kaminari up again because Kaminari had jumped upon hearing Midoriya's voice and crashed into the explosive teen. Todoroki looked impassive and Iida was just waving his arms around robotically.

"There has been a Level 3 security breach! All students please evacuate outdoors immediately. There has been..."

"Eh? What's going on?" Midoriya looked up from his lunch. Lunch Rush made the best food, ever, and Midoriya was mad that they had interrupted him when he was slowly eating a bowl of udon. It
tasted so good! Too bad his stomach wasn't used to eating so much, so Lunch Rush gave him smaller portions. Aizawa practically ordered him to eat whenever he wanted (not including in lessons), so it wasn't abnormal to see Midoriya practically entering the cafeteria a few times for snacks, once he trusted that, yes, Lunch Rush didn't poison his food, and yes, Lunch Rush would never do anything to his food.

Midoriya quickly grabbed Iida, Uraraka, Todoroki and Shinsou before the crowd of stampeding students could sweep them away.

"It's the media again!" Midoriya groaned. "Can you guys control the crowd? The media didn't burst in this morning... this is concerning."

"Go! We'll catch up!" Iida said, hiding under the table so he wouldn't get swept away.

"Got it!" Luckily, they were near the window, so Midoriya just opened it and hopped out, running towards the gate.

"If you guys get one answer, then you'll just ask another, then another. That's how the media works." Aizawa sighed. Luckily, the police had already been called, so all they had to do was wait it out.

The entire area seemed to turn cold, and all the reporters froze. Aizawa recognised the presence, and whirled around to face the green haired boy that was approaching them. He looked one look at the wall, and understood what had happened.

"Hey."

All the reporters turned to him, tensing up as Midoriya stomped towards them.

"You do know that this is considered vandalism, right? And destruction of public property, using a quirk without a licence, harassing pro heroes and students? I can think of a lot more laws that you guys have broken, you know?" Midoriya wolfishly grinned as his teeth glinted, at the reporters, who shrunk back at his expression.

"Doesn't that make you criminals now? We can throw you all in jail, ya know?" Midoriya took another step forward, his aura intensifying and the reporters flinched, all of them instinctively stepping away from the boy.

Some of them were smart enough to leave before the police arrived, but Aizawa shooed Midoriya away again when they came to deal with the situation.

"Was that ... really...Izuku?" Yamada stared at the boy as he smiled, waved a hand and ran back to the school building.

"Yep." Aizawa replied. He had observed Midoriya's outburst the Mineta before, but seeing it up close was truly interesting. The boy just seemed to switch between innocent and adorable to scary.

What a problem child.

"Choose a class rep?" Ashido asked.

"Yeah. I don't care how you do it, just get it done somehow." Aizawa said, wrapping him up in his sleeping bag and flopping to the ground.
Neither Shinsou nor Midoriya wanted to be the class rep, neither liking the attention and the responsibility that came with it. Shinsou worked best like Aizawa, unknown and secretive. Midoriya, well... he didn't follow rules. He did, but what like to do was borderline wrong. They watched as chaos erupted, everyone yelling about wanting to be the class rep, and Midoriya snapped at Mineta when he blurted out that he wanted the girls to wear their skirts thirty centimetres above their knees.

Finally, Iida intervened and suggested that they vote, and that they could not vote for themselves as it would get nowhere.

At the end of it, Midoriya just stared at the tally on the board.

Eighteen strikes for him, two strikes for Iida.

It was obvious who voted for Iida; Midoriya and Shinsou.

"I don't want to be the class rep." Midoriya blankly said, "Those who voted for me, revote."

After much persuading, the eighteen other students finally relented and sighed, revoting.

Thirteen strikes for Iida, seven for Yaoyorozu. Apparently, Iida's "Emergency Exit" stunt had earned the class' respect. (Midoriya was laughing so much when Shinsou described how Iida got out from under the table to yell, but was swept away. Uraraka had used her quirk on him and he had slammed into the wall after using his quirk, and just coincidentally had ended up in exactly the same position as the person on the emergency exit sign.) Yaoyorozu was the vice representative, since she was the only other person with votes.

"Alright, now that's done, go to Ground Delta. All Might's waiting for you guys."

Ground Delta was practically a forest. Trees of all shapes and sizes filled the room, and everyone gasped at the foliage in the building.

"You're all here! From yesterdays class, Aizawa-kun and I both noticed one thing all of you guys have to work on! Stealth! All of you have good offence and defence, but that's useless if you can't detect your opponent. In this exercise, all of you will be targets! I have gotten Aizawa-kun here to help me!" Yagi announced.

"What do you mean.. we'll all be targets?" Sero asked hesitantly.

"All of you will wear these on your back. We will give you five minutes to explore the forest. After that, Aizawa-kun will come after you all and I'll announce it!" Yagi looked up triumphantly showing everyone a small device that had a big red button on it, "You are considered caught once this button is pressed. Everyone who is caught will in turn, have to help him catch the others, regardless by Aizawa-kun or students. The loud speakers will announce who has been caught. After Aizawa-kun catches three people he will come back here to help me observe. Once you're caught, if you have your target removed, you are out."

"This sounds like some horror game..." Kaminari sweatdropped, "Like zombies. At least the lights are on."

"Would you like me to switch the lights off?" Yagi asked innocently.

"NO!" Kaminari protested.

Yagi handed out the devices.
"Some ground rules. Not sabotaging other students, no covering up your targets, and no cutting down the trees."

He then let the students run into the forest.

Midoriya immediately scaled a tree, perching on it. He noticed Shinsou doing the same, and reached his arm out to help him, who was struggling slightly to get up.

"Thanks. This tree was harder to climb than I thought." Shinsou huffed.

Uraraka had floated up to a tree beside them.

"Aizawa-sensei is a surprise attacker. I think he'd most likely aim for the students on the ground but he might scale the trees to get a higher ground." Midoriya looked around warily, "Sh. Don't make a sound."

A few minutes later, Yagi announced, "Aizawa-kun is off."

Midoriya heard a faint sound of someone running, and shushed his two companions, and waited.

The sound faded away, and Shinsou and Uraraka heaved a sigh of relief.

One minute later, a broadcast was heard.

"Young Sero's caught."

"Sero's caught already?" Uraraka gasped. "But his tape quirk is one of the best for swinging around trees like this."

"He probably saw Aizawa-sensei, panicked, and tripped, or ran into a tree." Midoriya shrugged. "Aizawa-sensei works best with surprise attacks."

"Apparently, according to Aizawa-kun, he swung into a tree."

"I was close enough."

"Do we just ... stay up here?" Uraraka asked.

"It's best to stay put. Sero-kun was somewhere in that area, probably with Aizawa-sensei. I believe Ashido-san and Kaminari-kun is with him." Midoriya pointed forwards. "I can hear Kacchan's explosions somewhere there, and I think he went off with Kirishima-kun." He pointed somewhere towards the left, where several faint explosions were heard.

Midoriya turned around, pointing behind them, "It's slightly cooler over there, so I believe Sho-kun is there. Koda-kun is probably hiding, with Sato-kun, Tokoyami-kun and Shoji-kun. Yaoyorozu-san was with Jiro-san and Hagakure-san before, and Iida-kun's engines would be heard whenever he uses them. I'm not very sure where Aoyoma-kun, Asui-san and Mineta-kun are though."

Shinsou thought about it, "That means Aizawa-sensei and Sero are more likely to go after Ashido and Kaminari, then Bakugou and Kirishima."

As if on cue, Yagi's voice was heard.

"Young Ashido is caught."
"Yeah. We should be relatively safe here, but once they get Kaminari-kun, it will be a lot more troublesome. We can deal with Sero-san's tape but neither of you have as much as an electricity resistance as me." Midoriya mused. "Let's move towards Sho-chan. He's currently the furthest from Aizawa-sensei."

With that, Uraraka jumped off her branch, using her quirk to erase her gravity before releasing it, letting herself dropping down onto another branch. She was feeling slightly nauseous, and she felt something hit her back and she almost, but Midoriya had lunged, grabbed her in time and hung onto a branch before she fell down.

"You okay, Uraraka-san?" Midoriya asked, one arm firmly gripped on the branch and the other around Uraraka's wrist. Shinsou had landed on their branch and stretched his arm out, helping them up.

"Yeah... sorry... my quirk makes me nauseous." Uraraka panted.

"Young Kaminari and Kirishima has been caught!"

"No..." Midoriya hissed, pointing to her back.

A purple orb.

"Mineta!" Midoriya roared.

"I'M SORRY! I THOUGHT YOU WERE AIZAWA-SENSEI!" Mineta screeched from above them, trembling.

"Urg." Midoriya groaned. They didn't have time to deal with Mineta now.

A loud roar was heard, and they saw Bakugou explode into their view. "Fucking extras! Aizawa-sensei already caught enough stupid extras!"


It didn't take long for Mineta to be caught once the four pursuers went after them. They also managed to get Tokoyami, and once they managed to tag the bird headed boy, all hell broke loose. Dark Shadow was tagging people left and right, and the number of uncaught students were dwindling rapidly.

"Shit." Bakugou hissed. He was standing back to back with Todoroki, Midoriya and Shinsou. The rest of the students were slowly closing on them, trapping them.


"Knew it. The branch was old, and was about to fall anyways.

Midoriya angled his fall, so he stomped right into the gigantic branch. With a loud snap, the branch was ripped off the tree, and sent hurtling towards Shoji, Jiro, Yaoyorozu, and Tokoyami. Midoriya was still on the branch, in a crouched position.

"Got it!" Dark Shadow cawed, emerging from Tokoyami's stomach and flying towards the branch.
Midoriya grinned. He kicked the branch, making it spin and smashing right into Dark Shadow. The shadow bird screeched in pain as he was smacked in the beak with the branch, and crashed into the four students, along with the branch.

"Let's go!" Midoriya yelled, alerting Bakugou. They grabbed Todoroki and Shinsou before running past trapped students who were trying to untangle themselves from Dark Shadow, who was apologising profusely.

They quickly scaled a tree, and started hopping from branch to branch, trying to make some distance from their pursuers. More like Shinsou and Midoriya were hopping from branch to branch. Bakugou was using his explosions to propel himself forwards, and Todoroki was making ice bridge after ice bridge between the branches, and letting the ice shards fall to the ground as he broke them when he was done.

"Izuku!" They heard Iida yell, and they turned around, seeing Iida leaping from branch to branch at breakneck speeds.

Midoriya continued leaping from branch to branch, and suddenly, Uraraka floated into view.

"Sorry, Izuku!" She called out, hovering in front of him. He was sandwiched between Iida and Uraraka, but he continued leaping. In fact, he seemed to speed up.

"He's charging at Uraraka!" Sero called out, landed on a nearby branch, to the other students who were on the ground.

"I think I should be the one saying sorry, Uraraka-san!" Midoriya suddenly gave a feral grin. He landed on the branch right in front of Uraraka, right as Iida appeared behind him, reaching out for his target.

Instead of jumping forwards, Midoriya jumped upwards, grabbing the branch above him and hauled himself up. "Watch out!" Iida yelped, his engine spluttering as he tried to stop, but he just crashed into Uraraka and they both tumbled to the ground.

"Shit!" Midoriya yelled, and before he knew what he was doing, he jumped off the branch, plummeting towards the falling students, and grabbed them in midair. He landed on the ground with a crouch, and deposited Iida and Uraraka on the ground. He ripped off their targets.

"Young Uraraka and Young Iida are out."

"Ne... Izuku... you really are too nice for your own good." Kirishima grinned.

They had surrounded him.

Midoriya just grinned back.

"How... the heck!?!" Bakugou asked, watching from a tree, fending off Kirishima. He smacked the red head into the ground, ripping the target off his back. Todoroki was defending himself from Ashido's acid, and froze her arms and legs. He snatched her target off, before freeing her. Shinsou was holding his own against Aoyoma, and dodged his lasers until he managed to get behind him and take his target.

Koda and Sato had been caught and were out a lot earlier, courtesy of Midoriya.

"Young Ashido, Young Kirishima and Young Aoyama are out!"
Midoriya was weaving in and out of Sero's electric flying and even stickier tape (courtesy of Kaminari and Mineta), avoiding Jiro's earphone jacks and Yaoyorozu's metal bo staff, and dodging Shoji's arms and jumping over and sliding under Dark Shadow as he flew about, spinning out of Hagakure's invisible attacks (though the floating target was a huge giveaway) and Ojiro's tail. He rolled as Asui's tongue shot towards his target, and ended up beside Mineta and Kaminari. He swiftly grabbed their targets, before jumping backwards to get some distance.

"Young Mineta and Young Kaminari are out."

Uraraka and Iida were still on the ground, slightly concussed from their collision.

Smirking, Bakugou dropped down behind Sero, and grabbed his target.

"Young Sero is out."

Todoroki dropped to the ground, freezing Ojiro's legs. Shinsou used that opportunity to snag his target, before taking out Asui's, who was focussed on Midoriya.

"Young Asui and Young Ojiro are out."

"Why is he so good!" Sero wailed. The students who were out had huddled against a tree, watching the chaos, and they were positively terrified of Midoriya who was weaving between attacks and dodging like a maniac.

"Practise." Shinsou replied, watching beside them. There were five more students against Midoriya, and he didn't want to make a move without being sure he could take someone out.

"Yeah. He's been a vigilante since he was eleven, but he's been fighting since he was nine!" Uraraka chimed.

"Nine!? Are you kidding me?!" Kirishima yelped, "That's manly!"

"No wonder's he's so good." Ojiro muttered.

"He's still toying around. He's smiling." Shinsou muttered.

Everyone froze. Midoriya was still playing around?

"He was a vigilante. He's been fighting villains, people who actually aim to kill. We're just playing a really dangerous game of tag. You think he'll go all out?" Shinsou asked.

Everyone shook their heads.

Midoriya grabbed Yaoyorozu's bo staff, snatching it right out from her. He whacked Shoji with the staff and knocked him into Dark Shadow. He grabbed Shoji's target, and Shinsou took the chance when Tokoyami called out for Dark Shadow and snatched his off as well.

"Young Shoji and Young Tokoyami are out!"

Midoriya jumped as Todoroki froze the ground, and with a roar, Bakugou blasted towards the group and snagged Yaoyorozu's tracker. Shinsou grabbed Hagakure's and Midoriya twisted around Jiro's earphone jack, grabbing her tracker.

"Young Yaoyorozu, Young Jiro and Young Hagakure are out."

"You two aren't bad, extras." Bakugou hissed.
"Don't worry, that's just his language of saying nice job." Midoriya grinned, and Bakugou yelled at him for being stupid.

"He's good." Yagi muttered.

"I haven't really seen him fight. Tensei and Hizashi have, though. I think he's still holding back to protect his classmates." Aizawa said, before turning to Yagi, "Also, we're going to the USJ tomorrow."


"Alright guys. For today's basic hero training, we'll have three instructors. All Might, me, and one more person. We will be doing rescue training for disasters, shipwrecks, and everything in between. You can decide if you want to wear your costume or not, since some of your costumes might hinder your abilities, but we recommend you wear them so you can learn how to deal with unexpected situations." Aizawa said.

"Alright, everyone get on the bus in an orderly fashion!" Iida ordered, only to find that the bus had seats lining the sides instead of all facing the front, to his dismay.

"I have a very bad feeling about this..." Midoriya mumbled. His gut feeling was almost never wrong, and something about this trip just sent a shiver down his spine.

Midoriya had spent his nights fixing up his goggles and mask, and he wore his mask and goggles around his neck, his hood down. He had also gotten two knives (he snagged them from the kitchen in the dorms), and when asked by Aizawa why he was carrying cutlery around, Midoriya confided that he felt that something would go wrong in the USJ.

"Hey, Mi... Izuku." Asui spoke up.

"Huh? What's up Asui?" Midoriya asked.

"Call me Tsu, kero. I have noticed that you never really showed off your quirk. Do you some kind of strength enhancing quirk?"

"No way! He has to have some IQ quirk or some memory quirk! He read each book in that library and you saw how much information he had about Ingenium?" Uraraka butt in.

"No way. Maybe some kind of analysis quirk!" Kirishima grinned. "I mean, he drew blueprints! And he guessed all our quirks from just appearances!"

"Speed quirk! Or some prediction quirk! He was dodging everything we threw at him!" Kaminari shot.

"Pain tolerance quirk!" Sero yelled.

"Shut up you extras! You're too noisy!" Bakugou roared, his hands exploding.

"Kacchan, stop. You'll blow us up by accident!"

"My Hardening is strong against others, but it doesn't look like much! Unlike Bakugou's quirk that's flashy." Kirishima sighed, activating his quirk and his arm immediately turned hard and rocky.

"Your quirk is awesome. It can definitely pass as a pro's." Midoriya thought aloud, before lighting
up, "Oh yeah! I was meaning to ask. Does hardening your body change that part's density to that of a rock? Do you become heavier or does your weight stay the same? If someone chips your arm in its hardened form do you bleed or bruise when you change back?"

"Calm down, Izu. He can't answer so many questions at once." Shinsou laughed, patting his head.

"We're almost there. Stop messing around." Aizawa grunted.

"Lighten up, you're acting like an exasperated dad."

"Shut up."

"You're the dad, Izuku." Kaminari laughed.

"I am not!"

"Is too!"

"Is not!"

"Is too!"

"Can't you guys behave for once?" Aizawa sighed.

"Sorry Shou-chan, but nope. That's impossible."

"Don't call me that!"

"Oh my god it's the space hero Thirteen! The gentlemanly hero who rescued tons of people from disasters!" Shinsou managed to snap Midoriya out of it before he started rambling on the hero.

"Oh! Izuku, right? Nice to see you're alive and well." Thirteen greeted Midoriya. They already knew that Midoriya was Uzuki, and was glad to see he was doing well instead of being the half dead child that Aizawa had carried out of the villain base.

Apparently, all the teachers who knew about Midoriya's situation had placed bets (for fun) on who would be the first to guess Midoriya's secret identity and non-existent quirk, aside from Shinsou, with Bakugou being the exception to the latter question.

Midoriya bowed respectfully, thanking the hero. He had remembered Thirteen being one of the heroes to save him, but hadn't really gotten the chance to meet them since Thirteen spent most of their time in the USJ. Thirteen just ruffled his hair and ushered the students into the USJ.

Midoriya watched as Thirteen put up three fingers while talking to Aizawa. Yagi must have run out of time fighting villains.

Hopefully, that was what was wrong. Hopefully, that was just it. But the fire in his gut just twisted, warning him that something was going to happen.

"Before we begin, let me say one thing, or two... or three... four... five... six... seven... I'm sure you're aware of my quirk, Black Hole. I can suck up anything and turn it to dust. Some of you have quirks like that too, right? In superhuman society, personal quirks have been certified and stringently regulated. There are many quirks that can easily kill with one wrong step. I'm sure you've experienced the danger of those powers against others. Here, you'll learn to use your quirks to save
people's lives. Your powers aren't to hurt others, and I hope you'll leave understanding that your powers are here to help others."

Everyone was thanking Thirteen for their speech, when Midoriya felt a strange tingle down his spine. He grabbed at his knife, and Shinsou and Uraraka, who were standing next to him, tensed at the movement.

"Izu?" Shinsou asked.

The lights started flickering, and Midoriya trained his eyes at the fountain, the area that made him feel the most uneasy.

Midoriya hastily ripped the knife out of his pouch and and threw it at the fountain. It was a quite a distance away, but Midoriya had mastered the art of throwing knives long ago, and kitchen knife, while not a throwing knife, was good enough, and the metal blade sailed through the air.

"Izuku?" Iida asked, as everyone, including Aizawa and Thirteen, trained their eyes on the knife.

A portal opened up just as the knife reached the fountain, and the knife flew into the portal.

Shinsou tensed up. He recognised that portal.

Midoriya narrowed his eyes, and got into a fighting stance. Aizawa had his hand on his capture weapon, and everyone was just staring at the portal as a hand reached out. A man emerged from the portal, and a lot more people started pouring out.

*When Kan said a man with hands... Aizawa bleakly realised, it's probably him.*

The man with light blue hair, fourteen hands plastered all over him, stood in front of the portal.

"Gather together. Thirteen, protect the students. Izuku, stay with the group." Aizawa ordered, putting his signature yellow goggles on, "Those are villains."

"Is this like the entrance exam where the lesson's already started?" Kirishima asked, from behind Thirteen.

Midoriya let out an animalistic growl, "Don't move."

Everyone tensed up. Midoriya's aura had completely changed. From something wary to completely scary. Even worse than when he berated Mineta. Even scarier than when he had threatened the man that had insulted Iida, Shinsou and Uraraka.

Midoriya gave off a completely murderous vibe that screamed, "*I want to destroy you.*"

"Did they only appear here or around the whole school?" Todoroki asked.

"Probably just here, in an isolated facility just when a lesson is taking place." Thirteen noted, "An attack like this is definitely planned with some sort of goal in mind."

"Don't we have trespasser sensors?" Yaoyorozu asked.

"We do." Aizawa hissed. "Thirteen, start the evacuation. Get the students out. They're probably jamming all our communications as well as our sensors. Kaminari, try using your quirk to contact the school."

"Thirteen and Eraserhead? The schedule said that All Might would also be here. I went through the trouble to bring this whole crowd to kill the Symbol of Peace, and he's not here? I wonder if he'll come if we kill some kids."

"Don't you dare, Shigaraki!" Midoriya growled out menacingly, rushing to the front.

Shigaraki looked up at Midoriya, staring at him, before he yelled back, "YOU! UZUKI!?"

Chapter End Notes

I totally made up Ground Delta cause I didn't want the pipe environment like Ground Gamma or the buildings like Ground Beta.
"UZUKI IS HERE!? WHERE!?" Kaminari yelped, looking around.

"Shut up, idiot! You'll attract more attention to us! Obviously Izuku is Uzuki!" Jiro smacked him lightly, hissing. She herself couldn't believe it, but all the evidence was practically staring at them in the face and they were the ones that kept denying it.

Bakugou resisted the urge to facepalm. Of course Midoriya had to be Uzuki. The little quirkless Deku was always running into trouble somehow.

"Izuku is Uzuki!?!" Kaminari shrieked once again, and this time Ojiro stuck his fluffy tail in Kaminari's face to shut him up. Everyone else was staring at the short boy with green hair, clad in a hoodie that was equally green.

"If you want to kill All Might then just go after him! Leave the students alone!" Midoriya growled.

"You! You've been a pain in our side for so long!" Shigaraki hissed, "I'm surprised you're still up and running after all we did to you!"

"Like you did much anyways. You're not so great without your friend, are you!?" Midoriya shot back.

"He's a bit occupied at the moment." Shigaraki gestured towards the large towering black figure beside him, before flexing a hand, "Do you want me to disintegrate you again?!"

"You never really disintegrated me! Just my wrist and shoulder. And then probably dislocated another shoulder! And maybe just broke a few ribs. Honestly, you didn't really hurt me much! Even your stupid lackeys did more damage than you! You're the literal definition of a facepalm. Look, you even have one on display as an example! Congrats! Want a gold star on being an exemplary student on how to facepalm? I mean, you are in a school, you know?" Midoriya angrily mocked.

Aizawa just glanced incredulously in Midoriya's direction. Shigaraki had obviously done quite a bit of damage to him, if anything Aizawa saw when he picked up the beaten and bloody child that he had almost mistaken for a corpse was any indication. And here he was, sassing his tormentors all the way to hell and back, albeit angrily.

Note to self - When normal, Izuku's teasing is just funny and lighthearted. When angry, his teasing is downright insulting and degrading and he didn't know why but it felt so good watching the problem child annoying the villains to no end.

"Izuku. Stay and protect them. I'll take care of the villains." Aizawa ordered.

"No!" Midoriya protested. "You and I both know you cannot take all of them down."

Aizawa and Midoriya had a mini staring contest, before Midoriya sighed, and turned away.

"Fine. Only because you'll fight better with less distractions." Midoriya relented, gritting his teeth.

"Tch. Problem child."

Aizawa let his capture weapon flare out as he leapt down the stairs, his hair flying wildly behind him. Three figures positioned themselves in front of Aizawa, but Aizawa erased their quirks and lashed
his capture weapon, tossing them into the air and bashing their heads together. A heteromorphic villain rushed him, but Aizawa just stepped back, dodged the punch and spun into the villain's face, smashing his fist into the villain's face.

Aizawa grabbed the villain with his capture weapon, and swung under another punch, before kicking the attacker back into a group of villain and smashed the heteromorphic villain into the bunch, his weapon snaking back towards him before resting around his neck once again as his hair elegantly floated back down to his shoulders.

The Erasure Hero lashed out again, kicking and punching his way through the hoard of villains and generally being badass and kicking ass.

Midoriya stayed at the back of the group, as he constantly looked backwards in case any villain made their way up the stairs.

Aizawa blinked.

In an instant, Kurogiri teleported in front of the group, and the students halted in their tracks.

"Get out of the way, Kurogiri." Midoriya hissed, putting on his mask. He had no need for his goggles right now. He made his way to the front of the group, his classmates parting to make a path for him, the mask and colour scheme finally registering to the students that yes, Midoriya was Uzuki, one of the most reckless, cheeky vigilantes around.

"I'm flattered that you know my name. Nice to meet you. We are the League of Villains. We have invited ourselves into the home of the heroes, UA High School, in order to kill All Might, the symbol of peace. I believe he should have been here. Was there a change?"

"We heard you the first time, now shoo. Clearly you're getting old if you forgot what Facepalm said like... three minutes ago." Midoriya snarled, venom dripping metaphorically from his words. "I should have realised that Facepalm was the one who disintegrated the UA barrier."

"You really are asking to be beaten up again, are you?" Kurogiri patronisingly asked, opening a portal and dropping a few villains in front of them.

The students didn't even see Midoriya move.

Midoriya lashed out with deadly accuracy, weaving between the villains and jabbing his fists straight in their guts, knocking them out in the blink of an eye. He grabbed his remaining knife and took a swing at Kurogiri, who just dodged.

"Tch. Get back here! Stop running! Unless you're telling me you're scared of a kid!" Midoriya spat, as Kurogiri once again dodged his knife attack and teleported away.

"He... really was toying with us." Kirishima muttered out. In the hero lessons, Midoriya was trying to advise them, tell them how to improve and encourage them, and they could clearly see him moving around. Midoriya had moved so quickly, taking out multiple villains and none of them had even noticed him leave his spot in the front of the group. They were glad that Midoriya knew how to hold back; if he had just done that every single time in the simulation, none of them would even learn anything, and would probably be suffering from a few broken bones. Uzuki really lived up to his name.

"I guess you really are more feisty when you're not half starved and bleeding out, huh?" Kurogiri stated.
"Obviously. Apparently you didn't take your biology lessons properly." Midoriya drawled. "Well. We're in a school. Now's a good time to start. Better late than never, no?"

"I see you're as annoying as usual. Even when facing inevitable death you're still insulting and mocking us. I should have known UA would take you in when they saved you. You're an excellent golden egg. Even with your quirk neutralised and all chained up, you were still so snarky and determined. I'm sure if those heroes didn't come and save you, you would have died, and yet you fought back even when you were delirious and bleeding out."

The class stared at Kurogiri as his words registered in their minds.

*Midoriya almost died. And here he was, insulting the very villains that almost took his life. He was amazing.*

"Truly impressive. Sadly, you're not our aim now. I look forward to watching you bleed again. You and your friends." Kurogiri replied. He extended his portal, and it enveloped the entire class, whisking them away.

Iida lunged, grabbing Uraraka and Sato and escaping from Kurogiri's misty grasp. Shoji had pinned Sero and Ashido down, and they all looked up as the wind finally died down.

Midoriya had ended up in the water.

_Yay. He thought with sarcasm. Shipwreck Zone. There will definitely be some water enemies here. Weak to electricity. Salt water. Explosions are good._

He immediately kicked his way towards the surface, just as a shark villain swam at him.

"I don't have anything against you, but see ya!" He yelled, baring his teeth.

Midoriya's mobility wasn't as good in water as it was on land, but he was good enough. Midoriya lashed out, kicking the shark in the face and using him as a footing, kicked off. He burst out of the water, and Asui grabbed him with her tongue from the boat.

Apparently she had saved Shinsou from another angler fish villain, and had hauled him up onto the boat alongside Mineta.

"Thanks Tsu-chan. I would have had some trouble getting up here." Midoriya thanked her.

All four of them stared at the water, where they saw a multitude of villains swimming around.

"Are you... really Uzuki?" Asui asked.

"Yep." Midoriya didn't even try denying it, "Heads up. These guys may just be cannon fodder, but they probably have pretty nasty quirks. They clearly don't know our quirks. Or they would have tossed Tsu-chan in the the Fire Zone."

"Cannon... fodder...!?!" Mineta shrieked. "What's that?"

Midoriya just glared at Mineta, "They plan to overwhelm us with numbers. Now shut up and let me think."

Midoriya briefly glanced at the villains in the water. They were swimming around, talking amongst themselves, making absolutely no indication of wanting to scale the boat.
They're just waiting to pounce. Keep an eye on them and away from the ship. Give me three minutes." Midoriya ordered, ignoring Mineta's protesting, and entered the ship. "Toshi, come with me."

Midoriya found the control room of the ship, and pried off the control panel, revealing a multitude of wires and sockets. He hastily pulled them out, before ripping the steering wheel with a long metal bar.

"What... are you doing?" Shinsou hesitantly asked, as Midoriya tore the entire control room apart and stripping it of its parts.

"Give me that." Midoriya said, and Shinsou hurriedly grab the lighter that was innocently sitting on the ground. Midoriya set to work, throwing pieces of metal and wires together and occasionally asking Shinsou to hold the pieces down as he welded them together with the lighter.

Way faster than Shinsou thought was possible, Midoriya finished some weird contraption with metal sticking out of it. Midoriya flipped the switch, hummed as the lights lit up, and flipped the switch back to its original position. Midoriya slipped the lighter into his pouch, before standing up and grabbing a long metal pole that was originally a railing.

"Alright. Let's go." Midoriya said.

Emerging from the ship, Mineta asked, "What is that?"

Midoriya just gave Mineta a wolfish grin, scaring the smaller boy, "A bomb."

"What!?" Mineta shrieked.

"This is the shipwreck zone. It's salt water. When it flows into it, it will overload and explode. That's the best I could do with the limited stuff in here. I can't blow them up, but when you apply enough force to the water's surface, it will explode outwards, before eventually rushing back to the point of impact. It's basic physics." Midoriya grumbled.

"Tsu-chan, when I throw the bomb, try to get us as far away from the boat. Mineta-kun, throw those sticky orbs into the water as well. Toshi, try to convince them to have a little cuddle fest."

Shinsou gave him a thumbs up. He didn't know how to build bombs, but he was very persuasive.

"You want us to fight back? It's not like they can beat All Might. He'll come and pound them to dust!" Mineta whined.

"Do you really think that they would come after All Might without something to beat him with?" Shinsou deadpanned.

Midoriya said. "They aren't advancing, and they definitely think this would be a fight in the water. Do you want to get out of here and wait for them to start hammering away at the boat and become fish food?"

Mineta shook his head.

"Tsu-chan, do you think you're strong enough to carry all three of us?" Midoriya asked.

"Yep, kero. No offence, both you and Shinsou-chan are super light." Asui replied, nodding.

Grinning, Midoriya flipped the switch and chucked the device into the water. It exploded with a
bang, sending water flying all over the place. Asui grabbed Mineta and Shinsou, before wrapping her tongue around Midoriya as she leapt off the boat.

Crying, Mineta pulled the purple sticky orbs off his head as fast as he could.

"Hey. You guys really have the brains of fish." Shinsou called out, as the water was starting to converge back to the source of impact. He could control quite a few people at once, but that sapped a lot of his energy and he couldn't do it for more than a few seconds before he got a pounding migraine.

"What did he say?!" "How dare you!" "Get him!" "I will kill -"

Shinsou grinned. Perfect.

"Swim to the center of the whirpool." Shinsou ordered.

At once the villains followed the order, swimming and bumping into Mineta's sticky orbs and each other.

Shinsou released his quirk before his head started throbbing, but that was all they needed for the villains to get stuck to each other as they shrieked in confusion.

"You guys are amazing." Asui praised as the water finally rushed back to the source and erupted in a geyser of salt water.

Todoroki stamped his foot on the ground, and ice spread from his foot, enveloping the villains around him and freezing them.

"It's pathetic to lose against a single child. Get a hold of yourselves. You're adults, aren't you?" Todoroki grunted, surveying his surroundings. He was somewhere in the Landslide Zone, and he heard a loud explosion go off somewhere. He hoped his classmates, especially Midoriya, were okay.

"Scatter and kill us? I hate to say this, but you just look like a bunch of guys with quirks and have no idea how to use them. I'm sure someone could find a way to use your quirks for something far better than this."

Like Izuku, Todoroki thought. *He grew up without a quirk. I bet when he was younger, he would have wished he could find some way just to get a quirk. Our generation being quirkless is practically unheard of. He must have been picked on a lot as a kid.*

"The instant we warped here..." One villain spluttered, "Is he really a kid?"

Todoroki just trudged down the ice, ignoring the villains' pained groans and wails.

A villain popped up behind him, brandishing a staff, but Todoroki just grabbed the staff and froze him in place.

*These guys are just thugs. There's only a few strong guys. Shigaraki, the hand guy, is definitely someone troublesome, if how Izuku reacted to him meant anything. Kurogiri as well, and that hulking figure beside Shigaraki. I should get some information.*

"Hey, your cells will slowly freeze and die at this rate. I want to be a hero so I'd rather not kill anyone. Why do you think you can kill All Might? What's your plan?" Todoroki asked, holding a freezing hand to a villain's face.
He sneezed. Someone must be thinking about him. He never sneezed from the cold, since his quirk was practically half ice.

Roaring, Bakugou smashed his palm into an enemy, as Kirishima charged two more and knocked them over like bowling pins. Both of them were in the Collapse Zone, trapped in a building, surrounded by enemies.

"DIE!" Bakugou shrieked, blasting an enemy away. "They're so weak! Is that all!?"

"Alright." Kirishima faced the explosive teen as he smashed another villain down, "We're good. Let's go help the others! If we're here, everyone else should be in here too. Some of the guys with less offensive quirks might be in trouble!"

"I'm gonna kill that warp gate!" Bakugou growled.

"Stop acting childish at a time like this! It's so unmanly!" Kirishima retorted.

"I can only see three or four important people. Facepalm, the big Birdface next to him, Warp Gate and that guy jamming the signals. If the others are facing fodder like these, then they should have no problems." Bakugou snorted, just as a guy with a chameleon quirk attempted a sneak attack and got an explosion right to the skull, courtesy of Bakugou.

"Go help the extras if you want to, Spikey Hair. I'm going after Misty Fuck."

"Wait! Believing in our friends is super manly!"

"THEY'RE NOT MY FRIENDS!"

"I'll follow you!" Kirishima declared, hardening his fists as he grinned at Bakugou.

"Tch. You look out for fucking Deku. I bet you he's probably fighting one of em already. That fucking idiot better not die again."

Yaoyorozu pulled out a metal pole for herself and a long knife for Jiro. They were on the Mountain Zone, back against a large rock as Kaminari ran to join them.

"Hey! Gimmie a weapon!" Kaminari whined, dodging an attack.

"You're the electric guy!" Jiro yelled, "Shock em!"

"I can't control it that well! I'll shock you guys too! I really wish I had that support item that Izuku was thinking about." Kaminari groaned.

"When did you guys become so chummy anyways?" Jiro asked, eyeing the villains.

"Later. Now we need to figure out how to get away from these people." Yaoyorozu yelped.

"We can't call for help. There's interference." Kaminari reported.

Jiro just kicked Kaminari into a villain that tried to punch him.

"It's working!" Kaminari cheered, "Leave it to me!"

Jiro blasted another guy with a tail into Kaminari, before hammering soundwaves after another group
of villains. Yaoyorozu made a net, trapping a villain, and he crashed into the electric pile.

Another villain jumped up behind them, but Jiro dodged the attack and Yaoyorozu slammed her foot into his face.

A large sheet burst out from Yaoyorozu's back, and she grinned, "It's an insulation sheet a hundred milimetres thick. Kaminari, you're good to go!"

"All right!" Kaminari smiled, before releasing his electricity and shocking everyone else in the vicinity. He reigned himself in before he short circuited himself, "Whew. Yes! Boo yah!"

"I'm worried about the others. Let's rejoin them." Yaoyorozu said.

"Wait! Your clothes!" Jiro yelped, covering her up as Kaminari jumped about and cheered.

"Just... give me a second... I can remake them." Yaoyorozu smiled.

A hand erupted from the ground, and made a mad grab at Kamiiniari who was cheering like an idiot.

"Don't move! Or he get's fried!" The man snarled, shoving an electric hand right in Kaminari's face. Midoriya's words echoed in his mind.

"Don't hesitate! Just attack! Your hesitation could have gotten her killed!"

Kaminari shoved a fist right in the villain's face, knocking him out.

"Whew... thanks Kaminari. Luckily you didn't short circuit again, that could have gotten much worse." Yaoyorozu nodded, finally finishing her shirt and wore it.

"Let's make our way back. I believe the entrance is there." Jiro pointed, "I can hear Sato telling Iida to run out."

Koda and Tokoyami stood back to back, facing villains that poured in all them in the Squall Zone.

Kodo gave a small yelp as some villains ran after him, but Tokoyami pushed them away with Dark Shadow.

"There aren't any animals here, but there's not much light either. We should be fine." Tokoyami tried to reassure the scared boy, "As long as we stick together, we can hold them off."

Another batch rushed them, but Tokoyami smashed them into a wall, "That makes six. If we can reduce the enemies numbers little by little, until help comes, we'll make it."

Koda quickly signed to Tokoyami, Can Dark Shadow fly us out?

Tokoyami shook his head, "He can fly, yes, but to use him as a form of transport is unlikely. I probably can't ride on him. Let's just smash our way out of here."

Koda nodded, pointing upwards, Get Dark Shadow to give us a visual. Then we'll make our way out.

Tokoyami nodded, shooting him a thumbs up, "Got it."
Ojiro bashed his tail against a villain, whacking two more as he straightened his back. The fire in the Fire Zone was blazing down his back, and his wiped the sweat from his forehead as more villains came to take the place of those he knocked down.

"Hiya!" Hagakure yelled, punching one in the face. Luckily, since this was rescue training, she decided to wear her gym uniform since she would probably would freak people out if she popped out of nowhere if she were rescuing anyone. The smoke was also making her presence rather noticeable. Not the best match up terrain wise, but at least she wasn't stuck with Todoroki. He might freeze her by accident with his widespread ice attack.

Ojiro internally gulped. *He would freeze her by accident.*

"Come on." Ojiro grabbed Hagakure as they escaped from their pursuers.

"Shit! He's too fast!" One villain yelled.

"There's an invisible shit here too! Watch out!"

Ojiro swung down from a lampost, smashing into a guy.

I need to make sure we're not caught. They already have control over the USJ communications. We don't need them to have anymore leverage over us.

"Hagakure!" He softly cried out, and the invisible girl, who was right beside him, perked up, "Yeah?"

"Get on my back. I'm going to be hopping around the buildings a lot and I don't want to lose track of you."

"Okay!" She chirped, "I'll probably not be able to keep up anyway!"

Ojiro felt his classmate climb onto his back, her invisible arms around his neck, and he leapt onto the lamp post, using his tail and swinging himself to the top of a building, "Help me check if any of them are chasing us."

Iida got up after depositing Uraraka and Ashido by the side, behind Thirteen, to face the mist villain.

*Kurogiri, Midoriya had called him, Iida thought. Kaminari would have been a good opponent here. They couldn't really punch or kick mist, after all. But then he was dodging his knife... why dodge if the knife would just slip through the mist?*

He stood beside Sato, Sero and Shoji.

Shoji turned his extra limbs into eyes and ears, surveying the USJ facility, "Everyone's been scattered but they're all in here."

Everyone heaved a sigh of relief.

"Physical attacks won't work, and he can warp things." Sero muttered.

"He was clearly avoiding Midoriya's knife though. He must have some physical body inside that blob of mist." Iida said.

"Class rep." Thirteen ordered, "I entrust this duty to you. Run to the school and tell them what is happening here. The alarms aren't sounding and our phones have no signal. Eraserhead is erasing
people's quirks left and right, and our security system uses infrared rays, so someone must have an interference quirk and they hid the second they entered. It will be faster to alert the school directly instead of trying to find the perpetrator."

"It's a disgrace to leave everyone behind!" Iida blurted out.

"Just go!" Sero said.

"If you can get out, there will be alarms. That's why they're only attacking in here." Sato added. "If you go, they won't follow."

"Blow him away with your engines!" Uraraka cheered. "I can support you like I did in the cafeteria!"

"You guys are idiots to talk in front of the enemy! You don't even have the strength to back it up, unlike Uzuki." Kurogiri hissed, lashing out with his mist again.

"We're not that weak! And we did it cause it doesn't matter if we're found out!" Thirteen yelled, activating their quirk and sucking the mist into the holes on their fingertips.

"You have a magnificent quirk. However, you're a rescue hero, not a battle hero. Compared to Uzuki, who's just a child, the amount of experience you have in a fight pales in comparison." With that, Kurogiri opened up a portal behind Thirteen, disintegrating their back as they unintentionally used their quirk on themselves.

"Iida! Run!" Sato yelled, "Hurry! Don't let Thirteen-sensei's sacrifice be in vain!"

Tears pooling in his eyes, Iida activated his quirk and blasted off, speeding towards the door. Kurogiri warped in front of him, but Shoji managed to tackle the warp user away from Iida.

"He has a physical body, right? We can handle him! Go!" Shoji yelled.

Once again, Iida raced towards the door as Kurogiri snaked his way towards Iida. With a cry, Uraraka got her hands on Kurogiri's neck armour (Or so they assumed), and tossed him into the air. "Iida's right when he said you have a physical body! And you wearing something like this just confirms it! Go! Iida!"

Iida finally made it to the door, and with a sudden boost of strength, he pried the door open.

Sero grabbed Kurogiri with some tape, and Sato grabbed the tape, spinning the warp gate around before finally flinging him in the direction of the plaza.

He's gonna call for support. Kurogiri bleakly thought, as he watched Iida bound out the USJ like a maniac, It's game over now.

"Luckily that was all of them." Midoriya muttered. All of them had swum to shore, and were currently soaking wet. "We should make getting help our top priority. You guys should move along the shore and make your way to the the exit."

"True. Aizawa-sensei has drawn a large number of villains to the plaza. What about you though, kero?"

"No. Izu, you are not doing what I think you want to do." Shinsou protested.

"There's too many villains for Aizawa-sensei to handle on his own." Midoriya shrugged, "I'm gonna
go help him. I know he's trying to suppress them, but he's definitely overexerted himself when he jumped into the crowd of villains earlier."

"Don't be stupid!" Mineta yelped, "You'll die!"

"I'm not going to get in his way. I know his fighting style. I'm going to try and lighten his load. I don't like the vibe of that guy beside Facepalm. He feels familiar... and bad."

Shinsou sighed.

"I'll be fine Toshi." Midoriya looked away, "Besides... I'm sure Iida-kun and the others are gonna need help with Kurogiri."

"Fine. Just don't get yourself killed, idiot." Shinsou groaned, before dragging Asui and Mineta towards the entrance.

Aizawa was still jumping around, weaving between villains as he lashed them together with his capture weaponed and swing them around. He bashed their heads into the ground, before jumping, erasing a hair pincer quirk and he smashed his boot into her face, kicking her into another bunch of villains.

Panting, Aizawa landed and breathed. He could really do with some help right now.

*Like maybe one All Might? I literally told him we'll be here today and he had to go off with his hero business. I need to get Nezu to talk to him about his priorities.*

"Bah. I hate pro heroes that live up to their names." Shigaraki hissed, and advanced.

Aizawa smacked away guy with four arms, before erasing the quirk of another winged villain. He shot out of the sky and kissed the ground, taking down another batch of villains as his wings and flailing arms smashed into them.

He leapt over two more, lashing them together and kicking them in the face.

Shigaraki finally reached the central plaza, counting down.

"**Twenty four seconds.**"

Aizawa threw his capture weapon out at him.

"**Twenty one seconds.**"

Shigaraki caught the length of cloth, yanking it away as he charged at Aizawa.

"**Eighteen seconds.**"

Aizawa rushed at him, reaching out to grab his weapon.

"**Fifteen seconds.**"

Aizawa grabbed his weapon, jerking it towards him.

"**Twelve seconds.**"

An elbow buried itself in Shigaraki gut, causing him to stumble back and release the capture weapon.
"Nine seconds."

Shigaraki grabbed Aizawa's elbow.

"Six seconds."

Aizawa came to a stop, struggling under Shigaraki's surprisingly strong grip.

"Three seconds."

Aizawa finally blinked, releasing his quirk.

*And time's up.*

"You know, it's hard to see when you keep jumping around, but there's an instant when your hair falls. That's when you've finished an action. And the space in between just gets shorter and shorter. Don't push yourself, Eraserhead."

Aizawa could only watch as his sleeve cracked away, slowly disintegrating. His skin peeled away, revealing the flesh below.

Growling, Aizawa erased Shigaraki's quirk, and he whacked him in the stomach, before leaping backwards.

*My elbows crumbling! He did this to Izuku's wrist and shoulder? All the way to the bone?!!*

Aizawa hissed in pain as he staggered away from Shigaraki. He whacked another villain away with his good arm, and dodged two more attacks, before coming to a stop, panting as he clutched his arm. He kept his quirk up, and the villains around him halted, surrounding him but making no attempt to move.

"That quirk isn't good for long fights against a large group of opponents." Shigaraki drawled, pushing himself up, "Isn't this too different from your usual job? You're good with short fights after a surprise attack. Even then, you still jumped right in to fight us. Was that to put your students at ease? Or little Uzuki? I'm sure he wouldn't want you to be fighting a hoard of villains knowing you would lose."

The second his hair fell, the villain's struck. Claws raked at where Aizawa was previously standing, and Aizawa wrapped him up in his capture weapon before tossing him at some others. Aizawa whacked another villains, and spun around, kicking another in the process, blinking.

He reactivated his quirk, grabbing his scarf as he eyed Shigaraki.

"You're so cool... by the way, hero. I'm not the last boss."

Aizawa felt a presence behind him, and he turned around, face to face with a beak faced monster.

The figure screeched, and Aizawa felt something slam into him.

It took Aizawa a few seconds to realise that, no, the monster had not gotten him.

Midoriya had burst out of nowhere, tackling the hero as both of them tumbled out of the way of the monster.

Staring into the dead eyes of the monster, Midoriya bleakly realised why it was so familiar.
Despite clearly looking bulked up and a lot less human from when they first met around a week ago, Midoriya could recognise him as the Nomu that had beaten him up before.

"This is the Anti Symbol of Peace, the bio-engineered Nomu. I believe you have already met, Uzuki." Shigaraki chuckled darkly, "Though Nomu has been working out since then."

Midoriya hissed. That was clearly the same Nomu. But there's no way someone should be able to grow a metre in a week. This had to be the work of some sort of quirk... and they gathered a bunch of quirk users with this guy called Sensei...

No... Midoriya widened his eyes. .. was there even a quirk that could strengthen others? A support quirk... on a monster like that!?

"Watch out!" Aizawa yelled, yanking the shocked boy out of the way as the Nomu made a grab at him.

"You can erase quirks. That's nothing impressive. In the face of overwhelming power, you might as well be quirkless."

Midoriya yet out a bark of laughter, "I should know the best, shouldn't I?" After all, he was quirkless.

Shigaraki misinterpreted him as saying that he had faced the Nomu's power before, "Of course. You're just a runt who runs around like a headless cockroach and never dies."

"Hey! You seriously didn't take school seriously, huh? You were really eager to enter. I'm just gonna correct you and tell you that yes, cockroaches can die! That myth is busted! Mindblown yet?" Midoriya snapped. "They only survive so long because their circulatory and respiratory systems are different from ours and they breathe through holes on their body, not their head. Is that too much for you to digest?"

"Nomu! Get them!" Shigaraki hissed.

The Nomu lunged at them, and Aizawa erased its quirk as both he and Midoriya lunged away from the monster. The Nomu grabbed his scarf, however, and yanked him to the ground. Aizawa turned around and tried to erase its quirk again, but the Nomu just bent down and snapped his uninjured arm like a twig.

Midoriya stared, horrified, and just how easily the Nomu had broken his teacher's arm.

The Nomu reached down, and grabbed Aizawa's head.

"Stop it! Leave him alone!" Midoriya cried out, lunging at Shigaraki. Shigaraki dodged the boy's punch, but got nailed in the gut by a foot. Midoriya quickly swept Shigaraki off his feet, and stood over him, foot on his chest, "Call off your attack dog. Now."

"Nomu! Get Uzuki!" Shigaraki managed out, as the Nomu swiftly got off Aizawa and snatched the vigilante off his feet.

"Need any help here, kero?" Asui asked.

"No.. we just got rip of the warp gate." Sato explained, as Uraraka and Ashido tended to Thirteen, "You and Mineta were together."
"And Midoriya-chan and Shinsou-chan. Midoriya-chan went to help Aizawa-sensei."

"What about Shinsou?"

Mineta and Asui blinked, before turning around. They swore the insomniac had been behind them this entire time...

"That... looked bad." Shinsou gulped, as he stared at the central plaza.

"Kurogiri. Have you gotten rid of Thirteen?" Shigaraki asked, as Midoriya struggled in the Nomu's grip. It squeezed, and Midoriya gasped as he felt the immense pressure on his ribs. He tried to pry himself out of the Nomu's grasp, to no avail. His knife was in his hand, and he tried to stab the Nomu, but it didn't even react.

"Thirteen's out of action. There were students I were unable to disperse and one got away."

"What!?!" Shigaraki roared, as he started scratching at his neck vigorously, "Kurogiri! If you weren't a warp gate, I would have crushed you immediately!"

"Wow! I guess you really did fail the quantum physics syllabus. Want me to give you a crash course? We are in a school after all."

The Nomu just squeezed him harder, and Midoriya winced.

"We can't win against dozen of pro heroes. It's game over."

"Yeah. Why don't you just quit anyway? You always did suck at games. You can't beat us." Midoriya snarked. Out of the corner of his eye, the watched a familiar blonde hiding behind some rubble.

"Let's go home. But before we leave... Let's smash some of your pride. You as Uzuki and him as the Symbol of Peace." Shigaraki snarled as he lunged at Aoyoma, who just blinked as Shigaraki got right in his face.

"No!"

Midoriya hastily tossed the knife in Shigaraki's direction, as the Nomu smashed him into the ground.

He hoped he hit his mark, but hearing Shigaraki yelp in pain, he probably did. Aizawa quickly made his way over to Aoyoma, erasing Shigaraki's quirk as he yanked the villain away from the student.

Nomu released Midoriya, and turned his attention to Aizawa upon Shigaraki's command. Midoriya gasped, panting as he tried to get air back into his lungs.

"Get out of here Aoyoma!" Aizawa ordered.

"I..." Aoyoma trembled, as Aizawa pushed the student out of the way and dodged as the Nomu tried to punch them.

"Just go! We'll handle this!" Midoriya yelled, as Kurogiri somehow started dumping more villains into the plaza. He grabbed Aoyoma's arm, and started to drag him away from the battle, but a villain got between them and the stairs. Midoriya stopped running, and that was all Shigaraki needed to tackle the student and stab his own knife into his shoulder blade.

An eye for an eye, huh? More like a stab for a stab.
Midoriya just hissed, flipping himself over and kicking Shigaraki off him. He watched gleefully as Aoyoma finally managed to get a hold of himself and using his Navel Laser to blast himself up the stairs.

The Nomu, finally having managed to grab Aizawa and had smashed him into the ground a few seconds prior, swiping at the distracted Midoriya. Midoriya dodged, and tried to kick the monster, but it didn't work.

Damn it. He wasn't strong enough to go head to head with the Nomu, and he was sure that the Nomu would be able to outspeed him, if he was made to go against Yagi. He wasn't even sure if he could cut off the creature's arm, even if he had his knife.

All he had against the mindless creature was his wits, his brains, and his lack of common sense.

*The brain.*

Midoriya swiftly grabbed his knife from the ground, and charged as the Nomu made a move to grab him. Midoriya jumped, landing on the monster's arm and charged at its face. He tried to plunge the knife into the monster's brain, but it turned in time and all Midoriya was able to do was to take off an eye.

That was enough to get the Nomu to turned his attention to the vigilante as it dropped Aizawa to the ground like a human rag doll.

*He's fine.. he's breathing.. he's bleeding.. it probably looks worse than it is.. his eyes.. but he's alive..*

Midoriya slowly inched away from the creature as its eye regenerated.

*Darn it. Wasn't that Generate's quirk?*

Screeching, the Nomu managed to land a hefty scratch on Midoriya, as he twisted out of Shigaraki's attack. Midoriya felt pain blossom in his chest as the Nomu raked its five claws against his sternum. He was lucky. The Nomu's attack hadn't pieced his heart or lungs, but it did break a few ribs and rip his stomach area open. Midorya coughed out some blood as he felt the blood running down the entirety of his chest.

"What, that's all you can do bird brain!?" Midoriya yelled, dodging another attack by a random villain and kicking him in the face. "I thought you roughed me up worse before. Can't do anything without your little shock collar?!!"

"Naw, Facepalm, I thought you were better than this!" Midoriya grinned slightly, as he danced out of a few more attacks before launching himself at Shigaraki, "You can't do anything by yourself, can you?"

"You, little, annoying, brat! We should have just killed you the day we got you!" Shigaraki snarled, taking a swipe at Midoriya, who had slowed down slightly. His chest was practically dripping with blood, but Midoriya didn't seem to mind as he weaved between Shigaraki's attempts to disintegrate him.

A force slammed into him, and Midoriya yelped as he felt the immense pressure slam into his bruised chest, breaking more bones.

He then realised he was flying, as he back crashed into the sharp edges of the stairs.
The entrance burst open, and Yagi entered, his coat in hand, "It's fine now! Why? Because I'm here!"

Mineta cheered, as Kaminari, Jiro and Yaoyorozu dropped down onto the entrance platform. Yaoyorozu had made a lightweight hand glider for all of them, and she had steered the contraption back as it was powered forward by Jiro's soundwave attack.

Uraraka and Ashido cheered at Yagi's appearance, and Sato and Sero heaved a sigh of relief. Help was here.

"Kero!" Asui looked at Yagi, "You might want to help Midoriya-chan and Aizawa-senpai..."

A loud crashing sound was heard at the staircase, and Dark Shadow pushed everyone out of the way (Tokoyami and Koda had quickly made their way out of the Squall Zone after they realised that they weren't that far from the exit) as the staircase suddenly started cracking and breaking to pieces, kicking up a large amount of dust.

Something shot past them and crashed into the wall near the entrance.

"Oi..." Sero muttered, looking at the wrecked staircase. It was like something heavy and large had ploughed through it at the speed of a bullet, leaving a wrecked trail of rubble right down the middle.

Everyone turned to see what had happened with the wall. Whatever had did that, it had probably hit the wall.

When the dust cleared, no one was expecting to see the body of one Midoriya Izuku, stuck in a crater in the wall.

His entire chest was ripped open, and blood was dripping profusely. His arm was broken, and his green hair was matted in blood.

"Izu...ku?" Uraraka gasped, looking at what looked like to be a bloody corpse lodged in the wall. Everyone stared tensely at the bloody figure of their classmate, as he opened his eyes as he tried to push himself out.

"Izu!" Shinsou yelped, catching the boy as he moved, dislodging himself from the crater and almost crumpling to the ground.

"Let go!" Midoriya struggled against Shinsou fiercely, "He's gonna kill Aizawa-senpai!"

"No! You're injured enough as it is!" Shinsou tried to grapple with the boy, but he didn't know how to do so without hurting him even further. Even when all covered with blood, Midoriya was still physically stronger than Shinsou and he knew he wouldn't be able to overpower the smaller boy. He couldn't even use his quirk since the pain from his injuries would probably snap Midoriya right out of it anyway.

With a feral roar, Midoriya ripped himself from Shinsou's grasp as he charged towards the staircase, leaping off and right into the face of a villain that had been attempting to climb up.

"You tried to sneak up on them!? You really are a chicken!" Midoriya shrieked, kicking the bird villain down the stairs as he continued making his way down.

Yagi had lost the angry look he had worn when he entered, and was instead staring worriedly at the green haired boy who had just been smashed into the stairs and the wall, and was now running back to where he got his injuries from.
"It's my first time seeing him in person!"

"He looks so intimidating!"

"He really does look threatening in person!"

"Idiot! Focus on the kid!" A villain yelled, just as he got his faced kicked and fell. Midoriya was angry, bleeding out, and completely not thinking straight as he pounded the villains into the ground.

Yagi immediately made his way towards Aizawa. After the Nomu had smacked Midoriya away, it and Shigaraki had gleefully (that was Shigaraki. Nomu couldn't feel) caught the downed pro hero and practically smashed the him into the ground. Aizawa had been smacked into a large crater on the ground, his head bleeding as his arms and legs were smashed and broken.

"Sorry... Aizawa..." Yagi apologised to the downed hero.

Aizawa peeked open an eye, looking directly at Yagi, "Izu...ku... is he.. okay?" He coughed out some more blood.

Yagi shushed him, "Don't speak. He's alive."

Aizawa didn't need to know how alive at this point in time.

"Oh! You're back for another round!" Shigaraki cackled as Midoriya finally made his way back to the group. "Would you like me to break a shoulder? Or a leg? Or maybe your face!"

"Get more creative, Facepalm!" Midoriya yelled, lunging at Shigaraki as the villain sped towards the student, palm outstretched, "You've already tried to kill me, like what, three times?"

Tokoyami started to run down the stairs with Shoji and Asui, Dark Shadow already forming. Tokoyami and Asui has quirks suitable to pick up the injured pro hero from the battlefield, and Shoji was strong enough to carry him without making hurting him even further. Neither of them knew that Aizawa was already in Yagi's arms, and thought that they should help their teacher while the villains were distracted with All Might.

Shigaraki, seeing them, quickly dodged Midoriya's uppercut and broke into a sprint. Kurogiri opened a portal in front of Shigaraki and right in front of the students, and Shigaraki reached out for Asui's head, who was too stunned to react.

"GET BACK HERE FACEPALM!" Midoriya roared, landing and immediately twisting around to chase after the villain. He harshly tackled the villain, sending him tumbling to the ground past the three stunned students.

Midoriya spat out some blood, as he and Shigaraki got up. He placed himself between the other students and Shigaraki, snarling, "Pick on someone your own size, Facepalm!"

"Tch. You're as annoying as ever." Shigaraki hissed, as he carefully rubbed the shoulder that Midoriya had hit with his knife. He wasn't on the verge of blood loss, but it did hurt a fair bit.

"Young Izuku, get them and Aizawa out of here!" Yagi ordered. Midoriya was swaying slightly on his feet, and while Yagi was sure that he somehow still had enough energy and could still go a few rounds with Shigaraki, he did not want Midoriya to put himself in harms way anymore.
He was still a child. He was too young.

Why was he already risking his life? In a school for training heroes?!

Midoriya finally blinked, his eyes clearing up as he stared at his teacher's injured form. He winced as he finally felt the pain running through his chest. Midoriya gulped. He had let his anger cloud his judgement. He knew that he couldn't beat the Nomu, and by extension, Shigaraki, who practically had the thing as his personal body guard. Shigaraki wanted to play, he wanted to hurt, and that was why he didn't sic the monster at full strength right on Midoriya's back.

Nodding, Midoriya watched as Shoji carefully cradled his teacher's form.

"Do you need any help, Mi... Izuku? Dark Shadow can carry you if you want?" Tokoyami asked, as Dark Shadow popped out behind him with a shadowy thumbs up.

"I'm good." Midoriya groaned, following the three students to the stairs.

Seeing that Midoriya was finally getting to safety (He had heard from Aizawa about Shinsou's idea about bubble wrap. He was wondering if he could ask Maijima for it and maybe rope Yamada and Kayama into helping him wrap the child up), Yagi charged at Shigaraki, his arms crossed over his chest.

"Carolina Smash!"

His attack didn't do anything against the Nomu, who just stared back at Yagi like he was an idiot before screeching. It lunged at Yagi, who leaned backwards just in time for the Nomu to miss. He saw Yagi hammer the Nomu with several punches, that all had no effect.

"It won't work because of his shock absorption quirk." Shigaraki gloated, "If you wanna cause damage to Nomu, you'll have to tear his flesh off."

Midoriya froze.

He had done that. He had ripped the monster's eye out. He had seen the monster regenerate. In person. He had watched as flesh bubbled up from the empty socket, building and repairing the monster's vision. He was sure it had a regenerating quirk. One that rivalled Generate's quirk.

Then Shigaraki practically said it had shock absorption quirk. The one that Absorber had.

Midoriya blinked. His thoughts were racing through his mind, too much for him to even process.

His thoughts all had the same conclusion.

They had a person who could give and take quirks. That was why they wanted to kidnap people with strong quirks. To steal them, to use them, to make more Nomu's or to strengthen themselves. That was why the Nomu was practically braindead, all that power and different quirks fighting and mixing together would destroy anyone.

Midoriya gulped. He did not want to know what other quirks this thing had in its body. With the right combination of quirks, it could even rival All Might's power. Shock absorption, regeneration, possibly super speed and strength.

But the Nomu only seemed like it was made to counter All Might, not to kill him. It only had a bunch of claws that would be effective, unless Shigaraki was planning to have Nomu pummel the Symbol of Peace into the ground.
Shigaraki was a whining, childish, temper tantrum man child.

But he wasn't dumb,

Even if he did know Yagi was weakening, he was strong. He could probably think of a thousand other ways more effective than that, in that brain of his.

That meant that Nomu was just there to restrain All Might. He could keep up with All Might, and possibly stop him from moving. For someone else to finish off.

Shigaraki was out of the question. His disintegration quirk would take way too long to tear the Symbol of Peace, and even while restrained, All Might was dangerous up close. That meant Kurogiri was there to finish the job, by the process of elimination. Or some other person that he didn't know, but then he would have sensed them if there was someone strong enough.

*Kurogiri makes portals... If he closed a portal while All Might was in it...* Midoriya paled. *They were going to cut him in half. All Might would die if they succeeded.*

Midoriya turned to his classmates. "Get Aizawa-sensei out of here! I need to tell All Might-sensei something! They're gonna get the Nomu to trap him and Kurogiri will cut him in half with a portal!"

They got the urgency in his voice. Midoriya wasn't raging around anymore. He was calm, and he was thinking. This was big. Actually being able to kill Yagi would rip their society apart.

Shoji gave Midoriya a thumbs up, as Asui yelled, "Just stay safe, kero!"

"I'll stay with him! Dark Shadow can cover!" Tokoyami said.

"Alright." Midoriya was okay with that. As long as Tokoyami wasn't directly in harms way, he could work with that.

He turned back to run, and Tokoyami summoned Dark Shadow as Asui and Shoji made their way back with Aizawa.

"All right!" Sato cheered.

"They underestimate All Might too much!" Sero grinned, as Yagi had grabbed the Nomu and flipped him backwards, smashing the monster into the ground and kicking up a huge pile of dust.

"Don't be too optimistic, kero." Asui said, as she hopped up the stairs.

"Why? And where's Tokoyami and Izuku? Weren't they with you?" Kaminari asked.

"Midoriya-chan went back to talk to All Might-sensei. He said he figured out how the villains might take All Might-sensei down. Tokoyami-chan is covering him, kero."

"And how will they do so?" Uraraka called out, alarmed.

"Big monster dude, Midoriya called him a Nomu, will restrain All Might and the portal will cut All Might in half by closing a portal around him." Shoji replied.

Everyone turned to where Yagi was duelling the Nomu.

Yagi had indeed suplexed the Nomu, but the Nomu's upper half was transported through a portal right under him, with his claws sunk into Yagi's side. Yagi had released the Nomu, and was trying to
pry the claw out of his side. Nomu slowly sank into the warp gate, Yagi pulled along by it, until he was directly in the middle of an open portal.

Midoriya charged at Kurogiri. *They couldn't do that... if he could just distract Kurogiri for a second... He could sense Bakugou's sparks and Todoroki's chilling ice... just a few seconds...*

"Deku! You idiot!" Bakugou roared, launching at Kurogiri and slamming the warp gate into the ground. Todoroki froze the monster, forcing it to loosen its grip. Yagi managed to pry himself out of the Nomu's death grip, and he jumped away from the monster.

"Tokoyami-kun! Go back!" Midoriya yelled.

Seeing as Bakugou, Todoroki, and Kirishima were there, Tokoyami nodded. This is Midoriya we're talking about here. The one who beat everyone single one in class. The one who'se Uzuki, with a hidden quirk and could take down multiple villains. He's strong. He'll be fine. He's bleeding out but He'Ll bE fInE! Tokoyami shook his head at the last thought. Dark Shadow get outta my head.

**StOp wOrRYiNg. HE'll LiVe soMEhoW. A ND aFtEr thAt wE'll fINd SHiNsOu aNd fOrCe hIm tO loCk MiDorIYa iN a cuPboaRd.**

Okay.

Kirishima had tried to attack Shigaraki, but he just dodged.

"Stop acting so stuck up, Misty Nobody!" Bakugou roared.

"You can't kill the Symbol of Peace." Todoroki blankly said.

"And you can't kill us either!" Kirishima declared, turning to Midoriya, "Luckily we came in time! Are you oka - DUDE HOW ARE YOU STILL STANDING!? That's manly as hell but please don't?"

Bakugou and Todoroki just stared Midoriya's torn up chest, as the green haired boy snorted, "Like this is gonna kill me. I've been through worse."

"You just covered you body in mist, didn't you? That's why you were so eager to get away from Deku's knife!" Bakugou grinned, placing a hand on Kurogiri's metal neck plating, "Make as much as a move and I'll blow you up!"

"Don't kill him Kacchan!" Midoriya called out.

"Like hell I will Deku! I'll just blast him until he's almost dead!"

Shigaraki ordered the Nomu to get up, as it just crumpled to the ground, it's right side crumbling from the ice.

"Careful! It can regenerate!" Midoriya yelped.

"Nomu has been modified to take you at a hundred percent! He's a super efficient human sandbag!" Shigaraki declared. "We even added another weapon to Nomu. I suppose we should have used it just now, but we were so sure we could kill you if these little brats didn't show up. One shot. We only have one shot, but that's all we need!"
The Nomu’s claws suddenly extended.

"What's worse than killing a potential hero? Making them quirkless! Powerless!" Shigaraki shrieked, as Kurogiri warped Yagi away from Bakugou. The Nomu charged, claws extended as it screeched and charged at Bakugou.

"Young Bakugou!" Yagi yelled. He was too far to reach Bakugou. Too far to do anything!

Bakugou was knocked to the ground, as the Nomu charged past him, slashing its claws across something. It flew backwards, slamming into the broken staircase, kicking up more dust.

"Oh? I wonder who we hit." Shigaraki grinned.

The dust cleared, revealing Midoriya. He was bleeding even worse than before, and his hoodie was shredded, with the scraps of green fabric hanging off his thin frame. He stumbled up, shakily trying to get his bearings as rocks and rubble fell off him.

"Oh well. Looks like little Uzuki lost his quirk." Shigaraki drawled. "That drug is heavily work in progress. It destroys your quirk factor, and has a ton of other side effects we didn't manage to wring out. It’s game over for you. We could only spare one dose but we did manage to get a troublesome one, so that's a win."

Midoriya stumbled. He heard what Shigaraki had said. Definitely drugged.

He laughed. He couldn't stop himself. He just found the entire situation so fricking hilarious.

Everyone stared dumbfounded as Midoriya laughed.

"He was just told he lost his quirk... why's he laughing?" Kaminari yelped, "That's creepy!"

"Midoriya is scary!" Mineta yelped.

"He’s gonna bleed out!" Uraraka shrieked.

"His quirk must have helped him fight even though he's so injured... " Jiro muttered.

Aizawa managed to peek open an eye while in Shoji's grasp. His head was pounding, but he had heard what the other's were saying.

**Problem child.**

"What's so funny? You've lost!" Shigaraki growled. Losing a quirk was something big. Why the heck was he just laughing it off.

"You literally just wasted one of your strongest weapon on me!" Midoriya screeched, grinning from ear to ear, "You can't destroy something I don't have!"

He felt giddy. Side effect of the drug, or blood loss, he didn't know. He couldn't tell. But it was probably because of that, he was very loose-lipped.

"What do you mean by that!?" Shigaraki demanded, genuinely confused.

Midoriya just gave his most feral grin at the villains as he gazed at them. He looked absolutely terrifying, as he just smiled at the villains while covered in blood.
He was definitely drugged when he opened his mouth and realised what he said.

"Use your brain, Facepalm! Your stupid monster literally didn't do a thing to me except give me five more scratches! I don't have a quirk for your stupid drug to destroy! I'm quirkless, you idiot!"
Everyone stared at the laughing boy, like he had a screw loose or something.

He probably did, given he was bleeding out, and was cackling like a maniac.

"What?" He asked, staring at Shigaraki, who still had that damned hand on his face. He couldn't see Shigaraki's expression, but he was sure that Shigaraki was currently very, very confused, angry, mad, confused even more, upset, on the verge of throwing a man child tantrum, and even more confused.

"Do you want me to say, "Oh no! I'm still quirkless! Ahhh! What should I do?" ?" Midoriya asked sarcastically, "Like seriously, Facepalm. Quirkless people exist, ya know. There is a difference between eighty percent and a hundred percent. That's literally a twenty percent difference, Facepalm."

Still completely and utterly confused, Shigaraki just replied as his head spun from the revelation, "I know there's a difference."

"You do? I'm so proud of you Facepalm! Gold star for maths!" Midoriya grinned.

Shigaraki finally managed to get his bearings, when he finally snarled at the quirkless vigilante, "SHUT UP BRAT!"

Bakugou was just sitting on the ground, stunned. He hadn't even seen the Nomu move, and he was wondering why he hadn't been slashed open yet.

"He's... quirkless! No way!" Sero yelped, "He's lying, right? He's just trying to unnerve them."

Shinsou shook his head. "He is. He always has been. But he's still Midoriya Izuku. Regardless if he has as quirk or not."

"Of course!" Kaminari grinned, "Izuku is always Izuku!"

"But... how is he still standing!?" Mineta demanded.

"Well... would it matter anyway? If he had a quirk, he'll be quirkless now, wouldn't he? Isn't it better that he's quirkless so he's still fine, kero?" Asui asked.

"If he's quirkless... and he kicked all our butts in hero training... what would he do if he had a quirk!?" Ashido yelled.

"Well he doesn't!" Shinsou snapped.

Shigaraki snarled. Uzuki was quirkless? The vigilante that had been such a huge pain in their butts for so long was quirkless!?

Midoriya was clearly not thinking straight. He was stumbling, and couldn't even walk in a straight line properly. He was clearly drugged and out of it.

"Nomu!" Shigaraki snarled.
The Nomu charged at Midoriya, who was in absolutely no shape to dodge it. Yagi pushed the boy out of the way, tanking the hit. He attempted to grapple the Nomu, but that got nowhere.

"Get the kid!" Shigaraki yelled hysterically. He was mad. Very mad. He was violently scratching at his neck as his blood burned in anger. *He had been toying with them, playing with them.*

Shigaraki hated being toyed with.

*But All Might was there to protect the kid. There was only one way to get Uzuki.*

*Get rid of All Might.*

"Violence for the sake of others makes it admirable? You know what!? I'm angry! I'm angry that the world categorises the same violent acts as heroic or villainous. Deciding what's good and what's bad! What's with this - "

He was very rudely interrupted by one green haired student.

"Of course you would say that! Are you that dumb, Facepalm?" Midoriya slurred. His vision was starting to blur, but Shigaraki was right in the middle of his vision, perfectly focussed. "You say that right after you tried to kill a kid like... i dunno... ten times? Twenty? How many people have you guys tortured and killed, huh?"

He had no idea how he was still coherent. Or maybe he was dreaming and he wasn't actually awake, "You guys just go up and hurt people for no reason. And the heroes try to defend the innocent! Except for a few fire breathing shitheads." Midoriya spat, "Of course, you really don't know, do you, Facepalm? Is that poor little brain of yours being squeezed by those hands on your head?"

"YOU INSUFFERABLE BRAT!" Shigaraki screeched. "Nomu! Deal with All Might! The kid is mine!"

The Nomu and Yagi charged at each other, matching each other's fists. Their punches off blast after blast, preventing Kurogiri and Shigaraki from doing anything to advance.

Todoroki, Bakugou and Kirishima were pushed back. Midoriya tried to remain standing, but one powerful blast of wind sent him tumbling to the ground.

Dammit... I can't pass out yet... Kacchan, Sho-kun and Kirishima-kun are still there...

Yagi and the Nomu kept up their flurry of punches. The Nomu got a good punch on Yagi's injured side, but the Symbol of Peace wasn't deterred on bit. Yagi kept up the attack, punching the Nomu over and over.

"Made to fight me? If you can withstand me at a hundred percent, then I'll force you to surrender from beyond that!"

*Young Izuku gave it his all when fighting these villains.*

"A hero can always break out of a tough spot!"

*All the students did so. Young Bakugou, Young Todoroki, Young Kirishima, everyone!*

"Have you ever heard the words?"

*I can't let them all down by not giving my all right now!*
"Go beyond! Plus Ultra!"

Yagi roared, sending the Nomu flying out of the USJ and into the sky.

"Oi... that kinda strength is crazy!" Kirishima grinned.

"What insane power..." Bakugou muttered.

"I'm sure we'd like to end this as soon as possible." Yagi smiled. The Nomu took orders from Shigaraki and Shigaraki alone. He wouldn't be coming back any time soon. They were almost out of the clear. Iida should be getting back any time with the other pros.

"I can't believe you did that! You cheated!" Shigaraki snarled. "Sensei said you were weaker! What's going on?"

He started scratching at his neck furiously. Did he lie to me?

"What's wrong? You're not coming? Didn't you say you're clear this? Come at get me if you can!" Yagi looked at the villains. His time was up. He was bluffing. If he was lucky... they would leave, or the other pros would come. If he wasn't... he was done for, "Well? What's wrong?"

"If only I had Nomu..." Shigaraki hissed as he continued to scratch at his neck, "He would be able to go up against All Might without thinking anything!"

Kurogiri leaned over to talk to Shigaraki, "Look. He's clearly been damaged by the Nomu's attacks and is weakened. Besides, the kids are frozen in fear and I don't think Uzuki is in any shape to do anything right now. We probably only have a few minutes before reinforcements come. If we work together, we can take down All Might."

"You're right. We have no choice but to do it. The last boss is right here, with one hp." Shigaraki muttered. He ran out, hand outstretched, "This is revenge for Nomu!"

Midoriya's vision was hazy. He couldn't see.

He blinked.

Did Kurogiri and Facepalm get closer to All Might?

He wanted to move. He couldn't. Yagi was at his limit. Neither of them could move. Yagi was All Might. He had reached his limit. He couldn't move.

I want to move! I need to move! They'll kill All Might-sensei and it's all my fault-

"SHITTY HAIR YOU IDIOT!" Bakugou yelled.

Kirishima charged at Kurogiri, aiming for the metal plates on his neck. Suddenly, Shigaraki's hand was right in his face.

The sharp whistle of a bullet flew by, imbedding itself in Shigaraki's hand.

"I, Class 1-A representative, Iida Tenya, has now returned!"

"Sorry everyone! I gathered everyone who was immediately available!" Nezu cheerfully announced.
Some villains started shooting the pro heroes, but Yamada just fired off a small yell at them.

"Split up and protect the students!" Nezu ordered.

"Careful! Izuku is there and they drugged him or something!" Kaminari yelped.

Midoriya finally managed to push himself to his feet. His chest was throbbing, and his head felt like it was splitting apart from the headache pounding away at his head.

"Hey! It's the kid! Get him!" A villain yelled.

"Izu! Watch out!" Shinsou yelled down the stairs.

They were all too far away to help. Yamada might hit him with his attack, he was right between the heroes and villains and none of them had far ranged attacks that wouldn't risk hitting Izu. Snipe and Ectoplasm couldn't do anything unless they knew what Izu was going to do or they risked injuring him further -

A drugged Midoriya was even more dangerous than the normal, crazy, reckless Midoriya.

With a feral cry, Midoriya lashed out at the villains, kicking and punching everything and anything in front of him that moved. He ran directly into the group, kicking one across the chest and punched another. He landed, punching a villain right in the face and pushed him back towards the other villains.

"FACEPALM! GET BACK HERE!" He roared, as he smashed another villain in the ribs. He landed wrongly, and tumbled into another villain. Dammit... my body's not moving the way I want it to... 

"Aw man. They're here..." Shigaraki groaned, clutching his bleeding hand, "It's game over now. Should we go home and try again, Kuro - "

He yelped as his arm and legs suddenly blossomed with pain, Snipe having shot them before Kurogiri managed to warp a misty portal over Shigaraki to cover him.

Kurogiri tensed up as Thirteen activated their Black Hole quirk on him, trying to suck him up.

"I may have failed this time, but I will kill you next time, Symbol of Peace!" Shigaraki hissed as Kurogiri teleported him away.

With Shigaraki and Kurogiri gone, Todoroki had gone over to the drugged Midoriya who was starting to slow down. He froze a bunch of the villains, before carefully approaching Midoriya.

"Izuku."

Midoriya was about to lunge at him when he realised that he had called him by his real name.

"I... who?"

"It's me. Todoroki Shoto." Todoroki raised his hands up, as if he were approaching a scared wild animal.

Midoriya grinned, "Sho-kun..." He fell over, but Todoroki caught him before he hit the ground.

He's too light! Way too light for a person our age!
"Izu! Is he okay!?” Shinsou yelped, running down the stairs and stopping before he crashed into the duo.

"I.. think so." Todoroki replied.

"Oh... hi... Toshi..." Midoriya mumbled as he swam in and out of consciousness, "Is... everyone okay..?

"Think about yourself first!" Shinsou groaned.

"I..wanna see.. them.." Midoriya tried to take a step, but Todoroki had a firm grip of him in case he fell, "Come on. We can carry you up the stairs if you want to see them. It's not good for you to move in that state."

Shinsou heaved a sigh of relief as Midoriya hummed in acceptance, and Todoroki carefully shifted the boy so he was being held between both Todoroki and Shinsou. They carefully made their way up the stairs, avoiding the rubble or anything that might potentially harm the injured vigilante.

"Izuku! You're alive!" Sero grinned. Uraraka and Ashido had ended up hugging each other while crying, and Asui gave a small "kero" in relief that Midoriya was fine. Mineta had clung to Yaoyorozu's leg in pretence of crying over Midoriya, but Jiro smacked him away, while restraining Kaminari from running over to them and hugging the life out of Midoriya. Dark Shadow and Sato were helping to hold Thirteen up and they both shot Midoriya thumbs up, as Tokoyami nodded in their direction. Shoji was holding Aizawa and Aoyoma was hiding behind him.

"Where... Hagakure-san ... Ojiro-kun..." Midoriya muttered.

Nezu heard him, "Power Loader has already gone to the Fire Zone to pick them up."

"Thank... god... you guys are okay..." Midoriya gave a small smile before he passed out like a light.

Everyone panicked when Midoriya suddenly slumped in Shinsou and Todoroki's grasp, but Todoroki just calmly said, "Don't worry. He passed out. His injuries, plus the drugs in his systems, probably knocked him out."

On the outside, Todoroki was calm, and cool.

Internally, Todoroki was screeching. His eyes darted over Midoriya's body' trying to pick up on any signs that he was alive. He finally picked up on the small puff of condensed air Midoriya made when he exhaled, since he was leaning on Todoroki's right side.

"I can't believe we let them escape after they trespassed." Kayama groaned.

"Well you didn't have that attitude when Izuku trespassed." Kan muttered, trying to lighten the situation.

"To be fair, he didn't come to hurt anyone." Kayama retorted.

"They completely caught is off guard." Nezu grinned, but his tone was grim, "We must make sure the students are safe. Bakugou and Kirishima are in the plaza with All Might, and Cementoss is dealing with them. Power Loader is with Ojiro and Hagakure in the Fire Zone. All the other seventeen students are here and accounted for."

Luckily for Yagi, Bakugou and Kirishima had started running back to Midoriya so they completely missed Yagi turning back to his skinny form.
"What the pros deal with every day... we're not ready for it." Yaoyorozu clenched her fists.

"We don't expect you to be able to deal with this now." Kayama pat her on the back. "This is a school. We shouldn't have let this happen. You guys shouldn't have to deal with this at this age."

"But... Deku-kun..." Uraraka cried, "What about him!? He said he's been fighting since he was eleven... did he have to face things like this before..."

Todoroki and Shinsou carefully laid Midoriya on the ground, and Yamada checked him over.

"Alright. Can you guys tell me what happened with regards to the drug you mentioned?" Kan asked.

"It's a quirk factor destroying drug with side effects even the villains weren't sure about, kero." Asui replied, "That's all we know. They said it was worse to destroy our quirks than to kill us directly and tried to hit Bakugou-chan with it. Izuku-chan took the hit for him. Then he started laughing and said he was quirkless."

"Urg..." Yamada rubbed his head, "We're lucky he did end up taking the hit. If Bakugou lost his quirk, it would have made this situation even worse."

"Shut up! You don't have to tell me that!" Bakugou hissed, him and Kirishima finally having gotten to the entrance. Maijima came by a few minutes later, depositing Hagakure and Ojiro on the ground.

"I still can't believe he was quirkless..." Sero muttered, looking towards Midoriya's body.

"There was a good reason we didn't tell you all about Izuku's circumstance. We have good reason to believe that he was picked on and bullied in the past for lacking a quirk." Nezu turned to Bakugou, who looked down and nodded in confirmation. "I believe it is for his best interest to not spread this information about. It's already bad enough that the villains know about this... at least, for now, they have no way of dealing with Izuku, yet."

They didn't like the ominous way Nezu said "yet".

Tsukauchi counted the students. Twenty of them. Perfect.

"Other than Izuku, everyone else is unharmed."

"Ojiro! We made a good team!" Hagakure grinned at him. Not that he could see it anyway.

"Yeah..." Ojiro scratched his ear.

"Will... he be okay?" Kirishima asked, as he and his classmates watched Midoriya being wheeled away on a stretcher, oxygen mask over his face.

"He'll be fine. He's strong. I bet you that you will be able to visit him soon." Tsucauchi tried to reassure the students.

"I... is he really Uzuki?" Sato asked.

Tsukauchi nodded, "I'm sure you understand that information like this is to be kept private. Aizawa and the rest of the teacher's agreed that it was okay for you to know who he was and what his quirk was, but that was to be under Izuku's terms. It's unfortunate that you have to find out like this."

"I understand he was a vigilante... but why did Aizawa-sensei say he wasn't one?" Sero asked.

"Vigilantes are people who use their quirks without a licence." Bakugou snorted. "You can't break
the rule if you don't have a quirk to break it with."

Bakugou turned away.

Everyone had said Midoriya couldn't be a hero. Then he became a vigilante to help people. Now he was in a school for heroes.

Deku deserved this chance.

"Don't you dare fucking die, Deku!" Bakugou roared at the ambulance.

"Let's have the students return to the classroom now. We won't be questioning them right away, will we?" Tsukauchi asked.

"What about Aizawa-sensei and Thirteen?" Asui asked.

"We'll get back to you guys later. Now the doctors and Recovery Girl are still checking over them, as well as Izuku. But none of them are in any immediate danger."

"Ouch..." Shigaraki hissed, on the floor of the bar, "I was shot in the legs and arms... and the Nomu was defeated...and all the underlings were defeated in an instant. Those kids were strong.. The Symbol of Peace was healthy... and Uzuki..."

"We were just not prepared enough. We underestimated them. What about the Nomu? Wasn't he retrieved?"

"He was blown away by All Might." Kurogiri replied, "Without coordinates to his precise location, I can't find him with my warps. We didn't have time."

"After all we did to make him as powerful as All Might... I supposed it couldn't be helped. How about that little drug I made?"

"We... hit Uzuki with it. He said he was quirkless this whole time so it didn't matter..." Shigaraki mumbled, slamming an injured arm on the ground in anger. "He's quirkless! How did he keep standing up to us? He doesn't have the power, and yet - " He slammed his fist on the ground and hissed as pain shot up his arm.

"This... wasn't a futile exercise. Take all the time you need to rest and recover. We can't move freely, so we need a symbol like you. Shigaraki Tomura, show the world you are to be feared."

Shigaraki hissed as the monitor turned itself off.

"How?! How were we unable to even deal with one quirkless kid?!" Shigaraki demanded, apparently not learning his lesson as he slammed his fist into the ground again, yelping in pain.

"Hey..." Midoroya grumbled from his position in the infirmary, as Tsukauchi entered. His wounds were patched up, but Chiyo was unwilling to sap too much of the boy's stamina. She was also running some tests on the drug that was in his system and didn't want him to wear himself out fighting off the drug, but she had done her best to flush out as much of it as she could.

She only healed what was necessary, which consisted of six broken ribs, a nearly punctured stomach, a dislocated and bloody shoulder, a half broken arm, a cracked femur, a slightly sprained back and another bruised hip.
Despite everything, Midoriya's injuries were definitely better than they looked. His entire chest was covered in blood, but once they cleaned that up, they realised that it wasn't really that bad (considering what Midoriya had been through before) and Chiyo could use her quirk for the major injuries.

The fact that he had been jumping all over the place while fighting didn't help his injuries, but Midoriya was fine for the most part.

Tsukauchi gave a small laugh, "I didn't think we would be meeting so soon."

"Me neither."

"Chiyo didn't say you'd be awake. I was originally going to talk to All Might, and then Aizawa if he had woken up yet."

"She said she wasn't expecting me to be awake either. Apparently it was the drug that made me pass out. That and the blood loss, but mostly the drug. Pumping that quirk erasing drug out of my system did the trick." Midoriya would have shrugged, but he was covered in bandages covering his chest and he was very, very comfortable on his hospital bed.

"I hope I have at least an hour. " Yagi muttered, sitting up, "I'm sorry, Young Izuku, that I didn't come sooner."

"Yeah. Get your priorities straight." Midoriya grunted, sinking further into the pile of blankets.

Tsukauchi sighed, "Sorry to cut to the chase. Can you guys give me the details of the villain attack?"

"Are the other students okay? What about Aizawa-kun and Thirteen?" Yagi asked.

Midoriya looked over, concerned.

"Aizawa is fine. Broken arms, a few broken ribs, a mild facial fracture, and his orbital floor has some hairline cracks. Nothing that Chiyo couldn't fix. They're checking him for brain damage now. Thirteen has some lacerations on their back and arms, but they're doing good as well." Tsukauchi replied, "If you guys hadn't risked your lives, the students would have died."

"They risked their lives as well. Not just the heroes." Midoriya muttered.

"Experiencing a real fight so soon and surviving, learning the fear of and the world of adults, have there ever been such first years?" Yagi asked.

Tsukauchi just grunted and nodded at Midoriya.

"I don't count, Nao."

"Wow. When did I earn a nickname?" Tsukauchi laughed.

"The second you were illogical."

"Alright. I'm sure you can come up with thousands of nicknames. But I need to know what happened."

"Young Izuku... do you want to start? I only came later. " Yagi asked.

"Sure. We went to the USJ, then I threw a knife at the fountain just as this portal opened. Villains came out, Facepalm recognised me - " 
"Who is Facepalm?" Tsukauchi stopped him.

"Shigaraki. Duh. That guy literally had a hand on his face." Midoriya rolled his eyes, before continuing, "He recognised me, called me out for being Uzuki, then Aizawa-sensei jumped into the plaza to fend of the villains. Kurogiri teleported in front of us, dropped more villains on us, I fought em, and he teleported us to the different parts of the USJ."

Tsukauchi nodded, taking notes.

"I was dropped into the Shipwreck Zone with Tsu-chan, Mineta-kun and Toshi."

"I think he meant Asui and Shinsou." Yagi corrected. Tsukauchi didn't know the nicknames that Midoriya used

"I kicked a shark guy in the face, and Tsu-chan pulled me onto the boat, there were a bunch of villains in the water, and we made an explosion in the water, Mineta's sticky orbs stuck them together and Toshi convinced them to converge in the centre of the explosion. Tsu-chan got us out."

"And... how did you get an explosion? None of you have a quirk like that." Tsukauchi asked. He knew Shinsou had a brainwashing quirk, Mineta's was his sticky orbs and Asui's was a frog.

"I made a bomb." Midoriya grinned at Tsukauchi, showing his canines.

"That... explains why the ship's control room was torn up." Tsukauchi nodded, "Continue."

"We made our way to the shore, and I convinced them to head up to the entrance and I went to help Aizawa-sensei. The Nomu, that bird faced thing, it was about to smash Aizawa-sensei so I pushed him out of the way. We tried to get away but the Nomu grabbed Aizawa-sensei's scarf and smashed him to the ground and snapped his arm. Facepalm hit me and the Nomu got to me and nearly crushed my ribs."

Neither Tsukauchi nor Yagi liked how casually Midoriya talked about his ribs nearly being crushed.

"I tried to stab the Nomu in the arm but it didn't do anything. Facepalm tried to kill Aoyoma-kun who was hiding behind some rubble, but I threw my knife at him as the Nomu smashed me into the ground. Aizawa-sensei saved Aoyoma and the Nomu grabbed him as Aoyoma got out of there. I got in close to cut the brain but only managed to cut off the Nomu's eye and it released Aizawa-sensei and regenerated it's eye."

Yagi was certain he needed to lock Midoriya in a cupboard. He willingly charged at the Nomu!?

"Oh yeah. I forgot that Facepalm stabbed me."

"Don't forget something like that." Chiyo lightly smacked him.

Midoriya pouted, "The Nomu slashed me, and then smacked me into the stairs and the wall. I think... Toshi tried to stop me but I just ran down again to fight Facepalm again."

Yagi nodded at Tsukauchi. He did do that.

"All Might-sensei picked up Aizawa-sensei and Facepalm tried to hurt Tsu-chan, Shoji-kun and Tokoyami-kun who were behind him, but I tackled him and All Might-sensei ordered us to bring Aizawa-sensei to safety. We were almost at the staircase but I realised how they were gonna kill All Might-sensei so I ran back, Tokoyami covering me from afar with Dark Shadow. They had him in the portal but Sho-kun ('Todoroki.' Yagi interjected.) froze the Nomu and freed him. Kacchan
"That's Bakugou.") exploded Kurogiri. Then Shigaraki said he wanted to destroy someone's quirk and the Nomu charged at Kacchan so I pushed him out of the way. Everything after that was pretty fuzzy.. but I think that I said I was quirkless."


Yagi took over and finished up, "I beat up the Nomu. I reached my time limit but Kirishima distracted Shigaraki enough for Snipe to shoot him."

"Alright. Thanks." Tsukauuchi nodded. "We'll start questioning the other students later."

"I... only wished I were stronger. Faster. Then neither you or Aizawa-sensei would get hurt..."

Midoriya wanted to cry.

He was too weak. Too weak to beat Shigaraki, or Kurogiri. If he had gotten more information faster... maybe they could have apprehended the League of Villains before they even targetted UA.

"Don't be silly, Izuku. Given the powers of the Nomu, the sheer number of villains, and that you also protected your classmates, you've already done enough." Tsukauuchi tried to reassure the boy. Midoriya just glared at him, before turning over, earning a groan and Chiyo telling Midoriya to not move around.

"He's had a long day. Let him rest." Chiyo sighed.

"According to the police investigation, the criminals called themselves the League of Villains..."

"I think we should get the students to stay in the dorms." Aizawa muttered. He was perfectly healed up, since he didn't face the Nomu full time, but he did get a nasty scar under his eye. His goggles that Midoriya made two years ago were broken though, "Some may be targeted after this attack."

"Not yet. We should brush up the school security before we decided to let them stay. First off, Izuku is staying here, and it's clear that the League of Villains have something against him. We should have a few teachers staying on campus at nights." Nezu said.

"I can do it. I can sleep more anyway." Aizawa said.

"You patrol at night. I can cover the times he's away." Yamada interjected.

"Alright. You guys can move into the dorms." Nezu nodded. Maybe he was going to have to install some forcefield to keep Kurogiri out...

He'll ask Midoriya for his input.

"Did you see how we were on screen for a second?" Hagakure pipped up.

UA had closed down to survey the security situation, so the students had a four day weekend. They saw how bad a shape Midoriya was in. They hoped he was okay.

"All the channels made a huge deal out of it." Kaminari grinned.

"I was really surprised." Kirishima said.

"Can you blame them? The hero course that pumps out pro heroes were attacked." Jiro stated.
"Who knows what would have happened if the teacher's hadn't come." Sero sighed.

"I was so scared!" Mineta wailed.

"SHUT UP!" Bakugou roared.

"All Might was awesome. He pushed back those crazy strong villains." Sato grinned, as Tokoyami nodded.

"You think Aizawa-sensei is okay?" Ashido asked Asui.

As if on cue, Aizawa entered the room. He had bandages over his right eye and his arms were bandaged up, but other than that, he looked worse for wear.

"Are you okay?" Kirishima yelled.

"I'm fine. It would have been much worse if it hadn't been for Izuku."

The entire class fell silent. They hadn't seen Midoriya since he was wheeled out of the USJ.

"Is he... okay?" Kaminari gulped. Shinsou was looking at Aizawa like he wanted to brainwash the answer out of him, and Bakugou was snarling at the pro hero.

"Izuku is fine. He's asleep now since the drug screwed up his already horrible sleep schedule. He should be fine to get back to lessons by lunch." Aizawa said, "But we have to discuss the UA sports festival. It's drawing near."

"A super normal school event!" Kirishima, Ashido and Kaminari cheered.

"Is it okay for the school to hold a school event so soon after an incident like this?" Jiro asked.

"What if they sneak in again?" Ojiro asked

"They think of it as UA showing that our crisis management system is rock solid if we hold the event. Security will also be increased by five times that of previous years. But still, we were lucky that only the teachers and Izuku were injured. Most of the people don't even know he's at this school, so UA hasn't been in too much trouble because they think we protected the students."

He paused to let what he said sink in. If Midoriya weren't there, there would be a lot more casualties, that would have ruined the school's reputation.

"The UA sports festival is an important event. It won't be stopped because of some villains. It has replaced the Olympics and it is possible for students to transfer into the hero course from that." Aizawa stated.

"We can also be scouted for internships or as a sidekick." Yaoyorozu said.

"Joining a famous agency will make you more famous and well known. Time is short. If you want to be a pro hero, this os the best way to make yourself know. You have three chances, once a year. You can't afford to miss this event. If you understand that, you won't slack off in preparations." Aizawa addressed the class.

"Even though all that just happened, I'm super excited!" Kirishima exclaimed.

"If we put on a good show and stand out, we'll have taken our first step to becoming a pro hero."
Sero grinned.

Shinsou groaned. Midoriya had explained the basic format of the Sports Festival to him, and he knew the first event would be the most troublesome. His quirk wasn't that useful, but he had to get through it to get into the second and third events.

"It's worth coming to UA." Sato spoke up.

"We can't afford to waste the few chances we have." Tokoyami stated.

"I'm so nervous..." Hagakure pipped up, "I need to stand out somehow!"

"Yeah..." The tailed boy sweat dropped.

"You're lucky, Shoji. Your brawn stands out immediately!" Kaminari praised.

"There's no point if I can't do anything with it, though." Shoji pointed out.

"Hi Izuku!" Uraraka greeted as she and Iida stepped into the infirmary, Shinsou behind them.

"Hi guys." Midoriya gave a small wave.

"Did you hear about the Sports Festival?" Iida asked, "It's happening soon."

"Yeah. I know how it works." Midoriya scratched his head. "Are they increasing security?"

Iida nodded, "Yeah. Aizawa-sensei said they're increasing it by five times."

"Ne, Iida-kun, you said you wanted to be a hero like Ingenium, right? What about you, Uraraka-san?" Midoriya asked.

"For money." Uraraka bluntly stated, looking away, "Don't get me wrong. My parents work in a construction company... I wanted to help them out with my quirk, but they said I should do something that I really want to do and be happy. I want to earn lots of money and let my parents have a holiday in Hawaii."

Iida clapped his hands, "Bravo! Such a noble display of filial piety!"

"Hehe... what about you, Shinsou?" Uraraka asked, blushing as Iida praised her.

"Mine is... kinda silly. I want to be a hero and help people... but because of my quirk, everyone tells me I should be a villain. I want to prove them wrong..." Shinsou muttered, rubbing his neck.

"Ah. That's why that man upset you." Iida nodded, "You're heart is still in the right place. Prove those people wrong!"

"What about you, Deku?" Uraraka asked.

Midoriya froze, looking away, "I... you already know I'm quirkless... I've always wanted to help people, but then it became more like trying to prove I'm not useless simply because I'm quirkless."

They didn't need to know that his father tried to kill him, or threatened his mother into abusing him.

"Izuku..." Iida pat Midoriya on the shoulder, "You're not useless because you're quirkless. You're strong, you want to help others. I'm certain that you can be a hero."
To any normal quirkless person, that statement might not mean anything. But to Midoriya, he wanted to cry. All his life, until he met Shinsou, people have said that his dream was absurd. Now he finally had friends who wanted to support him, who saw him for who he is, not as a quirkless loser.

"You guys should get back to class soon." Chiyo pipped up, "The bell's going to ring. Izuku's good to go, but he needs to change."

"Hi..." Midoriya muttered as he entered the classroom.

"IZUKU! You're okay!" Kaminari launched himself onto the vigilante, hugging the life out of him.

"Hey! Don't hog him!" Sero laughed, and Kirishima joined them in on a very manly group hug.

Aizawa sighed. They weren't going to quiet down any time soon.

Midoriya managed to peel himself away from his classmates.

"I... I'm sorry." Midoriya apologised, bowing to the rest of the class. "I wasn't strong enough...I almost let your guys get killed and you had to face Shigaraki and Kurogiri and I don't deserve to be in this class because if I was better in information gathering before you wouldn't have to face them..."

"He just kept on going, pulling out mistakes from years ago as he apologised.

Aizawa pinched the bridge of his nose as Midoriya kept going.

"You're a child."

Midoriya snapped up to look at his teacher.

"You're a problem child, but still a child nevertheless. You shouldn't even be dealing with villains at this age, and yet, you've fought them several times already. You're strong, but you're still human. You're not invincible." Aizawa faced Midoroya.

"Yeah! And you did all that while quirkless! That's super manly!" Kirishima spoke up.

"You just show the world that you don't need a quirk to be strong!" Sero grinned.

"You just proved why you deserve to be here, so don't think too much about it." Ashido pipped up, giving him a thumbs up.

"You saved all of us!" Sato piped up.

"You're not the same crybaby you were before, so I guess you're not that bad, Deku." Bakugou spat.

"I..." Midoriya looked at his class. He knew Uraraka, Iida, Bakugou, Todoroki and Shinsou had already accepted him, but for his entire class to accept him for being quirkless...

"THANK YOU!" He yelled, bowing to the class.

"Don't worry about it, kero." Asui smiled at him.

"It doesn't matter if you're Uzuki or Izuku, you're still the same awesome guy we all know and love." Kaminari latched onto Midoriya again.

"Sports festival, huh. We should go check out 1-A." Monoma said.
"You guys can do that. But I suggest you not mention anything about the villains to them, specifically to a green haired student." Kan said, "It's a personal matter and I cannot share any details, but it's not advisable to mention it."

"What's going on outside?!" Hagakure asked.

Uraraka was standing in the doorway, all packed up and ready to leave, when they realised their door was blocked by a bunch of students.

Midoriya was still packing up. Iida raised an arm, "What business do you have with Class 1-A?"

"Scouting the enemy. Duh. We made it out of the villain attack." Bakugou glared at the crowd, "There's no point in doing stuff like that. Out of my way, extras!"

"Stop calling people extras when you don't know them!" Iida protested.

"Oi. Kacchan. Don't be so rude." Midoriya called over his shoulder.

"Oh? This is the famous Class 1-A?" A blond made his way to the classroom entrance, "You guys are way too arrogant. Class 1-B is so much better than yours."

Everyone looked at the blonde. "You know there are people in the other departments that enrolled for the Hero Course and didn't get in? They'll have a chance to take your places. I wouldn't want to work with you guys when I become a hero."

"Hey! Monoma! Why did you leave me behind!" A guy with some sort of mask and very light grey hair popped up from the crowd, "I'm from Class 1-B next door! I heard ya fought villains so I came to hear about it! Don't get so full of yourself!"

"Tch. Get out of here, extras. I want to go home." Bakugou sneered.

"Oi. Just because you fought villains doesn't make you all high and mighty! I bet you guys didn't do anything and let the teachers do all the work, huh?!!" The guy called Monoma grinned, "You guys think you're so great, but you guys were still coddled by your teachers. Why, if Class 1-B were to be attacked by villains, I'm sure that we would have gotten out with no casualties whatsoever."

Midoriya froze. What... did he just say?

"I mean, I'm not surprised if some of you wanted to be attacked. It gives you all more attention, no? You wanted to get a headstart in your hero career?"

They thought they willingly wanted to be attacked by villains? By Shigaraki? By the damned Nomu?

"You're right."

Monoma tensed up when he heard a voice at the back of the 1-A classroom.

Emerard green eyes gleamed at him. "You guys would have gotten out with no casualties. Because you wouldn't even have gotten out in the first place."

"You... think you're so great? Who the hell are you, anyway?" Monoma tried to put up a strong front, but he was honestly scared of the monotone voice that the green haired boy was using.

"You guys can do that. But I suggest you not mention anything about the villains to them, specifically to a green haired student. It's a personal matter and I cannot share any details, but it's not advisable
"My name's not a concern. The thing is, dear fellow UA student, is that they," He gestured towards his classmates, "Almost died! If All Might-sensei didn't come in time, if Thirteen-sensei and Aizawa-sensei weren't there, they would have died. They're weren't supposed to face villains at this age, and yet they did and survived."

"What about you. You're the same age as them. Do you think you're better than your class?"
Monoma spat back, "Do you think you're so strong, that you'll survive?!"
Midoriya looked down, "No. I wasn't strong enough. I let my teachers get hurt. I almost got a few of my friends killed."

"Deku! You were the most injured! We thought you would have died!" Uraraka wailed. "We saw the monster bash you into the ground so many times!"

"I've gotten bashed into the ground many times before. It's no biggie. After all... it doesn't matter if I live or die. As long as you guys are okay... I don't care." Midoriya stated. Everyone just stared at Midoriya, when he said he didn't care about his life.

"You and your stupid sense of martyrdom." Shinsou lightly bashed him on the head, "I think all of us agree that we prefer you when you're not bashed into a wall and bleeding out."

"Well why didn't you do something about it in the USJ, huh?" Monoma taunted, "Guess even with all this talk, you guys in Class 1-A can't do anything."
Midoriya blankly stared at Monoma, before letting his aura flare out.

Monoma, and everyone else in the crowd, gasped as they felt the pressure pressing down on them.

They couldn't breathe, couldn't speak. Who was this monster, this oppressing aura, what was this feeling of fear racing down their spine!? 

"You want to face villains? You can't even move right now." Midoriya said as he walked towards Monoma.

The rest of 1-A looked at Midoriya in awe. He wasn't even as scary as when he had been when facing Mineta, he controlled it, restrained enough that his classmates were fine but just barely keeping a lid on it. He showed the others the true dangers, the true reality of the world of villains that they would have to face.

Midoriya looked at Monoma, straight in the eye.

"Don't you dare say that they didn't try when you yourself didn't go through it."
His statement was quiet, but it echoed throughout the hallways.

Midoriya finally reigned in his terrifying aura, smiling cheekily, "After all, we're still in the same school. We're on the same side." He stuck out his hand, "Midoriya Izuku. Sorry about scaring you, but I really don't like how you speak badly about my friends when you don't know what they went through."

"I... Monoma Neito..." Monoma replied.

"Woah! You were so scary! But you're so kind as well! My name's Tetsutetsu Tetsutetsu!" The other
guy from 1-B popped up. He stuck his head out and shook Midoriya's.

"We'll fight you at the Sports Festival, and show you how good we are!"

"Alright! Got it!" Midoriya nodded. "I look forward to facing you guys and going all out!"
Sports Festival

Chapter Notes

I originally wanted to divide this into two chapters, but I couldn't find a good balanced place to do so.

Shinsou stared blankly at the new chat group that Uraraka had created. What was the point in this? They met each other everyday.

Shinsou: What's the point in this?
Iida: Izuku's missing. Should I add him?
Uraraka: No.
Bakugou: Why am I here!?
Bakugou: DIE!
Yaoyorozu: Uraraka, why did you make this group?
Uraraka: I want to make a Midoriya Izuku Protection Squad.
Uraraka: You all heard what he said in class. He needs to believe in himself more. I also don't like how he said he'd rather die if it means we'll live.
Iida: I wholeheartedly agree to this squad.

Shinsou smiled. There were finally more people that care about Midoriya. Midoriya deserved to be cared for.

He read as more and more people started replying and agreeing to the formation of the squad.

Uraraka: First things first. We need to show him that we care about him!
Bakugou: Shut up Round Face.
Bakugou: Figure out how to drag him to the fucking nurse.
Bakugou: That stupid idiotic Deku would let himself bleed out if we let him.

The sports festival was coming soon. They needed to prepare. They also had a maths test coming soon, so they needed to study.

"Do you guys want to come over to my house for a study session over the weekend? We can have a sleepover as well." Yaoyorozu asked.

Most of the others agreed. Todoroki mentioned that he had to ask his dad, but the others could make
it. Bakugou didn't want to go through.

"What about you, Izuku?" Yaoyozoru turned to him.

"I'll need to ask Aizawa-sensei and Nezu-sensei for permission first. I'll tell you tomorrow."
Midoriya nodded.

"Ne... Izuku, have you never been on a train before?" Kirishima asked, as they walked out of the station. They had all packed their bags and were heading to Yaoyorozu's house once school was out. He watched as Midoriya was looking around the train curiously, taking in his surroundings.

"Yeah... As a kid I mostly stayed around the neighbourhood, and once I became a vigilante I never was able to pay for much." Midoriya hummed, "That was really interesting."

Everyone decided that they liked this happy, smiling Midoriya, compared to the one in class who was brooding about not being strong enough to protect them.

They needed to protect this cinnamon roll. They didn't care that he was one of the strongest vigilantes.

This boy needed to be protected.

The study session had gone rather well. Most of the class had passed the test, Midoriya, Bakugou and Yaoyorozu had gotten full marks, and Kaminari, who had done the worse, had passed by a mark. They had also trained endlessly, and with Midoriya's pointers, they had improved immensely.

They had seen the true darkness of the world. Villains were out to kill them, not just hurt. They couldn't stagnate. They had seen how far Midoriya had gone without a quirk.

They needed to get better.

It wasn't long before the day of the sports festival came.

"Aww. I wanted to wear my costume." Ashido lamented.

"We can't. We have to keep things fair." Ojiro stated, "If we let Bakugou have his giant grenade blasters..."

Everyone agreed. Keep it fair.

"I wonder what the first round is going to be." Sato grinned.

"Probably some kind of obstacle course. They have that every year, though the different components in it change every time. Forty two students go to the second round." Midoriya said, "The second round varies every year. I know they had a cavalry battle before, some kind of extreme paintball, dodgeball, some weird kind of tag, or a maze like, two years ago. Sixteen students go through to the third round, which is then just one on one battles."

"Wow! You really know your stuff, huh?" Kirishima grinned, as Midoriya scratched his neck, embarrassed.

"Everyone! Are you ready!? We need to leave soon!" Iida yelled.
"Pay attention! This year's rodeo of adolescence that you all love, the UA sports festival, is about to begin! It's time for the first years to enter the stage! Everyone say YEAHH!"

"T... there's so many ... people..." Midoriya muttered. He really wished he had a hoodie now to cover his face.

"You'll need to get used to it to become a hero, Izuku." Iida said, "I know you like working in the shadows and behind the scenes, but you'll need to be in the spotlight one day."

Yamada started to introduce the classes, before calling Kayama up to be the umpire.

"Representing the students is Bakugou Katsuki from Class 1-A!"

Bakugou went up, grabbing the microphone, "I pledge that I'll be number one. I'll be at the very top! You extras better not go easy on me, cause I'll be sure to beat all of you!"

"Alright! First event! Every year, many people drink their tears here! It's the obstacle course, meant to test your power and stamina! This will take place on the outer circumference of the stadium, which is around 4 kilometres! Each class will start from a different entrance leading out into the obstacle course, before being converged into main track! Everyone! Go to your respective tunnels!"

"And go!" Midnight declared.

"The doors aren't opening!" Ashido yelled.

"Uh oh! It looks like we have a small problem with Class 1-A's doors. Hey, can we get someone to fix that now?" Yamada roared at the crowd, "It looks like 1-A is already faced with a disadvantage! How will they get out of this tough spot!?"

"Can we break down the door?" Kaminari asked.

Iida shook his head, "We can't. That's damage to school property. We'll need to wait for them to fix the doors."

"We should get ready. Once the doors open, we'll go all out." Midoriya nodded, but that so, so, familiar fire in his gust twisted. UA upped their security, and they were sure to have checked all the systems. There's no way the doors should have malfunctioned.

"Alright! Apparently, someone forgot to plug the Class 1-A doors into the system!" Yamada yelled, "Class 1-A, go!"

Everyone speed out of the tunnel.

The first round looked like something out of a computer game. There were water guns shooting water everywhere, and the entire floor was tiles that popped up or sinked in every now and then. Spikes occasionally popped up from the ground, and the entire course slanted left and right.

"All right! Let's go!" Kaminari roared.

Midoriya blasted forward, swiftly jumping and sliding over water guns, twisting past the spines and leaping over the shifting tiles. The slanting didn't seem to affect the vigilante, and he was going full throttle, clearing the course like it was no big deal.

Todoroki and Bakugou were right on his trail. Todoroki just avoided all the obstacles with a path of
ice, and Bakugou flew over a huge chunk of the obstacles with his explosions.

The entire class didn't seem to have a problem. Some of them got water in the face but overall, they were doing great. They weaved between the attacks, avoided the tiles that shifted, and slowly got used to the shifting terrain. Mineta almost got impaled, but all of them made it to the second component without any other mishaps.

"Whew.." One student sighed, as he climbed up a pipe, "We're lucky that 1-A had a door problem. We might actually have a chance."

The second component's terrain was similar to that of Ground Gamma. It was industrial site, as many factories and pipe littered around, twisting and turning to form some kind of labyrinth. Heavy machinery like cranes and pipelines were strewn all over the area as the students struggled to get from one end to the other.

"ORA!" Tetsutetsu roared, digging his metal fists into the pipe as he slowly made his way up. Monoma had borrowed Kendo and Shiozaki's quirk, and was already at the top of the maze of pipes and buildings, and Kendo and Shiozaki were somewhere behind him. Shoda was using his twin impact quirk on his feet, jumping and then releasing the impact again to propel himself forward. Kodai was enlarging pipes to use as bridges, and shrinking obstacles left and right. Tokage was constantly forming and reforming herself as she moved from building to building.

"DEKU! GET BACK HERE!" They heard a roar.

"Bakugou!? Already!?” Kendo cried out in alarm.

A blur of green shot past them.

Midoriya was jumping and leaping from pipe to pipe, rolling as he landed as he jumped over and slid under obstacles.

Bakugou shot past them as well, followed by Todoroki, surfing on his ice.

"Oi! Didn't they get out of the tunnel like... five minutes ago!? How did they clear it so quickly?!” Kodai yelped as Shinsou shot past her.

"WHAT'S THIS!? CLASS 1-A HAS ALREADY CAUGHT UP AND ARE IN THE LEAD!" They heard Yamada yell.

"DEKU! YOU FUCKING BASTARD!" Bakugou yelled. Midoriya just leapt off the building he was on, and grabbed a pipe hanging over them as he fell. His momentum made him swing under the pipe, and while he flipped back over the pipe they could all see him sticking his tongue out at Bakugou playfully, before releasing the pipe and landing on the next building.

He rolled and landed on his feet, immediately blasting off into a sprint.

Bakugou roared and went after him. Shinsou was close behind Todoroki, and Yaoyorozu and Kirishima were hot on their tails. Ojiro was swinging from pipe to pipe with his tail, and an invisible uniform ran past them behind Ashido, Sato and Shoji, while Sero was swinging around like some kind of discount Spiderman.

"What...” Monoma just stared at them dumbfounded. He and the others were struggling and these guys were just flying past them like this was a breeze.
"They can back their words up, huh!?" Tetsutetsu was pumped up, and roared, "That's so manly! FIGHTTTTT!"

The industrial terrain of the second component fell away to reveal a large chasm, with small patches of rocks linked together with pipes, thin metal bridges that linked the entire chasm from one end to the other like a disfigured spiderweb.

"Midoriya Izuku from Class 1-A has almost reached the third and final component! But how will he get past the chasm!?"

"Like this!" He sped up, leaping off the edge onto the pipe in a burst of speed. He let the pipe slip into the grooves of his shoes, as he slid along the pipe.

Suddenly, he felt a rumble, as a spike shot up from nowhere in front of him. Midoriya quickly jumped to a neighbouring pipe, as more and more spikes started jutting out and stabbing the paths ahead.

Midoriya grinned. Just his kind of thing. He leapt from pipe to pipe, avoiding the spikes as he jumped to another pipe. He grabbed it with his arm, swinging onto another pipe as he jumped over another spike.

Iida was skidding along the pipes from platform to platform. He almost fell over once, but Sero had caught him in time with his tape and pulled him back to safety. Bakugou was flying over everything again, firing off explosion after explosion, and Todoroki was surfing along the pipes on his ice. Uraraka floated herself from platform to platform, landing on pipes occasionally from her nausea, as Asui just hopped from platform to platform. Ashido and Jiro were carefully running along the pipes, and Yaoyorozu had created some kind of sticky shoes to run on the pipes safely.

Once the other students finally cleared the second course, they gapped at how far ahead Class 1-A was.

They practically started last, and yet they were in the lead already.

Kodai attempted to enlarge a pole to make it safer to run on, but that ended up pushing all the other platforms and poles off balance.

"Ah!" Uraraka yelped as her grip on a pole slipped, and she caught herself with her quirk in time. Ashido sped past her, but Uraraka managed to touch her and activate her quirk on her, before dropping them both on a platform. "Thanks Uraraka!" Ashido gave her a thumbs up.

Shoji, who had somehow gotten ahead, caught Mineta and Hagakure, while Yaoyorozu had quickly made a lasso to catch Jiro.

Todoroki lurched off his ice covered pipe as the platform shifted, and he tumbled over. He accidentally crashed into Shinsou, who was on a neighbouring pipe, and they both fell off. Todoroki managed to grab the pipe before he fell down, but Shinsou wasn't so lucky.

"TOSHI!" Midoriya yelled. He turned around, and leapt back onto the platform he came from. He slid onto the pipe, grabbing the pipe with his arms as he swung under the pipe to catch Shinsou around the waist with his legs.

"Izuku!" Todoroki reached a hand out, but he couldn't reach them. "Shinsou, grab this!" Todoroki made a pole of ice and reached out for Shinsou. Shinsou grabbed it, and ice frosted over his hand, freezing him to the pole.
"Sorry... that's the only thing I could think of." Todoroki apologised as he hauled Shinsou up, and unfroze his hand.

"That's cold man... but thanks." Shinsou nodded at Todoroki, as they watched Midoriya pull himself back to the platform.

"Wow! Eraserhead! Not only is your class in the lead, but they're also helping each other out in the trials! Your class is amazing! What are you teaching them!?"

All of them gulped as they heard Aizawa drone over the speakers.

"I didn't do anything. They were forced to face villains before they were ready, and that sparked an urge in them to help and protect each other from harm. They fired each other up."

Midoriya, Todoroki, and Shinsou looked at the path ahead, confused. There were various, darkened spots on the ground. Shinsou kicked a rock onto one. It exploded an a shower of pink smoke and glitter.

"And finally! The last event! The minefield! They don't hurt that much, but they're super flashy and - WOAH! Izuku?! Todoroki!"

Midoriya set off running, leaping between the darkened spots as he watched his footing, racing across the course.

Todoroki had created an ice path to run alongside Midoriya, and they were keeping pace. Shinsou was using Todoroki's ice path, but the dual haired boy didn't seem to mind.

Robots, like the one, two and three pointers from the entrance exam, burst onto the field.

Todoroki froze one and vaulted over it.

Midoriya jumped, landing on a robot. He used his legs to grab it, and did a backflip, his hands landing perfectly between two mines. The small robot was throw right over Midoriya, and crashed into another one that Bakugou had blasted up.

Midoriya regained his footing and caught up to Todoroki as they ran into the tunnel. He could hear Iida's engines spluttering away, and Dark Shadow cawing.

"Izuku and Todoroki are neck and neck with each other! Who is going to be first?!"

"Sho-kun! See ya in second place!" Midoriya grinned, bringing his speed up a notch as he burst forward.

"And in first place, we have Midoriya Izuku! Followed by Todoroki Shoto! Bakugou Katsuki in third!"

More students started streaming into the stadium.

"The first game of the first year stage is finally over! Now, let's take a look at the results! Alright! These are the rankings for the top forty two students!" Kayama announced.

1. Midoriya Izuku
2. Todoroki Shoto
3. Bakugou Katsuki
4. Iida Tenya
5. Tokoyami Fumikage
6. Shiozaki Ibara
7. Shinsou Hitoshi
8. Sero Hanta
9. Kirishima Eijiro
10. Tetsutetsu Tetsutetsu
11. Ojiro Mashirao
12. Asui Tsuyu
13. Honenuki Juzo
14. Shoji Mezo
15. Rikado Sato
16. Awase Yosetsu
17. Uraraka Ochako
18. Yaoyorozu Momo
19. Mineta Minoru
20. Ashido Mina
21. Koda Koji
22. Jiro Kyoka
23. Kaminari Denki
24. Hagakure Toru
25. Aoyoma Yuga
26. Kaibara Sen
27. Tsuburaba Kosei
28. Bondo Kojiro
29. Yanagi Reiko
"This is amazing! The first time we've had an entire class in the top twenty five of the first event!" Kayama announced. "The real fight begins now!"

The roulette spun again, and Kayama grinned, "The second round is a free for all tag battle! Depending on your position on the first round, that's how many lives you have. Once you're tagged on your target by someone for ten milliseconds, you lose a life and the person that tags you gains a life! Be careful! You can lose your lives very quickly! You're out once you hit zero lives!"

Everyone just stared at Midoriya, who had one life.

"You can use your quirks, or do anything you like, but should you attack with the intention of harming another student, you will be forced out of the event. This will end when we have sixteen participants remaining, or when time runs out, and the students with the top sixteen points will go on to the third and final round! You guys have fifteen minutes to put your targets on, see if you want make alliances or plans, or just rest!"

"Yo! Izuku! You did awesome!" Hatsume grinned as she bounded up to him. "Honestly, they're gonna come after you first. You're in Class 1-A and you only have one life."

"Don't worry! I'll be fine!" Midoriya stuck his thumb up.

"I just noticed," Tsuburaba whispered to Monoma, "But 1-A has twenty one students."

Monoma nodded, "Yeah. I heard they have some kind of "rehab" or something. Must be for that Midoriya kid. You saw the kind of aura he gave off. It felt like he wanted to kill us."

"Is that even fair?" Kodai asked.
"Sure it is. He's a student, plus he's our age. It's not like he's a villain or anything." Kendo pipped up.

"But honestly, I wasn't imagining that all of them would have made it." Fukidashi admitted, "Since they started later than everyone. It's pretty amazing all of them made it to the second round, and all of them are in the top twenty five."

"We should try to take out Todoroki. I don't want to deal with Midoriya, honestly." Kodai admitted, "You saw how he acted yesterday. His class was perfectly fine with that scary aura... that means he can probably make it a lot worse."

"Time's up! Everyone get ready!" Kayama grinned.

Midoriya stuck his target on his chest. It would be easier to defend.

"And go!"

Almost immediately, the Class 1-B had converged on the 1-A students, one by one. 1-A had also ended up doing the same, but Hatsume had ended up unintentionally siding with 1-A since she knew Iida, Uraraka, Shinsou, Kaminari and Midoriya.

Hagakure, Sato, Koda and Mineta had been taken out almost immediately, as well as Fukidashi, Kodai, and Rin.

There was only one problem. Most of 1-A had very few lives to begin with, so even after taking them out, 1-B weren't that much better off in terms of lives.

Kaibara and Tsuburaba had gone after Midoriya after that. Midoriya just dodged all their attacks and literally took all their points as he dodged and whirled around them, sneaking point after point from them.

Ibara had taken out Sero and took half of Aoyoma's lives before he managed to get away with his Navel Laser. However, the moment he landed, Tokage stole his remaining lives, which were then stolen by Todoroki and Bakugou, a silent truce between them to have a proper fight for real in the finals.

Kendo took out Jiro, and took half of Shoji's lives, before he was taken out by Honenuki. Asui and Ojiro managed to take Honenuki out, but Ojiro was then snagged by Kendo’s oversized hand and taken out by both her and Monoma.

Ashido and Uraraka worked together to take out Bondo and Yanagi, but they had some of their lives taken by Tetsutetsu as he went after Kirishima. Tetsutetsu had stolen all of Asui's lives as well, but Yaoyorozu snuck some lives from him as she and Iida hammered away at Shishida.

Shinsou, Midoriya and Kaminari had hammered away at Tsunotori, before converging on Kamakiri.

Monoma had used Shiozaki's quirk and stole a huge batch of lives from Tokoyami, who had taken out Awase and Kuroiro, before snagging a few from Hatsume and Uraraka, but then Yaoyorozu and Todoroki came to pry Tetsutetsu from Kirishima, who went to Monoma and stole a huge bunch of lives from him. Shiozaki had tried to save him from their dual onslaught, and Todoroki ended up fighting her as their lives evened out.

Bakugou had taken a huge batch of lives from Monoma and had decided to fight Shiozaki and Tetsutetsu, and Monoma ended up going up to Kaminari and stealing a batch of his lives. Kendo stole a bunch of lives from Bakugou and Uraraka, before going for Midoriya.
Todoroki disengaged to deal with Monoma, Shoda, Komori and Kendo, who had, for some reason, to all decided go up against Midoriya instead, who was doing a terrifyingly good job at dodging all their attempts to take his lives while sneaking lives from them here and there.

Todoroki froze Kendo, Shoda, and Komori, and took some of their lives, before Kirishima and Tokoyami came over and finished off Shoda and Komori.

"Oi... Midoriya isn't even tired!?!" Kodai jaw dropped. Midoriya had been dodging so much, and yet he didn't even seem winded as he ran around congratulating his friends.

Kaibara muttered, "He's a monster."

Tsuburaba nodded, "We couldn't even land a hit on his target."

"Alright! We're left with sixteen participants! Let's announce the scores! Up first we have... wait... Izuku?" Kayama looked at the scoreboard, "He started off with a one life! Now he has a hundred and sixty seven? Ah! He seemed to have stolen points from the other students while dodging their attempts to steal his lives! He hasn't lost a single life this entire time!"

"Wait what? That's why we were out?!" Kaibara yelled, shocked.

"I... I didn't even noticed him taking our lives!" Tsubaraba agreed, equally confused and shocked.

"Oi..." Monoma looked at Midoriya warily, as Bakugou yelled at him and Hatsume was cheering for him, "He's a monster."

"He... didn't lose a single life!? And he managed to keep snagging ours!?" Shoda exclaimed.

"And here are the results!"

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Rank</th>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Lives</th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1.</td>
<td>Midoriya Izuku</td>
<td>167</td>
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<tr>
<td>2.</td>
<td>Todoroki Shoto</td>
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<tr>
<td>3.</td>
<td>Bakugou Katsuki</td>
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<td>5.</td>
<td>Tetsutetsu Tetsutetsu</td>
<td>65 Lives</td>
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<td>6.</td>
<td>Yaoyorozu Momo</td>
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<td>7.</td>
<td>Kendo Itsuka</td>
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<tr>
<td>12.</td>
<td>Hatsumei Mei</td>
<td>37</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>


15. Kaminari Denki - 28 Lives

16. Tokoyami Fumikage - 16 Lives

"He's the only one with a triple digit score..." Tetsutetsu gasped, "That's so manly!"

"I know right!" Kirishima turned to him, "Izuku is super manly!"

"Why do you call him by his first name?" Kendo asked.

"Honestly... I have no idea. Aizawa-sensei just threw him into class and he said he wanted to be called Izuku." Kirishima shrugged, "We don't really care. Izuku is Izuku no matter what you call him."

"Now we'll take a break before the afternoon activities! Hey, Eraserhead. Let's grab some food!"

"Nah. I'm gonna sleep."

Midoriya let out a laugh. Same old Aizawa.

---

"Hey, Yaoyorozu, Jiro." Mineta called out.

"Hm? Did you need something Mineta?" Yaoyorozu asked.

"I thought you should have known, since you're the class rep and all, but they say that everyone has to wear the cheerleading outfits for the cheer battle in the afternoon."

"I... didn't hear about an event like that..." Yaoyorozu muttered.

"That's because there isn't." Midoriya spoke up, a murderous aura practically rolling off him in waves as he marched up to Mineta.

"I... I...heard it from ...Aizawa-sensei..." Mineta muttered, slowly backing away from Midoriya, who just looked at him boredly, as if he wasn't even worth murdering.

"That's intense..." Tetsutetsu gulped.

"Oh? Is that so, do you want me to call him right now and ask?" Midoriya tilted his head, "I'm fairly sure those cheerleaders are from overseas and it is in no way appropriate for students to wear those kinds of outfits."

"I..."

"Or do you just want to take advantage of Yaoyorozu's quirk and try to trick the rest of your classmates into wearing something like that?"

"No..."

"All right then. Perhaps you were mistaken?" Midoriya said in a very kind tone, but his eyes practically bore holes in Mineta's head.
"Ye..yeah... I must have been mistaken... so..sorry to bother you guys..." Mineta stammered as he slinked away.

Midoriya just stared in the direction of the pervert.

"Ne, Yaoyorozu-san, Jiro-san."

Both girls turned to him, "If he pulls something like that again, tell me. I'll deal with him."

Shinsou casually slunk a hand over his shoulder, grinning, "I told you he adopted you guys."

Just like that, the oppressive air suddenly dissipated.

"I did not!" Midoriya whined.

"Oi. Does he have split personality or something?" Kendo whispered to Monoma, but Shoji heard them, "I assure you that Izuku doesn't. He's just... like this at times."

They turned back to Midoriya, as Kaminari shouted, "IZU-DAD!" and clung to him.

"Kaminari-kun! No!"

"Oh yeah! Call me Denki! Since you let us call you your first name and all!"

"Let go of me!"

"Call me by my first name!"

"Fine! Denki-kun! Let go of me!"

"Yes!" Kaminari cheered, springing away from Midoriya, "Izu-Dad has adopted me!"

"DENKI-KUN! I DIDN'T ADOPT ANYONE!"

Uraraka, Hagakure and Jiro were just laughing as Midoriya yelled at Kaminari.

Suddenly, Tokage suddenly tripped, and her knife suddenly flew off her tray through the air, towards Kaminari.

"Denki-kun!" Midoriya yelped, rushing forwards and pushing the electric user out of the way, getting the knife to the shoulder.

"Tch." Midoriya eyed his wound, "Denki-kun, are you okay? I'm sorry I pushed you - "

"I'm so sorry!" Tokage blubbered, "I didn't mean to! I didn't see where I was going - "

"I'm fine." Midoriya gave Tokage a small smile, "Accidents like this happen. Don't worry about it."

Kaminari just blinked at them, like he had short circuited, before he yelped, "Izuku! Are you okay!?"

"I'm fine." He repeated, slowly pulling the knife at an agonising slow pace for everyone else watching.

Kodai covered her mouth, "I... feel sick."

"Doesn't it hurt?" Kendo hissed at the blood dripped off the knife. Monoma also winced as Midoriya pulled the knife.
"You're going to Recovery Girl." Iida said.

"I'm fine. I don't want to bother her." Midoriya grumbled.

"You're not. That's literally why she's the school nurse!" Uraraka protested.

"Seriously guys, it's fine. I won't die from this."


"Toshi. It's just a stab. You've seen me get worse injuries before."

"You think I like it when you bleed all over the place?!" Shinsou was close to screeching, "You're a nice person and you want to save other people. I get it! But you need to stop thinking you're expendable."

"Yeah! You saved our lives at the entrance exam, and then at the USJ!" Kirishimi pipped up, "We probably wouldn't have gotten out mostly unscathed because of you!"

"You guys almost died at the USJ!" Midoriya demanded. "You guys have your entire lives ahead of you! And you almost died because I failed to finish things properly six months ago!"

"And it's because of you that we still have our lives intact!" Ashido poked a finger into his chest. "It's because of you that Bakugou is still going explody all over the place! It's because of you that UA's reputation and status as the top hero school is barely scratched!"

"I..." Midoriya stammered.

"Fuck you Deku! Just go see the stupid nurse!" Bakugou roared. "I don't want to fucking see your stupid whining butt bleeding out as I'm eating!"

"Go to the nurse or we'll carry you there ourselves." Yaoyorozu sighed.

"I don't need to." Midoriya hissed.

"Shoji!" Shinsou called, "IPS Operation Five!"

"On it." Shoji walked up to Midoriya, picked him up, and literally carried him out of the cafeteria, with Todoroki. Midoriya was struggling in Shoji's grasp, whining, but all of Class 1-A knew he didn't really mean it.

"Isn't Midoriya hurting him?" Kendo asked.

"Nope. If he really wanted to hurt Shoji, he'll probably dislocate his shoulder and slam him into the ground." Uraraka grinned at her, "Or he'd just snap Shoji's arm."

They looked at her incredulously.

"IPS?" Tokage asked, breaking the silence.

"Izuku Protection Squad." Shinsou replied, "Izu is a precious cinnamon roll that had to suffer for far too long. He needs to be coddled."

Tokage fished out her phone out of her back pocket, "Add me. I want in."
"All right! Now, we'll be drawing the preliminary brackets!" Kayama announced. "Here are the matchups!"

Shinsou Hitoshi VS Kendo Itsuka
Iida Tenya VS Hatsumei Mei
Yaoyorozu Momo VS Tokoyami Fumikage
Todoroki Shoto VS Ashido Mina
Kirishima Eijiro VS Tetsutetsu Tetsutetsu
Bakugou Katsuki VS Uraraka Ochako
Midoriya Izuku VS Shiozaki Ibara
Kaminari Denki VS Monoma Neito

"Let's get these matches started!"

Midoriya was guessing the outcomes of the matches. And he was terrifyingly accurate.

"Toshi will win. Kendo-san, I believe that's her name, doesn't know his quirk."

Sure enough, all Shinsou had to do was ask Kendo on how much of an asshole was Monoma in normal lessons. She rushed to defend him, but Shinsou just used that opportunity and made her walk out of bounds.

Shinsou did apologise for insulting Monoma, though, after the match.

"Hatsume-san doesn't really care about fighting. I bet you she'll just throw a bunch of inventions on Iida, somehow convince Midnight-sensei to let him use them, and make him run around like some kind of deranged guinea pig for ten minutes and then just forfeit. I can also bet that she'll somehow find her way to advertise her inventions over the loudspeaker."

That's exactly what Hatsume did, word for word. Iida was furious with her.

"I dont want to say that Yaoyorozu-san is weak... but she isn't a good matchup for Tokoyami-kun. Considering that she has to know the exact molecular formula of her creations, and requires time to make them, and that Dark Shadow-san is able to think and act on its own, she's at a huge disadvantage."

Poor Yaoyorozu was hammered again and again by Dark Shadow attacked ferociously, smashing against her shields until it forced her out of bounds.

Todoroki then walked onto the stage, frowning.

"Sho-kun looks mad..."

Todoroki just created this huge ice wall, and Midoriya had yanked Ojiro right out of his seat as he was almost impaled by an ice spike. "Thanks... Izuku..." Ojiro heaved a huge sigh of relief.

"Ashido is completely frozen!" Jiro yelled.
It took some time for Todoroki to melt all the ice, and for them to fix the stage.

Midoriya sat back in his seat and huffed as he watched Kirishima and Tetsutetsu walk up. "TIE! It's a tie! It's literally taking two rocks and smashing them against each other."

"You sound mad.. you okay Izu?" Shinsou asked, having returned from his match when Hatsume was advertising her "babies".

"Something feels wrong." Midoriya admitted. "Before the USJ... I had this really, really bad feeling in my gut, that something was going to go wrong."

"You have the same feeling now?" Shinsou raised an eyebrow.

"Yeah... since our door was sabotaged." Midoriya replied, "It feels worse. It started off like...um.. a candle flame, flickering about. Now it feels like there's a wildfire in there."

Shinsou frowned. That was bad. Very bad. Midoriya's instincts were usually on point. He shrugged, "Maybe Bakugou would just made the entire arena explode. That would be bad."

Midoriya gave a dry laugh. "More like Sho-kun would freeze us all. I think... he just talked to his father..."

By the time they had finished talking, Kirishima and Tetsutetsu had bashed their heads against each other and passed out. According to Hagakure, they literally just punched each other without using their brains at all to strategise. Just a very, very, manly battle.

Sero nudged Sato, "Remind me never to bet against Izuku. Ever."

Midoriya disappeared to prepare for his match after Bakugou's, but he did say that, "If Uraraka-chan had more stamina... she would probably win."

Uraraka had immediately charged at Bakugou, but he hit her with an explosion and blew her back. Because of his continuous explosions, he had kicked up a lot of dust and Uraraka had distracted him with her jacket, before getting behind him, but Bakugou managed to hit her again with a few more explosions. With even more explosions as Uraraka ran about, Bakugou had blasted enough rubble apart for Uraraka to float up high into the air, before releasing them directly onto Bakugou, but Bakugou just blasted his way out of it and Uraraka had passed out from exhaustion.

"Ne. Who'd you think win?" Kendo asked.

"Shiozaki for sure! She's strong!" Kodai grinned.

"We don't know what quirk Midoriya has. If he has a fire quirk then she's done for." Shoda said.

Monoma peeked over the ledge between the classes.

"Let's hope that Izu knows how much restraint he should have." Shinsou muttered, "I don't think I want to see him dealing with her like he dealt with that thing."

The remaining 1-A students tensed up, and turned towards the match, leaving Monoma completely confused. He got back to his seat, and wordlessly watched the match.

What was that thing they mentioned?

"And here we have the assassin from Class B! Pretty things have thorns, you know! From the Hero
"Present Mic-sensei! Isn't that a bit rude!?” Midoriya yelled. He was frustrated, and while he knew that yelling at Yamada wasn't going to solve anything, he did feel a tiny bit better, "You can't just call someone an assassin like that!"

"I have only come to find find victory, not to take my opponent's life!” Shiozaki said.

"I...I'm sorry!"

"I wished to enter UA not for wicked reasons, but for the salvation of others!"

"I said I'm sorry! My bad!"

"I thank you for your understanding!” Shiozaki turned to Midoriya, "Thank you for speaking up for me. I appreciate it. But I will not go easy on you."

"Yeah. I wouldn't want it any other way." Maybe without this pit of unease in my gut but she doesn't have to know that.

"Start!” Kayama called.

Midoriya blasted forward.

Shiozaki gasped as suddenly, Midoriya was right in her face as he kicked her backwards. Shiozaki stumbled, but she regained her footing and blasted a series of vines at him. Midoriya twisted and turned past them all as he charged at her again, sliding past her and knocked her feet out from under her.

The feeling was back, stronger than ever. The fire curled and twisted and he wanted to lash out completely and -

No!

He realised that his fist was heading right at Shiozaki's face. She had tensed up, and scrunched her eyes closed, and he used all his power to stop all that momentum behind him.

He didn't want to injure her.

Midoriya managed to stop his fist, inches from her face.

Instead, he opted to just lightly push Shiozaki over the line.

"Shiozaki is out of bounds! Midoriya advances to the next round."

"Hey... sorry I almost punched you in the face... I lost control for a second.” Midoriya reached down the pull Shiozaki up.

"I thank you for having enough self control to not do that. This has been a great match.” Shiozaki bowed.

"Yeah.” Midoriya gave a small smile back, but his insides was just doing backflips as he felt the sense of dread creep even closer.

Monoma had just borrowed Reiko and Kosei’s quirk to use against Kaminari, but he just ended up
using Solid Air against the electric user when he went all out and short circuited himself.

Kirishima and Tetsutetsu had woken up, and had an arm wrestling contest to decide the winner. Kirishima won.

Kayama then announced the matchups for the next fights.

**Shinsou Hitoshi VS Iida Tenya**

**Todoroki Shoto VS Tokoyami Fumikage**

**Kirishima Eijiro VS Bakugou Katsuki**

**Midoriya Izuku VS Monoma Neito**

"Sorry, Shinsou. I'm not going to let you win so easily." Iida declared.

"Yeah. I get it. You know my quirk, after all." Shinsou nodded. He didn't want to use his quirk against a friend, but he physically was not able to keep up with Iida's engine quirk. "I'm going to give it my all!"

He paused. Iida didn't reply, though he could tell that he wanted very badly to return Shinsou's display of sportsmanship, knowing he wouldn't be able to break out of his brainwashing. The only one who probably had any chance of breaking out of his brainwashing was Midoriya. That uncomfortable gut feeling he had might be enough of a jolt to snap him out of it, but Shinsou wasn't too sure of anything regarding Midoriya.

Midoriya was Midoriya. He was unpredictable as heck.

Iida immediately sped forward, grabbing Shinsou, who although was tall, he was still way too light. Iida just picked him off the ground, sped towards the boundary line, stopped, and dropped Shinsou on the ground.

Shinsou sighed. Against someone that knew his quirk, he might have stood a chance if it was anyone but Iida. He just couldn't keep up with the speeding teen once he got moving.

Todoroki literally just froze Tokoyami solid, like he did with Ashido.

Cementoss lamented having to fix the stage *again*.

Bakugou kept on sending explosion after explosion at Kirishima, who just hardened to take the attack.

"You know... I wonder how long you can keep that up!" Bakugou growled, sending a particularly powerful explosion in Kirishima's direction.

"You know that wouldn't do anything, right!?" Kirishima grinned, as he went on the offensive, pummelling Bakugou with fists and kicks. Bakugou was forced to keep on dodging as Kirishima backed him into the boundary.

"DIE SHITTY HAIR!" Bakugou screamed, blasting himself forwards with explosions and ramming his shoulder right into Kirishima's chest. He started relentlessly attacking back, until Kirishima was
finally pushed back by Bakugou.

"You're been straining yourself to keep your quirk up, huh!? DIE!" Bakugou roared, blasting Kirishima again and again until he passed out.

Midoriya was scared. He didn't like that feeling in his gut.

He was tired. He just wanted to go back to the dorms, and curl up in a ball and sleep. He knew he wouldn't be able to sleep anyway, not with the way that fire in his gut was practically screaming for attention.

But he couldn't.

He had to stay for the rest of the match. He knew he had to stay until whatever bad that was going to happen, happened. He had to protect his classmates from whatever was to come.

Midoriya bit his lip. For now, he'll swallow his emotions. He couldn't afford to lose his cool and potentially injure a fellow student.

Monoma was looking forward to his match with Midoriya. He had seen the ferocity Midoriya had, leashed up inside. He saw how much the entire Class 1-A looked up to him, and he wanted to crush that so, so, badly.

He knew that Midoriya was agile. He was fast. He wouldn't last in a speed or an endurance match.

Three quirks, three minutes each. That's all he had.

Monoma borrowed Tetsutetsu's quirk. A good, iron strong defence that might make Midoriya more hesitant to attack. Rin's quirk, Scales. An equally offensive and defensive quirk, to push Midoriya into a corner.

He didn't use Reiko's quirk in his previous match, so he was still holding onto that.

He only had nine minutes to do so, to bring down Midoriya. Maybe ten or eleven, or even twelve if he kept activating and deactivating Steel quirk and used Cemedine wisely.

*He would show the world that his quirk was useful. That he wasn't just a simple, brainless copycat.*

"Match, start!"

"You know. I wonder what your quirk is." Monoma started, "I bet it's something flashy, isn't it!?"

Midoriya remained quiet. He just blinked at Monama, as if he was trying to figure out this puzzle called Monoma Neito.

Monoma was fed up. Did Midoriya think that lowly of him? He had taken the initiative in Shiozaki's match to attack. Now, he was just standing there, not even moving.

He scowled, "If you won't do anything, I will!" He rushed forward, using Scales and threw several sharp scales in Midoriya's direction.

Midoriya simply dodged them all. Easily. Effortlessly.
He's looking down on you! Monoma didn't know why this pit of rage in him was suddenly ignited. "Don't go easy on me!" He yelled, sending out more scales that Midoriya still dodged effortlessly. He switched tactics, turning to steel and he rushed at Midoriya, pulling his arm back for a punch.

Midoriya just kept dodging as Monoma pulled punch after punch.

"Tch." Monoma switched back to Scales, and shot them at Midoriya, before switching to Poltergeist and controlling the scales towards Midoriya even as he dodged.

"Stop playing around! Do you even know how it feels?!

He turned to steel again and charged a punch at Midoriya.

He dodged.

"To have a quirk that is useless on its own!?!"

He swung again, Midoriya dodged again.

"To have been made fun of all the time simply because all I can do is copy other people's quirks?!!"

Another punch, another dodge.

"Stop playing around!"

This time, Midoriya didn't dodge.

He caught Monoma's metal fist, and Monoma flinched when he felt the strength behind Midoriya's grip on his hand. He deactivated it and tried to switch to Scales, but that sudden jolt of pain as Midoriya applied pressure on his hand prevented him using his other stored quirk.

It was an oversight on his part. When he already had three quirks stored up, he couldn't take another quirk. He couldn't even sense what it was.

I should have just used two... and used Midoriya's against him.

"Shut up." Midoriya's tone was firm, was cold, was everything Monoma did not expect from him. Not angry, like he had been with Mineta.

Not happy, like he had been with Kaminiri and Shinsou.

Not sad, like he had been after he was accidentally hit by Tokage's flying cutlery.

He sounded completely emotionless.

"You know, from what I saw in the second round, and your match with Denki-kun, I was just being cautious of whatever quirks you may have borrowed from you friends."

Monoma flinched. Midoriya's eyes were cold and calculating as he gazed at the boy in his grip.

"I'm probably the worst person for you to complain about you quirk to."

Midoriya suddenly lunged forward, punching Monoma right in the chest. Monoma reared back, blinking, before turning to steel and tried to fight Midoriya, fist to fist.

He didn't expect his arm to be the one, locking up from the impact as pain jolted up his arm.
Midoriya's attacks were relentless, as he slowly hammered away at Monoma and pushed him towards the boundary.

Tetsutetsu's Steel ran out.

Midoriya pushed him over the line.

Monoma gazed at the ground in front of him. *He lost. He couldn't prove anything... he -*

A hand was in front of him.

He looked upwards, directly at Midoriya.

A soft smile rested on the shorter student's face. "You have an awesome quirk. Cherish it."

Monoma numbly grasped Midoriya's hand as he pulled him up, the jolt finally snapping him out of it as his quirk instinctively searched for the quirk that Midoriya seemed to have but no one knew what it was.

He came up empty.

*Huh...* He thought, *That hasn't happened before... maybe I can't copy his quirk... what is it anyway?*

They shook hands, and they turned around to walk back to the entrances they came from.

"Ne. Monama-kun. You and I are a lot alike... huh?"

Monoma turned around to face Midoriya.

His expression had changed. He just suddenly looked so done. So tired. So sick of everything.

A small, sad smile sat on his face as he looked at Monoma. Monoma could recognise that small flicker of longing in Midoriya's eyes. Ones that he himself had once when he wished he didn't have such a copying quirk.

"We don't get to choose our genes. But we can choose how we use the tools we were given, can't we, Monoma-kun?"

With that, Midoriya turned around and walked back to his waiting room.

Monoma just stared at Midoriya's back.

*He was strong. He was good enough to take down opponent after opponent with that hidden quirk of his. So why did he look so done? Like he was in agonising pain that he couldn't let others see?*

The matchups for the next round were out.

*Iida Tenya VS  Bakugou Katsuki*

*Todoroki Shoto VS  Midoriya Izuku*

"Ne... Monoma, are you okay?" Kendo asked as Monoma returned to his seat.
"I can't believe you actually lost though. With Scales and Steel as armour, and Poltergeist to up your offence, you should have won." Awase pointed out.

Monoma carefully cradled his arm. It wasn't broken, but he could still feel that phantom ache in his muscles, the lingering tingling sensation from when his fist met Midoriya's.

"He's stronger than I thought. My arm hurt when he punched even when it was protected with Steel." Monoma muttered.

He has to have some kind of strength quirk... there's no way he can punch my metal arm and make it hurt otherwise.

"Still thinking what his quirk is? I'm thinking maybe it isn't physical. Maybe it's some kind of mental quirk or a simple, unnoticeable strength enhancing quirk." Kendo stated.

I should be able to copy those though... so why couldn't I? Maybe my quirk has some kind of cool down I didn't know about...

Shinsou peeked over the ledge, and saw Monoma, "You're alive. That's a relief."

"Were you expecting me to die?" Monoma asked, with the lack of his usual snark.

"Honestly... given Izu's mood... You could have ended up in the infirmary for a long time. And that's not the worst case scenario."

Monoma flinched at the tone Shinsou used. Midoriya could have killed him!?

Iida started off immediately with a blast from his engines as he charged at Bakugou. Similarly, Bakugou had propelled himself forwards with his explosions. Iida attempted to perform an engine enhanced kick at Bakugou, but Bakugou dodged it and grabbed Iida's leg, giving it an explosion at point blank range.

Iida tried to get some distance between himself and Bakugou, and attempted to speed forwards again, but Iida realised he couldn't.

His engines had overheated from Bakugou's explosions.

Bakugou took a swipe at Iida in his moment of hesitation, as Iida tried to avoid Bakugou's ferocious attacks.

"DIE FOUR EYES!" Bakugou roared, sending a powerful explosion right in Iida's chest.

Iida was about to be pushed back over the boundary line, but then, with perfect timing, his engines were cooled enough to blast him forward just enough to not go over the line.

But then, Bakugou was directly in his face, and blasted him with another explosion, sending him toppling right over the line.

Midoriya was about to walk out for his next battle when he came face to face with Todoroki Enji.

"Endeavor." Midoriya greeted dryly.

"There you are. I watched your match. I'm going to be honest and say I have no idea what your quirk is. You've somehow managed to keep it hidden, or maybe it's just a non-physical mental quirk."
If we're talking about power alone, then Shoto is definitely stronger than you."

Midoriya just raised an eyebrow at Enji. He had heard from Aizawa that Enji had also came when they rescued him and the other prisoners... but it seems like Enji was just there because he was called there, not because he cared about any of the trapped people.

Of course. This is Endeavor we're talking about. Second in flaming trash heap placings. He's the one that literally drove his wife mad and practically abused Sho-kun and his siblings.

"It's my Shoto's duty to surpass All Might. His match with you will be informative. Please don't be a disgrace."

"Sho-kun's not you." Enji raised an eyebrow at Midoriya's nickname, "Stop putting all your ideals on him. Maybe if you weren't such a shitbag of a father, he might have looked up to use and would be willing to use your fire."

Midoriya glared at Enji in the eye, and the Number Two Hero couldn't stop himself from tensing up at the raged expression on Midoriya's face.

"I will make Sho-kun use his fire. Not for you, or for anyone else, but for him. He deserves to be free of the restraints that you forced upon him."

Midoriya walked past the stunned fire hero, before he finished, "Also, leave Sho-kun alone. You've been disillusioned by your quest to beat All Might. Maybe after this match, we can discuss your parenting methods. I know you just want him to be strong, but don't forget what happened to Todoroki Touya."

"Izuku." Todoroki greeted.

"Sho-kun. Did you meet your dad earlier? You were very pissed off just now when you froze Ashido-san and Tokoyami-kun into icicles."

"Yeah.." Todoroki looked away, trying to find his father in the crowd. He couldn't find him.

"Don't worry about your dad. I had a little chat with him." Midoriya gave Todoroki a small smile, "Let's be honest. I have a lot more experience fighting than you. You can't beat me with ice. You don't have to hold back."

"You know exactly how I feel about my fire. I've been trying. It just hurts too much." Todoroki monotoned, stomping on the ground and creating another huge ice wall.

"Um... Izuku?" Kayama asked, staring at the freezing structure, "Hello?"

"Ne, Sho-kun," Midoriya was behind him.

Ironically, Todoroki froze.

"You keep using your ice over and over again. You're just gonna hurt yourself. I'm just gonna say this once. Your dad is disillusioned. He wants you to be strong, for all the wrong reasons."

Todoroki raised his hand to freeze Midoriya again, but suddenly, Midoriya was somehow on top of him, having jumped before Todoroki even moved. He flipped over, grabbed Todoroki around the neck with his legs, and threw Todoroki behind him. Todoroki tumbled some distance away, before he stopped himself with some ice.
"Do you want to lose?"

Todoroki looked at him.

"Using your fire isn't giving in to him. It's accepting yourself for who you are, Sho-kun."

"Accepting who I am means accepting that I belong to him."

Midoriya sighed exasperatedly. *Was this how Aizawa felt with him all the time when he's running around being stubborn?*

*I can do this. Undo that restrain a bit... let a bit leak out... show him that I mean what I say."

"This approach isn't working. Ne. Sho-kun."

Todoroki flinched when he felt Midoriya's aura turn darker.

Midoriya looked at him emotionlessly, "Do you want to see us die?"

"I... what?"

"USJ. Do you want that to happen again?"

"Of course not! Don't be absurd!"

"What if one day, that happens again, and you can't use your ice?"

"What - "

"Will you let us die? Simply because you weren't willing to use your fire?"

"No - "

"Everyone's giving their all. You can't win if you keep going at fifty percent."

"I - "

"If you can't even use your full power against me, you won't be able to when the time comes."

Todoroki just stared at Midoriya, before staring at his right hand. He willed the warmth in his arm out. It flickered to life, a small flame dancing upon his palm.

Midoriya's tone softened, "There we go, Sho-kun. Accept yourself as you. Free yourself of the chains your father put you on. Don't let yourself be defined by the gifts you have, but how you use them."

Todoroki's gaze hardened, "I'm not going to hold back."

"I wouldn't want it any other way."

Todoroki sent a burst of fire in Midoriya's direction, as he dodged it and charged at Todoroki. Todoroki sent out a wave of ice, forcing Midorya to dodge to his left, right into the path of a wave of fire.

"Woah! He got a hit on Izuku!" Kirishima cheered.
"Don't be silly. He literally can cover the entire field. There's no way anyone can avoid it. It's not like Izuku can fly." Jiro muttered.

"Sh!" Kaminiri grinned, "Watch!"

Midoriya burst out of the fire, "Not bad, Sho-kun, but how many fire and ice users do you think I've fought before?!

Todoroki just grit his teeth. Midoriya was strong. He could afford to hold back.

_He wasn't strong enough. He couldn't afford to hold back._

Todoroki reversed tactics. He fired his flames at Midoriya, before immediately firing off another crystalline ice wall. Midoriya had jumped to dodge the fire. There was no way he could dodge the ice.

Midoriya just reared his fist back, punching the icicles in front to smithereens.

_Of course. This was Izuku he was talking about. Something like that wouldn't stop him._

Midoriya landed on the broken ice wall, and leapt off. He ended up right in Todoroki's face, and delivered a harsh blow to his chest. He grabbed Todoroki's arm and literally threw him out of the stage, but Todoroki created an ice slide and slid along it before he touched the ground, propelled forward with his fire.

He blasted himself forwards, gaining more and more speed as he charged at Midoriya. He jumped off the structure, and attempted to kick Midoriya in the chest and out of bounds, but Midoriya just dodged and used his own momentum against him, smashing Todoroki into the ground.

Todoroki froze Midoriya's arm solid at the contact.

In retaliation, Midoriya bashed Todoroki on the head with his ice covered arm and pushed him over the line.

"Man... even at full power, Todoroki is still not strong enough to beat Izuku.." Ashido lamented.

"He's has been fighting for half his life. His experience far outweighs ours." Iida muttered.

"You think he can beat Bakugou?" Kirishima asked.

"Probably. I mean, if he could beat Todoroki..."

"But Bakugou's a lot more vicious..."

"Weren't they friends before that fire or whatever they were talking about that time?"

"Doesn't mean that Bakugou would hold back."

"I meant that Izuku knows him the best?"

"True."

"Alright! It's finally the last battle of the UA High School Sports Festival! The top of the first years
will be decided with this one match! The final, so to speak! From the Hero Course, Midoriya Izuku, versus, Bakugou Katsuki, also from the Hero Course! Match start!"

Bakugou, like before, blasted himself towards Midoriya, his right arm pulled back.

"I did tell you to fix that right hook, Kacchan."

Bakugou's eyes widened. He had been so eager to fight Deku, that he had forgotten that glaring weakness that Deku knew about.

Midoriya dodged Bakugou's punch, and like he did with Todoroki, he used his momentum against him and smashed Bakugou into the ground. Bakugou got up, and fired off a few explosions to give himself some space between Midoriya and himself.

_This is bad. Deku knows how my explosions work, and most of my attacks are for close combat, which he excels in._

Bakugou pulled another punch, but Midoriya blocked it and kneed Bakugou in the gut, and kicked him in the side sending the explosive boy tumbling onto the ground. He reappeared in front of him, but Bakugou blasted himself away from Midoriya in the last minute to catch his breath.

Midoriya charged at Bakugou.

Roaring, Bakugou lunged at Midoriya, his arms pulled back to deal a dual explosion. Midoriya ducked and slid under Bakugou, twisting into a handstand and harshly kicking Bakugou in the back across the stage.

Bakugou pulled himself up and grinned. Midoriya was still holding back. He wanted to force Midoriya to go all out, to face him head on instead of putting a damper on his power.

Deku was quirkless. Not powerless.

_When was the last time he had felt such exhilaration?_

With a roar, Bakugou charged at Midoriya, before leaping into the air. He propelled himself in a circular motion, as the air twisted and turned around him, slowly merging into a tornado.

"Deku! Eat this! Howitzer Impact!"

Bakugou released the blast right in front of Midoriya's face, and the entire stage burst into an explosion.

Everyone held their breath, waiting for the dust to clear. Bakugou was in the clear since he had created more explosions to blow the dust away so he could see. His arms were throbbing from that huge explosion... but that had probably taken Deku out -

"Ne... Kacchan. That's an awesome Super Move! Just make sure it hits, okay?"

Bakugou gapped as Midoriya emerged from the smoke behind him. He didn't even look scratched, or burnt. His sports uniform was in perfect shape, and Midoriya didn't even seem winded.

"DEKU! DIE!" Bakugou roared, rushing at Midoriya and grabbing his arm, firing explosions from his free hand as he flew towards the boundary. He stopped, releasing Midoriya, intending for him to fly out of bounds.

Midoriya just shot Bakugou a grin, and grabbed his hand. He braked against the ground, dragging
Bakugou with him in the air, and smashed Bakugou into the ground, right past the boundary.

"All the events have been completed! The winner of this years first year UA Sports Festival is from Class 1-A, Midoriya Izuku! Can everyone in the top sixteen please gather at the stage after it's fixed for the prize giving ceremony?"

"Hey... Midoriya." Monoma called out as they waited for Kayama to announce the placings. He had pulled the shorter boy a fair bit away from the top sixteen students, wanting to talk in privacy.

"Call me Izuku."

"Alright. Izuku. I... what quirk do you have? My quirk can't copy it... "

"I... can't answer that. I'm sorry, Monoma-kun." Midoriya shook his head.

"That's fine... may I know why?" Monoma asked. He was slightly disappointed that he couldn't find a potential weakness to his quirk, but he was curious.

"The answer is because he's quirkless." The voice echoed throughout the stadium, and everyone immediately clammed up in shock and confusion as a man walked out of the entrance.

Midoriya tensed up at the voice, and turned around.

He may have only seen him once in his entire life, but he could never forget the face of the man that killed his mother and set his apartment on fire.

"Sir, please go back to the seats. You are not supposed to be down here." Kayama said.

Midoriya growled, and placed himself directly between Monoma and the man.

"What do you want, Flash Fire?"
"Oh? I'm surprised you know my hero name. But I'm afraid that I don't go by that anymore." The man said smugly.

"Hey. You're not authorised to be here." Kayama made her way to Midoriya's side.

"Then should I call you Midoriya Hisashi instead?" Midoriya asked.

The crowd started muttering. About the man, about UA's security, about the quirkless boy who had placed first in the sports festival.

There was no way Midoriya was quirkless. Monoma thought. He had fought him. He had felt the power behind his punches, the blinding speed that he moved, there was no way that he had gotten all the way to the quirkless.

"YOU!" Bakugou roared. Kirishima had to physically restrain the explosive boy before he could lunge at the man, "You destroyed Deku's life! What kind of person are you, you piece of shit!?" Bakugou was mad. Hisashi had tried to murder Inko and Midoriya, placed the blame on Midoriya, and came back after seven years? All for what? To torment him once

"Ah. Katsuki. As explosive as ever. Your mother never taught you manners, did she, with that equally explosive personality?" Hisashi barely spared a glance at the angry blonde.

"SHUT UP YOU FUCK! DON'T YOU DARE SAY SHIT ABOUT MY MOM WHEN YOU'RE A FLAMING BAG OF CRAP!"

Hisashi ignored the explosive boy and turned to Midoriya, giving him a small smile.

"Izuku, my son."

Monoma looked at the man in disbelief. After the man had said that, he could definitely see where Midoriya got some of his features from. His father had jet black hair that was as fluffy as Midoriya's, as well as his freckles.

"Tch. Don't call me that. I'm no son of yours. You lost that right seven years ago." Midoriya growled. Monoma leaned over Midoriya's shoulder to get a better look at the man, but Midoriya's body posture told him to do otherwise.

"Oh, do you want me to call you Uzuki then?" Hisashi grinned.

The crowd fell silent once again.

Monoma was confused. He turned towards Kendo, to Tetsutetsu, to Shiozaki. All of them were swimming in the same state of confusion that he was.

Uzuki was a vigilante. Even though he hadn't been active in the last few weeks, he had made enough of a reputation for himself. He had an unknown quirk, lurked in areas where heroes didn't think to look, took down some of the worst thugs on the streets. He had been rescued from that mass kidnapping a fews ago, and that was the last anyone had seen of him.
Why did Hisashi call Midoriya that?

Midoriya wasn’t Uzuki. Or was he?

"You know, I heard rumours that there was this vigilante running around. I didn't think much of it, until you started raiding our warehouses and stealing our information." Hisashi grinned, ignoring the female pro hero, "It was annoying, you know. Like a little bug we were never able to swat. They didn't want to call in flamethrowers and bulldozers just to kill a fly though."

Hisashi's grin turned feral, as he faced Midoriya, "Imagine my surprise when I found out from Shigaraki that the annoying little pest was my quirkless, useless son that was supposed to die in that fire years ago."

"Well you clearly didn't do a good job." Midoriya hissed.

Hisashi gave a disappointed sigh, "I thought you had better manners than this."

"They were burnt up when you killed my mom and set the house on fire." Midoriya retorted.

"Midoriya Hisashi, you are under arrest for arson, child abuse, villainy, betrayal, and many other crimes." Kayama interjected. "Give up now."

"Honestly, this is what the pro heroes have been reduced to? What a farce." Hisashi clicked his tongue disapprovingly, fire spewing from his mouth as his body crackled with electricity.

Wait he isn’t supposed to do that! His quirk is fire breathing! Was his quirk mistaken as something else or -

Midoriya tensed up.

There was a villain running around for the past five years. A fire breathing electrical arsonist, called Tempest. He destroyed buildings, his fire hot enough to affect the weather and cause typhoons in very cold countries. He caused thunderstorms that raged through cities. He hadn't been seen in Japan yet, but Midoriya kept track of him in case he ever decided to drop by. The other heroes probably had heard of Tempest as well.

"You. You're Tempest!" Midoriya growled.

Hisashi clapped his hands, "Congrats. You figured it out."

Throughout the stadium, the various pro heroes and teachers sucked in a breath. If Midoriya Hisashi was really Tempest, then this matter had to be handled delicately. The people in the stadium had to be protected. The students had to be evacuated. Tempest was rumoured to be temperamental, and the only reason he hadn’t gone full pyromaniac on them was because he wanted something. Specifically, from Midoriya Izuku.

Hisashi snapped his fingers, and several villains dropped out of them onto the stage, forming a huge group in front of the sixteen students and one pro hero. They heard the metal moving, and they whirled around, only to see the metal gates to the stadium closing one by one. They had no where to run.

Teleportation powers as well? Or did someone with an illusion quirk hide them until he gave the cue?

"Shit... " Kayama silently cursed, only her, Midoriya and Monoma hearing her. "I won't be able to
use my quirk against them without hitting the other students."

Midoriya spared a glance at his fellow students, and then slowly nodded. He took a step to walk towards Hisashi, but Monoma grabbed his arm.

"Don't be ridiculous, Izuku. You can't think of fighting them!" Monoma hissed.

"Stay back. Sports day is over. You guys can't use your quirks for attacking or self defence without the pro's permission. This is gonna get messy. I can feel it." Midoriya glared at Monoma, but the blond didn't back down.

"Still trying to play the hero, huh, Izuku?" Hisashi sighed, "One chance, if you want to live."

He stuck his hand out, "Join me. If you really are Uzuki, then you've already broken several laws. You're already a villain in the eyes of the heroes. Stop this stupid game of wanting to be a hero. Join me, and use that brain of yours to help us. You're useless without a quirk, but I heard from that you have very sharp analysis skills. The least you can do is be loyal to the person who gave you life. If you do good enough..."

Midoriya rolled his eyes and scoffed. Monoma could feel that Midoriya's mood had completely shifted, from angry and tired, to something a lot more energetic, and snarky.

Midoriya felt exactly like Uzuki did when Monoma had a run in with the vigilante.

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Monoma watched as the vigilante punched the villain in the face, sending him flying to the wall.

He turned around, facing Monoma.

His breath hitched. He had seen how easily the vigilante, Uzuki, the media called him, beat the villain. He wouldn't stand a chance against him!

"You okay?"

Monoma blinked at the voice. "I... yeah... thanks for saving me..."

He thought he was smiling behind the mask, "Yeah. I'm glad you're okay."

The villain made a move to get up, roaring, "You stupid bug! I'll crush you!"

"Yeah... I'd like to see you try!" Uzuki retorted. He faced Monoma, "Go home. I'll deal with this bag of crap."

"WHAT DID YOU CALL ME!?" The villain growled.

"I said you need hearing aids!" Uzuki replied, charging the villain and kicking his face into the wall, "Seriously! How old are you? Seventy?"

"Yeah. About that. I have a few things to say. One, I'm quirkless. I can't break any laws if I don't have a quirk to break em with, you big idiot."

Hisashi's eye twitched.

"Two, I became a vigilante to help people. I'm not going to throw that away simply because you threatened my life. Seriously, if you're a villain, get some new material. Please. My ears are bleeding
from hearing those kind of crap every single day."

All the 1-A students sighed. Monoma could hear a very soft, "There he does again, roasting the hell outta them."

"Three. Well, you're first on the list of Flaming Garbage Shit bags. I don't really care if you're my dad or some kind of stupid flame thrower, you came to this school and you're threatening my friends. I don't really like that. Plus, I couldn't care less that you just gave me a Y chromosome. You literally didn't do anything else except try to kill me, so don't even pull that card."

Hisashi mouth was practically glowing from the fire he was spewing.

"Four. If there's one thing you did right..."

Midoriya paused. He carefully removed the lid.

Monoma froze up from the sheer pressure of the aura of the boy in front of him.

"That useless, whining, crybaby of a Deku died in that fire seven years ago." He glared at Hisashi, who didn't even flinch, "Just because I don't have a quirk doesn't mean I'm useless. I'll never, no, I refuse to be useless again!"

"You're as stubborn as ever, huh." Hisashi shook his head, speaking in a patronising tone, "I guess I should have tried to convince your friends, huh? You have one with a mental quirk, no? A brainwashing one, I believe. A perfect villain's quirk."

Shinsou flinched. He took a step backwards, bumping into Iida by accident. The engine quirked boy pat him on the back reassuringly as Uraraka tried to comfort him.

Midoriya growled, and intensified his aura. Kayama came over and dragged the frozen boy away from Midoriya.

"Oh yeah, wasn't there this other one that can copy other people's quirks? That would go perfectly with your mind controlling friend. Two perfect villain quirks, right here, in this hero school."

Monoma hissed. That was even worse than people calling him a copycat. Kendo pat his shoulder, trying to calm him down.

A growl built up in Midoriya's throat.

"Don't you dare say that about my friends!" Midoriya turned back to Hisashi and snapped, "They can choose how they wants to use their quirks! And they're both gonna be awesome heroes, so shut your trap!"

Hisashi sighed.

"A pawn is useless when it doesn't listen to orders. Kill him." He ordered, as the villains surged forward. He turned towards the crowd and yelled, "If any of you pro heroes try to interfere, I'll set this whole damn place on fire! That includes you, stupid hero course students! You were fools to choose to be heroes!"

Midoriya gave her a small look, as if he were asking for permission.

*He's quirkless and knows that technically he can go ahead and fight without a pro's permission. Yet he's asking because he's in a hero school and trying his best to abide by our rules despite knowing...*
he isn't doing anything wrong. Kayama grit her teeth and nodded.

Midoriya lunged forward, even faster than he ever did during the Sports Festival. He kicked one villain in the gut, jumping off him and drop kicking another villain into the ground. Midoriya elbowed another, and the next villain activated his needle quirk, firing them at the boy. Midoriya ran through the storm of needles, dodging each one and kicked the villain in the side. With a burst of speed, Midoriya smashed into a mutant type villain who was trying to impale him with his horns, and Midoriya harshly kicked him into another group of villains, knocking them all over like bowling pins.

Monoma, Kendo, Shiozaki and Tetsutetsu just stared at the sheer power, strength and speed that Midoriya displayed, and they bleakly realised that he had been holding back this entire time. If Midoriya really wanted to, he would have smashed his fist into their guts in a millisecond and knocked them out in an instant.

"I'm probably the worst person for you to complain about your quirk to."

Monoma finally understood what Midoriya meant. He was born with a quirk. Midoriya wasn't. He was lucky enough to have a gift that eighty percent of the population possessed. Midoriya was unlucky. He was part of the remaining twenty percent to not have such a gift. He was even unluckier, since a higher and higher percentage of each generation inherited quirks.

Monoma didn't deserve to complain that his quirk was bad when Midoriya didn't even have one.

Midoriya kept smacking down the villains that came after him. Aizawa was trying to help him, erasing quirks every now and then from his spot in the announcer's booth. Yamada couldn't do anything to help since that booth was literally designed to withstand his screaming, and it appeared that their security was also compromised.

"Can't we help him?" Tetsutetsu and Kirishima asked in sync, both unconsciously using their quirks as they tensed up.

Kayama shook his head, "If you guys go in, he'll have to worry about you. He won't be able to fight at his full power. I'm decent enough at hand to hand combat, but he excels by a long shot. We'll just get in the way. I'm protecting you guys so he doesn't have to worry. Plus, that man practically threatened everyone here. We can't act rashly."

Kayama sighed as Tetsutetsu and Kirishima both mumbled under their breaths on how to smash Hisashi's face up. At least she wasn't the only one with those kinds of thoughts.

While they were having that conversation, a villain made her way past Midoriya towards Kayama, but Midoriya didn't even spare her a glance as he knocked out two more and decked another villain in the face.

Kayama focussed her quirk into her arm. She leapt forward, unzipped it, letting the villain get a full whiff of her sleeping gas before punching her in the face.

"Besides... that man ruined his life. I'm sure Izuku would want to pummel his face in." Kayama said as she zipped her sleeve up.

"I'll admit, Izuku. I never expected to see you again. I'll give you that." Hisashi grinned, before yelling out, "But you're still as useless as ever."

Midoriya was entirely at Hisashi's mercy, on live television. Whatever happened next, everyone would know. They wouldn't be able to hide the details like they did with the USJ.
Kayama blinked. Shit.

The sports festival was live.

*Now, the entirety of Japan now knew that Midoriya was Uzuki, and that he was quirkless.*

"There's nothing wrong with wanting to be a hero! You're the fool to choose to be a villain!" Midoriya roared.

He had finished off most of the villains. There were just stragglers, cautious ones who had no idea how to deal with the raging Midoriya Izuku.

"You guys are useless! You can't even beat a single useless, powerless, quirkless kid even though you outnumber him at least fifty to one!" Hisashi raged. He spewed fire in one of his fellow villains face, ignoring him as he screamed in pain, before making his way onto the stage.

"You have no idea..." Hisashi started, as he made his way towards Midoriya, "How long I've wanted to burnt you to a crisp when I realised you were alive."

Midoriya got into a crouch, when suddenly, Hisashi was directly in his face. He just managed to duck under the punch.

Hisashi didn't just have a powerful fire breath, and electric powers that he got for absolutely no reason. He was tall, agile, strong, also insanely fast.

Hisashi went on the offensive, dishing out a flurry of attacks that Midoriya just barely managed to dodge. Hisashi finally managed to grab Midoriya, and harshly pulled him forward. Hisashi kneed him in the gut before the smashed the boy into the ground harshly. Midoriya was sent tumbling across the ground.

He shakily got to his feet. His left arm reached lower than usual. It was dislocated. Ouch.

Everyone flinched as Midoriya harshly shoved his arm back into place, the loud crack resounding as the bone was forced back into the socket.

Hisashi set his hand on fire. Midoriya still had no idea how he had electric and fire powers when his designated quirk was fire breathing.

"As you can see, I have a new benefactor." Hisashi grinned, as the flames ran along his arm, "You were a fool to make an enemy out of us."

"You started it, don't blame me for your actions again, as usual. I'm not your scapegoat, if you even know what that means." Midoriya hissed back, just as a villain with a knife ran at him. Midoriya sidestepped the knife, smacked the guy's arm, and ripped the knife right out of his grasp. He smashed the handle of the knife into the villain's temple, knocking him out.

Another one that somehow had a sword charged at Midoriya, but he used the knife to block the attack. He was pushed back slightly, and suddenly spun around the villain, who fell over from pressing so hard against Midoriya to attack. Midoriya kicked him in the back, before dodging a fire first by Hisashi.

Jiro and Shoji flinched when they heard the comments from the crowd with their sharp hearing.
"No way. He's quirkless?"

"This years first years must be really weak if they lost to a quirkless nobody."

"Yeah, but he's keeping up with the villains."

"Those villains must be weak as well."

"That quirkless kid must be deranged if he thinks he can beat them."

"How did he even get into the hero course?"

"Yeah. No way he could have beaten the robots, and we would know if he had gotten in via recommendations, like Todoroki and Yaoyorozu."

"Yeah. Those villains must be weak if they're getting knocked down by his weak punches and kicks."

How could they be so mean? They were all rooting for him earlier, before Hisashi had declared him to be quirkless. Now they were just treating him like he was worse than the dirt beneath their feet. Was this how he had to live as a child? With people prejudiced against him simply because he had an extra toe joint and lacked a superpower?

Midoriya growled, and his aura intensified further.

He roared, swiped the knife at Hisashi, who just dodged. Hisashi reared up his flaming fist and punched Midoriya, but he had managed to put his arms in front of him to lessen the brunt of the damage, causing him to drop the knife. His arms were burnt, and the sheer force of Hisashi's attack pushed him back several feet.

Midoriya just bent his knees, allowing him to absorb and lessen the power behind the attack. Like an elastic band, he leapt forward, speeding towards Hisashi. Hisashi attempted to hit him again, but Midoriya ducked down and landed in a handstand, and attempted to slam Hisashi's head with his foot. Hisashi' dodged, and Midoriya ended up hitting the cement stage with his foot.

His foot made contact with the cement with a loud crash, and everyone could see clearly that Midoriya had easily broken and cracked some of the strongest cement that was even made. And he didn't even seem to be in pain as he instantly spun around on his arms and used his other foot to nail Hisashi right in the stomach.

Monoma and Shiozaki flinched. If Midoriya has used that much strength against them... if it hit them in the head or chest, he would have killed him.

Hisashi picked up the knife, and he grinned sinisterly as his hand crackled with electricity and the metal blade glowed from the heat.

He grabbed Midoriya's foot, before slashing the boy across the chest, and kicking him harshly towards the group of students.

Kendo caught him, and everyone gapped at how large the wound was. Blood was spattered on his uniform, dyeing it red, but luckily (or unluckily) for Midoriya, the heat form the blade cauterised the injury, so he didn't risk bleeding out, but it left a nasty scar and they had no idea if any of his internal organs were damaged.
"How could you?! He's still a child!" Kayama yelled. She made a move towards Hisashi, but he just set his entire arm on fire as his arm sparked with electricity, turning his palm to the crowd. Kayama snapped her mouth shut, and grit her teeth. She was too far away from Hisashi to do anything before he turned the entire place into a raging inferno.

Midoriya shoved Kendo's enlarged hand off him, and stood up. He spat out some blood, before rushing out again.

"Izuku!" Kendo yelled. She barely knew the boy, but seeing his true power and how much restraint he had on himself to prevent himself from hurting her classmates too badly, and that the fire breathing sparking shit bag he was fighting was his father of all people, she couldn't help but be concerned for the boy.

The knife in Hisashi's hand had melted from the heat, leaving a bubbling mess of metal in the former hero's grasp that slowly dripped onto the ground. Midoriya rushed in to punch Hisashi, but he pulled a feint instead and crouched down, attempting to swipe Hisashi off his feet.

Hisashi growled, jumping up and kicking Midoriya in the side of his head. The boy tumbled, wincing, before standing up.

In that instant, Hisashi was right in Midoriya's face, and grabbed him around the neck, hauling him into the air.

"I thought you were going to hurt me?" Hisashi asked patronisingly, as his grip around Midoriya's neck tightened, "You really are as useless as before."

"So? Why.. haven't you killed me yet?" Midoriya choked out, struggling to breath.

"Well.. you have been a pain in our side for quite some time. I know some of my friends would prefer you to suffer." Hisashi shrugged, before electrocuting the boy.

Midoriya bit his lip as he endured the electric attack. He wasn't going to just give Hisashi the satisfaction of watching him scream in pain.

"Oh? Looks like you'll make a nice chew toy, no?" Hisashi grinned even wider, as he upped the voltage of his attack.

Midoriya still refused to give in. His insides felt like they were burning up, and he resisted the urge to throw up whatever little food he managed to eat during lunch.

Everyone just stared on, horrified as one of the most dangerous villains electrocuted the boy. Shiozaki was just staring at them, wide eyed, as she covered her mouth in shock. Uraraka had covered her own mouth, looking much more nauseous than anyone had ever seen her. Tetsutetsu and Kirishima's mouths were open, activating and deactivating their quirks as they stared at Midoriya's figure, being lit up by Hisashi as he ferociously shocked boy. Kendo and Yaoyorozu looked like they wanted to cry, as they watched Midoriya endure the attack. Bakugou was torn between wanting to blow Hisashi up and wanting to swear his lungs out, and for once Kaminari agreed with him in wanting to blow Hisashi up. Monoma just stared, stunned, as Todoroki simultaneously burst into flames and froze himself. Ashido had clung to Tokoyami and buried her face in his feathers, as he and Iida just stared at Hisashi, stunned that he would do these horrible things to his own son, from afar as Dark Shadow tried to comfort Ashido. Shinsou was flicking his eyes between watching Hisashi harm Midoriya and Hatsume tinkering with some of her inventions. (Hint: She was trying to make a bomb. She wanted to blow Hisashi up as well.)
Hisashi finally stopped the electric attack, and Midoriya coughed out a ton of blood. He gasped, trying to get oxygen back into his lungs as he glared hatefully at Hisashi.

"You're still awake, huh? And you didn't even make a single sound. You're the perfect little punching bag."

Midoriya jerked his leg up, kneeing Hisashi right in the chin, making the taller man release him. Midoriya fell to the ground, and jumped backwards, away from Hisashi, as he spat out more blood and wiped his chin.

"Pretty sure your definition of punching bags is wrong, mister. Punching bags just take hits. They don't fight back, you idiot. Maybe instead of picking on a bunch of students you should pick up a dictionary instead. Or maybe search it up on the internet. Surely you know how to use that, at the very least." Midoriya snapped.

Shinsou hissed under his breath, and only the students plus one teacher heard him, "Stop insulting the villain who literally just electrocuted you, idiot."

Hisashi was mad. Very mad.

"What did you say, you little shit!?"

"Wow you really are getting old!" Midoriya mocked, "Or did all the thunder from making so many storms permanently damage your hearing!?"

*His veins felt like they were on fire.*

Hisashi set his arms on fire, but Midoriya rushed at him the moment his mind was clouded over in anger.

His skin was tingling. *Electrical burns. Ouch.*

He jumped up, nailing a roundhouse kick right in Hisashi's chest, knocking the breath out of him. The flames on his arms immediately went out.

"Can't make fire without air, can you?" Midoriya grinned, jumping right in Hisashi's face and kicking him straight in the face.

The former fire hero stumbled backwards, clutching a bleeding and bloody nose.

He blindly shot his arms out in Midoriya's direction, blasting electricity and fire at him. Midoriya charged at Hisashi again, weaving as the dancing flames and the sparking electricity bounded across the stage. He laid low, and once he was in front of Hisashi, he sprung up, punching Hisashi in the chin with an uppercut punch.

He didn't expect Hisashi to glare at him as he was knocked backwards by Midoriya's punch, pulling a knife out from who knew where and slashed at Midoriya.

This time, the wound wasn't cauterised.

Midoriya stared at the bloody knife in Hisashi's hands as he fell to the ground.

*That's my blood,* he bleakly realised, finally registering the horrible, stinging sensation in his chest as he hit the ground hard. *The electricity probably fried my nerves.*

*It's not that bad,* he tried to convince himself, *it's better than the scorpion dude. I'm not paralysed but*
Holy shit did he hit something important why is there so much blood!?

He could feel his ribs crack as Hisashi placed a foot on his chest.

At least my spine is still intact. It would suck to be permanently paralysed for life.

He tried to push Hisashi's foot off him, but his arms weren't strong enough to push off the former hero, who was literally putting all his weight on Midoriya's chest.

Everyone tensed up when a haunting sound filled the stadium.

Midoriya realised that the sound was coming from himself.

He was chuckling. Why do I always laugh when I'm about to die?

His chuckling escalated into full blown laughter, as he spat some blood out, "Well! You got me pinned down! You finally gonna kill me or what? Or do you not have the guts to finally end the quirkless kid you tried to kill when he was seven!??"

The entirety of 1-A gasped.

Hisashi tried to what?!

When he was seven?!

Only seven?!

Just because he was quirkless!?

They were all seething. If looks could kill, Hisashi would have dropped dead right there and then with the looks that were shot at him from both the stage and the stadium, from the nineteen 1-A students (Mineta didn't care less if Midoriya died. That just meant he could go back to leering at the girls), quite a few pro heroes (Aizawa, Yamada, Nemuri, Kan, Maijima, Ectoplasm, Snipe, Thirteen and Yagi. Aizawa was trying his best to not activate his quirk in case Hisashi lost it and went feral on Midoriya, and Yagi could only watch from the roof of the stadium as he deflated into his normal form. He needed to save his hero form for later, when they could take Hisashi out), as well as five additional ones from 1-B (Monoma, Kendo, Tokage, Shiozaki, and Tetsutetsu. Even though Shiozaki didn't look like she was glaring, she was internally seething), and one Support Class student.

Alas, looks couldn't kill, unless you had laser eyes, which none of them possessed. So Hisashi wasn't dead.

Hisashi growled. The quirkless, useless brat was still mocking him!?

He lifted his leg, setting it on fire, fully intending to bring his foot down with all his strength onto Midoriya's chest, and finally crush him.

The second the pressure was released, Midoriya inhaled, and rolled.

Hisashi missed, but the pure power and strength behind his foot smashed a crater into the ground.

His attack had sent Midoriya tumbling a few feet away.

"Whew. God your aim sucks. Maybe you need a crash course in learning how to hit a target." Midoriya's voice rang out, as he slowly pulled himself to his feet, a distance away from Hisashi.
Shinsou was getting more and more stressed out, *STOP ANTAGONISING HIM YOU IDIOT!* Hisashi’s expression suddenly turned feral, as he glared Kayama and the students, pointing a sparking, flaming arm at them.

Midoriya’s vision went red.

He roared in anger, lunging at Hisashi.

A knife was buried in his chest, and he felt fire and electricity wash over him.

*He felt pain.*

"IZU!" Shinsou couldn't stop himself from yelling as Hisashi waited for Midoriya to come in close, before swinging around, stabbing the smaller boy before engulfing the boy with flames and electricity.

*Izu always liked to antagonise his enemies, to force their emotions against them and force them to make more mistakes.*

*Hisashi had just used Izu's tactic against him.*

Hisashi roared in laughter as Midoriya's body hit the ground. Flames were licking at his body, as Midoriya's sparked from the power of the electricity Hisashi used. Smoke wafted off his body, as blood pooled from underneath the Midoriya's body.

*The fire didn't cauterise the injury? No... Shinsou really, really wanted to end Hisashi there and then. If he was carrying around a knife, it had to be fireproof. That meant that Izu had landed on the knife wrongly and it had cut something up. Shinsou hoped it wasn't lethal, and that Midoriya was somehow still alive, but given that he was literally just blasted with fire and electricity, he didn't want to get his hopes up.*

He looked dead.

Hisashi was still laughing.

"You're still as useless as ever. And you dared to mock me? This is what you get, you useless brat, when you're just all talk and no action. You were powerless, and you're still powerless now."

"FUCK OFF HISASHI! WHAT THE FUCK DID DEKU EVEN FUCKING DO TO YOU!?" Bakugou roared, sparks flying off his palms.

"What I should have done seven years ago." Hisashi snorted, "As for what he did to me, he's a disgrace to the Midoriya name. I knew Inko's bloodline was weak, but to produce a quirkless child... they're all useless."

"THAT'S NO REASON TO FUCKING KILL HIM!"

Hisashi turned his back to Midoriya's smoking body. He raised his hand, aiming directly at Kayama and the other students, cackling, "You're questioning me? DIE!"

The aura that Midoriya gave before didn't hold a flame to the immense amount of pressure that could be felt from behind Hisashi.

"LEAVE THEM ALONE!"
Aizawa was conflicted. He knew he couldn't erase Hisashi's quirk or he would notice it. He could only do it on the small fries, erasing their quirks and letting Midoriya knock them out instantly.

So the second he saw Midoriya struggling to get up. He tensed up.

Hisashi thought he had killed Midoriya. He didn't know he was still alive.

He watched, waited as Midoriya pulled himself to his feet at an antagonising slow pace, and grimaced at the sheer amount of blood that flowing off the boy and dripping to the ground.

*How the heck was he still conscious!?*

He watched, with a bated breath, as Midoriya gingerly pulled the knife out of the huge wound on his chest, and charged at Hisashi, roaring in his face.

He watched at Hisashi turned around, looking directly at the boy that he thought he had killed.

*Now!*

Hisashi turned around, seeing Midoriya leaping at him.

His eyes widened.

*I just killed him. How is he still -*

Hisashi reared his fist back, and tried to set it on fire. *Think about how later. Kill him now.*

Keyword: tried.

Hisashi's eyes widened further as he realised he couldn't use his quirk. Must be that damned Eraserhead that Shigaraki was talking about.

"YOU KEEP YOUR SHITTY, FLAMING, ELECTRIC MITTS OFF MY FRIENDS, YOU MURDERER!" Midoriya roared, jumping into the air. He twisted around midair, until he was directly on top of Hisashi, before swinging his legs downwards, digging his foot right into Hisashi's face as he hammered the larger man into the ground.

"Is shit the only bad word that Izuku knows?" Mineta yawned as he asked.

Ojiro, Jiro, Sero, Asui, and Hagakure (though no one could see her) glared at him.

Shoji and Sato would have done the same, but they had gone off earlier to find Shuzenji.

They were going to need her, really, really soon at this rate that Midoriya was going.

Jiro stabbed him in the eye with her earphone jacks, Ojiro pummelled him a few times, and Asui spat out some of her sticky poison on top of him, before Sero taped him to the floor.

Midoriya's momentum carried him over Hisashi's body, and he crashed on the ground, some distance from both the students and Hisashi.

Yagi tensed up, immediately turning into his hero form. He leapt down from the top of the stadium,
smashing his fist into Hisashi's face and lodging him right in the ground.

Midoriya stumbled away from the battle, dazed, as he blinked and watched as Hisashi tried to dig himself up from the hole in the ground he was stuck in.

He tried to electrocute Yagi, but he had used too much electricity while facing Midoriya, and Yagi just punched him in the face again, lodging him even deeper into the ground.

Kayama shot forward, releasing her quirk in a hundred percent, concentrated cloud right in Hisashi's face, before harshly digging her heeled shoe right into Hisashi's eye, totally by accident.

"You must be blind if you can't see the potential that he has. Oh wait, you are half blind."

_Izuku must be rubbing off on me._

"You're an awful piece of shit. How the heck your son didn't turn out one bit like you is a fucking miracle!" She spat. She normally didn't like swearing that much, and chose to use the milder curses whenever she decided to swear, but she decided to take a page out of Bakugou's book for once.

The man didn't even deserve it. She wished there were even more fouler words than that.

Her quirk was starting to take effect, but she knew that Aizawa couldn't hold his quirk out for much longer. He needed to blink.

Kayama smashed her foot into Hisashi's foot again, finally knocking the villain out.

Midoriya blinked once, then twice, before his legs gave out under him.

Shinsou recognised it. He had seen it that time when Midoriya had come knocking at his door after he got his chest cut open by the scorpion guy.

He rushed forward, catching Midoriya before he crumpled to the ground like a rag doll. Shinsou slowly lowered himself and Midoriya to the ground, letting the smaller boy lean into his chest.

"To...shi...?" Midoriya asked, clutching at Shinsou's uniform with two shaking hands.

"Yeah.. it's me..." Shinsou reaffirmed.

"Is... everyone... okay...? Sho-kun... ? Kac...chan?" Midoriya gasped, violently coughing out more blood.

"You idiot, think about yourself more." Shinsou lightly chidded, "But we're all fine."

_He was alive, Izu was still alive, he was -_

"Thank god..." Midoriya gave him a small smile, but Shinsou could feel the grip the smaller boy had on his uniform weakening.

Looking at his relieved expression, at how he defended them from the villain, Monoma, Kendo, Shiozaki and Tetsutetsu quickly realised one thing, and that was that _this kid needed to be protected._

_But first he had to survive._

"Oi! Izu! Don't pass out!" Shinsou was now close to panicking.

"Heh... Sorry...Toshi... I'm tired... wanna... sleep..."
He was smiling.

How anyone could look so serene while covered in so much blood, Monoma didn't know. He didn't want to know why Midoriya looked so happy, so relieved, even as he was bleeding out.

"FUCKING DEKU! DON'T YOU FUCKING DARE FUCKING DIE ON ME AGAIN, YOU FUCKING HEAR ME?! DEKU YOU FUCKING BASTARD!" Bakugou screeched as he loomed over Shinsou's shoulder.

Midoriya's arms fell limply to his sides, nestled in the crook of Shinsou's arm.

Chapter End Notes

Why did Midoriya's dad have to have such a similar name to Present Mic?! I keep spelling his name wrong and my heart just aches whenever I read my typo and it like "Hizashi does something evil". Like rbiwfewhoaisjb why my typos are giving me feels!?
"He'll live." Shuzenji said, tired, "But we can't be too sure about his mental state when he wakes up."

"I don't understand." Kayama said, clearly distressed over something, but masked with a calm sense of authority and curiosity. "Most normal people would have died with that kind of electricity... and fire... and bleeding out so much... that vile villain crushed all his ribs! His left lung was ripped apart! His stomach was ruptured and the knife was that close to hitting his heart!" She pinched her fingers together, showing just how close.

"Those were just the worst ones. We managed to heal his electric burns, and his nerves were almost fried. Without the help of those two, I wouldn't be able to fix him up. Do you have any idea how many times we lost him? And he somehow just kept coming back. It's a miracle he's alive. He has a lot of new scars, but the amount he has doesn't hold a flame to the amount he currently has."

"Are you very, very sure he's quirkless? Because this amount of pain tolerance in a child, i don't care if he was a former vigilante or anything, is not normal! It's not even normal for an adult pro hero, let alone a child."

Aizawa nodded grimly, "Even if he wasn't... that drug he got in the USJ would have made him quirkless anyway."

He felt so useless. He couldn't do anything while he was watching Hisashi bruise Midoriya up. Could he have done something more? The announcer's room was specifically made in case Yamada got excited and yelled too much, so there was no way he could have punched his way out.

Could he have tried to hack the security system to get out of the room they were trapped in?

Probably.

What did he do instead?

Watched from above as Hisashi, that pathetic excuse for a human being, fried his student.

Because of that, Midoriya almost died.

Midoriya didn't have enough energy to Shuzenji to use her quirk on him, but Nezu had pulled a few strings and had gotten two quirk users to help them out. One had to ability to enhance another's quirk through physical contact, and the other had the power to give energy to another person. With the extra energy boost and Shuzenji's temporarily enhanced healing abilities, they had managed to stabilise Midoriya.

"Quirks are genetic mutations. They usually get stronger and stronger every new generation. But those aren't the only things about the human body that has changed over two hundred years. We're also changing physically. And while these changes might not be as flashy, powerful or obvious as quirks, they're still there. Quirks are more like a specific branching out of mutations, linked to the quirk factor. There is a reason why Aizawa is able to easily throw people into the air with his capture weapon, or for Stain to be able to jump and move so quickly even though their quirks are completely unrelated to the other parts of their body. It's like an upgrade. You add a powerful new part, but you
"The Nomu was made up more that one person, right?" Yamada asked.

Yagi nodded, "According to Tsukauchi, they ran tests. They found multiple quirks in it. Several strength quirks, a few speed ones, an injection quirk, a few regeneration and healing quirks, and a shock absorbing quirk."

"You think it's connected to Flash Fire... or Tempest, in any way?" Kayama asked, "His quirk was fire breath, wasn't it. Since when was he able to control fire, make electricity or teleport stuff?"

"It probably is. There are too many similarities." Nezu nodded, "The Nomu had way too many quirks stuffed into it. That's why it became a mindless monster. They managed to identify at least ten quirks, most of them being the strength and regeneration quirks, as well as the shock absorbing quirks, belonging to people who were alive and had disappeared, by DNA tests. The only reason that Tempest probably hasn't become a Nomu is that his body probably accepted the pyrokinetic quirk easily, since his birth quirk was also fire based. Electricity creates heat, so that also made it easier for him to accept, and the teleportation one didn't affect his body much. All of the Nomu's quirks affect the body in some way, and throwing them all in together wasn't good for the original body. It probably mutated way too fast and the brain couldn't keep up, resulting in this mindless monster."

Nezu looked at Yagi, who nodded.

This was the work of All for One.

There were twenty four angry students in both the hero courses, and one from the Support Course.

Hisashi had already been bundled up and sent to Tartarus, and the remaining villains were also rounded up by the pro heroes and sent to jail.

But the entire incident left a bitter taste in everyone's mouth.

Four days of letting teenaged anger spew in silence did no one any good.

They were expecting the media to flame up against UA, for letting villains break in during the sports day and for letting a student get hurt.

Not this kind of crap.

"They treated Izuku like he was a completely different person once they found out he was quirkless!" Jiro spat.

"Look here! This stupid interview. There is no way that Midoriya Izuku could be Uzuki. If he had
some kind of quirk, then maybe it would be plausible, especially if it were special or powerful. If you asked me, and told me that the vigilante was a teenager, I'd believe it. Teenagers make bad choices and sometimes they need an outlet for their frustration. Tell me we were dependent on a quirkless person this entire time, I'd say you were joking.' That's just dumb!' Kaminari was sparking out of agitation.

"It's not manly at all to pick on him! Izuku saved our lives! But he's just getting hate for it!" Kirishima grumbled.

They had seen how people were picked on for having weak or useless quirks.

They hadn't seen how the world viewed the quirkless. They expected there to be some hate against Midoriya for his quirkless. They didn't expect this kind of vile slander against the poor kid.

"They're treating him like he's some kind of inferior species!" Uraraka cried out, "Deku didn't even do anything wrong! Just... why..." She gasped. "How could they be so cruel!?"

"This is crap! 'The hero course student's must be getting weaker if they're losing to a quirkless child, of all things.' This is getting ridiculous!" Sero hissed.

"This one is flaming Cementoss-sensei!" Yaoyorozu growled, "Said his quirk was probably weak if Izuku could break it so easily! That isn't even his fault! He can control cement, but he can't change to properties of it. If it was easily breakable initially, he couldn't do anything to strengthen it even if he tried!"

"You know, so many people were apologising to me on the train! Saying that a quirkless person had taken first place!" Shoji's mouth on his tentacle spat.

"I read some new sites about the incident! They just mentioned that a quirkless person had slightly weakened that horrible excuse for a human, and they gave all the credit to Midnight and All Might! The entire article was practically praising Midnight and All Might and slandering Izuku, saying he had gotten in the hero's way! Izuku practically gave them that chance to beat that villain in!" Sato growled.

"Did you see this dumb article?" Ashido angrily asked, pointing to her phone, "They praised UA. Praised! For using a quirkless kid as fodder against that horrible guy!"

"WHAT THE FUCKING HELL DID YOU SAY, PINKY!?" Bakugou roared.

"Here!" Ashido harshly pressed her finger against her phone screen, nearly breaking it in anger, "This guy said 'UA was really smart to let the quirkless kid fight and wear down Tempest. After all, quirkless people don't have the power to do anything, so it's better if they were hurt instead of all the other potential heroes.' Izuku is a hero, screw these people!"

Since entering the classroom, Shinsou remained silent. He hadn't said a single word ever since he left the stadium. He wanted to cry. He wanted to cry so badly. But the tears refused to fall. Midoriya wouldn't want him to cry over him. Who cared about that?! What if he was injured so badly they couldn't save him? What if he was paralysed for life!? What if -

Shinsou stared at his hands. No matter how hard he scrubbed, how much soap he used, how he scratched at the skin on his hand and arms, he could still see blood on them. Izu's blood. They weren't visible. Phantom stains. He could still see the red bloody patches on his arms as Recovery Girl ordered him to bring Izu into the infirmary and -

Shinsou let out a huge groan and smacked his forehead into the table, earning him sympathetic looks
from the entire class. He didn't want to think anymore. *Thinking just hurts.*

Iida sat on his seat in silence the entire time. After they finally managed to evacuate everyone from the stadium, Iida had gotten a call from his family in Hosu, and he had rushed off to visit his brother in the hospital. He was guilty that he had rushed off for his brother, but he didn't even stick around like the others to check on Midoriya's condition.

Iida Tensei was lucky.

Very lucky.

Unlike all the other heroes that Stain had encountered, he was left alive.

And mostly untouched. He had a nasty scar on his forearm, and his arm was broken, but that was about it. He wouldn't be patrolling for the next few weeks to let his arm heal, but considering that he could still be a hero, that was huge.

But Ingenium's miraculous survival with his encounter with the Hero Killer had been completely overshadowed by the events of the Sports Festival.

Every single news channel, every single news site, every newspaper, all they did was slander Midoriya Izuku.

Saying that he probably cheated to get into UA. Saying that he should give his place up in the Hero Course for other students who could do much better than him. Saying that he couldn't be Uzuki because there was no way one of the most well known vigilante's was a quirkless, powerless child.

Iida wanted to cry for Midoriya.

He had done nothing wrong. The only thing Midoriya truly wanted was to help people. He purposely hid the fact he was quirkless because he knew the media and the rest of the world would hold it against him.

There were laws against quirk discrimination.

But what could the police do when every single person agreed that Midoriya had no place in their world? Arrest everyone? What could they do when even themselves were prejudiced against the quirkless, even if they weren't vocal about it.

Midoriya mentioned that the quirk usage laws didn't apply to him since he was quirkless.

Did the quirk discrimination laws also not apply to him?

They even used his own words against him.

"*Since he doesn't even have a quirk to discriminate against.*"

The community already had something against the quirkless. They just never said it. They never had a reason to. The quirkless had always remained in the shadows, not daring to speak up or act up due to sheer peer pressure.

Midoriya winning the Sports Festival should have shut them up. He proved that quirks weren't everything in this world.

Instead, it just made things worse.
People were hating that he didn't have powers, that he was of an *inferior species*, and yet he held his head high as he surpassed everyone, that he was practically spitting in their face, saying he was better when he clearly wasn't anywhere near them.

They didn't care that Midoriya was forced into a corner as a kid. They didn't care that he had a lot more experience that the other kids from UA, experience combined with knowledge that allowed him to find unique ways to counter quirks, which was why he placed first. They just didn't like the idea that a quirkless person was better than them.

And now they had a reason to be vocal about their views.

Almost all the UA teachers that were in the spotlight were trying to defend Midoriya, but the media just played it off as the teachers doing their jobs to support the students and didn't really take it to heart.

There was a very similar situation in 1-B.

"You know how many people told me to stay away from him!?!" Kendo clenched her fists in anger, "They said that even though quirklessness wasn't a disease, I should stay away from him, just in case I 'catch it'!"

"That's ridiculous!" Tokage hissed. She may not have been as close to the battle as the four 1-B students who made it to the top sixteen, but she liked Midoriya. He understood that she had been careless and had made a mistake, and didn't hold it against her. Not many people would do that.

"What's wrong with those people!?!" Tetsutetsu growled, "They didn't even care that he was so manly to risk his life for us! They just see him as some useless person who shouldn't exist!"

Monoma just sat in his seat quietly.

He didn't know what to feel.

He thought he had it bad when he was a kid.

He didn't really know how bad Midoriya had it.

Did he have to live, suffering under all the slander and abuse from society, for his entire life? Even considering that he was Uzuki, he must have known internally that once everyone found his secret, they would reject him. No amount of saving lives would be able to bring him back to even a status of a normal person.

Life wasn't fair, he had thought.

Now, he truly realised how unfair the world was.

"I expect you to all to listen closely to what I have to say." Kan said.

They had agreed to tell 1-B. They also were a part of the hero course. They deserved to know what truly happened.

1-A already accepted Midoriya for who he was. They didn't need to tell them anything else.

They knew not all of 1-B would.
Most of them, especially if they hadn't faced Midoriya directly in the second round, or witnessed the reckless, selfless way that Midoriya threw himself at Hisashi, they would definitely still have some prejudice against him.

"I know some of you may still think lowly of Midoriya."

Most of 1-B refused to make eye contact with their teacher.

"I suppose that you have all heard about the mass kidnapping incident, where many people were rescued. The media had said that Midnight and I had gotten captured on purpose in order to leak information out to rescue them." Kan spoke gravely.

Everyone nodded. What did this have to do with Midoriya?

"Midoriya had been leaking information to us about this entire thing. He stole information, infiltrated places, and risked his life, as Uzuki, and gave us tons of information that saved us months of information searching."

Shishida raised his hand, "Sir, he could have wanted something in return."

Kan nodded, "He did. He wanted us to be safe. That was all he asked for."

The class remained silent as they contemplated their teacher's words.

"Aizawa-sensei... how's Izuku?"

"Yeah! Is he okay!?"

"How badly hurt is he!?"

"Aizawa-sensei - "

"All of you quiet down." Aizawa said, his quirk flaring. Everyone immediately quietened down.

"Izuku is fine. We managed to call in a few favours, and he's stable now."

The quiet, if we didn't managed to do that in time, he would have died, remained unspoken. It didn't have to be said.

"You guys can visit him in the infirmary later during lunch. However, I suggest you eat something before you head there, as you would need energy for your hero lessons later and I would prefer if we only have one student's health to worry about at a time." Aizawa stated.

Everyone looked at Aizawa, their eyes gleaming.

Everything was burning.

Midoriya could feel the flames licking his hands. He could feel the electricity running through his veins. But they didn't hurt.

He saw a group of people amidst the flames

He recognised Shinsou's fluffy hair, Ojiro's tail, Shoji's unique tentacles, Bakugou's still sparking hands, Yaoyorozu's half created water extinguisher, Sero's tape dispensing elbows, and Tokoyami's
feathers as Dark Shadow writhed on the ground in pain.

He could make out Uraraka's hair style, Jiro's earphone jacks, the sheer amount of smoke making Hagakure's figure visible for once under her uniform.

He noticed Asui's tongue, Iida's spluttering engines, Aoyama's signature belt, Kirishima's hardened arm, a pile of burning vines, Mineta's sticky orbs, Todoroki half burning and half freezing and Monoma reaching out for Todoroki to copy his quirk.

He saw Kaminari sparking, Tetsutetsu's metal leg, Kendo's oversized hand, Tokage lying prone on the ground, Koda and Sato trying to defend the others, and Hatsume trying to build something to extinguish the fire but it kept short circuiting.

He wanted to yell at them. He wanted to tell them to move.

He couldn't speak. He couldn't move.

He could only watch as his friends died one by one, burning alive.

He screamed.

Midoriya jolted awake.

Where was he? That didn't matter.

Where were his friends?!

He didn't care that there was a heart monitor connected to him under his shirt, or an oxygen mask off his face, or an IV in his arm. He ripped them all off.

He didn't care that there were bandages all over him. As long as they didn't hinder his movement.

There was a man next to him. He had a grey scarf and donned a black jumpsuit and glowing red eyes.

He trying to stop me from getting out -

Midoriya lashed out, nailing the man right in the face as he leapt over him, racing out the door.

Shit.

Aizawa was woken up by screaming.

His eyes snapped open and he activated his quirk on instinct, alert for any threat.

He didn't expect to see Midoriya sitting up, clawing at his throat as he screamed his lungs out, before ripping out every single machine connected to him.

Aizawa stood up. Midoriya was still injured. His major injuries were healed, but he was still in a rather bad shape.

"Izuku! Lie down -"

He earned a fist to the face.
Aizawa blinked, slightly dazed from the hit, and before he realised what had happened, Midoriya had already run out.

*Shit.*

*He wasn't healthy enough to be running like that!*

Aizawa dialled the group chat. He hated things like group chats, Yamada was always making jokes in them, but this time he didn't care.

"Izuku just ran out of the infirmary."

---

"TOSHI!? SHO-KUN?! KACCHAN?! DENKI!? TSU!?"

Midoriya's voice rang out as he ran through the hallways. He ignored the pain in his muscles, screaming at him to not move.

"YAOYOROZU?! JIRO?! URARAKA?! OJIRO?! SERO!?"

He looked into every room he came across.

"KIRISHIMA?! SHOJI? KODA!? SATO!? HAGAKURE!?"

Everyone just jumped out of the way as the quirkless student raced past.

"IIIA!? TOKOYAMI!? ASHIDO!? HATSUME!? AOYOMA!?"

He was too panicked to use honorifics.

"SHIOZAKI!? MONOMA?! KENDO-SAN!? TETSUTETSU!? MINETA-KUN!?"

*Where were they?*

He rounded a corner, and raced into the first room he saw.

"Hi." Kendo said, as she, Shiozaki and Tokage walked past the tables 1-A usually used as Monoma and Tetsutetsu came up behind them.

They were greeted with a chorus of "hi"s.

Kirishima gave them a huge grin, but it was so obvious it was fake, "Aizawa-sensei said we could visit Izuku in the infirmary! But we would have to eat first so we don't pass out in hero class later!"

Kendo mutely nodded, "Yeah. We originally wanted to ask if we could visit him since Vlad King-sensei didn't say anything about his condition, except that he was stable."

"Oh yeah. Jiro sent out the announcement on the ISP group chat, but I supposed you haven't checked your phone, have you, Tokage?" Yaoyorozu pointed out.

Tokage shook her head, and grimaced, "I forgot to charge it last night. It's dead now."

Kaminari raised his hand, "I can charge it!"

"Hi! Can I join you guys!?" Hatsume yelled as she raced towards them.
"Cheer up, Shinsou. You've been distracted all day," Uraraka pat the purple haired teen's back, "Aizawa-sensei said he's fine."

Shinsou clenched his fists tightly as he gazed blankly at the table, "I... I just keep seeing it... I can't - "

He was interrupted when he heard a loud, familiar voice ring out.

"TOSHI!? SHO-KUN?! KACCHAN?! DENKI!? TSU!?"

The entire cafeteria fell silent.

"YAORYOROZU?! JIRO!? URARAKA!? OJIRO!? SERO!?"

Shinsou's eyes widened as he recognised the voice.

"KIRISHIMA?! SHOJI? KODA!? SATO!? HAGAKURE!?!"

The voice got louder.

"IIIA!? TOKOYAMI!? ASHIDO!? HATSUME!? AOYOMA!?"

Some of the class had gotten out of their seats, and were standing up to look at the cafeteria entrance.

"SHIOZAKI!? MONOMA!? KENDO-SAN!? TETSUTETSU!? MINETA-KUN!?"

They watched as a green haired figure raced into the room, wearing nothing but a thin t-shirt and shorts. His emerald green eyes darted across the room, before finally settling on the bewildered 1-A, some 1-B and the Support course students.

Midoriya's face immediately changed from something panicked to relief.

Shinsou got out of his seat.

"TOSHI!" Midoriya bounded towards him, slamming into Shinsou as he wrapped his arms around the taller boy. Shinsou staggered, but Midoriya was still way to ridiculously light and he couldn't hurt anyone by accidentally barrelling into them.

He looked up as he clung to Shinsou, taking in the shocked and confused faces of the remaining twenty five students as they blinked, trying to process who was here.

"YOU GUYS ARE ALL OKAY!" Midoriya broke into a smile.

"Deku! You almost died!" Uraraka wailed on the spot, Ashido clinging onto her arm and crying as well.

"DEKU YOU FUCKING BASTARD! I SWEAR IF YOU FUCKING DIE ANOTHER TIME I WILL FUCKING FIND YOU AND EXPLODE YOU!" Bakugou roared as Kirishima and Sero struggled to hold him back.

Kaminari and Hagakure were giving Midoriya very weird side hugs, as they were hugging both Shinsou and Midoriya since the green haired boy was currently clinging to Shinsou. Todoroki was standing next to them, carefully running his fingers along the bandages on Midoriya's arms.

Yaoyorozu was checking Midoriya for a fever, just in case, and Jiro had wrapped an earphone jack around his finger. The rest of the 1-A students had crowded around Midoriya, trying to have some sort of contact with him as Sato, Koda and Shoji surrounded the group protectively.
Dark Shadow was crying happy tears.

Midoriya grinned at them all from his spot in the middle of the cuddle fest, "I was so worried! I'm glad you guys are okay."

"STOP FUCKING DYING YOU DEKU!"

"I normally won't agree with Mr Explodey of all people, but yeah." Monoma said, "You're a nice person, Izuku. Worry about yourself more."

"Wow. That's the first nice thing you said about someone in Class 1-A. Good job!" Kendo snickered.

"Take care of yourself! I think I've have had enough of you bleeding out for a lifetime." Shinsou muttered.

"As class president, I will ask that you please treat yourself with more respect!" Iida said in an authoritative tone.

*They were alive. They were all alive, and fine.*

Surrounded by all his friends, Midoriya gave a soft smile, before finally giving in to his exhaustion and drifted to sleep.

Shoji, Yaoyorozu and Shinsou were taking Midoriya back to the infirmary with Aizawa (he was alerted by Lunch Rush). Kendo ripped her phone out of her pocket, and gave it to Ashido, "ISP. I'm in."

Tetsutetsu did the same, nodding his head vigorously, "It's so manly to care about friends! Add me!"

"I know right! Everything about Izuku is manly!" Kirishima laughed as he took Tetsutetsu's phone.

"I apologise. I would like to join as well... but I have left my mobile device in the classroom."

Shiozaki apologized.

"Tch." Monoma clicked his tongue. "Kendo can add us later."

"ME TOO! ADD ME!" Hatsume shrieked as she jumped right into Uraraka's face.

Everyone was talking about Midoriya and him being quirkless. All of them were careful not to mention anything too bad (Class 1-A had two people with super hearing), but one comment rang out from a corner, catching their attention.

"I thought he was dead?"

Bakugou immediately jumped out of his seat, Kirishima and Sero barely managing to do the same in time as the explosive boy roared, "DIE! HOW DARE YOU!"

Mineta was guilty.

Unlike his classmates, he hadn't cared that much if Midoriya was killed or not.

But seeing Midoriya's expression, seeing him so relieved to see him alive even though he was the one beating beaten black blue, Mineta couldn't help but question himself.
He knew he was a pervert.

But he owed Midoriya his life. He saved them at the USJ, defended them from the other students, fought Tempest to protect them.

Why didn't he care?

Where had he gone wrong?

"Alright, All Might. What is this all about?" Aizawa tiredly asked.

"How much do you know about my quirk" Yagi asked.

"It's some strengthening quirk with a time limit, right?" Kayama asked.

"Why are you asking?" Yamada wondered.

Yagi sighed. He had locked himself in a private room with Aizawa, Kayama, and Yamada, and Nezu had been kind enough to disable the security cameras and microphones. However, he still looked around cautiously.

"My quirk is... unique. It's a strength stockpiling quirk that has been passed down to me, called One for All."

The three teachers took it surprisingly well. Or they didn't really seem to care that there was a quirk that wasn't genetic.

"So... why are you telling us this?" Kayama raised an eyebrow.

"I want to give it to Young Izuku."

Aizawa just stared at Yagi like he had grown a second head. "What?"

Yamada and Kemuri were equally lost.

"You guys know him the best, so I thought it would be best to ask you guys first. You already saw it at the USJ, Aizawa-kun. I have a time limit, and it's only shortening. One of the reasons I came here was to find a successor for it. Nezu allowed me to join not only to keep my... condition... a secret, but also to allow me to find the successor I need."

"And... you deem Izuku fit?" Yamada was still trying to process this entire thing.

"He has the drive and the determination to do good in this world. He has the spirit of a true hero. He's tenacious and would do anything to achieve his goals. I feel... that he's worthy to be my successor."

Aizawa grit his teeth, "Assuming this is a stockpiling quirk that can be passed down, I'm going to assume it's passed down for a reason, and I won't pry, but Izuku doesn't need another burden like that."

He glared at Yagi, "The media already hates him for being quirkless. What do you think will happen when he suddenly reappears with a quirk?"

Yagi sighed, "But wouldn't that help him to fit in? He'll be like everyone else and - "
Aizawa was close to losing his temper, "Look. All Might. You weren't there when he woke up in the hospital. Everyone told him that he couldn't be a hero because he was quirkless. And if I recall, one of the reasons you wanted to help Izuku was because you yourself told him he couldn't be a hero. What you just said cemented it."

He huffed, "We're not his parents. We can't make the choice for him. If he wants to accept the quirk, then I have nothing to say. But if you dare pressure him, or force him into taking on your burden, I won't forgive you. He already has enough on his plate. He doesn't need the pressure of fighting off some century old enemy or whatever your 'role' is."

Aizawa sighed. "If you want to talk to Izuku about it, tell one of us. You might not mean it, but speaking to the Number One hero would stress anyone out, and I don't want him to make a choice he might regret later."

He turned around and grabbed the door handle, before he suddenly paused.

"Tell me, All Might," He spoke softly, "Why didn't you interfere earlier? You could have saved him, prevented him from getting hurt, if you had just attacked Tempest the second he attacked."

Yagi looked down guiltily, "I... wanted to. But I could tell how Young Izuku felt towards him... it... didn't feel right if I didn't let him take a shot at the person that destroyed his childhood. And when it got too bad... they were too close to each other for me to land an attack that wouldn't injure Young Izuku as well."

Aizawa turned around, and glared Yagi, "You almost let him die... because of emotions!? Emotions are irrational. I can understand the kids being influenced by them because they don't have enough experience with the real world, but not from you of all people."

Shuzenji kissed Midoriya one last time on the forehead, and Midoriya sank down into the bed, exhausted. He had woken up from his little running spree, and Shuzenji healed up the rest of Midoriya's injuries. His body was still aching, and Midoriya just wanted to close his eyes and maybe sleep.

Yamada mutedly handed over a glass of water, that Midoriya weakly took and drank.

"So... why are you all here?" Midoriya asked, eyeing the four extra pro heroes in the infirmary, "Also, All Might-sensei, um... deflate or something? There's no need to waste your hero form when we all know your other form."

Yagi gulped, promptly changing back to his smaller form in a puff of white smoke.

"Young Izuku..." Yagi bit his lip, "I think you're worthy of getting my quirk."

Midoriya looked at Yagi tiredly, "Stop joking around. You can't give people quirks."

"Mine is... unique."

"Look. Even if you could give me your quirk, I don't want it. The media is probably saying pretty bad stuff about me, aren't they?" Midoriya asked forlornly.

Yamada and Kayama looked away from the boy guiltily. He knew. He didn't know how bad.

"I tried to be a hero. Not just because I wanted to help people, but in a way, to tell people that 'hey! I can be a hero too!' If I accepted... it would be like accepting defeat. That yes, I can't amount to
anything without a quirk. It's selfish of me, really... but... I want to prove them wrong...I...
He looked like he wanted to cry, and his voice sounded strained. "I want to prove that I'm not useless even though I don't have a quirk."

The entire room fell silent.

Midoriya closed his eyes, but then they snapped open.

*If All Might can give other people his quirk... does that mean...*

He asked, "Wait. Is there anyone with a quirk that can take or give quirks?"

"Why?" Kayama asked.

"The Nomu... it had more than one quirk. And Tempest. he has a fire breathing quirk. There's no way he should be able to use electricity as well... he also said he had a new benefactor... I'm assuming they're connected and the person that made the Nomu also gave Tempest his other powers." Midoriya sighed. He hoped he was wrong. A quirk like that... what kind of monstrosities could they create!?

Yagi slumped into a chair, and said, "I will be truthful with you. Yes. There is. Nezu has the same speculations as you. In short, there is a man with that power, and I'm supposed to stop him. I fought him once, and got an injury that cut down my time in my hero form immensely. That's why I'm trying to find a successor."

Midoriya sucked in a breath, before saying, "I hope you find a good one."

Chapter End Notes

Some people were asking me if Midoriya did have an innate quirk or something.

My reasoning (and head cannons) are that human genetics are complicated.

Seriously. We study genetics and chromosomes and this in school and I'm confused. Very confused.
When Midoriya woke up in the morning, he saw Aizawa snoozing on his sleeping bag on the chair next to him.

Apparently, he did remember what he had done in his panicked haze, even if at the time he wasn't registering anything other than "were his friends okay?! He knew he had punched his teacher in the face, and he felt guilty for it.

"Izuku!" Yamada screeched as he burst into the infirmary, waking Aizawa up and starting the green haired boy.

"Hi Mic-sensei." Midoriya nervously greeted.

"Oh yeah! You ready to have normal lessons again?"

Midoriya nodded. It felt so good to see his friends safe and sound. It just gave him a really warm and fuzzy feeling inside.

"That's great! Eraser left your uniform on the bed so you might wanna change, grab your bag and you can go to class!" Yamana grinned, "Eraser, Nezu wants to talk before homeroom starts."

"Fine." The tired hero groaned as he dragged himself out of his sleeping bag. "Don't get into any more trouble, Problem Child."

The two teachers left the infirmary, and Midoriya promptly changed into his uniform. It felt a bit weird since he was wearing all of his bandages underneath, but Midoriya just wanted to see his friends again. He grabbed his bag and left the room.
"Isn't that the quirkless kid?"

"The one that got first?"

"Yeah, him."

"I saw him speed past us during the first round. That's pretty impressive for a quirkless person."

"No way, you must have been dreaming."

"Yeah, that or he cheated."

Midoriya hung his head low as he listened to all the whispering and murmuring. _Where was a hoodie to hide your face when you needed one?_

"My mom told me to stay away from him. He could be contagious."

"Really? My dad said he must be possessed if he won the sports festival without a quirk."

"So... he's evil?"

"Wasn't his dad the villain guy?"

Midoriya closed his eyes and exhaled. _Ignore them, ignore them, ignore them ignore them ignore them -_

"IZUKU!"

He was jolted out of his thoughts when he heard a loud female voice. He turned around, coming face to face with Kendo, waving her hand.

"Hi! It's nice to see that you're finally well and good." She grinned. "Must be boring to just lay in bed all day and do nothing."

"I spent most of my time passed out... ha..." Midoriya sheepishly as he rubbed his neck. _I swear, Toshi's rubbing off of me. Ha. Pun._

"Well, at least you can have lessons now, right?"

"Yep."

Everyone was just staring at them as they talked. Probably because someone was willingly talking to him.

"Oh yeah! We should get to our classrooms! I'm sure you want to see them again. You really gave them a shock yesterday when you appeared in the cafeteria yelling out names." Kendo smiled.

"I was worried... " Midoriya said honestly, "After I passed out... I have no idea what had happened... I..." He shook his head. He couldn't bear to recall the dream.

"That's understandable I guess." Kendo scratched her head, "Come on, let's go."

The second Iida set his eyes on Midoriya, who was sitting peacefully at his seat, he marched up to him and bowed.

"The Iida family is in your debt!"
"Uh... what?" Midoriya blinked as he looked at Iida.

"Ne, Izuku, did you hear the news?" Kirishima asked, "Ingenium was attacked by Stain! And he made it out alive!"

"WHAT!? Is he okay!? Is he hurt!?" Midoriya panicked. He really liked Ingenium, and he was a good hero.

"It's because of you that he's okay."

"Eh?" Midoriya blinked, as the rest of the class stared at Iida in confusion.

"According to my brother, Stain had spared him because you convinced him that he was a true hero."

Midoriya blinked. He had never encountered Stain before, but he did come across this vigilante called Stendhal and they had a small conversation about the pro heroes. Stendhal had admired All Might, calling him a true hero, and mentioned that the other heroes were false and they should be removed from society to make it better. Midoriya had immediately rushed to defend several heroes, including Ingenium, Present Mic, and Water Hose. He would have added Eraserhead as well, but he knew how much Aizawa preferred to not be known.

"I don't remember meeting Stain. Are you sure you have the right person?" Midoriya asked.

"Yeah? My brother mentioned your vigilante name." Iida replied, equally confused.

"Hmm..." The gears in his brain were turning, but then Aizawa trudged into the room and everyone scrambled for their seats.

"Yo! Izuku!" Tetsutetsu greeted as he walked past the green haired teen.

Midoriya looked up from his bowl of katsudon, "Oh! Hi Tetsutetsu-kun!"

"Izuku!" Kirishima yelled, speeding over and banging his elbow against the top of the table. "Arm wrestle me!"

"W-what!?!" Midoriya blubbered.

"I beat Kaminari, Ashido and Sero already. Bakugou refused to arm wrestle me."

"But why!?!" Midoriya squeaked.

Kirishima shrugged, "Why not!? I know you're still healing and stuff, but it's just for fun."

"Are you gonna use your quirk or not?"

Kirishima looked utterly offended, "Excuse me?! If I don't use my quirk I don't stand a chance!"

Everyone turned as Kirishima yelled, and Midoriya tried to resist the strong urge to bury his face under the table.

"Come on, man, just once? Please?!" Kirishima sounded like a downed puppy, and just to make his friend, happy, Midoriya complied. "Fine, Kirishima-kun."

"Aww yeah!" Kirishima cheered, "Also, call me Eijiro. Kaminari made a good point, we all call you
by your first name."

Midoriya nodded, "Alright.. Eijiro-kun."

Uraraka pulled Midoriya's bowl away as he rolled his sleeves up slightly, the bandages on his arms visible. He placed his elbow on the table, and clasped Kirishima's hand.

"Go." Iida sighed, being the unwilling officiator.

He felt Kirishima's hand harden, and there was some sort of force against his hand as Midoriya kept his arm in place.

Kirishima struggled against his arm as Midoriya blankly blinked, "I thought we started already?"

"I'm trying to push your arm down!" Kirishima groaned.

"Eijiro-kun, your quirk only good when you're hitting something, or you already have some momentum, or for defence. In a situation like this, it's not really helpful." Midoriya stated, tensing his own arm up and slammed Kirishima's into the table.

"That's so manly! Hey! Wrestle me too!" Tetsutetsu grinned.

"Didn't you lose to Kirishima in an arm wrestling contest? If Izuku won so easily, there's no way you can beat him." Kendo chided.

"Ano... maybe next time, Tetsutetsu-kun?" Midoriya offered shyly.

"Alright! Also!" He addressed the whole 1-B and 1-A classes, "Call me Tetsu! My name is a mouthful and it's really manly to shorten it for you guys!"

"Alright, for today's hero class, you guys will be making code names."

The entire class started cheering, and Aizawa had to use his quirk to make everyone quiet down.

"This is related to the pro hero drafts I mentioned the other day. Offers are usually extended to second and third years, when they've had experience and can be an asset to the heroes immediately. The fact that they gave offers to you first years show that they're interested in your potential. The offers can be cancelled if interest dies down though. And these are the totals for those with offers."

Aizawa pressed a button, as the number of offers each student had gotten were displayed on the screen.

Bakugou and Todoroki had the most, having over three thousand each. Everyone else had also gotten offers, even those that didn't make it to the top sixteen. The fact that they had started late in the first round and still made it to the second round probably impressed them.

All except one person; Midoriya.

"He got first, and yet no one wants him to work with them?" Kirishima lamented. "That's so unmanly."

"Regardless if you have offers or not, you'll still be interning with pro heroes. It would be meaningful for you to see how the pros work firsthand."

"That explains the hero names." Sato nodded.
"These names are temporary, but if you don't take it seriously - "

Aizawa was rudely interrupted as Kayama burst into the room, "You'll have hell to pay later. The names you pick will usually be recognised by society and they end up becoming your professional hero names."

"Midnight will be making sure your names are okay. I can't do that." Aizawa grumbled, digging out his signature yellow sleeping bag. "When you give yourself a name, you get a more concrete image of what you want to be in the future. It is said that names and nature often agree, so try to figure out what you want as a hero name."

Kayama started passing out the whiteboards, and Midoriya had no idea what he wanted to call himself.

He couldn't go with Uzuki again. For one, that name was literally a spur of the moment thought. And that was his vigilante name, and with all the media already slandering his real name as well as his exposed vigilante profile, that name would do more harm than good, despite all the good memories he had with it.

Midoriya groaned. He pushed his whiteboard to the edge of his desk and slumped forward, "Sorry sensei. I'm really stumped."

"Izuku. If you don't mind... can we go out to talk about your internship?" Aizawa asked.

"Sure." Midoriya sighed. He got up, and followed the Erasure Hero out of the room.

"We've decided, give how much the media is in your face, that you lay low for a few days. It's also safer for you in school, so if you don't mind, you'll spend half your week here, with Power Loader in the Support Course."

Midoriya perked up. He did want to try his hand at some support items, that would maybe help him cover for his quirklessness.

"He was the the first to suggest this. However, since the support students have a project to complete for the second half of the week, you won't be able to join them. He did mention that he wanted to see how well you can make things or something. Aizawa shrugged. "For the second half of the week, Mic said that he had some business in Shibuya, so he'll be taking care of you there. You will be going on patrols and sticking with him while he deals with whatever problem he has there. His presence should help deflect from you directly since he's a rather famous hero."

Midoriya nodded. He understood where his teachers were coming from. It was the safest to remain in school the entire time, but they knew that they couldn't force him to stay, especially when there's nothing to do.

"Okay... I accept!"

Aizawa waved his hand, "Alright, that's all, go back to choosing your name. Hopefully you have some inspiration now."

"Toshi, what did I miss?" Midoriya slightly nudged Shinsou as he whispered.

"Nothing much, really." Shinsou shrugged. His own whiteboard was still blank, and he muttered, "I don't even want to be in the spotlight. My quirk works best when I'm unknown."
Alright! If you guys are ready, you can come up and present your names!

It took some time, with Aoyoma and Ashido's names being altered and rejected respectively, before Asui's announced her name, Froppy. After that, it seemed like the rest of the class were dragged along, and there were finally five people left.

Midoriya, Shinsou, Iida, Todoroki and Bakugou.

"King explosion murder." Bakugou declared, and the whole class burst into laughter.

"Kacchan, that makes you sound like a villain." Midoriya said.

"Shut up, nerd!" Bakugou shot back.

"Yeah. You probably shouldn't use something like that." Kayama stated, "You'll have to rethink it. Then we have Shinsou, Iida, Todoroki and Izuku. Todoroki. You look like you have something, come up."

Todoroki slowly trudged to the front, and displayed his whiteboard, "Frostburn."

"Oh! A name for both your ice and fire side! Nice!" Kayama gave him a thumbs up, "Shinsou, go!"

Shinsou hastily scribbled something onto his whiteboard, and walked up.

"Mind Break."

"Alright! Good! Iida!"

"Turbo Hero: Slipstream." Iida announced.

"That's great! Bakugou, you seem like you have something new!"

Bakugou stomped up again, "Lord Explosion Murder."

"Kacchan, your name can't have murder in it."

"Why the fuck not!?"

"You should be exploding boy!" Kirishima laughed.

"No! Explodey King!" Ashido grinned.

"Oh! I have one! Swearing King!" Kaminari suggested, and everyone else in the class started laughing.

"Ne... Kacchan, how about Ground Zero? It's the point on the surface directly above or below an exploding nuclear bomb...so I thought it might be fitting - "

"Tch. Fine nerd." Bakugou snorted, erasing his whiteboard before scribbling the new one that Midoriya had suggested, "Ground Zero! Happy now, extras?!"

"Mhm! Izuku! You're turn."

Midoriya closed his eyes as he clutched his whiteboard.

He was going for the name Deku. It had a nice ring to it, and despite the initial meaning behind the nickname, Uraraka had said that it sounded a lot like dekiru, which meant 'You can do it'. But the
nickname had originally been a thing between Bakugou and himself... even if it had extended to Uraraka and the rest of the class, did he really want people to be calling him useless all the time, not knowing the true meaning of the nickname?

Or having the media try to blow him up again.

*You're quirkless! Ha! And you're trying to be a hero? Ha! And then you give yourself a name that literally means useless!*

*The name Deku won't mean useless anymore.*

"Oi, are you okay with that? You might be called that forever." Kaminari stated.

"Someone changed the meaning of it. The meaning of Deku changed from useless to 'you can do it'. I may not have a quirk, but the name Deku is really important to me since I was a kid. And now, when you guys use it, it makes me really happy. This is my hero name."

"Alright, all of you name hero names. We're talking about internships again. They'll last for a week, and you'll be given a list with the offers from the pros. You can also chose among forty agencies around the country if you don't want to accept any of the offers you were given. They have their own specialities, like Thirteen, who'll be focussing more on rescuing than on fighting villains."

Aizawa handed out the forms, skipping Midoriya, since he already knew what he'll be doing for that week, before dismissing the class.

"Ne! I want to go with Gunhead! After fighting Bakugou, I realised that I need to get stronger to have more possibilities. " Uraraka grinned.

"That's nice! I want to go for Mountain Lady!" Mineta exclaimed.

"You're probably thinking of something perverted, aren't you?" Asui sighed, "I want to do my internship somewhere where there's a lot of water. It would suit my quirk the best, kero."

"I'm going for the Normal Hero: Manual Agency." Iida announced.

"Eh? I thought you would have gotten better offers?" Ashido asked.

"Yeah. But after the entrance exams and the USJ... I realised that I've only been thinking about fighting, and not about trying to rescue people, which is the main point of being a hero. What happened at the sports festival only cemented it. Like my brother, Manual not only fights villains, but also does his best to try to help people, which is something I aim to be." Iida nodded, "Plus, it's in Hosu. I can visit my brother's agency if I have time."

Kayama had headed to the train station to send off the rest of the 1-A students, as Midoriya trudged to the Support Course wearing a T-shirt and shorts. Maijima had already instructed him to wear something comfortable and loose fitting, and probably something he didn't mind being charred or destroyed.

The second he got there, the door was blasted off its hinges again.

Midoriya yelped and ducked as the door went flying over his head.

"Sorry!" Hatsume rushed out, "Izuku!" She pulled the boy to his feet, and grinned, "Come on,
Hatsume dragged Midoriya into the classroom, grinning at her teacher, "Sensei! Izuku's here!"

"Alright. Thanks. Everyone, get back to work." Maijima ordered. He walked towards Midoriya, grabbing a huge sheet of graph paper with him.

"I'm sure Eraserhead already told you why you're here. You have experience with making your own stuff. I want to see how good you are. There's a workshop located over there." Maijima pointed to a room over on the far left, "I'll give you three hours. See if you can make anything with the tools and the materials in there."

"You made two sticks?" A boy raised his eyebrow.

"See? I told you he was no good. Hero course students always think they're better than us."

"He's the quirkless one, you know."

"Yeah, of course I do."

"I overhead something about a dump."

"He was a vigilante, wasn't he?"

"Yeah. Sure he's nicer than I thought but honestly I have no idea how he got in."

"All of you shut up!" Hatsume raised her voice. "Ne, Izuku, seeing how you drew blueprints to Kaminari's electric disk gauntlet thing, I figure these aren't just sticks, are they?"

"N-no!" Midoriya stammered. He shifted his grasp on the two metal sticks, and they suddenly extended to twice their length, earning a few screeches in surprise from other support course students. Hatsume whistled as she took the two sticks, finding an electric locking system, but no matter how hard she tried she couldn't put the two poles together.

"Hatsume-san, like this," Midoriya took the sticks back and placed them together in a certain way, before handing the now elongated pole towards her. Not matter how hard Hatsume shook it, the staff didn't come apart.

"Damn. That's pretty cool. A weapon like that would be really easy to conceal."

Midoriya lit up, "I also installed a taser! It's powered by bio-electricity, so it doesn't need batteries. It uses several transformers to up the voltage and the longer I press them the higher the voltage!" He disconnected the staff and retracted them to their smaller size, placing his thumbs on two small indents. It wasn't before long before the two shorter sticks started sparking at the ends.

"That's so cool! Maybe you can install something so it can store electricity as well!" Hatsume suggested.

"Yeah!" Midoriya grinned, "Or maybe I can use it in case Denki-kun short circuits again!"

"Um… Aizawa-sensei?"
"Yes Shinsou?" Aizawa asked, turning around as he faced Shinsou, while they entered Gym Gamma.

"Why did you give me an internship of all people? Why not Izu? Surely he's better than me in every way that would be more beneficial to you." Shinsou asked.

Aizawa sighed, "Look. Right now, Izuku needs to learn to deal with the pressure that the media has forced onto him. Being quirkless, as much as I hate to say it, gives him a huge natural disadvantage against other people that have power quirks. He may be smart, but he relies too much on his agility and speed. Faced against a person who's quirk is speed based, perhaps like Iida, or power based…. let's take All Might for example, it's only a matter of time before he would be taken out if his opponent can move before he can think. His instincts are good, but right now he needs to up his arsenal to play on the same level as power fighters."

Shinsou nodded. That made sense.

"He's currently with the Support Course with Power Loader. Hopefully, they'll be able to scrap together something within the first half of the week. Also, he taught you how to fight, didn't he?" Aizawa asked.

Shinsou hummed in agreement.

"Your fighting style is full of holes. Given that you've only been fighting for about two or so years? Is that right? That's not bad, but you have too many areas that a villain can exploit. Your quirk is also a more mental one than physical, like mine. So you're going to spend your week with me. You're going to have to fix all those mistakes, and not rely on your quirk all the time." Aizawa said.

Shinsou carefully took off his shoes and socks and placed him in a corner of the gym.

"Alright. Do some stretches, and we'll start sparring. Let's see how many holes in your form we can patch up today."

Maijima sighed. Bringing Midoriya had made Hatsume way more enthusiastic, but she did blow up less stuff. A lot less stuff. She had set about trying to help him improve their inventions, and Midoriya had taken it upon himself to try and control Hatsume's crazy personality.

He was very successful. The door only exploded twice in the four days Midoriya spent with the Support Course.

He had to physically wrestle a drill away from her several times, when she wanted to install some of her own creations onto Midoriya's staff. They did somehow manage to strengthen the metal the staff was made of so it was more durable and fire proof. Hatsume had also let Midoriya try her new creation, which was some iron armoured soles that he could add to his shoes. The soles would absorb the impact whenever he kicks and they would redistribute the energy back out of the soles, thus increasing the strength of Midoriya's kicks immensely.

The Support Course slowly warmed up to the friendly green haired boy. No matter what kind of rumours they had heard of the boy, they decided that they were all wrong. They weren't as close to Midoriya as Hatsume was, but they appreciated it whenever they needed a helping hand and Midoriya was miraculously there.

They didn't even been to ask before Midoriya just offered to help.

They realised how disillusioned everyone else was.
Midoriya was quirkless. Yes, but he was still the sweetest person they ever knew. He was kind, helpful, and sometimes overenthusiastic, but he never hesitated to help anyone who needed it.

Needless to say, the ISP gained quite a few unofficial members.

"Hey, Izuku, you ready to go?" Yamada asked as Midoriya packed a small bag. Clothes, his temporary hero outfit (they couldn't convince him to wear anything other than a green hoodie so yeah), his improved staff and shoes, amongst other stuff.

"Yeah." Midoriya mutely nodded. He had felt that distinct pit in his stomach again, and had informed Yamada of it when they had bumped into each other in the living room of the dorms. He hoped that this time, it wouldn't be so bad. But he who was he kidding?

First time? League of Villains and the Nomu.

Second time? His dad.

Who's to say this time would be any better.

But at least he could hope.

Maybe he would bump into Iida while he was in Shibuya, since it was relatively close to Hosu, where the engine hero was interning with Manual.

"Alright. Izuku, when you're with me, I want to have some rules. Or more like Eraser wants me to tell you these, but yeah." Yamada started. "There's the usual, like no wearing your hero stuff unless you're with me. No fighting villains unless I give you permission to, etcetera. I know the no illegal quirk usage laws don't apply to you, but unless you're corners and you're up against some big nasty villain it's preferable if you let the pros handle it."

Midoriya nodded. He didn't want anymore media attention, if they even had any attention left to spare.

"When we're on the train, I don't recommend covering your face. It makes you look more suspicious and people will be a lot more wary of you. Just act normal, laugh and crack up when I make a dumb joke, just act like a normal teenager. Also, stick close to me at all times. People might not say bad things around you when I'm there, but they won't hesitate to pounce if they realise you're vulnerable."

Midoriya nodded again.

"Third, if you get hurt, I don't care if it's just a paper cut, or you tripped over your shoelace or anything." Yamada pointed at him, threateningly, "Midnight said I should wrap you in blankets and never let you out of your room. So be careful."

Midoriya gasped in faux shock, "How dare you threaten to swaddle me with blankets!? I trusted you!"

Both of them stared at each other for a good minute, before they burst into full blown laughter.

That day had gone relatively well, in Midoriya's opinion.

Even though he had tons of people recognising him on the train to Tokyo as the quirkless winner of
the Sports Festival, most of the people steered away from him. Even though Yamada wasn't wearing his usual Present Mic clothes, his voice was loud and cheery enough to garner enough attention. Yamada was jabbering away next to him, jumping from topic to topic at a breakneck pace, but Midoriya appreciated that he was trying to distract him from the hordes of people staring at him and quietly badmouthing him behind his back.

They had gotten off the train at Tokyo Station, where they stopped to have some lunch, where some villain had crashed into the window. Yamada had quickly dealt with him, but they ended up having to take their statements in the police station as some police officers just couldn't believe Yamada was Present Mic despite having him practically shoving his ID in their faces. And then the media came as Yamada was talking to the police and started interviewing him on his views on Midoriya, since they had been seen together the entire time.

Yamada had, of course, tons to say on Midoriya, stating that he was a very good person at heart and wanted nothing more than to help other people. Then some people started speaking against Midoriya, about his quirklessness, and to took every bit of self control and the mental threat of him accidentally deafening Midoriya (He couldn't do that. Midoriya was already quirkless. He needed every asset he could use, and his sense of hearing was important) for Yamada to not lash out and scream at everyone for speaking so badly about the child who just wanted to do good, right in front of his face no less, all the while trying to cover Midoriya's ears like some kind of parent who had witnessed someone swearing in front of their child.

It wasn't like it did anything. The press and the crowd was so loud that Midoriya could still hear everything. But he appreciated how Yamada was trying to help him despite not being so flashy or loud in his non-hero persona.

But he couldn't help but wonder, what would it be like if he actually had a quirk, even if it was really, really useless.

Would he have been accepted? Even if he had a useless quirk, he would still have one. He wouldn't have been an outcast.

Why did people act so differently?

Should he have lied? Said he had an analysis quirk or an intelligence quirk?

He didn't like lying.

He shook his head.

He shouldn't let other people dictate how he lives his life.

He had told Monoma and Todoroki not to let themselves be defined by the powers they had, but how they used it.

He didn't have any powers, but he had used whatever knowledge he had to turn himself into who he was today.

Why did he find it so hard to follow his own advice?

He was such a hypocrite.

He had classmates who accepted him for who he was, friends who were willing to support him through and through, teachers and mentors who were willing to put everything on the line to defend him.
Why should he care how the rest of the world thinks?

*Right. Because you can't really do anything when the entire world hates you.*

What was he supposed to do, fight every single person?

He was shaken out of his thoughts when Yamada, finally fed up with the press, grabbed Midoriya's arm and forced his way through the crowd of reporters and bystanders, despite all the questions being thrown at them.

---

It took all afternoon for them to sort out the entire matter, somehow evade the press and by the time they hopped on the train to Shibuya it was already dark out.

Midoriya sank back into this seat.

How the heck did Yamada handle all the attention that was constantly thrown his way!? Sure, he was a lot more quick to snap at the crowd when he didn't have a bubbly, eccentric, loud radio station DJ persona to put up, but Midoriya couldn't even think he had the guts or the patience to be in the centre of attention for even a fraction of the time Yamada was able to.

Especially after his quirklessness was revealed to the world.

He thought he had handled the attention on the Sports Festival pretty well. After all, everyone thought he was just hiding his quirk, or his quirk wasn't something physically visible.

Midoriya's attention was diverted when someone yelled, "Hey! That building exploded!"

"Where?"

"What's going on?" Yamada asked, turning around in his seat.

He did some mental calculations. Seeing how far they had gone from Tokyo on the train, they were crossing Hosu right about now.

*"Passengers, please remain on your seats and put on your seatbelts."*

Right after the announcement, the train jerked to a stop, causing Yamada and Midoriya to accidentally bash their heads into the seat in front of them.

The side of the train was ripped open as something crashed into it.

The smoke cleared, revealing a man with a white fluffy suit, bleeding from the head. Midoriya recognised him as the pro hero, Moro. *Probably a reference to that Princess Mononoke movie from way back.*

A pale green arm reached out from the hole on the train, grabbing Moro's head and slammed it into the floor of the train.

Midoriya heard a beastly, high pitched screech.
Whoop we hit 100,000 words and this fic is like 3 weeks old. Like how?

Lucky for them, Yamada had decided in Tokyo for them to put on their hero outfits, though for all the wrong reasons. Yamada thought that wearing them would make the people recognise who he was, and be less inclined to speak against the young quirkless student while in the presence of a pro hero.

"Deku, sit down." Yamada ordered, getting up from his seat. He ran out in front of the Nomu, and fired off a controlled yell at the monster.

The Nomu was sent flying out of the train into a wall, and Yamada just peered out of the hole in the wall, Midoriya getting up from his seat to look as well.

"I thought I said sit."

"Don't wanna."

"Everyone! Get back to your seats! The villain is gone!" A police officer announced, keeping an eye on the injured hero lying in the crater on the train floor.

"Yeah! We're heading out!" Yamada announced, nodding at the police officer, before grabbing Midoriya and leaping out of the train, in the direction where the Nomu had fallen.

They didn't expect to come face to face with Enji frying the Nomu.

"I wanted to find the Hero Killer, but now I'm caught up in this." Enji sighed, "Mic, bring your silly intern somewhere else. Don't get in my way."

"This is ridiculous!" Yamada screeched as he blasted a sound wave at a flying Nomu.

Midoriya ducked as he dodged a punch from another Nomu, rolling out of harms way.

"Where's Manual when you need him?" A blonde with a red bandana yelled.

"Last time I checked, he was patrolling a few blocks from here!" A hero with horns replied as he tried to struggled against the Nomu.

"Hey! Present Mic, right?" The blonde yelled, turning, "Can you try to put out the fires by disrupting the air molecules?"

"I can try!" He replied, but had to duck again when the flying Nomu swept down again. "Deku, help the people and evacuate. This is too much for you to handle!"

"But you'll get hurt!" Midoriya yelped.

"We're heroes! We can handle this! Go!" Yamada urged him, and Midoriya sighed, not wanting to
argue, and ran off.

The Nomus didn't seem as powerful as the one at the USJ. Yamada, and the other heroes, should be able to hold them off.

"I should have left you on the train." Yamada sighed, before yelling at the fire, barely managing to pull it out before the winged Nomu tried to attack him again.

He blinked, before screeching, "Dammit. You guys had to mention Manual. Is Deku still here!?"

"You mean the kid in the green hoodie?"

"No. He ran off already!"

Yamada screeched again, "I really should have left him on the train."

---

Iida found himself face to face with Akaguro.

He didn't know how it turned out like that.

Mizushima had decided to let Iida patrol on his own to increase his deductive skills and handling skills, and was hiding in the alleyways watching his intern deal with the different problems, mentally taking down what he needed to improve while keeping an eye out for any suspicious figures hiding in the alleyways.

Apparently, he didn't notice the Hero Killer lingering on the rooftop.

Akaguro had jumped the hero, stabbing him in the shoulder as Mizushima let out a small yelp in pain. He didn't want to alert Iida. He was too young to have to deal with Akaguro at this point of time. He just hoped that whatever happened, Iida wouldn't be anywhere near him.

Iida heard it though. His helmet was specially equipped with speakers and microphones for him to hear what was going on while he ran at full speed. Midoriya had suggested it since he felt that Iida couldn't just rely on his sight, but his hearing, and Hatsume had made them, kind of as an apology for making him run around like an idiot during the Sports Festival, but he knew she didn't really mean it and just wanted someone to use her inventions.

Akaguro brought the bloodied knife to his mouth, and licked it.

Mizushima couldn't move.

Iida had rushed into the alleyway, not expecting to see Akaguro, of all people, pinning his internship mentor against a wall, a knife in his hand.

Without thinking, Iida lashed out, aiming a kick at Akaguro.

With a slash, Akaguro swiped Iida's helmet off.

"A child wearing a suit? Who is he? Get away. This is no place for children."

Iida finally took a good look at Akaguro, before saying, "With a scarf as red as blood and carrying blades all over his body, you must be the Hero Killer, Stain."

He looked down, "I didn't expect to see you here. But as a hero in training, I cannot let you get away with this, especially when you are attacking my mentor."
Akaguro just glared Iida down and took out a katana, brandishing it right in Iida's face, "Be careful what you say. Depending on the situation, children will be my targets as well."

Iida winced. He wasn't even considered a target? Sure, he was still a hero in training, but to be so completely and utterly dismissed by the Hero Killer did leave a bad taste in his mouth. He knew Akaguro had a reputation for just targeting heroes, but wouldn't it be easier to attack the younger, less experienced heroes in training instead of fully fledged heroes?

"Iida... go... don't get caught up in this!" Mizushima gasped.

Mizushima had grown to be a good friend to him. He treated Iida with respect, even though Iida knew he had his own flaws. He reminded him of Tensei in every way, and seeing someone so similar to his brother get pinned down like was nothing didn't leave him sitting well.

Especially since the person in question was Akaguro, the same person that had the chance to end Tensei's career but chose not to take it.

He was internally seething. He almost lost his brother, if Akaguro didn't have mercy. He wasn't going to lose another person he had grown to care about.

Was this how Izuku felt all the time?

"I can't just leave you here like this!" Iida protested at his mentors words.

"You're angry. But you're letting your anger influence your decisions." Akaguro stated, "It would be best if you listened to your mentor and got out of here. I won't show him the mercy I did to Ingenium and I don't think you would want to see him after I'm done."

"Manual is a hero, like Ingenium is. I can't let you do this." Iida immediately revved his engines and blasted forwards, aiming to catch the hero killer off guard with a kick.

Akaguro jumped over him, kicking Iida to the ground and stabbing him, "You and your mentor are both weak. That's because you're fakes. If you want to be a hero, save him." He pointed at Manual, who was paralysed from Akaguro's quirk. "You attacked with the intention of hurting me, instead of getting me away from a potential victim. You're angry at me and used your power for yourself instead of others. That's the furthest from what a hero should be."

He quickly took his katana and licked it, leaving Iida paralysed on the ground.

"Fake heroes like you should die." Akaguro let his killing intent leak out, and pointed his katana in Iida's face.

He ended up with a punch to the face.

Akaguro was sent flying a few feet back. He blinked, before focussing on the person who punched him.

"Izuku?! Why are you here?" Iida asked, on the ground.

"Some heroes mentioned that Manual was last seen around here. They had a fire to put out so I thought I should come alert him." Midoriya replied, "I wasn't expecting to see Stain here."

He had wild green locks, donned a green hoodie and his signature mask.

Midoriya Izuku. Shigaraki hated him. The world hated him. He had seen the boy from televisions
from the Sports Festival.

*But he recognised him by another name.*

"Uzuki. Or do you not go by that name anymore?" Akaguro asked.

Midoriya blinked. He recognised that voice.

"Stendhal. I wasn't aware you're the Hero Killer." Midoriya replied, "You spared Ingenium?"

"You...the quirkless one! Get out of here! It's... too dangerous!" Mizushima gasped.

Akaguro nodded, "You remember that last conversation you had? You were a vigilante like me. I heard the news. You knew no one would appreciate what you did, and you would get nothing out of it, because of your quirkless status. But you continued to save people regardless, knowing that they would reject you no matter what you did, and that's why I listened to you. I did keep several tabs on those heroes you defended, and realised that, yes, while they weren't as good as All Might, they were worthy to be left living."

"So why did you attack Ingenium?" Midoriya asked, standing in front of Iida and crouched, ready to fight.

"Honestly, I didn't seek him out. I was going to kill a fake hero, and he just happened to come by to protect him." Akaguro shrugged, before dryly saying, "Step aside, Uzuki. You're not a target, but I won't hesitate to attack if you get in my way."

"Can you move, Iida-kun? We need help from the pros." Midoriya asked.

"I can't move... " Iida muttered.

"Damn. He got you with his quirk already." Midoriya sighed. He carefully eyed Manual, who was shaking against the wall, blood spilling from his shoulder. If Akaguro had already gotten Iida, that meant Manual was probably also paralysed.

He could carry Iida away. But he wasn't sure if he could handle Manual as well. Enji was here, and that meant Todoroki was also in the area, probably. Hosu was a large city, there was no way there were only six or seven heroes in the entire city. There must be other pro heroes in the area that could help them. He carefully made his way to his pocket, sending out his location to everyone. He would stall for time until backup arrived.

"Get out of here... Izuku!" Iida yelled.

"Meddling when you don't have to is the essence of being a hero." Midoriya just replied, glaring at Akaguro.

"I was worried that the media would have gotten to you," Akaguro grinned murderously, "But you haven't changed one bit! You're a true hero."

Midoriya charged at Akaguro. He knew how Akaguro fought. He had seen it close hand.

Akaguro grabbed his knife, and used both blades to slash at Midoriya, but he ducked beneath the attacks, skidding to a halt behind Akaguro. He leapt up, swiftly twisting as Akaguro turned around, and kicked him in the face.

His iron soles activated, smashing Akaguro into the ground.
Midoriya grimaced. He was good at fighting in tight spaces, since he could leap around to attack and dodge. But the same could be said for Akaguro as well. With his katana's, he also had a much longer reach than Midoriya. Tight spaces, like alleyways, weren't good places to fight him. If he used both katana's he would be able to cover the entire width of the alleyway. He needed to get out into an open space if he wanted to stand a chance against him.

Akaguro was slightly faster than Midoriya, but Midoriya had learnt to read even the slightest hints of body language to be able to keep up. He needed space to dodge, space that the alleyway could not provide him.

A blast of fire distracted Midoriya, and he ducked while Akaguro jumped over the fire.

"Todoroki!?" Iida exclaimed.

"Honestly, Izuku. I wasn't expecting you to send your location information." Todoroki dryly commented. "Guess you finally learned that it's fine to share your burdens."

"I just don't want Mic-sensei to trap me with blankets." Midoriya replied.

Todoroki just raised an eyebrow, but didn't comment. He opted to freeze the ground, carefully elevating Manual above the ground. Akaguro jumped to avoid the ice, but Midoriya ran onto the ice, using it to increase his speed and jumped, slamming into Akaguro. Todoroki took the chance to blast Akaguro with fire, using his ice to carefully slide the downed hero towards him, "The pros will be here soon."

Akaguro hissed. He was aware that Midoriya knew about his quirk, and he had the skills and the abilities to avoid him from using it. Mizushima and Iida were already paralysed, but with Todorokki, who clearly had two very far reaching powers, he needed to eliminate him from the scenario first if he wanted to deal with Midoriya properly.

However, he knew that Midoriya wasn't fighting to his full extent either. He had to take the downed pro hero and the other two students into account, and wouldn't be able to fight properly if he had to keep guessing how his classmates were going to act. He could use that to his advantage, but it probably wouldn't help much.

"Careful, Sho-kun, don't let him get near you. His quirk works by ingesting your blood and paralysing you." Midoriya warned, skidding to a halt next to Iida from his momentum, "I know some people can be paralysed for longer, but I'm not sure if it's dependent on blood type or the amount ingested.

"I can keep my distance - " He was immediately silenced when a knife flew past him, grazing his cheek. In that instant, Akaguro closed the distance, but Todoroki put up an ice pillar to block him. He looked upwards, and saw a katana twirling elegantly in the air. Akaguro used that opportunity to grab Todoroki to lick his cut, but Todoroki's fire blazed to life, and Akaguro jumped back before he could be burnt.

He jumped back when Todoroki put up an ice wall, grabbed his katana and slashed it apart, before Todoroki let his ice prowess explode and an ice wall just blasted up from the ground, forcing Akaguro to continuously fall back.

"Sho-kun! You can't - " Midoriya was cut off when Akaguro slashed the entire ice wall apart.

"He's right. To block your own view against a faster opponent is foolish!" Akaguro grinned.

"I wonder about that." Todoroki let his fire out, but found two throwing knives embedded deep in
his forearm.

Mizushima twitched.

"You're pretty good!" Akaguro lunged at Todoroki, ready to slash him, but Midoriya was faster, scooping up the knife that had slashed Todoroki on the cheek and pushed Todoroki aside, catching the katana's blade on his knife. Midoriya dived to the side as Todoroki formed another ice wall.

"I wanted to grab them and get out, but he's too fast and can avoid my fire and ice. I can't leave myself open. We should avoid close combat and wait for the pros." Todoroki panted, clutching his arm.

He promptly put up another ice wall, and blasted Akaguro with fire as he evaded the ice wall. The Hero Killed weaved around Todoroki's fire, dancing through the ice shards on the ground that Todoroki had formed and snarled, "You're relying too much on your quirk. You're careless!"

He lunged, his katana inching ever so closely to Todoroki's chest.

Iida tried to clench his fist in frustration, and found that he could.

A rush of water snaked up behind Akaguro, grabbing his arm and yanking him away from the dual elemental user. Iida fired up his engines and blasted forwards kicking Akaguro in the face and sent him skidding back a good distance.

Water? Todoroki thought, where did that... My fire melted the ice...

He turned, seeing Mizushima panting as his hand was outstretched. He carefully stood up, trying to avoid aggravating his wound. "Damn it," He sighed, "He's after Iida and I. Run away! Especially you, the quirkless one!"

"He's not giving me an opening to do that!" Todoroki hissed, blasting more fire in Akaguro's direction, but he just dodged. He rushed forward again, but Midoriya stopped him, deflecting his katana with the knife and kicking Akaguro away.

"I really shouldn't, seeing who we're fighting, but I, pro hero Manual, give you, clearance to use your quirks here, and only here. You guys are way too stubborn for your own good." He sighed again, "All of us can move now. We should get out now before he tries to paralyse us again."

"I'm sorry. Instead of trying to find help, I got myself caught in a situation I couldn't handle, and your guys got involved. I cannot afford to let you bleed anymore." Iida apologised.

"A person's essence doesn't change so easily. There's no use trying to act reformed for appearances sake. You're just a fake that acts on your emotions and selfish desires." Akaguro snarled, letting his murderous intent flare out.

Iida, Todoroki and Mizushima flinched, frozen as Akaguro glared at them.

Midoriya wasn't really affected, and instead let his own aura flare out, trying to counter Akaguro's, even though he knew it was pretty useless. He tried to use as little as possible, he didn't want to end up shocking his friends.

Akaguro let out a small grin, "You actually listened to me. I could actually feel that. That was a decent attempt, but you know it's useless against me."

"Tch, as if I didn't. It's not to intimidate you, but to encourage them."
Todoroki and Iida had relaxed slightly at the intimidating, but friendly, familiar aura. It wasn't aimed at them, and it was on their side.

Iida rushed out, aiming a kick at Akaguro. He dodged it, but Iida turned around on his heel, kicking him aside. He tried to rush him again, but Akaguro dodged it again.

"Something changed. He's desperate to kill Iida and Manual before the pros come." Todoroki stated, constantly bombarding Akaguro with fire and ice.

Iida hissed. His engines were stalling for some reason, but he hadn't used Recipro Burst yet. Why?

"Todoroki! Can you freeze my legs without plugging the exhausts? I think I overheated them for some reason!" Iida asked.

"Oi! Stop getting distracted! Focus!" Midoriya yelled, jumping in front of the duo as Akaguro leapt up from behind the fire, aiming a knife at Todoroki. Midoriya leapt in, slashed the knife away with his own, before, pushing himself and Todoroki backwards as another knife landed where they stood.

Todoroki quickly did as Iida asked, before shooting more fire, forcing Akaguro to fall back again.

Iida fired up a Recipro Extend, leaping upwards as Akaguro charged down the wall.

A knife flew past Akaguro, courtesy of Midoriya, and he dodged midair, leaving him open to Iida's foot as it collided with his side. Akaguro hissed, grabbing his katana and taking a swipe at the falling Iida, taking off some of his hair. Iida revved his engines against, slamming his foot harshly into Akaguro's back.

Blood spurted from his mouth, before he was instantly roasted with fire.

Todoroki immediately put up an ice wall, catching Iida and Akaguro before they hit the ground.

"Hey.. careful, he might..." Todoroki stopped, looking at Akaguro.

"I think he's passed out from that..." Iida panted, looking up towards the Hero Killer, lying on his stomach and hanging from Todoroki's ice like a doll.

"Restrain him. We'll go out onto the streets." Mizushima ordered. "And take all his weapons off him."

"Can I question, why there just happens to be a coil of rope here?" Midoriya asked, raising an eyebrow as he took the rope from Todoroki and tied Akaguro up, "It's like some random script writer wanted us to beat him and left rope here for us."

"You can find anything in a trash site." Todoroki reasoned, as Mizushima inspected Midoriya's handiwork.

"You know, seeing how you tie him up, I can somewhat believe you're Uzuki." Mizushima scratched his head, "Though honestly, I felt like I was in the way this entire time."

"I don't think you could have done anything one-on-one against him," Todoroki said, dragging the downed Hero Killer on the ground.

"Three of us against him, while he was making mistakes, and we still barely won. He was rushing to finish the fight, and couldn't dodge Iida's Recipro Burst as easily in midair as he could on the ground."
"Let's get him to the police." Mizushima stated, before he spotted Yamada across the street.

"Mic-sensei!" Midoriya waved, and Yamada bounded over, smacking his head lightly, "You! I told you to evacuate! Not go off and find - wait IS THAT STAIN!?" He shrieked.

"I was originally going to find Manual and tell him to help you put out the fire!" Midoriya protested, "I wasn't even expecting to run into him! Plus, if I remember what you said this morning, quoting you exactly, 'unless you're cornered and you're up against some big nasty villain it's preferable if you let the pros handle it'. I think Stain counts as a big nasty villain, right?"

Yamada pinched his nose and exhaled. No wonder Aizawa got so exasperated whenever he mentioned the vigilante. "You're insufferable, Izuku."

"Thanks! That's my speciality!" Midoriya gave him a bright grin.

"Present Mic, why are you here?" Mizushima asked.

"Tch. Endeavor showed up, burnt a Nomu's head to a crisp, and ordered that we all come here before he ran after another flying Nomu. I have no idea what's going on but at least you all are okay." He eyes Iida's bleeding shoulder and Manual's stab wound, "Or mostly okay. You guys aren't on the verge of dying from blood loss, right?"

"No. Stain wasn't targeting anything vital. He just needed to draw blood to use his quirk."

Mizushima replied, "I'm good. And I think Iida's fine. He was fighting."

"And you let him?" Yamada raised his eyebrow, unconvinced.

"Do you have any idea how stubborn they are?" Mizushima sighed, "I figured it was better to let them use their quirks and avoid any law breaking now, so we could get out, then scold them later for their recklessness."

The rest of the pro heroes arrived.

"Endeavor said there was a request for help here."

"Children?"

"I'll call an ambulance!"

"Oi... isn't that Stain?"

"Tch. A bit late, aren't they?" Midoriya clicked his tongue, attracting their attention.

"Wait. You're the quirkless one from UA, right? What are you doing here?" The blonde hero asked.

Midoriya eyebrow twitched.

"Izuku has been a great help to us in the fight. If it weren't for him, I'm certain instead of seeing us, you'd be seeing three dead, bloodied corpses." Todoroki shot at the heroes. "Don't judge him just because he doesn't have a quirk."

Midoriya tensed up.

Iida and Mizushima were being tended to, the pro heroes were calling the police and the ambulances, and Todoroki, Yamada and some other heroes were talking.
"He chose his hero name to be Deku?"

"Yeah. Said it means "You can do it"."

"That's great."

He felt off. And he was fairly sure it wasn't because some of the pro heroes were staring at him like he was some sort of freak. He knew how that felt.

This was different.

He heard a screech, and his eyes raced to the sky, searching for the source of the noise.

He knew that. It was of a slightly lower pitch, but he'd recognise that screech anywhere.

A Nomu.

"Get down!" He yelled, pushing the goggled pro hero to the side as the Nomu swept down on the group.

It caught Midoriya in its talons, and took to the sky.

"Hey!" Yamada yelled, careful not to use his quirk. He didn't want to make the Nomu drop him by accident, they were too far up too fast.

"Izuku!" Iida and Todoroki cried out.

"There's blood! Did Endeavor injure it?" The blonde hero cried out.

Midoriya still had Akaguro's knife from fighting him, and he grasped it and stabbed the Nomu in the leg. Screeching, the Nomu turned to glare at Midoriya with his lone eye, changing its fingers into claws.

Midoriya was immediately reminded of a boy who hung out with Bakugou when they were kids. Shen. He had the same quirk, but he was born with some birth defect, so his right pinky never changed along with the rest of his fingers. He unconsciously trailed his eyes towards the Nomu's right hand, and behold, four claws and one normalish looking Nomu pinky.

*That couldn't be a coincidence, right?*

Past the hand, he noticed a distinct, arrow shaped hole in the Nomu's wing.

Tsubasa had exactly the same injury. He had tried to fly, and fell out of a tree, grazing his wing against a fence as he tried to glide to safety.

"S-shen?" Midoriya stammered out, "Tsu...basa?"

The Nomu blinked at the boy, screeching. The screech sounded so painful, and it was like Midoriya could almost hear the faint, ghostly, haunting voice of the two boys who made fun of him in the past behind the monstrous screech of the Nomu.

"De...ku...? A...li...ve...?"

He yelped as the Nomu gave a pained yell, dropping him. He landed in a roll, and saw Akaguro rushing at the Nomu.
'Stain! No!'

"This society is overgrown with fake heroes. and the criminals who wave their power around idly should all be purged." Akaguro ignored Midoriya, stabbing the Nomu in the brain, "This is all just to create a more just society

"He licked the Nomu's blood that was on her face..." Iida realised.

"Tsubasa? Shen?" Midoriya crawled towards the Nomu and shakily reached out for it, as it gave a small screech and faintly nuzzled his hand.

He could hear the ghastly voices again.

"A...i...ve..."

He didn't necessarily like Tsubasa and Shen, but being turned into a Nomu was a fate he would wish on no one.

And they still had their consciousness. They recognised him. He could hear them, they were there, deep inside the monster.

He wanted to cry.

"Crying is just a show of weakness. That nickname suits you, Deku." His mother had spat, once, after she had backhanded him into a wall.

The tears didn't fall.

"Why are you all in a group!? The villain would have escaped..." Enji had arrived, and eyed Akaguro, who was standing up and wiping the blood away from his mouth, "Things got a little rough... but isn't that Stain?"

Turning around, Akaguro caught sight of Enji.

"You fake!" He snarled. He let his full killer intent out.

Everyone froze. The moon looked red, and ominous looking behind the Hero Killer. Every step made everyone want to step back, but they were frozen in place. He didn't need to use his quirk to paralyze them all with fear. Even Enji and Yamada were too paralysed by the pure, sheer strength behind Akaguro's force of will.

All except Midoriya, who was still staring at the dead Nomu in shock.

"I must make things right. Someone must be dyed in blood. I must take back what it means to be a hero. Come and try to get me, you fakes!"

He charged at Enji.

"Oh no you don't!" Midoriya shrieked, rushing at the Hero Killer and kicking him in the back, sending them both tumbling to the ground. "I know Endeavor might not be the best hero, but my friend's working under him and I would prefer him alive, thank you very much."

Iida, Todoroki and the blonde hero fell down, gasping from the release in pressure.

"Deku? He... wasn't affected?" She gasped.
The Hero Killer scrambled to his feet, brandishing a knife at Midoriya, who just kicked him, sending him flying back a few feet, and grasping his own knife.

"Get out of the way. You're not a target." Akaguro hissed.

"Nope. Don't wanna. I'm not going to back down when you're threatening to kill others, even if you think it's justified." Midoriya retorted.

Akaguro grinned, "Still the same old you!"

He yelled, "The only one who can kill me is All Might! And Deku!"

Both of them stared at each other, before they let their aura's flare out.

If they thought Akaguro's aura was bad, having both of their aura's flare out together was worse. A lot worse.

Blood red eyes met gleaming emerald eyes.

They rushed at each other.
Stain VS Deku

Using his lone knife, Akaguro slashed at Midoriya, who just blocked with his own. They kept up the parry for several minutes, before Midoriya dodged and swept his legs under Akaguro, who jumped and attempted to smash his spiked boots into Midoriya's face.

Midoriya leaned backwards in time, and attempted to slash Akaguro, but his grip on the knife had loosened and Akaguro kicked the boy's arm, forcing him to release the knife and throwing it into the air.

Akaguro fell back, before jumping and lunging for the knife, before using both blades and slashing at Midoriya.

The metal never met the flesh.

Midoriya had already whipped out two metal sticks, blocking the knives. He pushed the Hero Killer back, and they both faced each other, glaring.

Midoriya placed his fingers on the indents, letting the electricity charge up. He was going to wait for an opening to shock Akaguro, but he when he found the opening he couldn't afford to waste any time.

He adjusted his grip on his sticks, letting them shoot out to their full length as he kept an eye on Akaguro. He may not have his katana's, but with his speed it would be safer to have a longer ranged weapon. Plus, once he managed to get his blood, it wouldn't take long for him to take a quick lick and leave him paralysed. He had to avoid getting hit as far as possible.

After all, as long as he didn't bleed, Akaguro was also as good as quirkless.

Akaguro let his will flare out again, but Midoriya just charged at him, aiming a kick to the S-rank villain's side, which was blocked with a knife. His shoes did the trick, and they pushed Akaguro away from him slightly, giving Midoriya room to land another whack on side of the villain's head with his detachable staff.

"Oi! Kid! Move!" Enji roared, setting his fist on fire, but Todoroki just glared at him, "Stop! You'll hit Izuku as well!"

"That's why I told him to move!"

"You think Stain is going to let him disengage!? Plus, he was originally aiming for you! At least be thankful Izuku saved you!" Yamada hissed. At least the fire hero was trying... even if telling Izuku to move was kinda stupid. Izuku must have said something to Endeavor for him to at least try to be a better hero.

Everyone could only stare, stunned, as both fighters lunged at each other again. Akaguro's aura wasn't as bad as it was when he tried to rush Enji, but it was still scary enough that it made the heroes question whether or not they wanted to go in and face that ferocious monstrosity of a villain in close combat.

Shinsou and Aizawa were sitting in the dorms. They had finished training for the day, and they were going to eat something before heading out for a patrol. Aizawa didn't just want to train Shinsou, but he also had to use this internship to teach Shinsou how to be an underground hero, since that was
what the boy wanted and his quirk was best suited for it.

"We're reporting live from the airs of Hosu City. Several places are on fire at once... and wait.. what's that?! Zoom in!"

Both of them blinked as the camera zoomed in, catching two figures on the main road running and attacking each other. Several pro heroes were standing on the pavement, and on the other side, a winged figure with an exposed bloody brain was seen.

A Nomu. Aizawa realised. Wait... isn't that Todoroki and Iida?

He recognised the former's unique hair and Iida's outfits.

And Endeavor, and wait... Hizashi? Wasn't Izuku supposed to be with him?

The camera finally focused on green and the ref figures, but they were too fast to identify. The two finally stopped clashing weapons, jumping backwards, and Aizawa blanched when he realised that the green streak had been Midoriya.

"That's Stain!" Shinsou gasped. He whipped out his phone. It was pretty late, so some of the others might be resting now. Time to text the ISP.

Shinsou: Guys... Izuku's on TV fighting Stain. You guys might wanna watch. I'm freaking out here.

Aizawa didn't show it on his face, but years of reading people allowed Shinsou to catch the subtle shaking of his hands, his eyes glued to the TV (if he didn't have to blink, or had dry eye, he was sure Aizawa wouldn't blink at all) as his fingers idly fiddled with his capture weapon.

Uraraka was hanging out with Gunhead and his other sidekicks while they discussed their training. Her phone vibrated, and Uraraka absently let her gaze trailed to her phone.

Gunhead watched at Uraraka turned pale.

"Do we have a television here?!" She asked, panicking.

"Yeah... we do.." One of his sidekicks spoke up, grbbbing the television remote and switching it on. Someone nudged him and he turned up the volume of television.

"Wait! That's the Hero Killer Stain! And he's fighting the quirkless winner of UA's Sports festival! Midoriya Izuku! I guess we all know how this is going to end! But why aren't the pro heroes doing anything!? Hey, get the chopper closer! Let's see if we can get some audio!"

"Deku!" Uraraka cried out, dropping her pen as she glued her eyes to the television.

"What's he doing there!" Gunhead looking at the television in shock. "He's gonna get hurt!"

She could hear the whirring of the engine though the television as the helicopter went lower. Hatsume kept her eyes on the television as she picked up her phone and called Maijima.

"Power Loader-sensei... Izuku is fighting Stain on the news."

"WHAT!?"
"Oi! Isn't that your classmate?" Takeyama asked, as Mineta was mopping the floor in her kitchen. "The Sports Festival winner?"

Mineta poked his head out of the kitchen, yelping, "Izuku!?"

He rushed out, "What's he doing on the news?"

"He's fighting Stain." Takeyama replied. She was surprised that Mineta was this concerned about the boy; as far as she knew, he was a pervert and had absolutely no care for males.

"What?! He needs to stop picking fights with villains, even if he can fight them!"

"Wait, are you trying to imply that he can beat Stain? Stain, the Hero Killer? Beaten by a kid?" Takeyama had nothing against Midoriya, even though he was quirkless. In fact, she found it very admirable that he was trying to be a hero at all. She herself knew she was pretty much quirkless when fighting in small, tight spaces. "Look, even normal heroes can't fight him. And, no offence, you're telling me that a quirkless child can? He's already at a huge disadvantage!"

"Don't underestimate him." Was all Mineta had to say. "Even if he can't beat Stain, I'm pretty sure Izuku can wear him down."

Uwabami, Kendo and Yaoyorozu were eating after a particularly long photoshoot.

"Ma'am... we have some news on the Hero Killer." One of her employees said.

"What is it?" She asked.

Her employee picked up the television remote, flicking it on to the news channel.

A particular green haired boy caught the two students' attention.

"IZUKU!?" They shrieked.

"Is Midoriya in the way? The pros must be concerned about accidentally hurting him! I wonder how he's going to get away from this!"

"That's the winner of the sports festival, right? What's he doing there?!" Uwabami asked, horrified, "He's a child! He's no match for an S-rank villain!"

"At least Stain seems to be focusing on him instead of the heroes behind him." Yaoyorozu sighed. "That makes things a lot easier."

"What's he doing?! Fighting Stain on his own?! Why aren't the pros doing anything?!" Hawks gasped as he stared at the television, "Tokoyami, do you wanna see this?"

Both of them were patrolling in another city, and Hawks was staring at a television on the outside of an electronic's store, as Tokoyami was looking down an alleyway.

"What is ... Izuku? What?" He beak-dropped in shock.

"Your classmate, right?" Hawks pointed out. Much like Takeyama, he was impressed that Midoriya still had the guts to be a hero even though he lacked a quirk. He knew what it felt like to be quirkless whenever he overused his quirk.
Selkie had almost smashed the radio on their ship in shock.

"Izuku-chan?" Asui ribbited in shock. "And Stain!?"

"We can't do anything. Is the television working yet?" Selkie called out.

"No sir. We lack the parts necessary to fix it!"

"Damn..." Sirius groaned, "I actually want to see that. My own quirk isn't that useful for one-on-one combat so I actually want to see how he deals with Stain."

"I hope he's alright, kero." Asui sighed.

"That's the Sports Festival winner, isn't he?" Death Arms asked Jiro. He himself had seen how the vigilante acted when facing the Slime Monster, but Akaguro was an S-rank villain and he didn't know how the vigilante wound fare.

"I think he should be able to keep up..." Jiro commented. "See, they're both pretty fast. And Izuku's reflexes are really good."

"Still.. he's a child... I wonder why Endeavor isn't doing anything though. I heard he wanted to track Stain down really badly." Death Arms thought aloud.

"DEKU YOU FUCKING BASTARD STOP GETTING INTO FUCKING FIGHTS WITH VILLAINS!" Bakugou roared at the television.

"Now now, that's not very polite." Hakamata sighed, looking over to look at the television. He had no idea how to fix Bakugou's rude, temperamental, explosive tendencies. He was probably the worst intern in terms of attitude, but also the best in terms of drive and willpower.

"Wait... isn't that - "

"Yes it's that fucking Deku!" Bakugou screeched. "I swear if he dies against I'll kill him!"

Hakamata resisted the urged to sigh again. But he turned to the television, curious to see how the quirkless winner would get out of that situation alive.

"Don't be ridiculous! Stain is an S-rank villain! That child has no reason to interfere with the pros doing their job!" The blonde hero growled.

"Well, that child," Todoroki seethed internally, "Has lasted longer than any other hero that faced him before in a one-on-one fight."

The two clashed again, but this time Akaguro managed to hold his ground and put more force behind his blades, sending Midoriya flying back. He hastily tucked and rolled, letting the momentum send him back a few feet before he rolled onto his feet, blasting back towards Akaguro. He retracted a staff, and used the longer one to parry away Akaguro's knives, before extending the retracted staff, jabbing the sparking end right into Akaguro's gut.

Akaguro winced slightly from the shock, before jumping backwards to create some distance between them.

That thing's electric? I need to be careful...
This time, Midoriya ran at Akaguro, pretending to jump but ended up pulling a feint, sliding at the
villain's legs. Akaguro managed to dodge the attack, and spun around, swinging his knives at
Midoriya. Midoriya had already gotten to his feet, and blocked the attack, extending the staff to
knock Akaguro away.

The two were engaged in a terrifying, lethal dance, as they jumped and pirouetted around each other,
lassing out with their knives and staffs with deadly accuracy, each one giving their all as sparks flew
from when their weapons clashed.

Akaguro jumped, leaping into the air with terrifying power.

Midoriya gulped. He didn't have the physical strength to jump so high, and rolled out of the way as
Akaguro buried the two knives into the road.

Akaguro pulled the knives out, glaring at Midoriya, both of them panting.

*I'm lucky. Stain's already tired from our previous fight. If I had to go against him at full strength,
there's no way I can beat him.*

Akaguro hissed. At this rate, he was going to lose. He knew he wouldn't be able to run off, not with
Midoriya relatively full of energy and unharmed. If he wanted to get out, he was going to have to
deal with Midoriya first. But that would take way too much energy. He was lucky the pros were still
hesitant to interfere with their fight.

*Like the bunch of fakes they were.*

*He didn't blame Todoroki. He was just a kid. Iida was a bare pass.*

*But Endeavor? That guy had to die.*

But he couldn't go after him. Not now.

*Get past Deku first.*

He knew that unlike the other's, his aura wasn't effective on the green haired boy for some reason.
Midoriya was fast, keeping up with him in his tired, weakened state. He needed some other way to
slow the boy down.

His quirk.


That's all he needed.

Akaguro rushed forward again.

Midoriya caught the small grin on his face. He could tell that now, Akaguro was aiming to use his
quirk. All the more to not get hit.

Akaguro pressed on the attack, but Midoriya was doing an excellent job evading his attack, weaving
in and out between Akaguro's knives, spinning around to dodging, ducking down and stabbed his
staff into Akaguro's side, which was blocked by a knife. Midoriya whirled around, just as Akaguro
slashed with his knife, cutting off some of his hair but generally leaving the green haired boy fine.

Yamada, Enji, Todoroki and Iida could only watch in awe as the duo continued their ferocious dance
of attacking and defending, quick on their feet as they maneuvered around each other, refusing to let
the other press the attack for too long. The two students knew that Akaguro wasn't as fast as before, but this entire fight, the display of agility, speed and power, was still super impressive.

It took a long time before the other pro heroes managed to get their bearings, and yelling, "Get out of there! You're quirkless! You're no match for him!"

Akaguro's aura flared out in anger.

*They were still judging him based on his quirklessness!? The nerve of those fake heroes!*

The pro's flinched again. Akaguro's willpower was just that terrifying, feeling like there was a jackhammer constantly hammering down on them and not letting them breath. It felt like some otherworldly force was just pressing down on them, preventing them from moving a single muscles as they felt the air around them clench like a vice.

Midoirya just grinned as his eyes glinted dangerously, "As long as I dodge, as long as I'm not hit, he's quirkless as well."

The pro heroes just gaped at him, as the former vigilante's clashed again.

"*As long as I dodge, as long as I'm not hit, he's quirkless as well.*"

"Yeah! You tell em, Izuku!" Kaminari cheered as he stared at the television. He was interning with Sparky, another electric user pro hero, in the hopes of learning how to control his electric powers and not having to rely on the support item that Midroiya had designed and the Support Course had made, all the time.

Sparky sighed as he watched his intern cheering the reckless, green haired student fend off Akaguro.

He was going to be honest, he thought that any of the other pro heroes would be much better suited to handle the villain. He thought that, no, the quirkless child wouldn't stand a chance against Akaguro. Then, he saw how the child kept up with Akaguro, weapon for weapon, step for step, both of them evenly matched in their deadly match, and he realised how much he had underestimated the kid.

He saw the heroes' tense up on screen. He had heard from several of the disabled heroes that Akaguro gave out that kind of murderous, powerful aura, one that paralysed you in fear and the only thing you could think about was *this guy is too strong and he's gonna kill me and I can't do anything about it.*

The heroes, even Endeavor (He didn't really blame Yamada. He and Akaguro were practically the same age) were paralysed with fear.

But Midoriya Izuku wasn't.

Instead, he had declared that as long as Akaguro didn't draw his blood, he was as good as quirkless.

That was the same for every other quirk.

*As long as I can't use my electricity, I'm quirkless. As long as Present Mic couldn't open his mouth, he was quirkless. As long as Manual didn't have any water around, he was quirkless.*

And certain quirks, some of them were way to easy to counter. Using copper to deflect the electricity and wearing an insulated suit would be enough to go against him. Simply duct taping the Voice
Hero's mouth would render him quirkless (and tie his hands up), or simply slitting his throat (That would probably kill him though). Fighting Manual in a hot, dry place would render him quirkless. It was almost too easy.

And then he realised that for the same scenario, one couldn't do the same thing against Midoriya. He didn't have a quirk to counter, a power that could be turned on and off like the flip of the switch. He had power, strength, speed, intelligence, and honed battle instincts. None of that could be taken away so easily.

Knife against staff, Midoriya and Akaguro parried. Midoriya leaned back, dodging a slash and immediately rolled back into a car, kicking off the car and slamming his staffs against Akaguro's knifes.

This isn't going to work.

Midoriya pulled back, putting his two extended halves of a stick together into one, elongated, metal staff, before grabbing it with both hands and parrying both knives at the same time. He forcefully kicked the ground, letting the iron soles do the work as they pushed him forward, pushing Akaguro back.

Akaguro's were kicked again, and the iron soles sent him flying backwards. He stabbed his knife onto the ground, preventing him from sliding too far, before lunging straight at Midoriya. He tried to swipe his staff at the villain, but Akaguro jumped over it and attempted to kick the boy in the face.

Midoriya, luckily, managed to duck and dodge, and both of them rolled away from each other, crouching and eyeing each other warily like two predators.

Akaguro was smart. His eyesight was sharp. They had to be, in order for him to be able to identify true and fake heroes. He knew how to read people's movements, their emotions. He knew that the power behind Midoriya's kicks weren't normal. He had seem the iron soles dipping slightly, before shooting out with explosive power.

Midoriya was using support items.

And if they were support items, they were like quirks. They could be removed, and rendered useless.

The staff wasn't as much as a threat at the soles. Those things were dangerous, and in the hands of someone like Midoriya, with almost unlimited brain power and creativity, they were even more so.

Akaguro grinned, and lashed out, forcing Midoriya to block with his staff as Akaguro pushed and smashed him into a car. One well aimed swipe knocked an iron sole off his shoe as Midoriya tried to dodge, and Akaguro easily slashed through it, destroying the support item. Midoriya hastily removed the other sole from his shoes so that he was balanced out.

Mental note: Tell Hatsume-san to build the soles into the shoes instead of being wearable over them.

His attack power had gone down quite a bit, but lucky for him, the support item was heavy. They were iron soles, after all, so he was dragged down quite a bit. He was going to have to use his speed to make up for it, and he could, now free from the weight on his feet.

He leapt forward, using his staff to vault into the air, over Akaguro. He twisted midair, elegantly angling his foot above Akaguro's head as he slammed his foot down.
Akaguro had jumped away in time, and Midoriya's foot slammed into the road, leaving a small crater in his wake as he angled his foot and spun, his shoe hitting Akaguro's knives as he rushed to defend himself.

This time, no one could flame Cementoss. The roads were built and made with hard, sturdy materials to deal with cars and trucks. They weren't weak by any means. And Midoriya had made another crater, leaving his mark on the world as he kept up the unrelenting attack on Akaguro.

A smile crept onto Ojiro's face at the news lady screeched in pure shock that Midoriya had left a crack on the road.

"Alright! Izuku!" He cheered. He was interning with Yoroi Musha, the Equipped Hero, and both of them were done for that day's internship, and the pro hero had just happened to turn on the news to check on the latest updates.

Yoroi Musha just stared at the screen in complete shock at the power Midoriya displayed as he spun and kicked and swung his staff.

Akaguro jumped over Midoriya, twisting and aimed a knife at Midoriya as he fell.

*He had gotten faster.*

Akaguro was still capable of keeping pace with the green haired student. But for how long, he didn't know. He knew that, even at a young age, Midoriya had a ridiculous amount of stamina. With the iron soles no longer weighing him down, he would also be able to last in a fight much longer.

Both of them were fast, agile, speed fighters.

This fight was going to last quite some time.

All the attacks were slowly wearing the road out. Both of them using their weapons when the other pushed them back to create friction against the road, and rubble was slowly being created.

Midoriya jumped, dodging a swipe by Akaguro, before kicking against the next incoming swipe, pushing himself away from Akaguro, as the Hero Killer leapt at him. He didn't realise that he was heading towards a small pile of rubble, and accidentally landed on it.

His ankle twisted, and his leg gave way, lucky for him, as Akaguro sailed harmlessly over his head.

Midoriya tried to stand, and internally winced as pain flared up his leg. It was sprained. He could walk and run, but it was going to hurt.

*Lucky me. I'm used to pain.*

Either way, he needed to end it fast.

He rolled as Akaguro slashed again, using the staff to block when he got to his feet. He retracted the staff into its two shorter halves, and parried each knife away as Akaguro pushed him back, and Midoriya was forced to fall back as he defended, until finally, Akaguro gave one half a particularly vicious slash and the baton flew out of Midoriya's grasp, rolling some distance away.

Midoriya felt pain shoot up his arm.

He looked in alarm as blood ooze out from his arm, blood dripping off Akaguro's knife, as he stuck
out his tongue and prepared to lick it.

In a panic, Midoriya extended the one half of the staff he possessed.

He was lucky. The staff smacked straight into the knife, sending it flying a fair distance away.

Midoriya charged up the baton as Akaguro came in closer to lick the blood of his arm.

He jabbed the electric staff into Akaguro's side, and the older former vigilante winced as the electricity flew through his system.

A particularly hard kick sent Akaguro back, but he just stumbled, and used his remaining knife to charge at Midoriya.

The duo leapt around, jumping and kicking and parrying, neither willing to give in.

Their fight was going on for too long. Akaguro's injuries were getting to him, and Midoriya was sure that he was making his ankle worse.

Midoriya could tell that, like before, Akaguro was starting to rush. He wanted to end it fast.

They rushed each other again, and just before their weapons clashed, Midoriya dived, getting on his arms as he swung his body to kick the villain, and used Akaguro own momentum against him, as Akaguro's face made contact cleanly and directly with Midoriya's shoe.

Akaguro was sent flying backwards.

All the pro heroes at the scene gawked as Akaguro crashed into a car, finally knocked out.

"AWW! HECK YEAH! YOU GO, IZUKU!" Kirishima cheered.

"HE'S SO MANLY!" Tetsutetsu shouted.

Fourth Kind could only stare as his jaw dropped as Akaguro's body peeled off the car, falling to the ground, unconscious.

He did it.

Midoriya Izuku, had taken down the Hero Killer, Stain.

The civilians, wherever they were, whether they were watching a livestream of the fight, or the news, gapped at the news.

They all heard what Midoriya had said.

The fact that he was able to come up with a scenario that rendered the Hero Killer quirkless was astounding (to them).

To actually have the skills and the power to back himself up...

They didn't know what to think.

Everyone was reliant on quirks.

This child was able to keep up without a quirk.
That wasn't normal.

And the thought, while no one said it out, was in everyone's head.

*What would happen, if, somehow, miraculously, he had a quirk? If he wasn't quirkless, but just had a latent quirk?*

The thought of that was scary.

And they all unanimously decided.

*Midoriya Izuku was a freak of nature.*
Nezu cackled as he watched the news.

Midorya really was something.

He was hoping that this event might help to repair the broken, tainted reputation that Midoriya had.

Tempest was an overseas villain, and very few people knew of him. Being an arsonist, people could argue that he didn't have much fighting skills, and that Midoriya was weak to be taken down by him.

However, the same couldn't be said for the take down of Akaguro. Akaguro was an S-rank villain, well known in Japan as the feared Hero Killer. His reputation for taking down heroes showed that he wasn't a push over. And for Midoriya to have taken him down, live, was sure to boost his reputation.

Hopefully, people will start seeing that Midoriya was much more than what his quirk was.

They did.

But in the wrong way.

Instead of finally treating Midoriya like he wasn't some sort of lesser being, the community started to fear Midoriya.

After all, what kind of monster, what kind of freak, was able to keep up with the feared Hero Killer? The Hero Killer who's aura left the the Number Two hero paralysed, and rendered all the other heroes at the scene unable to react?

While quirkless, all the more?

News of a terrifying beast had spread. One called Midoriya Izuku.

"Ne, are you guys okay?" Midoriya asked, as he walked into the hospital room that Todoroki and Iida were in.
"Yeah. I'm good." Todoroki raised his left arm, showing the bandages over where Akaguro had thrown his knives.

Iida nodded, "Same here."

"Ah. You guys are awake," Mizushima sighed.

"Izuku!" Yamada shrieked, "You idiot!"

"Mic-sensei!" Midoriya lit up.

"We have a lot of stuff to say to you guys, but we have a visitor. Hosu's chief of police, Kenji Tsuragamae." Yamada pointed his thumb behind him, as a dog headed person entered the room.

Iida and Todoroki shot to their feet alongside Midoriya, and Kenji started, "You're the UA student who brought down Stain, right? And you two helped before the others came along?"

Midoriya nodded.

"Regarding his arrest, he has burns and broken bones and is receiving treatment under strict guard."

Midoriya gulped. Did he make Akaguro's injuries worse?

"As UA students, I'm sure you know that when superpowers were still becoming the norm, the police attached high importance to leadership and standards to make sure quirks weren't used as weapons. An individual's used of force and power could easily kill others, actions that would normally be appropriate to denounce, to be accepted officially, is thanks to the early heroes who follow the rules of the profession, woof."

Midoriya rolled his eyes. Yeah. You can't use quirks without a licence blah blah blah...

"Look, sir." He was trying to be polite. "If Iida-kun didn't interfere, Manual would be killed. If I didn't interfere, both of them would have been killed. If Sho-kun didn't interfere, all of us would have been killed! No one knew the Hero Killer was present. You're saying we should follow the rules and let people get killed!?"

His tone turned sarcastic, "Oh, there's a hero getting killed in an alleyway! Let's just sit back and watch!"

Midoriya growled, "Is that what you guys want? Letting a hero die because of some dumb rules? Letting people die because no, they can't use their quirks, they either die or break the law!?"

"Hang on, Izuku." Yamada tried to calm the boy down, "Hear him out a sec, kay?"

"Even against the Hero Killer, for uncertified individuals to cause injury with their quirks without specific instructions from their guardians or supervision is a clear violation of the rules. Midoriya Izuku, because you don't have a quirk, technically you don't fall under these rules, but as a student of UA, we agree that you should know better. However, you are lucky that Manual has stated that he gave you permission to use your quirks. Otherwise, the three of you, Endeavor, Present Mic and Manual will receive strict punishments."

Iida looked at Manual in shock. While it technically wasn't a lie, Mizushima only gave them permission neat the end of the fight. Despite not listening to the pro hero, the fact that he was willing to cover it up for them confused Iida. Mizushima shot them a look that said that they would talk about it later.
"Because you were given permission, and that Midoriya's second fight with the Hero Killer was broadcasted over the news... this ends here, woof. However, I believe your mentors would have something to say about you fighting the Hero Killer." Kenji ended.

Mizushima sighed, "We need to take responsibility for being negligent in our duties, though I would say I'm grateful that you kids stepped in to help, I still believe it would have been wiser to call for more back up instead of fighting him head on."

"I did! Sho-kun came!" Midoriya grinned.

"I told my father I would be here, and to send backup as fast as possible." Todoroki deadpanned.

Mizushima blinked. He had assumed that like Midoriya, Todoroki had just stumbled upon them by accident.

"I'm sorry. I should have called for help instead of jumping in." Iida apologised to Mizushima as he bowed.

"Yeah. Next time. Don't do that again, okay?" Mizushima lightly smacked Iida's head in a very Iida-like fashion.

"As someone who helps to protect the peace, I can say thank you." Kenji thanked them.

"You know.. you could have just said that, right?" Midoriya asked Kenji, "I thought Iida-kun would get a heart attack."

"I apologise, but it is the official procedure when we handle delicate cases like this, especially when there are students involved." Kenji apologised, before exiting the room.

Yamada and Mizushima sighed again.

The easy part was over. They were dreading how they were going to break the news to Midoriya.

They knew that while Midoriya only got a sprained ankle and a cut on his arm, he was worried about his friends and still hadn't heard or read about the new rumours floating around about.

"Um... Manual... why did you cover for us? You could have gotten into trouble and - "

Mizushima cut him off, "Look, I'm grateful that you guys came and saved me. If not... I'm not sure what would have happened to me... but I won't be able to be a hero anymore. But now, I need you guys to understand that the outcome of this entire incident was pure luck. You three made it to the top four of UA's sports festival. You are the strongest ones in your school. If it wasn't the three of you... I fear the entire thing would have spiralled out of control. You don't deserve to be punished for doing something right, but you need to learn to not be so rash and accidentally bite off more than you can chew."

The three students nodded.

He was right. They were lucky. Midoriya's experience, Iida's speed and Todoroki's power made an almost perfect combination to take Akaguro down. If they had Kaminari, who had no direction control, or Bakugou, who was rash and attacked anything and everything, everything would have gone downhill in an instant.

Shinsou would have been great against Akaguro, but Midoriya did not want his precious little (tall)
student anywhere near the Hero Killer.

"That goes for you too," Yamada lightly smacked Midoriya's head. "I get that you met Stain before, and that you knew what his quirk was and how to counter it, but seriously? Can you please stop getting yourself into situations where you end up fighting against some high class villain?"

"In my defence, I didn't antagonise him!" Midoriya retorted.

"Yeah. He did that at the USJ." Todoroki said.

Midoriya shot him a mock look of hurt, "Sho-kun! I trusted you! Why!?"

"Why would you antagonise the villains you fight?! Just... WHY!?" Yamada screeched.

"It makes them angry! Then they make more mistakes!" Midoriya replied.

Mizushima made a chopping motion, and Yamada sighed.

"Look... we have some good news, and bad news. Which do you wanna hear first?"

"Good news, please." Iida spoke up, seeing as neither Todoroki or Midoriya seemed to have a preference.

"Alright. Both you and Todoroki will be discharged soon. You didn't have that many injuries, so there's that." Mizushima said, "We spoke to the doctors just now. Just take it easy on those arms for a few days and you'll be as good as new. You might have a few scars but nothing that might affect your future hero careers."

"And... what's the bad news?" Midoriya hesitantly asked.

"Did you... hear the news?" Yamada hesitantly asked.

"About what?"

"About... you."

Midoriya blinked, confused. "No? What did I do, besides beating Stain?"

Yamada sighed again. He realised he was doing that a lot.

"The media has... a lot of stuff to say about you." Yamada started, "You already heard how bad it was before, but now... they're calling you a lot of nasty stuff."

"Like?" Midoriya gulped. After all, what was worse that being looked down on, being called useless, worthless?

Todoroki moved to sit beside the green haired boy. Iida did the same, sitting on the opposite side of Midoriya.

"I think... it's better if I show you. I myself can't bear to say them out." Yamada slowly handed over his mobile device, which had a news site on display.

As Midoriya scrolled through the news page, his heart kept sinking.

No, they didn't call him worthless or useless anymore, or a lesser species, or something degrading.
It was worse.

The entire community now feared him.

They feared the power he weld. They feared that no one would be able to stop him if he decided to turn to the bad side. Quirk suppressants wouldn't work on a person who didn't have a quirk, after all. How were you supposed to stop a person who was able to leave a crack on the road?

They feared how strong he might get if he somehow acquired a quirk. As if that was possible - ... wait that guy Yagi was talking about could...

He just wanted to be a hero. He just wanted to help.

He knew he shouldn't take the public's words to heart. They didn't know who he was, after all, and it was natural for an intelligent species to fear the unknown, as they didn't know all the different variables.

His heart clenched.

He knew he should ignore it.

Midoriya nearly dropped the phone.

His hand unconsciously reached for his face as he covered his right eye, absentmindedly scrolling through all the fearful comments as he peered through his left. His gaze was starting to be slightly blurry, and his arm started shaking. Soon, his entire body was trembling as he continued to read the articles..

*It hurts...*

*It hurts so much.*

*Why did it hurt so much?!*

Todoroki carefully placed an arm on Midoriya's shoulder, and he jumped, relinquishing his hold on the device as he squeaked from the sudden contact. Luckily, his reflexes were still on point and he managed to grab the phone midair before Yamada's phone made contact with the floor.

Yamada frowned, concerned for the boy.

He hadn't even heard Midoriya yelp before. In pain, yes. In surprise, nope.

Midoriya was almost impossible to sneak up on, if his fight with Hagakure said anything. He was alert, and he was somehow able to sense the area around him, or pick up on any hint anyone made to determine their location and intention.

The reaction Midoriya gave was very different from what Yamada had imagined. He was actually hoping that Midoriya would start spouting some stuff on how they shouldn't judge him for his quirk, or how he trained to actually get to where he was. He knew how to deal with people when they were talking.

The quiet people were Aizawa's strong suit.

"Look..." Mizushima looked on the ground, breaking the silence that had leaking into the hospital room, "I'm sorry. I referred to you by your lack of a quirk while we were facing Stain. That was very rude and disrespectful of me. I probably hurt your feelings." He bowed, "I apologise."
"It's fine... people called me that all the time before when I was a kid... it's nothing new... I should have gotten used to it..." Midoriya sighed, apologising back.

"You shouldn't apologise. How the public treated you is wrong. They shouldn't judged you by what quirk you may or may not have." Iida protested.

"No. I was wrong. The public is wrong. We shouldn't judge you based on your abilities, but on who you are as a person." Mizushima said.

"Izuku. Don't take it to heart." Yamada pat him on the back, "It doesn't matter what they say. We'll stick with you through and through."

Todoroki nodded in agreement.

He wanted to cry.

"Crying is a sign of weakness."

They had already seen how vulnerable he could get. He didn't want them to see how weak he was inside as well.

Midoriya shakily glanced up at them, and smiled.

"Yeah. Thanks."
The rest of the week was uneventful for Midoriya. Once he was let out of the hospital, everyone stayed away from him, whispering away. Midoriya literally tried to hide behind Yamada the entire time, until the Voice Hero got sick of all the rumours and whispering floating around and practically yelled at everyone (while in civilian clothing) to leave Midoriya alone.

Since then, he just opted to stay in the hotel room the entire day, not daring to even exit. Yamada had to buy take outs for him. Midoriya didn't even dare to open the door.

He didn't blame the boy.

Being called useless and worthless was bad enough.

But to be feared by everyone, like he was some sort of rabid dog kept on a leash, and the leash might snap at any second, was worse.

It did make him feel better when Tensei came over to visit the boy, bringing an assortment of candy for him as a gift. Midoriya's mood had shot up instantly, and he had spent the rest of the day interrogating Tensei about his quirk and possible ways to apply his techniques to Iida. He seemed to be really curious about why grape and orange juice, and was wondering if the grape and orange flavoured Fanta drinks would ended up making their engines splutter or power them.

Yamada (finally being the voice of reason for once) refused to by grape soda.

Tensei left, taking a selfie with the smaller boy, just to tease Iida that he was the first to get a nice picture with the boy. And also to reassure him that both of them were fine.

And thanked Midoriya about a hundred times for unintentionally saving his life.

Midoriya was glad when the week for internships was over. He couldn't wait to get back to UA. He just hoped his friends still cared about him….

"You were awesome Izuku! You really kicked their butts!" Sato grinned.

"You were so manly! I saw the fight with Tetsu at our internship!" Kirishima cheered.

Midoriya could give a small grin in return as he sighed in relief.

His friends still cared about him.

"Oi, Izu, if you actually think we were gonna leave you because you beat a villain, you're very much mistaken," Shinsou smirked, resting his hands on the shorter boy's head, before placing his head on his hands, so Shinsou was practically leaning over him patronisingly like some sort of older sibling.

Midoriya was pretty sure he was close to bursting out into tears from relief.

"DEKU! I KNOW THAT EXPRESSION! IF YOU START CRYING I'LL BLAST YOU!"

Bakugou roared. His hair was no long spikes, and was somehow miraculously tamed as it sat on his
head. Sero was still laughing at him, and in a fit of rage Bakugou's hair exploded right back into place.

"I'm so glad you guys made it out safely! I was worried!" Yaoyorozu sighed.

"You were so cool though, Izuku! I was so scared when I saw you fighting Stain live!" Hagakure gushed, "I didn't know who would win!"

"Did you see the video?!" Kaminari piped up, "Stain's pretty cool too! He has a one track mind and he's tenacious!"

"Denki-kun!" Midoriya hissed, and Kaminari gulped when he realised that Iida was there too.

"He was tenacious. And honestly, seeing him up close, declaring his ideals to everyone… It's a pity he chose purging as a result of those beliefs."

Yagi had called them to Ground Gamma to see how much they improved during their internships. Midoriya had to go against Ashido, Sero, Ojiro, and Iida, and it was no surprise who won. His stamina was off the charts, and he knew exactly how to move in order to get his body to move exactly how he wanted.

"Damn, Izuku, you have to teach me how you do that." Ashido panted. She had sped up during the trial when she realised Midoriya was way ahead, and had ended up tiring herself out more than usual. Apparently, Sero and Ojiro had also tried to speed up, and ended up exhausting themselves.

"Young Izuku came in first, but you guys have all improved in using your quirks! Keep going like this and prepare for your final exam!" Yagi praised.

The lesson ended after the remaining three teams completed the course. Bakugou had won the second one, Todoroki won the third round and Asui had won the last round.

"Man, that was some hard training." Kirishima sighed, "I need to work on my mobility!"

"You can compensate for it with information gathering." Tokoyami pointed out.

Meanwhile, Midoriya was deep in thought. Everyone else was doing well, all except Yaoyorozu. Her confidence had been shaken. Her loss by Tokoyami in the Sports Festival. She had been beaten so easily by a powerhouse, and she had come in through recommendations. That probably meant that she probably didn't have to fight those stupid giant robots, and he was fairly sure she was questioning whether she would be able to enter UA if not for her parents connections.

He frowned. He would need to talk to her about it. Especially with the exams coming soon.

"Hey… Yaoyorozu-san? Do you have a minute?" Midoriya asked, calling out the Yaoyorozu as she was about to leave.

"I… yeah. Do you need something, Izuku?" Yaoyorozu asked.

"Are you okay?" Midoriya asked, "I don't mean physically. You've been…. dazed lately."

"I'm fine… really…. I shouldn't even be worried about it - "

"It's normal to be unsure of yourself after the Sports Festival, you know." Midoriya replied, "But you
can't let this affect you in lessons. Instead, use it as motivation and drive to get stronger."

Yaoyorozu just stared at the boy in front of her. How he had guessed her thoughts perfectly, she didn't know. She knew all that… but it seemed like -

"You're family's status doesn't mean anything here. You're still human. Emotions are normal. If you need a break, to think things through, go ahead. Everyone needs them."

*Yet I can't help be affected by everything the stupid press says. I'm a hypocrite.*

Yaoyorozu gulped, and clenched her fists. That was one of the problems of being born in a rich family of heroes. She always did have standards, to go beyond them at all costs, to not let her emotions get in the way of things. That was what was expected from her.

All the pressure in her body felt like it was released at once. The comforting words by the vigilante reminded her that, yes, she made mistakes, and now she had to fix them.

She hesitantly reached out to ruffle Midoriya's hair, and he just stood there and let her hand run through his green locks. Yaoyorozu was screeching internally. He was like a little kitten, jittery but also curious as to what she would do. She gave him a smile, "Alright. Thank you, Izuku."

"You're welcome. But why do people like to touch my hair? Toshi likes to ruffle it, Uraraka-san as well, and Eijiro-kun and Denki-kun had mentioned that my hair was better then Ojiro-kun's fluffy tail or something?"

Yaoyorozu gave a sharp bark of laughter. Midoriya was just too adorable at times. She couldn't understand how the media could make him out to be a scary, vicious beast when he was here wondering why people liked his hair so much. He was just like a little scared kitten that was forced into the world far too soon, and was moulded into a tiger just so he could stand a chance against everyone else.

But he was still a kitten.

"Well… I personally think we'll be fighting the teachers." Midoriya said, "Villains aren't going to be mindless robots. They'll be able to think, make strategies, and make split second decisions. Robots won't be able to do that. And they'll most likely make us fight in pairs, probably based on our personalities and quirks, thought honestly I'm not very sure since we have twenty one students."

He grabbed a notebook out of his pocket and started scribbling.

"Assuming we have ten teachers…. All Might-sensei, Eraser Head-sensei, Present Mic-sensei, Midnight-sensei, Ectoplasm-sensei, Snipe-sensei, Thirteen-sensei, Cementoss-sensei, Powerloader-sensei and most probably Nezu-sensei. I don't think Vlad King-sensei will be part of our exam because he's your teacher."

"That is… surprisingly specific."

"If you think that's specific, then think again." Shinsou groaned, leaning back on his chair. "Get ready for more rambling."

"I think Tsu-chan will be paired with Tokoyami-kun against Ectoplasm-sensei. Tsu-chan has no clear weakness, but Tokoyami-kun's fighting style is to let Dark Shadow fight from a distance. Having Ectoplasm-sensei, a close combat fighter who can clone himself, would be more than enough to counter that, and Tsu-chan would have to find a way to assist him."
Asui hummed. That made sense.

"I think Shoji-kun and Hagakure-chan will be paired against Snipe-sensei. He's a long ranged fighter, and both Shoji-kun and Hagakure-chan are short ranged fighters. Shoji-kun has an advantage of information gathering, while Hagakure-chan has stealth."

Hagakure was waving her arms about in excitement.

"Iida and Ojiro will probably be up against Power Loader-sensei, who can create tunnels. Both Iida and Ojiro require land to use their quirks, and if the ground keeps caving in I think they'll have problems."

Iida frowned, furrowing his brow. If he had nowhere to run…. he couldn't run.

"Eijiro-kun and Sato-kun would probably be against Cementoss-sensei. He can control the cement, and Eijiro-kun and Sato-kun usually fight head on."

Kirishima thought about it. When he had fought against Tetsutetsu, they had just bashed each other silly. He would probably have to do something other than bashing through head on and hope he does it right.

"Mineta-kun and Sero-kun probably would go again Midnight-sensei. Mineta-kun… I don't have to say it. And Sero-kun's quirk is really similar to Midnight-sensei's, since they both aren't directly offensive but can be really effective in the right situations! Ashido-san and Kaminari-kun… maybe Nezu! Cause he fights smart and no offence you two… but you fight more with your guts than your brains, not literally of course."

Kaminari laughed at the joke, and Ashido grinned. "Gotcha Izuku! Also, call me Mina! I like it better!"

Midoriya nodded.

"Jiro-san and Koda-kun against Mic-sensei cause they all have sound based quirks! Sho-kun and Yaoyorozu-san will probably be paired together against…. hmm…. Aizawl-sensei! Cause Sho-kun's quirk is really powerful and Yaoyorozu-san's can be equally dangerous! Ne, Yaoyorozu-san, can you make a nuclear bomb?"

"I… what? As long as there's no carbon I can make it…. Izuku no!"

"I was just asking!"

"That's dangerous Izuku!"

"Fine! No bombs!" Midoriya groaned, before his eyes glinted, "OH! Can you make water? Cause its just hydrogen and oxygen! Can you like… put out fires!?" Midoriya kept rambling on and on about having an unlimited supply of water, before Shinsou lightly smacked his shoulder and he went back on topic.

"Aoyoma-kun and Uraraka-san will probably be against Thirteen-sensei, since light can be sucked in by a black hole and Uraraka-san and Thirteen-sensei both have gravity based quirks. That leaves Toshi and Kacchan with All Might-sensei! You two never got along well."

Shinsou huffed. Not his fault. He really didn't like how much Bakugou swore. Bakugou also hated how much Midoriya liked to stick to Shinsou, though he couldn't really blame him.
"Ha! I bet a thousand yen that he's wrong!" Some one yelled. Some of the students from all over the school decided to bet on this!?

Kirishima just stood up in his seat, (much to Iida's chagrin), and yelled, "Don't underestimate him! I bet you he's a hundred percent right!"

"Oh I'll take that bet! If he get's them all right, we'll all fork over the amount that we all be!"

"What about you?" Kendo asked.

Midoriya hummed, before he frowned, quietly muttering, "I don't really know. Maybe Nezu-sensei or Aizawa-sensei? Or Vlad King-sensei. Or maybe one of the upperclassmen?"

Nevertheless to say, 1-A became richer after their practical.

Everyone passed the written test, Ashido and Kaminari just barely passing with Yaoyorozu, Midoriya and Bakugou practically drilling every single equation and formula into their heads.

The practicals went smoother than expected as well. Everyone just trusted Midoriya's instincts (even Kendo, Tetsutetsu and Monoma had been slightly doubting of Midoriya's prediction), and prepared and discussed strategy with Midoriya to counter their specific teachers that Midoriya had assigned.

He had been completely correct.

Yamada had kept yelling and made Jiro's ears bleed. That had given Koda enough courage to overcome his fear of bugs to ask them to terrorise Yamada (though honestly unless you were Bakugou and would swear the bugs down and explode them, or was Todoroki or flaming trash heap number two and could just burn or freeze them, anyone would be screeching at the sheer number of centipedes, worms and other bugs crawling up their legs.)

Uraraka had used Thirteen's Black Hole against them after Aoyoma brought up the question of their fighting skills since Thirteen was a rescue hero, making Midoriya realise that Thirteen's first instinct was to save and not harm.

Asui had swallowed the cuffs, and after Ectoplasm had trapped them in his super large Ectoplasm clone, she had coughed it out and allowed Dark Shadow to cuff the teacher.

Mineta's and Sero's were hilarious. Kayama had trapped Sero with her quirk (In reality Sero was just pretending to sleep. He could hold his breath for a really long time, and apparently it increased the pressure that he shot his tape out), and Mineta had lured Kayama away from the exit, letting Sero pass through the gate easily.

Iida and Ojiro had done really well. Iida had carried Ojiro across the arena, before Maijima emerged from the ground right beneath them. Iida had practically used his Recipro Burst as a booster, and flung Ojiro right past the gates.

Shoji had distracted Snipe while he was trying to shoot them, while Hagakure snuck around and cuffed Snipe. Apparently, he had a lot of trouble tracking something he couldn't see.

Yaoyorozu and Todoroki's practical... it was a bit bumpy. Todoroki had gotten caught by Aizawa, and Yaoyorozu just hosed down the Erasure hero with water when he turned to face her, making his ridiculously long hair cover his eyes and forcing him to be unable to use his quirk until he removed his goggles. The hero had to fight blind for a while, and Yaoyorozu had just created sand all over the place and made Todoroki burn them, turning the ground to glass and practically sticking Aizawa to
Yaoyorozu had released Todoroki, before attempting to cuff the hero, but Aizawa threw caltrops at them and if it weren't for Todoroki's ice, Yaoyorozu was sure she'd have a few more scratches before they were able to cuff Aizawa.

(Yaoyorozu wanted flashbangs but Midoriya had immediately said no. He didn't want to permanently damage his teacher's eyes. Water was a lot more effective. And it was funny to see Aizawa dripping wet after the entire ordeal.)

Sato and Kirishima had started off by bashing blindly through Ishiyama's cement, before Sato continued the onslaught and Kirishima took a detour to the top of the buildings, before smashing into Ishiyama and catching him by surprise.

Ashido and Kaminari had done surprisingly well against Nezu. It was really... funny to see all the buildings crashing around them and them running away, but Ashido and Kaminari just took the chance when the chaos had died down slightly to follow the path of destruction, practically running on the rubble and broken debris until they found the crane which was the bane of their trial. Kaminari had short circuited the entire thing, and Ashido had taken the chance to scale the crane and cuff Nezu. Or more like Nezu was just grinning creepily and let her cuff him.

Bakugou and Shinsou's trial was... annoying. Both of them had started the trial silently, not even speaking to each other as they tried to find the exit. Yagi had appeared, and had avoided saying a single word as he assaulted the two boys. He ended up smashing Bakugou right into Shinsou, and after that the duo ended up arguing with each other and fighting. Midoriya, and the rest of class 1-A, had gotten worried that they would fail since they were fighting each other instead of Yagi. Yagi finally tried to intervene and convince them to stop fighting, and Shinsou and Bakuguo both just grinned as the purple haired teen's brainwashing fell into place, brainwashing Yagi as he ordered him to cuff himself.

Midoriya had practically threw himself on them and ranted at how worried he was when he saw them fighting.

Then it was time for Midoriya's trial.

Or what they thought was to be Midoriya's trial.

Midoriya was locked inside a room. A puzzle room to be exact.

Designed by Nezu.

And literally had all of the teacher's input on the traps.

And gave the trigger happy students control over about half the traps.

Yeah. That was fun.

Midoriya groaned. He liked puzzles, but he liked doing them for fun. Not as an exam.

There was a piece of paper next to him, and the only thing written on it was "ceiling."

Midoriya looked upwards, and there was a door. On the ceiling. There were very... sparingly placed railings on the walls. Midoriya took a running leap, grabbing a railing, before he leapt to the wall on the other side of the room, grabbing that railing. It took him some time before he finally leapt off the final railing, grasping the door handle and yanking the door open, before hauling himself up to the
He popped his head into the next room, and immediately ducked as spears flew over his head.

*Jesus, was this some kind of trap!?*

He finally managed to get into the room proper, and made his way towards where the spears came from. He grabbed a spear when another bunch came flying at him, and kept it to deflect anything else (Like darts and arrows. Dammit Nezu. Why all the sharp stuff?!) that was being shot at him from literally all directions.

He opened the door and made his way into the next room, where there was a computer with a note placed over it. There was a number pad on the table, and there was also a door on the far side of the room. There was no handle or anything. Damn.

"You like riddles, don't ya? Here's a simple one. What am I? A mouse, bear, or dog?"

Midoriya rolled his eyes. He had heard this so many times it was ridiculous. He typed in the word "Principal", and clicked enter.

The entire room turned dark, before there was a loud cackling over the loudspeakers that he was pretty sure belonged to Nezu, *"Think you're trying to be smart, eh? I gave you three choices!"

"Pretty sure they're all wrong?" Midoriya grumbled.

"I heard that!"

"Tch." Midoriya relented and typed in all three words, only to be met with the wrong password noise beeping ridiculously loudly for his opinion.

*"Oh dear, little listener. Looks like you got the password wrong! Ya have to wait thirty minutes you know!"* That was Yamada's voice for sure.

Midoriya groaned, before he pried to computer's back panel apart and tried to fiddle with wires as he typed on the computer, trying to hack it.

He was halfway through when Kayama's voice was blasted out, *"Sneaky sneaky! Hacking is bad you know!"

"Shut up!" Midoriya screeched, continuing to hack the computer. He finally got tired of it, and opened all the drawers in the room, finding a thumb drive. Dammit. That meant he had to hack the laptop. But the thumb drive was lighter that he expected...

Midoriya cracked the thumb drive open, finding a small note in it.

*"this is what You get for sticking Thumb drives With me all the time. how's this For a key in a thumb drive?"

That messy handwriting was definitely Aizawa's. Midoriya groaned. But he found the riddle weird. Why the heck was Aizawa capitalising random letters? A thought flashed through Midoriya's mind, and he grabbed the computer keyboard and yanked off the Y, T, W and F keys.

Four numbers. 4, 6, 1, 8.

He based the numbers into the number pad, and the door sprung open. Midoriya quickly exited the room, and looked around. His footsteps were unusually loud, and the room was very bright. There
wasn't anything in sight. He turned around to exit the room, and to his alarm, the door closed behind him.

"Oops. Looks like my finger slipped. Sorry." Ishiyama. Really? How could a finger just happen to slip and just happen to land on whatever button or trigger closed the door?

Midoriya tapped his foot, trying to thicken, and got completely annoying when he heard the tap tap tap sound just resonate in the room. He blinked. Why was it so loud! He hesitantly stomped on the ground, before realising that it was thin. The floor was really, really thin.

He flipped into a hand stand, before he slammed his weight onto the ground through his foot, breaking the floor. He rolled as he fell onto the floor below, brushing the scraps of the broken floor off himself.

"Tch." He grumbled, as a large metal sphere almost crushed him had he not dove into a corner.

"Sorry Izuku! I thought that was the hint button!" Kaminari's voice blasted out.

Great. His classmates were trying to help. Nezu clearly didn't label the buttons properly, if at all.

Midoriya had gotten past another twenty rooms before the announcement came on that his ten minutes were up.

He was really dejected.

He didn't even get out.

How could he afford to be a hero when he couldn't even get out of a puzzle room!?

Aizawa was sent to escort the boy out of his trial, and even he couldn't stop himself from feeling really, really bad for the boy who looked so sad.

"I'm sorry. I failed."

"Don't worry about it, problem child." Aizawa sighed, rubbing the boy's back comfortingly. He had dried his hair and changed out of his wet clothes, and Kayama had decided to braid it. He didn't stop her. He was too tired to care. All he wanted to do was keep an eye on the problem child's trial.

When they finally got to the watching room, where everyone was watching Midoriya's trial, heck even Nezu looked bad when he saw the complete, utter, destroyed look on the boy's face.

"Izuku..." The principal said, before Midoriya bowed.

"I'm sorry! I failed! I didn't live up to your expectations! I will push myself even harder!"

"Actually... Izuku, you passed."

"I will take any criticism you have and ... wait what?" Midoriya looked up to face Nezu.

"You passed."

"I WHAT!?" He spluttered, "I didn't even get out!"

"Dude, you got through like... twenty five rooms!" Kaminari cheered. "I'm sure I would have gotten stuck in the third room!"
"You couldn't even get past the first room." Jiro rolled her eyes.

The class had dissolved into playful banter when Aizawa addressed Midoriya, "There were fifty rooms. We weren't expecting you to get out anytime soon. Nezu had declared that you would pass once you got past the fifteenth room, but those trouble makers broke the microphone and we just decided to wait until time was up. Unlike the others, you have had plenty of battle experience, so we decided to give you a trial that would test your instincts and your brain instead of fighting since most of the villains you take out are ... no offence... they don't think, so you never really encountered those scheming ones."

"I... passed!? I didn't... fail!? I'm not useless!?!" Midoriya yelped, looking at Aizawa with shining eyes.

"Of course not. See! Even you exceeded Nezu's expectations!" Kayama cheered.

"In a battle of brains... I certainly wouldn't want to go against you." Yagi said.

He had said that to be encouraging, but instead Midoriya's expression just fell.

"So... I'm a monster...? .. A freak?..."

He started trembling, and Aizawa just scowled at Yagi before he grabbed the poor traumatised child by the shoulders, forcing him to face him.

"Izuku. I don't know what those people keep saying about you. You're not a monster, or a freak. You're just really smart, you were forced into a world where you had to fight to survive too early, and you shaped yourself in order to survive. Those people are just blind, and they just judge you for your genes instead of who you are. You're a perfectly normal hero in training, and nothing will ever change that."

Midoriya just looked like wanted to cry, but no tears came out, instead, he just pulled Aizawa into a hug, burying his face into Aizawa's shirt. Aizawa tensed up, before he returned the hug, sighing, before glaring at Yagi.

Yagi, for all of his muscle mass and strength, was trying to hide behind Yamada, Maijima and Thirteen from Aizawa's glare.

It took some time for Midoriya to let go of Aizawa. He grinned up cheekily, "Thanks, Shou-chan!"

Aizawa clicked his tongue at the endearing nickname, and chased him off to join his friends, yelling, "Don't call me that, problem child."

"You like it! Admit it!"

"No I don't!"

Midoriya just laughed, before he latched himself onto Shinsou again, using his slightly higher than normal vantage point to laugh alongside his classmates.

Aizawa just sighed again, and walked to the corner where Todoroki had left his capture weapon after drying it, and growled at Yaji as he passed him, "We need to talk."

Chapter End Notes
So...

Sorry for late update.
I got caught up in three other fics.

Green and Purple De-aged is new, and I kinda have ideas for that so that will be updated.

Shackles of the Past is... somewhat new as well.

Personality Swap is a crack fic, so don't expect me to update that too often.
Mall

After the lesson had ended and Midoriya was safely in the hands of his class, Aizawa had practically dragged Yagi into an empty meeting room.

"What do you think you're doing?!" Aizawa growled.

"I'm sorry! It was supposed to be a compliment and I didn't expect him to take it like that - "

"He's sensitive to things like that! I know you're All Might! You're the number one hero that needs to teach lessons with a script and a Teaching for Dummies guide. It's one thing to not know how to teach students. It's another thing to be so completely ignorant to his feelings!" Aizawa hissed.

"But - "

"No buts, All Might. Look. You view things differently from him. Everyone praises you, everyone thinks you're perfect. You accept compliments because you know they're compliments. Those people think that Izuku is some kind of vile monster that needs to be controlled and tamed. Given his already broken sense of self worth, he already thinks he owes the world something. And he's trying to figure out what it is."

"He doesn't owe the world anything! He was forced into a situation and he's just trying to survive!" Yaji protested.

"Exactly. He can't find an answer to that question because there is no answer! But Izuku just seems to believe that the whole world is right and he's wrong, even though he knows, and we all reinforce it, that it's not his fault. He believes us, but he can't bring himself to be honest with himself about his feelings because he knows he's quirkless, and also believes that he is in some way inferior."

"That's why I was trying to encourage him - "

"You're way of encouraging is wrong. You told him you wouldn't want to face him if the situation was intelligence based. His intelligence goes both ways, and in this case is working against him. He can interpret it as encouragement, like you meant it to be, or that you're scared to face him because he's too smart. The fact that you're scared of him is the trigger."

Yagi's eyes widened when Aizawa broke his statement down into the plainest terms.

"He's a vigilante. He was forced to understand the multiple meanings behind statements in order to detect their true intent. When you said that, he probably got both meanings, and chose to take the second one because that's exactly how this society views him. As someone to be feared. He only accepts encouragement and praised when you practically tell him in the face "good job" because those statements don't have a double meaning, unless you speak with sarcasm." Aizawa groaned.

"Look. You might not realise it, but your status as a Number One hero means too much to him. After his close friends and teachers, your words take the most effect. Telling him you're scared, even unintentionally, terrifies him. Because if even the Number One hero is scared of him, then the rest of the world no doubt was scared of him too. He just wants to fit in. Please understand when I say this, but just stay away from Izuku. Keep an eye on him, understand him, but don't interact with him until you're very sure you know exactly what to say and how to act so you don't intentionally bring him down again."

Yagi hung his head. His words meant that much? To the poor child who just wanted to do good but
was acting like a kicked puppy who was trying to figure out what he did wrong when it was just everyone hating him for a dumb reason?

He mutely nodded, before he walked out of the meeting room.

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His nerves were shot. His emotions were flying all over the place. The frustration he had felt during the trial that he was nowhere near getting out, followed by that pleasant surprise that he had passed, then Yagi subtly hinting that he was scared of him, then Aizawa's comforting hug had left Midoriya completely drained.

"You okay Izu?" Shinsou asked. Midoriya had clung to Shinsou's back the entire time, and Shinsou felt the weight oddly comforting, like Midoriya trusted him completely not to drop him or fall backwards. It was nice. It ended up with him giving Midoriya a piggyback back to the classroom because Midoriya just didn't want to let go.

"Yeah. I'm just tired." Midoriya sighed, placing his head on Shinsou's hair. It was comforting. Not like Aizawa's hugs. Aizawa's hugs were... rare. But he just felt like he was protected from the entire world and Aizawa's warmth was soothing. Shinsou felt like a comfort blanket. It wasn't very useful in an actual situation, but he could bring it with him anywhere and seek comfort from it.

Bakugou was oddly comforting as well. He was more like a rapid fire machine gun that would protect him as much as he swore profanities. Iida and Yaoyorozu was encouraging comforting. Todoroki was comforting but had no idea how to express it except for ruffling his hair. Ojiro, Asui and Kendo was just straightforward comforting. Tokoyami was... saying thing like "Revelry in the dark, but you're too far up in the light for darkness to grasp", Sato was sweet comforting (both attitude wise and food wise), Kodai and Koda was quietly comforting, and Shoji was "I'll literally pick you up when you're down" kind of comforting.

Monoma was a sarcastic kinda comforting, always saying one thing but meaning another. Tetsutetsu and Kirishima were very manly comforting, Kaminari could be shockingly (ha pun) comforting at times, and Jiro was music referencing comforting (His only problem was that Midoriya had no idea what the references were, but everyone was really nice in explaining it to him).

He liked comfort from his friends.

But he liked comfort from Aizawa and Shinsou the most.

That or he was just more fond of sleep deprived people that did not include himself.

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After their trials, Aizawa had handed out packing lists for their camp that no one knew the location to, save for Nezu, Aizawa himself and the people in charge of the camp location.

Apparently, everyone needed to get something, Midoriya most of all. All he had was a sleeping bag and clothes, and he was sure that Aizawa, Yamada, Nezu and Yamada would never let him leave the dorms with it. It was bad enough he didn't have a bed already in his room.

Midoriya was scared to approach any of the teachers. His shoes were worn out, and the soles were in horrible condition because Midoriya had to keep patching them up (in all fairness his shoes were worn out when he found them already. It was amazing it held together for so long), or insect repellant, or sunblock. Seriously, it wasn't the mosquitoes fault they had to feed on blood. It was in their genes. They were just trying to survive.

Just like he was.
Did they deserve to die because of it? Of course not.

He did want to go to the mall with them though.

But he knew he was being selfish. He was a villain magnet for sure, and the media (and everyone) was treating him like a monster. Did he want his friends to be associated with a beast? Of course not.

So Midoriya just swallowed his desire to go to the mall, right into the depths of his heart.

Until the day of the shopping trip came and Aizawa forced the boy to entertain Shinsou, Uraraka and Iida, who had shown up by the school gates, and dragged him to the mall.

Apparently it was planned. Shinsou had seen his desire to go the mall but knew he would think he's a burden for asking to come. So he had dragged Uraraka and Iida along to talk to Aizawa, Aizawa had give them some money for Midoriya to buy stuff, and didn't tell him until the weekend.

Midoriya wanted to cry again. Out of happiness.

His friends were the best.

He did try his best to ignore all the whispers and stares as the four students made their way to the mall. They met up with Todoroki (who had also never been to a mall before, dammit Enji), and the four students just hid the smaller Midoriya from view. It helped. A lot. And Midoriya was grateful that the rumours slowly died down. But seeing people talking about him in television shops, on people phones...

A bit of him broke.

Shinsou and Midoriya were just wandering around in the mall. Midoriya had pulled the hood on his hoodie up, and suddenly everyone didn't know who he was and stopped avoiding him so much. Except when they say his face. But that was fine. They were laughing about some joke when Midoriya tensed up. He glanced around warily, before continuing the conversation.

After some time, Midoriya excused himself to use the bathroom, so Shinsou just stood around with their shopping bags. It wasn't much, but he didn't really want to lug them around. He was standing right outside the bathroom, tapping away on his phone, when he felt a presence. He whirled around, coming face to face with a figure with light blue hair and black hoodie. A few fingers stuck out of his pocket.

Shigaraki Tomura.

He stuck his hand out, and immediately wrapped his fingers around

"What do you want?"

"You don't want to cause mass panic, do you? Plus all it takes it for me to put this finger down..." Shigaraki grinned.

Shinsou growled, but he made no move to struggle.

"I don't mean to do anything. I just want to ask little Uzuki a question, but it seems he isn't here now. Stain's ideals are being broadcasted everywhere, despite the fact that he was brought him down by a hated member of society. Why? Why weren't the Nomu's effective? They caused more havoc that the hero killer ever did, but we, the League of Villains, ended up as the side story. Why are Uzuki
"Honestly, no one really knows your goal besides killing All Might. Stain wanted a better society, and killed those he felt didn't contribute positively to it. He went about doing it wrong, but everyone... in a way... understands his ideals. He's like All Might in a way, his motives are very clear, he does his work on his own, and is determined and vicious enough to make it happen. People respect Stain for living up to his ideals." Shinsou reasoned.

"Uzuki is unique, setting an example that quirks don't define a person. Even though everyone is against him, he still tries his best to help everyone and anyone in need. He doesn't want anything in return, and people currently do not know how to deal with a person who's powers cannot be cut off with something as simple as quirk suppression cuffs."

Yup. He definitely got a small mumbling habit from the former vigilante.

"As for you... it just seems like you want mindless destruction just for the sake of it. No one know why. I don't know why, and you're right in front of me on the verge of strangling me."

Shigaraki fell silent, and Shinsou was very, very scared that he would disintegrate him, and end up grabbing the nearest person to him and start going on a disintegrating spree.

"You know... that's why you're all so irritating. You, Uzuki, your friends, Stain. It's all about All Might. To create a world without All Might, and cause enough destruction to show them all how fragile their justice really is. That's my conviction. Everyone smiles, everyone is so happy because of All Might. Because they think he's infallible. I will bring him down and show him just how "infallible" their hero is."

Shigaraki gave Shinsou the creepiest grin he had ever seen.

"Let. Him. Go." Midoriya seethed, finally emerging from the bathroom.

His hands were shaking, and Shinsou could tell he was on the verge of letting his murderous aura out, but was *restraining it because they were in a public place.*

"I'll let your friend go now. Until next time, Uzuki, Midoriya Izuku."

With that, the man disappeared into the crowd.

Shinsou was pale. Very pale. He let out the breath he never knew he was holding, and Midoriya rushed over, patting the older boy on the back.

"He... seems a lot more... focussed on his goals... we should tell the police."

Midoriya nodded mutely.

"I'm sorry. I didn't even think of catching him. I just let one of the most troublesome members of the League of Villains go. I'm sorry."

"Stop apologising. You did well." Tsukauchi tried to comfort the boy, but the boy just kept on apologising.

"What if he killed Toshi if I didn't get out of the bathroom!? What if he got everyone else before I got to him! What if he left, and ended up killing everyone in the mall!?"

Gods, Tsukauchi didn't even think that Midoriya was more worried about everyone else.
Aizawa came stomping into the room to pick up his problem child, dragging Shinsou along with him, who had been interrogated in another room. Midoriya had grabbed onto Shinsou, and Shinsou pat his back comfortingly as Aizawa dumped his capture weapon on both boys. Apparently, that did help in soothing the boy, and the boy just stuffed his face into the weapon.

That definitely was a problem.

Midoriya was too emotionally invested. As a vigilante, he never had any connections with anyone. Now, in UA, he had been showered with love from anyone, a feeling that he had been unconsciously craving since young. But he pushed them away, thinking he wasn't worth it. He had only really gotten attached to Shinsou and Aizawa, one because he was his student and knew him much longer, and the other one was a hero he had looked up to because he also fought quirkless.

They didn't blame him for getting attached. The fact was that the boy was so unused to being emotionally attached to people that he didn't know how to handle it. And when people started spouting rumours about him, he starting fearing that he would be left all alone again.

He didn't want to ask for help. He didn't want to place a burden people. He didn't want people to push him away because they had to help him.

And that thought was terrifying.

The fact that a mere child was scared of being abandoned, felt that he was useless and worthless and was trying his best to show the world he wasn't, that he deserved to live, was scary.

And Midoriya just looked so happy, so relieved, any time somehow showed a hint of concern for him, that someone was talking to him, that he wasn't being ignored.

To see such a strong person, the young vigilante, one that had gone through torture and pain, one that sassed villains to hell and back, be breaking down, ever so slowly, ever so slightly, bit by bit, was scary. It scared them. Midoriya was like a piece of glass. He had cracked, and everyone was trying to their best to help him glue the pieces back together. But the media, everyone he saw, everyone he met, reporters, passers-by, heroes, were throwing rocks at the glass, slowly chipping it and cracking the glass.

They were worried that Midoriya would break and shatter.

It was ironic. That the Hero Killer, Stain, or the League of Villains, or even regular criminals were treating Midoriya more humane than everyone else in the world was, treated him like he mattered, that he was worthy of living, that he was allowed to be strong and powerful.

It was so f**king ironic.

Aizawa had to carry Midoriya back to the dorms.

The poor boy had had enough for the day.
The bus ride to the camp was... uneventful. Kaminari, Sero and Kirishima were teasing Bakugou for the entire trip, as they blasted three different songs out of their phones at the same time. Yaoyorozu, Uraraka, Asui and Jiro were talking about something or another.

Midoriya was sitting between Shinsou. They were originally talking about support items that they might end up using, and Midoriya had started babbling about circuits and tasers until the bus ran over a speed bump. Midoriya accidentally bashed his head into the window, and he was sheepishly rubbing his head as everyone wondered where the loud sound came from.

Then he ended up falling asleep. The rest of the bus ride was smooth, but Midoriya's head kept bumping into the window, so Shinsou pulled the smaller boy towards himself to lean on his shoulder. Midoriya ended up latching onto Shinsou's arm, snorting lightly, but Shinsou didn't really care. He knew that Midoriya had spent the past few days before the training camp pushing himself as he tried to make himself stronger, and barely slept. He was glad that Midoriya was finally resting, even if it wasn't very helpful.

Ashido was teasing them, though. A lot. And she took a lot of pictures. She was sitting right up front with Hagakure, and they both were giggling as they reached back to ruffle Shinsou's hair, and found it very, very amusing when the purple haired boy tried to swat their hands away without moving too much.

They eventually made a stop at some cliff.

Mineta was screeching about using the bathroom, as everyone was stretching from being cooped up in the bus for so long. Midoriya rubbed his eyes as he yawned, and Bakugou's eye twitched when he heard his joints popping as he stretched.

"Jeez, just how stiff was Deku?!"

"Ne, Aizawa-sensei, where's 1-B?" Midoriya asked, looking around.

"There's no point in stopping without reason." Aizawa grumbled.

The doors of black car that was parked next to their bus popped, open. "Long time no see, Eraser Head!"

"The Wild Wild Pussycats!?!" Midoriya yelped, his eyes shining, though they weren't as bright as they were before. Aizawa swallowed. He knew those eyes will never be as bright as they were when Nezu offered him a place in UA. They will never be as bright as the time when he saw Shinsou on his first day, or when he realised his entire class was perfectly fine and supportive of him even though he was quirkiness.

"Midoriya was scared of being pushed away again. He was scared that the heroes that he admired and looked up too would push him away like the general public."

"Oh! It's Midoriya Izuku, right!" Sosaki grinned. "You were Uzuki, right? Nice to finally meet you in person."
"You know me!?” Midoriya shrieked.

"Of course we do!” Tsuchikawa smiled, "We were enlisted to help find Vlad King and Midnight that time, you know. And then when you disappeared as well, I swear, Eraser and Present mic were close to panicking!"

"You did!?” Midoriya turned to Aizawa, his eyes sparking much brighter than before. Not only because the Pussycats seems perfectly okay with him. Aizawa could feel a bough of teasing coming up. "I didn't know you cared so much, Shou-chan!"

"Shou-chan! Oh my god, that's a better nickname than we came up with in high school!” Sosaki laughed.

"Stop calling me that." Aizawa groaned.

"Okay. I'll call you Dadzawa then." Midoriya grinned.

Aizawa sighed, "These are the heroes that will be working with us over the course of this training camp."

"They're a four-person agency hero team that set up a joint agency! They're a veteran team that specialises in mountain rescues!” Midoriya blurted out.

"We own this stretch of land,” Sosaki pointed, "You'll be staying at the foot of that mountain!"

"Eh! Why did we stop here then?” Uraraka asked.

Midoriya blinked. Why did they stop here? It was completely illogical of Aizawa….. and Tsuchikawa's quirk allowed her to manipulate earth however she pleased…

"It's nine thirty in the morning. If you're fast, maybe around noon?” Sosaki's claws glinted, and Kirishima yelped, "Not good! Let's get back!"

"Back to the bus!” Ashido screamed.

"Kittens who don't make it back by twelve thirty don't get lunch!” She grinned.

All the students raced to the bus, all save for Midoriya. Shinsou just stood back beside Aizawa, completely confused. If Midoriya wasn't panicking, then it wouldn't be that bad.

Midoriya was busy looking out for Tsuchikawa. She had disappeared… and he was wondering where she was….

There.

Tsuchikawa jumped down between the bus and the students, "Training has already begun!”

Before she could activate her quirk, Midoriya had already rammed into her, knocking the rescue hero off her feet. He quickly pinned her to the ground, hands behind her back, preventing her hands from making any contact with the ground.

"Get off me!” She screeched.

Midoriya faced Aizawa and whined, "Shou-chan! Knocking us off a cliff is not training! It's murder!”
"It's training." Aizawa shrugged. He walked up, and picked Midoriya up by the collar.

"I'm not a cat! Shou-chan, put me down!"

"No. Problem Child."

"Oh! I love this kid!" Tsuchikawa grinned, as she rubbed her sore arms. "Nice job seeing that ruse we pulled. But seriously though, you guys need training."

She activated her quirk, and blasted everyone save for Aizawa, Shinsou and Midoriya off the cliff. Shinsou had jumped back in time and Aizawa literally had to restrain Midoriya in his capture weapon to prevent him from running after Tsuchikawa again.

"Hey! Since it's private land, you can use your quirks as you wish!" Sosaki grinned, yelling down the cliff, "You have three hours! Come to camp on your own two feet! After getting through the Beast's Forest!"

"BEASTS!? YOU GUYS ARE EVIL!" Midoriya screeched, when Aizawa finally let him out.

"Well, the two smart ones don't have to go through it I guess?" Tsuchikawa scratched her head, "Ne, Eraser, what should we do with em?"

"Toshi!"

"Gotcha." Shinsou grinned, as they both leapt down the cliff to join the others.

"Nothing, apparently." Sosaki laughed, before she turned serious, "I have to say, I wasn't expecting him to be so bubbly and happy. With all the media and shit, I was expecting him to be uh…"

"Broody and grumpy?" Aizawa asked.

The two cat heroes nodded.

He sighed, "Honestly, he thinks the world is justified to think he's a monster. He's trying to make himself appear kind and friendly to show everyone that he's not scary, but that's just how he is naturally. He can't hate anyone. The fact that you acknowledged him probably made him really happy as well."

Kota just stared at the vigilante who had jumped down. He knew the rumours surrounding the teen.

"Monster."

"Freak."

"Put a leash on him."

"What if he goes rogue?"

Kota didn't understand.

His parents were gone. The villains killed them. The world killed them. They abandoned him. They chose their jobs over him. Kota hated heroes and villains for using their flashy powers, but here was a person who didn't have powers, yet making as much of a bang, or even more, than regular heroes. Midoriya's father hated him. Tried to kill him directly, on live television. The world hated him, for being quirkless. For not having a power that was flashy and loud and utterly destructive.
"Guys! These monsters are made with Pixie-Bob's quirk! We need to break em!" Midoriya yelled, as he grabbed Mineta and yanked him out of the way as Koda tried to use his quirk on the earthen beasts. Todoroki blasted the monsters with ice, restraining them, as Bakugou and Iida blasted them apart with brute force.

"Jeez! You guys were safe up there! Why did you come down?" Jiro yelled, as she barely dodged a beast and plugged her earphone jacks into the ground, creating a small shockwave that barely slowed the beast down.

"To help you guys!" Midoriya yelled, "Yaoyorozu-san, can you make Jiro-san a speaker?"

"On it! And call me Momo! It's easier!" She yelled, as a speaker slowly emerged from her arm.

Midoriya whipped out his retractable staff from his pocket and smashed a monster's arm off. Jiro blasted the monster to bits with her new speaker.

"Wait, you brought that thing? Where the heck did you keep it - never mind. Next thing we know, you brought an entire set of knives here." Sero sighed as his tape wrapped around the wing of another earthen husk, bringing it down.

"How did you know that?" Midoriya asked, as he smashed another apart.

"Wait, you actually brought a set of knives here?" Kaminari yelped as he ran from another beast that Shoji and Sato ended up blasting apart.

"Well, duh." Midoriya replied, "I had no idea where the heck we were going. Why wouldn't I bring a set of knives?"

"You're too paranoid..." Kirishima sighed, "It's a training camp. We're probably safe. Actually, scratch that, we're going to die." He yelled as he punched the leg of a monster.

"But paranoia is good. And he was a vigilante. Paranoia is probably what kept him alive this entire time, kero." Asui said, as she flung another earthen beast away.

"This camp just feels bad!" Midoriya whined. "Kacchan, gimme a boost!"

Bakugou snorted, but he swerved to the side when Midoriya leapt in his direction, placing his palms at Midoriya's feet as pushed him in the direction of another earth monster, adding an explosion and propelling the green haired boy forward. Midoriya crashed staff first into the beast, smashing it to bits.

"Where's the camp?" Shinsou asked as he leapt of the way of another monster and hacked it's arm off with the metal staff that Yaoyorozu had made for him.

"Over there!" Jiro and Shoji pointed in some direction, "I hear someone called Tiger or something."

"Yep! That's another member of the Wild Wild Pussycats!" Midoriya confirmed. "Sho-kun, Kacchan, take the front and blast em! Shoji-kun, can you grab Mineta-kun and keep a lookout? Mineta-kun, stick the beasts together and limit their movement. Jiro-san, can you make sure we're going in the right direction?"

He got a chorus of "Got it!"s from his classmates, as he continued giving out orders and dragging
Kaminari away from shocking the monsters. "Momo-san! Help me with Denki-kun!"

The female was by his side in and instant as they charged forward as a group. "Can you make metal knives or something and throw them at the monsters. They should be able to redirect Denki-kun's electricity and prevent him from shocking us! Tsu-san, get Uraraka-san in close for her to use her quirk on the monsters! Keep going Sero-kun!"

Needless to say, the Wild Wild Pussycats were impressed to see the entire 1-A group back at the camp early at two in the afternoon.

"What do you mean, three hours?" Sato groaned.

"Sorry, it would have taken us three hours!" Tsuchikawa grinned.

"So you're just trying to gloat?" Shinsou grumbled.

"Honestly, we thought you'd get back at night or something," Sosaki smiled, "You guys didn't have much of a problem beating the earth beasts, and you worked together very well."

"Izuku is the one that assigned everyone partners and told us how to get through the forest!" Iida raised his hand.

"It's not just me! You guys were awesome as well! Against these earth monsters I was practically useless!" Midoriya tried to hide behind Shinsou in embarrassment, only for everyone else in the class to laugh.

Tsuchikawa began swarming Midoriya, Bakugou, Todoroki, Shinsou and Iida, when Midoriya pointed out Kota, "Who's kid is that?"

"Oh. That's our cousin's kid. Kota, come greet everyone! You'll be with them for the next week."

Midoriya looked at the smaller child. He saw eyes that were filled with anger and hatred.

He softened, and walked towards him, "Hi. My name's Midoriya Izuku. From UA's hero course. Nice to meet you."

Kota growled, and aimed a punch at Midoriya, but before he could make any contact, Midoriya gently caught his hand, "Hey, that's not really nice, you know?" Kota pulled his arm away, "I don't intend to hang out with people who want to be heroes!"

"Heh! I like that brat!" Bakugou grinned.

"Isn't he kind of like you?" Todoroki asked.

"What! Not at all!"

"Enough. Grab your stuff off the bus. Then we'll have something to eat at the cafeteria. After that, take a shower and take a break for the rest of today." Aizawa muttered, just as another bus pulled up.

Kan exited the bus, rubbing his head, "Jeez. The bus ride was a headache."

"Nice to see you got here in one piece." Aizawa grunted.

"Tch." Kan grumbled, as the 1-B students filed out of the bus, and eyed the tired 1-A students, "You made em go through the forest?"
"Yep!" Tsuchikawa waved, "We even set my earth beasts after them!

"Just hurry up. I think the students are starving." Aizawa grumbled.

Kaminari, Tetsutetsu and Kirishima were gobbling down food like there was no tomorrow.

"Why are you guys even eating so much! You took the bus!" Ashido groaned.

"We kinda skipped lunch." Kendo said, "The bus driver got lost and the road got blocked by a villain fight on the way here."

"Izuku!" Tokage grinned, as she pushed Midoriya's head down and ruffled his hair.

"Hey! No! Stop!" Midoriya yelped, but didn't make any move to make her stop.

Monoma and Shinsou seemed to get along pretty well, talking about their quirks and how other people used to perceive them before they met Midoriya. "You know... no one really told me my quirk was useful before." Monoma gave a small smile, "I was always the copy cat. Always the person who was useless until I copied someone else. The first time I used my quirk, the other kid panicked when I used her quirk that she forgot how to use her own. She thought I stole her quirk."

Shinsou sighed, "That's better than being called a villain all the time."

"True."

Kodai, Shiozaki, Uraraka, Yaoyorozu and Jiro had huddled into a group, and Shoji, Tokoyami and Sato had ended up in a conversation with Shishida and Bondo.

"So, earth monsters?" Yanaji asked.

"Yeah! Pixie-Bob's quirk allows her to control the earth! She threw all of us off the rest stop and set earth monsters after us!" Midoriya pipped up, though his usually enthusiasm was somewhat subdued around the unfamiliar 1-B students, "I wonder how she made them fly though. Earth is rather heavy."

"You tackled her the first time though," Kaminari pointed out, "Aizawa-sensei had to restrain you before she blasted us off."

"Yeah. And you and Shinsou were still up there, before you decided to jump down and join us!" Uraraka grinned.

Shinsou pointed his finger at Midoriya, "He made me."

"Toshi! You didn't put up much of a fight when I told you to!" Midoriya whined, lightly shoving the taller boy away. Shinsou just pushed him back, and both of them ended up in a weird pushing contest to shove the other off their chair.

Everyone sweat dropped at the childish display.

"What are you, seven?" Aizawa groaned.

"Hey! I had like, no friends until two years ago! Let me be a seven year old!" Midoriya yelled.

Kan gulped. Didn't Hisashi try to kill him when he was seven?
"Toshi. Help me." Midoriya whispered from inside a cubicle. "I have scars!"

Shinsou blinked. They were all going to be in the common shower, and while most of the boys had towels around their waists, none of them had scars on their upper chest. Midoriya had a ton. And that was before he had gotten nabbed, and his father tried to kill him.

"Here." Shinsou tossed him a large towel, over the door of the cubicle. The door swung open, revealing Midoriya with the towel drapped over his small frame.

"What if they start asking questions?"

"Just say you're cold or something."

The duo walked out of

"Food and stuff isn't that important. That's not what I want." Everyone turned to look at Mineta, who was starting at the wall that separated the female and the male baths. Midoriya wasn't listening. He was literally melting under the warmth of the water.

"What are you talking about?" Kirishima asked, as Kaminari splashed water at Ojiro.

"Mineta, no!" Iida yelled, bursting out of the water, but it was too late. Mineta was already climbing up the wall.

"Honestly, I'm impressed he hasn't been so perverted since the sports festival. I guess he finally lost it." Sero muttered, watching Mineta pull orb after orb off his head to climb up the wooden partition.

To their surprise, Kota popped out of nowhere and pushed Mineta off the wall. Mineta crashed into Iida and he fell over, startling Midoriya out of the warm haze of his mind. "What happened?"

Midoriya asked, looking around, trying to find the source of the sound.

"Mineta climbed up the wall. Kota pushed him off. He crashed into Iida." Shinsou said.

"Thanks Kota!" Came a voice from the other side.

Kota turned around, before he yelped and toppled off the wall.

"Kota!" Midoriya yelped. He was out of the water in an instant, grabbing the child midair as he fell. He tucked into a ball, bracing himself as he landed against the ground. He rolled over, before he planted his feet against the ground and stopped himself, before he stood up, carrying Kota, who had passed out.

"Oi... Izuku... are you okay?" Kirishima's voice was heard. He sounded sick. Very sick.

Midoriya turned around to look at Kirishima in confusion, before he spotted the large towel floating in the water beside Shinsou.

Everyone could see his scars.

Chapter End Notes

Made a discord server OWO
https://discord.gg/nEnT9u2

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