My Teacher Is My Dad?!?
by LightSage89

Summary

Midoriya Izuku starts a new phase of his life by attending U.A. High. But many obstacles still stand in his way, like a quirk that is still too much for his body to handle, a class full of students who would just die to discover that Izuku is All Might’s son, and… villain attacks?!?

Disclaimer: My Hero Academia is owned by Kohei Horikoshi.

Update: There’s about three chapters left in the first season stuff, but since my gaming hiatus will leave you guys on a cliffhanger, I have decided to not leave you in the middle of a battle and start the hiatus now. To make up for this, I will continue working on the next three chapters when I have time, and all three will be posted when I return from Shadowbringers hiatus.

My Teacher Is My Dad will return... I honestly don't know. A month or so, perhaps?

Notes

Apparently I need to add some warning in at the beginning for my reviewers, so here they are in caps lock:
AIZAWA IS A GOOD GUY IN THIS STORY. HE IS NOT PORTRAYED AS A BAD TEACHER NOR IS HE GOING TO BE PUNISHED JUST BECAUSE SOME PEOPLE
THINK HE SHOULD BE FIRED. THIS IS A DADZAWA STORY, NOT A HATEZAWA STORY. MINETA IS GETTING KICKED OUT OF THE HERO COURSE AS FIRST OPPORTUNITY. I'M NOT DEALING WITH THIS ONE NOTE PERVERT IN MY STORY. SHINSOU IS JOINING THE HERO COURSE AT FIRST OPPORTUNITY. I DON'T THINK THAT THE QUIRK HE WAS BORN WITH MAKES HIM AN EVIL CHARACTER.
Chapter 1

ACT 1: YEAR ONE

The time between Izuku’s acceptance into U.A. and his first day of school seemed to pass in the blink of an eye, but that did not mean that Izuku had started to slack in his training.

Late in the evening after delivering the good news to his son, Toshinori had briefly pulled his son aside. “I couldn’t be more proud of you for being accepted into U.A. But you do know that this by no means guarantees that you’ll be a top hero.”

Izuku nodded. Just because all of Japan’s top heroes have come from U.A. doesn’t mean that every person who gets accepted into the U.A. hero course becomes an automatic success. Getting accepted was just the first step, and it was only an uphill climb from that moment.

“I also feel like I should give you fair warning…” Toshinori said. “There are two teachers taking on first year homeroom classes for the hero course this year. If you end up in Vlad King’s class, you don’t have a lot to worry about. He’s very tough and he’s excellent at pushing students to their physical limits, but he’s overall a mellow teacher. However, I do have to give you a warning in case you end up in Eraserhead’s class.”

“Eraserhead? I actually don’t know that much about him, besides having seen him a couple of times at the U.A. campus.” Izuku commented.

“You wouldn’t know much about him. He’s an underground hero and prefers to stay out of the limelight. Just because he’s unknown and not highly ranked shouldn’t fool you. He’s great at what he does. He gets the job done, and he does it well. I’ve heard that he even willing to form contacts among the vigilantes if that is what getting the job done requires.” Toshinori said casually, as if vigilantism were not highly illegal in Japan. Again, it was probably his years in America speaking. “But you must know, Izuku, if you end up in his class you’ll have to work very hard. Eraserhead has a record of producing the classes with the highest rate of people who become successful pro heroes rather than getting sidelined as a sidekick. However, that is mainly due to his habit of expelling those students that he finds to be unworthy.”

Izuku looked a little nervous at that statement, but then his face hardened with determination and he met his father’s gaze. “If I wanted to find an easy hero program to coast through, there are hundreds of different hero courses throughout the country. I all ready know that I will have to push myself in the U.A. hero course. Plus Ultra, right?”

Once again, Toshinori was impressed with his son’s drive. Possibly having an intimidating teacher would be a high obstacle to some people. But Midoriya Izuku was far too driven by his goal of being the best hero in the world to let a little thing like a difficult teacher stop him.

“If you end up having Eraserhead as a teacher, just show him the hero’s heart that you have shown me these last several years. Show him that your relative lack of control over your quirk is not as big a hindrance as he thinks it is. Show him that you are willing to work even harder than everyone
else. He will see your potential just as I have.” Toshinori told Izuku. “But, if you end up with Vlad King you don’t have to worry so much...”

“No.” Izuku said firmly. “I understand what you are saying. Eraserhead all ready said something about me, didn’t he?”

Toshinori hesitated before answering. “He was… not as impressed with the feat with the robot as the others. He thinks that the fact that you hurt yourself with your own quirk is a sign that you have not put any effort into learning how to control it.”

“But that’s not true at all!” Izuku said. “Sure, I can’t go all out, but I’m good at limiting myself properly. But I couldn’t limit myself in that moment because I needed all of my power to destroy that robot.”

“I know.” Toshinori assured his son. “I know you very well, Izuku. But Aizawa does not know you like I do. He thinks I’m a bit of a show-off and, as my son, you are too. Now, I can admit… I like the attention, so he’s not wrong about me. Just show him he’s wrong about you.”

Izuku nodded. “I’m not afraid of getting him as my teacher.” He said. “Sure, there’s a higher risk of getting expelled if you don’t meet his expectations, but there is also the greater reward at the end. If his mentor-ship results in better heroes, then that is the class I want to be in, difficult or not.”

Toshinori nodded, pleased. If Izuku could show these exact qualities to Aizawa, it would be the proof he needed that Izuku was not lazy. Aizawa was tough, strict, and expelled students at a higher rate than any other teacher, but if he did see your potential he would work tirelessly to mold you into a fine hero.

He knew that he would have very little to worry about if Izuku did end up in Aizawa’s class. But, still, the tiny little nugget of worry managed to lodge itself in his chest. He could… keep an eye on Izuku during his first days, just to make sure that he was settling in.

So the time passed, and before anyone knew it, the new school year had begun and Izuku dressed himself in his new school uniform. His mother gave him a big hug and told him how proud she was of him before he stepped out the door. He took the train a couple of stops until he arrived at the platform that serviced U.A. A couple of other U.A. students also got off the train with him.

Izuku blushed a little when a young boy pointed at him and the rest of the U.A. students as his mother was leading him onto the train. “Wow, Mommy, look! U.A. students! Are they all future heroes?”

“The mother answered.

It was almost impossible to tell U.A. hero course students apart from students of the other three major departments: General, Support, and Business.

It was just a short walk up the road to the U.A. campus, and from here it became easier to start telling students apart, at least by year. While the first years seemed to be equal parts nervous and excited, the upperclassmen were hanging around within their friend groups, chatting to each other about their end of year break.

Izuku walked passed the U.A. barrier, which recognized his school ID and let him pass. Past the courtyard was the building itself. The front entrance had three doors, which led to the small anterooms for each of the three years. There were lockers for students to drop off their personal items, and also boxes for umbrellas for when it rained. Izuku did not have anything to drop off this
morning, so after finding his locker for future reference, he walked into the hallways of the building proper.

The second and third year students took a quick glance at their classroom assignments before they turned and walked away with the confidence of knowing the school’s layout. But the first years were a little more nervous and lost. Izuku looked down at the paper he’d been given with his class assignment. His homeroom was to be classroom 1-A.

Without any better ideas since all of the upperclassmen had walked off, Izuku set off down a hallway at random. He had been on the campus a few times, but other than the entrance exam, the only place he had gone to was the nurse’s office. And he had not remembered seeing a classroom 1-A in the areas that he had been. So he took a direction that he had not gone before.

At first, he got a little worried before he found the General and Support classrooms first, but at least he was in the first year area, so he knew that he was in the right general area. Finally, after a few more minutes, he arrived at the classroom marked as 1-A.

1-B was right next door, and the only other Hero Course classroom for first years. There were only two hero course classes per year, and by far the smallest course in the school. Forty hero course students in total. Four of those students would have gotten in on recommendation, two per classroom. While thirty-six got in through the normal entrance exam.

Like all of the doors at U.A., the door to the classroom was massive. In fact, the whole school was massive because it had to be built with people with large quirks in mind. Not all people were like Mount Lady who could change size at will. Some people were stuck being very large.

Izuku hesitated a moment before he stepped into the classroom. Inside this room were his fellow hero course students, and all of them would be the best and brightest that Japan had to offer. These teenagers would be just as powerful and as driven as he was, and competition was soon to be inevitable.

He also had no idea which students would be in this class, or if either of his friends would be there. Tenya and Momo could be in class 1-B right now, for all he knew, leaving him facing a whole new class of people that he didn’t know.

And then he realized that he forgot one thing… Ka… Bakugou. It would take him a while to learn to call Bakugou by his family name as Bakugou had demanded of him at the entrance exam, but a part of Izuku did understand. Given names were for friends and people who knew each other very well. Izuku may have been on given name terms with Bakugou when they were children, but it had been years since they had seen each other. If Bakugou wanted Izuku to stop calling him by a childhood nickname, then he would respect Bakugou’s wishes.

But speaking of Bakugou, if he were anything like they were as children, he was sure that he would have passed. He may have been a bully, but he was very smart, and his quirk was really strong. Bakugou would have made it into the hero course for sure, but would he be in this classroom, or the next one?

Izuku took a deep breath and opened the door.

There was good news and bad news.

The good news was that he saw that Tenya and Momo were both in this classroom. Momo was sitting in her desk near the back, getting her supplies organized. But Tenya… he was currently yelling at the bad news, who was sitting on top of one of the desks.
“What is wrong with you?” Tenya demanded of Bakugou. “It’s only the first day of school and you are all ready disrespecting school property!”

“Eh?” Bakugou brushed off Tenya’s yells. “Tell me, did your old school put that fuckin’ stick up your ass or is that just your personality?”

Tenya’s mouth dropped open at the insult. It just wasn’t something that he was used to. After a second, he shut his mouth and stood up straighter, more polite. “I… believe we may have gotten off on the wrong foot. My name is Iida Tenya from the Somei Private Academy…”

Bakugou’s mouth formed into a sneer. “Somei, huh? So, what, you think that because we went to some high and mighty private school that you’re better than me?”

“No!” Tenya gasped. “That’s not it at…”

But then Bakugou’s eyes slipped past Tenya and found Izuku standing at the classroom doorway. His eyes narrowed even further from dislike to outright hatred. “Deku.” He growled.

Tenya, who seemed glad to have the excuse to step away from Bakugou, turned and made his way back up to the front of the classroom to greet his friend. “Ah, Izuku, did you have a good break?” He asked.

“Yes, I did.” Izuku answered. “And how was your break, Tenya?”

“It was great! My brother took me out to eat to celebrate getting accepted into U.A.” Tenya said happily. Tenya’s brother, who was the hero Ingenium, was an extremely busy hero who ran an agency with far more sidekicks than most heroes took on, so he was almost always busy with his work. That he took the time off to treat his younger brother to a meal spoke of how highly he was proud of his younger brother.

“That’s great.”

“Are you from Somei too?” Another student stood up from his seat and came to meet Izuku. He was a young man with vibrant red hair and a small scar on his eyelid. He stuck out his hand to shake Izuku’s hand.

“Yes.” Izuku answered, shaking his hand. “I’m Midoriya Izuku. It’s very nice to meet you.”

“Midoriya!” Some of the students gasped. When all of the students received their acceptances into U.A., they had been given only their scores. Since then, the scores for the practical exam had become public knowledge to the students. Any student could look up the final scores for every other student. And those students who had looked up that information knew that Izuku had won the top score in the practical exam. Mostly from his crazy amount of rescue points rocketing up nearly to the top on their own. Bakugou had been in second place. He had a highly respectable villain score of seventy points, but absolutely no rescue points.

The red-haired boy stared at him for a moment. He had probably seen the scores. But then he smiled and clapped Izuku on the shoulder. “So you are the top scorer, huh? Good job. I have no idea what you did to get so many rescue points, but it obviously worked out for you. Oh, by the way, I am Kirishima Eijiro.”

“That’s almost everyone…” A girl who greatly resembled a frog said.

“Just one more person and we’ll have the full class of twenty.” Kirishima said.
“Oh, wow! You’re the boy who saved me!” A voice said behind Izuku, and he spun around. It was the nice girl again! For a second, Izuku couldn’t help but stare as she began to ramble about how amazing the his punch against the zero pointer had been. Oh, wow… that uniform looks good on her… Izuku thought to himself, before he shook his head to clear the thought.

“Oh, yeah. Hi! I’m glad you’re all right.” Izuku said.

“Oh, yeah, I don’t think I ever introduced myself! I’m Uraraka Ochaco! It’s nice to meet you!”

“It’s nice to meet you too. I’m…” Izuku began before another voice interrupted them from behind in the hallway.

“If you just came here to make friends you can pack your things now.”

Izuku, Tenya, Uraraka, and Kirishima all froze. Izuku leaned around Uraraka and saw… a human-sized larva with a human face laying on the floor of the hallway. Or, rather, it was an adult male in a bright yellow sleeping bag.

Possibly their teacher, or at least some authority figure.

All four of the students rushed to their seats. It was assigned seating, which had been given to each student with their classroom assignment. As quickly as possible, Izuku counted rows until he spotted his seat. Four rows over and third seat back. Izuku barely noticed that Bakugou happened to be in the seat right in front of his, while Momo was at the back of his row. Tenya was all the way across the room in the first row, second seat from the back with the nice girl sitting behind him.

About ten seconds later, all of the students were seated quietly.

The larva man stood up while still inside his sleeping bag. “It took eight seconds for you to get to your seats and be quiet. That’s not going to work at all. Rational students would know better.” He stepped outside of his sleeping bag and Izuku instantly knew who he was.

Aizawa Shota, AKA Eraserhead. His father’s worries had come true. Apparently Eraserhead was going to be his homeroom teacher after all. But Izuku was not afraid. He just needed to prove himself to this difficult teacher and he would be in a good place to get the best training possible.

Eraserhead was wearing his rather drab and unassuming pro hero costume. It was made to not stand out much in anyway, and was made of dark fabrics to help him blend into shadows while he did most of his hero work at night. The scarf that he wore around his neck was actually a capture weapon of some sort. Izuku had no idea how it worked, but it helped supplement his quirk. His quirk, Erasure, could erase the quirk of anyone he looked at. Other than being unable to erase mutation-style quirks, Izuku had no idea of any other limitations the quirk might have.

“I’m Aizawa Shota, your homeroom teacher.” He stood at the front of the classroom, glanced over each of them briefly before he spoke again. “Right. We have a lot to do. You have all received your gym uniform, right? Put it on and meet me outside.”

Uraraka nervously raised her hand. “Um… sir… aren’t we supposed to be going to orientation today?”

Aizawa met her eyes with a level gaze until she couldn’t meet his eyes anymore. “The orientation is nothing more than speeches, and a waste of time. U.A. doesn’t follow the normal curriculum, which means that I have permission to run my class however I want. We only have three years to turn you into pro heroes, and we can’t afford to let even a moment go to waste. Now, follow me to the locker rooms, change into your gym clothes, and meet me outside.”
Izuku clenched his fists. His father was not lying at all when he said that Aizawa would be one tough teacher. But, like he told his father in return, he was not afraid. Aizawa was known for weeding out those who he felt had no potential, but that was matched with his reputation of creating strong heroes among those he found worthy.

No matter what it took, Izuku would prove to him that he is worthy.

Chapter End Notes

As I’m sure you can tell from the title of the act, this story is going to be much bigger than the first story. For reference, the manga is on chapter 227 and we are still in the first school year. Nearing the end of it, sure, but still. And since this story is so much bigger, I’m going to schedule regular breaks to avoid burn out. For every time I post a chapter that ends in the number 0, I’ll take a week long break. Basically, every 10 chapters. But, hey, you are probably looking at a story that going to keep me busy for a couple of years, at least! So, hey, let’s enjoy the ride together!
Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

It is the Quirk Assessment Test!

Chapter Notes

I have made one change to the quirk assessment test that is not technically called for by the story status of being an AU. But, come on… how could we have a physical fitness test in a shonen franchise without the one staple of fitness tests in shonen franchises… or at least in two shonen franchises?!? The obliterated punching machine. The punching machine will probably replace the seated toe touch. I don’t understand how most of the students are supposed to impress Aizawa with a seated toe touch with their quirks… except for maybe Tokoyami and Asui. And can you imagine Tenya trying a seated toe touch with his engines sticking out of the back of his calves?

Edit: Due to this chapter being rushed, more typos slipped through than I'm willing to just let be. One or two is understandable, being a human. But this many was too much. I am correcting this.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It seemed that Aizawa was the only teacher who was thinking along his line, because the twenty students of his homeroom class were the only ones outside. Every other class was inside at orientation. Twenty teenagers stood together in a loose group in their matching gym clothes.

Aizawa had followed them onto the grass, looking down at his phone as he walked. He seemed to be scrolling down a page and then stopped. Once he was done with whatever he was doing on his phone, he glanced up at the class.

“Everyone here? Good. There’s no reason to wait any longer. I have brought you out here for a quirk assessment test.” Aizawa said, pulling a ball out of one of his pockets. “The school system that you’ve been a part of so far is irrational. The government is still trying to deny the obvious and say that you all have the same amount of potential. They do not allow those students with power to excel, nor for any of you to use your full power in physical education.” He glanced at his phone again. “Bakugou Katsuki?” He glanced up, and Bakugou stepped forward. “According to my records, out of this class you have the longest distance thrown with a softball in middle school. 67 meters, is that correct?”

“I think so.” Bakugou answered.

Aizawa tossed him the ball, which Bakugou caught easily. “Throw that ball, but use your quirk this time.” He gestured for Bakugou to stand in what seemed to be a shot put ring. “Anything goes, just stay inside the circle.”

“Okay. You asked for it.” Bakugou turned around, wound up for a throw, and just before he
released the ball he also created a large explosion, which launched the ball into the air at high speed. It was clear that the ball was going to go a long way past 67 meters.

As the whole class watched the ball hit the ground, Aizawa turned towards them again. “Only by allowing each of you to use your quirk to its full potential will we know what your full potential as future heroes are.” He held up his phone for the class to see, which was showing Bakugou’s score in distance thrown. A long way past 67 meters, indeed. The readout showed 751 meters!

“Over 750 meters!” Kirishima gasped. “That’s crazy!” Bakugou was grinning with pride at the shocked looks on everyone’s faces.

“You will all compete in several physical tests to determine your full potential.” Aizawa said.

“We can use our quirks for this? This will be so easy!” Kirishima whispered to his neighbor with a grin.

“Easy, is it?” Aizawa said, a frankly scary smile spreading across his face. “Well, how about I up the ante for you? You will all be scored by how well you do in each of these tests. The person with the lowest average score across all of the tests will be expelled from the hero course at the end of it.”

“What?” Uraraka spoke up again, raising her hand in protest. “You can’t expel one of us on the first day! That’s not fair!”

“Oh, and you think that natural disasters are fair? Or what about villain attacks?” Aizawa asked her. “The world is full of unfairness. It is our job as heroes to face that darkness and fight against that unfairness. If you cannot do that, then this class is not the right one for you, and you’ll be better off in General Studies anyway.”

Momo, who was standing next to Izuku and Tenya, whispered to her friends. “It’s a bluff. It has to be a bluff.”

“It’s not a bluff.” Izuku told her. “My dad told me about Aizawa after I passed the entrance exam. According to him, expelling students on the first day is exactly what he would do.”

“I...” Tenya looked a little nervous. “I don’t approve of this sort of hazing, but if this is what it takes to get into the U.A. hero course, I’ll do my best.” He took a long drink from his sports bottle, which contained orange juice to fuel his quirk.

Izuku was all ready planning to do his best. He could tell from the way that Aizawa kept looking at him along with a few other students that there were a couple that he was more interested in than the others. One of them was a young man with duel toned hair who had yet to make a single sound. He just kept staring at those around him with disinterested and hetero-chromatic eyes. There was a large burn scar around his left eye. It took Izuku a couple of seconds to recognize him, as all of the children of Endeavor were pretty easy to spot in a crowd. Endeavor had married a woman with an ice quirk and white hair, so all of his children had some variation of red and white hair mixed together. It only made sense that the Number Two hero had his son in U.A. And it also made sense that Aizawa would watch him more closely than most, and maybe for the same reason that he was watching Izuku: to see if having a high ranking pro father had left them as being lazy teenagers.

The extra interest changed nothing. It was time to put up, or shut up.

The second that Toshinori realized that Izuku and his entire class was missing from the orientation, he asked one of the other teachers about it.
“Aizawa rarely allows his class to attend opening orientation. He considers it a waste of time.” Vlad King said. “He probably has them outside doing some sort of quirk test.”

“Oh, thank you for the information, Vlad. Excuse me, would you?” Toshinori waved apologetically before slipping out of the auditorium and making his way outside to the sports fields. He stopped just around the corner from the sports field and found Aizawa’s class exactly where Vlad said they’d be. They seemed to be just starting with the testing.

Worried, but knowing that Aizawa would take it very poorly if he walked over there, he decided to stay where he was for the moment and just watch his son silently.

Izuku felt like he was doing pretty well for the tests. In the tests that measured pure strength, he was by far the strongest in the class. In the tests that measured other aspects of being a hero, such as speed, he was not the top of his class. He was outmatched by the students whose quirks were specialized in those fields. For example, Tenya got a better score than he did at the 50 meter dash.

But Izuku was reasonably sure that he was not at the bottom of the class. With just a few tests to go, almost all of the class had at least one stand out result, but a few had not really stood out at all.

The final test was to be something that was well within Izuku’s wheelhouse: a machine that was designed to measure punch strength. Out of the students who went before him, only two got any sort of really impressive numbers. A multi-armed teen who was stronger than normal by virtue of having extra arms, and another teen whose quirk increased his strength based on how much sugar he ate. He had the only other strength boosting quirk in the class. Both of them got their numbers into the several hundreds, around the 500 range.

Finally, it was Izuku’s turn. He walked over to stand in front of the punching machine. Just like all of the other students, Aizawa was keeping a close eye on the tests to record the results. However, unlike most of the other students, Aizawa had shifted his position so that he was nearer to where Izuku stood. Izuku had noticed that he had done this a few other times to a couple of the other students during different tests. He usually used these moments to have a short conversation with the targeted student. The reactions to being singled out were mixed and none of the other students would say anything about what was said during those times, and now Izuku felt like it was his turn.

Each student got two turns to punch the machine, the highest number being the one that was recorded for the test. “Begin.” Aizawa said.

Izuku took his stance, flooded his body with 20 percent of One For All, and then punched the machine with all of his current strength. He was in the 800s, blowing all of the other best scores away.

Aizawa was not the only one keeping a close eye on Izuku, however. From the gathered students watching Izuku punch the machine, there was Bakugou who could only stare in shock as he watched Izuku fly through test after test with some form of super strength that he’d certainly never shown off when they were children.

I just didn’t make any sense. All of the children, including Bakugou himself, had made Midoriya’s life a living hell for being quirkless. If he had a quirk, why would he pretend to be quirkless and subject himself to that? And, more importantly, why would the school let him get away with that? All young children had to have one-on-one counseling sessions about how to handle their quirks at a very young age. Midoriya had been exempt because he had no quirk, although he did end up talking to a shrink about being quirkless. Not a school counselor. They had brought in an actual shrink to talk to Midoriya. They wouldn’t have done that for anyone who was not quirkless.
There was no way Midoriya could have gotten through elementary school hiding a quirk like that. It would have been illegal for a child with a quirk to skip quirk counseling.

And yet, the proof was right in front of his eyes. The numbers on the punch machine did not lie. Midoriya had been hiding some sort of super strength quirk when they were children.

Aizawa, unlike Bakugou, did not seem to be nearly as impressed with the high number as he was. “Is that it?” Aizawa asked.

“I’m… I’m sorry, sir?” Izuku asked. Here they go with the talk.

“I saw the footage of what you did to the zero point robot in the entrance exam.” Aizawa said lowly, so that none of the other students could here, just like all of his previous talks. Everyone was instantly interested. “Over 800 is a high score, but it is not nearly enough for you to have taken out that zero pointer. It would take a punch strength of at least 3,500 to be able to do that. Why are you holding back. Answer me truthfully, because your future in the hero course program here at U.A. depends on your answer.

Izuku carefully considered his answer. He knew his answer, but he had to be sure it was the right one and also not too truthful. If Aizawa all ready knew about One For All, he would all ready know why Izuku was holding back. So he obviously did not know, and Izuku was not about to reveal that to him.

“It’s because my quirk is too strong, sir.” Izuku answered. “Even after training for hours almost every single day for years, I can still only call on a fraction of that power before my body cannot stand the force of my own attack.”

“Causing injury to yourself with your own strength is a fairly common side effect of young children with quirks that grant increased strength.” Aizawa said. “But you want to know what my problem really is? Almost all of the children with this type of quirk will have learned how to minimize the side effect or will have acclimatized their bodies to the quirk by the time they are 10 years old. I have seen your father fight, and while his strength could be counted as extraordinary, it is not the sort of power that I could see a 15 year old struggling with. So why should I allow a lazy glory-seeker like you into this program?”

Almost no one knew that All Might almost never used his full strength. This was on purpose, because All Might’s full strength could kill a human in a second. So almost everyone assumed that the amount of strength that All Might displayed for the world was as strong as he got, when in reality it was not even half of his total strength.

“Sir, what is the rating on this punch machine? What is it’s highest number that it can reach?” Izuku asked.

“At 4,000 it would have a glitched readout.” Aizawa said.

“Thank you, sir.” Izuku said, and without a word from Aizawa wound up to take his second punch. This time, he did not hold back on his power, hang the consequences. Once again, with all of his power put behind the punch, it was like a small hurricane had suddenly been born on the field. Even Aizawa was blown back by the force of the punch. And that was to say nothing of the punch machine, which now lay in a destroyed heap about 20 meters away. Izuku’s arm was broken, but he hardly felt it.

He was too full of the feeling of triumph, and was internally gloating at the shocked look on Aizawa’s face. This was proof that Izuku’s power was far beyond 4,000 points on the punch
machine. This was, far and away, the strongest strength enhancing quirk that he’d ever had to work with. With such raw amounts of strength, now Aizawa was beginning to see that Izuku’s troubles with his quirk were warranted. And also the fact that, if he were properly trained, he could be by far the strongest hero ever known, maybe even stronger than his own father!

Izuku held his broken arm gingerly, turning to face Aizawa with a firm look of determination on his face. “My quirk is that strong.” He said firmly.

For the first time in a long time, Aizawa felt proud of the fact that a brand new student had managed to knock him onto his back, and stood up to him so readily. He knew that he had misjudged Midoriya in that moment. “This kid…” Aizawa whispered to himself, but then kept his thoughts to himself. This kid does have potential… perhaps even potential greater than his own father.

It irked Aizawa a little bit to admit to himself that All Might, that great light-seeking muscle head, had been right about something. But Aizawa could not fault him for knowing his own son better than he, a stranger, did. Aizawa was a stubborn man, but he also knew how to admit when he was wrong.

“You need to go to the school nurse.” Aizawa said.

“I’m fine, for now. I can’t miss the test results. I’ll go after.” Izuku said.

“At least allow me…” Aizawa began to say as he pulled off his special scarf around Izuku’s broken arm carefully. “It’s not much, but does well in a pinch. That will help until you can get to Recovery Girl.”

But not everyone was quite. Bakugou could not stand it anymore. He pushed his way to the front of the crowd of students. “What the fuck was that about, Deku?! Since when did you have a quirk?!”

“That’s enough!” Aizawa turned his glare on Bakugou. “I don’t know what this is about, but we don’t have time for any temper tantrums. Get back with the others, now.”

For a moment, it looked like Bakugou was going to talk back, but then he apparently thought better of it. After all, this was a man who was hanging expulsion over their heads. It would take a moron to test his patience right now. Instead he just scowled and stepped back with the other students.

“Good. Now we can bring out the secondary punch machine and finish up these tests.” Aizawa said, walking away from the group.

Izuku meekly joined the rest of the students.

“Are you all right?” Uraraka gasped, horrified at his broken arm.

“I… I’m fine, mostly.” Izuku said, flinching a little. “I’m pretty used to broken bones, actually.”

Bakugou was left glaring at Izuku from the other side of the group of students.

After about ten minutes, the final tests had been completed and Aizawa had apparently completed compiling the scores.

“I don’t have time to go over all the scores, but you must all have a feeling of where you place. Here are the scores.” He made a few taps on his phone, and then a holographic projection appeared
in the air. For a moment, Izuku could not look. He felt that he had done well, but most of his fate depended on whether or not he had managed to impress Aizawa with that stunt with the punch machine.

Izuku’s eyes immediately went to the top of the list. And…

He was pleased to see that his name was near the top of the list! He was ranked as fourth in the class, after Momo, Todoroki (who Izuku knew had to be Endeavor’s child), and Bakugou. Tenya was ranked as right behind him in fifth place. The nice girl, Uraraka, was ranked as eleventh.

There was a gasp of horror from the front of the class. Izuku took a quick glance at the last place on the list. It was held by someone named Mineta Minoru. That was probably who was gasping in horror at the front of the class. He was a very short boy, shorter by far than anyone else in the class, and had purple hair in the shape of balls on his head. Izuku knew from simply watching the tests today that his quirk was being able to pull off the balls on his head and bounce off them, or just use them to stick to objects.

Aizawa stood in front of this teen, towering over him. “Why do you want to become a hero, Mineta?”

For a couple of seconds, Mineta didn’t speak. And then he swallowed thickly. “I… I want to be a hero so that I can be cool. So that girls will like me.”

Everyone stood frozen in their spots, staring at Mineta. They all had their different reasons for wanting to be heroes, but just about everyone else in the class felt like this answer was kind of pathetic.

Aizawa seemed to agree. He closed his eyes with a sigh. “I see. When you come to U.A. tomorrow, report to General Studies. You have been expelled from the Hero Course. Work hard, think about your reasons for why you want to be a hero, and maybe you can impress during one of the Sports Festivals.”

Just about everyone knew that the Sports Festival, while having the main goal of being a way for pro heroes to recruit young heroes in training for internships, it also was a way for the other courses to show their stuff and maybe earn their way into the Hero Course. And there was hope now for that. With Mineta gone, there was a spot open in the Hero Course.

“But I…” Mineta began, looking around at his classmates for support. But they were nearly all sufficiently scared of Aizawa at this point. He had been true to his word and made good on his threat. They all knew now that he was not to be trifled with. When he saw that there was no back up coming, he simply hung his head and began to walk back to the school.

“Midoriya. You go and report to Recovery Girl immediately. I’m sure that you remember the way.” Aizawa said, handing Izuku a note to get him in to see the nurse.

“Thank you, sir.” Izuku said with a small bow, and then began to walk back up to the school behind Mineta.

Before Izuku was out of ear shot, Aizawa spoke up. “Everyone grab the syllabus from the classroom and read it before tomorrow. You are all dismissed.” Aizawa began to take a slightly round-a-bout way up to the school so that he could meet Midoriya in the nurse’s office to get his scarf back. (He had others, but he didn’t like to lose the ones he had.) And there was a reason that he decided to take a different path up to the school.
“Did you really think I wouldn’t notice you skulking around the corner, All Might?” He asked, rounding said corner and coming face to face with said hero.

“I am nothing more than a man checking up on his son during his first day.” All Might said glibly, as if trying to hide the fact that he had been skulking around a corner watching everything going down from a distance.

“So despite everything you told me, you were worried?” Aizawa asked.

“Yes.” All Might answered truthfully. “But I also had confidence that Izuku would show you what he is made of, and he did.”

“So how much do you hold back?” Aizawa asked.

All Might looked at him curiously. “A lot. I don’t want to kill people, after all.”

“At the currently level of strength he can use without hurting himself, I would say that he could beat low ranked to medium ranked criminals fairly easily.” Aizawa commented. “In three years, he might be able to take on even the highest ranked criminals in a straight fight.”

“I knew you would see the potential in him.”

Aizawa smiled and chuckled. “He has potential, I’ll admit it. But I still want to see him *improving*. He has lots of room to grow, and I can work with that. But I will not stand for complacency.” And with that, he gave All Might a dismissive wave and resumed his walk back up to the school.

All Might found that acceptable and made his own way back up to the school.

Once Izuku got healed by Recovery Girl, he made a quick trip back to the classroom to pick up his syllabus and then left the school grounds. But just outside of the school gates, he was called by Tenya. “Hey, Izuku!” Tenya ran up to him. “You just got back from the nurse? How is your arm?”

“Um. Good as new.” Izuku showed Tenya his arm to show him that it was not broken anymore. “Recovery Girl was able to…”

“Hey, you two! Are you heading to the station? I’ll join you!” Tenya and Izuku turned around and found Uraraka running over to them, waving her hands.

“Yes, you are welcome to join us.” Tenya said. “You are… Uraraka, right?”

“Uraraka Ochaco.” Uraraka supplied. “And you are Iida Tenya… and you are… Midoriya Deku, right?”

“Wha… Deku?!” Izuku gasped in shock.

“Well, it’s only because that’s what that one blonde boy called you during the test, right?” Uraraka asked.

“Oh, well, actually… Deku is just a name that Bakugou used to call me when we were children to make fun of me. My real name is Midoriya Izuku.”

Uraraka gasped. “Oh, I’m so sorry! I didn’t know.” She trailed off thoughtfully. “But, you know… Deku sounds really close to Dekiru. Dekiru sounds much better. It would be a good hero name, don’t you think?”
She had a good point. While Deku meant useless, Dekiru meant ‘you can do it’. Having that sort of positive message as a hero name might be a good idea.

“You can call me Midoriya for now.” Izuku said. “And I think I might have to have a word with Bakugou about calling me Deku. I tolerated it when we were children, but we are both heroes in training now.”

“That sounds like a good idea, especially after he told you that you couldn’t use his childhood nickname anymore.” Tenya pointed out.

“Are we waiting for Momo?” Izuku asked.

“She had to go home all ready.” Tenya answered.

And with that Izuku, Tenya, and now Uraraka made the walk down to the train station, all of them talking about their eventful first day and that expulsion that they had witness. That teen had a pretty sad reason for becoming a hero, so Izuku was not surprised with his expulsion. He just hoped that they wouldn’t lose anyone else.

Chapter End Notes

This is the first chapter in a long time that I’ve worried about not getting it done on time. I finished this at 9:30 on Friday night. But, it’s been a long week. My grandfather ended up in the hospital (he’s fine now.) and I had a tough day at work today, but goddammit, I managed to get it done!

And now for the chapter. I’ve always planned to get rid of Mineta during this quirk test. I find his character distasteful, and the canon gave me the perfect opportunity to get rid of him because he was the one ranked at 19, above Midoriya in the manga/anime, so with Izuku’s better score that left Mineta at the bottom. However, in the end, I decided against expelling him from U.A. entirely. Mainly because I don’t know how serious High School expulsion is in Japan.

In America, High School is considered mandatory, so unless the reason that you were expelled is really horrible, other High Schools will typically accept students that have been expelled, or you can get your GED.

In Japan, High School is not considered mandatory. So I have no idea if any High School would be willing to accept an expelled student, even if the reason they were expelled was benign.

So, if you don’t like Mineta, you can eventually imagine him getting expelled for real for sexual harassment or something down the line. If you are one of the 0.00000000001 percent of people on the planet who like Mineta he’s just trapped in General Studies forever.

Seriously, if someone had to go, it was going to be Mineta. No contest at all. No other member of Class 1-A was ever up for expulsion today in my mind. Someone is even going to have to go in canon now… either someone in Class 1-A or 1-B has to get booted because Shinsou is joining the Hero Course. I’m still hoping it’s going to be Mineta despite the author being one of the few people who like him.
Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

This chapter is a little bit filler. We catch up with Class 1-A after the drama of the expulsion last chapter and end just before Team Midoriya and Uraraka vs. Team Iida and Bakugou.

Chapter Notes

To my readers who inexplicably like Mineta or hate Shinsou… Sorry, but I disagree. Mineta’s expulsion from the hero course and Shinsou eventually joining it are major parts of my story. I’m not going to change this or go back on it. Especially to replace an actually interesting character with a character theme that ties into one of the major themes of My Hero Academia… with a one note pervert. With Shinsou I get to explore the world’s prejudice that comes with having a quirk that people consider to be better suited for a villain. What would I get with Mineta? Making myself sick every time I have to write him sexually harassing these female characters that I care about?! Nope. Not happening.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

It was pretty clear from the start that the Hero Course was not for the lazy or the faint of heart. Young children growing up always had this idea of High School students in their school’s heroics course as working on battling and rescue all day every day. But the reality was far different.

Being accepted into the Hero Course did not exempt those students from still having to learn general studies topics. There was just far less time to learn those topics than for other students.

Hero Course students learned general studies in the morning with various teachers, and had their entire afternoons devoted to classes specific to the Hero Course. So their general study classes were about half the length of the same class in the General Studies course, but they were still expected to be learned at the same speed. Falling behind at all could leave you hopelessly behind in your course work.

And then, after all those classes and lunch, it was now time for the Heroics Course students to do what they were enrolled in this course: learn hero work. And, to Izuku… that meant one thing.

It was his father’s class.

Everyone was pretty much on the edge of their seats as the bell for the end of lunch ticked closer. Everyone froze when the bell rang and a few seconds later a powerful voice spoke from the door.

“I AM HERE… COMING THROUGH THE DOOR LIKE A HERO!” And with that, All Might stepped into the room dressed, Izuku was quick to notice, in his Silver Age costume. He hadn’t seen his father wear that in years.
“Wow! It really is All Might!” A blonde haired boy (not Bakugou) said. This boy’s name was actually Kaminari.

“So he really is a teacher here this year! This year is going to be sooo cool!” Kirishima said, and nearly everyone in the class agreed with him.

Besides Izuku, none of the other students had ever seen All Might at such a close range in the flesh before, and Izuku knew well the feeling of awe that they were all feeling. Even though he was pretty used to his father, he mostly interacted his his father in his smaller form. Toshinori in his muscular “All Might form” still came with the old feelings of hero worship that he used to carry for his father.

Both Tenya and Momo took a quick glance between All Might and Izuku as he entered. They were the only ones who knew that All Might was really Izuku’s father. But, it was difficult to see that resemblance. Toshinori and Izuku only had two physical things in common: their above average height and their messy hair… at least Toshinori’s hair was messy when it was not slicked back in his muscular form.

All Might gave off this intense aura that nearly the entire class fell under in a moment, staring at him and waiting for him to speak without making a sound themselves. It took All Might only a couple of steps to stand behind the desk and then he turned to face the class. His shadowed eyes fell on the one empty desk in the class, the one behind his son, which belonged to the student who had been expelled into General Studies yesterday. An uneven number would require a slight change in the lesson plan.

“Welcome, young heroes, to the most important class at U.A. High.” All Might said with his ever-present large grin. “Think of this class as Heroing 101! It is here that you will learn the basics of becoming a hero and what it means to fight in the name of good! For our first day, our lesson will pull no punches! That’s right! Battle training!”

All Might paused in his speech for a second as the door opened with an almost eerie silence and Aizawa slipped into the classroom. Izuku looked slightly concerned, but All Might was not. He was a brand new full-time teacher after all. It made sense that Nezu would send someone to watch him for a couple of classes, and it just made sense that that person would be the class’s homeroom teacher. Aizawa made no noise and made no attempt to interrupt All Might. Most of the students had not even notice him entering the classroom as focused as they were on All Might.

“Now, one of the keys to being a hero is… looking good!” All Might pulled out a remote from the desk drawer and pointed it to the left hand wall. Several panels popped out of the wall, holding several briefcases with numbers written on it. Just like the class themselves, one briefcase slot was empty. “These were designed for you based on the specs that you sent to our design department and your Quirk Registration with the government. Now get suited up and meet me at training ground Beta!”

Nearly the entire class leapt out of their seats. “Yes sir!”

Some of the teens from the class were able to remember the way down to the locker rooms to change into their hero outfits and were able to lead the ones who had forgotten where the locker room was. After that, it was a simple matter to follow some signs outside that led to training ground Beta, which Izuku realized was actually the renamed Battle Center B, the very same one that he’d fought in during the entrance exam.

All Might stood waiting for the class near the entrance of training ground Beta. It took only a few
moments before the students began to walk into the training ground in their new hero costumes. The costumes were as diverse as the quirks that they represented. Some of the costumes were flashy and ostentatious, while others were simple and functional.

Izuku’s definitely fell into the later. It seemed like something that you could buy for a couple of tens of thousands of yen at any sports goods store in Japan. A simple green jumpsuit with white stripes, padded gloves for punching, his own red shoes, and a two-part mask. One part of the mask was a simple face guard, while the other part was sewn onto his jumpsuit covering his hair and eyes like a proper mask with two large bunny-ear-like protrusions off the top.

“They say that clothes make the pros, and here you are as living proof!” All Might said, impressed. They were fairly good costumes for a first pass. No doubt they would all be radically different by the time that they got out of U.A. but it was a good first design. He had seen some of the specific modifications that some of the students had asked to be incorporated into the designs and it pleased him to see so many of them looking for ways to make their costume work with their quirks. “Take this to heart, from this moment you are all heroes in training! Now, shall we get started, ya bunch of zygotes?”

The students were a little less scared of All Might than they were of Aizawa, so they took a few moments to compliment each other on their costumes. Uraraka came over to Izuku. “Hey, Midoriya, that’s a great costume! It’s not too flashy, you know?”

Izuku felt his mouth go dry. Which of the designers thought it would be a good idea to put a teenage girl into a skin-tight body suit?! “Oh, um… thanks.” Izuku choked out, feeling his face heat up with a blush and thankful that his mask covered his whole face. “Your costume looks… nice.”

“I guess so.” Uraraka said, sounding a little disappointed. “I think I should have been more specific with my request. This costume is skin tight… not really my style at all.”

“Oh.” Izuku said, forcing all the previous thoughts out of his head. “Well, I’m sure that you’ll have the chance to change it.” And as he looked around, he saw that skin tight seemed to be a theme among the girls. His jaw dropped when he saw Momo. She had to be toeing the line with the exposed skin in hero costumes law! But, at least for her it made sense. She produced things from her body as her quirk and would easily tear her clothes up if she produced an object that was too big for her clothes to cover. So it made sense for as little of her skin to be covered as possible.

Maybe the school designers were unfortunate fans of the old time portrayals of female superheroes, especially American female superheroes, in old comic books? Male superheroes often had functional costumes in those old comic books, while female superheroes were left with skin tight costumes that seemed to be designed for the sole purpose of showing off as much skin as possible. Not nearly as practical… and pretty sexist too.

While Izuku was talking to Uraraka All Might caught a glimpse of his son’s costume and almost coughed up a mouthful of blood on the spot. It was pretty obvious to him that the smile design on the mouthpiece and the bunny ears were designed as a not-so-subtle nod towards his own hero appearance. “You’re so obvious.” He muttered under his breath before speaking up to catch the class’s attention again. He had it instantly.

“Now that you’re all here, we will begin the lesson.” All Might said.

“Sir?” A person completely covered in head-to-toe armor said as he raised his hand next to Izuku. But Izuku recognized his voice right away. It was Iida Tenya under that armor. “Isn’t this place one of the battle zones that we used for the practical entrance exam? Does that mean we are going to be
conducting urban battles again?"

“Not quite.” All Might answered. “I’m moving you all two steps ahead! Most of the villain fights that you see on the news takes place on the streets, but statistically speaking, a vast majority of villain fights happen indoors. Think about it: back room deals, home invasions, secret underground lairs. Truly intelligent criminals hide their evildoing in the shadows! So, for this lesson you will be split up into teams of good guys and bad guys, and fight two-on-two indoor battles!”

The frog-like girl, whose name was Asui, asked “Isn’t this a little advanced?”

“The best training is the training that you get in the field!” All Might answered. “But, remember, you are not just punching robots this time, you are fighting against actual people.”

Momo raised her hand. “Sir, will you be deciding who wins?”

“How much can we hurt the other team?” Bakugou asked.

“Do we need to worry about the loser getting expelled like yesterday?” Uraraka asked.

“Will you be pairing us up by chance or by relative skill?” Tenya asked.

“Isn’t this cape tré chic?” The french boy, Aoyama, asked, holding his glittering cape out for All Might to inspect.

It was pretty clear that All Might was a little overwhelmed by all the questions. “I wasn’t finished talking yet.” He pulled a small piece of paper out of the belt on his costume and opened it up.

“Listen up, the situation is this: the villains have hidden a nuclear weapon inside the building. It will be the hero’s job to infiltrate the building and recover the weapon or capture the evildoers. Likewise, the villains will win if they capture the heroes or protect their payload for the full five minutes. The teams will be chosen at random. Although since we are missing one person, I suppose that we will either have to have a team with only one person or have one person run the course twice.” He paused thoughtfully. “I do not want anyone to run this alone for their very first lesson.”

“Someone will just have to run it twice.” The students turned around and finally noticed that Aizawa was there. He had kept silent this whole time, but now at last he spoke. “You have a couple of options, All Might. You can choose who goes twice at random as well. You can pick Yaoyorozu, who got first place in my assessment yesterday. You could choose Midoriya, who had the highest score in the entrance exam. Or you could ask for a volunteer.”

“A volunteer sounds perfect, thank you, Eraserhead!” All Might said. “Does anyone feel like going twice? If not, I’ll pick at random.”

About half of the class raised their hands to volunteer to go twice. Nearly all of them were desperate to prove themselves to All Might on their first real day of training. In the end, it was decided that Yaoyorozu would be the one to go twice, as long as she felt like she could go that second round when the time came.

“And now, to pick the teams!” All Might said, placing the teams together at random from among the students. Izuku was in Team A, along with Uraraka.

“Oh, wow, we’re in a team together! Aren’t we super lucky?” Uraraka asked.

“Er… yes. Very lucky!” Izuku agreed nervously.
All Might was reaching into two boxes labeled as Heroes and Villains. “I declare that the first teams to fight will be… these guys!” Out of the Heroes box he drew a ball that said Team A. And out of the Villains box he drew a ball labeled Team D. And Team D was… Bakugou and Tenya!

“Team A will be the Heroes, Team D the Villains! Everyone else can head over to the monitoring room to watch.” All Might said.

“Yes sir!” Everyone chanted.

Izuku couldn’t help but feel a little bit nervous as his classmates began to walk past him. He could feel Bakugou glaring at him from just to the side of him. He didn’t need to even look to know that Bakugou was glaring at him. Not only would this be his very first real battle against actual humans which left him with a constant worry about putting too much power into his quirk and accidentally killing someone, but one of the members of the opposing team was his old childhood bully?!

He had all ready promised himself that he would keep his power at five percent with all of his classmates until he got a better idea of how much power he could put into his attacks without causing serious injury, but that might not be enough to stop Bakugou. But if he pushed his power too high he might kill Bakugou outright, and that was absolutely unacceptable. He might have been his old childhood bully, but he didn’t deserve to die because of it.

The only thing Izuku could do would be to start with a low percentage of his power, and very slowly work his way up to a level of strength that could defeat Bakugou without killing him or hurting him too badly. But would Bakugou give him the chance to build up to it?

Still worried, he fell into step beside Uraraka and followed after the rest of the class.

All Might pulled the four of them aside before he followed the rest of the class to the monitoring room. “Here’s some items for the four of you. All of you get a map of the building, these ear pieces which will allow you to keep in communication with your partner if you are separated, and you will each get a roll of capture tape. It’s a lot like Eraserhead’s scarf. If you wrap this around your opponent they are considered captured. Now, I know that this is battle training and you are all likely to wind up with some injuries, but try to keep the injuries to a minimum.” He seemed to say the last part directly at Bakugou, who simply scowled and scoffed. “Villains, you enter the building right away; heroes, you’ll be allowed in in five minutes time. I suggest using this time to memorize the building layout. Good luck!” And with that, All Might left them.

Bakugou and Tenya walked into the building, leaving Izuku and Uraraka alone outside with their maps of the building.

For a couple of minutes they studied their maps silently. Finally, Uraraka spoke up. “I don’t know how we’re supposed to memorize the entire floor plan in just a few minutes. It seems impossible…” She glanced over at Izuku, who no longer seemed to be paying attention to the map and was just staring off into space. “Is there something wrong, Midoriya?” She asked.

“Oh. It’s nothing. Sorry. I think I have the floor plan pretty much memorized. I’ve always been pretty good at memorization.” Izuku said.

“You seem to be worried. Is it because that Bakugou guy is our opponent?” Uraraka asked.

Izuku hesitated, and then nodded. “That, and other things. I haven’t known Bakugou in years, but if he’s anything like he was when we were children then he’s very strong, and he’s got a powerful quirk.”
“You’ve got a powerful quirk too.” Uraraka said. “The way you passed through all of the tests yesterday was just amazing.”

“I… suppose I should tell you the truth.” Izuku began, turning to face Uraraka. “I’ve never used my quirk against another person before. If I used all of the power that I can right now without hurting myself, we would probably win. But I would run the risk of killing both of them. My parent who I inherited my quirk from is constantly holding back on his power so that he doesn’t kill people on accident. But I’m not yet experienced enough to be able to judge how much force a person can take before they break.”

“I see what you’re saying. You have to hold back for fear of accidentally killing someone, at least for now.”

“I’ll always have to hold back if I don’t want to kill.” Izuku told her. “Remember what I did to the zero pointer? That was my full strength. Imagine what that could do to a human. So what I’m saying is that until I can judge how much strength is safe for me to use, I might not be as much use to you.”

“That’s fine. I understand.” Uraraka said. “My quirk allows me to nullify the force of gravity for any object I touch. I haven’t yet given much thought for how to use my quirk in battle. To be honest, I want to be more of a rescue hero, you know, like Thirteen!”

“That sounds like a great match for a gravity quirk.” Izuku said. “So… I suppose our best bet for the beginning is to use teamwork.”

“I agree.” Uraraka said with a nod.

They were interrupted by the sound of a buzzer. “Heroes, you may now enter the building!” All Might’s voice came from Izuku and Uraraka’s ear pieces.

Izuku and Uraraka glanced at each other. “Good luck!” They told each other before Izuku boosted Uraraka into one of the windows before climbing through himself.

(About two minutes earlier…)

Iida and Bakugou’s map had the location of the nuclear missile on it, and they had both made their way up to the room where their payload was located.

Iida walked up to the missile. “It pains me to play the villain, even if it’s just pretend. But I suppose I’ll just have to do my best.” He walked up to the missile. “So this is the missile we are supposed to be guarding?” He reached up and rapped one of his knuckles against the metal chassis. It sounded completely hollow. “Fake, of course.”

“Hey.” Bakugou called over to him. “You know Deku pretty well, right?”

“First of all, you probably shouldn’t call him that.” Iida said. “Secondly, the answer is yes. I’ve known him for a couple of years now. Since he moved to Tokyo.”

“So do you really think he has a quirk?”

Iida looked over at his partner, confused. “You saw how he did in the tests yesterday. Someone without a quirk couldn’t have gotten scores like that.”
Bakugou hardly listened to Iida’s reply. It doesn’t seem possible. The Deku that I remember was weak and useless. He didn’t have a quirk at all. I have made it into U.A. but somehow he is here too. He doesn’t belong here. A creepy slasher smile formed on Bakugou’s face. All Might said that we can’t hurt each other too badly, but hurting each other is not forbidden. I’ll make that useless nerd regret ever signing up for U.A.!

Chapter End Notes

If my memory serves me correctly (which the past indicates that it might not…) this episode goes on for just a little longer before ending. But I decided to end it here so that I can have the lesson be the whole next chapter.

Also, can someone please explain to me why this situation down here (points at the fact that the first chapter End Notes keeps pasting itself at the end of every single chapter) keep happening? I’m at a loss here.
Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

Team Midoriya and Uraraka vs. Team Bakugou and Iida.

Who will come out on top? Will Izuku be able to face off against his old schoolyard bully? Find out now!

Chapter Notes

Just a fair warning… through the eyes of a self-critical writer, I don’t think that I’m very good at fight scenes. And sorry for this one being late. Wednesday is my first day to spend some of my time in the evening writing this story. Weekend is my break except if I’m late. Monday is the day I work late at work, so by the time I get home I don’t want to do anything except veg on YouTube. Tuesday is my gaming night. Final Fantasy XIV is an MMO, so I have to stay on top of it. I also spend my weekends playing this game. So Wednesday is the first writing day. But I think you guys can understand where I’m coming from when I say that Wednesday was one of those days at my office. We had some major drama go down between two of my coworkers and it made the whole day difficult with those two in with the manager for almost two hours and the rest of us attempting to help those two not fall behind and do our own work. I was beat and mentally exhausted when I got home, so I skipped writing on Wednesday too. Hope you guys understand.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Izuku boosted Uraraka into the window of the building and then climbed up after her. She was all ready looking both ways down the hallway they found themselves in. The hallway ran the length of the building and it was totally clear of both of their opponents. But that could mean very little. With Tenya’s speed he could appear out of nowhere very fast.

They didn’t really need to say anything to each other. There was a silent agreement that they would stick together for now. When Izuku slowly began moving down the hallway towards the stairs that would lead to the upper floors, Uraraka followed closely behind him.

Izuku took it slowly and carefully, checking around each corner before signaling to Uraraka that it was safe to follow. They had almost made it to the final corner before the hallway that had the stairs in it when someone leapt from around the corner, baring down on the two of them with a grenade-shaped gauntlet.

“I’ve got you now, Deku!” For it was Bakugou. He screamed as Izuku was barely able to dodge out of the way of the ensuing explosion that his former bully was able to create from his hands at will. Izuku barely got out of the way in time while being able to push Uraraka back as well. Thanks to Izuku’s quick reflexes, the only thing that was damaged was his mask, which was now half burnt off.
“Oh no, Midoriya… you’re hurt!” Uraraka gasped.

“No. It was just the mask.” Izuku replied, keeping his gaze fixed firmly on Bakugou. He had somewhat thought that this would happen. Judging by Bakugou’s behavior he had once again marked Izuku as an easy target. He had known there was a chance that Bakugou would ignore teamwork for the chance to match himself against his former victim. The fact that there was no teamwork between Bakugou and Tenya could be the opening they needed to win.

“I’ve got you now.” Bakugou growled, focusing on Izuku. “I don’t know what the fuck is going on with you, but you were definitely not this powerful back in elementary school. What happened? If you don’t answer me, I’m going to beat the answer out of you!”

“Uraraka, go! Find Ten… I mean Iida!” Izuku said, changing to refer to Tenya by his family name in case Uraraka was not familiar with his given name.

“But…” Uraraka began.

“Don’t worry. I can…” Izuku began, but he was cut off when Bakugou rushed forward, his right fist raised.

“Don’t you fucking ignore me, Deku!” But Izuku was at least a bit prepared. He had spent a fair few hours learning in a martial arts dojo. He was nowhere near an expert, because with his training schedule he did not have the time to devote to martial arts that would get him beyond a couple of belt levels, but he had learned enough to start.

Izuku allowed 5 percent of his power to flow through his body and he reached forward and grabbed Bakugou’s arm at the wrist and the shoulder. With a twist of his body, he was able to judo flip Bakugou into the ground before the other teen could really react, besides the air being forced out of his lungs upon contact with the ground.

Uraraka stared in shock. He had said that he might not be very helpful, but he seemed plenty helpful to her. She was pulled out of her musings when Izuku turned towards her again. “Go. I don’t know if I can capture him, but I can definitely keep him busy. Go find Iida!”

“Oh… okay! I will!” Uraraka quickly rushed forward past where Bakugou was on the ground. Bakugou could have easily taking a swipe at her as she passed him, but he didn’t. His angry eyes were only on Izuku as he pushed himself up off the ground. It was just as Izuku thought. Bakugou was so focused on him that he probably hadn’t even noticed Uraraka at all. And that flaw was something else that they could exploit.

“Deku…” Bakugou growled.

“Don’t call me that!” Izuku said firmly in return. “You haven’t known me for years and I’ve grown too! We both got into U.A., didn’t we? So don’t call me Deku anymore!”

Bakugou was now standing up fully, and Izuku really didn’t like the look on his face. “Oh? So the useless crybaby is actually going to stand up to me?”

That crossed the line. Izuku knew that he was a bit of a crier. He still was. But Bakugou calling him a crybaby felt like such an elementary school yard insult, like he still thought of Izuku as a child. His knees stopped shaking, he took a deep breath, and upped his game to 8 percent.

In a flash of movement that Bakugou barely had time to react to, Izuku rushed towards him so quickly it almost seemed to be a teleportation move. But Bakugou had not slackened off over the years. He was a bully, yes, but he also knew how to fight and fight well. And Bakugou had no fear,
even when facing off against people whom he was disadvantaged against.

Bakugou barely had the time to react to Izuku’s move, but he still managed to react, bringing his hands up to block the punch that Izuku had aimed towards his shoulder. It was not a regular place to aim, but Izuku was still doing everything he could to avoid an accidental killing blow since that would lead to his immediate expulsion.

Bakugou shoved Izuku’s punch aside and raised his fist to deliver one of his own. Izuku would have been able to block it, but that was a bad idea, just like trying to catch a live grenade is a bad idea. Bakugou didn’t need to make direct contact with him to cause damage. So Izuku had no method of defense except for retreat. Which is exactly what he did. He leapt back, going outside of the range that he’d seen on Bakugou’s blasts at the assessment test yesterday.

“Are you retreating like a...” Bakugou began to taunt Izuku, but he did not stay to listen to the insult. Making a split second decision, Izuku turned and ran down the hallway back in the direction he had come from. “What the...?” Bakugou gasped, and then gave chase to the fleeing form of his once victim. “Get back here, you fucking coward!”

Izuku turned the corner and increased his power up to as high as his body could take, giving him the increase in speed he needed to rush down the length of this hallway and make the turn at the far end before Bakugou could get back into visual range.

He could hear Bakugou’s yells and the sounds of explosions in the distance. From the sound of it, since Bakugou lost sight of Izuku he was being forced to search each of the side rooms for any sign of his quarry.

If he could keep Bakugou occupied down here, he would be able to give Uraraka plenty of time to find where Tenya was. Then she could message him and he could find a way up to her and they could face off against Tenya together. Bakugou was too far away and was making far too much noise for him to hear his quarry, so Izuku pressed his finger to his ear piece to get in contact with Uraraka. “Uraraka, are you there? Can you hear me?” He whispered.

A few seconds later, her reply came into his ear. “Yes, I can hear you. What is going on?” She asked.

“Bakugou is way too focused on me. I think that he’s gone completely rouge and left Iida to guard the weapon alone. I’ll keep Bakugou busy down here, and you go look for Iida and the weapon. When you find them, give me a call and I’ll lose Bakugou and join you. We’ll face Iida together while Bakugou looks for me in vain.”

“Are you sure you can handle Bakugou alone?” Uraraka asked. “Maybe I should come back and help you?”

“No. If anything, I am faster than he is.” Izuku replied. “Just look for Iida. And be careful.”

“You too, Midoriya.” Uraraka said before their communication cut.

Izuku could only keep Bakugou occupied on the first floor for about a minute before he was forced to go up to the second floor. He also had to keep far enough ahead the Bakugou couldn’t catch him, but also offer him enough glimpses of his foe to keep Bakugou chasing him. He didn’t think Bakugou would give up, but he had to make absolutely sure that Bakugou kept his attention focused on him.

Unfortunately, Izuku messed up. He was focusing so much on Bakugou that he forgot that the
second floor had a room that was a dead end. And Izuku only realized that when he rushed in with Bakugou about 15 meters behind him. No where to run, and nowhere to hide.

When Izuku stopped dead in his tracks, looking around frantically for an escape route, Bakugou realized that Izuku had trapped himself in the dead end room on the second floor. “Hey, Deku...”

“Don’t call me that.” Izuku said.

Bakugou ignored him. “Do you remember how my quirk, Explosion, works?”

Izuku didn’t know the specifics, but he remembered a very basic explanation from their childhood. “You use your sweat to make explosions.”

“Basically.” Bakugou said with a shrug. “I’m able to produce a nitroglycerin-like substance from my hands, and I use that ‘sweat’ to make explosions. These gauntlets on my arms? They aren’t just for show. They’ve been storing up my sweat for one monster blast!” Bakugou raised his right arm, aiming the gauntlet straight at Izuku when a loud noise suddenly interrupted them.

“Young Bakugou! Do not use your gauntlet!” Izuku recognized his father’s voice immediately over the loud speakers.

Bakugou froze in his tracks, his hand frozen on the pin on his grenade gauntlet. “What?” He asked, staring up at the loud speaker.

“I have seen the design on your gauntlet, and using that much firepower indoors is never a good idea, whether you are the hero or the villain. If you damage the support structure it will cause the entire building to collapse, gravely injuring all of you.” All Might said over the speaker. “Not to mention a direct hit from the blast of that gauntlet would risk a fatal blow. Landing a fatal blow is absolutely considered zero tolerance by the staff of U.A. and you would be expelled immediately if you did land a fatal blow. Injuries are allowed, young Bakugou; but fatal blows are never allowed. You will not get another warning.”

Bakugou, at least, had enough intelligence to see reason. He had worked his entire life to be accepted into U.A., and he was absolutely not going to risk that for a childhood grudge, no matter how angry Izuku made him. “Fine.” Bakugou growled, setting the pin back into place and then putting the safety back into place over the pin so that the gauntlets wouldn’t fire. Then, to Izuku’s shock, Bakugou completely removed the gauntlets from his arms. “If I’m not allowed to use them, they are just dead weight. Besides, I know I can beat a coward like you without any equipment.”

“Uraraka? Have you found Iida yet?” Izuku whispered, hoping that Bakugou would be too focused listening to All Might to pay that much attention to him.

“I have. He’s on the fifth floor, in the central room.” Uraraka replied.

“I have. He’s on the fifth floor, in the central room.” Uraraka replied.

“Okay. I’ll be there in one minute.” Izuku replied.

Bakugou caught the last part, however. “You must be incredibly stupid to think that you could beat me in less than a minute. Do you think I’m scared of your common super strength quirk? Strength enhancing quirks are a dime a dozen, among both heroes and villains. If you are scared of someone just because they are stronger than you, you have no business becoming a hero!” And Bakugou leapt forward, his right fist raised again.

Wait. He can’t be looking to make a big swing with his right hand again. I’ve all ready... But Izuku thought about it too long. Just as he decided that it had to be a feint, he realized that Bakugou had played him. It wasn’t a feint, and the resulting punch and explosion hit Izuku full force on his
left shoulder.

At least Bakugou had calmed down a little thanks to All Might’s warning. The blow hurt, but Izuku was certainly not going to die from it.

One For All flared up inside him again, and he pulled his own fist back to make a counter attack. But Bakugou had proven that he had not gotten into the hero course with the highest villain score out of the practical test for nothing. Izuku might be stronger than Bakugou, but the other boy was right about one thing… pure strength is only part of what a hero needed. Bakugou was a damn good fighter, while Izuku did not have the same amount of experience in combat.

Most bullies only targeted those who are weaker than them, easy targets who do not fight back. But Bakugou was fearless. He didn’t give a damn if the other person in a fight was technically better than him, he could match them with pure tenacity.

Izuku tried to punch Bakugou, but with a bang and an explosion, Bakugou was suddenly gone from his line of sight. All he could see was the explosion he left behind, briefly blinding him by forcing Izuku to close his eyes in reflex. By the time that Izuku realized that Bakugou had launched himself into the air and above him with one of his explosions, it was too late. Bakugou was above him and planted his feet on Izuku’s shoulders, using another explosion to force his opponent to the ground.

“Do you see, Deku? You’re nothing. You don’t even belong here!” Bakugou growled at him, forcing the other boy’s face harder into the ground. “Just say you give up and leave this school forever. Then you can carry on your pathetic life in peace.”

“Don’t… call… me… that!” Izuku growled into the ground through his gritted teeth. He decided that he had no choice but to risk raising his power to 10 percent of his max power. He shifted slightly to his left side as much as Bakugou would allow and raised his right arm, driving his elbow into Bakugou’s side.

The air was instantly driven out of Bakugou’s lungs, breaking the blonde’s concentration on holding down Izuku, allowing him to break free of the hold. Izuku pushed himself up off the ground as quickly as possible, ignoring the blood leaking from his possibly broken nose.

“Maybe you’re right. You are more experienced in combat than I am.” Izuku admitted. “But that is what I am here to learn! To grow and to become a better hero! So I won’t stop, no matter what!” There was one way for Izuku to take advantage of his strength, and that was in close-quarters. So knowing that he was rushing into a mine field, Izuku rushed forward.

10 percent of his power seemed to have tipped the scales and Bakugou no longer had the time to react to Izuku’s movement. Suddenly, Izuku was behind him, and pulled him into a tight sleeper hold. Bakugou struggled and let off a few explosions, but they were not nearly as damaging as real contact.

Just before Bakugou passed out, Izuku whispered into his ear: “Don’t call me Deku again.” And, just like that, Bakugou was lights out.

Izuku took a moment to tie Bakugou’s hands and feet together with the capture tape just in case he woke up before they could capture the weapon. “I’ve stopped Bakugou. I’m on my way, Uraraka!”

“Hurry please. Iida knows I’m here now. He’s… having a monologue right now.”

“I’ll be right there.” Izuku said, pushing himself as fast as he could go and rushing up the flights of
stairs until he made it to the central room of the fifth floor. When he rushed into the door, he found Iida slowly approaching Uraraka while ranting about how his evil plans were about to come to fruition. His rant stopped in its place, staring at Izuku as he came into the room.

“Where is Bakugou?” Iida asked, confused.

“Taking a nap on the second floor.” Izuku answered. “Now it’s us against you, Tenya.”

Eventually Izuku and Uraraka was able to help each other capture the weapon. It was actually by performing a fastball special, with Uraraka nullifying the gravity on herself and Izuku throwing her towards the weapon too fast for Iida to react. With that, they had captured the weapon.

“Hero team wins!” All Might announced over the intercom while Izuku helped pull Uraraka down from the weapon.

Almost as soon as the exercise was over, Iida dropped the villain act and rushed over to his friend. “You’re bleeding. Are you all right? Did Bakugou hurt you too badly?”

“No. I’m fine. My nose might be broken.” Izuku said with a small laugh. “That’s actually one that I’ve never broken before!”

Assured that Izuku was all right, they began to walk down to the bottom level of the building to get their scores.

Chapter End Notes

Once again, I’m so sorry for this being late. Now… let’s see here…

Who do you think should be MVP? Iida or Izuku? Iida performed about the same as he did in the original, but Izuku managed to keep from using that attack that destroyed half the building and not taking himself out of action.

Also, just want to give a quick warning. As you know from the top author’s note, I’m a gamer and I play Final Fantasy XIV in my downtime. As an MMO, it is being constantly updated with new content. But during the end of June, since I pre-ordered I get early access, they are launching the new expansion Shadowbringers. Rather than just being a couple new missions and a new dungeon or two, this is a major expansion and will, therefore, take up more time than usual. So this story will probably go on hiatus at that point. This is still a month off, so we have some time. This is just fair warning.
Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

Covers the aftermath of the U.A. student's first official Heroics class.

Chapter Notes

Wow! Several of my readers are also Final Fantasy XIV fans! If you are interested in friending me in game, my character’s name is Toragana Kahkol on the Brynhildr server, she’s an Au Ra Dark Knight main. Not interested in a new Free Company, but I’m not opposed to expanding my friends list. It pretty much is only other Free Company members right now…

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Uraraka allowed Izuku to lean on her shoulder as they walked back to the observation room. Izuku really didn’t need to lean on her, but he appreciated the gesture, even if he was slightly too tall for it to be comfortable. Now that he was out of danger, he didn’t think his nose was broken. But he couldn’t be sure since it would be the first cartilage break that he might have had. He probably would need to go see Recovery Girl just to be sure.

When they made it to the observation room, All Might was just leaving and seemed to be in a bit of hurry. “Ah, good job, all of you! I need to go make sure that the robots retrieve Young Bakugou properly. Powerloader has done a wonderful job with the school robots, but I don’t quite trust them yet… Young Midoriya, you are bleeding. Are you all right?”

“I… I think so.” Izuku answered. “I don’t think it’s broken.”

“Hmm. It doesn’t look broken. But you should go see Recovery Girl after class anyway. Until then…” All Might pulled out some tissues and passed them to Izuku. “Go and join the rest of your classmates.” And with that, All Might took off in the direction of the building they had been in.

When they got back, about half of the class gathered around them.

“Wow! That was amazing! We had no idea what you were saying, but whatever you and Bakugou were talking about had to be pretty intense!” Kirishima said.

“What was Bakugou doing that All Might had to stop?”

“The gauntlets on his arms are a storage unit to increase the power of his quirk. All Might was worried that I’d die if I got hit.” Izuku answered.

“That was pretty incredible, man.” Kirishima said, slapping him on the shoulder.

“It was a good plan too.” Momo said. “Even though Uraraka accidentally allowed herself to be found by Tenya, you guys managed to pull it off in the end.”
“How did he find you?” Izuku asked the two of them.

Tenya blushed a little and Uraraka started to giggle. “He was monologuing like a comic book super-villain. I’m sorry. I couldn’t help but laugh when I saw him.”

“It’s all right. We all have things that we need to improve on.”

There was about a minute more of chatter among the classmates, during which Izuku made an effort to learn a couple more names when All Might returned with Bakugou awake and at his side. Bakugou glared silently at Izuku before he turned away and stood at the opposite end of the room.

“Great job! Great job all of you! Now, I think that we can all agree that the MVP is Young Midoriya.” Not even Aizawa reacted to this, so he probably agreed with All Might’s assessment. “Would anyone know why?”

“Sir?” Momo raised her hand. “This was a very good group with good decisions and bad calls made on both sides. Bakugou clearly let his personal feelings get involved, leading him to focus sorely on Midoriya to the exclusion of all else. Uraraka lost focus and her laughter nearly ruined the plan that she had worked out with Midoriya beforehand. Both Midoriya and Iida did very well in this exercise, and Iida would have also been a good candidate for the MVP position, but Midoriya was just a little better at adapting to the situation. Iida also seemed to have wasted time by monologuing.”

Even All Might seemed to be impressed. “Very well put, Young Yaoyorozu! You nailed it! Of course, every single one of you has places to improve, but that is what you are here for! A very good showing for your first time, all of you. Even you, Young Bakugou.” Bakugou on the surface seemed to be ignoring All Might, but those closest to him could tell that he was listening, just pretending not to. “Heed my warning about the gauntlets and don’t allow your personal feelings to effect you in combat. Keeping a cool and level head is often the path to victory! Young Uraraka, sometimes villains will act in ways that you do find funny or odd, but we can’t allow that to effect our judgment either. But now we shall move on to the next group!” Once again, All Might drew from the two boxes and the next two groups went.

It took quite a while for every single group to complete its round. Yaoyorozu went twice to make up for the odd number of students. All of the students gave it their all, inspired by how the first round had gone. There was a wide range of quirks, and an even wider range of strengths and weaknesses. Sometimes the weaknesses were built straight into the teen’s quirk, and they were given the long term goal to lessen the impact of these weaknesses. Other teens had physical, mental, or experience weaknesses. The lack of experience with combat was, by far, the most common weakness among the students, and it was into this group that Izuku went.

Both All Might and Aizawa kept a careful eye on all of the students as they ran the course, making notes of their strengths and weaknesses. After all, they had three years to maximize those strengths and minimize those weaknesses as much as possible. The more they could prepare those students, the less likely they would be to hear of a tragedy later on.

Izuku was awed and impressed by the sheer number of quirks that he saw on display. There were quirks represented all three of the major quirk types: emitter, transformation, and mutation. And some of the quirks seemed to be put to better use than others.

For example, the group that went right after Izuku… Out of the four of them, three of them had been utterly unable to show off what they could do. That was because Endeavor’s son and told his partner to stand back and then he proceeded to freeze the entire building in a single large scale attack! Both of his opponents: the tailed Ojiro and the invisible girl Hagakure had their feet frozen
to the ground and had been utterly unable to put up any resistance to Todoroki strolling in and capturing the weapon single-handedly.

Izuku was incredibly impressed. Izuku was definitely physically stronger than Todoroki, but it was immediately clear that Todoroki had been trained to control his quirk to such an extent that it made him a threatening opponent. And then, after he had claimed the weapon, he had revealed that not only did he have ice powers, but he also possessed the fire powers of his pro hero father! He heated up the room so that his classmates feet were no longer stuck to the ground. It was an extremely potent combination that seemed to have no downsides or weaknesses at all.

After everyone was done, All Might gathered them all in the hallway outside of the observation room. “Good job, every one of you! All of you have done a great job! Now, I must go! Watch carefully how a pro exits: like he’s got somewhere to be!” And with that, All Might flash-stepped down the hallway almost too fast for their eyes to follow. Only Izuku had an inkling that his father’s time in his muscle form was running out, and he was probably rushing to get away before his form dropped.

“Wow! All Might is totally cooler in person than he is on TV!” The students enthused together.

“Yeah! Totally! That’s our number one hero!”

“All right. That’s enough. Everyone back to the classroom for the lecture portion of Heroics.” Aizawa said dryly from the back.

“Yes sir!” The class responded.

Since Izuku’s nose was only bleeding, he followed the rest of the students back to the classroom instead of going straight to Recovery Girl. In fact, by the time Aizawa had finished giving them a lecture on basic hero laws, Izuku’s nose had totally stopped bleeding and was only slightly sore from its hard meeting with the floor.

Class was dismissed at the usual time, but most of the students opted to hang around for a little longer to get to know each other better. Izuku gladly stayed behind. He had no more plans to go to Recovery Girl, so he could stay for a little longer before he had to go catch the train home. However, there was on conspicuous absence.

Bakugou had left almost as soon as class was over. Izuku had noticed that Bakugou was unusually quiet in the aftermath of their training session, so he couldn’t help but be a little worried about him. He ran outside the school, just in time to catch Bakugou in the courtyard.

“I didn’t hurt you too badly, did I?” Izuku asked.

Bakugou froze in his steps, but did not bother to turn around. “You may think your strong now, but you are weak.” Bakugou said. “I am your opponent. Don’t you fucking show concern for me!”

“I just… You are my classmate now. We don’t have to be friends, but we at least have to know how to get along.”

Bakugou snorted. “Right. Get along. I don’t make a habit of befriending liars and weaklings. So how exactly did you break the law and hide your quirk when we were children?”

“I… didn’t break the law. I was… a late bloomer.” Izuku answered. “My quirk was registered as soon as I found out what it was.”
“And, what? Do you think that you have a quirk now that you’ll be best in class? You’re too soft to be a hero. The very first villain you face with tear you apart. You have no idea what sort of world you’re getting into.”

“I know plenty of that world.” Izuku said.

“I’m going to beat you. That’s not going to change De…” He paused for a much longer time now. “Midoriya.” And then he walked away.

Izuku watched him go, shrugged, and then walked back into the school to pick up his things. It wasn’t great. But it was something, at least.

Chapter End Notes

And say goodbye to “Deku” forever. Unless I’m a total idiot and write it by mistake, which might totally happen.
Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

The time has come for another challenge that will alter the fate of every student in Class 1-A.

...Oh, wait, they are picking a class representative.

Chapter Notes

Let us say for the sake of brevity that in the time between the last chapter and this one, all of the students have learned very basic information about each other, namely names and quirks. I’m also going to assume that I don’t have to give any more physical descriptions of the characters, since I’m going to guess that since you are reading this you are a fan and know all these characters.

It had been about a week and a half since school started and nearly all of the students had nicely settled into their routines by now. Over the last week, all of the students had made an effort to learn about each other, and by the end of the week no one was asking to be reminded of anyone else’s name anymore.

Overall, Izuku felt like he was doing fairly well in his classes. He was able to keep up on top of all his work for the general education classes, and downright excelling in English due to his experience speaking the language with his father. While the hero classes only got more challenging and interesting.

Aizawa typically handled the lecture part of the classes, with their class only going out with All Might about every other day for practical training. The rest of the time, they were in the classroom learning about hero laws, rescue techniques, and even hero ethics.

And, just like normal, it didn’t matter that heroics class was meeting right after lunch and all of the students of Class 1-A were talking together, the moment that Aizawa entered the classroom, all of the students were instantly in their seats and quiet.

“Good.” Aizawa commented when he saw all of the students properly in their seats. “We have a very important topic to talk about today, so we don’t have any time to waste.”

“Oh no, are we going to go over more hero law? I suck at that!” Kirishima complained.

Aizawa shot a glance at Kirishima with his quirk activated. It didn’t really do much of anything since Kirishima didn’t have his own hardening quirk activated, but the way that Aizawa’s eyes glowed slightly red when his quirk was active was intimidation enough to silence the student. “You have to pick your class representative.”

At this, nearly every student let out the breath they were holding. “Oh, good. It’s just regular
Almost as soon as the message sank in, just about every single person in the classroom jumped up in excitement, raising their hands and yelling out that they wanted to be class rep.

Izuku looked around, amazed, but not shocked. In a normal high school, a class rep would be little more than added responsibility and rarely worth the effort. At a school like U.A., however, it would show drive and initiative to pro heroes looking to take on interns. Succeeding at being class rep could show that you had what it took to be a leader. So with that at stake, it made sense that nearly every single person in the class was itching for the position.

Izuku, however, did not feel like he was ready for it yet. Right now, he needed to focus on improving his control over his quirk. He did not have the time to devote to being class rep, and failing at the job would be far worse than not having it in the first place. Maybe next year he would consider, but for this year at least, he was content to let someone else take the title.

But who should be class rep? He did not know all of his fellow classmates incredibly well. But he felt like his two friends, Tenya and Momo, would both be great class reps. He glanced back, and saw that the both of them were raising their hands to put their names forward.

“Everyone, calm down!” Tenya yelled for the back over the screaming voices. Everyone quieted down and turned around to look at him. “Listen, we need to handle this decision fairly. I propose that we hold an election to decide who will be the class rep. Is this acceptable, Mr. Aizawa?”

Aizawa was all ready settling down into his sleeping bag in the corner of the room. “I don’t care how you decide. Just make sure you have decided by the end of the day.”

“Thank you sir! I hope that this will be acceptable to everyone?”

“I suppose so. But won’t everyone just vote for themselves?” Ashido asked.

“That’s what makes this plan so great! If anyone manages to attract multiple votes, than they must be the right person for the job!” Tenya said, excitedly. “And if we happen to have a 19 way tie at the end, then we’ll just have to run the election again with the rule that you can’t vote for yourself.”

Everyone agreed that this seemed fair. So all of the students pulled out a piece of scrap paper and wrote down the name of the student that they were going to vote for. Izuku hesitated for a moment before he wrote down Tenya’s name on his slip and gave it to Iida as he past to collect all of the votes.

About two other students became involved with counting the votes so that no one could cheat. They counted all of the votes, and then began to write the results up on the board.

As was to be expected, nearly the entire class had voted for themselves. If the final numbers were anything to go by, only three people in the entire class had voted for someone besides themselves. But Izuku knew that number had to be four people, because he actually had a single vote! But that gave him absolutely no edge in the election. It just looked like he had voted for himself like nearly everyone else had done.

In the end, Iida Tenya won the election with three votes, and Yaoyorozu Momo became the deputy class representative with two votes.

For a moment, Tenya seemed to be speechless and then he faced the class with a serious expression. “Thank you, all, for your faith in me. I swear that I will do everything that I can to
fulfill my duties to the very best of my abilities!”

“Class Rep Iida? Yeah, I think I could get used to this.” Kirishima said, leaning back in his chair.

“Good. Now, if that is all decided, would you please settle down again as we have other important topics to...” Aizawa was cut off when an alarm suddenly began to ring throughout the school. All of the students froze in their seats.

“What does that alarm mean, Mr. Aizawa?” Tenya asked their teacher, concerned.

“That’s the school barrier’s alarm. That means that some unauthorized person managed to get past the school barrier.” He threw aside his sleeping bag and tightened his grip on his capture scarf.

“Go to your evacuation points! The staff will take care of this!” And, just like that, Aizawa was out the door and running down the corridor to make his way to the front door.

It was instant pandemonium in the classroom and outside in the hallways. Just about every single student in the place was in a blind panic, even the third years. Although they later tried to clarify that this alarm had never sounded before, so it scared everyone. The hallways were a mess. Everyone was yelling and pushing and screaming. The hallways were packed tight and if someone tripped they could be easily trampled without anyone realizing it. Izuku was doing his best to try to keep his footing and protect those around him from getting pushed to the ground, but there was only so much he could do against hundreds of pushing bodies.

Probably the most endangered was Hagakure, who was invisible all of the time. In the panic, people were liable to see the empty-looking space that she occupied and try to shove into it, not even taking the time to notice her floating uniform. So Izuku was doing his best to help her out, while many of the other bigger and stronger students were doing their best to protect others who were more at risk from being trampled.

“EVERYONE CALM DOWN! IT’S JUST THE MEDIA!” A voice yelled from Izuku’s side, but the amount of noise was so insane that even Izuku barely heard it despite Tenya’s yelling.

“What?!” Izuku yelled back.

“The media got in through the barrier! There’s no villains!” Tenya yelled back.

“Then everyone is panicking for nothing!” A new voice yelled. It was Uraraka, and seemed to be struggling against the flow of the pushing bodies to make her way over towards Izuku and Tenya. Someone nearly elbowed her in the face, but she managed to duck out of the way just in time and avoid getting hurt.

“Uraraka! Perfect!” Iida reached out towards her, and she looked back at him, confused. “Touch my hand! Make me float above the crowd!”

“Oh!” Uraraka tried to reach for Tenya’s hand, but she couldn’t make it. It wasn’t until Izuku was able to reach her and pull her forward by another couple of centimeters that she was able to make contact with Tenya’s fingers, allowing him to jump up and float above the crowd.

Once he was floating, Tenya lifted up his pants legs to expose the mufflers on the backs of his calves. Perhaps it was not the best plan, because instead of the burst of power shooting him down the hallway in a straight line like he had intended, he was instead sent into a tumble. Moving forward down the hallway, yes, but spinning nearly out of control. It did, however, instantly attract everyone’s attention.

Tenya crashed into the wall above the door leading to the rest of the hallway. He steadied himself
for a moment before yelling out. “EVERYONE LISTEN TO ME! THERE IS NOTHING TO PANIC ABOUT! IT IS ONLY THE MEDIA! THERE IS NO REASON FOR U.A. STUDENTS TO BE BEHAVING LIKE THIS!”

The zero gravity stunt and the speech was enough to get everyone to calm down. The rest of the students were now looking out the window to see what Tenya had seen. It was a mass of reporters inside the school grounds, being blocked from entering the building by Eraserhead and Present Mic. They both looked a little flustered, but were clearly glad when a couple of police cars pulled up to the school.

Izuku was one of the many students who watched as the police began to herd the reports back out of the school. A few moments later, Vlad King was in the hallway, calling for all the students to return to their classrooms. “The alarm was a false alarm. Some reporters got past the barrier. Please return to your classrooms now.”

A majority of the students immediately complied. Izuku hesitated for a moment longer. On the surface, it seemed to be just a benign one-time incident. But one thought continued to haunt him: how were the reporters able to get past the barrier in the first place?

Izuku was not the only one with these thoughts. When the students got out, the normal school entrance had been sealed off, so the students were forced to take a side entrance that saw far less use. However, once all the students were gone, Principal Nezu, Aizawa, and Toshinori (in his smaller form to avoid attracting attention), had met at the blocked off entrance. Aizawa stepped forward and pulled back the barrier so that the other two could see what had happened behind it.

Not only had the barrier been completely destroyed, it looked like it had been completely disintegrated.

“What happened?” Toshinori asked.

“We don’t know who or what destroyed the barrier.” Aizawa answered. “The reporters wanted to have an interview with All Might. I suppose it is possible that one of the reporters did this, but we have no evidence to support this.”

“I’ve had plenty of people desperate for interviews before...” Toshinori commented quietly. “But never before to this extent. Doing this in broad daylight was foolish with so many possible witnesses.”

“Are we sure that the media captured none of it on film?” Principal Nezu asked.

“If they did they are keeping that information to themselves. Shall I reach out to some of my contacts to try to get that footage?” Aizawa asked.

“We might be able to get a warrant through my contacts in the police force.” Toshinori spoke up.

“Toshinori, you reach out to your contacts.” Principal Nezu said after a moment’s thought. “I mean no offense to your contacts, Shota, but keeping this above ground might be the best idea.” Aizawa just nodded. “But I do not think that the reporters would do this.”

The other two glanced Nezu’s way. “Do you think this was an attack of some sort?” Toshinori asked. “No students were hurt.”

“And as far as we can tell, nothing in the school was taken.” Aizawa pointed out.
“Perhaps they were testing our defenses. Perhaps this is the first stage of an attack. We cannot be sure. Can I ask you to tell the rest of the teachers to be on their guard for a while, just in case?”

“Of course.” Toshinori answered.

“Sure.” Aizawa said, closing the barrier on the mess once again to hide it from the world.

As the two teachers were walking away, Nezu pondered the situation to himself. “At the very least we’ll need to upgrade the security at the main gates. How would one protect a gate from a desegregation quirk?” Perhaps it was time for a security overhaul. Security protocols had not been changed since Nezu became principal, so it did seem like it was time for an update.

No one noticed the man, perhaps in his twenties, watching the main gate from a distance. Without a word, he turned and began to walk away from a successful first strike.
Chapter Summary

THIS IS NOT AN UPDATED CHAPTER, JUST AN UPDATE ON THE PROGRESS OF THE STORY

Let me just start off by making one thing abundantly clear. I super duper HATE when authors upload a chapter that is not a real update and is just an authors note. This is the ONLY time I'm going to do this. From this point on, if a chapter is not updated on Friday night, just check at the bottom of the summary and I'll have an update on the chapter status there.

Now, let's get on to the real deal. Where is the next chapter?

I was thinking about it all last week, and I have decided to start the Shadowbringers hiatus early. The main reason for this is that there are about three chapters left for the season one content. (I'm trying to do one episode per chapter.) And the early release for Shadowbringers starts on June 28th. That gives me time for two chapter updates, and then starting a hiatus... basically leaving you guys hanging right in the middle of the big fight at the end of season one.

There's a couple of smaller reasons for this hiatus. Being busy at work. We are changing some things around and I need to do some new training. Thinking up a new way to end the ship wreck zone fight without Mineta (not my biggest concern, but still something to consider.) Not to mention general life stuff.

So here is my solution... to repay you guys for your support and your patience. I am not going to totally stop writing during the Shadowbringers hiatus. There will just be a lot less time for it. But I don't see any reason why I can't finish off those three chapters in the next month and a half. So, when the Shadowbringers hiatus is over, I will be returning with all three of the End Of Season One chapters. They will either be three chapters uploaded at once, or a single chapter that is the same length as three chapters. I still haven't decided yet, though I am leaning towards the mega chapter since I don't have to worry about the weekly update time, and will have time for an over 10,000 word chapter.

And, just to be clear... I super hate when authors do this. I hate that I'm doing it. And this bitch chapter is going to be either deleted at the end of the weekend, or replaced with the new stuff comes out if chapters cannot be deleted on this site. I hate myself a little for doing this, but I figured you guys would like to know what is going on.

Once again, I am not sure when the Shadowbringers hiatus will end. If everything goes well, it could probably only be a few weeks, but if we have issues like Stormblood similar to Raubahn Extreme and Pipin Extreme then it could take much longer. Both Raubahn and Pipin Extreme took little small trials that should have only taken about ten minutes at the most, and turned it into major trials that took about a week for most people to pass because so many people were trying to access them at once that the game bottlenecked and only let in about ten people at a time. So, if the game bottlenecks again (I hope they fixed that issue since it was a MAJOR problem that caused them to have to issue a lot of apologies), it could take upwards of a month.

Sorry for the gamer talk for those not playing FFXIV. Just letting you know where things are
standing right now. See you in a bit! Bye for now!

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